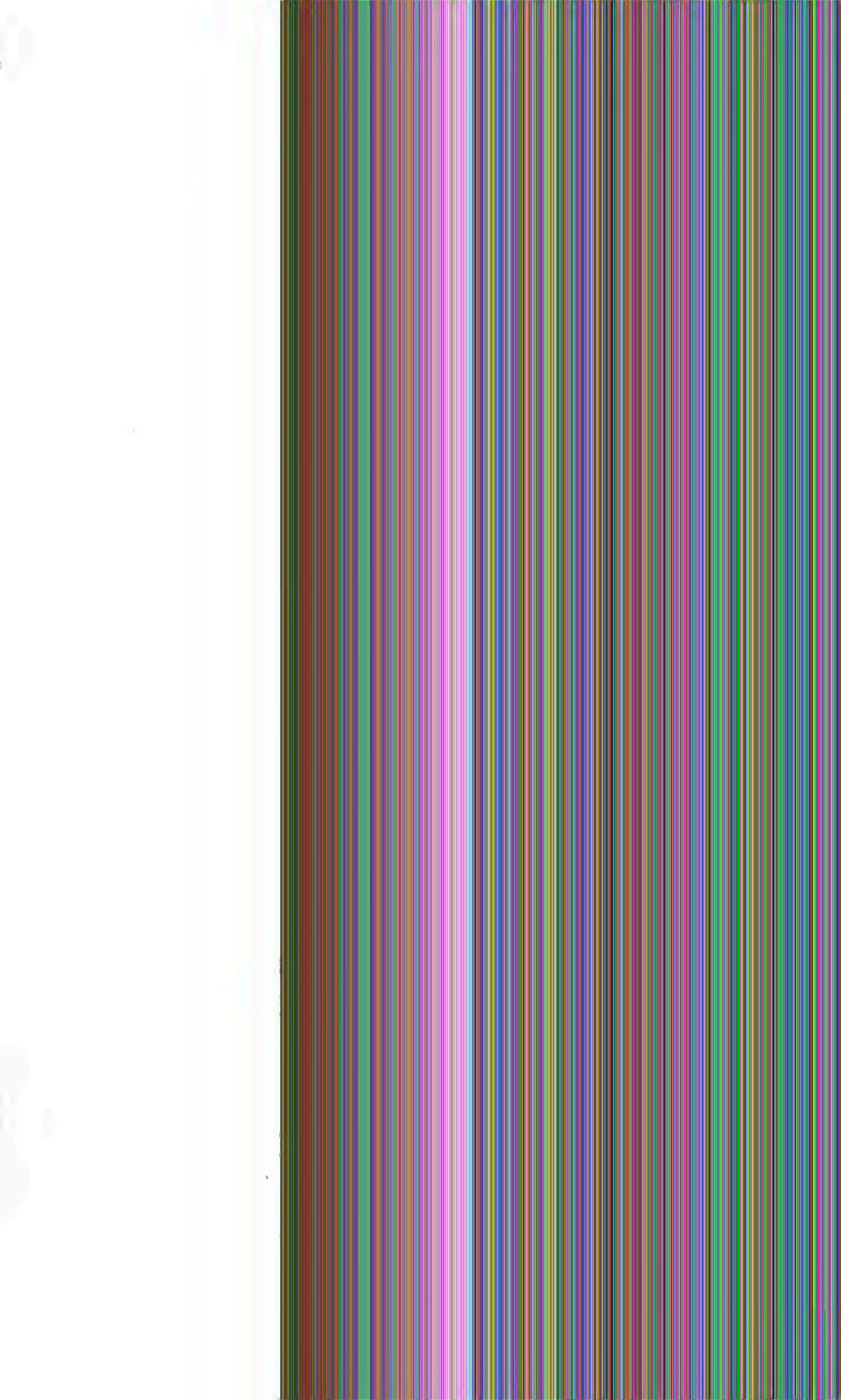




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LOS ANGELES



NIGHT AND MORNING

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "RHSZU" "EUGENE ARAM,"

&c. &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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NIGHT AND MORNING.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Don Salvate (sarcast). Je parie

Que vous ne pensiez pas à moi!"—Ray Blus.

"Don Salvate. Cousin!

"Don César. De vos bienséances je n'ai rien à vous dire,

Tant que je trouverai vivant ma fille viv!"—Hid.

PHILIP'S situation was agreeable to his habits.

His great courage and skill in horsemanship

were not the only qualifications useful to Mr.

Stalmore: his education answered a useful

purpose in accounts, and his manners and ap-

pearance were highly to the credit of the yard.

The customers and loungers soon grew to like

Gentleman Philips, as he was styled in the

establishment. Mr. Stalmore conceived a real

affection for him. So passed several weeks;

and Philip, in this humble capacity, might

have worked out his destinies in peace and

comfort, but for a new cause of vexation that

arose in Sidney. This boy was all in all to his brother. For him he had resisted the hearty and joyous invitations of Gawtreys (whose gay manner and high spirits had, it must be owned, captivated his fancy, despite the equivocal mystery of the man's avocations and condition); for him he now worked and toiled, cheerful and contented; and him he sought to save from all to which he subjected himself. He could not bear that that soft and delicate child should ever be exposed to the low and menial associations that now made up his own life—to the obscene slang of grooms and hostlers—to their coarse manners and rough contact. He kept him, therefore, apart and aloof in their little lodging, and hoped in time to lay by, so that Sidney might ultimately be restored, if not to his bright original sphere, at least to a higher grade than that to which Philip was himself condemned. But poor Sydney could not bear to be thus left alone—to lose sight of his brother from daybreak till bed-time—to have no one to amuse him; he fretted and pined away; all the little inconsiderate selfishness, un eradicated from his breast by his sufferings, broke out the more, the more he felt that he was the first object on earth to Philip. Philip, thinking he might be

more cheerful at a day-school, tried the experiment of placing him at one where the boys were much of his own age. But Sidney, on the third day, came back with a black eye, and he would return no more. Philip several times thought of changing their lodging for one where there were young people. But Sidney had taken a fancy to the kind, old widow who was their landlady, and cried at the thought of removal. Unfortunately, the old woman was deaf and rheumatic; and though she bore teasing *ad libitum*, she could not entertain the child long on a stretch. Too young to be reasonable, Sidney could not, or would not, comprehend why his brother was so long away from him; and once he said peevishly,—

“If I had thought I was to be moped up so, I would not have left Mrs. Morton. Tom was a bad boy, but still it was somebody to play with. I wish I had not gone away with you!”

This speech cut Philip to the heart. What, then, he had taken from the child a respectable and safe shelter—the sure provision of a life—and the child now reproached him! When this was said to him, the tears gushed from his eyes.

“God forgive me, Sidney,” said he, and turned away.

But then Sidney, who had the most endearing ways with him, seeing his brother so vexed, ran up and kissed him, and scolded himself for being naughty. Still the words were spoken, and their meaning rankled deep. Philip himself too, was morbid in his excessive tenderness for this boy. There is a certain age, before the love for the sex commences, when the feeling of friendship is almost a passion. You see it constantly in girls and boys at school. It is the first vague craving of the heart after the master food of human life—Love. It has its jealousies, and humours, and caprices, like love itself. Philip was painfully acute to Sidney's affection, was jealous of every particle of it. He dreaded lest his brother should ever be torn from him.

He would start from his sleep at night, and go to Sidney's bed to see that he was there. He left him in the morning with forebodings—he returned in the dark with fear. Meanwhile the character of this young man, so sweet and tender to Sidney, was gradually becoming more hard and stern to others. He had now climbed to the post of command in that rude establishment; and premature command in any sphere tends to make men unsocial and imperious.

One day Mr. Stubmore called him into his own counting-house, where stood a gentleman, with one hand in his coat-pocket, the other tapping his whip against his boots.

"Philips, shew this gentleman the brown mare. She is a beauty in harness, is not she? This gentleman wants a match for his pheasant."

"She must step verry high," said the gentleman, turning round; and Philip recognised the bean in the stage-coach.

The recognition was simultaneous. The bean nodded, then whistled, and winked.

"Come, my man, I am at your service," said he.

Philip, with many misgivings, followed him across the yard. The gentleman then beckoned him to approach.

"You, sir—mind I never peach—setting up here in the honest line? Dull work, honesty,—eh?"

"Sir, I really don't know you."

"Don't you recollect old Gregg's, the evening you came there with jolly Bill Gawtrey? Recollect that, eh?"

Philip was mute.

"I was among the gentlemen in the back-parlour who shook you by the hand. Bill's

off to France, then. I am tanking the provinces. I want a good horse—the best in the yard, moind! Cutting such a swell here! My name is Captain de Burgh Smith—never moind yours, my fine fellow. Now then, out with your rattlers, and keep your tongue in your mouth.”

Philip mechanically ordered out the brown mare, which Captain Smith did not seem much to approve of; and, after glancing round the stables with great disdain of the collection, he sauntered out of the yard without saying more to Philip, though he stopped and spoke a few sentences to Mr. Stubmore. Philip hoped he had no design of purchasing, and that he was rid, for the present, of so awkward a customer. Mr. Stubmore approached Philip.

“Drive over the greys to Sir John,” said he. “My lady wants a pair to job. A very pleasant man, that Captain Smith. I did not know you had been in the yard before—says you were the pet at Elmore’s, in London. Served him many a day. Pleasant gentlemanlike man!”

“Y—e—s!” said Philip, hardly knowing what he said, and hurrying back into the stables to order out the greys.

The place to which he was bound was some miles distant, and it was sunset when he re-

turned. As he drove into the main street, two men observed him closely.

"That is he! I am almost sure it is," said one.

"Oh! then it's all smooth sailing," replied the other.

"But, bless my eyes! you must be mistaken! See whom he's talking to now!"

At that moment Captain de Burgh Smith, mounted on the brown mare, stopped Philip.

"Well, you see, I've bought her, — hope she'll turn out well. What do you really think she's worth? Not to buy, but to sell?"

"Sixty guineas."

"Well, that's a good day's work; and I owe it to you. The old fellow would not have trusted me if you had not served me at Elmore's, — ha! ha! If he gets seent and looks shy at you, my lad, come to me. I'm at the Star Hotel for the next few days. I want a tight fellow like you, and you shall have a fair percentage. I'm none of your stingy ones. I say, I hope this devil is quiet. She cocks up her ears dawningly!"

"Look you, sir!" said Philip very gravely, and rising up in his break; "I know very little of you, and that little is not much to your credit. I give you fair warning, that I shall caution my employer against you."

"Will you, my fine fellow? then take care of yourself."

"Stay! and if you dare utter a word against me," said Philip, with that frown to which his swarthy complexion and flashing eyes gave an expression of fierce power beyond his years, "you will find that as I am the last to care for a threat, so I am the first to resent an injury!"

Thus saying, he drove on. Captain Smith affected a cough, and put his brown mare into a canter. The two men followed Philip as he drove into the yard.

"What do you know against the person he spoke to?" said one of them.

"Merely that he is one of the cunningest swells on this side the Bay," returned the other. "It looks bad for your young friend."

The first speaker shook his head and made no reply.

On gaining the yard, Philip found that Mr. Stelmore had gone out, and was not expected home till the next day. He had some relations who were farmers, whom he often visited; to them he was probably gone.

Philip therefore, deferring his intended caution against the gay captain till the morrow, and musing how the caution might be most discreetly given, walked homeward. He had

just entered the lane that led to his lodgings, when he saw the two men I have spoken of on the other side of the street. The taller and better-dressed of the two left his comrade, and crossing over to Philip bowed, and thus accosted him,—

“Fine evening, Mr. Philip Morton. I am rejoiced to see you at last. You remember me—Mr. Blackwell, Lincoln’s Inn?”

“What is your business?” said Philip, halting, and speaking short and fiercely.

“Now don’t be in a passion, my dear sir,—now don’t. I am here on behalf of my clients, Messrs. Beaufort, sen. and jun. I have had such work to find you! Dear, dear! but you are a sly one! Ha! ha! Well, you see we have settled that little affair of Plaskwils for you (might have been ugly), and now I hope you will——”

“To your business, sir! What do you want with me?”

“Why, now, don’t be so quick! ’Tis not the way to do business. Suppose you step to my hotel. A glass of wine, now, Mr. Philip! We shall soon understand each other.”

“Out of my path, or speak plainly!”

Thus put to it, the lawyer, casting a glance

at his stout companion, who appeared to be contemplating the sunset on the other side of the way, came at once to the marrow of his subject.

"Well, then,—well, my say is soon said. Mr. Arthur Beaufort takes a most lively interest in you; it is he who has directed this inquiry. He bids me say that he shall be most happy—yes, most happy—to serve you in any thing; and if you will but see him, he is in the town, I am sure you will be charmed with him—most amiable young man!

"Look you, sir," said Philip, drawing himself up: "neither from father, nor from son, nor from one of that family, on whose heads rest the mother's death and the orphans' curse, will I ever accept boon or benefit—with them, voluntarily, I will hold no communion; if they force themselves in my path, let them beware! I am earning my bread in the way I desire—I am independent—I want them not. Begone!"

With that, Philip pushed aside the lawyer and strode on rapidly. Mr. Blackwell, absorbed and perplexed, returned to his companion.

Philip regained his home, and found Sidney stationed at the window alone, and with wistful eyes noting the flight of the grey moths,

as they darted to and fro, across the dull shrubs, that, variegated with lines for washing, adorned the plot of ground which the landlady called a garden. The elder brother had returned at an earlier hour than usual, and Sidney did not at first perceive him enter. When he did, he clapped his hands, and ran to him.

"This is so good in you, Philip. I have been so dull;—you will come and play now?"

"With all my heart—where shall we play?" said Philip, with a cheerful smile.

"Oh, in the garden!—it's such a nice time for hide-and-seek."

"But is it not chill and damp for you?" said Philip.

"There now; you are always making excuses. I see you don't like it. I have no heart to play now."

Sidney seated himself and pouted.

"Poor Sidney! you *must* be dull without me. Yes, let us play; but put on this handkerchief;" and Philip took off his own cravat and tied it round his brother's neck and kissed him.

Sidney, whose anger seldom lasted long, was reconciled; and they went into the garden to play. It was a little spot, screened by an old moss-grown paling, from the neighbouring garden on the one side, and a lane

on the other. They played with great glee till the night grew darker and the dews heavier.

"This must be the last time," cried Philip. "It is my turn to hide."

"Very well! Now, then."

Philip secreted himself behind a poplar; and as Sidney searched for him, and Philip stole round and round the tree, the latter, happening to look across the paling, saw the dim outline of a man's figure in the lane, who appeared watching them. A thrill shot across his breast. These Beaufoots, associated in his thoughts with every ill omen and augury, had they set a spy upon his movements? He remained erect and gazing at the form, when Sidney discovered, and ran up, to him, with his noisy laugh.

As the child elung to him, shouting with gladness, Philip, unheeding his playmate, called aloud and imperiously to the stranger,—

"What are you gaping at? Why do you stand watching us?"

The man muttered something, moved on, and disappeared.

"I hope there are no thieves here! I am so much afraid of thieves," said Sidney, tremulously.

The fear grated on Philip's heart. Had

he not himself, perhaps, been judged and treated as a thief? He said nothing, but drew his brother within; and there, in their little room, by the one poor candle, it was touching and beautiful to see these boys—the tender patience of the elder lending itself to every whim of the younger—now building houses with cards—now telling stories of fairy and knight-errant—the sprightliest he could remember or invent. At length, as all was over, and Sidney was undressing for the night, Philip, standing apart, said to him, in a mournful voice,—

“Are you sad now, Sidney?”

“No! not when you are with me—but that is so seldom.”

“Do you read none of the story-books I bought for you?”

“Sometimes! but one can't read all day.”

“Ah! Sidney, if ever we should part, perhaps you will love me no longer!”

“Don't say so,” said Sidney. “But we shan't part, Philip?”

Philip sighed, and turned away as his brother leaped into bed. Something whispered to him that danger was near; and as it was, could Sidney grow up, neglected and uneducated: was it thus that he was to fulfil his trust?

CHAPTER IX.

"But oh, what stern was in that mind!"

CRABER: *Edw.*

While Philip mused and his brother fell into the happy sleep of childhood, in a room in the principal hotel of the town sat three persons, Arthur Beaufort, Mr. Spencer, and Mr. Blackwell.

"And so," said the first, "he rejected every overture from the Beauforts?"

"With a scorn I cannot convey to you!" replied the lawyer. "But the fact is, that he is evidently a lad of low habits; to think of his being a sort of helper to a horse-dealer! I suppose, sir, he was always in the stables in his father's time. Bad company depraves the taste very soon, but that is not the worst. Sharp declares that the man he was talking with, as I told you, is a common swindler. Depend on

it, Mr. Arthur, *he is incorrigible*; all we can do is to save the brother."

"It is too dreadful to contemplate!" said Arthur, who, still ill and languid, reclined on a sofa.

"It is, indeed," said Mr. Spencer; "I am sure I should not know what to do with such a character; but the other poor child, it would be a mercy to get hold of him."

"Where is Mr. Sharp?" asked Arthur.

"Why," said the lawyer, "he has followed Philip at a distance to find out his lodgings, and learn if his brother is with him.—Oh! here he is!" and Blackwell's companion in the earlier part of the evening entered.

"I have found him out, sir," said Mr. Sharp, wiping his forehead. "What a fierce 'un he is! I thought he would have had a stone at my head, but we, officers, are used to it; we does our duty, and Providence makes our heads unshinmon hard!"

"Is the child with him?" asked Mr. Spencer.

"Yes, sir."

"A little, quiet, subdued boy?" asked the melancholy inhabitant of the Lakes.

"Quiet! Lord love yon! never heard a

noisier little urchin! There they were, romping and romping in the garden, like a couple of gaudy birds."

"You see," groaned Mr. Spencer, "he will make that poor child as bad as himself."

"What shall we do, Mr. Blackwell?" asked Sharp, who longed for his brandy-and-water.

"Why, I was thinking you might go to the horse-dealer the first thing in the morning; find out whether Philip is really thick with the swindler; and, perhaps, Mr. Stubmore may have some influence with him, if, without saying who he is——"

"Yes," interrupted Arthur; "do not expose his name,"

"You could still hint that he ought to be induced to listen to his friends and go with them. Mr. Stubmore may be a respectable man, and——"

"I understand," said Sharp; "I have no doubt as how I can settle it. We learn to know human nature in our profession;—because why, we gets at its blind side. Good night, gentlemen!"

"You seem very pale, Mr. Arthur; you had better go to bed: you promised your father, you know."

"Yes, I am not well; I will go to bed;" and Arthur rose, lighted his candle, and sought his room.

"I will see Philip to-morrow," he said to himself; "he will listen to me."

The conduct of Arthur Beaufort in executing the charge he had undertaken had brought into full light all the most amiable and generous part of his character. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he had expressed so much anxiety as to the fate of the orphans, that to quiet him his father was forced to send for Mr. Blackwell. The lawyer had ascertained, through Dr. —, the name of Philip's employer at R—. At Arthur's request he went down to Mr. Plaskwith, and arriving there the day after the return of the bookseller, learned those particulars with which Mr. Plaskwith's letter to Roger Morton has already made the reader acquainted. The lawyer then sent for Mr. Sharp, the officer before employed, and commissioned him to track the young man's whereabouts. That shrewd functionary soon reported that a youth every way answering to Philip's description had been introduced the night of the escape by a man celebrated, not indeed for robberies, or lar-

ceries, or crimes of the coarser kind, but for address in all that more large and complex character which comes under the denomination of living upon one's wits, to a polite rendezvous frequented by persons of a similar profession. Since then, however, all clue of Philip was lost. But though Mr. Blackwell, in the way of his profession, was thus publicly benevolent towards the fugitive, he did not the less privately represent to his patrons, senior and junior, the very equivocal character that Philip must be allowed to bear. Like most lawyers, hard upon all who wander from the formal tracks, he unaffectedly regarded Philip's flight and absence as proofs of a very reprobate disposition; and this conduct was greatly aggravated in his eyes by Mr. Sharp's report, by which it appeared that after his escape Philip had so suddenly, and, as it were, so naturally, taken to such equivocal companionship. Mr. Robert Beaufort, already prejudiced against Philip, viewed matters in the same light as the lawyer; and the story of his supposed predilections reached Arthur's ears in so distorted a shape, that even he was staggered and revolted;—still Philip was so young—Arthur's oath to the orphans' mother so recent

—and if thus early inclined to wrong courses, should not every effort be made to lure him back to the broad path? With these views and reasonings, as soon as he was able, Arthur himself visited Mrs. Lacy, and the note from Philip which the good lady put into his hands affected him deeply, and confirmed all his previous resolutions. Mrs. Lacy was very anxious to get at his name, but Arthur, having heard that Philip had refused all aid from his father and Mr. Blackwell, thought that the young man's pride might work equally against himself, and therefore evaded the landlady's curiosity. He wrote the next day the letter we have seen to Mr. Roger Merton, whose address Catherine had given to him; and by return of post came a letter from the linen-draper narrating the flight of Sidney, as it was supposed, with his brother. This news so excited Arthur, that he insisted on going down to N— at once, and joining in the search. His father, alarmed for his health, positively refused; and the consequence was an increase of fever, a consultation with the doctors, and a declaration that Mr. Arthur was in that state that it would be dangerous not to let him have his own way. Mr. Beaufort was forced to

yield, and with Blackwell and Mr. Sharp accompanied his son to N—. The inquiries, hitherto fruitless, then assumed a more regular and businesslike character. By little and little they came, through the aid of Mr. Sharp, upon the right clue, up to a certain point. But here there was a double scent: two youths answering the description had been seen at a small village; then there came those who asserted that they had seen the same youths at a seaport in one direction; others, who deposed to their having taken the road to an inland town in the other. This had induced Arthur and his father to part company. Mr. Beaufort, accompanied by Roger Murton, went to the seaport, and Arthur, with Mr. Spencer and Mr. Sharp, more fortunate, tracked the fugitives to their retreat. As for Mr. Beaufort, senior, now that his mind was more at ease about his son, he was thoroughly sick of the whole thing; greatly bored by the society of Mr. Morton; very much ashamed that he, so respectable and great a man, should be employed on such an errand; more afraid of, than pleased with, any chance of discovering the fierce Philip, and secretly resolved upon slinking back to London at the first reasonable excuse.

The next morning Mr. Sharp entered betimes Mr. Stubmore's counting-house. In the yard he caught a glimpse of Philip, and managed to keep himself unseen by that young gentleman.

"Mr. Stubmore, I think?"

"At your service, sir."

Mr. Sharp shut the glass door mysteriously, and lifting up the corner of the green curtain that covered the panes, beckoned to the startled Stubmore to approach.

"You see that ere young man in the velvetreen jacket; you employs him?"

"I do, sir; he is my right hand."

"Well, now, don't be frightened, but his friends are arter him. He has got into bad ways, and we want you to give him a little good advice."

"Pooh! I know he has run away, like a fine-spirited lad as he is, and as long as he likes to stay with me, they as comes after him may get a ducking in the horse-trough!"

"Be you a father? a father of a family, Mr. Stubmore?" said Sharp, thrusting his hands into his breeches pockets, swelling out his stomach, and pursing up his lips with great solemnity.

"Nonsense! no gammon with me! Take

your chaff to the goslings. I tells you I can't do without that ere lad. Every man to himself."

'Oho!' thought Sharp, 'I must change the tack.' "Mr. Stubmore," said he, taking a stool, "you speaks like a sensible man. No one can reasonably go for to ask a gentleman to go for to inconvenience his-self. But what do you know of that ere youngster? Had you a *carakter* with him?"

"What's that to you?"

"Why it's more to yourself, Mr. Stubmore; he is but a lad, and if he goes back to his friends they may take care of him, but he got into a bad set afore he come here. Do you know a good-looking chap with whiskers, who talks of his pheaton, and was riding last night on a brown mare?"

"Y—e—s!" said Mr. Stubmore, growing rather pale, "and I knows the mare too. Why, sir, I sold him that mare!"

"Did he pay you for it?"

"Why, to be sure, he gave me a cheque on Coutts."

"And you took it! My eyes, what a flat!" Here Mr. Sharp closed the orbs he had invoked, and whistled with that self-boggling

delight which men invariably feel when another man is taken in.

Mr. Sharp became evidently nervous.

"Why, what now!—you don't think I'm done? I did not let him have the mare till I went to the hotel,—found he was cutting a great dash there, a groom, a phaeton, and a fine horse, and as extravagant as the devil!"

"O Lord!—O Lord! what a world this is! What does he call his-self?"

"Why, here's the cheque—George Frederick De—de Burgh Smith."

"Put it in your pipe, my man,—put it in your pipe—not worth a d—!"

"And who the deuce are you, sir?" bawled out Mr. Stubmore, in an equal rage both with himself and his guest.

"I, sir," said the visitor, rising with great dignity,—“I, sir, am of the great Bow Street Office, and my name is John Sharp!”

Mr. Stubmore nearly fell off his stool, his eyes rolled in his head, and his teeth chattered. Mr. Sharp perceived the advantage he had gained, and continued,—

"Yes, sir; and I could have much to say against that chap, who is nothing more or less than Dashing Jerry, as has ruined more

girls and more tradesmen than any lord in the land. And so I called to give you a bit of a caution, for says I to myself, 'Mr. Stubmore is a respectable man.'

"I hope I am, sir," said the crest-fallen horse-dealer; "that was always my character."

"And a father of a family?"

"Three boys and a babe at the buzzom," said Mr. Stubmore, pathetically.

"And he shan't be taken in if I can help it! That ere young man as I am arter, you see, knows Captain Smith—ha! ha!—smell a rat now—eh?"

"Captain Smith said he knew him—the wiper!—and that's what made me so green."

"Well, we must not be hard on the youngster: 'cause why, he has friends as is gemmen. But you tell him to go back to his poor dear relations, and all shall be forgiven; and say as how you won't keep him; and if he don't go back, he'll have to get his livelihood without a carakter; and use your infuence with him like a man and a Christian, and what's more, like a father of a family—Mr. Stubmore—with three boys and a babe at the buzzom. You won't keep him now?"

"Keep him! I have had a precious escape. I'd better go and see after the horse."

"I doubt if you'll find him: the Captain caught a sight of me this morning. Why, he lodges at our hotel!—He's off by this time!"

"And why the devil did you let him go?"

"'Cause I had no writ agin him!" said the Bow-street officer; and he walked straight out of the counting-office, satisfied that he had "done the job."

To snatch his hat—to run to the hotel—to find that Captain Smith had indeed gone off in his phaeton, bag and baggage, the same as he came, except that he had now two horses to the phaeton instead of one—having left with the landlord the amount of his bill in another cheque upon Coutts—was the work of five minutes with Mr. Stubmore. He returned home, panting and purple with indignation and wounded feeling.

"To think that chap, whom I took into my yard like a son, should have connived at this! 'Taint the money—'t is the willany that 'flicts me!" muttered Mr. Stubmore, as he re-entered the mews.

Here he came plump upon Philip, who said,

"Sir, I wished to see you, to say that you had better take care of Captain Smith."

"Oh, you did, did you, now he's gone? 'sconded off to America, I dare say, by this time. Now, look ye, young man: your friends are after you, I won't say any thing agin you; but you go back to them—I wash my hands of you. Quite too much for me. There's your week, and never let me catch you in my yard agin, that's all!"

Philip dropped the money which Stubmore had put into his hand. "My friends!—friends have been with you, have they? I thought so—I thank them. And so you part with me? Well, you have been kind, very kind; let us part kindly;" and he held out his hand.

Mr. Stubmore was softened—he touched the hand held out to him, and looked doubtful a moment; but Captain De Burgh Smith's cheque for eighty guineas suddenly rose before his eyes. He turned on his heel abruptly, and said, over his shoulder,—

"Don't go after Captain Smith (he'll come to the gallows); mend your ways, and be ruled by your poor dear relatives, whose hearts you are breaking."

"Captain Smith! Did my relations tell you?"

"Yes—yes—they told me all—that is, they sent to tell me; so you see I'm d—d soft not to lay hold of you. But, perhaps, if they be gemmen they'll act as sich, and cash me this here cheque!"

But the last words were said to air. Philip had rushed from the yard.

With a heaving breast, and every nerve in his body quivering with wrath, the proud, unhappy boy strode through the gay streets. They had betrayed him, then, these accursed Beauforts! they circled his steps with schemes to drive him like a deer into the snare of their loathsome charity! The roof was to be taken from his head—the bread from his lips—so that he might fawn at their knees for bounty. "But they shall not break my spirit, nor steal away my curse. No, my dead mother, never!"

As he thus muttered, he passed through a patch of waste land that led to the row of houses in which his lodging was placed. And here a voice called to him, and a hand was laid on his shoulder. He turned, and Arthur Beaufort, who had followed him from the street, stood behind him. Philip did not, at the first glance, recognise his cousin. Illness

had so altered him, and his dress was so different from that in which he had first and last beheld him. The contrast between the two young men was remarkable. Philip was clad in the rough garb suited to his late calling—a jacket of black velveteen ill-fitting and ill-fashioned, loose fustian trousers, coarse shoes, his hat set deep over his pent eyebrows, his raven hair long and neglected. He was just at that age when one with strong features and robust frame is at the worst point of appearance—the sinewy proportions not yet sufficiently fleshed, and seeming inharmonious and undeveloped; precisely in proportion, perhaps, to the symmetry towards which they insensibly mature: the contour of the face sharpened from the roundness of boyhood, and losing its bloom without yet acquiring that relief and shadow which make the expression and dignity of the masculine countenance. Thus accoutred, this gaunt, and uncouth, stood Morton. Arthur Beaufort, always refined in his appearance, seemed yet more so from the almost feminine delicacy which ill health threw over his pale complexion and graceful figure; that sort of unconscious elegance which belongs to the dress of the rich

when they are young—seen most in minutiae—not observable, perhaps, by themselves—marked forcibly and painfully the distinction of rank between the two. That distinction Beaufort did not feel; but at a glance it was visible to Philip.

The past rushed back on him. The sunny lawn—the gun, offered and rejected—the pride of old, much less haughty than the pride of to-day.

“Philip,” said Beaufort, feebly, “they tell me you will not accept any kindness from me or mine. Ah! if you knew how we have sought you!”

“Knew!” cried Philip, savagely, for that unlucky sentence recalled to him his late interview with his employer, and his present destitution. “Knew! And why have you dared to hunt me out, and halloo me down!—why must this insolent tyranny, that assumes the right over these limbs and this free will, betray and expose me and my wretchedness wherever I turn?”

“Your poor mother——” began Beaufort.

“Name her not with your lips—name her not!” cried Philip, growing livid with his emotions. “Talk not of the mercy—the fore-

thought—a Beaufort could shew to her, and her offspring! I accept it not—I believe it not. Oh, yes! You follow me now with your false kindness; and why? Because your father—your vain, hollow, heartless father——”

“Hold!” said Beaufort, in a tone of such reproach that it startled the wild heart on which it fell; “it is my father you speak of. Let the son respect the son.”

“No—no—no! I will respect none of your race. I tell you, your father fears me. I tell you, that my last words to him ring in his ears!—My wrongs! Arthur Beaufort, when you are absent I seek to forget them; in your abhorred presence they revive—they——”

He stopped, almost choked with his passion; but continued instantly, with equal intensity of fervour:—

“Were you tree the gibbet, and to touch your hand could alone save me from it, I would scorn your aid. Aid! the very thought fires my blood, and nerves my hand. Aid! Will a Beaufort give me back my birthright—restore my dead mother’s fair name? Minion!—sleek, dainty, luxurious minion!—out of my path! You have my fortune, my station, my rights; I have but poverty, and hate, and dis-

dain. I swear, again and again, that you shall not purchase these from me."

"But, Philip—Philip," cried Beaufort, catching his arm; "hear one—hear one who stood by your ——"

The sentence that would have saved the outcast from the demons that were darkening and swooping round his soul, died upon the young Protector's lips. Blinded, maddened, excited, and exasperated, almost out of humanity itself, Philip fiercely—brutally—swung aside the enfeebled form that sought to cling to him, and Beaufort fell at his feet. Morton stopped—glared at him with clenched hands and a smiling lip—sprung over his prostrate form, and bounded to his home.

He slackened his pace as he neared the house, and looked behind; but Beaufort had not followed him. He entered the house, and found Sidney in the room, with a countenance so much more gay than that he had lately worn, that, absorbed as he was in thought and passion, it did not fail to strike him.

"What has pleased you, Sidney?"

The child smiled.

"Ah! it is a secret—I was not to tell

you. But I'm sure you are not the naughty boy he says you are."

"He!—who?"

"Don't look so angry, Philip: you frighten me!"

"And you torture me. Who could malign one brother to the other?"

"Oh! it was all meant very kindly—there's been such a nice, dear, good gentleman here, and he cried when he saw me, and said he knew dear mamma. Well, and he has promised to take me home with him and give me a pretty pony—as pretty—as pretty—oh, as pretty as it can be got! And he is to call again and tell me more: I think he is a fairy, Philip."

"Did he say that he was to take me, too, Sidney?" said Morton, seating himself, and looking very pale. At that question Sidney hung his head.

"No, brother—he says you won't go, and that you are a bad boy—and that you associate with wicked people—and that you want to keep me shut up here and not let any one be good to me. But I told him I did not believe that—yes, indeed, I told him so."

And Sidney endeavoured caressingly to with-

draw the hands that his brother placed before his face.

Morton started up, and walked hastily to and fro the room. This, thought he, is another emissary of the Beauforts—perhaps, the lawyer: they will take *him* from me—the last thing left to love and hope for. I will foil them. “Sidney,” he said aloud; “we must go hence to-day, this very hour—nay, instantly.”

“What! away from this nice, good gentleman!”

“Curse him! yes, away from him. Do not cry—it is of no use—you must go.”

This was said more harshly than Philip had ever yet spoken to Sidney; and when he had said it, he left the room to settle with the landlady, and to pack up their scanty effects. In another hour, the brothers had turned their backs on the town.

CHAPTER X.

"I'll carry thee
In Sorrow's arms to welcome Misery."

Herwood's Dialect of Suffolk.

"Who's here besides foul weather?" — *SHAKESPEARE: Lear.*

THE sun was as bright, and the sky as calm during this journey of the orphans, as in the last. They avoided, as before, the main roads, and their way lay through landscapes that might have charmed a Gainsborough's eye: Autumn scattered his last hues of gold over the various foliage, and the poppy glowed from the hedges, and the wild convolvuluses, here and there, still gleamed on the way-side with a parting smile.

At times, over the sloping stubbles, broke the sound of the sportsman's gun; and ever and anon, by stream and sedge, they startled the shy wild fowl, just come from the far lands, nor yet settled in the new haunts too soon to be invaded.

But there was no longer in the travellers the same hearts that had made light of hardship and fatigue. Sidney was no longer flying from a harsh master, and his step was not elastic with the energy of fear that looked behind, and of hope that smiled before. He was going a toilsome, weary journey, he knew not why nor whither; just, too, when he had made a friend, whose soothing words haunted his childish fancy. He was displeased with Philip, and in sullen and silent thoughtfulness slowly plodded behind him; and Morton himself was gloomy, and knew not where in the world to seek a future.

They arrived at dusk at a small inn, not so far distant from the town they had left as Morton could have wished; but then the days were shorter than in their first flight.

They were shewn into a small sanded parlour, which Sidney eyed with great disgust; nor did he seem more pleased with the hacked and jagged leg of cold mutton which was all that the hostess set before them for supper. Philip in vain endeavoured to cheer him up, and ate to set him the example. He felt relieved when, under the auspices of a good-looking, good-natured chambermaid, Sidney retired to rest,

and he was left in the parlour to his own meditations. Hitherto it had been a happy thing for Morton that he had had some one dependant on him; that feeling had given him perseverance, patience, fortitude, and hope. But now, dispirited and sad, he felt rather the horror of being responsible for a human life, without seeing the means to discharge the trust. It was clear, even to his experience, that he was not likely to find another employer as facile as Mr. Stubmore; and, wherever he went, he felt as if his Destiny stalked at his back. He took out his little fortune and spread it on the table, counting it over and over; it had remained pretty stationary since his service with Mr. Stubmore, for Sidney had swallowed up the wages of his hire. While thus employed, the door opened, and the chambermaid shewing in a gentleman, said, "We have no other room, sir."

"Very well, then,—I'm not particular; a tumbler of brandy and water, stiffish, cold—without—the newspaper—and a cigar: You'll excuse smoking, sir?"

Philip looked up from his board, and Captain De Burgh Smith stood before him.

"Ah!" said the latter, "well met!" And,

closing the door, he took off his great coat, seated himself near Philip, and bent both his eyes with considerable wistfulness on the neat rows into which Philip's bank-notes, sovereigns, and shillings, were arrayed.

"Pretty little sum for pocket money; cash in hand goes a great way, properly invested. You must have been very lucky. Well, so I suppose you are surprised to see me here without my pbeaton?"

"I wish I had never seen you at all," replied Philip, uncourtously, and restoring his money to his pocket; "your fraud upon Mr. Stalmore, and your assurance that you knew me, have sent me adrift upon the world."

"What's one man's meat is another man's poison," said the captain, philosophically: "no use fretting, care killed a cat. I am as badly off as you: for, hang me, if there was not a Bow-street runner in the town. I caught his eye fixed on me like a gimblet; so I bolted—went to N——, left my pbeaton and groom there for the present, and have doubled back, to baffle pursuit, and cut across the country. You recollect that nice girl we saw in the coach; gad, I served her spouse that is to be a pretty trick! Borrowed his mooney under pretence of investing

it in the New Grand Anti-Dry-Rot Company; cool hundred—it's only just gone, sir."

Here the chamber-maid entered with the brandy and water, the newspaper, and cigar,—the captain lighted the last, took a deep sup at the beverage, and said, gaily:—

"Well now, let us join fortunes; we are both as you say, 'adrift.' Best way to stand the breeze is to unite the cables."

Philip shook his head, and, displeased with his companion, sought his pillow. He took care to put his money under his head and to lock his door.

The brothers started at day-break; Sidney was even more discontented than on the previous day. The weather was hot and oppressive; they rested for some hours at noon, and in the cool of the evening renewed their way. Philip had made up his mind to steer for a town in the thick of a hunting district, where he hoped his equestrian capacities might again befriend him; and their path now lay through a chain of vast dreary commons, which gave them, at least, the advantage to skirt the road-side unobserved. But, somehow or other, either Philip had been misinformed as to an inn where he had proposed to pass the night, or he had missed

it; for the clouds darkened, and the sun went down, and no vestige of human habitation was discernible. Sidney, foot-sore and querulous, began to weep, and declare that he could stir no further; and while Philip, whose iron frame defied fatigue, compassionately paused to rest his brother, a low roll of thunder broke upon the gloomy air. "There will be a storm," said he, anxiously. "Come on—pray, Sidney, come on."

"It is so cruel in you, brother Philip," replied Sidney, sobbing. "I wish I had never—never gone with you."

A flash of lightning, that illuminated the whole heavens, lingered round Sidney's pale face as he spoke; and Philip threw himself instinctively on the child, as if to protect him even from the wrath of the unshelterable flame. Sidney, hushed and terrified, clung to his brother's breast; after a pause, he silently consented to resume their journey. But now the storm came near and nearer to the wanderers. The darkness grew rapidly more intense, save when the lightning lit up heaven and earth alike with intolerable lustre. And when at length the rain began to fall in merciless and drenching torrents, even Philip's brave heart failed him.

How could he ask Sidney to proceed, when they could scarcely see an inch before them?—all that could now be done was to gain the high-road, and hope for some passing conveyance. With fits and starts, and by the glare of the lightning, they attained their object; and stood at last on the great broad Thoroughfare, along which, since the day when the Roman carved it from the waste, Misery hath plodded, and Luxury rolled, their common way.

Philip had stripped handkerchief, coat, vest, all to shelter Sidney; and he felt a kind of strange pleasure through the dark, even to hear Sidney's voice wail and moan. But that voice grew more languid and faint—it ceased—Sidney's weight hung heavy—heavier on the fostering arm.

"For Heaven's sake, speak!—speak, Sidney!—only one word—I will carry you in my arms!"

"I think I am dying," replied Sidney, in a low murmur; "I am so tired and worn out, I can go no further—I must lie here." And he sunk at once upon the reeking grass beside the road. At this time the rain gradually relaxed, the clouds broke away—a grey light succeeded to the darkness—the lightning was more dis-

tant; and the thunder rolled onward in its awful path. Kneeling on the ground, Philip supported his brother in his arms, and cast his pleading eyes upward to the softening terrors of the sky. A star, a solitary star—broke out for one moment, as if to smile comfort upon him, and then vanished. But lo! in the distance there suddenly gleamed a red, steady light, like that in some solitary window; it was no will o'-the-wisp, it was too stationary—human shelter was then nearer than he had thought for. He pointed to the light, and whispered, "Rouse yourself, one struggle more—it cannot be far off."

"It is impossible—I cannot stir," answered Sidney: and a sudden flash of lightning shewed his countenance, ghastly, as if with the damps of Death. What could the brother do?—stay there, and see the boy perish before his eyes?—leave him on the road, and fly to the friendly light? The last plan was the sole one left, yet he shrunk from it in greater terror than the first. Was that a step that he heard across the road? He held his breath to listen—a form became dimly visible—it approached.

Philip shouted aloud.

"What now?" answered the voice, and it

seemed familiar to Morton's ear. He sprang forward, and, putting his face close to the wayfarer, thought to recognise the features of Captain De Burgh Smith. The captain, whose eyes were yet more accustomed to the dark, made the first overture.

"Why, my lad, it is you then! Gad, you frightened me!"

Obvious as this man had hitherto been to Philip, he was as welcome to him as daylight now; he grasped his hand,—“My brother—a child—is here, dying, I fear, with cold and fatigue, he cannot stir. Will you stay with him—support him—but for a few moments, while I make to you light? See, I have money—plenty of money!”

“My good lad, it is very ugly work staying here at this hour: still—where's the child?”

“Here, here! make haste, raise him! that's right! God bless you! I shall be back ere you think me gone.”

He sprung from the road, and plunged through the heath, the furze, the rank glistening pools, straight towards the light—as the swimmer towards the shore.

The captain, though a rogue, was human; and when life—an innocent life—is at stake,

even a rogue's heart rises up from its silent and weedy bed. He muttered a few oaths, it is true, but he held the child in his arms, and, taking out a little tin case, poured some brandy down Sidney's throat; and then, by way of company, down his own. The cordial revived the boy; he opened his eyes, and said, "I think I can go on now, Philip."

We must return to Arthur Beaufort. He was naturally, though gentle, a person of high spirit and not without pride. He rose from the ground with bitter, resentful feelings and a blushing cheek, and went his way to the hotel. Here he found Mr. Spencer just returned from his visit to Sidney. Enchanted with the soft and endearing manners of his lost Catherine's son, and deeply affected with the resemblance the child bore to the mother as he had seen her last at the gay and rosy age of fair sixteen, his description of the younger brother drew Beaufort's indignant thoughts from the elder. He cordially concurred with Mr. Spencer in the wish to save one so gentle from the domination of one so fierce; and this, after all, was the child Catherine had most strongly commended to him. She had said little of the elder; per-

haps she had been aware of his ungracious and untractable nature, and, as it seemed to Beaufort, his predilections for a coarse and low career.

"Yes," said he, "this boy, then, shall console me for the perverse brutality of the other. He shall indeed drink of my cup, and eat of my bread, and be to me as a brother."

"What!" said Mr. Spencer, changing countenance, "you do not intend to take Sidney to live with you? I meant him for *my* son—*my* adopted son."

"No; generous as you are," said Arthur, pressing his hand, "this charge devolves on me—it is *my* right. I am the orphan's relation—his mother consigned him to me. But he shall be taught to love you not the less."

Mr. Spencer was silent. He could not bear the thought of losing Sidney as an inmate of his cheerless home, a tender relic of his early love. From that moment he began to contemplate the possibility of securing Sidney to himself, unknown to Beaufort.

The plans both of Arthur and Spencer were interrupted by the sudden retreat of the brothers. They determined to depart different ways in search of them. Spencer, as the more

helpless of the two, obtained the aid of Mr. Sharp; Beaufort departed with the lawyer.

Two travellers, in a hired barouche, were slowly dragged by a pair of jaded posters along the commons I have just described.

"I think," said one, "that the storm is very much abated; heigho! what an unpleasant night!"

"Unkimmon ugly, sir," answered the other; "and an awful long stage, eighteen miles. These here remote places are quite behind the age, sir—quite. However, I think we shall kitch them now."

"I am very much afraid of that eldest boy, Sharp. He seems a dreadful vagabond."

"You see, sir, quite hand in glove with dashing Jerry; met in the same inn last night—preconcerted, you may be quite sure. It would be the best day's job I have done this many a day to save that ere little feller from being corrupted. You sees he is just of a size to be useful to these bad karakters. If they took to burglary he would be a treasure to them—slip him through a pane of glass like a ferret, sir."

"Don't talk of it, Sharp," said Mr. Spencer, with a groan; "and recollect, if we get hold

of him, that you are not to say a word to Mr. Beaufort."

"I understand, sir; and I always goes with the gemman who behaves most like a gemman."

Here a loud holla was heard close by the horses' heads.

"Good heavens, if that is a footpad!" said Mr. Spencer, shaking violently.

"Lord, sir, I have my barkers with me. Who's there?"

The barouche stopped—a man came to the window.

"Excuse me, sir," said the stranger, "but there is a poor boy here so tired and ill that I fear he will never reach the next toon, unless you will kindly give him a lift."

"A poor boy!" said Mr. Spencer, poking his head over the head of Mr. Sharp.

"Where?"

"If you would just drop him at the King's Arms it would be a charity," said the man.

Sharp pinched Mr. Spencer on the shoulder, "That's Dashing Jerry; I'll get out." So saying he opened the door, jumped into the road, and presently re-appeared with the lost and welcome Sidney in his arms. "Ben't this

the boy?" he whispered to Mr. Spencer; and, taking the lamp from the carriage, he raised it to the child's face. "It is! it is! God be thanked!" exclaimed the worthy man.

"Will you leave him at the King's Arms? —we shall be there in an hour or two," cried the Captain.

"We! Who's we?" said Sharp, gruffly.

"Why, myself and the child's brother."

"Oh!" said Sharp, raising the lantern to his own face; "you knows me, I think, Master Jerry? Let me kitch you again, that's all. And give my compliments to your 'sociate, and say, if he prosecutes this here hurchin any more, we'll settle his business for him; and so take a hint and make yourself scarce, old boy!"

With that Mr. Sharp jumped into the barouche, and bade the postboy drive on as fast as he could.

Ten minutes after this abduction, Philip, followed by two labourers, with a harrow, a lantern, and two blankets, returned from the hospitable farm to which the light had conducted him. The spot where he had left Sidney, and which he knew by a neighbouring milestone, was vacant; he shouted in alarm,

and the Captain answered from the distance of some threescore yards. Philip came to him.

"Where is my brother?"

"Gone away in a barouche and pair. Devil take me if I understand it." And the Captain proceeded to give a confused account of what had passed.

"My brother! my brother! they have torn thee from me then!" cried Philip, and he fell to the earth insensible.

CHAPTER XI.

"Vous me rendez mon frère!"

CASQUES DELAUNAY: *Les Enfants d'Edouard.*

ONE evening, a week after this event, a wild, tattered, haggard youth knocked at the door of Mr. Robert Beaufort.

The porter slowly presented himself.

"Is your master at home? I must see him instantly."

"That's more than you can, my man; my master does not see the like of you this time of night," replied the porter, eyeing the ragged apparition before him with great disdain.

"See me he must and shall," replied the young man; and as the porter blocked up the entrance, he grasped his collar with a hand of iron, swung him, huge as he was, aside, and strode into the spacious hall.

"Stop! stop!" cried the porter, recovering himself. "James! John! here's a go!"

Mr. Robert Beaufort had been back in town several days. Mrs. Beaufort, who was waiting his return from his club, was in the dining-room. Hearing a noise in the hall she opened the door, and saw the strange, grim figure I have described advancing towards her. "Who are you?" she said; "what do you want?"

"I am Philip Morton. Who are you?"

"My husband," said Mrs. Beaufort, shrinking into the parlour, while Morton followed her and closed the door, "my husband, Mr. Beaufort, is not at home."

"You are Mrs. Beaufort, then! Well, you can understand me. I want my brother. He has been basely left from me. Tell me where he is, and I will forgive all. Restore him to me and I will bless you and yours." And Philip fell on his knees and grasped the train of her gown.

"I know nothing of your brother, Mr. Morton," cried Mrs. Beaufort, surprised and alarmed. "Arthur, whom we expect every day, writes us word that all search for him has been in vain."

"Ha! you admit the search?" cried Morton, rising and clenching his hands. "And who else but you or yours would have parted

brother and brother? Answer me where he is. No subterfuge, madam: I am desperate!"

Mrs. Beaufort, though a woman of that worldly coldness and indifference which, on ordinary occasions, supply the place of courage, was extremely terrified by the tone and mien of her rude guest. She laid her hand on the bell, but Morton seized her arm, and, holding it sternly, said, while his dark eyes shot fire through the glimmering room, "I will not stir hence till you have told me. Will you reject my gratitude, my blessing? Beware! Again, where have you hid my brother?"

At that instant the door opened, and Mr. Robert Beaufort entered. The lady, with a shriek of joy, wrenched herself from Philip's grasp, and flew to her husband.

"Save me from this ruffian!" she said, with an hysterical sob.

Mr. Beaufort, who had heard from Blackwell strange accounts of Philip's obdurate perverseness, vile associates, and unredeemable character, was roused from his usual timidity by the appeal of his wife.

"Insolent reprobate!" he said, advancing to Philip; "after all the absurd goodness of my son and myself; after rejecting all our

offers, and persisting in your miserable and vicious conduct, how dare you presume to force yourself into this house? Begone, or I will send for the constables to remove you!"

"Man, man," cried Philip, restraining the fury that shook him from head to foot, "I care not for your threats—I scarcely hear your abuse—your son, or yourself, have stolen away my brother: tell me only where he is; let me see him once more. Do not drive me hence, without one word of justice, of pity. I implore you—on my knees I implore you—yes, I, I implore you, Robert Beaufort, to have mercy on your brother's son. Where is Sidney?"

Like all mean and cowardly men, Robert Beaufort was rather encouraged than softened by Philip's abrupt humility.

"I know nothing of your brother; and if this is not all some villanous trick—which it may be—I am heartily rejoiced that he, poor child! is rescued from the contamination of such a companion," answered Beaufort.

"I am at your feet still; again, for the last time, clinging to you, a suppliant: I pray you to tell me the truth."

Mr. Beaufort, more and more exasperated

by Morton's forbearance, raised his hand as if to strike; when, at that moment, one hitherto unobserved—one who, terrified by the scene she had witnessed but could not comprehend, had slunk into a dark corner of the room,—now came from her retreat. And a child's soft voice was heard, saying,

“Do not strike him, papa!—let him have his brother!”

Mr. Beaufort's arm fell to his side: kneeling before him, and by the outcast's side, was his own young daughter; she had crept into the room unobserved, when her father entered. Through the dim shadows, relieved only by the red and fitful gleam of the fire, he saw her fair meek face looking up wistfully at his own, with tears of excitement, and perhaps of pity—for children have a quick insight into the reality of grief in those not far removed from their own years—glistening in her soft eyes. Philip looked round bewildered, and he saw that face which seemed to him, at such a time, like the face of an angel.

“Hear her!” he murmured: “oh, hear her! For her sake, do not sever one orphan from the other!”

“Take away that child, Mrs. Beaufort,”

cried Robert, angrily. "Will you let her disgrace herself thus? And you, sir, begone from this roof; and when you can approach me with due respect, I will give you, as I said I would, the means to get an honest living!"

Philip rose; Mrs. Beaufort had already led away her daughter, and she took that opportunity of sending in the servants: their forms filled up the door-way.

"Will you go," continued Mr. Beaufort, more and more emboldened, as he saw the menials at hand, "or shall they expel you?"

"It is enough, sir," said Philip, with a sudden calm and dignity that surprised, and almost awed his uncle: "My father, if the dead yet watch over the living, has seen and heard you. There will come a day for justice. Out of my path, hirelings!"

He waved his arm, and the menials shrunk back at his tread, stalked across the inhospitable hall, and vanished.

When he had gained the street, he turned and looked up at the house. His dark and hollow eyes gleaming through the long and raven hair that fell profusely over his face, had in them an expression of menace almost pre-

ternatural from its settled calmness; the wild and untutored majesty which through rags and squalor never deserted his form, as it never does the forms of men in whom the will is strong and the sense of injustice deep; the outstretched arm; the haggard, but noble features; the bloomless and seathed youth; all gave to his features and his stature an aspect awful in its sinister and voiceless wrath. There he stood a moment, like one to whom woe and wrong have given a Prophet's power, guiding the eye of the forgetful Fate to the roof of the Oppressor. Then slowly, and with a half smile, he turned away, and strode through the streets till he arrived at one of the narrow lanes that intersect the more equivocal quarters of the huge city. He stopped at the private entrance of a small pawnbroker's shop; the door was opened by a slipshod boy; he ascended the dingy stairs till he came to the second floor; and there, in a small back room, he found Captain De Burgh Smith, seated before a table with a couple of candles on it, smoking a cigar, and playing at cards by himself.

"Well, what news of your brother, Billy Phil?"

"None: they will reveal nothing."

"Do you give him up?"

"Nerer! My hope now is in you!"

"Well, I thought you would be driven to come to me, and I will do something for you that I should not like to do for myself. I told you that I knew the Bow-street runner who was in the barouche. I will find him out—Heaven knows that is easily done; and, if you can pay well, you will get your news."

"You shall have all I possess, if you restore my brother. See what it is, one hundred pounds—it was his fortune. It is useless to me without him. There, take fifty now, and if——"

Philip stopped, for his voice trembled too much to allow him farther speech. Captain Smith thrust the notes into his pocket, and said,—

"We'll consider it settled."

Captain Smith fulfilled his promise. He saw the Bow-street officer. Mr. Sharp had been bribed too high by the opposite party to tell tales, and he willingly encouraged the suspicion that Sidney was under the care of the Beaufoots. He promised, however, for the sake of ten guineas, to procure Philip a

letter from Sidney himself. This was all he would undertake.

Philip was satisfied. At the end of another week, Mr. Sharp transmitted to the Captain a letter, which he, in his turn, gave to Philip. It ran thus, in Sidney's sprawling hand:—

“DEAR BROTHER PHILIP,—I am told you wish to know how I am, and therefore take up my pen, and assure you that I write all out of my own head. I am very comfortable and happy—much more so than I have been since poor deir mama died; so I beg you won't vex yourself about me: and pray don't try and Find me out, For I would not go with you again for the world. I am so much better off here. I wish you would be a good boy, and leave off your Bad ways; for I am sure, as every one says, I don't know what would have become of me if I had staid with you. Mr. — [the Mr. half scratched out] the gentleman I am with, says if you turn out properly, he will be a friend to you, too; but he advises you to go, like a Good boy, to Arthur Beaufort, and ask his

pardon for the past, and then Arthur will be very kind to you. I send you a great big sum of 20*l.* and the gentleman says he would send more, only it might make you naughty, and set up. I go to church now every Sunday, and read good books, and always pray that God may open your eyes. I have such a nice pony, with such a long tale. So no more at present from your affectionate brother,

“SIDNEY MORTON.”

“Oct. 8, 18—.”

“Pray, pray don't come after me any more. You know I neerly died of it, but for this deir good gentleman I am with.”

So this, then, was the crowning reward of all his sufferings and all his love. There was the letter, evidently undictated, with its errors of orthography, and in the child's rough scrawl; the serpent's tooth pierced to the heart, and left there its most lasting venom.

“I have done with him for ever,” said Philip, brushing away the bitter tears. “I will molest him no farther; I care no more

to pierce this mystery. Better for him as it is—he is happy! Well, well, and I—I will never care for a human being again.”

He bowed his head over his hands, and when he rose, his heart felt to him like stone. It seemed as if the Conscience herself had fled from his soul on the wings of the departed Love.

CHAPTER XII.

"But you have found the mountain's top—there sit
On the calm dourish head of it ;
And whilst with wearied steps we upward go,
See Us and Clouds below."—COWLEY.

It was true that Sidney was happy in his new home, and thither we must now trace him.

On reaching the town where the travellers in the barouche had been requested to leave Sidney, "The King's Arms" was precisely the inn eschewed by Mr. Spencer. While the horses were being changed, he summoned the surgeon of the town to examine the child, who had already much recovered; and by stripping his clothes, wrapping him in warm blankets, and administering cordials, he was permitted to reach another stage, so as to baffle pursuit that night; and in three days Mr. Spencer had placed his new charge with his maiden sisters,

150 miles from the spot where he had been found. He would not take him to his own home yet. He feared the claims of Arthur Beaufort. He artfully wrote to that gentleman stating that he had abandoned the chase of Sidney in despair, and desiring to know if he had discovered him; and a bribe of 300*l.* to Mr. Sharp, with a candid exposition of his reasons for secreting Sidney—reasons in which the worthy officer professed to sympathise—secured the discretion of his ally. But he would not deny himself the pleasure of being in the same house with Sidney, and was therefore for some months the guest of his sisters. At length he heard that young Beaufort had been ordered abroad for his health, and he then deemed it safe to transfer his new idol to his Lares by the lakes. During this interval the current of the younger Morton's life had indeed flowed through flowers. At his age the cares of females were almost a want as well as a luxury, and the sisters spoiled and petted him as much as any elderly nymphs in Cytherea ever petted Cupid. They were good, excellent, high-nosed, flat-bosomed spinsters, sentimentally fond of their brother whom they called "the poet," and doatingly attached to

children. The cleanness, the quiet, the good cheer of their neat abode, all tended to revive and invigorate the spirits of their young guest, and every one there seemed to vie which should love him the most. Still his especial favourite was Mr. Spencer: for Spencer never went out without bringing back cakes and toys; and Spencer gave him his pony; and Spencer rode a little crop-eared nag by his side; and Spencer, in short, was associated with his every comfort and caprice. He told them his little history; and when he said how Philip had left him alone for long hours together, and how Philip had forced him to his last and nearly fatal journey, the old maids groaned, and the old bachelor sighed, and they all cried in a breath, that "Philip was a very wicked boy." It was not only their obvious policy to detach him from his brother, but it was their sincere conviction that they did right to do so. Sidney began, it is true, by taking Philip's part: but his mind was ductile, and he still looked back with a shudder to the hardships he had gone through: and so by little and little he learned to forget all the endearing and fostering love Philip had evinced to him; to connect his name with dark and mysterious

fears; to repeat thanksgivings to Providence that he was saved from him; and to hope that they might never meet again. In fact, when Mr. Spencer learned from Sharp that it was through Captain Smith, the swindler, that application had been made by Philip for news of his brother, and having also learned before, from the same person, that Philip had been implicated in the sale of a horse, swindled if not stolen,—he saw every additional reason to widen the stream that flowed between the wolf and the lamb. The older Sidney grew, the better he comprehended and appreciated the motives of his protector—for he was brought up in a formal school of propriety and ethics, and his mind naturally revolted from all images of violence or fraud. Mr. Spencer changed both the Christian and the surname of his protégé, in order to elude the search whether of Philip, the Mortons, or the Beauforts, and Sidney passed for his nephew by a younger brother who had died in India.

So there, by the calm banks of the placid lake, amidst the fairest landscapes of the Island Garden, the youngest born of Catherine passed his tranquil days. The monotony of the retreat did not fatigue a spirit which, as he grew up,

found occupation in books, music, poetry, and the elegancies of the cultivated, if quiet life, within his reach. To the rough past he looked back as to an evil dream, in which the image of Philip stood dark and threatening. His brother's name, as he grew older, he rarely mentioned, and if he did volunteer it to Mr. Spencer the bloom on his cheek grew paler. The sweetness of his manners, his fair face and winning smile, still combined to secure him love, and to screen from the common eye, whatever of selfishness yet lurked in his nature. And, indeed, that fault in so serene a career, and with friends so attached, was seldom called into action. So thus was he severed from both the protectors, Arthur and Philip, to whom poor Catherine had bequeathed him. By a perverse and strange mystery, they, to whom the charge was most intrusted, were the very persons who were forbidden to redeem it. On our death-beds, when we think we have provided for those we leave behind—should we lose the last smile that gilds the solemn agony, if we could look one year into the Future?

Arthur Deaufort, after, as might be expected, an ineffectual search for Sidney, on returning to his home heard no unexaggerated narrative

of Philip's visit, and listened, with deep resentment, to his mother's distorted account of the language addressed to her. It is not to be surprised that, with all his romantic generosity, he felt sickened and revolted at violence that seemed to him without excuse. Though not a revengful character, he had not that meekness which never resents. He looked upon Philip Morton as upon one rendered incorrigible by bad passions and evil company. Still Catherine's last bequest, and Philip's note to him the Unknown Comforter, often recurred to him, and he would have willingly yet aided had Philip been thrown in his way. But as it was, when he looked around, and saw the examples of that charity that begins at home, in which the world abounds, he felt as if he had done his duty; and prosperity having, though it could not harden his heart, still sapped the habits of perseverance, so by little and little the image of the dying Catherine, and the thought of her sons, faded from his remembrance. And for this there was the more excuse after the receipt of an anonymous letter, which relieved all his apprehensions on behalf of Sidney. The letter was

short, and stated simply that Sidney Morton had found a friend who would protect him throughout life; but who would not scruple to apply to Beaufort if ever he needed his assistance. So one son, and that the youngest and the best-loved, was safe. And the other, had he not chosen his own career? Alas, poor Catherine! when you fancied that Philip was the one sure to force his way into fortune, and Sidney the one most helpless, how ill did you judge of the human heart! It was that very strength in Philip's nature which tempted the winds that scattered the blossoms, and shook the stem to its roots; while the lighter and frailer nature bent to the gale, and bore transplanting to a happier soil. If a parent read these pages let him pause and think well on the characters of his children; let him at once fear and hope the most for the one whose passions and whose temper lead to a struggle with the world. That same world is a tough wrestler, and has a bear's gripe for the poor.

Meanwhile, Arthur Beaufort's own complaints, which grew serious and menaced consumption, recalled his thoughts more and more every day to himself. He was compelled to abandon his career at the University, and to

seek for health in the softer breezes of the South. His parents accompanied him to Nice; and when, at the end of a few months, he was restored to health, the desire of travel seized the mind and attracted the fancy of the young heir. His father and mother satisfied with his recovery, and not unwilling that he should acquire the polish of Continental intercourse, returned to England; and young Beaufort, with gay companions and magnificent income, already courted, spoiled, and flattered, commenced his tour with the fair climes of Italy.

So, O dark mystery of the Moral World! so, unlike the order of the External Universe, glide together, side by side, the shadowy steeds of NIGHT AND MORNING. Examine life in its own world; confound not *that* world, the inner one, the practical one, with the more visible, yet airier and less substantial system, doing homage to the sun, to whose throne, afar in the infinite space, the human heart has no wings to flee. In life, the mind and the circumstance give the true seasons, and regulate the darkness and the light. Of two men standing on the same foot of earth, the one revels in the joyous noon, the other shud-

ders in the solitude of night. For Hope and Fortune the daystar is ever shining. The "Armuth-Strahlendes" * live ever in the air. For Care and Penury, Night changes not with the ticking of the clock, or the shadow on the dial. Morning for the heir, night for the houseless, and God's eye in both!

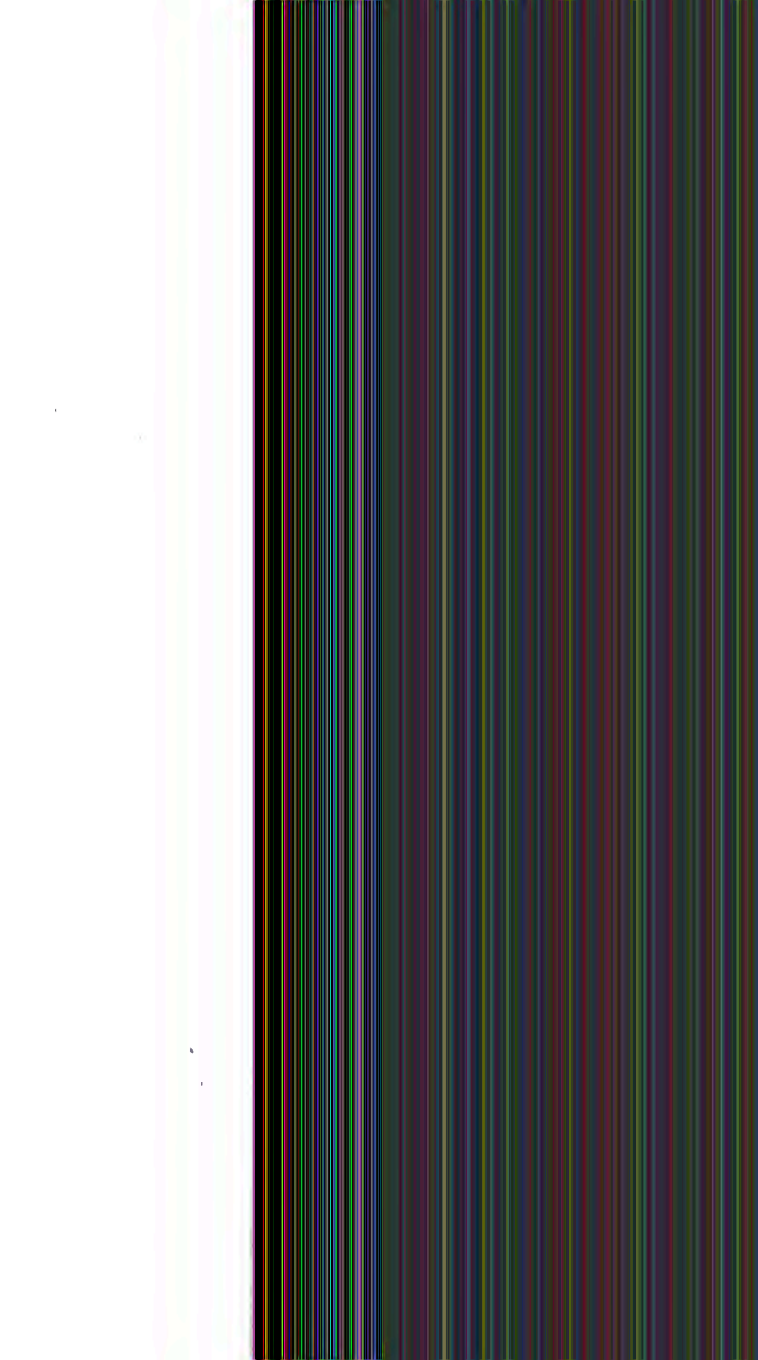
* Schiller.

END OF BOOK II.

BOOK III.

“*Reise lagz in Weg ;
Strohe pumten meinä Fuß ;
Wber Echlinde baut' ich Stige
Reucken durch den wilden Fluß.*”

SCENAR : Der Pilgrim.



CHAPTER I.

"The knight of arts and industry,
And his achievements fair."

THOMSON'S Castle of Jobabooks:
Explanatory Note to Canto II.

IN a popular and respectable, but not very fashionable *quartier* in Paris, and in the tolerably broad and effective *locale* of the Rue —, there might be seen, at the time I now treat of, a curious-looking building, that jutted out semicircularly from the neighbouring shops, with plaster pilasters and *compo* ornaments. The *virtuosi* of the *quartier* had discovered that the building was constructed in imitation of an ancient temple in Rome; this erection, then fresh and new, reached only to the *entresol*. The pilasters were painted light green and gilded in the *cornices*, while, surmounting the *architrave*, were three little statues—one held a torch, another a bow, and a third a bag; they were therefore ra-

moured, I know not with what justice, to be the artistical representatives of Hymen, Cupid, and Fortune.

On the door was neatly engraved, on a brass-plate, the following inscription:—

“MONSIEUR LOVE, ANGLAIS.
À L'ESTRESOL.”

And if you had crossed the threshold and mounted the stairs, and gained that mysterious story inhabited by Monsieur Love, you would have seen upon another door to the right another epigraph, informing those interested in the inquiry that the *bureau* of M. Love was open daily from nine in the morning to four in the afternoon.

The office of M. Love—for office it was, and of a nature not unfrequently designated in the “*petites officines*” of Paris—had been established about six months, and whether it was the popularity of the profession, or the shape of the shop, or the manners of M. Love himself, I cannot pretend to say, but certain it is that the Temple d'Hymen—as M. Love classically termed it—had become exceedingly in vogue in the Faubourg St. —. It was

remoued that no less than nine marriages in the immediate neighbourhood had been manufactured at this fortunate office, and that they had all turned out happily except one, in which the bride being sixty, and the bridegroom twenty-four, there had been rumours of domestic dissension; but, as the lady had been delivered, — I mean of her husband, who had drowned himself in the Seine, about a month after the ceremony, things had turned out in the long run better than might have been expected, and the widow was so little discouraged that she had been seen to enter the office already — a circumstance that was greatly to the credit of Mr. Love.

Perhaps the secret of Mr. Love's success, and of the marked superiority of his establishment in rank and popularity over similar ones, consisted in the spirit and liberality with which the business was conducted. He seemed resolved to destroy all formality between parties who might desire to draw closer to each other, and he hit upon the lucky device of a *table d'hôte*, very well managed and held twice a-week, and often followed by a *soirée dansante*; so that, if they pleased, the aspirants to matrimonial happiness might become acquainted

without *gêne*. As he himself was a jolly, convivial fellow of much *savoir vivre*, it is astonishing how well he made these entertainments answer. Persons who had not seemed to take to each other in the first distant interview grew extremely enamoured when the corks of the champagne—an extra of course in the *aboucement*—bounced against the wall. Added to this, Mr. Love took great pains to know the tradesmen in his neighbourhood; and, what with his jokes, his appearance of easy circumstances, and the fluency with which he spoke the language, he became an universal favourite. Many persons who were uncommonly starch in general, and who professed to ridicule the *baron*, saw nothing improper in dining at the *table d'hôte*. To those who wished for secrecy he was said to be wonderfully discreet; but there were others who did not affect to conceal their discontent at the single state: for the rest, the entertainments were so contrived as never to shock the delicacy, while they always forwarded the suit.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and Mr. Love was still seated at dinner, or rather at dessert, with a party of guests. His apartments, though small, were somewhat

ganzily painted and furnished, and his dining-room was decorated à la Turque. The party consisted—first, of a rich *épicier*, a widower, Monsieur Goupille by name, an eminent man in the Faubourg; he was in his grand elimaetric, but still *belhomme*; wore a very well-made *perruque* of light auburn, with tight pantaloons, which contained a pair of very respectable calves; and his white neckcloth and his large frill were washed and got up with especial care. Next to Monsieur Goupille sat a very demure and very spare young lady of about two-and-thirty, who was said to have saved a fortune—Heaven knows how—in the family of a rich English *widow*, where she had officiated as governess; she called herself Mademoiselle Adèle de Courval, and was very particular about the *de*, and very melancholy about her ancestors. Monsieur Goupille generally put his finger through his *perruque*, and fell away a little on his left pantaloon when he spoke to Mademoiselle de Courval; and Mademoiselle de Courval generally pecked at her bouquet when she answered Monsieur Goupille. On the other side of this young lady sat a fine-looking fair man—M. de Sorolofski, a Pole, buttoned up to the chin, and rather threadbare, though

uncommonly neat. He was flanked by a little fat lady, who had been very pretty, and who kept a boarding-house, or *pension*, for the English, she herself being English, though long established in Paris. Rumour said she had been gay in her youth, and dropped in Paris by a Russian nobleman, with a very pretty settlement,—she and the settlement having equally expended by time and season: she was called Madame Bearor. On the other side of the table was a red-headed Englishman, who spoke very little French; who had been told that French ladies were passionately fond of light hair; and who, having 2000*l.* of his own, intended to quadruple that sum by a prudent marriage. Nobody knew what his family was, but his name was Higgins. His neighbour was an exceedingly tall, large-boned Frenchman, with a long nose and a red riband, who was much seen at Frescati's, and had served under Napoleon. Then came another lady, extremely pretty, very *piquante*, and very gay, but past the *première jeunesse*, who ogled Mr. Love more than she did any of his guests: she was called Rosalie Caumartin, and was at the head of a large *low-down* establishment: married, but her husband had gone four years

ago to the Isle of France, and she was a little doubtful whether she might not be justly entitled to the privileges of a widow. Next to Mr. Love, in the place of honour, sat no less a person than the Vicomte de Vaudemont, a French gentleman, really well-born, but whose various excesses, added to his poverty, had not served to sustain that respect for his birth which he considered due to it. He had already been twice married; once to an Englishwoman, who had been decoyed by the title; by this lady, who died in childbed, he had one son; a fact which he sedulously concealed from the world of Paris by keeping the unhappy boy—who was now some eighteen or nineteen years old—a perpetual exile in England. Monsieur de Vaudemont did not wish to pass for more than thirty, and he considered that to produce a son of eighteen would be to make the lad a monster of ingratitude by giving the lie every hour to his own father! In spite of this precaution, the Vicomte found great difficulty in getting a third wife—especially as he had no actual and visible income; was, not seamed, but ploughed up, with the small-pox; small of stature, and was considered more than *un peu bête*. He was, however, a prodigious dandy,

and wore a lace frill and embroidered waistcoat. Mr. Love's *vis-à-vis* was Mr. Birnie, an Englishman, a sort of assistant in the establishment, with a hard, dry, parchment face, and—a remarkable talent for silence. The host himself was a splendid animal; his vast chest seemed to occupy more space at the table than any four of his guests, yet he was not corpulent or unwieldy; he was dressed in black, wore a velvet stock very high, and four gold studs glittered in his shirt-front; he was bald to the crown, which made his forehead appear singularly lofty, and what hair he had left was a little greyish and curled; his face was shaved smoothly, except a close-clipped moustache; and his eyes, though small, were bright and piercing. Such was the party.

"These are the best *bons-bons* I ever ate," said Mr. Love, glancing at Madame Caumartin. "My fair friends have compassion on the table of a poor bachelor."

"But you ought not to be a bachelor, Monsieur Love," replied the fair Rosalie, with an arch look; "you who make others marry should set the example."

"All in good time," answered Mr. Love,

nodding; "one serves one's customers to so much happiness that one has none left for one-self."

Here a loud explosion was heard. Monsieur Goupille had pelted one of the *bon-bou* crackers with Mademoiselle Adèle.

"I've got the motto!—no—Monsieur has it: I'm always unlucky," said the gentle Adèle.

The *épiciér* solemnly unrolled the little slip of paper; the print was very small, and he longed to take out his spectacles, but he thought that would make him look odd. However he spelled through the motto with some difficulty:—

"Comme elle fait soumettre un cœur,
En refusant son doux hommage,
On peut trahir la coquette en vainqueur
De la beauté modeste on célébri l'eschange."

"I present it to Mademoiselle," said he, laying the motto solemnly in Adèle's plate, upon a little mountain of chestnut-husks.

"It is very pretty," said she, looking down.

"It is very *à propos*," whispered the *épiciér*, caressing the *perruque* a little too roughly in his emotion. Mr. Love gave him a kick under the table, and put his finger to his own bald

head, and then to his nose significantly. The intelligent *épicer* smoothed back the irritated *perruque*.

"Are you fond of *bous-bous*, Mademoiselle Adele? I have a very fine stock at home," said Monsieur Goupille.

Mademoiselle Adele de Courral sighed,—
 "Hélas! they remind me of happier days. When I was a *petite*, and my dear grand-mamma took me in her lap and told me how she escaped the guillotine: she was an *émigrée*, and you know her father was a *marquis*."

The *épicer* bowed and looked puzzled. He did not quite see the connexion between the *bous-bous* and the guillotine.

"You are *triste*, monsieur," observed Madame Beavor, in rather a piqued tone, to the Pole, who had not said a word since the *réfugi*.

"Madame, an exile is always *triste*: I think of my *poivre pays*."

"Bah!" cried Mr. Love. "Think that there is no exile by the side of a *belles dame*."

The Pole smiled mournfully.

"Pull it," said Madame Beavor, holding a cracker to the patriot, and turning away her face.

"Yes, madame; I wish it were a cannon in defence of *La Pologne*."

With this magnificent aspiration the gallant Sorolofski puffed lustily, and then rubbed his fingers, with a little grimace, observing, that crackers were sometimes dangerous, and that the present combustible was *d'une force immense*.

"Hélas! J'ai cru jusqu'à ce jour
Pourrir triompher de l'auteur,"

said Madame Beavor, reading the motto,
"What do you say to that?"

"Madame, there is no triumph for *La Pologne!*"

Madame Beavor uttered a little peevish exclamation, and glanced in despair at her red-headed countryman. "Are you, too, a great politician, sir?" said she, in English.

"No, mem!—I'm all for the ladies."

"What does he say?" asked Madame Carmartin.

"*Monsieur Higgins est tout pour les dames.*"

"To be sure he is," cried Mr. Love; "all the English are, especially with that coloured hair; a lady who likes a passionate adorer should always marry a man with gold-coloured

hair—always. What do you say, Mademoiselle Adèle?"

"Oh, I like fair hair," said Mademoiselle, looking bashfully askew at Monsieur Goupille's *perroquet*. "Grandmamma said her papa—the marquis—used yellow powder: it must have been very pretty."

"Rather à la *sucre d'orge*," remarked the *épiciér*, smiling on the right side of his mouth, where his best teeth were.

Mademoiselle de Courval looked displeasèd. "I fear you are a republican, Monsieur Goupille!"

"I, mademoiselle! No; I'm for the Restoration;" and again the *épiciér* perplexed himself to discover the association of idea between republicanism and *sucre d'orge*.

"Another glass of wine. Come, another," said Mr. Love, stretching across the Vicomte to help Madame Caumartin.

"Sir," said the tall Frenchman, with the riband, eyeing the *épiciér* with great disdain, "you say you are for the Restoration—I am for the Empire—*Moi!*"

"No politics!" cried Mr. Love. "Let us adjourn to the *salon*."

The Vicomte who had seemed supremely

ennuyé during this dialogue, plucked Mr. Love by the sleeve as he rose, and whispered petulantly, "I do not see any one here to suit me, Monsieur Love—none of my rank."

"*Mon Dieu!*" answered Mr. Love; "*point d'argent point suisse.* I could introduce you to a duchess, but then the fee is high. There's Mademoiselle de Courval—she dates from the Carolingians."

"She is very like a boiled sole," answered the Vicomte, with a wry face. "Still—what dowry has she?"

"Forty thousand francs, and sickly," replied Mr. Love: "but she likes a tall man, and Monsieur Goupille is——"

"Tall men are never well made," interrupted the Vicomte, angrily; and he drew himself aside as Mr. Love, gallantly advancing, gave his arm to Madame Beavor, because the Pole had, in rising, folded both his own arms across his breast.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said Mr. Love to Madame Beavor, as they adjourned to the *salon*, "I don't think you manage that brave man well."

"*Ma foi, comme il est ennuyé avec sa*

Poloque," replied Madame Beavor, shrugging her shoulders.

"True; but he is a very fine-shaped man; and it is a comfort to think that one will have no rival but his country. Trust me, and encourage him a little more; I think he would suit you to a T."

Here the *garçon* engaged for the evening announced Monsieur and Madame Giraud; whereupon there entered a little—little couple, very fair, very plump, and very like each other. This was Mr. Love's show couple—his decoy ducks—his last best example of match-making; they had been married two months out of the *baron*, and were the admiration of the neighbourhood for their conjugal affection. As they were now united, they had ceased to frequent the *table d'hôte*, but Mr. Love often invited them after the dessert, *pour encourager les autres*.

"My dear friends," cried Mr. Love, shaking each by the hand. "I am ravished to see you. Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you Monsieur and Madame Giraud, the happiest couple in Christendom;—if I had done nothing else in my life but bring them together, I should not have lived in vain!"

The company eyed the objects of this eulogium with great attention.

"Monsieur, my prayer is to deserve my *bonheur*," said Monsieur Girard.

"*Cher ange!*" murmured Madame: and the happy pair seated themselves next to each other.

Mr. Love, who was all for those innocent pastimes which do away with conventional formality and reserve, now proposed a game at "Hunt the Slipper," which was welcomed by the whole party, except the Pole and the Vicomte; though Mademoiselle Adèle looked prudish, and observed to the *épicière*, "that Monsieur Loïe was so droll, but she should not have liked her *poivre grandmaman* to see her."

The Vicomte had stationed himself opposite to Mademoiselle de Courval, and kept his eyes fixed on her very tenderly.

"Mademoiselle, I see, does not approve of such *bourgeois* diversions," said he.

"No, monsieur," said the gentle Adèle.

"But I think we must sacrifice our own tastes to those of the company."

"It is a very amiable sentiment," said the *épicière*.

"It was one attributed to grandmamma's

papa, the Marquis de Courval. It has become quite a hackneyed remark since," said Adèle.

"Come, ladies," said the joyous Rosalie; "I volunteer my slipper."

"*Asseyez-vous donc*," said Madame Beavor to the Pole. "Have you no games of this sort in Poland?"

"Madame, *La Pologne* is no more," said the Pole. "But with the swords of her brave —"

"No swords here, if you please," said Mr. Love, putting his vast hands on the Pole's shoulders, and sinking him forcibly down into the circle now formed.

The game proceeded with great vigour and much laughter from Rosalie, Mr. Love, and Madame Beavor, especially whenever the last thumped the Pole with the heel of the slipper. Monsieur Giraud was always sure that Madame Giraud had the slipper about her, which persuasion on his part gave rise to many little endearments, which are always so innocent among married people. The Vicomte and the *épicière* were equally certain the slipper was with Mademoiselle Adèle, who defended herself with much more energy than might have been supposed in one so gentle.

The *épiciér*, however, grew jealous of the attentions of his noble rival, and told him that he *géné d* mademoiselle; whereupon the Vicomte called him an *impertinent*; and the tall Frenchman, with the red riband, sprung up and said, —

“Can I be of any assistance, gentlemen?”

Therewith Mr. Love, the great peace-maker, interposed, and, reconciling the rivals, proposed to change the game to *Colin Maillard*, *Anglier*, “Blind Man’s Buff.” Rosalie clapped her hands, and offered herself to be blind-folded. The tables and chairs were cleared away; and Madame Beavor pushed the Pole into Rosalie’s arms, who, having felt him about the face for some moments, guessed him to be the tall Frenchman. During this time Monsieur and Madame Giraud hid themselves behind the window-curtain.

“Amuse yourself, *mon ami*,” said Madame Beavor, to the liberated Pole.

“Ah, madam,” sighed Monsieur Sovolofski, “how can I be gay! All my property confiscated by the Emperor of Russia! Has *La Pologne* no Brutus?”

“I think you are in love,” said the host, clapping him on the back.

"Are you quite sure," whispered the Pole to the match-maker, "that Madame Beavor has *vingt mille livres de rentes*?"

"Not a sous less."

The Pole mused, and, glancing at Madame Beavor, said,—“And yet, madame, your charming gaiety consoles me amidst all my sufferings;” upon which Madame Beavor called him “flatterer,” and rapped his knuckles with her fan; the latter proceeding the brave Pole did not seem to like, for he immediately buried his hands in his trousers' pockets.

The game was now at its meridian. Rosalie was uncommonly active, and flew about here and there, much to the harassment of the Pole, who repeatedly wiped his forehead, and observed that it was warm work, and put him in mind of the last sad battle for *La Pologne*. Monsieur Goupille, who had lately taken lessons in dancing, and was vain of his agility—mounted the chairs and tables, as Rosalie approached—with great grace and gravity. It so happened that in these saltations, he ascended a stool near the curtain behind which Monsieur and Madame Giraud were ensconced. Somewhat agitated by a slight flutter behind the folds, which made him fancy,

on the sudden panic, that Rosalie was creeping that way, the *épiciér* made an abrupt pirouette, and the hook on which the curtains were suspended, caught his left coat-tail —

“The fatal gesture left the ungarded side:”

just as he turned to extricate the garment from that dilemma, Rosalie sprang upon him, and naturally lifting her hands to that height where she fancied the human face divine, took another extremity of Monsieur Goupille’s graceful frame thus exposed, by surprise.

“I don’t know who this is. *Quelle drôle de visage!*” muttered Rosalie.

“*Mais, madame,*” faltered Monsieur Goupille, looking greatly disconcerted.

The gentle Adèle, who did not seem to relish this adventure, came to the relief of her wooer, and pinched Rosalie very sharply in the arm.

“That’s not fair. But I will know who this is,” cried Rosalie, angrily; “you shan’t escape!”

A sudden and universal burst of laughter roused her suspicions — she drew back — and exclaiming, — “*Mais, quelle mauvaise plaisan-*

teric; *c'est trop fort!*" applied her fair hand to the place in dispute, with so hearty a goodwill, that Monsieur Goupille uttered a dolorous cry, and sprung from the chair, leaving the coat-tail (the cause of all his woe) suspended upon the hook.

It was just at this moment, and in the midst of the excitement caused by Monsieur Goupille's misfortune, that the door opened, and the *garçon* reappeared, followed by a young man in a large cloak.

The new-comer paused at the threshold, and gazed around him in evident surprise.

"*Diable!*" said Mr. Love, approaching, and gazing hard at the stranger. "Is it possible!—You are, then, come at last!—Welcome!"

"But," said the stranger, apparently still bewildered, "there is some mistake; you are not——"

"Yes, I am Mr. Love!—Love all the world over. How is our friend Gregg?—told you to address yourself to Mr. Love,—eh!—Mum!—Ladies and gentlemen, an acquisition to our party. Fine fellow, eh!—Five feet eleven without his shoes,—and young enough to

hope to be thrice married before he dies,—
When did you arrive?"

"To-day."

And thus, Philip Morton and Mr. William
Gawtre met once more.

CHAPTER II.

"Happy the man who, void of care and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A splendid shilling!" — *The Splendid Shilling.*

"And wherefore should they take or care for thought,
The unreasoning vulgar willingly obey,
And leaving toil and poverty behind,
Run forth by different ways, the blissful heron to find."

Wass's Education.

"Poor boy! your story interests me. The events are romantic, but the moral is practical, old, everlasting—life, boy, life. Poverty by itself is no such great curse; that is, if it stops short of starving. And passion by itself is a noble thing, sir; but poverty and passion together—poverty and feeling—poverty and pride—the poverty, not of birth, but reverse;—and the man who ousts you out of your easy-chair, kicking you with every

turn he takes, as he settles himself more comfortably—why, there's no romance in that—hard every-day life, sir! Well, well:—so after your brother's letter you resigned yourself to that fellow Smith."

"No; I gave him my money, not my soul. I turned from his door, with a few shillings that he himself thrust into my hand, and walked on—I cared not whither—out of the town, into the fields—till night came; and then, just as I suddenly entered on the high-road, many miles away, the moon rose; and I saw, by the hedge-side, something that seemed like a corpse: it was an old beggar, in the last state of raggedness, disease, and famine. He had lain himself down to die. I shared with him what I had, and helped him to a little inn. As he crossed the threshold, he turned round and blessed me. Do you know, the moment I heard that blessing, a stone seemed rolled away from my heart. I said to myself,—'What, then! even *I* can be of use to some one; and I am better off than that old man, for I have youth and health.' As these thoughts stirred in me, my limbs, before heavy with fatigue, grew light; a strange

kind of excitement seized me. I ran on gaily, beneath the moonlight, that smiled over the crisp, broad road. I felt as if no house, not even a palace, were large enough for me that night. And, when, at last, wearied out, I crept into a wood, and laid myself down to sleep, I still murmured to myself,—‘I have youth and health.’ But, in the morning, when I rose, I stretched out my arms, and missed my brother! . . . In two or three days I found employment with a farmer; but we quarrelled after a few weeks; for once he wished to strike me; and somehow or other, I could work, but not serve. Winter had begun when we parted.—Oh, such a winter!—Then—then I knew what it was to be houseless. How I lived for some months—if to live it can be called—it would pain you to hear, and humble me to speak. At last, I found myself again in London; and one evening, not many days since, I resolved at last—for nothing else seemed left, and I had not touched food for two days—to come to you.”

“And why did that never occur to you before?”

“Because,” said Philip, with a deep blush

—“because I trembled at the power over my actions and my future life that I was to give to one, whom I was to bless as a benefactor, yet distrust as a guide.”

“Well,” said Lore, or Gawtre, with a singular mixture of irony and compassion in his voice; “and it was hunger, then, that terrified you at last, even more than I?”

“Perhaps hunger, — or perhaps rather the reasoning that comes from hunger. I had not, I say, touched food for two days; and I was standing on that bridge, from which on one side you see the palace of a head of the Church, on the other the towers of the Abbey, within which the men I have read of in history lie buried. It was a cold, frosty evening, and the river below looked bright with the lamps and stars. I leaned, weak and sickening, against the wall of the bridge; and in one of the arched recesses beside me a cripple held out his hat for pence. I envied him! — he had a livelihood; — he was inured to it, perhaps bred to it; — he had no shame. By a sudden impulse, I, too, turned abruptly round — held out my hand to the first passenger, and started at the shrillness of my own voice, as it cried ‘Charity.’”

Gawtrej threw another log on the fire, looked complacently round the comfortable room, and rubbed his hands. The young man continued,—

“You should be ashamed of yourself.—I’ve a great mind to give you to the police,” was the answer, in a pert and sharp tone. I looked up, and saw the livery my father’s menials had worn. I had been begging my bread from Robert Beaufort’s lackey! I said nothing; the man went on his business on tiptoe, that the mud might not splash above the soles of his shoes. Then, thoughts so black that they seemed to blot out every star from the sky—thoughts, I had often wrestled against, but to which I now gave myself up with a sort of mad joy—seized me; and I remembered you. I had still preserved the address you gave me; I went straight to the house. Your friend, on naming you, received me kindly, and without question, placed food before me—pressed on me clothing and money—procured me a passport—gave me your address—and, now I am beneath your roof. Gawtrej, I know nothing yet of the world, but the dark side of it. I know not what to deem of you—but as you alone have been

kind to me, so it is to your kindness rather than your aid, that I now cling—your kind words and kind looks—yet——” he stopped short, and breathed hard.

“Yet, you would know more of me. Faith, my boy, I cannot tell you more at this moment. I believe, to speak fairly, I don’t live exactly within the pale of the law. But I’m not a villain!—I never plundered my friend, and called it *play*!—I never murdered my friend, and called it *honour*!—I never seduced my friend’s wife, and called it *gallantry*!”—As Gawtrej said this, he drew the words out, one by one, through his grinded teeth, paused, and resumed more gaily,—“I struggle with Fortune; *bold tout!* I am not what you seem to suppose—exactly a swindler, certainly not a robber! But, as I before told you, I am a charlatan, so is every man who strives to be richer or greater than he is. I, too, want kindness as much as you do. My bread and my enp are at your service. I will try and keep you unsullied, even by the clean dirt that now and then sticks to me. On the other hand, youth, my young friend, has no right to play the censor; and you must take me as you take the world,

without being over scrupulous and dainty. My present vocation pays well; in fact, I am beginning to lay by. My real name and past life are thoroughly unknown, and as yet unsuspected, in this *quarter*; for though I have seen much of Paris, my career hitherto has passed in other parts of the city;—and for the rest, own that I am well disguised! What a benevolent air this bald forehead gives me,—eh? True,” added Gawtrej, somewhat more seriously, “if I saw how you could support yourself in a broader path of life, than that in which I pick out my own way, I might say to you, as a gay man of fashion might say to some sober stripling—*hey*, as many a dissolute father says (or ought to say) to his son,—‘It’s no reason you should be a sinner, because I am not a saint.’ In a word, if you were well off in a respectable profession, you might have safer acquaintances than myself. But as it is, upon my word as a plain man, I don’t see what you can do better.” Gawtrej made this speech with so much frankness and ease, that it seemed greatly to relieve the listener, and when he wound up with, “What say you? In fine, my life is that of a great

schoolboy, getting into scrapes for the fun of it, and fighting his way out as he best can!— Will you see how you like it?" Philip, with a confiding and grateful impulse, put his hand into Gawtreys. The host shook it cordially, and, without saying another word, shewed his guest into a little cabinet where there was a sofa-bed, and they parted for the night.

The new life upon which Philip Morton entered was so odd, so grotesque, and so amusing, that at his age it was, perhaps, natural that he should not be clear-sighted as to its danger.

William Gawtreys was one of those men who are born to exert a certain influence and ascendancy wherever they may be thrown; his vast strength, his redundant health, had a power of themselves—a moral as well as physical power. He naturally possessed high animal spirits, beneath the surface of which, however, at times, there was visible a certain under-current of malignity and scorn. He had evidently received a superior education, and could command at will the manners of a man not unfamiliar with a politer class of society. From the first hour Philip had seen him on the

top of the coach on the R— road, this man had attracted his curiosity and interest; the conversation he had heard in the churchyard, the obligations he owed to Gawtrej in his escape from the officers of justice, the time afterwards passed in his society till they separated at the little inn, the rough and hearty kindness Gawtrej had shewn him at that period, and the hospitality extended to him now,—all contributed to excite his fancy, and in much,—indeed very much, entitled this singular person to his gratitude. Morton, in a word, was fascinated; this man was the only friend he had made. I have not thought it necessary to detail to the reader the conversations that had taken place between them, during that passage of Morton's life when he was before for some days Gawtrej's companion; yet those conversations had sunk deep in his mind. He was struck, and almost awed, by the profound gloom which lurked under Gawtrej's broad humour—a gloom, not of temperament, but of knowledge. His views of life, of human justice and human virtue, were (as, to be sure, is commonly the case with men who have had reason to quarrel with the world) dreary and despairing; and Morton's own experience had

been so sad, that these opinions were more influential than they could ever have been with the happy. However in this, their second reunion, there was greater gaiety than in their first: and, under his host's roof, Morton insensibly, but rapidly, recovered something of the early and natural tone of his impetuous and ardent spirits. Gawtrej himself was generally a boon companion; their society, if not select, was merry. When their evenings were disengaged, Gawtrej was fond of haunting *cafés* and theatres, and Morton was his companion; Birnie (Mr. Gawtrej's partner) never accompanied them. Refreshed by this change of life, the very person of this young man regained its bloom and vigour, as a plant, removed from some choked atmosphere and unwholesome soil, where it had struggled for light and air, expands on transplanting; the graceful leaves burst from the long drooping boughs, and the elastic crest springs upward to the sun in the glory of its young prime. If there was still a certain fiery sternness in his aspect, it had ceased, at least, to be haggard and savage, it even suited the character of his dark and expressive features. He might not have lost the something of the tiger in his

fierce temper, but in the sleek lines and the sinewy symmetry of the frame, he began to put forth also something of the tiger's beauty.

Mr. Birnie did not sleep in the house, he went home nightly to a lodging at some little distance. We have said but little about this man, for, to all appearance, there was little enough to say; he rarely opened his own mouth except to Gantrey, with whom Philip often observed him engaged in whispered conferences, to which he was not admitted. His eye, however, was less idle than his lips; it was not a bright eye, on the contrary, it was dull, and, to the unobservant, lifeless, of a pale blue, with a dim film over it—the eye of a vulture; but it had in it a calm, heavy, stealthy watchfulness, which inspired Morton with great distrust and aversion. Mr. Birnie not only spoke French like a native, but all his habits, his gestures, his tricks of manner, were French; not the French of good society, but more idiomatic, as it were, and popular. He was not exactly a vulgar person, he was too silent for that, but he was evidently of low extraction and coarse breeding; his accomplishments were of a mechanical nature; he was an extraordinary

arithmetician, he was a very skilful chemist, and kept a laboratory at his lodgings; he mended his own clothes and linen with incomparable neatness. Philip suspected him of blacking his own shoes, but that was prejudice. Once he found Morton sketching horses' heads—*pour se désennuyer*; and he made some short criticisms on the drawings which shewed him well acquainted with the art. Philip, surprised, sought to draw him into conversation, but Birnie eluded the attempt, and observed that he had once been an engraver.

Gawtrej himself did not seem to know much of the early life of this person, or at least he did not seem to like much to talk of him. The footstep of Mr. Birnie was gliding, noiseless, and catlike; he had no sociality in him—enjoyed nothing—drank hard—but was never drunk. Somehow or other, he had evidently over Gawtrej an influence little less than Gawtrej had over Morton, but it was of a different nature: Morton had conceived an extraordinary affection for his friend, while Gawtrej seemed secretly to dislike Birnie and to be glad whenever he quitted his presence. It was, in truth, Gawtrej's custom when Birnie retired for the night, to rub his hands, bring

out the punch-bowl, squeeze the lemon, and while Philip, stretched on the sofa, listened to him, between sleep and waking, to talk on for the hour together, often till daybreak, with that *bizarre* mixture of knavery and feeling, drollery and sentiment, which made the dangerous charm of his society.

One evening as they thus sat together, Morton, after listening for some time to his companion's comments on men and things, said abruptly,—

“Gawtreys! there is so much in you that puzzles me, so much which I find it difficult to reconcile with your present pursuits, that, if I ask no indiscreet confidence, I should like greatly to hear some account of your early life. It would please me to compare it with my own; when I am your age, I will then look back and see what I owed to your example.”

“My early life! well—you shall hear it. It will put you on your guard, I hope, sometimes against the two rocks of youth—love and friendship.” Then, while squeezing the lemon into his favourite beverage, which Morton observed he made stronger than usual, Gawtreys thus commenced

CHAPTER III.

"All his success must on himself depend
He had no money, counsel, guide, or friend;
With spirit high, John leapt the world to brave,
And in both senses was a ready knave."—*CHAZEL.*

"My grandfather sold walking-sticks and umbrellas in the little passage by Exeter Change; he was a man of genius and speculation. As soon as he had scraped together a little money he lent it to some poor devil with a hard landlord at twenty per cent, and made him take half the loan in umbrellas or bamboos. By these means he got his foot into the ladder, and climbed upward and upward, till, at the age of forty, he had amassed 5000*l*. He then looked about for a wife. An honest trader in the Strand, who dealt largely in cotton prints, possessed an only daughter; this young lady had a legacy, from a great

aunt, of 3220*l.* with a small street in St. Giles's, where the tenants paid weekly (all thieves or rogues—all, so their rents were sure). Now my grandfather conceived a great friendship for the father of this young lady; gave him a hint as to a new pattern in spotted cottons; enticed him to take out a patent, and lent him 700*l.* for the speculation, applied for the money at the very moment cottons were at their worst, and got the daughter instead of the money,—by which exchange, you see, he won 2520*l.*, to say nothing of the young lady. My grandfather then entered into partnership with the worthy trader, carried on the patent with spirit, and begot two sons. As he grew older, ambition seized him; his sons should be gentlemen—one was sent to College, the other put into a marching regiment. My grandfather meant to die worth a plun, but a fever he caught, in visiting his tenants in St. Giles's, prevented him, and he only left 20,000*l.* equally divided between the sons. My father, the College man" (here Gawtrej paused a moment, took a large draught of the punch, and resumed with a visible effort)—"my father, the College man, was a person of rigid principles

—bore an excellent character—had a great regard for the world. He married early and respectably. I am the sole fruit of that union; he lived soberly, his temper was harsh and morose, his home gloomy; he was a very severe father, and my mother died before I was ten years old. When I was fourteen a little old Frenchman came to lodge with us; he had been persecuted under the old régime for being a philosopher; he filled my head with odd crotchets which, more or less, have stuck there ever since. At eighteen I was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge. My father was rich enough to have let me go up in the higher rank of a pensioner, but he had lately grown avaricious; he thought that I was extravagant; he made me a sizar, perhaps to spite me. Then, for the first time, those inequalities in life which the Frenchman had dinnaed into my ears met me practically. A sizar! another name for a dog! I had such strength, health, and spirits, that I had more life in my little finger than half the fellow-commoners—genteel, spindle-blanked strip-lings, who might have passed for a collection of my grandfather's walking-canes—had in their whole bodies. And I often think," continued Gawtre, "that health and spirits have

a great deal to answer for! When we are young we so far resemble savages—who are Nature's young people—that we attach prodigious value to physical advantages. My feats of strength and activity—the clods I thrashed—and the railings I leaped—and the boatraces I won—are they not written in the chronicle of St. John's? These achievements inspired me with an extravagant sense of my own superiority, I could not but despise the rich fellows whom I could have blown down with a sneeze. Nevertheless, there was an impassable barrier between me and them—a sizar was not a proper associate for the favourites of fortune! But there was one young man, a year younger than myself, of high birth, and the heir to considerable wealth, who did not regard me with the same supercilious insolence as the rest; his very rank, perhaps, made him indifferent to the little conventional formalities which influence persons who cannot play at football with this round world; he was the wildest youngster in the university—lamp-breaker—tandem-driver—mob-fighter—a very devil in short—clever, but not in the reading line—small and slight, but brave as a lion. Congenial habits made us intimate, and I loved him like a brother—better than a

brother—as a dog loves his master. In all our rows I covered him with my body. He had but to say to me, ‘Leap into the water,’ and I would not have stopped to pull off my coat. In short, I loved him as a proud man loves one who stands betwixt him and contempt,—as an affectionate man loves one who stands between him and solitude. To cut short a long story: my friend, one dark night, committed an outrage against discipline of the most unpardonable character. There was a sanctimonious, grave, old fellow of the College crawling home from a tea-party; my friend and another of his set seized, blindfolded, and handcuffed this poor wretch, carried him, *ri et armis*, back to the house of an old maid whom he had been courting for the last ten years, fastened his pugtail (he wore a long one) to the knocker, and so left him. You may imagine the infernal hubbub which his attempts to extricate himself caused in the whole street; the old maid’s old maid-servant, after emptying on his head all the vessels of wrath she could lay her hand to, screamed ‘Rape and murder!’ The proctor and his bull-dogs came up, released the prisoner, and gave chase to the delinquents, who had incautiously remained near to enjoy the

sport. The night was dark, and they reached the College in safety, but they had been tracked to the gates. For this offence I was expelled."

"Why, you were not concerned in it?" said Philip.

"No; but I was suspected and accused. I could have got off by betraying the true culprits, but my friend's father was in public life—a stern, haughty, old statesman; my friend was mortally afraid of him—the only person he was afraid of. If I had too much insisted on my innocence, I might have set inquiry on the right track. In fine, I was happy to prove my friendship for him. He shook me most tenderly by the hand on parting, and promised never to forget my generous devotion. I went home in disgrace: I need not tell you what my father said to me; I do not think he ever loved me from that hour. Shortly after this my uncle, George Gawtre, the captain, returned from abroad; he took a great fancy to me, and I left my father's house (which had grown insupportable) to live with him. He had been a very handsome man—a gay spend-thrift; he had got through his fortune, and now lived on his wits—he was a professed gambler. His easy temper, his lively humour

fascinated me; he knew the world well; and, like all gamblers, was generous when the dice were lucky,—which, to tell you the truth, they generally were, with a man who had no scruples. Though his practices were a little suspected, they had never been discovered. We lived in an elegant apartment, mixed familiarly with men of various ranks, and enjoyed life extremely. I brushed off my College rust, and conceived a taste for expense: I knew not why it was, but in my new existence every one was kind to me; to be sure they were all *ne tout riens*, and I had spirits that made me welcome every where. I was a scamp—but a frolicsome scamp—and that is always a popular character. As yet I was not dishonest, but saw dishonesty round me, and it seemed a very pleasant, jolly mode of making money; and now I again fell into contact with the young heir. My College friend was as wild in London as he had been at Cambridge; but the boy-ruffian, though not then twenty years of age, had grown into the man-villain.”

Here Gawtrej paused, and frowned darkly.

“He had great natural parts, this young man—much wit, readiness, and cunning, and he became very intimate with my uncle. He

learned of him how to play the dice, and to pack the cards—he paid him 1000*l.* for the knowledge!”

“How! a cheat? You said he was rich.”

“His father was very rich, and he had a liberal allowance, but he was very extravagant; and rich men love gain as well as poor men do! He had no excuse but the grand excuse for all vice—*SELVISHNESS*. Young as he was he became the fashion, and he fattened upon the plunder of his equals, who desired the honour of his acquaintance. Now, I had seen my uncle cheat, but I had never imitated his example; when the man of fashion cheated, and made a jest of his earnings and my scruples—when I saw him courted, flattered, honoured, and his acts unsuspected, because his connexions embraced half the peerage, the temptation grew strong, but I still resisted it. However, my father always said I was born to be a good-for-nothing, and I could not escape my destiny. And now I suddenly fell in love—you don't know what that is yet—so much the better for you. The girl was beautiful, and I thought she loved me—perhaps she did—but I was too poor, so her friends said, for marriage. We courted, as the saying is, in the meanwhile. It was my love for her, my

wish to deserve her, that made me iron against my friend's example. I was fool enough to speak to him of Mary—to present him to her: this ended in her seduction." (Again Gawtrety paused, and breathed hard.) "I discovered the treachery—I called out the seducer—he sneered and refused to fight the lowborn adventurer. I struck him to the earth—and *then* we fought, I was satisfied by a ball through my side! but *he*," added Gawtrety, rubbing his hands, and with a vindictive chuckle,—"*he* was a cripple for life! When I recovered, I found that my foe, whose sick chamber was crowded with friends and comforters, had taken advantage of my illness to ruin my reputation. He, the swindler, accused me of his own crime: the equivocal character of my uncle confirmed the charge. *Him*, his own high-born pupil was enabled to unmask, and his disgrace was visited on me. I left my bed, to find my uncle (all disguise over) an avowed partner in a hell; and myself, blasted alike in name, love, past and future. And then, Philip,—then I recommenced that career which I have trodden since, the prince of good-fellows and good-for-nothings; with ten thousand aliases, and as many strings to my bow. Society cast

me off when I was innocent. Egad, I have had my revenge on society since!—Ho! ho! ho!”

The laugh of this man had in it a moral infection. There was a sort of glorying in its deep tone; it was not the hollow hysteric of shame and despair—it spoke a sanguine joyousness! William Gawtreys was a man whose animal constitution had led him to take animal pleasure in all things: he had enjoyed the poisons he had lived on.

“But your father,—surely your father—”

“My father,” interrupted Gawtreys, “refused me the money—(but a small sum)—that, once struck with the strong impulse of a sincere penitence, I begged of him, to enable me to get an honest living in an humble trade: his refusal soured the penitence—it gave me an excuse for my career—and conscience grapples to an excuse as a drowning wretch to a straw. And yet this hard father—this cautious, moral, money-loving man, three months afterwards, suffered a rogue—almost a stranger—to decoy him into a speculation that promised to bring him fifty per cent: he invested in the traffic of usury what had sufficed to save a hundred such as I am from perdition, and he lost it all; it was nearly his

whole fortune; but he lives and has his luxuries still: he cannot speculate, but he can save: he cared not if I starved, for he finds an hourly happiness in starving himself."

"And your friend," said Philip, after a pause in which his young sympathies went dangerously with the excuses for his benefactor; "what has become of him, and the poor girl?"

"My friend became a great man; he succeeded to his father's peerage—a very ancient one—and to a splendid income. He is living still. Well, you shall hear about the *poor girl*! We are told of victims of seduction dying in a workhouse, or on a dunghill, penitent, broken-hearted, and uncommonly ragged and sentimental;—may be a frequent case, but it is not the worst. It is worse, I think, when the fair, penitent, innocent, credulous dupe, becomes in her turn the deceiver—when she catches vice from the breath upon which she has hung—when she ripens, and mellow, and rots away into painted, blazing, staring, wholesale harlotry—when, in her turn, she ruins warm youth with false smiles and long bills—and when worse—worse than all, when she has children, daughters, perhaps, brought up to the same trade, cropped, plump-

ed, for some hoary lecher, without a heart in their bosoms, unless a balance for weighing money may be called a heart: Mary became this; and I wish to Heaven she had rather died in an hospital! Her lover polluted her soul as well as her beauty: he found her another lover when he was tired of her. When she was at the age of thirty-six, I met her in Paris, with a daughter of sixteen. I was then flush with money, frequenting *salons*, and playing the part of a fine gentleman; she did not know me at first; and she sought my acquaintance. For you must know, my young friend," said Gawtrej, abruptly breaking off the thread of his narrative, "that I am not altogether the low dog you might suppose in seeing me here. At Paris—ah! you don't know Paris—there is a glorious ferment in society in which the dregs are often uppermost. I came here at the Peace; and here have I resided the greater part of each year ever since. The vast masses of energy and life, broken up by the great thaw of the Imperial system, floating along the tide, are terrible icebergs for the vessel of the state. Some think Napoleonism over—its effects are only begun. Society is shattered from one end to the other, and I laugh at the little

rivets by which they think to keep it together. But to return, Paris, I say, is the atmosphere for adventurers—new faces and new men are so common here that they excite no impertinent inquiry, it is so usual to see fortunes made in a day and spent in a month; except in certain circles, there is no walking round a man's character to spy out where it wants piecing! Some lean Greek poet put lead in his pockets to prevent being blown away;—put gold in your pockets, and at Paris you may defy the sharpest wind in the world,—yea, even the breath of that old Æolus—Scandal! Well, then, I had money—no matter how I came by it—and health, and gaiety; and I was well received in the coteries that exist in all capitals, but mostly in France, where pleasure is the cement that joins many discordant atoms: here, I say, I met Mary, and her daughter, by my old friend,—the daughter, still innocent,—but, *sacré!* in what an element of vice! We knew each other's secrets, Mary and I, and kept them: she thought me a greater knave than I was, and she intrusted to me her intention of selling her child to a rich English marquis. On the other hand, the poor girl confided to me her horror of the scenes she witnessed and the snares that surrounded her. What do you think

preserved her pure from all danger? Bah! you will never guess!—It was partly because, if example corrupts, it as often deters, but principally because she loved. A girl who loves one man purely has about her an amulet which defies the advances of the profligate. There was a handsome young Italian, an artist, who frequented the house—he was the man. I had to choose, then, between mother and daughter: I chose the last.”

Philip seized hold of Gawtreys hand, grasped it warily, and the Good-for-nothing continued,—

“Do you know, that I loved that girl as well as I had ever loved the mother, though in another way; she was what I had fancied the mother *to be*; still more fair, more graceful, more winning, with a heart as full of love as her mother’s had been of vanity. I loved that child as if she had been my own daughter — I induced her to leave her mother’s house— I secreted her — I saw her married to the man she loved — I gave her away, and saw no more of her for several months.”

“Why?”

“Because I spent them in prison! The young people could not live upon air, I gave them what I had, and, in order to do more,

I did something which displeased the police; I narrowly escaped that time: but I am popular—very popular, and with plenty of witnesses, not over scrupulous, I got off! When I was released, I would not go to see them, for my clothes were ragged: the police still watched me, and I would not do them harm in the world! Ay, poor wretches! they struggled so hard: he could get very little by his art, though, I believe, he was a cleverish fellow at it, and the money I had given them could not last for ever. They lived near the Champs Elisées, and at night I used to steal out and look at them through the window. They seemed so happy, and so handsome, and so good; but he looked sickly, and I saw that, like all Italians, he languished for his own warm climate. But man is born to act as well as to contemplate," pursued Gawtrex, changing his tone into the *allegro*; "and I was soon driven into my old ways, though in a lower line. I went to London, just to give my reputation an airing, and when I returned, pretty flush again, the poor Italian was dead, and Fanny was a widow, with one boy, and *cocceiate* with a second child. So then I sought her again, for her mother had found her out, and was at her with her devilish kindness;

but Heaven was merciful, and took her away from both of us: she died in giving birth to a girl, and her last words were uttered to me, imploring me—the adventurer—the charlatan—the good-for-nothing—to keep her child from the clutches of her own mother. Well, sir, I did what I could for both the children; but the boy was consumptive, like his father, and sleeps at Père-la-Chaise. The girl is here—you shall see her some day. Poor Fanny! if ever the Devil will let me, I shall reform for her sake; meanwhile, for her sake I must get grist for the mill. My story is concluded, for I need not tell you all of my pranks—of all the parts I have played in life. I have never been a murderer, or a burglar, or a highway-robber, or what the law calls a thief. I can only say as I said before, I have lived upon my wits, and they have been a tolerable capital on the whole. I have been an actor, a money-lender, a physician, a professor of animal magnetism (*that was lucrative till it went out of fashion, perhaps it will come in again*); I have been a lawyer, a house-agent, a dealer in curiosities and china; I have kept a hotel; I have set up a weekly newspaper; I have seen almost every city in Europe, and made acquaintance with

some of its goals: but a man who has plenty of brains generally falls on his legs."

"And your father?" said Philip: and here he informed Gawtrey of the conversation he had overheard in the churchyard, but on which a scruple of natural delicacy had hitherto kept him silent.

"Well, now," said his host, while a slight blush rose to his cheeks, "I will tell you, that though to my father's sternness and avarice I attribute many of my faults, I yet always had a sort of love for him; and when in London, I accidentally heard that he was growing blind, and living with an artful old jade of a housekeeper, who might send him to rest with a dose of magnesia the night after she had coaxed him to make a will in her favour. I sought him out—and—But you say you heard what passed?"

"Yes; and I heard him also call you by name, when it was too late, and I saw the tears on his cheeks."

"Did you?—will you swear to that?" exclaimed Gawtrey, with vehemence: then shading his brow with his hand, he fell into a reverie that lasted some moments. "If any thing happen to me, Philip," he said, ab-

ruptly, "perhaps he may yet be a father to poor Fanny; and if he takes to her, she will repay him for whatever pain I may, perhaps, have cost him. Stop! now I think of it, I will write down his address for you—never forget it—there! It is time to go to bed."

Gawtreys tale made a deep impression on Philip. He was too young, too inexperienced, too much borne away by the passion of the narrator, to see that Gawtreys had less cause to blame Fate than himself. True, he had been unjustly implicated in the disgrace of an unworthy uncle, but he had lived with that uncle, though he knew him to be a common cheat; true, he had been betrayed by a friend, but he had before known that friend to be a man without principle or honour. But what wonder that an ardent boy saw nothing of this—saw only the good heart that had saved a poor girl from vice, and sighed to relieve a harsh and avaricious parent. Even the hints that Gawtreys unawares let fall of practices scarcely covered by the jocular phrase of "a great schoolboys scrapes" either escaped the notice of Philip, or were charitably construed by him, in the compassion and the ignorance of a young, hasty, and grateful heart.

CHAPTER IV.

"And she's a stranger!"

Women—be wise women."—MURKIN.

"As we love our youngest children best,
So the last fruit of our affection,
Wherever we bestow it, is most strong;
Where 'tis indeed our latest harvest-home,
Last moment 'fore winter!"

WESLEY: *Devil's Law Case.*

"I would fain know what kind thing a man's heart is?
I will report it to you: 'tis a thing framed
With divers corners!"—ROWLEY.

I HAVE said that Gawtrey's tale made a deep impression on Philip;—that impression was increased by subsequent conversations, more frank even than their talk had hitherto been. There was certainly about this man a fatal charm which concealed his vices. It arose, perhaps, from the perfect combinations of his physical frame—from a health which made his spirits buoyant and hearty under all circumstances

—and a blood so fresh, so sanguine, that it could not fail to keep the pores of the heart open. But he was not the less—for all his kindly impulses and generous feelings, and despite the manner in which, naturally anxious to make the least unfavourable portrait of himself to Philip, he softened and glossed over the practices of his life—a thorough and complete rogue, a dangerous, desperate, reckless dare-devil; it was easy to see when any thing crossed him, by the cloud on his shaggy brow, by the swelling of the veins on the forehead, by the dilation of the broad nostril, that he was one to cut his way through every obstacle to an end,—choleric, impetuous, fierce, determined; such, indeed, were the qualities that made him respected among his associates, as his more bland and humorous ones made him beloved: he was, in fact, the incarnation of that great spirit which the laws of the world raise up against the world, and by which the world's injustice, on a large scale, is awfully chastised; on a small scale, merely nibbled at and harassed, as the rat that gnaws the hoof of the elephant:—The spirit which, on a vast theatre, rises up, gigantic and sublime, in the heroes of war and revo-

lution—in Mirabeaus, Marats, Napoleons; on a minor stage, it shews itself in demagogues, fanatical philosophers, and mob-writers; and on the forbidden boards, before whose reeking lamps outcasts sit, at once audience and actors, it never produced a knave more consummate in his part, or carrying it off with more buskined dignity, than William Gawtrej. I call him by his aboriginal name; as for his other appellations, Baccus himself had not so many!

One day a lady, richly dressed, was ushered by Mr. Birnie into the *bureau* of Mr. Love, alias Gawtrej. Philip was seated by the window, reading, for the first time, the “*Candide*,”—that work, next to “*Rasselas*,” the most hopeless and gloomy of the sports of genius with mankind. The lady seemed rather embarrassed when she perceived Mr. Love was not alone. She drew back, and, drawing her veil still more closely round her, said in French,—

“Pardon me, I would wish a private conversation.”

Philip rose to withdraw, when the lady, observing him with eyes whose lustre shone through the veil, said gently,—

“But, perhaps, the young gentleman is discreet.”

"He is not discreet, he is discretion!—my adopted son. You may confide in him—upon my honour you may, madam!" and Mr. Love placed his hand on his heart.

"He is very young," said the lady, in a tone of involuntary compassion, as, with a very white hand, she unclasped the buckle of her cloak.

"He can the better understand the curse of celibacy," returned Mr. Love, smiling.

The lady lifted part of her veil, and discovered a handsome mouth, and a set of small, white teeth; for she too smiled, though gravely, as she turned to Morton, and said,—

"You seem, sir, more fitted to be a votary of the temple than one of its officers. However, Monsieur Love, let there be no mistake between us: I do not come here to form a marriage, but to prevent one. I understand that Monsieur the Vicomte de Vandemout has called into request your services. I am one of the Vicomte's family; we are all anxious that he should not contract an engagement of the strange, and, pardon me, unbecoming, character, which must stamp an union formed at a public office."

"I assure you, madam," said Mr. Love, with dignity, "that we have contributed to the very first——"

"*Mon Dieu!*" interrupted the lady, with much impatience, "spare me an eulogy on your establishment: I have no doubt it is very respectable; and for *griottes* and *épiciers* may do extremely well. But the Vicomte is a man of birth and connexions. In a word, what he contemplates is preposterous. I know not what fee Monsieur Love expects; but if he contrive to amuse Monsieur de Vandemont, and to frustrate every connexion he proposes to form, that fee, whatever it may be, shall be doubled. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly, madam, yet it is not your offer that will bias me, but the desire to oblige so charming a lady."

"It is agreed, then?" said the lady, carelessly; and as she spoke, she again glanced at Philip.

"If madame will call again, I will inform her of my plans," said Mr. Love.

"Yes, I will call again. Good morning!" As she rose and passed Philip, she wholly put aside her veil, and looked at him with a gaze entirely free from coquetry, but curious, searching, and perhaps admiring—the look that an artist may give to a picture that seems of more value than the place where he finds it would

seem to indicate. The countenance of the lady herself was fair and noble, and Philip felt a strange thrill at his heart as, with a slight inclination of her head, she turned from the room.

"Ah!" said Gwvrey, laughing, "this is not the first time I have been paid by relations to break off the marriages I had formed. Egad! if one could open a bureau to make married people single, one would be a Cæsus in no time! Well, then, this decides me to complete the union between Monsieur Goupille and Mademoiselle de Courral. I had balanced a little hitherto between the *épicier* and the Vicomte. Now I will conclude matters. Do you know, Phil, I think you have made a conquest?"

"Poch!" said Philip, colouring.

In effect, that very evening Mr. Love saw both the *épicier* and Adèle, and fixed the marriage-day. As Monsieur Goupille was a person of great distinction in the Faubourg, this wedding was one that Mr. Love congratulated himself greatly upon; and he cheerfully accepted an invitation for himself and his partners to honour the *noce* with their presence.

A night or two before the day fixed for the marriage of Monsieur Goupille and the aristo-

cratic Adèle, when Mr. Birnie had retired, Gawtrej made his usual preparations for enjoying himself. But this time the cigar and the punch seemed to fail of their effect, Gawtrej remained moody and silent; and Morton was thinking of the bright eyes of the lady who was so much interested against the amours of the Vicomte de Vandemont.

At last, Gawtrej broke silence,—

“My young friend,” said he, “I told you of my little *protégée*; I have been buying toys for her this morning; she is a beautiful creature: to-morrow is her birthday—she will then be six years old. But—but—” here Gawtrej sighed,—“I fear she is not all right here,” and he touched his forehead.

“I should like much to see her,” said Philip, not noticing the latter remark.

“And you shall—you shall come with me to-morrow. Heigho! I should not like to die for her sake!”

“Does her wretched relation attempt to regain her?”

“Her relation! No; she is no more—she died about two years since! Poor Mary! I—well, this is folly. But Fanny is at present in a convent; they are all kind to her, but then I

pay well; if I were dead, and the pay stopped, —again I ask, what would become of her, unless, as I before said, my father——”

“But you are making a fortune now?”

“If this lasts—yes; but I live in fear—the police of this cursed city are lynx-eyed: however, that is the bright side of the question.”

“Why not have the child with you, since you love her so much? She would be a great comfort to you.”

“Is this a place for a child—a girl?” said Gawtre, stamping his foot impatiently. “I should go mad if I saw that villanous dead-man’s eye beat upon her!”

“You speak of Birnie. How can you endure him?”

“When you are my age you will know why we endure what we dread—why we make friends of those who else would be most horrible foes: no, no—nothing can deliver me of this man but Death. And—and——” added Gawtre, turning pale, “I cannot murder a man who eats my bread. There are stronger ties, my lad, than affection, that bind men like galley-slaves together. He who can hang you puts the halter round your neck and leads you by it like a dog.”

A shudder came over the young listener. And what dark secrets, known only to those two, had bound, to a man seemingly his subordinate and tool, the strong will and resolute temper of William Gawtre?y?

"But, begone, dull care!" exclaimed Gawtre, rousing himself. "And, after all, Birnie is a useful fellow, and dare no more turn against me than I against him! Why don't you drink more?"

"Oh! have you e'er heard of the famed Captain Wurtle?"

and Gawtre broke out into a loud Bacchanalian hymn, in which Philip could find no mirth, and from which the songster suddenly paused to exclaim,—

"Mind you say nothing about Fanny to Birnie; my secrets with him are not of *that* nature. He could not hurt her, poor lamb! it is true,—at least, as far as I can foresee. But one can never feel too sure of one's lamb, if one once introduces it to the butcher!"

The next day being Sunday, the bureau was closed, and Philip and Gawtre repaired to the convent. It was a dismal-looking place as to the exterior; but within there was a large garden, well kept, and, notwithstanding

the winter, it seemed fair and refreshing, compared with the polluted streets. The window of the room into which they were shewn looked upon the green sward, with walls covered with ivy at the farther end. And Philip's own childhood came back to him as he gazed on the quiet of the lonely place.

The door opened—an infant voice was heard, a voice of glee—of rapture; and a child, light and beautiful as a fairy, bounded to Gawtreys's breast.

Nestling there, she kissed his face, his hands, his clothes, with a passion that did not seem to belong to her age, laughing and sobbing almost at a breath.

On his part Gawtreys appeared equally affected; he stroked down her hair with his huge hand, calling her all manner of pet names, in a tremulous voice that vainly struggled to be gay.

At length he took the toys he had brought with him from his capacious pockets, and strewing them on the floor, fairly stretched his vast bulk along; while the child tumbled over him, sometimes grasping at the toys, and then again returning to his bosom, and laying her head there, looked up quietly into his eyes, as if the joy were too much for her.

Morton, unheeded by both, stood by with folded arms. He thought of his lost and ungrateful brother, and muttered to himself,—

“Fool! when she is older she will forsake him!”

Fanny betrayed in her face the Italian origin of her father. She had that exceeding richness of complexion which, though not common even in Italy, is only to be found in the daughters of that land, and which harmonised well with the purple lustre of her hair, and the full, clear iris of the dark eyes. Never were parted cherries brighter than her dewy lips; and the colour of the open neck and the rounded arms was of a whiteness still more dazzling, from the darkness of the hair and the carnation of the glowing cheek.

Suddenly Fanny started from Gawtreys arms, and running up to Morton, gazed at him wistfully, and said in French,—

“Who are you! Do you come from the moon!—I think you do.” Then stopping abruptly, she broke into a verse of a nursery-song, which she chaunted with a low, listless tone, as if she were not conscious of the sense. As she thus sang, Morton, looking at her,

felt a strange and painful doubt seize him. The child's eyes, though soft, were so vacant in their gaze.

"And why do I come from the moon?" said he.

"Because you look sad and cross. I don't like you—I don't like the moon, it gives me a pain here!" and she put her hand to her temples. "Have you got any thing for Fanny—poor, poor, Fanny?" and, dwelling on the epithet, she shook her head mournfully.

"You are rich Fanny, with all those toys."

"Am I?—every body calls me poor Fanny—every body but papa;" and she ran again to Gawtreys, and laid her head on his shoulder.

"She calls me papa!" said Gawtreys, kissing her; "you hear it!—Bless her!"

"And you never kiss any one but Fanny—you have no other little girl," said the child earnestly, and with a look less vacant than that which had saddened Morton.

"No other—no—nothing under heaven, and perhaps above it, but you!" and he clasped her in his arms. "But," he added, after a pause—"but mind me, Fanny, you

must like this gentleman. He will be always good to you; and he had a little brother whom he was as fond of as I am of you."

"No, I won't like him—I won't like any body but you and my sister!"

"Sister!—who is your sister?"

The child's face relapsed into an expression almost of idiocy. "I don't know—I never saw her. I hear her sometimes, but I don't understand what she says.—Hush!—come here!" and she stole to the window on tiptoe. Gawtrej followed and looked out.

"Do you hear her, now?" said Fanny. "What does she say?"

As the girl spoke, some bird among the evergreens uttered a shrill, plaintive cry, rather than song,—a sound that the thrush occasionally makes in the winter, and which seems to express something of fear, and pain, and impatience.

"What does she say?—can you tell me?" asked the child.

"Pooh! that is a bird; why do you call it your sister?"

"I don't know!—because it is—because it—because—I don't know—is it not in pain?—do something for it, papa!"

Gawtrej glanced at Morton, whose face betokened his deep pity, and, creeping up to him, whispered,—

“Do you think she is really touched here? No, no, she will outgrow it—I am sure she will!”

Morton sighed.

Fanny by this time had again seated herself in the middle of the floor, and arranged her toys, but without seeming to take pleasure in them.

At last Gawtrej was obliged to depart. The lay sister, who had charge of Fanny, was summoned into the parlour, and then the child's manner entirely changed,—her face grew purple—she sobbed with as much anger as grief; “She would not leave papa—she would not go—that she would not!”

“It is always so,” whispered Gawtrej to Morton, in an abashed and apologetic voice.

“It is so difficult to get away from her. Just go and talk with her while I steal out.”

Morton went to her, as she struggled with the patient, good-natured sister, and began to soothe and caress her, till she turned on him her large humid eyes, and said mournfully,—

"*Tu es méchant, tu.* Poor Fanny!"

"But this pretty doll——" began the sister.

The child looked at it joylessly,—

"And papa is going to die!"

"Whenever Monsieur goes," whispered the nun, "she always says that he is dead, and cries herself quietly to sleep; when Monsieur returns, she says he is come to life again. Some one, I suppose, once talked to her about death; and she thinks when she loses sight of any one that *that* is death."

"Poor child!" said Morton, with a trembling voice.

The child looked up, smiled, stroked his cheek with her little hand, and said,—

"Thank you!—Yes!—*poor* Fanny! Ah, he is going—see!—let me go too—*tu es méchant.*"

"But," said Morton, detaining her gently, "do you know that you give him pain?—you make him cry by shewing pain yourself. Don't make him so sad!"

The child seemed struck, hung down her head for a moment, as if in thought, and then, jumping from Morton's lap, ran to Gawtre, put up her pouting lips, and said,—

"One kiss more!"

Gawtrej kissed her, and turned away his head.

"Fanny is a good girl;" and Fanny, as she spoke, went back to Morton, and put her little fingers into her eyes, as if either to shut out Gawtrej's retreat from her sight, or to press back her tears.

"Give me the doll now, sister Marie."

Morton smiled and sighed, placed the child, who struggled no more, in the nun's arms, and left the room; but as he closed the door, he looked back, and saw that Fanny had escaped from the sister, thrown herself on the floor, and was crying, but not aloud.

"Is she not a little darling?" said Gawtrej, as they gained the street.

"She is, indeed, a most beautiful child!"

"And you will love her if I leave her penniless," said Gawtrej, abruptly. "It was your love for your mother and your brother that made me like you from the first. Ay," continued Gawtrej, in a tone of great earnestness,—"ay, and whatever may happen to me, I will strive and keep you, my poor lad, harmless; and what is better, innocent even of such matters as sit light enough on my own well-

seasoned conscience. In turn, if ever you have the power, be good to her—yes, be good to her!—I won't say a harsh word to you if ever you like to turn king's evidence against myself."

"Gawtreys!" said Morton, reproachfully, and almost fiercely.

"Bah!—such things are! But tell me honestly, do you think she is *very* strange—very deficient?"

"I have not seen enough of her to judge," answered Morton, evasively.

"She is so changeful," persisted Gawtreys; "sometimes you would say that she was above her age, she comes out with such thoughtful, clever things; then, the next moment, she throws me into despair. These nuns are very skilful in education;—at least, they are said to be so. The doctors give me hope, too; you see her poor mother was very unhappy at the time of her birth,—delirious, indeed,—that may account for it. I often fancy that it is the constant excitement which her state occasions me, that makes me love her so much; you see she is one who can never shift for herself. I *must* get money for her; I have left a little already with the superior, and I

would not touch it to save myself from famine! If she has money, people will be kind enough to her. And then," continued Gawtre, "you must perceive that she loves nothing in the world but me—me, whom nobody else loves! Well—well, now to the shop again!"

On returning home, the *bonne* informed them that a lady had called, and asked both for Monsieur Love and the young gentleman, and seemed much chagrined at missing both. By the description, Morton guessed she was the fair incognita, and felt disappointed at having lost the interview.

CHAPTER V.

"The cursed curle was at his wretched trade,
Still tempting heedless men into his snare,
In wicking wise, as I before have said;
But when he saw, in godly gear arrayed,
The grave, majestic knight approaching nigh,
His countenance fell."

TROUWEN: Castle of Invidious.

THE morning rose that was to unite Monsieur Goupille with Mademoiselle Adèle de Courval. The ceremony was performed, and bride and bridegroom went through that trying ordeal with becoming gravity. Only the elegant Adèle seemed more unaffectedly agitated than Mr. Love could well account for; she was very nervous in church, and more often turned her eyes to the door than to the altar. Perhaps she wanted to run away; but it was either too late or too early for that proceeding. The rite performed, the happy

pair and their friends adjourned to the *Cadran Bleu*, that restaurant so celebrated in the festivities of the good citizens of Paris. Here Mr. Love had ordered, at the *épiciér's* expense, a most tasteful entertainment.

"*Sacré!* but you have not played the economist, Monsieur Laté," said Monsieur Goupille, rather querulously, as he glanced at the long room adorned with artificial flowers, and the table à cinquante couverts.

"Bah!" replied Mr. Love, "you can retrench afterwards. Think of the fortune she brought you."

"It is a pretty sum, certainly," said Monsieur Goupille, "and the notary is perfectly satisfied."

"There is not a marriage in Paris that does me more credit," said Mr. Love; and he marched off to receive the compliments and congratulations that awaited him among such of the guests as were aware of his good offices. The Vicomte de Vandemont was of course not present. He had not been near Mr. Love since Adèle had accepted the *épiciér*. But Madame Beaver, in a white bonnet lined with lilac, was hanging, sentimentally, on the arm of the Pole, who looked very grand with his

white favour; and Mr. Higgins had been introduced, by Mr. Love, to a little dark Creole, who wore paste diamonds, and had very languishing eyes; so that Mr. Love's heart might well swell with satisfaction at the prospect of the various blisses to come, which might owe their origin to his benevolence. In fact, that archpriest of the Temple of Hy-men was never more great than he was that day; never did his establishment seem more solid, his reputation more popular, or his fortune more sure. He was the life of the party.

The banquet over, the revellers prepared for a dance. Monsieur Goupille, in tights, still tighter than he usually wore, and of a rich naankeen, quite new, with striped silk stockings, opened the ball with the lady of a rich pâtis-sier in the same Faubourg; Mr. Love took out the bride. The evening advanced; and after several other dances of ceremony, Monsieur Goupille conceived himself entitled to dedicate one to convivial affection. A country-dance was called, and the *épicier* claimed the fair hand of the gentle Adèle. About this time, two persons, not hitherto perceived, had quietly entered the room, and, standing near the doorway, seemed examining the dancers, as if in search for some one. They bobbed their heads

up and down, to and fro—now stooped—now stood on tiptoe. The one was a tall, large-whiskered, fair-haired man; the other, a little, thin, neatly dressed person, who kept his hand on the arm of his companion, and whispered to him from time to time. The whiskered gentleman replied in a guttural tone, which proclaimed his origin to be German. The busy dancers did not perceive the strangers. The bystanders did, and a hum of curiosity circled round; who could they be?—who had invited them?—they were new faces in the Faubourg—perhaps relations to Adèle?

In high delight the fair bride was skipping down the middle, while Monsieur Goupille, wiping his forehead with care, admired her agility; when, lo and behold! the whiskered gentleman I have described, abruptly advanced from his companion, and cried,—

“*La voilà!—sacré tonnerre!*”

At that voice—at that apparition, the bride halted; so suddenly indeed, that she had not time to put down both feet, but remained with one high in air, while the other sustained itself on the light fantastic toe. The company naturally imagined this to be an operatic flourish, which called for approbation. Monsieur Love, who was thundering down behind her,

cried "Bravo!" and as the well-grown gentleman had to make a sweep to avoid disturbing her equilibrium, he came full against the whiskered stranger, and sent him off as a bat sends a ball.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Monsieur Goupille. "*Madame amie*—she has fainted away!" And, indeed, Adele had no sooner recovered her balance, than she resigned it once more into the arms of the startled Pole, who was happily at hand.

In the meantime, the German stranger, who had saved himself from falling by coming with his full force upon the toes of Mr. Higgins, again advanced to the spot, and, rudely seizing the fair bride by the arm, exclaimed,—

"No sham if you please, madame—speak! What the devil have you done with the money?"

"Really, sir," said Monsieur Goupille, drawing up his cravat, "this is very extraordinary conduct! What have you got to say to this lady's money!—it is *my* money now, sir!"

"Oho! it is, is it! we'll soon see that. *Approchez donc, Monsieur Farart, faites votre devoir.*"

At these words the small companion of the

stranger slowly sauntered to the spot, while, at the sound of his name and the tread of his step, the throng gave way to the right and left. For Monsieur Favart was one of the most renowned chiefs of the great Parisian police—a man worthy to be the contemporary of the illustrious Vidocq.

“*Calmez vous, messieurs*; do not be alarmed, ladies,” said this gentleman, in the mildest of all human voices; and certainly no oil dropped on the waters ever produced so tranquillising an effect as that small, feeble, gentle tenor. The Pole, in especial, who was holding the fair bride with both his arms, shook all over, and seemed about to let his burden gradually slide to the floor, when Monsieur Favart, looking at him with a benevolent smile, said,—

“*Aha, mon brave! c'est toi. Restez donc. Restez, tenant toujours la dame!*”

The Pole, thus condemned, in the French idiom, “*always to hold the dame*,” mechanically raised the arms he had previously dejected, and the police officer, with an approving nod of the head, said,—

“*Bien! ne bougez point, c'est ça!*”

Monsieur Goupille, in equal surprise and in-

dignation to see his better half thus consigned, without any care to his own marital feelings, to the arms of another, was about to snatch her from the Pole, when Monsieur Favart, touching him on the breast with his little finger, said, in the snarrest manner,—

“*Mon Bourgeois*, meddle not with what does not concern you!”

“With what does not concern *me*!” repeated Monsieur Goupille, drawing himself up to so great a stretch that he seemed pulling off his tights the wrong way. “Explain yourself, if you please! This lady is my wife!”

“Say that again,—that’s all!” cried the whiskered stranger, in most horrible French, and with a furious grimace, as he shook both his fists just under the nose of the *épiciér*.

“Say it again, sir,” said Monsieur Goupille, by no means daunted; “and why should not I say it again?—That lady is my wife!”

“You lie!—*she is mine!*” cried the German; and bending down, he caught the fair Adèle from the Pole with as little ceremony as if she had never had a great grandfather a marquis, and giving her a shake that might have roused the dead, thundered out,—

"Speak! Madame Bihl! Are you my wife or not?"

"*Monstre!*" murmured Adèle, opening her eyes.

"There—you hear—she owns me!" said the German, appealing to the company with a triumphant air.

"*C'est vrai!*" said the soft voice of the policeman. "And now, pray don't let us disturb your amusements any longer. We have a *fiacre* at the door. Remove your lady, Monsieur Bihl."

"Monsieur Lofé!—Monsieur Lofé!" cried, or rather screeched, the *épiciér*, darting across the room, and seizing the *chef* by the tail of his coat, just as he was half way through the door, "Come back! *Quelle mauvaise plaintanterie me faites vous ici!* Did you not tell me that lady was single? Am I married or not? Do I stand on my head or my heels?"

"Hush—hush! *mon bon bourgeois!*" whispered Mr. Love; "all shall be explained to-morrow!"

"Who is this gentleman?" asked Monsieur Favart, approaching Mr. Love, who, seeing himself in for it, suddenly jerked off the *épiciér*, thrust his hands down into his breeches pockets, buried his chin in his cravat, elevated his eye-

brows, screwed in his eyes, and puffed out his cheeks, so that the astonished Monsieur Goupille really thought himself bewitched, and literally did not recognise the face of the match-maker.

"Who is this gentleman?" repeated the little officer, standing beside, or rather below, Mr. Love, and looking so diminutive by the contrast, that you might have fancied that the Priest of Hyæna had only to breathe to blow him away.

"Who should he be, monsieur?" cried, with great pertness, Madame Rosalie Caumartin, coming to the relief, with the generosity of her sex,—“This is Monsieur Lefe—*Anglais célèbre*. What have you to say against him?”

“He has got 500 francs of mine!” cried the *épiciér*.

The policeman scanned Mr. Love with great attention. “So you are in Paris again!—*Héin!*—vous jouez toujours votre rôle!”

“*Ma foi!*” said Mr. Love, boldly; “I don't understand what monsieur means; my character is well known—go and inquire it in London—ask the Secretary of Foreign Affairs what is said of me—inquire of my Ambassador—demand of my——”

“*Votre passeport, monsieur?*”

"It is at home. A gentleman does not carry his passport in his pocket when he goes to a ball!"

"I will call and see it—*au revoir!* Take my advice and leave Paris; I think I have seen you somewhere!"

"Yet I have never had the honour to marry monsieur!" said Mr. Love, with a polite bow.

In return for his joke, the policeman gave Mr. Love one look—it was a quiet look, very quiet; but Mr. Love seemed uncommonly affected by it; he did not say another word, but found himself outside the house in a twinkling. Monsieur Favart turned round and saw the Pole making himself as small as possible behind the goodly proportions of Madame Bearor.

"What name does that gentleman go by?"

"So—vo—Jofski, the heroic Pole," cried Madame Bearor, with sundry misgivings at the unexpected cowardice of so great a patriot.

"*Hein!* take care of yourselves, ladies. I have nothing against that person this time. But Monsieur Latour has served his apprenticeship at the galleys, and is no more a Pole than I am a Jew."

"And this lady's fortune!" cried Monsieur

Goupille, pathetically; "the settlements are all made—the notaries all paid. I am sure that there must be some mistake."

Monsieur Bihl, who had by this time restored his lost Helen to her senses, stalked up to the *épicier*, dragging the lady along with him.

"Sir, there is no mistake! But, when I have got the money, if you like to have the lady you are welcome to her."

"*Monstre!*" again muttered the fair Adèle.

"The long and the short of it," said Monsieur Farart, "is, that Monsieur Bihl is a *brave garçon*, and has been half over the world as a courier."

"A courier!" exclaimed several voices.

"Madame was nursery-governess to an English *milord*. They married, and quarrelled—no harm in that, *mes amis*; nothing more common. Monsieur Bihl is a very faithful fellow; nursed his last master in an illness that ended fatally, because he travelled with his doctor. *Milord* left him a handsome legacy—he retired from service, and fell ill, perhaps from idleness or beer. Is not that the story, Monsieur Bihl?"

"He was always drunk—the wretch!" sobbed Adèle.

"That was to drown my domestic sorrows," said the German; "and when I was sick in my bed, madame ran off with my money. Thanks to monsieur I have found both, and I wish you a very good night."

"*Dancez vous toujours, mes amis,*" said the officer, bowing. And following Adele and her spouse, the little man left the room—where he had caused, in chests so broad and limbs so doughty, much the same consternation as that which some diminutive ferret occasions in a burrow of rabbits twice his size.

Morton had outstayed Mr. Love. But he thought it unnecessary to linger long after that gentleman's departure; and, in the general hubbub that ensued, he crept out unperceived, and soon arrived at the bureau. He found Mr. Love and Mr. Birnie already engaged in packing up their effects. "Why—when did you leave?" said Morton to Mr. Birnie.

"I saw the policeman enter."

"And why the deuce did not you tell us?" said Gawtreys.

"Every man for himself. Besides, Mr. Love was dancing," replied Mr. Birnie, with a dull glance of disdain.

"Philosophy!" muttered Gawtrej, thrusting his dress-coat into his trunk; then suddenly changing his voice, "Ha! ha! it was a very good joke after all—own I did it well. Ecod! if he had not given me that look, I think I should have turned the tables on him. But those d—d fellows learn of the mad doctors how to tame us. Faith, my heart went down to my shoes—yet I'm no coward!"

"But, after all, he evidently did not know you," said Morton; "and what has he to say against you! Your trade is a strange one, but not dishonest. Why give up as if—"

"My young friend," interrupted Gawtrej, "whether the officer comes after us or not, our trade is ruined: that infernal Adele, with her fabulous *grandmaman*, has done for us. Goupille will blow the temple about our ears. No help for it—eh, Birnie!"

"None."

"Go to bed, Philip: we'll call thee at day-break, for we must make clear work before our neighbours open their shutters."

Reclined, but half undressed, on his bed in the little cabinet, Morton revolved the events of the evening. The thought that he should

see no more of that white hand and that lovely mouth, which still haunted his recollection as appertaining to the incognita, greatly indisposed him towards the abrupt flight intended by Gawtrej, while (so much had his faith in that person depended upon respect for his confident daring, and so thoroughly fearless was Morton's own nature) he felt himself greatly shaken in his allegiance to the chief, by recollecting the effect produced on his valour by a single glance from the instrument of law. He had not yet lived long enough to be aware that men are sometimes the Representatives of Things; that what the scytale was to the Spartan hero, a sheriff's writ often is to a Waterloo medallist; that a Bow-street runner will enter the foulest den where murder sits with his fellows, and pick out his prey with the beak of his fore-finger. That, in short, the thing called Law, once made tangible and present, rarely fails to palsy the fierce heart of the thing called CRIME. For Law is the symbol of all mankind reared against One Foe—the Man of Crime. Not yet aware of this truth, nor, indeed, in the least suspecting Gawtrej of worse offences than those of a charlatan and equivocal profession, the

young man mused over his protector's cowardice in disdain and wonder; till, wearied with conjectures, distrust, and shame at his own strange position of obligation to one whom he could not respect, he fell asleep.

When he woke he saw the grey light of dawn that streamed cheerlessly through his shutterless window, struggling with the faint ray of a candle that Gawtrej, shading with his hand, held over the sleeper. He started up, and, in the confusion of waking and the imperfect light by which he beheld the strong features of Gawtrej, half imagined it was a foe who stood before him.

"Take care, man!" said Gawtrej, as Morton, in this belief, grasped his arm. "You have a precious rough gripe of your own. Be quiet, will you? I have a word to say to you." Here Gawtrej, placing the candle on a chair, returned to the door and closed it.

"Look you," he said, in a whisper, "I have nearly ran through my circle of invention, and my wit, fertile as it is, can present to me little encouragement in the future. The eyes of this Favart, once on me, every disguise and every double will not long avail. I dare not return to London; I am too well known in Brussels, Berlin, and Vienna——"

"But," interrupted Morton, raising himself on his arm, and fixing his dark eyes upon his host,—"but you have told me again and again that you have committed no crime, why then be so fearful of discovery?"

"Why!" repeated Gawtrej, with a slight hesitation which he instantly overcame, "why! have not you yourself learned that appearances have the effect of crimes?—were you not chased as a thief when I rescued you from your foe the law?—are you not, though a boy in years, under an alias, and an exile from your own land? And how can you put these austere questions to me, who am growing grey in the endeavour to extract sunbeams from encumbers—subsistence from poverty? I repeat that there are reasons why I must avoid, for the present, the great capitals. I must sink in life, and take to the provinces. Birnie is sanguine as ever: but he is a terrible sort of comforter. Enough of that. Now to yourself: our savings are less than you might expect; to be sure Birnie has been treasurer, and I have laid by a little for Fanny, which I will rather starve than touch. There remain, however, 150 napoleons, and our effects, sold at a fourth their value, will fetch 150 more. Here is your share. I have compassion on

you. I told you I would bear you harmless and innocent. Leave us, while yet time."

It seemed, then, to Morton that Gawtrej had divined his thoughts of shame and escape of the previous night; perhaps Gawtrej had: and such is the human heart, that instead of welcoming the very release he had half contemplated, now that it was offered him, Philip shrunk from it as a base desertion.

"Poor Gawtrej!" said he, pushing back the canvass bag of gold held out to him, "you shall not go over the world, and feel that the orphan you fed and fostered left you to starve with your money in his pocket. When you again assure me that you have committed no crime, you again remind me that gratitude has no right to be severe upon the shifts and errors of its benefactor. If you do not conform to society, what has society done for me! No! I will not forsake you in a reverse. Fortune has given you a fall. What, then, courage, and at her again!"

These last words were said so heartily and cheerfully as Morton sprung from the bed, that it inspired Gawtrej, who had really desponded of his lot.

"Well," said he, "I cannot reject the only

friend left me; and while I live— But I will make no professions. Quick, then, our luggage is already gone, and I hear Birnie grunting the rogue's march of retreat."

Morton's toilette was soon completed, and the three associates bade adieu to the bureau.

Birnie, who was taciturn and impenetrable as ever, walked a little before as guide. They arrived, at length, at a *servoir's* shop, placed in an alley near the Porte St. Denis. The *servoir* himself, a tall, begrimed, black-bearded man, was taking the shutters from his shop as they approached. He and Birnie exchanged silent nods; and the former, leaving his work, conducted them up a very filthy flight of stairs to an attic, where a bed, two stools, one table, and an old walnut-tree bureau, formed the sole articles of furniture. Gawtrey looked rather ruefully round the black, low, damp walls, and said, in a crest-fallen tone, —

"We were better off at the Temple of Hymen. But get us a bottle of wine, some eggs, and a fryingpan,—by Jove, I am a capital hand at an omelet!"

The *servoir* nodded again, grinned, and withdrew.

"Rest here," said Birnie, in his calm, pas-

sionless voice, that seemed to Morton, however, to assume an unwonted tone of command. "I will go and make the best bargain I can for our furniture, buy fresh clothes, and engage our places for Tours."

"For Tours?" repeated Morton.

"Yes, there are some English there; one can live wherever there are English," said Gawtrej.

"Hum!" grunted Birnie, drily, and, buttoning up his coat, he walked slowly away.

About noon he returned with a bundle of clothes, which Gawtrej, who always regained his elasticity of spirit wherever there was fair play to his talents, examined with great attention, and many exclamations of "*Bon, c'est ça.*"

"I have done well with the Jew," said Birnie, drawing from his coat pocket two heavy bags, "One hundred and eighty napoleons. We shall commence with a good capital."

"You are right, my friend," said Gawtrej.

The *serurier* was then despatched to the best *restaurant* in the neighbourhood, and the three adventurers made a less Socratic dinner than might have been expected.

CHAPTER VI.

"Then out again he flies to wing his may round."

Traveller: Castle of Indolence.

"Again he grazed, 'Tis is,' said he, 'the same;

There sits he upright in his seat secure,

As one whose conscience is correct and pure."

CRABO.

THE adventurers arrived at Tours, and established themselves there in a lodging, without any incident worth narrating by the way.

At Tours, Morton had nothing to do but to take his pleasure and enjoy himself. He passed for a young heir; Gawtrej for his tutor—a doctor in divinity; Birnie for his valet. The task of maintenance fell on Gawtrej, who hit off his character to a hair; landed his grave jokes with University scraps

of Latin; looked big and well-fed; wore knee-breeches and a shovel-hat; and played whist with the skill of a veteran vicar. By his art in that game, he made, at first, enough, at least, to defray their weekly expenses. But, by degrees, the good people at Tours, who, under pretence of health, were there for economy, grew shy of so excellent a player; and though Gawtrety always swore solemnly that he played with the most scrupulous honour (an asseveration which Morton, at least, implicitly believed), and no proof to the contrary was ever detected, yet a first-rate card-player is always a suspicious character, unless the losing parties know exactly who he is. The market fell off, and Gawtrety at length thought it prudent to extend their travels.

“Ah!” said Mr. Gawtrety, “the world nowadays has grown so ostentatious, that one cannot travel advantageously without a post character and four horses.” At length they found themselves at Milan, which at that time was one of the *El Dorados* for gamblers. Here, however, for want of introductions, Mr. Gawtrety found it difficult to get into society. The nobles, proud and rich, played high, but were circumspect in their company;

the *bourgeois*, industrious and energetic, preserved much of the old Lombard shrewdness: there were no *table d'hotes* and public reunions. Gawtrej saw his little capital daily diminishing, with the Alps at the rear, and Poverty in the van. At length, always on the *qui vive*, he contrived to make acquaintance with a Scotch family of great respectability. He effected this by picking up a snuff-box which the Scotchman had dropped in taking out his handkerchief. This politeness paved the way to a conversation in which Gawtrej made himself so agreeable, and talked with such zest of the Modern Athens, and the tricks practised upon travellers, that he was presented to Mrs. Macgregor; cards were interchanged; and, as Mr. Gawtrej lived in tolerable style, the Macgregors pronounced him "a *vara genteel mon.*" Once in the house of a respectable person, Gawtrej contrived to turn himself round and round, till he burrowed a hole into the English circle then settled in Milan. His whist-playing came into requisition, and once more Fortune smiled upon Skill.

To this house the pupil one evening accompanied the tutor. When the whist party,

consisting of two tables, was formed, the young man found himself left out with an old gentleman, who seemed loquacious and good-natured, and who put many questions to Morton, which he found it difficult to answer. One of the whist tables was now in a state of revolution, viz., a lady had cut out, and a gentleman cut in, when the door opened, and Lord Lilburne was announced.

Mr. Macgregor, rising, advanced with great respect to this personage.

"I scarcely ventured to hope you would come, Lord Lilburne, the night is so cold."

"You did not allow sufficiently, then, for the dullness of my solitary inn and the attractions of your circle. Aha! whist I see."

"You play sometimes?"

"Very seldom, now; I have sown all my wild oats, and even the ace of spades can scarcely dig them out again."

"Ha! ha! *vara gude*."

"I will look on;" and Lord Lilburne drew his chair to the table, exactly opposite to Mr. Gawtreys.

The old gentleman turned to Philip.

"An extraordinary man, Lord Lilburne; you have heard of him, of course?"

"No, indeed; what of him?" asked the young man, rousing himself.

"What of him?" said the old gentleman, with a smile; "why the newspapers, if you ever read them, will tell you enough of the elegant, the witty Lord Lilburne; a man of eminent talent, though indolent. He was wild in his youth, as clever men often are; but, on attaining his title and fortune, and marrying into the family of the then premier, he became more sedate. They say he might make a great figure in politics if he would. He has a very high reputation—very. People do say he is still fond of pleasure, but that is a common failing amongst the aristocracy. Morality is only found in the middle classes, young gentleman. It is a lucky family, that of Lilburne; his sister, Mrs. Beaufort——"

"Beaufort!" exclaimed Morton, and then muttered to himself,— "Ah, true—true, I have heard the name of Lilburne before."

"Do you know the Beauforts? Well, you remember how luckily Robert, Lilburne's brother-in-law, came into that fine property just as his predecessor was about to marry a——"

Morton scowled at his garrulous acquaint-

ance, and stalked abruptly to the card-table.

Ever since Lord Lilburne had seated himself opposite to Mr. Gawtrej, that gentleman had evinced a perturbation of manner that became obvious to the company. He grew deadly pale, his hands trembled, he moved uneasily in his seat, he missed deal, he trumped his partner's best diamond, finally he revoked, threw down his money, and said, with a forced smile, "That the heat of the room overcame him." As he rose, Lord Lilburne rose also, and the eyes of both met. Those of Lilburne were calm, but penetrating and inquisitive in their gaze; those of Gawtrej were like balls of fire. He seemed gradually to dilate in his height, his broad chest expanded, he breathed hard.

"Ah, Doctor," said Mr. Macgregor, "let me introduce you to Lord Lilburne."

The peer bowed haughtily; Mr. Gawtrej did not return the salutation, but with a sort of gulp as if he were swallowing some burst of passion, strode to the fire; and then, turning round, again fixed his gaze upon the new guest. Lilburne, however, who had never

lost his self-composure at this strange roteness, was now quietly talking with their host.

"Your Doctor seems an eccentric man—a little absent—learned, I suppose. Have you been to Como yet?"

Mr. Gawtrej remained by the fire heating the devil's tattoo upon the chimney-piece, and ever and anon turning his glance towards Lilburne, who seemed to have forgotten his existence.

Both these guests stayed till the party broke up; Mr. Gawtrej apparently wishing to out-stay Lord Lilburne; for, when the last went down stairs, Mr. Gawtrej, nodding to his comrade, and giving a hurried bow to the host, descended also. As they passed the porter's lodge, they found Lilburne on the step of his carriage; he turned his head abruptly, and again met Mr. Gawtrej's eye; passed a moment, and whispered over his shoulder,—

"So we remember each other, sir!—Let us not meet again; and, on that condition, by-gones are by-gones."

"Scoundrel!" muttered Gawtrej, clenching his fists; but the peer had sprung into his

carriage with a lightness scarcely to be expected from his lameness, and the wheels whirled within an inch of the *soi-disant* doctor's right pump.

Gawtrej walked on for some moments in great excitement, at length he turned to his companion:

"Do you guess who Lord Lilburne is? I will tell you—my first foe and Fanny's grandfather! Now, note the justice of Fate: Here is this man—mark well—this man who commenced life by putting his faults on my own shoulders! From that little boss has fungused out a terrible hump. This man who seduced my affianced bride, and then left her whole soul, once fair and blooming—! swear it—with its leaves fresh from the dews of heaven, one rank leprosy,—this man who, rolling in riches, learned to cheat and pilfer as a boy learns to dance and play the fiddle, and (to damn me, whose happiness he had blasted) accused me to the world of his own crime!—here is this man who has not left off one vice, but added to those of his youth the bloodless craft of the veteran knave;—here is this man, flattered, courted, great, marching

through lanes of bowing parasites to an illustrious epitaph and a marble tomb, and I, a rogne too, if you will, but rogne for my bread, dating from him my errors and my ruin! I — vagabond — outcast — skulking through tricks to avoid crime — why the difference? Because one is born rich and the other poor — because *he* has no excuse for crime, and therefore no one suspects him!”

The wretched man (for at that moment he was wretched) paused breathless from this passionate and rapid burst, and before him rose in its marble majesty, with the moon full upon its shining spires — the wonder of Gothic Italy — the Cathedral Church of Milan.

“Chafe not yourself at the universal fate,” said the young man, with a bitter smile on his lips and pointing to the cathedral, “I have not lived long, but I have learned already enough to know this — he who could raise a pile like that, dedicated to heaven, would be honoured as a saint; he who knelt to God by the road-side under a hedge would be sent to the house of correction as a vagabond! The difference between man and man is money,

and will be, when you, the despised charlatan, and Lilburne, the honoured cheat, have not left as much dust behind you as will fill a snuffbox. Comfort yourself, you are in the majority.'

CHAPTER VII.

"A desert wild

Before them stretch'd bare, comfortless, and vast,
With gibbets, bones, and carcases dabbled."

TUCUSSO: Castle of Indisensa.

MR. GAWTRET did not wish to give his foe the triumph of thinking he had driven him from Milan; he resolved to stay and brave it out; but when he appeared in public, he found the acquaintances he had formed bow politely, but cross to the other side of the way. No more invitations to tea and cards showered in upon the jolly parson. He was puzzled, for people while they shunned him did not appear uncivil. He found out at last that a report was circulated that he was deranged; though he could not trace this rumour to Lord Lillburne, he was at no loss to guess from whom it had emanated. His own eccentricities, especially his recent manner at Mr. Macgregor's, gave confirmation to the charge.

Again the funds began to sink low in the canvas bags, and, at length, in despair, Mr. Gawtrej was obliged to quit the field. They returned to France through Switzerland—a country too poor for gamblers; and ever since the interview with Lilburne, a great change had come over Gawtrej's gay spirit: he grew moody and thoughtful, he took no pains to replenish the common stock, he talked much and seriously to his young friend of poor Fanny, and owned that he yearned to see her again. The desire to return to Paris haunted him like a fatality, he saw the danger that awaited him there, but it only allured him the more, as the candle that has singed its wings does the moth. Birnie, who, in all their vicissitudes and wanderings, their ups and downs, retained the same tacit, immovable demeanour, received with a sneer the orders at last to march back upon the French capital, "You would never have left it, if you had taken my advice," he said, and quitted the room.

Mr. Gawtrej gazed after him and muttered, "Is the die then cast?"

"What does he mean?" said Morton.

"You will know soon," replied Gawtrej, and he followed Birnie; and from that time

the whispered conferences with that person, which had seemed suspended during their travels, were renewed.

* * * * *

One morning, three men were seen entering Paris on foot through the Porte St. Denis. It was a fine day in spring, and the old city looked gay with its loitering passengers and gaudy shops, and under that clear blue exhilarating sky, so peculiar to France.

Two of these men walked abreast, the other preceded them a few steps. The one who went first—thin, pale, and threadbare—yet seemed to suffer the least from fatigue; he walked with a long, swinging, noiseless stride, looking to the right and left from the corners of his eyes. Of the two who followed, one was handsome and finely formed, but of swarthy complexion, young, yet with a look of care; the other, of sturdy frame, leaned on a thick stick, and his eyes were gloomily cast down.

"Phillip," said the last, "in coming back to Paris—I feel that I am coming back to my grave!"

"Pooh!—you were equally despondent in our excursions elsewhere."

"Because I was always thinking of poor Fanny, and because—because—Birnie was ever at me with his horrible temptations!"

"Birnie! I loathe the man! Will you never get rid of him?"

"I cannot! Hush! he will hear us! How unlucky we have been! and now without a sou in our pockets—here the dunghill—there the gaol! *We are in his power at last!*"

"His power! What mean you?"

"What, ho! Birnie!" cried Gawtre, unheeding Morton's question, "Let us halt and breakfast: I am tired."

"You forget!—we have no money till we make it!" returned Birnie coldly. "Come to the *servicier's*—he will trust us!"

CHAPTER VIII.

"Gautt Beggery and Storn with many bell-bounds nose."

THOMSON: *Castle of Indolence*.

"The other was a fell, despiteful fiend." — *Ibid.*

"Your happiness behold! then straight a wand
He waved, an anti-magic power that both
Truth from illusive falsehood to command." — *Ibid.*

"But what for us, the children of despair,
Brought to the brink of hell—what hope remains?
RESOLVE, RESOLVE!" — *Ibid.*

It may be observed that there are certain years in which in a civilised country some particular crime comes into vogue. It flares its season, and then burns out. Thus at one time we have burking—at another, swingism—now, suicide is in vogue—now, poisoning tradespeople in apple-dumplings—now, little boys stab each other with penknives—now, common soldiers shoot at their sergeants. Almost every year there is one crime peculiar to it; a sort of annual which overruns the country, but does not bloom again. Unquestionably the Press

has a great deal to do with these epidemics. Let a newspaper once give an account of some out-of-the-way atrocity that has the charm of being novel, and certain depraved minds fasten to it like leeches. They brood over and revolve it—the idea grows up, a horrid phantasmalian monomania;* and all of a sudden, in a hundred different places, the one seed sown by the leaden types springs up into foul flowering. But if the first reported aboriginal crime has been attended with impunity, how much more does the imitative faculty cling to it. Ill-judged mercy falls, not like dew, but like a great heap of manure on the rank deed.

Now it happened that at the time I write of, or rather a little before, there had been detected and tried in Paris a most redoubtable coiner. He had carried on the business with a dexterity that won admiration even for the offence; and,

* An old Spanish writer, treating of the Inquisition, has some very striking remarks on the kind of madness which, whenever some terrible authority is given to a particular offence, leads persons of distempered fancy to accuse themselves of it. He observes, that when the cruelties of the Inquisition against the imaginary crime of sorcery were the most barbarous, this singular frenzy led numbers to accuse themselves of sorcery. The publication and celebrity of the crime beget the desire of the crime.

moreover, he had served previously with some distinction at Austerlitz and Marengo. The consequence was that the public went with instead of against him, and his sentence was transmuted to three years' imprisonment by the government. For all governments in free countries aspire rather to be popular than just.

No sooner was this case reported in the journals, and even the gravest took notice of it—which is not common with the scholastic journals of France,—no sooner did it make a stir and a sensation, and cover the criminal with celebrity, than the result became noticeable in a very large issue of false money.

Coining in the year I now write of was the fashionable crime. The police were roused into full vigour: it became known to them that there was one gang in especial who cultivated this art with singular success. Their coinage was, indeed, so good, so superior to all their rivals, that it was often unconsciously preferred by the public to the real mintage. At the same time they carried on their calling with such secrecy, that they utterly baffled discovery.

An immense reward was offered by the *bureau* to any one who would betray his accomplices, and Monsieur Farart was placed at the head of a

commission of inquiry. This person had himself been a *faux monnoyer*, and was an adept in the art, and it was he who had discovered the redoubted coiner who had brought the crime into such notoriety;—Monsieur Favart was a man of the most vigilant acuteness, the most indefatigable research, and of a courage which, perhaps, is more common than we suppose. It is a popular error to suppose that courage means courage in every thing. Put a hero on board ship at a five-barred gate, and if he is not used to hunting, he will turn pale. Put a fox-hunter on one of the Swiss chasms, over which the *monnaieer* springs like a roe, and his knees will knock under him. People are brave in the dangers to which they accustom themselves, either in imagination or practice.

Monsieur Favart, then, was a man of the most daring bravery in facing rogues and cut-throats. He awed them with his very eye; yet he had been known to have been kicked down stairs by his wife, and when he was drawn into the grand army, he deserted the eve of his first battle. Such, as moralists say, is the inconsistency of man!

But Monsieur Favart was sworn to trace the coiners, and he had never failed yet in any en-

terprise he undertook. One day, he presented himself to his chief with a countenance so excited, that that penetrating functionary said to him at once,—

“You have heard of our messieurs?”

“I have: I am to visit them to-night.”

“Bravo! How many men will you take?”

“From twelve to twenty to leave without on guard. But I must enter alone. Such is the condition: an accomplice, who fears his own throat too much to be openly a betrayer, will introduce me to the house,—nay, to the very room. By his description, it is necessary I should know the exact locale in order to cut off retreat; so to-morrow night I shall surround the beehive, and take the honey.”

“They are desperate fellows, these coiners always; better be cautious.”

“You forget, I was one of them, and know the masonry.”

About the same time this conversation was going on at the *bureau* of the police, in another part of the town Morton and Gawtre were seated alone. It is some weeks since they entered Paris, and spring has mellowed into summer. The house in which they lodged was in the lordly *quarter* of the Faubourg St. Germain;

the neighbouring streets were venerable with the ancient edifices of a fallen noblesse; but their tenement was in a narrow, dingy lane, and the building itself seemed beggarly and ruinous. The apartment was in an attic on the sixth story, and the window, placed at the back of the lane, looked upon another row of houses of a better description, that communicated with one of the great streets of the *quartier*. The space between their abode and their opposite neighbours was so narrow that the sun could scarcely pierce between. In the height of summer might be found there a perpetual shade.

The pair were seated by the window. Gawtrex, well-dressed, smooth-shaven, as in his palmy time; Morton, in the same garments with which he had entered Paris, weather-stained and ragged. Looking at the parallel basement in the opposite house, Gawtrex said, mutteringly,—“I wonder where Birnie has been, and why he is not returned: I grow suspicious of that man.”

“Suspicious of what?” asked Morton. “Of his honesty? Would he rob you?”

“Rob me! Humph—perhaps! But you see I am in Paris, in spite of the hints of the police; he may denounce me.”

"Why then suffer him to lodge away from you?"

"Why? because, by having separate houses, there are two channels of escape. A dark night, and a ladder thrown across from window to window, he is with us, or we with him."

"But wherefore such precautions? You blind—you deceive me; what have you done?—what is your employment now?—You are mute.—Hark you, Gawtreys! I have pinned my fate to you—I am fallen from hope itself. At times, it almost makes me mad to look back—and yet you do not trust me. Since your return to Paris you are absent whole nights—often days; you are moody and thoughtful—yet, whatever your business, it seems to bring you ample returns."

"You think *that*," said Gawtreys, mildly, and with a sort of pity in his voice, "yet you refuse to take even the money to change those rags."

"Because I know not how the money was gained. Ah! Gawtreys; I am not too proud for charity, but I am for—"

He checked the word uppermost in his thoughts, and resumed,—

"Yes; your occupations seem lucrative.

It was but yesterday Birnie gave me fifty napoleons, for which he said you wished change in silver."

"Did he? The ras— Well! and you got change for them?"

"I know not why, but I refused."

"That was right, Philip. Do nothing that man tells you."

"Will you then trust me? You are engaged in some horrible traffic: it may be blood! I am no longer a boy—I have a will of my own—I will not be silently and blindly entrapped to perdition. If I march thither, it shall be with my own consent. Trust me, and this day, or we part to-morrow!"

"Be ruled. Some secrets it is better not to know."

"It matters not! I have come to my decision:—I ask yours."

Gawtrej paused for some moments in deep thought. At last, he lifted his eyes to Philip, and replied,—

"Well, then, if it must be. Sooner or later it must have been so, and I want a confidant. You are bold, and will not shrink. You desire to know my occupation—will you witness it to-night?"

"I am prepared: to-night!"

Here a step was heard on the stairs—a knock at the door—and Birnie entered.

He drew aside Gawtrej, and whispered him, as usual, for some moments.

Gawtrej nodded his head, and then said aloud,—

"To-morrow we shall talk without reserve before my young friend. To-night he joins us."

"To-night!—very well!" said Birnie, with his cold sneer. "He must take the oath; and you, with your life, will be responsible for his honesty?"

"Ay! it is the rule."

"Good-by, then, till we meet," said Birnie, and withdrew.

"I wonder," said Gawtrej, musingly and between his grinded teeth, "whether I shall ever have a good fair shot at that fellow? Ho! ho!" and his laugh shook the walls.

Morton looked hard at Gawtrej, as the latter now sunk down in his chair, and gazed with a vacant stare, that seemed almost to partake of imbecility, upon the opposite wall. The careless, reckless, jovial expression, which usually characterised the features of the man, had for some weeks given place to a restless,

anxious, and at times ferocious, aspect; like the beast that first finds a sport while the hounds are yet afar, and his limbs are yet strong in the chase which marks him for his victim, but grows desperate with rage and fear as the day nears its close, and the death-dogs pant hard upon his track: but at that moment, the strong features, with their gnarled muscle and iron sinews, seemed to have lost every sign both of passion and the will, and to be locked in a stolid and dull repose. At last he looked up at Morton, and said, with a smile like that of an old man in his dotage,—

“ I’m thinking that my life has been one mistake! I had talents—you would not fancy it—but once I was neither a fool nor a villain! Odd, isn’t it? Just reach me the brandy.”

But Morton, with a slight shudder, turned and left the room.

He walked on mechanically, and gained, at last, the superb *Quai* that borders the Seine: there, the passengers became more frequent; gay equipages rolled along; the white and lofty mansions looked fair and stately in the clear blue sky of early summer; beside him flowed the sparkling river, animated with the

painted baths that floated on its surface: earth was merry and heaven serene: his heart was dark through all: Night within—Morning beautiful without! At last he paused by that bridge, stately with the statues of those whom the caprice of time honours with a name; for though Zeus and his gods be overthrown, while earth exists will live the worship of Dead Men;—the bridge by which you pass from the royal Tulleries, or the luxurious streets beyond the Rue de Rivoli, to the Senate of the emancipated People, and the gloomy and desolate grandeur of the Faubourg St. Germain, in whose venerable haunts the impoverished descendants of the old feudal tyrants, whom the birth of the Senate overthrew, yet congregate, the ghosts of departed powers, proud of the shadows of great names. As the English outcast paused midway on the bridge, and for the first time lifting his head from his bosom, gazed around, there broke at once on his remembrance that terrible and fatal evening when, hopeless, friendless, desperate, he had begged for charity of his uncle's hireling, with all the feelings that then (so imperfectly and lightly touched on in his brief narrative to Gawtrex) had raged and blacken-

ed in his breast, urging to the resolution he had adopted, casting him on the ominous friendship of the man whose guidance he even then had suspected and distrusted. The spot in either city had a certain similitude and correspondence each with each: at the first, he had consummated his despair of human destinies—he had dared to forget the Providence of God—he had arrogated his fate to himself: by the first bridge he had taken his resolve; by the last he stood in awe at the result!—stood no less poor—no less abject—equally in rags and squalor; but was his crest as haughty and his eye as fearless, for was his conscience as free and his honour as unstained? Those arches of stone—those rivers that rolled between, seemed to him then to take a more mystic and typical sense than belongs to the outer world—they were the bridges to the Rivers of his Life. Plunged in thoughts so confused and dim that he could scarcely distinguish, through the chaos, the one streak of light which, perhaps, heralded the reconstruction or regeneration of the elements of his soul;—two passengers halted, also, by his side.

“You will be late for the debate,” said one of them to the other. “Why do you stop?”

"My friend," said the other, "I never pass this spot without recalling the time when I stood here without a *sous*, or, as I thought, a chance of one, and impiously meditated self-destruction."

"*You!*—now so rich—so fortunate in repute and station!—is it possible? How was it? A lucky chance?—a sudden legacy?"

"No: Time, Faith, and Energy—the three friends God has given to the Poor!"

The men moved on; but Norton, who had turned his face towards them, fancied that the last speaker fixed on him his bright, cheerful eye, with a meaning look; and when the man was gone, he repeated those words, and hailed them in his heart of hearts as an augury from above.

Quickly, then, and as if by magic, the former confusion of his mind seemed to settle into distinct shapes of courage and resolve. "Yes," he muttered; "I will keep this night's appointment—I will learn the secret of these men's life. In my inexperience and destitution, I have suffered myself to be led hitherto into a partnership, if not with vice and crime, at least with subterfuge and trick. I awake from my reckless boyhood—my un-

worthy palterings with my better self. If Gawtre be as I dread to find him—if he be linked in some guilty and hateful traffic with that loathsome accomplice—I will—”

He paused, for his heart whispered, ‘Well, and even so,—the guilty man clothed and fed thee!’

“I will,” resumed his thought, in answer to his heart—“I will go on my knees to him to fly while there is yet time, to work—beg—starve—perish even—rather than lose the right to look man in the face without a blush, and kneel to his God without remorse!”

And as he thus ended, he felt suddenly as if he himself were restored to the perception and the joy of the Nature and the World around him; the sweat had vanished from his soul—he inhaled the balm and freshness of the air—he comprehended the delight which the liberal June was scattering over the earth—he looked above, and his eyes were suffused with pleasure, at the smile of the soft blue skies. The *ROARING* became, as it were, a part of his own being; and he felt that as the world in spite of the storms is fair, so in spite of evil God is good. He walked on—he passed the bridge, but his step was no more the same,—he forgot his rags. Why should

he be ashamed? And thus, in the very flash of this new and strange elation and elasticity of spirit, he came unawares upon a group of young men, lounging before the porch of one of the chief hotels in that splendid Rue de Rivoli, wherein Wealth and the English have made their homes. A groom, mounted, was leading another horse up and down the road, and the young men were making their comments of approbation upon both the horses, especially the latter, which was, indeed, of uncommon beauty and great value. Even Morton, in whom the boyish passion of his earlier life yet existed, paused to turn his experienced and admiring eye upon the stately shape and pace of the noble animal, and as he did so, a name too well remembered came upon his ear.

"Certainly, Arthur Beaufort is the most enviable fellow in Europe!"

"Why, yes," said another of the young men; "he has plenty of money—is good-looking, devilish good-natured, clever, and spends like a prince."

"Has the best horses!"

"The best luck at *roulette*!"

"The prettiest girls in love with him!"

"And no one enjoys life more. Ah! here he is!"

The group parted as a light, graceful figure came out of a jeweller's shop that adjoined the hotel, and halted gaily amidst the loungers. Morton's first impulse was to hurry from the spot; his second impulse arrested his step, and, a little apart, and half-hid beneath one of the arches of the colonnade which adorns the street, the Outcast gazed upon the Heir. There was no comparison in the natural personal advantages of the two young men; for Philip Morton, despite all the hardships of his rough career, had now grown up and ripened into a rare perfection of form and feature. His broad chest, his erect air, his lithe and symmetrical length of limb, united, happily, the attributes of activity and strength; and though there was no delicacy of youthful bloom upon his dark cheek, and though lines which should have come later marred its smoothness with the signs of care and thought, yet an expression of intelligence and daring, equally beyond his years, and the evidence of hardy, abstemious, vigorous health, served to shew to the full advantage the outline of features which, noble and regular, though stern and masculine, the artist might have borrowed for his ideal of a young Spartan

arming for his first battle. Arthur, slight to feebleness, and with the paleness, partly of constitution, partly of gay excess, on his fair and clear complexion, had features far less symmetrical and impressive than his cousin: but what then! All that are bestowed by elegance of dress, the refinements of luxurious habit, the nameless grace that comes from a mind and a manner polished—the one by literary culture, the other by social intercourse, invested the person of the heir with a fascination that rude Nature alone ever fails to give. And about him there was a gaiety, an airiness of spirit, an atmosphere of enjoyment, which bespoke one who is in love with life.

“Why, this is lucky! I’m so glad to see you all!” said Arthur Beaufort, with that silver-ringing tone, and charming smile which are to the happy spring of man what its music and its sunshine are to the spring of earth. “You must dine with me at Verey’s. I want something to rouse me to-day; for I did not get home from the *Salon** till four this morning.”

* The most celebrated gaming-house in Paris in the day before gaming-houses were suppressed by the well-directed energy of the government.

"But you won?"

"Yes, Marsden. Hang it! I always win: I who could so well afford to lose: I'm quite ashamed of my luck!"

"It is easy to spend what one wins," observed Mr. Marsden, sententially; "and I see you have been at the jeweller's! A present for Cecile? Well, don't blush, my dear fellow. What is life without women?"

"And wine?" said a second.

"And play?" said a third.

"And wealth?" said a fourth.

"And you enjoy them all! Happy fellow!" said a fifth.

The Outcast pulled his hat over his brows, and walked away.

"This dear Paris!" said Beaufort, as his eye carelessly and unconsciously followed the dark form retreating through the arches;—"this dear Paris! I must make the most of it while I stay! I have only been here a few weeks, and next week I must go."

"Pooh!—your health is better: you don't look like the same man."

"You think so really? Still I don't know: the doctors say that I must either go to the

German waters—the season is begun—
or—”

“Or what?”

“Live less with such pleasant companions,
my dear fellow! But as you say, what is life
without—”

“Women!”

“Wine!”

“Play!”

“Wealth!”

“Ha! ha! ‘Throw physic to the dogs: I’ll
none of it!’”

And Arthur leaped lightly on his saddle,
and as he rode gaily on, basking the favour-
ite air of the last opera, the hoofs of his horse
splashed the mud over a foot passenger halt-
ing at the crossing. Morton checked the very
exclamation rising to his lips; and gazing
after the brilliant form that hurried on towards
the Champs Elysées, his eye caught the statues
on the bridge, and a voice, as of a cheering
angel, whispered again to his heart, “TIME,
FAITH, ENERGY!”

The expression of his countenance grew
calm at once, and as he continued his rambles
it was with a mind that, casting off the bur-
dens of the past, looked serenely and steadily

on the obstacles and hardships of the future. We have seen that a scruple of conscience, or of pride, not without its nobleness, had made him refuse the importunities of Gawtreŷ for less sordid raiment; the same feeling made it his custom to avoid sharing the luxurious and dainty food with which Gawtreŷ was wont to regale himself. For that strange man, whose wonderful felicity of temperament and constitution rendered him in all circumstances keenly alive to the hearty and animal enjoyments of life, would still emerge, as the day declined, from their wretched apartment, and, trusting to his disguises, in which indeed he possessed a masterly art, repair to one of the better description of *restaurants*, and feast away his cares for the moment. William Gawtreŷ would not have cared three straws for the curse of Damocles. The sword over *his* head would never have spoiled his appetite! He had lately, too, taken to drinking much more deeply than he had been used to do—the fine intellect of the man was growing thickened and dulled; and this was a spectacle that Morton could not bear to contemplate. Yet so great was Gawtreŷ's vigour of health that, after draining wine and spirits enough

to have despatched a company of fox-hunters, and after betraying, sometimes in uproarious glee, sometimes in manlin self-bewallings, that he himself was not quite invulnerable to the thyrsus of the god, he would—on any call on his energies, or especially before departing on those mysterious expeditions which kept him from home half, and sometimes all, the night—plunge his head into cold water—drink as much of the lymph as a groom would have shuddered to bestow on a horse—close his eyes in a doze for half an hour, and wake cool, sober, and collected, as if he had lived according to the precepts of Socrates or Cornaro!

But to return to Morton. It was his habit to avoid as much as possible sharing the good cheer of his companion; and now, as he entered the Champs Elysées, he saw a little family, consisting of a young mechanic, his wife, and two children, who, with that love of harmless recreation which yet characterises the French, had taken advantage of a holiday in the craft and were enjoying their simple meal under the shadow of the trees. Whether in hunger or in envy, Morton paused and contemplated the happy group. Along the

road rolled the equipages and trampled the steeds of those to whom all life is a holiday. There, was Pleasure—under those trees was Happiness. One of the children, a little boy of about six years old, observing the attitude and gaze of the pausing wayfarer, ran to him, and holding up a fragment of a coarse kind of *gâteaux*, said to him winningly,—“Take it—I have had enough!” The child reminded Morton of his brother—his heart melted within him—he lifted the young Samaritan in his arms, and, as he kissed it, wept.

The mother observed and rose also. She laid her hand on his own—“Poor boy! why do you weep?—can we relieve you?”

Now that bright gleam of human nature, suddenly darting across the sombre recollections and associations of his past life, seemed to Morton as if it came from Heaven, in approval and in blessing of this attempt at reconciliation to his fate.

“I thank you,” said he, placing the child on the ground and passing his hand over his eyes,—“I thank you—yes! Let me sit down amongst you.” And he sat down, the child by his side, and partook of their fare, and was merry with them,—the proud Philip!—had he

not begun to discover the "precious jewel" in the "ugly and venomous" Adversity?

The mechanic, though a gay fellow on the whole, was not without some of that discontent of his station which is common with his class; he vented it, however, not in murmurs, but in jests. He was satirical on the carriages and the horsemen that passed; and, rolling on the grass, ridiculed his betters at his ease.

"Hush!" said his wife, suddenly; "here comes Madame de Merville;" and rising as she spoke, she made a respectful inclination of her head towards an open carriage that was passing very slowly towards the town.

"Madame de Merville!" repeated the husband, rising also, and lifting his cap from his head. "Ah! I have nothing to say against *her!*"

Morton looked instinctively towards the carriage, and saw a fair countenance turned graciously to answer the silent salutations of the mechanic and his wife—a countenance that had long haunted his dreams, though of late it had faded away beneath harsher thoughts—the countenance of the stranger whom he had seen at the *bureau* of Gawtrey, when that worthy personage had borne a more

mellifluous name. He started and changed colour: the lady herself now seemed suddenly to recognise him; for their eyes met, and she bent forward eagerly. She pulled the check-string—the carriage halted—she beckoned to the mechanic's wife, who went up to the roadside.

"I worked once for that lady," said the man, with a tone of feeling; "and when my wife fell ill last winter she paid the doctors. Ah, she is an angel of charity and kindness!"

Norton scarcely heard this eulogium, for he observed, by something eager and inquisitive in the face of Madame de Merrille, and by the sudden manner in which the mechanic's help-mate turned her head to the spot on which he stood, that he was the object of their conversation. Once more he became suddenly aware of his ragged dress, and with a natural shame—a fear that charity might be extended to him from *her*—he muttered an abrupt farewell to the operative, and, without another glance at the carriage, walked away.

Before he had got many paces, the wife however came up to him, breathless. "Madame de Merrille would speak to you, sir!" she said, with more respect than she had

hiberto thrown into her manner. Philip paused an instant, and again strode on.

"It must be some mistake," he said, hurriedly: "I have no right to expect such an honour."

He struck across the road, gained the opposite side, and had vanished from Madame de Merville's eyes, before the woman regained the carriage. But still that calm, pale, and somewhat melancholy face, presented itself before him; and as he walked again through the town, sweet and gentle fancies crowded confusedly on his heart. On that soft summer day, memorable for so many silent but mighty events in that inner life which prepares the catastrophes of the outer one; as in the region, of which Virgil has sung, the images of men to be born hereafter repose or glide—on that soft summer day, he felt he had reached the age when Youth begins to clothe in some human shape its first vague ideal of desire and love.

In such thoughts, and still wandering, the day wore away, till he found himself in one of the lanes that surround that glittering Microcosm of the vices, the frivolities, the hollow show, and the real beggary of the gay City—

the gardens and the galleries of the Palais Royal. Surprised at the lateness of the hour, it was then on the stroke of seven, he was about to return homewards, when the loud voice of Gawtrej sounded behind, and that personage, tapping him on the back, said,—

“Hollo, my young friend, well met! This will be a night of trial to you. Empty stomachs produce weak nerves. Come along! you must dine with me. A good dinner and a bottle of old wine—come! nonsense I say, you shall come! *Vive la joie!*”

While speaking, he had linked his arm in Morton's, and hurried him on several paces in spite of his struggles; but just as the words *Vive la joie* left his lips, he stood still and mute, as if a thunder-bolt had fallen at his feet; and Morton felt that heavy arm shiver and tremble like a leaf. He looked up, and just at the entrance of that part of the Palais Royal in which are situated the *restaurants* of Verey and Vefour, he saw two men standing but a few paces before them, and gazing full on Gawtrej and himself.

“It is my evil genius,” muttered Gawtrej, grinding his teeth.

“And mine!” said Morton.

The younger of the two men thus apostrophised made a step towards Philip, when his companion drew him back and whispered,—
 “What are you about—Do you know that young man?”

“He is my cousin; Philip Beaufort’s natural son!”

“Is he? then discard him for ever. He is with the most dangerous knave in Europe!”

As Lord Lilburne—for it was he—thus whispered his nephew, Gawtrej strode up to him; and, glaring full in his face, said in a deep and hollow tone,—“There is a hell, my lord,—I go to drink to our meeting!” Thus saying, he took off his hat with a ceremonious mockery, and disappeared within the adjoining *restaurant*, kept by Vefour.

“A hell!” said Lilburne, with his frigid smile; “the rogue’s head runs upon *gambling-houses!*”

“And I have suffered Philip again to escape me,” said Arthur, in self-reproach: for while Gawtrej had addressed Lord Lilburne, Morton had planged back amidst the labyrinth of alleys. “How have I kept my oath?”

“Come! your guests must have arrived by this time. As for that wretched young man,

depend upon it that he is corrupted body and soul."

"But he is my own cousin."

"Pooh! there is no relationship in natural children: besides, he will find you out fast enough. Ragged claimants are not long too proud to beg."

"You speak in earnest?" said Arthur, irresolutely.

"Ay! trust my experience of the world—*Allons!*"

And in a *cabinet* of the very *restaurant*, adjoining that in which the solitary Gawtre gorged his conscience, Lilburne, Arthur, and their gay friends, soon forgetful of all but the roses of the moment, bathed their airy spirits in the dews of the mirthful wine. Oh, extremes of life!—Oh, Night! Oh, Morning!

CHAPTER IX.

"Meantime a moving scene was open laid,
That last-house."

TOWERS: Castle of Inbance.

It was near midnight. In the mouth of the lane in which Gawtrej resided there stood four men. Not far distant, in the broad street at angles with the lane, were heard the wheels of carriages and the sound of music. A lady, fair in form, tender of heart, stainless in repute, was receiving her friends!

"Monsieur Farart," said one of the men to the smallest of the four; "you understand the conditions—20,000 francs and a free pardon?"

"Nothing more reasonable—it is understood. Still I confess that I should like to have my men close at hand. I am not given to fear; but this is a dangerous experiment."

"You knew the danger beforehand and subscribed to it; you must enter alone with

me, or not at all. Mark you, the men are sworn to murder him who betrays them. Not for twenty times 20,000 francs would I have them know me as the informer. My life were not worth a day's purchase. Now, if you feel secure in your disguise, all is safe. You will have seen them at their work—you will recognise their persons—you can depose against them at the trial—I shall have time to quit France."

"Well, well! as you please."

"Mind, you must wait in the vault with them till they separate. We have so planted your men that whatever street each of the gang takes in going home, he can be seized quietly and at once. The bravest and craftiest of all, who, though he has but just joined, is already their captain;—*kian*, the man I told you of, who lives in the house, you must take after his return, in his bed. It is the sixth story to the right, remember: here is the key to his door. He is a giant in strength, and will never be taken alive if up and armed."

"Ah, I comprehend!—Gilbert!" (and Favart turned to one of his companions who had not yet spoken) "take three men besides yourself, according to the directions I gave you,—the porter will admit you, that's arranged.

Make no noise. If I don't return by four o'clock, don't wait for me, but proceed at once. Look well to your primings. Take him alive, if possible—at the worst, dead. And now—*mon ami*—lead on!"

The traitor nodded, and walked slowly down the street. Farart, pausing, whispered hastily to the man whom he had called Gilbert,—

"Follow me close—get to the door of the cellar—place eight men within hearing of my whistle—recollect the picklocks, the axes. If you hear the whistle, break in; if not, I'm safe, and the first orders to seize the captain in his room stand good."

So saying, Farart strode after his guide. The door of a large, but ill-favoured-looking house, stood ajar—they entered—passed unmolested through a court-yard—descended some stairs; the guide unlocked the door of a cellar, and took a dark lantern from under his cloak. As he drew up the slide, the dim light gleamed on barrels and wine-casks, which appeared to fill up the space. Rolling aside one of these, the guide lifted a trap-door, and lowered his lantern. "Enter," said he; and the two men disappeared.

* * * *
* * * *

The Coiners were at their work. A man, seated on a stool before a desk, was entering accounts in a large book. That man was William Gwrtrey. While, with the rapid precision of honest mechanics,—the machinery of the Dark Trade, went on in its several departments. Apart—alone—at the foot of a long table, sat Philip Morton. The truth had exceeded his darkest suspicions. He had consented to take the oath not to divulge what was to be given to his survey; and, when led into that vault, the bandage was taken from his eyes, it was some minutes before he could fully comprehend the desperate and criminal occupations of the wild forms amidst which towered the burly stature of his benefactor. As the truth slowly grew upon him, he shrunk from the side of Gwrtrey; but, deep compassion for his friend's degradation swallowing up the horror of the trade, he flung himself on one of the rude seats, and felt that the bond between them was indeed broken, and that the next morning he should be again alone in the world. Still, as the obscene jests, the fearful oaths, that from time to time rang through the vault, came on his ear, he cast his haughty eye in such disdain over

the groups, that, Gawtrey observing him, trembled for his safety; and nothing but the sense of his own impotence, and the brave, not timorous, desire not to perish by such hands, kept silent the fiery denunciations of a nature, still proud and honest, that quivered on his lips. All present were armed with pistols and cutlasses except Morton, who suffered the weapons presented to him to lie unheeded on the table.

"*Courage, mes amis!*" said Gawtrey, closing his book,—"*Courage!*"—a few months more, and we shall have made enough to retire upon, and enjoy ourselves for the rest of our days. Where is Birnie?"

"Did he not tell you?" said one of the artisans looking up. "He has found out the cleverest hand in France,—the very fellow who helped Boecharde in all his five-franc pieces. He has promised to bring him to-night."

"Ay, I remember," returned Gawtrey, "he told me this morning,—he is a famous deuce!"

"I think so, indeed!" quoth a coiner; "for he caught you, the best head to our hands that ever *les industriels* were blessed with—*sacré fiché!*"

"Flatterer!" said Gawtrej, coming from the desk to the table, and pouring out wine from one of the bottles into a huge flagon—"To your healths!"

Here the door slid back, and Birnie glided in.

"Where is your booty, *mon brave*?" said Gawtrej. "We only coin money; you coin men, stamp with your own seal, and send them current to the devil!"

The coiners, who liked Birnie's ability (for the *coiner* engraver was of admirable skill in their craft), but who hated his joyless manners, laughed at this taunt, which Birnie did not seem to heed, except by a malignant gleam of his dead eye.

"If you mean the celebrated *coiner*, Jacques Giramont, he waits without. You know our rules—I cannot admit him without leave."

"*Bon!* we give it,—eh, messieurs?" said Gawtrej.

"Ay—ay," cried several voices. "He knows the oath, and will bear the penalty."

"Yes, he knows the oath," replied Birnie, and glided back.

In a moment more he returned with a small man in a mechanic's blouse. The new-comer

wore the republican beard and moustache, —of a sandy grey—his hair was the same colour; and a black patch over one eye increased the ill-favoured appearance of his features.

“*Diable!* Monsieur Giranmont! but you are more like Vulcan than Adonis!” said Gawtrej.

“I don’t know any thing about Vulcan, but I know how to make fire-brace pieces,” said Monsieur Giranmont, doggedly.

“Are you poor?”

“As a church mouse! The only thing belonging to a church, since the Bourbons came back, that is poor!”

At this sally, the coiners, who had gathered round the table, uttered the shout with which, in all circumstances, Frenchmen receive a *bon mot*.

“Humph!” said Mr. Gawtrej. “Who responds, with his own life, for your fidelity?”

“I,” said Birnie.

“Administer the oath to him.”

Suddenly four men advanced, seized the visitor, and bore him from the vault into another one within. After a few moments they returned.

"He has taken the oath, and heard the penalty."

"Death to yourself, your wife, your son, and your grandson, if you betray us!"

"I have neither son nor grandson; as for my wife, Monsieur le Capitaine, you offer a bribe instead of a threat when you talk of her death!"

"*Sacré!* but you will be an addition to our circle, *mon brave!*" said Gawtrev, laughing; while again the grim circle shouted applause.

"But I suppose you care for your own life?"

"Otherwise I should have preferred starving to coming here," answered the laconic neophyte.

"I have done with you. Your health!"

On this the coiners gathered round Monsieur Giramont, shook him by the hand, and commenced many questions with a view to ascertain his skill.

"Shew me your coinage first; I see you use both the die and the furnace. Hem! this piece is not bad—you have struck it from an iron die?—right—it makes the impression sharper than plaster of Paris. But you take the poorest and the most dangerous part of the trade in taking the Home Market. I can put you in a way to make ten times as much—

and with safety! Look at this!"—and Monsieur Giramont took a forged Spanish dollar from his pocket, so skilfully manufactured that the *connoisseurs* were lost in admiration—"you may pass thousands of these all over Europe, except France, and who is ever to detect you? But it will require better machinery than you have here."

Thus conversing, Monsieur Giramont did not perceive that Mr. Gawtrej had been examining him very curiously and minutely. But Birnie had noted their chief's attention, and once attempted to join his new ally, when Gawtrej laid his hand on his shoulder, and stopped him.

"Do not speak to your friend till I bid you, or—" he stopped short, and touched his pistols.

Birnie grew a shade more pale, but replied with his usual sneer,—

"Suspicious!—well, so much the better!" and seating himself carelessly at the table, lighted his pipe.

"And now, Monsieur Giramont," said Gawtrej, as he took the head of the table, "come to my right hand. A half holyday in your honour. Clear these infernal instruments; and more wine, *mes amis!*"

The party arranged themselves at the table. Among the desperate there is almost invariably a tendency to mirth. A solitary ruffian is moody, but a gang of ruffians are jolly. The coiners talked and laughed loud. Mr. Birnie, from his dogged silence, seemed apart from the rest, though in the centre. For in a noisy circle, a silent tongue builds a wall round its owner. But that respectable personage kept his furtive watch upon Girarmon and Gawtrej, who appeared talking together, very amicably, towards the bottom of the table. The younger novice of that night, equally silent, was not less watchful than Birnie. An uneasy, undefinable forbidding had come over him since the entrance of Monsieur Girarmon; this had been increased by the manner of Mr. Gawtrej. His faculty of observation, which was very acute, had detected something false in the chief's blandness to their guest—something dangerous in the glittering eye that Gawtrej ever, as he spoke to Girarmon, bent on that person's lips as he listened to his reply. For, whenever William Gawtrej suspected a man, he watched not his eyes but his lips.

Waked from his scornful reverie, a strange spell fascinated Morton's attention to the chief and the guest, and he bent forward, with parted mouth and straining ear, to catch their conversation.

"It seems to me a little strange," said Mr. Gawtrev, raising his voice so as to be heard by the party, "that a comer so dexterous as Monsieur Giramont, should not be known to any of us except our friend Birnie."

"Not at all," replied Giramont; "I worked only with Bouchard and two others since sent to the galleys. We were but a small fraternity—every thing has its commencement."

"*C'est juste: bavez done, cher ami!*"

The wine circulated: Gawtrev began again.

"You have had a bad accident, seemingly, Monsieur Giramont,—how did you lose your eye?"

"In a scuffle with the *gens d'armes* the night Bouchard was taken and I escaped: such misfortunes are on the cards."

"*C'est juste: bavez done, Monsieur Giramont!*"

Again there was a pause, and again Gawtrev's deep voice was heard.

"You wear a wig, I think, Monsieur Giramont! to judge by your eyelashes your own hair has been a handsomer colour."

"We seek disguise not beauty, my host! and the police have sharp eyes."

"*C'est juste, bavez donc—vieux Renard!*—when did we two meet last?"

"Never, that I know of!"

"*Ce n'est pas vrai! bavez donc, Monsieur Favart!*"

At the sound of that name the company started in dismay and confusion, and the police officer, forgetting himself for the moment, sprung from his seat, and put his right hand into his *housse*.

"Ho, there!—treason!" cried Gawtrex, in a voice of thunder; and he caught the unhappy man by the throat.

It was the work of a moment. Morton, where he sat, beheld a struggle—he heard a death-ery. He saw the huge form of the master-coiner rising above all the rest, as cutlasses gleamed and eyes sparkled round. He saw the quivering and powerless frame of the unhappy guest raised aloft in those mighty arms, and presently it was hurled along the

table—bottles crashing—the board shaking beneath its weight—and lay before the very eyes of Morton, a distorted and lifeless mass. At the same instant, Gawtrej sprang upon the table, his black frown singling out from the group the ashen, cadaverous face of the shrinking traitor. Birnie had darted from the table, —he was half way towards the sliding door— his face, turned over his shoulder, met the eyes of the chief.

“Devil!” shouted Gawtrej, in his terrible voice, which the echoes of the vault gave back from side to side—“did I not give thee up my soul that thou mightst not compass my death? Hark ye! thus die my slavery and all our secrets!” The explosion of his pistol half swallowed up the last word, and with a single groan the traitor fell on the floor, pierced through the brain,—then there was a dead and grim hush, as the smoke rolled slowly along the roof of the dreary vault.

Morton sank back on his seat, and covered his face with his hands. The last seal on the fate of THE MAX or CATE was set; the last wave in the terrible and mysterious tide of his destiny had dashed on his soul to the shore

whence there is no return. Vain, now and henceforth, the honour, the sentiment, the kindly impulse, the social instincts which had invested that stalwart shape with dangerous fascination, which had implied the hope of ultimate repentance, of redemption even in this world. The HOUR and the CIRCUMSTANCE had seized their prey; and the self-defence, which a lawless career rendered a necessity, left the eternal die of blood upon his doom!

"Friends, I have sared you," said Gawtrej, slowly gazing on the corpse of his second victim, while he returned the pistol to his belt: "I have not quailed before this man's eye (and he spurned the clay of the officer as he spoke with a revengeful scorn) without treasuring up its aspect in my heart of hearts. I knew him when he entered—knew him through his disguise—yet faith, it was a clever one! Turn up his face and gaze on him now; he will never terrify us again, unless there be truth in gloasts!"

Murmuring and tremulous the coiners scrambled on the table and examined the dead man. From this task Gawtrej interrupted them, for his quick eye detected, with the pistols under

the policeman's *blowse*, a whistle of metal of curious construction, and he conjectured at once that danger was yet at hand.

"I have saved you, I say, but only for the hour. This deed cannot sleep—see, he had help within call. The police know where to look for their comrade—we are dispersed. Each for himself. Quick, divide the spoils! *Share qui pest!*"

Then Morton heard where he sat, his hands still clasped before his face, a confused hubbub of voices, the jingle of money, the scrambling of feet, the creaking of doors,—all was silent!

A strong grasp drew his hands from his eyes.

"Your first scene of life against life," said Gwotrey's voice, which seemed fearfully changed to the ear that heard it. "Bah! what would you think of a battle? Come, to our eyrie; the carcasses are gone."

Morton looked fearfully round the vault. He and Gwotrey were alone. His eyes sought the places where the dead had lain—they were removed—no vestige of the deeds, not even a drop of blood.

"Come, take up your entlass, come!" re-

peated the voice of the chief, as with his dim lantern, now the sole light of the vault, he stood in the shadow of the doorway.

Morton rose, took up the weapon mechanically, and followed that terrible guide, mute and unconscious, as a Soul follows a Dream through the House of Sleep!

CHAPTER X.

"Sleep no more!"—Macbeth.

AFTER winding through gloomy and labyrinthine passages, which conducted to a different range of cellars from those entered by the unfortunate Favart, Gawtrej emerged at the foot of a flight of stairs, which, dark, narrow, and in many places broken, had been probably appropriated to the servants of the house in its days of palmy glory. By these steps the pair regained their attic. Gawtrej placed the lantern on the table and seated himself in silence. Morton who had recovered his self-possession and formed his resolution, gazed on him for some moments equally taciturn, at length he spoke,—

"Gawtrej!"

"I bade you not call me by that name," said the coiner; for we need scarcely say that

in his new trade he had assumed a new appellation.

"It is the least guilty one by which I have known you," returned Morton, firmly. "It is for the last time I call it you! I demanded to see by what means one to whom I had intrusted my fate supported himself. I have seen," continued the young man still firmly, but with a livid cheek and lip "and the tie between us is rent for ever. Interrupt me not! it is not for me to blame you. I have eaten of your bread and drank of your cup. Confiding in you too blindly, and believing that you were at least free from those dark and terrible crimes for which there is no expiation, at least in this life—my conscience seared by distress, my very soul made dormant by despair, I surrendered myself to one leading a career equivocal, suspicious, dishonourable perhaps, but still not, as I believed, of atrocity and bloodshed. I wake at the brink of the abyss—my mother's hand beckons to me from the grave; I think I hear her voice while I address you—I recede while it is yet time—we part, and for ever!"

Gawtrej, whose stormy passion was still deep upon his soul, had listened hitherto in sullen and dogged silence, with a gloomy frown

on his knitted brow; he now rose with an oath,—

“Part! that I may let loose on the world a new traitor! Part! when you have seen me fresh from an act that, once whispered, gives me to the guillotine! Part—never! at least alive!”

“I have said it,” said Morton folding his arms calmly; “I say it to your face, though I might part from you in secret. Frown not on me, man of blood! I am fearless as yourself! In another minute I am gone.”

“Ah! is it so?” said Gawtrej, and glancing round the room, which contained two doors, the one, concealed by the draperies of a bed, communicating with the stairs by which they had entered, the other with the landing of the principal and common flight; he turned to the former, within his reach, which he locked, and put the key into his pocket, and then, throwing across the latter a heavy swing bar, which fell into its socket with a harsh noise,—before the threshold he placed his vast bulk, and burst into his loud, fierce laugh,—“Ho! ho! slave and fool, once mine, you were mine body and soul for ever!”

“Tempter, I defy you! stand back!” And,

firm and dauntless, Morton laid his hand on the giant's vest.

Gawtrej seemed more astonished than enraged. He looked hard at his daring associate, on whose lip the down was yet scarcely dark.

"Boy," said he, "off! do not rouse the devil in me again! I could crush you with a hug."

"My soul supports my body and I am armed," said Morton, laying hand on his cutlass. "But you dare not harm me, nor I you; bloodstained as you are, I yet love you! You gave me shelter and bread, but accuse me not that I will save my soul while it is yet time!—Shall my mother have blessed me in vain upon her death-bed?"

Gawtrej drew back, and Morton, by a sudden impulse, grasped his hand.

"Oh! hear me—hear me!" he cried, with great emotion. "Abandon this horrible career; you have been decoyed and betrayed to it by one who can deceive or terrify you no more! Abandon it, and I will never desert you. For her sake—for your Fanny's sake—pause, like me, before the gulf swallow us. Let us fly!—far to the New World—to any land where our thighs and sinews, our stout hands and

hearts, can find an honest mart. Men, desperate as we are, have yet risen by honest means. Take her, your orphan, with us. We will work for her, both of us. Gawtreys! hear me. It is not my voice that speaks to you—it is your good angel's!"

Gawtreys fell back against the wall, and his chest heaved.

"Morton," he said, with choked and tremulous accents, "go, now; leave me to my fate! I have sinned against you—shamefully sinned. It seemed to me so sweet to have a friend;—in your youth and character of mind there was so much about which the tough strings of my heart wound themselves, that I could not bear to lose you—to suffer you to know me for what I was. I blinded—I deceived you as to my past deeds; *that* was base in me: but I swore to my own heart to keep you unexposed to every danger and free from every vice that darkened my own path. I kept that oath till this night, when, seeing that you began to recoil from me, and dreading that you should desert me, I thought to bind you to me for ever by implicating you in this fellowship of crime. I am punished, and justly. Go, I repeat—leave me to the fate that strides

near and nearer to me day by day. You are a boy still — I am no longer young. Habit is a second nature. Still—still I could repent—I could begin life again! But repose!—to look back—to remember—to be haunted night and day with deeds that shall meet me bodily and face to face on the last day—”

“Add not to the spectres! Come—fly this night—this hour!”

Gawtrej paused, irresolute and wavering, when at that moment he heard steps on the stairs below. He started—as starts the boar caught in his lair—and listened, pale and breathless.

“Hush!—they are on us!—they come!” as he whispered, the key from without turned in the wards—the door shook. “Soft!—the bar preserves us both—this way.” And the coiner crept to the door of the private stairs. He unlocked and opened it cautiously. A man sprang through the aperture—

“Yield!—you are my prisoner!”

“Never!” cried Gawtrej, hurling back the intruder, and clapping to the door, though other and stout men were pressing against it with all their power.

“Ho! ho! Who shall open the tiger’s cage?”

At both doors now were heard the sounds of voices. "Open in the king's name, or expect no mercy!"

"Hist!" said Gawtrej. "One way yet—the window—the rope."

Morton opened the casement—Gawtrej uncoiled the rope. The dawn was breaking; it was light in the streets, but all seemed quiet without. The doors reeled and shook beneath the pressure of the pursuers. Gawtrej flung the rope across the street to the opposite parapet; after two or three efforts, the grappling-hook caught firm hold—the perilous path was made.

"On!—quick!—loiter not!" whispered Gawtrej: "you are active—it seems more dangerous than it is—cling with both hands—shut your eyes. When on the other side—you see the window of Birnie's room,—enter it—descend the stairs—let yourself out, and you are safe."

"Go first;" said Morton, in the same tone: "I will not leave you now: you will be longer getting across than I shall. I will keep guard till you are over."

"Hark! hark!—are you mad? You keep guard! What is your strength to mine?"

Twenty men shall not move that door, while my weight is against it. Quick, or you destroy us both! Besides you will hold the rope for me, it may not be strong enough for my bulk of itself. Stay!—stay one moment. If you escape, and I fall—Fanny—my father, he will take care of her,—you remember—thanks! Forgive me all! Go; that's right!"

With a firm pulse, Morton threw himself on that dreadful bridge; it swung and cracked at his weight. Shifting his grasp rapidly—holding his breath—with set teeth—with closed eyes—he moved on—he gained the parapet—he stood safe on the opposite side. And now, straining his eyes across, he saw through the open casement into the chamber he had just quitted. Gawtreys was still standing against the door to the principal staircase, for that of the two was the weaker and the more assailed. Presently the explosion of a firearm was heard; they had shot through the panel. Gawtreys seemed wounded, for he staggered forward, and uttered a fierce cry; a moment more, and he gained the window—he seized the rope—he hung over the tremendous depth! Norton knelt by the parapet, holding the grappling-hook in its place, with

convulsive grasp, and fixing his eyes, bloodshot with fear and suspense, on the huge bulk that clung for life to that slender cord!

"*Le voilà! le voilà!*" cried a voice from the opposite side. Morton raised his gaze from Gawtre; the casement was darkened by the forms of the pursuers—they had burst into the room—an officer sprung upon the parapet, and Gawtre, now aware of his danger, opened his eyes, and, as he moved on, glared upon the foe. The policeman deliberately raised his pistol—Gawtre arrested himself—from a wound in his side the blood trickled slowly and darkly down, drop by drop, upon the stones below; even the officers of law shuddered as they eyed him;—his hair bristling—his cheek white—his lips drawn convulsively from his teeth, and his eyes glaring from beneath the frown of agony and menace in which yet spoke the indomitable power and fierceness of the man. His look, so fixed—so intense—so stern, awed the policeman; his hand trembled as he fired, and the ball struck the parapet an inch below the spot where Morton knelt. An indistinct, wild, gurgling sound—half-laugh, half-yell—of scorn and glee, broke from Gawtre's lips. He swung

himself on — near — near — nearer — a yard from the parapet.

“You are saved!” cried Morton; when at that moment a volley burst from the fatal casement — the smoke rolled over both the fugitives — a groan, or rather howl, of rage, and despair, and agony, appalled even the hardiest on whose ear it came. Morton sprang to his feet, and looked below. He saw on the rugged stones, far down, a dark, formless, motionless mass — the strong man of passion and levity — the giant who had played with life and soul, as an infant with the baubles that it prizes and breaks — was what the Caesar and the leper alike are, when all clay is without God’s breath, — what glory, genius, power and beauty, would be for ever and for ever, if there were no God!

“There is another!” cried the voice of one of the pursuers. “Fire!”

“Poor Gawtreys!” muttered Philip, “I will fulfil your last wish;” and scarcely conscious of the bullet that whizzed by him, he disappeared behind the parapet.

CHAPTER VI.

"Gently moved

By the soft wind of whispering silks" — DICKENS.

THE reader may remember that while Monsieur Favart and Mr. Birnie were holding commune in the lane, the sounds of festivity were heard from a house in the adjoining street. To that house we are now summoned.

At Paris, the gaieties of balls, or *soirées*, are, I believe, very rare in that period of the year in which they are most frequent in London. The entertainment now given was in honour of a christening; the lady who gave it, a relation of the new-born.

Madame de Merville was a young widow; even before her marriage she had been distinguished in literature; she had written poems of more than common excellence; and being handsome, of good family, and large fortune, her talents made her an object of more interest than they might otherwise have

done. Her poetry shewed great sensibility and tenderness. If poetry be any index to the heart, you would have thought her one to love truly and deeply. Nevertheless, since she married—as girls in France do—not to please herself, but her parents, she made a *mariage de convenance*. Monsieur de Merville was a sober, sensible man, past middle age. Not being fond of poetry, and by no means coveting a professional author for his wife, he had during their union, which lasted four years, discouraged his wife's *laissez* with Apollo. But her mind, active and ardent, did not the less prey upon itself. At the age of four-and-twenty she became a widow, with an income large even in England for a single woman, and at Paris constituting no ordinary fortune. Madame de Merville, however, though a person of elegant taste, was neither ostentatious nor selfish; she had no children, and she lived quietly in apartments, handsome indeed, but not more than adequate to the small establishment which—where, as on the Continent, the costly convenience of an entire house is not incurred—sufficed for her retinue. She devoted at least half her income, which was entirely at her own disposal, partly to the aid of her own relations, who were not rich, and

partly to the encouragement of the literature she cultivated. Although she shrunk from the ordeal of publication, her poems and sketches of romance were read to her own friends, and possessed an eloquence seldom accompanied with so much modesty. Thus, her reputation, though not blown about the winds, was high in her own circle, and her position in fashion and in fortune made her looked up to by her relations as the head of her family; they regarded her as *femme supérieure*, and her advice with them was equivalent to a command. Eugénie de Merville was a strange mixture of qualities at once feminine and masculine. On the one hand, she had a strong will, independent views, some contempt for the world, and followed her own inclinations without servility to the opinion of others; on the other hand, she was susceptible, romantic, of a sweet, affectionate, kind disposition. Her visit to M. Love, however indiscreet, was not less in accordance with her character than her charity to the mechanic's wife: masculine and careless where an eccentric thing was to be done—curiosity satisfied, or some object in female diplomacy achieved—womanly, delicate, and gentle the instant her benevolence was appealed to or her heart touched. She had now been

three years a widow, and was consequently at the age of twenty-seven. Despite the tenderness of her poetry and her character, her reputation was unblemished. She had never been in love. People who are much occupied do not fall in love easily; besides Madame de Merrille was refining, exacting, and wished to find heroes where she only met handsome dandies or ugly authors. Moreover, Eugénie was both a vain and a proud person—vain of her celebrity, and proud of her birth. She was one, whose goodness of heart made her always active in promoting the happiness of others. She was not only generous and charitable, but willing to serve people by good offices as well as money. Every body loved her. The new-born infant, to whose addition to the Christian community the fête of this night was dedicated, was the pledge of an union which Mademoiselle de Merrille had managed to effect between two young persons, first cousins to each other, and related to herself. There had been scruples of parents to remove—money matters to adjust—Eugénie had smoothed all. The husband and wife, still lovers, looked up to her as the author, under Heaven, of their happiness.

The gala of that night had been, therefore,

of a nature more than usually pleasurable, and the mirth did not sound hollow, but rung from the heart. Yet, as Eugénie from time to time contemplated the young couple, whose eyes ever sought each other—so fair, so tender, and so joyous as they seemed—a melancholy shadow darkened her brow, and she sighed involuntarily. Once the young wife, Madame d'Arville, approaching her timidly, said,—

“ Ah! my sweet cousin, when shall we see you as happy as ourselves? There is such happiness,” she added, innocently and with a blush, “in being a mother!—that little life all one's own—it is something to think of every hour!”

“ Perhaps,” said Eugénie, smiling, and seeking to turn the conversation from a subject that touched too nearly upon feelings and thoughts her pride did not wish to reveal,—“ perhaps, it is you then who have made our cousin, poor Monsieur de Vaudemont, so determined to marry? Pray, be more cautious with him. How difficult I have found it to prevent his bringing into our family some one to make us all ridiculous!”

“ True,” said Madame d'Arville, laughing.

"But then, the chevalier is so poor and in debt. He would fall in love not with the demoiselle but the dower. *A propos* of that, how cleverly you took advantage of his boastful confession to break off his *litanies* with that *bureau de mariage*."

"Yes; I congratulate myself on that manoeuvre. Unpleasant as it was to go to such a place (for, of course, I could not send for Monsieur Love here), it would have been still more unpleasant to have received such a Madame de Vandemont as our cousin would have presented to us. Only think,—he was the rival of an *épicier*! I heard that there was some curious *désamour* to the faree of that establishment; but I could never get from Vandemont the particulars. He was ashamed of them, I fancy."

"What droll professions there are in Paris!" said Madame d'Anville; "as if people could not marry without going to an office for a spouse as we go for a servant! And so the establishment is broken up? And you never again saw that dark, wild-looking boy who so struck your fancy, that you have taken him as the original for the Murillo sketch of the youth in that charming tale you read to us the other evening. Ah! cousin, I think you were a little

taken with him; the *bureau de mariage* had its allurements for you as well as for our poor cousin!" The young mother said this laughingly and carelessly.

"Pooh!" returned Madame de Merville, laughing also; but a slight blush broke over her natural paleness. "But *à propos* of the Vicomte. You know how cruelly he has behaved to that poor boy of his by his English wife—never seen him since he was an infant—kept him at some school in England; and all because his vanity does not like the world to know that he has a son of nineteen! Well, I have induced him to recall this poor youth."

"Indeed! and how?"

"Why," said Eugénie, with a smile, "he wanted a loan, poor man, and I could therefore impose conditions by way of interest. But I also managed to conciliate him to the proposition, by representing that, if the young man were good-looking, he might, himself, with our connexions, &c., form an advantageous marriage; and that in such a case, if the father treated him now justly and kindly, he would naturally partake with the father whatever benefits the marriage might confer."

"Ah! you are an excellent diplomatist, Eugénie; and you turn people's heads by always acting from your heart. Hush, here comes the Vicomte!"

"A delightful ball," said Monsieur de Vandemont, approaching the hostess. "Pray, has that young lady yonder, in the pink dress, any fortune? She is pretty—eh?—you observe she is looking at me—I mean at us!"

"My dear cousin, what a compliment you pay to marriage. You have had two wives, and you are ever on the *qui vive* for a third!"

"What would you have me do?—we cannot resist the overtures of your bewitching sex. Hum—what fortune has she?"

"Not a sou; besides, she is engaged."

"Oh! now I look at her—she is not pretty—not at all. I made a mistake. I did not mean her. I meant the young lady in blue."

"Worse and worse—she is married already. Shall I present you?"

"Ah, Monsieur de Vandemont," said Madame d'Anville, "have you found out a new *bureau de mariage*?"

The Vicomte pretended not to hear that

question. But, turning to *Engénie*, took her aside, and said with an air in which he endeavoured to throw a great deal of sorrow,—“You know, my dear cousin, that to oblige you, I consented to send for my son, though, as I always said, it is very unpleasant for a man like me in the prime of life to hawk about a great boy of nineteen or twenty. People soon say, ‘*Old Vandemont and young Vandemont!*’ However, a father’s feelings are never appealed to in vain.” (Here the *Vicomte* put his handkerchief to his eyes, and, after a pause, continued,)—“I sent for him,—I even went to your old *bonne*, *Madame Dufour*, to make a bargain for her lodgings, and this day, guess my grief, I received a letter sealed with black. My son is dead!—a sudden fever—it is shocking!”

“Horrible! dead!—your own son, whom you hardly ever saw—never since he was an infant!”

“Yes, that softens the blow very much. And now you see *I must marry*. If the boy had been good-looking, and like me, and so forth, why, as you observed, he might have made a good match, and allowed me a certain sum, or we could have all lived together.”

“And your son is dead, and you come to a ball!”

"*Je suis philosophe*," said the Viconte, shrugging his shoulders. "And, as you say, I never saw him. It saves me 700 francs a-year. Don't say a word to any one—I sha'n't give out that he is dead, poor fellow! Pray be discreet: you see there are some ill-natured people who might think it odd I do not shut myself up. I can wait till Paris is quite empty. It would be a pity to lose any opportunity at present, for now, you see, I *must* marry!" And the *philosophe* sauntered away.

CHAPTER XII.

"ORIGINAL.

Those devotions I am to pay
Are written in my heart not in this book.

Enter RICHARD.

I am pursued—all the ports are stop'd too,
Not my hope to escape—behind, before me,
On either side, I am beset."

BEAUCHAMPEL AND FERRIERE: *The Custom of the Country.*

THE party were just gone—it was already the peep of day—the wheels of the last carriage had died in the distance.

Madame de Merville had dismissed her woman, and was seated in her own room leaning her head musingly on her hand.

Beside her was the table that held her MSS. and a few books, amidst which were scattered vases of flowers. On a pedestal beneath the window was placed a marble bust of Dante. Through the open door were seen in perspective the rooms just deserted by her guests—the lights still burned in the chandeliers, and *giran-*

doles, contending with the daylight that came through the half-closed curtains. The person of the inmate was in harmony with the apartment. It was characterised by a certain grace which, for want of a better epithet, writers are prone to call classical or antique. Her complexion, seeming paler than usual by that light, was yet soft and delicate—the features well cut, but small and womanly. About the face there was that rarest of all charms, the combination of intellect with sweetness—the eyes of a dark blue were thoughtful, perhaps, melancholy in their expression; but the long dark lashes, and the shape of the eyes themselves more long than full, gave to their intelligence a softness approaching to languor, increased, perhaps, by that slight shadow round and below the orbs which is common with those who have tasked too much either the mind or the heart. The contour of the face, without being sharp or angular, had yet lost a little of the roundness of earlier youth; and the hand on which she leaned was, perhaps, even too white, too delicate, for the beauty which belongs to health; but the throat and bust were of exquisite symmetry.

“I am not happy,” murmured Eugénie to

herself; "yet I scarce know why. Is it really as we women of romance have said till the saying is worn threadbare, that the destiny of women is not fame but love? Strange, then, that while I have so often pictured what love should be, I have never felt it. And now—and now," she continued, half rising, and with a natural pang,—“now I am no longer in my first youth. If I loved, should I be loved again? How happy that young pair seemed—they are never alone!”

At this moment, at a distance, was heard the report of fire-arms—again! Eugénie started, and called to her servant who, with a waiter hired for the night, was engaged in removing, and nibbling as he removed, the remains of the feast. “What is that, at this hour?—open the window and look out!”

“I can see nothing, madame.”

“Again—that is the third time. Go into the street and look—some one must be in danger.”

The servant and the waiter, both curious, and not willing to part company, ran down the stairs, and thence into the street.

Meanwhile Morton, after vainly attempting Birnie's window which the traitor had pre-

viously locked and barred against the escape of his intended victim, crept rapidly along the roof, screened by the parapet not only from the shot but the sight of the foe. But just as he gained the point at which the lane made an angle with the broad street it adjoined, he cast his eyes over the parapet, and perceived that one of the officers had ventured himself to the fearful bridge: he was pursued—detection and capture seemed inevitable. He paused and breathed hard. He, once the heir to such fortunes, the darling of such affections!—he, the hunted accomplice of a gang of miscreants! That was the thought that paralysed—the disgrace, not the danger. But he was in advance of the pursuer—he hastened on—he turned the angle—he heard a shout behind from the opposite side—the officer had passed the bridge: “it is but one man as yet,” thought he, and his nostrils dilated and his hands clenched as he glided on, glancing at each casement as he passed.

Now as youth and vigour thus struggled against Law for life, near at hand Death was busy with toil and disease.

In a miserable *garret*, or *garret*, a mechanic, yet young and stricken by a lingering malady

contracted by the labour of his occupation, was slowly passing from that world in which for the mass of inhabitants the curse of Cain is everlastingly at work. Now this man had married for love, and his wife had loved him; and it was the cares of that early marriage which had consumed him to the bone. But extreme want, if long continued, eats up love when it has nothing else to eat. And when people are very long dying, the people they fret and trouble begin to think of that too often hypocritical prettiness of phrase called "a happy release." So the worn-out and half-famished wife did not care three straws for the dying husband whom a year or two ago she had vowed to love and cherish in sickness and in health. But still she *seemed* to care, for she moaned, and pined, and wept, as the man's breath grew fainter and fainter.

"Ah, Jean!" said she, sobbing, "what will become of me, a poor lone widow, with nobody to work for my bread!" And with that thought she took on worse than before.

"I am stifling," said the dying man, rolling round his ghastly eyes. "How hot it is! Open the window; I should like to see the light—day-light once again."

"*Mou Dieu!* what whims he has, poor man!" muttered the woman, without stirring.

The poor wretch put his skeleton hand out and clutched his wife's arm.

"I sha'n't trouble you long, Marie! Air—air!"

"Jean, you will make yourself worse—besides I shall catch my death of cold. I have scarce a rag on, but I will just open the door."

"Pardon me," groaned the sufferer; "leave me then."

Poor fellow! perhaps at that moment the thought of unkindness was sharper than the sharp cough which brought blood at every paroxysm. He did not like her so near him, but he did not blame her. Again, I say,—poor fellow!

The woman opened the door, went to the other side of the room and sat down on an old box and began darning an old neck handkerchief. The silence was soon broken by the moans of the fast dying man, and again he muttered, as he tossed to and fro, with bared white hips,—

"*Je m'étouffe!*—Air!"

There was no resisting that prayer, it seemed so like the last. The wife laid down the

needle, put the handkerchief round her throat, and opened the window.

"Do you feel easier now?"

"Bless you, Marie—yes; that's good—good. It puts me in mind of old days, that breath of air, before we came to Paris.—I wish I could work for you now, Marie."

"Jean! my poor Jean!" said the woman, and the words and the voice took back her hardening heart to the fresh fields and tender thoughts of the past time. And she walked up to the bed, and he leaned his temples, damp with livid dews, upon her breast.

"I have been a sad burden to you, Marie: we should not have married so soon; but I thought I was stronger. Don't cry; we have no little ones, thank God. It will be much better for you when I'm gone."

And so word after word gasped out—he stopped suddenly and seemed to fall asleep.

The wife then attempted gently to lay him once more on his pillow—the head fell back heavily—the jaw had dropped—the teeth were set—the eyes were open and like stone—the truth broke on her!—

"Jean—Jean! My God, he is dead! and I was unkind to him at the last!" With these

words she fell upon the corpse, happily herself insensible.

Just at that moment a human face peered in at the window. Through that aperture, after a moment's pause, a young man leapt lightly into the room. He looked round with a hurried glance, but scarcely noticed the forms stretched on the pallet. It was enough for him that they seemed to sleep, and saw him not. He stole across the room, the door of which Marie had, it will be recollected, left open, and descended the stairs. He had almost gained the court-yard into which the stairs conducted, when he heard voices below by the porter's lodge.

"The police have discovered a gang of coiners!"

"Coiners!"

"Yes, one has been shot dead! I have seen his body in the kevel: another has fled along the roofs—a desperate fellow! We are to watch for him. Let us go up-stairs and get on the roof and look out."

By the hum of approval that followed this proposition, Norton judged rightly that it had been addressed to several persons whom curiosity and the explosion of the pistols had

drawn from their beds, and who were grouped round the porter's lodge. What was to be done?—to advance was impossible: was there yet time to retreat?—it was at least the only course left him; he sprang back up the stairs; he had just gained the first flight when he heard steps descending; then, suddenly, it flashed across him that he had left open the window above—that, doubtless, by that imprudent oversight the officer in pursuit had detected a clue to the path he had taken. What was to be done?—die as Gawtreys had done!—death rather than the galleys. As he thus resolved, he saw to the right the open door of an apartment in which lights still glimmered in their sockets. It seemed deserted—he entered boldly and at once, closing the door after him. Wines and viands still left on the table; gilded mirrors, reflecting the stern face of the solitary intruder; here and there an artificial flower; a knot of riland on the floor; all betokening the gaieties and graces of luxurious life—the dance, the revel, the feast—all this in one apartment!—above, in the same house, the pallet—the corpse—the widow—famine and woe! Such is a great city! such, above all, is Paris! where, under the same roof, are

gathered such antagonist varieties of the social state! Nothing strange in this; but what was strange and sad was, that so little do people thus neighbours know of each other, that the owner of those rooms had a heart soft to every distress, but she did not know the distress so close at hand. The music that had charmed her guests had mounted gaily to the vexed ears of agony and hunger. Morton passed the first room—a second—he came to a third,—and Eugénie de Merville, looking up at that instant, saw before her an apparition that might well have alarmed the boldest. His head was uncovered—his dark hair shadowed in wild and disorderly profusion the pale face, and features, beautiful, indeed, but at that moment of the beauty which an artist would impart to a young gladiator—stamped with defiance, menace, and despair. The disordered garb—the fierce aspect—the dark eyes, that literally shone through the shadows of the room—all conspired to increase the terror of so abrupt a presence.

“What are you?—What do you seek here?” said she, falteringly, placing her hand on the bell as she spoke.

Upon that soft hand Morton laid his own.

"I seek my life! I am pursued! I am at your mercy! I am innocent! Can you save me?"

As he spoke, the door of the outer room beyond was heard to open, and steps and voices were at hand.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, recoiling as he recognised her face. "And is it to you that I have fled?"

Eugénie also recognised the stranger; and there was something in their relative positions—the suppliant, the protectress—that excited both her imagination and her pity. A slight colour mantled to her cheeks—her look was gentle and compassionate.

"Poor boy! so young!" she said. "Hush!"

She withdrew her hand from his, retired a few steps, lifted a curtain drawn across a recess—and pointing to an alcove that contained one of those sofa-beds common in French houses, added, in a whisper,—

"Enter—you are saved."

Morton obeyed, and Eugénie replaced the curtain.

CHAPTER XIII.

"GROOMER.

Speak! What are you!

ROTTEN.

Gracious woman, hear me. I am a stranger;
And in that I answer all your demands."

Customs of the Country.

ÉUGÉNIE replaced the curtain. And scarcely had she done so, ere the steps in the outer room entered the chamber where she stood. Her servant was accompanied by two officers of the police.

"Pardon, madame," said one of the latter; "but we are in pursuit of a criminal. We think he must have entered this house through a window above while your servant was in the street. Permit us to search?"

"Without doubt," answered Eugénie, seating herself. "If he has entered, look in the

other apartments. I have not quitted this room.

"You are right. Accept our apologies."

And the officers turned back to examine every corner where the fugitive was not. For in that, the scouts of Justice resembled their mistress: when does man's justice look to the right place?

The servant lingered to repeat the tale he had heard—the sight he had seen. When, at that instant, he saw the curtain of the alcove slightly stirred. He uttered an exclamation—sprang to the bed—his hand touched the curtain—Eugénie seized his arm. She did not speak; but as he turned his eyes to her, astonished, he saw that she trembled, and that her cheek was as white as marble.

"Madame," he said, hesitating, "there is some one hid in the recesses."

"There is! Be silent!"

A suspicion flashed across the servant's mind. The pure, the proud, the immaculate Eugénie!

"There is!—and in madame's chamber!" he faltered unconsciously.

Eugénie's quick apprehension seized the foul thought. Her eyes flashed—her cheeks crimsoned. But her lofty and generous

nature conquered even the indignant and scornful burst that rushed to her lips. The truth!—could she trust the man? A doubt—and the charge of the human life rendered to her might be betrayed. Her colour fell—tears gushed to her eyes.

“I have been kind to you, François. Not a word!”

“Madame confides in me—it is enough,” said the Frenchman, bowing, and with a slight smile on his lips; and he drew back respectfully.

One of the police-officers re-entered.

“We have done, madame, he is not here. Aha! that curtain!”

“It is madame’s bed,” said François. “But I have looked behind.”

“I am most sorry to have disarranged you,” said the policeman, satisfied with the answer; “but we shall have him yet.” And he retired.

The last footsteps died away, the last door of the apartments closed behind the officers, and Eugénie and her servant stood alone, gazing on each other.

“You may retire,” said she, at last; and

taking her purse from the table, she placed it in his hands.

The man took it, with a significant look.

"Madame may depend on my discretion."

Engénie was alone again. Those words rang in her ear,—Engénie de Merrille dependent on the discretion of her lackey! She sunk into her chair, and, her excitement succeeded by exhaustion, leaned her face on her hands, and burst into tears. She was aroused by a low voice, she looked up, and the young man was kneeling at her feet.

"Go—go!" she said; "I have done for you all I can. You heard—you heard—my own hireling, too! At the hazard of my own good name you are saved. Go!"

"Of your good name!"—for Engénie forgot that it was looks, not words, that had so wronged her pride—"Your good name!" he repeated; and glancing round the room—the toilette, the curtain, the recess he had quitted—all that bespoke that chaste sanctuary of a chaste woman, which for a stranger to enter is, as it were, to profane—her meaning broke on him. "Your good name!—your hireling! No, madame—

no!" And as he spoke, he rose to his feet. "Not for me, that sacrifice! Your humanity shall not cost you so dear. Ho, there! I am the man you seek." And he strode to the door.

Eugénie was penetrated with the answer. She sprang to him—she grasped his garments.

"Hush! hush!—for mercy's sake! What would you do? Think you I could ever be happy again, if the confidence you placed in me were betrayed? Be calm—be still. I knew not what I said. It will be easy to undeceive the man—later—when you are saved. And you are innocent,—are you not?"

"Oh, madam," said Morton, "from my soul I say it, I am innocent—not of poverty—wretchedness—error—shame; I am innocent of crime. May Heaven bless you!" And as he reverently kissed the hand laid on his arm, there was something in his voice so touching, in his manner something so above his fortunes, that Eugénie was lost in her feelings of compassion, surprise, and something, it might be, of admiration in her wonder.

"And, oh!" he said, passionately, gazing on

her with his dark, brilliant eyes, liquid with emotion, "you have made my life sweet in saving it. You—you—of whom, ever since the first time, almost the sole time, I beheld you—I have so often mused and dreamed. Henceforth, whatever befall me, there will be some recollections that will—that——"

He stopped short, for his heart was too full for words; and the silence said more to Eugénie than if all the eloquence of Rousseau had glowed upon his tongue.

"And who, and what are you?" she asked, after a pause.

"An exile—an orphan—an outcast! I have no name! Farewell!"

"No—stay yet—the danger is not past. Wait till my servant is gone to rest; I hear him yet. Sit down—sit down. And whither would you go?"

"I know not."

"Have you no friends?"

"None."

"No home?"

"None."

"And the police of Paris so vigilant!" cried Eugénie, wringing her hands. "What is to

be done? I shall have saved you in vain—you will be discovered! Of what do they charge you? Not robbery—not —”

And she, too, stopped short, for she did not dare to breathe the black word—“Murder.”

“I know not,” said Morton, putting his hand to his forehead, “except of being friends with the only man who befriended me—and they have killed him!”

“Another time you shall tell me all.”

“Another time!” he exclaimed, eagerly—
“*shall* I see you again?”

Eugénie blushed beneath the gaze and the voice of joy.

“Yes,” she said; “yes. But I must reflect. Be calm—be silent. Ah!—a happy thought!”

She sat down, wrote a hasty line, sealed, and gave it to Morton.

“Take this note, as addressed to Madame Dufour; it will provide you with a safe lodging. She is a person I can depend on—an old servant who lived with my mother, and to whom I have given a small pension. She has a lodging—it is lately vacant—I promised to procure her a tenant,—go—say nothing of what has passed. I will see her, and arrange

all. Wait!—hark!—all is still! I will go first, and see that no one watches you. Stop,” (and she threw open the window, and looked into the court), “The porter’s door is open—that is fortunate! Hurry on, and God be with you!”

In a few minutes Morton was in the streets. It was still early—the thoroughfares deserted—none of the shops yet open. The address on the note was to a street at some distance, on the other side the Seine. He passed along the same Quai which he had trodden but a few hours since—he passed the same splendid bridge on which he had stood despairing to quit it, revived—he gained the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré. A young man in a cabriolet, on whose fair cheek burned the hectic of late vigils and lavish dissipation, was rolling leisurely home from the gaming-house, at which he had been more than usually fortunate—his pockets were laden with notes and gold. He bent forwards as Morton passed him. Philip, absorbed in his reverie, perceived him not, and continued his way. The gentleman turned down one of the streets to the left, stopped, and called to the servant dozing behind his cabriolet.

"Follow that passenger! quietly—see where he lodges; be sure to find out and let me know. I shall go home without you."

With that he drove on.

Philip, unconscious of the *espionage*, arrived at a small house in a quiet but respectable street, and rang the bell several times before at last he was admitted by Madame Dufour herself, in her night-cap. The old woman looked askant and alarmed at the unexpected apparition. But the note seemed at once to satisfy her. She conducted him to an apartment on the first floor, small, but neatly and even elegantly furnished; consisting of a sitting-room and a bed-chamber, and said, quietly,—

"Will they suit monsieur?"

To monsieur they seemed a palace. Morton nodded assent.

"And will monsieur sleep for a short time?"

"Yes."

"The bed is well-aired. The rooms have only been vacant three days since. Can I get you any thing till your baggage arrives?"

"No."

The woman left him. He threw off his clothes—flung himself on the bed—and did not wake till noon.

When his eyes unclosed—when they rested on that calm chamber, with its air of health, and cleanliness, and comfort, it was long before he could convince himself that he was yet awake. He missed the loud, deep voice of Gawtrey—the smoke of the dead man's meerschaum—the gloomy garret—the distained walls—the stealthy whisper of the loathed Birnie; slowly the life led and the life gone within the last twelve hours grew upon his struggling memory. He groaned, and turned uneasily round, when the door slightly opened, and he sprang up fiercely,—

“Who is there?”

“It is only I, sir,” answered Madame Dufour. “I have been in three times to see if you were stirring. There is a letter I believe for you, sir; though there is no name to it,” and she laid the letter on the chair beside him. Did it come from her—the saving angel? He seized it. The cover was blank; it was sealed with a small device, as of a ring seal. He tore it open, and found four *billets de banque* for 1000 francs each,—a sum equivalent in our money to about 1600.

“Who sent this, the—the lady from whom I brought the note?”

"Madame de Merrille? certainly not, sir," said Madame Dufour, who, with the privilege of age, was now unscrupulously filling the water-jugs and setting the toilette table. "A young man called about two hours after you had gone to bed; and describing you, inquired if you lodged here, and what your name was. I said you had just arrived, and that I did not yet know your name. So he went away, and came again half-an-hour afterwards with this letter, which he charged me to deliver to you safely."

"A young man—a gentleman?"

"No, sir; he seemed a smart but common sort of lad." For the unsophisticated Madame Dufour did not discover in the plain black frock and drab gaiters of the bearer of that letter the simple livery of an English gentleman's groom.

Whom could it come from, if not from Madame de Merrille? Perhaps one of Gwretzy's late friends. A suspicion of Arthur Beaufort crossed him, but he indignantly dismissed it. Men are seldom credulous of what they are unwilling to believe! What kindness had the Beauforts hitherto shewn him?—Left his mother to perish broken-hearted—stolen from

him his brother, and steeled in that brother the only heart wherein he had a right to look for gratitude and love! No, it *must* be Madame de Merville. He dismissed Madame Dufour for pen and paper—rose—wrote a letter to Eugénie—grateful, but proud, and enclosed the notes. He then summoned Madame Dufour, and sent her with his despatch.

“Ah, madame,” said the *ci-devant bonne*, when she found herself in Eugénie’s presence.

“The poor lad! how handsome he is, and how shameful in the Vicomte to let him wear such clothes!”

“The Vicomte!”

“Oh, my dear mistress, you must not deny it. You told me, in your note, to ask him no questions, but I guessed at once. The Vicomte told me himself that he should have the young gentleman over in a few days. You need not be ashamed of him. You will see what a difference clothes will make in his appearance; and I have taken it on myself to order a tailor to go to him. The Vicomte *must* pay me.”

“Not a word to the Vicomte as yet. We will surprise him,” said Eugénie, laughing.

Madame de Merville had been all that morning trying to invent some story to account

for her interest in the lodger, and now how Fortune favoured her!

“But is that a letter for me?”

“And I had almost forgot it,” said Madame Dufour, as she extended the letter.

Whatever there had hitherto been in the circumstances connected with Morton that had roused the interest and excited the romance of Eugénie de Merville, her fancy was yet more attracted by the tone of the letter she now read. For though Morton, more accustomed to speak than to write French, expressed himself with less precision, and a less euphuistic selection of phrase, than the authors and *élégans* who formed her usual correspondents; there was an innate and rough nobleness—a strong and profound feeling in every line of his letter, which increased her surprise and admiration.

“All that surrounds him—all that belongs to him, is strangeness and mystery!” murmured she; and she sat down to reply.

When Madame Dufour departed with that letter, Eugénie remained silent and thoughtful for more than an hour. Morton's letter before her; and sweet, in their indistinctness, were the recollections and the images that crowded on her mind.

Morton, satisfied by the earnest and solemn assurances of Eugénie that she was not the unknown donor of the sum she reenclosed, after puzzling himself in vain to form any new conjectures as to the quarter whence it came, felt that under his present circumstances it would be an absurd Quixotism to refuse to apply what the very Providence to whom he had anew consigned himself seemed to have sent to his aid. And it placed him, too, beyond the offer of all pecuniary assistance from one from whom he could least have brooked to receive it. He consented, therefore, to all that the loquacious tailor proposed to him. And it would have been difficult to have recognised the wild and frenzied fugitive in the stately and graceful form, with its young beauty and air of well-born pride, which the next day sat by the side of Eugénie. And that day he told his sad and troubled story, and Eugénie wept; and from that day he came daily; and two weeks—happy, dreamlike, intoxicating to both—passed by; and as their last sun set, he was kneeling at her feet, and breathing to one to whom the homage of wit, and genius, and complacent wealth, had hitherto been vainly proffered,

the impetuous, agitated, delicious secrets of the First Love. He spoke, and rose to depart for ever—when the look and the sigh detained him.

The next day, after a sleepless night, Eugénie de Merville sent for the Vicomte de Vandemont.

CHAPTER XIV.

"A silver river small
In sweet accents
Its music vents ;—
The warbling vireonid
To which the merry birds do sing,
Timid wild stops of gold the silver string."

SIR RICHARD FANSHAW.

ONE evening, several weeks after the events just commemorated, a stranger, leading in his hand a young child, entered the church-yard of H—. The sun had not long set, and the short twilight of deepening summer reigned in the tranquil skies; you might still hear from the trees above the graves the chirp of some joyous Bird;—what cared he, the denizen of the skies, for the dead that slept below?—what did he value save the greenness and repose of the spot,—to him alike, the garden or the grave! As the man and the child passed, the robin, scarcely scared

by their tread from the long grass beside one of the mounds, looked at them with its bright, blithe eye. It was a famous spot for the robin—the old churchyard! That domestic bird—“the friend of man,” as it has been called by the poets—found a jolly supper among the worms!

The stranger, on reaching the middle of the sacred ground, paused and looked round him wistfully. He then approached, slowly and hesitatingly, an oblong tablet, on which were graven, in letters yet fresh and new, these words:—

TO THE
MEMORY OF ONE CALUMNIATED AND WRETTED,
THIS MURAL-TOMB IS DEDICATED
BY HER SON.

Such, with the addition of the dates of birth and death, was the tablet which Philip Morton had directed to be placed over his mother's bones; and around it was set a simple palisade, which defended it from the tread of the children, who sometimes, in defiance of the beadle, played over the dust of the former race.

"Thy son!" muttered the stranger, while the child stood quietly by his side, pleased by the trees, the grass, the song of the birds, and recking not of grief or death,—*"thy son!—but not thy favoured son—thy darling—thy youngest born; on what spot of earth do thine eyes look down on him? Surely in heaven thy love has preserved the one whom on earth thou didst most cherish, from the sufferings and the trials that have visited the less-favoured outcast. Oh, mother—mother!—it was not his crime—not Philip's—that he did not fulfil to the last the trust bequeathed to him! Happier, perhaps, as it is! And, oh! if thy memory be graven as deeply in my brother's heart as my own, how often will it warn and save him! That memory!—it has been to me the angel of my life! To thee—to thee, even in death, I owe it, if, though erring, I am not criminal,—if I have lived with the lepers, and am still undefiled!"* His lips then were silent—not his heart!

After a few minutes thus consumed, he turned to the child, and said, gently and in a tremulous voice,—*"Fanny, you have been taught to pray—you will live near this spot,—"*

will you come sometimes here and pray that you may grow up good and innocent, and become a blessing to those who love you?"

"Will papa ever come to hear me pray?"

That sad and unconscious question went to the heart of Morton. The child could not comprehend death. He had sought to explain it, but she had been accustomed to consider her protector dead when he was absent from her, and she still insisted that he must come again to life. And that man of turbulence and crime, who had passed unrepentant, unsolved, from sin to judgment: it was an awful question—"If he should hear her pray?"

"Yes!" said he, after a pause,—“yes, Fanny, there is a Father who will hear you pray; and pray to Him to be merciful to those who have been kind to you. Fanny, you and I may never meet again!”

“Are you going to die too? *Mercant*, every one dies to Fanny!” and, clinging to him endearingly, she put up her lips to kiss him. He took her in his arms; and, as a tear fell upon her rosy cheek, she said, “Don’t cry, brother, for I love you.”

“Do you, dear Fanny? Then, for my sake, when you come to this place, if any one will

give you a few flowers, scatter them on that stone. And now we will go to one whom you must love also, and to whom, as I have told you, he sends you; he who—Come!”

As he thus spoke, and placed Fanny again on the ground, he was startled to see, precisely on the spot where he had seen before the like apparition—on the same spot where the father had cursed the son, the motionless form of an old man. Morton recognised, as if by an instinct rather than by an effort of the memory, the person to whom he was bound.

He walked slowly towards him; but Fanny abruptly left his side, lured by a moth that flitted daskily over the graves.

“Your name, sir, I think is Simon Gantrey?” said Morton. “I have come to England in quest of you.”

“Of me?” said the old man, half rising, and his eyes, now completely blind, rolled vacantly over Morton’s person,—“Of me?—for what?—Who are you?—I don’t know your voice!”

“I come to you from your son!”

“My son!” exclaimed the old man, with great vehemence,—“the reprobate!—the dishonoured!—the infamous!—the accursed——”

“Hush! you revile the Dead!”

“Dead!” muttered the wretched father, tottering back to the seat he had quitted, “dead!” and the sound of his voice was so full of anguish that the dog at his feet, which Morton had not hitherto perceived, echoed it with a dismal cry, that recalled to Philip the awful day in which he had seen the son quit the father for the last time on earth.

The sound brought Fanny to the spot; and, with a laugh of delight, which made to it a strange contrast, she threw herself on the grass beside the dog and sought to entice it to play. So there, in that place of death, were knit together the four links in the Great Chain;—lustre and blooming life—desolate and dotting age—infancy, yet scarce conscious of a soul—and the dumb brute, that has no warrant of a Hereafter!

“Dead!—dead!” repeated the old man, covering his sightless balls with his withered hands. “Poor William!”

“He remembered you to the last. He bade me seek you out—he bade me replace the guilty son with a thing pure and innocent, as he had been had he died in his cradle—a

child to comfort your old age! Kneel, Fanny, I have found you a father who will cherish you—(oh! you will, sir, will you not?)—as he whom you may see no more!”

There was something in Morton's voice so solemn that it awed and touched both the old man and the infant; and Fanny, creeping to the protector thus assigned to her, and putting her little hands confidingly on his knees, said,—

“Fanny will love you if papa wished it. Kiss Fanny.”

“Is it his child—his?” said the blind man, sobbing. “Come to my heart; here—here! O God, forgive me!”

Morton did not think it right at that moment to undeceive him with regard to the poor child's true connexion with the deceased; and he waited in silence till Simon, after a burst of passionate grief and tenderness, rose, and, still clasping the child to his breast, said,—

“Sir, forgive me! I am a very weak old man—I have many thanks to give—I have much, too, to learn. My poor son! he did not die in want,—did he?”

The particulars of Gawtre's fate, with his

real name and the various *aliases* he had assumed, had appeared in the French journals, and been partially copied into the English; and Morton had expected to have been saved the painful narrative of that fearful death; but the utter seclusion of the old man, his infirmity, and his estranged habits, had shut him out from the intelligence that it now devolved on Philip to communicate. Morton hesitated a little before he answered,—

“It is late now; you are not yet prepared to receive this poor infant at your home, nor to bear the details I have to state. I arrived in England but to-day. I shall lodge in the neighbourhood, for it is dear to me. If I may feel sure, then, that you will receive and treasure this sacred and last deposit bequeathed to you by your unhappy son, I will bring my charge to you to-morrow, and we will then, more calmly than we can now, talk over the past.”

“You do not answer my question,” said Simon, passionately; “answer that, and I will wait for the rest. They call me a miser! Did I send out my only child to starve? Answer that!”

“Be comforted. He did not die in want;

and he has even left some little fortune for Fanny, which I was to place in your hands."

"And he thought to bribe the old miser to be human! Well—well—well! I will go home."

"Lean on me!"

The dog leapt playfully on his master as the latter rose, and Fanny slid from Simon's arms to caress and talk to the animal in her own way. As they slowly passed through the churchyard, Simon muttered incoherently to himself for several paces, and Morton would not disturb, since he could not comfort, him.

At last, he said abruptly,—"Did my son repent?"

"I hope," answered Morton, evasively, "that, had his life been spared, he would have amended!"

"Tush, sir!—I am past seventy;—we repent!—we never amend!" And Simon again sunk into his own dim and disconnected reveries.

At length they arrived at the blind man's house. The door was opened to them by an old woman of disagreeable and sinister aspect, dressed out much too gaily for the station of a

servant, though such was her reputed capacity; but the miser's affliction saved her from the chance of comment on her extravagance. As she stood in the door-way with a candle in her hand, she scanned curiously, and with no welcoming eye, her master's companions.

"Mrs. Boxer, my son is dead!" said Simon, in a hollow voice.

"And a good thing it is then, sir!"

"For shame, woman!" said Morton, indignantly.

"Hey-day! sir! Whom have we got here?"

"One," said Simon, sternly, "whom you will treat with respect. He brings me a blessing to lighten my loss. One harsh word to this child, and you quit my house!"

The woman looked perfectly thunderstruck; but, recovering herself, she said whiningly,—

"I! a harsh word to any thing my dear, kind master cares for! And, Lord, what a sweet pretty creature it is! Come here, my dear!"

But Fanny shrank back, and would not let go Philip's hand.

"To-morrow, then," said Morton; and he was turning away, when a sudden thought seemed to cross the old man,—

"Stay, sir,—stay! I—I—did my son say I was rich? I am very, very poor—nothing in the house, or I should have been robbed long ago!"

"Your son told me to bring money, not to ask for it!"

"Ask for it! No; but," added the old man, and a gleam of cunning intellect shot over his face,—“but he had got into a bad set. Ask!—No!—Put up the door-chain, Mrs. Boxer!"

It was with doubt and misgivings that Morton, the next day, consigned the child, who had already nestled herself into the warmest core of his heart, to the care of Simon. Nothing short of that superstitious respect, which all men owe to the wishes of the dead, would have made him select for her that asylum; for Fate had now, in brightening his own prospects, given him an alternative in the benevolence of Madame de Merville. But Gawtrej had been so earnest on the subject, that he felt as if he had no right to hesitate. And was it not a sort of atonement to any faults the son might have committed against the parent, to place by the old man's hearth so sweet a charge?

The strange and peculiar mind and character of Fanny made him, however, yet more anxious than otherwise he might have been. She certainly deserved not the harsh name of imbecile or idiot, but she was different from all other children; she felt more acutely than most of her age, but she could not be taught to reason. There was something either oblique or deficient in her intellect, which justified the most melancholy apprehensions; yet often, when some disordered, incoherent, inexplicable train of ideas most saddened the listener, it would be followed by fancies so exquisite in their strangeness, or feelings so endearing in their tenderness, that suddenly she seemed as much above, as before she seemed below, the ordinary measure of infant comprehension. She was like a creature to which Nature, in some cruel but bright caprice, has given all that belongs to poetry, but denied all that belongs to the common understanding necessary to mankind; or, as a fairy changeling, not indeed according to the vulgar superstition, malignant and deformed, but lovelier than the children of men, and haunted by dim and struggling associations of a gentler and fairer being, yet wholly incapable to learn

the dry and hard elements which make up the knowledge of actual life.

Morton, as well as he could, sought to explain to Simon the peculiarities in Fanny's mental constitution. He urged on him the necessity of providing for her careful instruction, and Simon promised to send her to the best school the neighbourhood could afford; but, as the old man spoke, he dwelt so much on the supposed fact that Fanny was William's daughter, and with his remorse, or affection, there ran so interwoven a thread of selfishness and avarice, that Morton thought it would be dangerous to his interest in the child to undeceive his error. He, therefore,—perhaps excusably enough—remained silent on that subject.

Gawtrey had placed with the superior of the convent, together with an order to give up the child to any one who should demand her in his true name, which he confided to the superior, a sum of nearly 300*l.*, which he solemnly swore had been honestly obtained, and which, in all his shifts and adversities, he had never allowed himself to touch. This sum, with the trifling deduction made for arrears due to the convent, Morton

now placed in Simon's hands. The old man clutched the money, which was for the most in French gold, with a convulsive gripe; and then, as if ashamed of the impulse, said,—

“But you, sir,—will any sum—that is, any reasonable sum—be of use to you?”

“No! and if it were, it is neither yours nor mine—it is hers. Save it for her, and add to it what you can.”

While this conversation took place, Fanny had been consigned to the care of Mrs. Boxer, and Philip now rose to see and bid her farewell before he departed.

“I may come again to visit you, Mr. Gawtreys; and I pray Heaven to find that you and Fanny have been a mutual blessing to each other. Oh, remember how your son loved her!”

“He had a good heart in spite of all his sins. Poor William!” said Simon.

Philip Morton heard, and his lip curled with a sad and a just disdain.

If, when at the age of nineteen, William Gawtreys had quitted his father's roof, the father had then remembered that the son's heart was good, the son had been alive still, an honest and a happy man. Do ye not laugh,

O ye all-listening Fiends! when men praise those dead whose virtues they discovered not when alive? It takes much marble to build the sepulchre—how little of lath and plaster would have repaired the garet!

On turning into a small room adjoining the parlour in which Gawtrey sat, Morton found Fanny standing gloomily by a dull, soot-grimed window, which looked out on the dead walls of a small yard. Mrs. Boxer, seated by a table, was employed in trimming a cap, and putting questions to Fanny in that falsetto voice of endearment in which people not used to children are apt to address them.

"And so, my dear, they've never taught you to read or write? You've been sadly neglected, poor thing!"

"We must do our best to supply the deficiency," said Morton, as he entered.

"Bless me, sir, is that you?" And the *gouvernante* bustled up and dropped a low courtesy; for Morton, dressed then in the garb of a gentleman, was of a mien and person calculated to strike the gaze of the vulgar.

"Ah, brother!" cried Fanny, for by that name he had taught her to call him; and she

flew to his side. "Come away—it's ugly here—it makes me cold."

"My child, I told you, you must stay; but I shall hope to see you again some day. Will you not be kind to this poor creature, ma'am? Forgive me, if I offended you last night, and favour me by accepting this to shew that we are friends." As he spoke he slid his purse into the woman's hand. "I shall feel ever grateful for whatever you can do for Fanny."

"Fanny wants nothing from any one else; Fanny wants her brother."

"Sweet child! I fear she don't take to me. Will you like me, Miss Fanny?"

"No! get along!"

"Fie, Fanny;—you remember you did not take to me at first. But she is so affectionate, ma'am; she never forgets a kindness."

"I will do all I can to please her, sir. And so she is really master's grandchild?" The woman fixed her eyes, as she spoke, so intently on Morton, that he felt embarrassed; and busied himself, without answering, in caressing and soothing Fanny, who now seemed to awake to the affliction about to visit her: for though she did not weep—she very rarely wept—her

slight frame trembled—her eyes closed—her cheeks, even her lips, were white—and her delicate hands were clasped tightly round the neck of the one about to abandon her to strange breasts.

Morton was greatly moved. "One kiss, Fanny! and do not forget me when we meet again."

The child pressed her lips to his cheek; but the lips were cold. He put her down gently; she stood mute and passive.

"Remember that *he* wished me to leave you here," whispered Morton, using an argument that never failed. "We must obey him: and so—God bless you, Fanny!"

He rose and retreated to the door; the child unclashed her eyes, and gazed at him with a strained, painful, imploring gaze: her lips moved, but she did not speak. Morton could not bear that silent woe. He sought to smile on her consolingly; but the smile would not come. He closed the door, and hurried from the house.

From that day Fanny settled into a kind of dreary, inanimate stupor, which resembled that of the somnambulist whom the magnetiser forgets to waken. Hitherto, with all the eccen-

trickeries or deficiencies of her mind, had mingled a wild and airy gaiety. That was vanished. She spoke little—she never played—no toys could lure her—even the poor dog failed to win her notice. If she was told to do any thing, she stared vacantly, and stirred not. She evinced, however, a kind of dumb regard to the old blind man; she would creep to his knees, and sit there for hours, seldom answering when he addressed her: but uneasy, anxious, and restless, if he left her.

“Will you die, too?” she asked once; the old man understood her not, and she did not try to explain. Early one morning, some days after Morton was gone, they missed her; she was not in the house, nor the dull yard where she was sometimes dismissed and told to play—told in vain. In great alarm, the old man accused Mrs. Boxer of having spirited her away; and threatened and stormed so loudly, that the woman, against her will, went forth to the search. At last, she found the child in the churchyard, standing wistfully beside a tomb.

“What do you here, you little plague?” said Mrs. Boxer, rudely seizing her by the arm.

"This is the way they will both come back some day! I dreamt so!"

"If ever I catch you here again!" said the housekeeper; and, wiping her brow with one hand, she struck the child with the other. Fanny had never been struck before. She recoiled in terror and amazement; and, for the first time since her arrival, burst into tears.

"Come—come, no crying! and if you tell master, I'll beat you within an inch of your life!" So saying, she caught Fanny in her arms; and, walking about, scolding and menacing, till she had frightened back the tears, she returned triumphantly to the house, and, bursting into the parlour, exclaimed, "Here's the little darling, sir!"

When old Simon learned where the child had been found, he was glad; for it was his constant habit, whenever the evening was fine, to glide out to that churchyard—his dog his guide—and sit on his one favourite spot opposite the setting sun. This not so much for the sanctity of the place, or the meditations it might inspire, as because it was the nearest, the safest, and the loneliest spot, in the neighbourhood of his home, where the blind

man could inhale the air, and bask in the light of heaven. Hitherto, thinking it sad for the child, he had never taken her with him: indeed, at the hour of his monotonous excursion, she had generally been banished to bed. Now she was permitted to accompany him; and the old man and the infant would sit there side by side, as Age and Infancy rested side by side in the graves below. The first symptom of childlike interest and curiosity that Fanny betrayed was awakened by the affliction of her protector. One evening, as they thus sat, she made him explain what the desolation of blindness is. She seemed to comprehend him, though he did not seek to adapt his complaints to her understanding.

"Fanny knows," said she, touchingly; "for she, too, is blind here;" and she pressed her hands to her temples.

Notwithstanding her silence and strange ways, and although he could not see the exquisite loveliness which Nature, as in remorseful pity, had lavished on her outward form, Simon soon learned to love her better than he had ever loved yet: for they most cold to the child are often dotards to the

grandchild. For her even his arance slept. Dainties, never before known at his spring board, were ordered to tempt her appetite;—toy-shops ransacked to amuse her indolence. He was long, however, before he could prevail on himself to fulfil his promise to Norton, and rob himself of her presence. At length, however, wearied with Mrs. Boxer's lamentations at her ignorance, and alarmed himself at some evidences of helplessness, which made him dread to think what her future might be when left alone in life, he placed her at a day-school in the suburb. Here Fanny, for a considerable time, justified the harshest assertions of her stupidity. She could not even keep her eyes two minutes together on the page from which she was to learn the mysteries of reading; months passed before she mastered the alphabet, and, a month after, she had again forgot it, and the labour was renewed. The only thing in which she shewed ability, if so it might be called, was in the use of the needle. The sisters of the convent had already taught her many pretty devices in this art, and when she found that at the school they were admired—that she was praised instead of blamed—her vanity was pleased, and she learned so

readily all that they could teach in this not unprofitable accomplishment, that Mrs. Boxer slyly and secretly turned her tasks to account, and made a weekly perquisite of the poor pupil's industry. Another faculty she possessed, in common with persons usually deficient and with the lower species,—viz. a most accurate and faithful recollection of places. At first, Mrs. Boxer had been duly sent morning, noon, and evening, to take her to, or bring her from, the school; but this was so great a grievance to Simon's solitary superintendant, and Fanny coaxed the old man so endearingly to allow her to go and return alone, that the attendance, unwelcome to both, was wared. Fanny exalted in this liberty; and she never, in going or in returning, missed passing through the burial-ground, and gazing wistfully at the tomb from which she yet believed Morton would one day reappear. With his memory, she cherished also that of her earlier and more guilty protector; but they were separate feelings, which she distinguished in her own way,—

“Papa had given her up. She knew that he would not have sent her away, far—far over the great water, if he had meant to see Fanny again; but her brother was forced to

leave her—he would come to life one day, and then they should live together!”

One day, towards the end of autumn, as her schoolmistress, a good woman on the whole, but who had not yet had the wit to discover by what chords to tune the instrument, over which so wearily she drew her unskilful hand,—one day, we say, the schoolmistress happened to be dressed for a christening party to which she was invited in the suburb; and, accordingly, after the morning lessons, the pupils were to be dismissed to a holiday. As Fanny now came last, with the hopeless spelling-book, she stopped suddenly short, and her eyes rested with avidity upon a large bouquet of exotic flowers, with which the good lady (she was thin) had enlivened the centre of the parted kerchief, whose yellow gauze modestly veiled that tender section of female beauty which poets have likened to hills of snow—a chilling simile! It was then autumn, and field, and even garden flowers, were growing rare.

“Will you give me one of those flowers?” said Fanny, dropping her book.

“One of these flowers, child! why?”

Fanny did not answer; but one of the elder and cleverer girls said,—

"Oh! she comes from France, you know, ma'am, and the Roman Catholics put flowers and ribands, and things, over the graves; you know, ma'am, we were reading yesterday about *Père-la-Chaise!*"

"Well! what then?"

"And Miss Fanny will do any kind of work for us if we will give her flowers."

"Brother told me where to put them;—but these pretty flowers, I never had any like them; *they* may bring him back again! I'll be so good if you'll give me one,—only one!"

"Will you learn your lesson if I do, Fanny?"

"Oh! yes! Wait a moment!"

And Fanny stole back to her desk, put the hateful book resolutely before her, pressed both hands tightly on her temples, —*Eureka!* the chord was touched;—and Fanny marched in triumph through half a column of hostile double-syllables!

From that day the schoolmistress knew how to stimulate her, and Fanny learned to read: her path to knowledge thus literally strewn with flowers! Catherine, thy children were far off, and thy grave looked gay!

It naturally happened that those short and

simple rhymes, often sacred, which are repeated in schools as helps to memory, made a part of her studies; and no sooner had the sound of verse struck upon her fancy than it seemed to confuse and agitate anew all her senses. It was like the music of some breeze, to which dance and tremble all the young leaves of a wild plant. Even when at the convent she had been fond of repeating the infant rhymes with which they had sought to lull, or to amuse her, but now the taste was more strongly developed. She confounded, however, in meaningless and motley disorder, the various snatches of song that came to her ear, weaving them together in some form which she understood, but which was jargon to all others; and often as she went alone through the green lanes or the bustling streets, the passenger would turn in pity and fear to hear her half chant—half mormur—ditties that seemed to suit only a wandering and unsettled imagination. And as Mrs. Boxer, in her visits to the various shops in the suburb, took care to bemoan her hard fate in attending to a creature so evidently moon-stricken, it was no wonder that the manner and the habits of the child, coupled with that strange predilection to haunt the burial-ground, which is not uncom-

mon with persons of weak and disordered intellect, confirmed the character thus given to her.

So, as she tripped gaily and lightly along the thoroughfares, the children would draw aside from her path, and whisper, with superstitious fear mingled with contempt,—“It’s the idiot girl!” Idiot!—how much more of heaven’s light was there in that cloud than in the rushlights that, flickering in sordid chambers, shed on dull things the dull ray, esteeming themselves as stars!

Months—years passed—Fanny was thirteen, when there dawned a new era to her existence. Mrs. Boxer had never got over her first grudge to Fanny. Her treatment of the poor girl was always harsh, and sometimes cruel. But Fanny did not complain; and as Mrs. Boxer’s manner to her before Simon was invariably eringing and caressing, the old man never guessed the hardships his supposed grandchild underwent. There had been scandal some years back in the suburb about the relative connexion of the master and the housekeeper; and the flaunting dress of the latter, something bold in her regard, and certain whispers that her youth had not been vowed to Vesta, confirmed the suspicion. The only reason why we do not feel sure that

the rumour was false is this, — Simon Gawtreay had been so hard on the early follies of his son! Certainly, at all events, the woman had exercised great influence over the miser before the arrival of Fanny, and she had done much to steel his selfishness against the ill-fated William. And, as certainly, she had fully calculated on succeeding to the savings, whatever they might be, of the miser, whenever Providence should be pleased to terminate his days. She knew that Simon had, many years back, made his will in her favour; she knew that he had not altered that will: she believed, therefore, that in spite of all his love for Fanny, he loved his gold so much more, that he could not accustom himself to the thought of bequeathing it to hands too helpless to guard the treasure. This had in some measure reconciled the house-keeper to the intruder; whom, nevertheless, she hated as a dog hates another dog, not only for taking his bone, but for looking at it.

But suddenly Simon fell ill. His age made it probable he would die. He took to his bed — his breathing grew fainter and fainter — he seemed dead. Fanny, all unconscious, sat by his bedside as usual, holding her breath not to waken him. Mrs. Boxer flew to the bureau —

she unlocked it—she could not find the will; but she found three bags of bright old guineas: the sight charmed her. She tumbled them forth on the distained green cloth of the bureau—she began to count them; and at that moment, the old man, as if there were a secret magnetism between himself and the guineas, woke from his trance. His blindness saved him the pain, that might have been fatal, of seeing the unhallowed profanation; but he heard the clink of the metal. The very sound restored his strength. But the infirm are always cunning—he breathed not a suspicion. “Mrs. Boxer,” said he, faintly, “I think I could take some broth.” Mrs. Boxer rose in great dismay, gently reclosed the bureau, and ran down-stairs for the broth. Simon took the occasion to question Fanny; and no sooner had he learned the operations of the heir-expectant, than he bade the girl first lock the bureau and bring him the key, and next run to a lawyer, (whose address he gave her), and fetch him instantly.

With a malignant smile the old man took the broth from his handmaid,—“Poor Boxer, you are a disinterested creature,” said he, feebly; “I think you will grieve when I go.”

Mrs. Boxer sobbed; and before she had reco-

vered the lawyer entered. That day a new will was made; and the lawyer politely informed Mrs. Boxer that her services would be dispensed with the next morning, when he should bring a nurse to the house. Mrs. Boxer heard, and took her resolution. As soon as Simon again fell asleep, she crept into the room—led away Fauny—locked her up in her own chamber—returned—searched for the key to the bureau, which she found at last under Simon's pillow—possessed herself of all she could lay her hands on—and the next morning she had disappeared for ever!

Simon's loss was greater than might have been supposed; for, except a trifling sum in the Savings' Bank, he, like many other misers, kept all he had, in notes or specie, under his own lock and key. His whole fortune, indeed, was far less than was supposed; for money does not make money unless it is put out to interest,—and the miser cheated himself. Such portion as was in bank-notes Mrs. Boxer, probably, had the prudence to destroy; for those numbers which Simon could remember were never traced; the gold, who could swear to? Except the pittance in the Savings' Bank, and whatever might be the paltry worth of the house

he rented, the father who had enriched the menial to exile the son was a beggar in his dotage. This news, however, was carefully concealed from him by the advice of the doctor, whom, on his own responsibility, the lawyer introduced, till he had recovered sufficiently to bear the shock without danger; and the delay naturally favoured Mrs. Boxer's escape.

Simon remained for some moments perfectly stunned and speechless when the news was broken to him. Fanny, in alarm at his increasing paleness, sprang to his breast. He pushed her away,—“Go—go—go, child,” he said; “I can't feed you now. Leave me to starve.”

“To starve!” said Fanny, wonderingly; and she stole away, and sat herself down as if in deep thought. She then crept up to the lawyer as he was about to leave the room, after exhausting his stock of commonplace consolation; and putting her hand in his, whispered, “I want to talk to you—this way.”—She led him through the passage into the open air. “Tell me,” she said, “when poor people try not to starve, don't they work?”

“My dear, yes.”

“For rich people buy poor people's work?”

"Certainly, my dear; to be sure."

"Very well. Mrs. Boxer used to sell my work. Fanny will feed grandpapa! Go and tell him never to say 'starve' again."

The good-natured lawyer was moved,—“Can you work, indeed, my poor girl? Well, put on your bonnet, and come and talk to my wife.”

And *that* was the new era in Fanny's existence! Her schooling was stopped. But now life schooled her. Necessity ripened her intellect. And many a hard eye moistened,—as seeing her glide with her little basket of fancy work along the streets, still murmuring her happy and birdlike snatches of unconnected song—men and children alike said with respect, in which there was now no contempt, “It's the idiot girl who supports her blind grandfather!”

They called her idiot still!

BOOK IV.

„Geh zu einem großen Meer
Such mich einer Wellen Spiel;
Wer mir sagt's in weiter Ferne,
Rüber bin ich nicht dem Ziel.“

SCENAS: Der Pilgrim.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh, that sweet gleam of sunshine on the lake!"

Wason's City of the Plague.

If, reader, you have ever looked through a solar microscope at the monsters in a drop of water, perhaps you have wondered to yourself how things so terrible have been hitherto unknown to you—you have felt a loathing at the limpid element you hitherto deemed so pure—you have half fancied that you would cease to be a water-drinker; yet, the next day you have forgotten the grim life that started before you, with its countless shapes, in that teeming globule; and, if so tempted by your thirst, you have not shrunk from the lying crystal, although myriads of the horrible Unseen are mangling, devouring, gorging each other, in the liquid you so tranquilly imbibe; so is it

with that ancestral and master element called Life. Lapped in your sleek comforts, and lolling on the sofa of your patent conscience—when, perhaps for the first time, you look through the glass of science upon one ghastly globule in the waters that heave around, that fill up, with their succulence, the pores of earth, that moisten every atom subject to your eyes, or handled by your touch—you are startled and dismayed; you say, mentally, “Can such things be? I never dreamed of this before! I thought what was invisible to me was non-existent in itself—I will remember this dread experiment.” The next day the experiment is forgotten.—The Chemist may rarify the Globule—can Science make pure the World?

Turn we now to the pleasant surface, seen in the whole, broad and fair to the common eye. Who would judge well of God's great designs, if he could look on no drop pendant from the rose-tree, or sparkling in the sun, without the help of his solar microscope?

It is ten years after the night on which William Gawtrely perished:—I transport you, reader, to the fairest scenes in England,—

scenes consecrated, by the only true pastoral poetry we have known, to Contemplation and Repose.

Autumn had begun to tinge the foliage on the banks of Windermere. It had been a summer of unusual warmth and beauty; and if that year you had visited the English lakes, you might, from time to time amidst the groups of happy idlers you encountered, have singled out two persons, for interest, or, perhaps, for envy. Two who might have seemed to you in peculiar harmony with those serene and soft retreats, both young—both beautiful. Lovers you would have guessed them to be; but such lovers as Fletcher might have placed under the care of his "Holy Shepherdess"—forms that might have reclined by

"The Virtuous Well, about whose flowery banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds
By the pale moonshine."

For in the love of those persons there seemed a purity and innocence that suited well their youth and the character of their beauty. Perhaps, indeed, on the girl's side, love sprung rather from those affections which the spring of life throws upward to the surface, as the

spring of earth does its flowers, than from that concentrated and deep absorption of self in self, which alone promises endurance and devotion, and of which first love, or rather the first fancy, is often less susceptible than that which grows out of the more thoughtful fondness of maturer years. Yet he, the lover, was of so rare and singular a beauty, that he might well seem calculated to awaken, to the utmost, the love which wins the heart through the eyes.

But to begin at the beginning. A lady of fashion had, in the autumn previous to the year on which our narrative reopens, taken, with her daughter, a girl then of about eighteen, the tour of the English lakes. Charmed by the beauty of Winandermere, and finding one of the most commodious villas on its banks to be let, they had remained there all the winter. In the early spring a severe illness had seized the elder lady, and finding herself, as she slowly recovered, unfit for the gaieties of a London season, nor unwilling, perhaps,—for she had been a beauty in her day—to postpone for another year the *début* of her daughter, she had continued her sojourn, with short intervals of absence, for a whole year. Her husband, a busy man of the world, with occupation in

London, and fine estates in the country, joined them only occasionally, glad to escape the still beauty of landscapes, which brought him no rental, and therefore afforded no charm to his eye.

In the first month of their arrival at Windermere, the mother and daughter had made an eventful acquaintance in the following manner.

One evening, as they were walking on their lawn, which sloped to the lake, they heard the sound of a flute, played with a skill so exquisite as to draw them, surprised and spell-bound, to the banks. The musician was a young man, in a boat, which he had moored beneath the trees of their demesne. He was alone, or, rather, he had one companion, in a large Newfoundland dog, that sat watchful at the helm of the boat, and appeared to enjoy the music as much as his master. As the ladies approached the spot, the dog growled, and the young man ceased, though without seeing the fair causes of his companion's displeasure. The sun, then setting, shone full on his countenance as he looked round; and that countenance was one that might have haunted the nymphs of Delos; the face of Apollo, not

as the hero, but the shepherd—not of the bow, but of the lute—not the Python-slayer, but the young dreamer by shady places—he whom the sculptor has portrayed leaning idly against the tree—the boy-god whose home is yet on earth, and to whom the Oracle and the Spheres are still unknown.

At that moment the dog leapt from the boat, and the elder lady uttered a faint cry of alarm, which, directing the attention of the musician, brought him also ashore. He called off his dog, and apologised, with a not ungraceful mixture of diffidence and ease, for his intrusion. He was not aware the place was inhabited—it was a favourite haunt of his—he lived near. The elder lady was pleased with his address, and struck with his appearance. There was, indeed, in his manner that indefinable charm, which is more attractive than mere personal appearance, and which can never be imitated or acquired. They parted, however, without establishing any formal acquaintance. A few days after, they met at dinner at a neighbouring house, and were introduced by name. That of the young man seemed strange to the ladies; not so theirs to him. He turned pale when he heard it,

and remained silent and aloof the rest of the evening. They met again, and often; and for some weeks—nay, even for months—he appeared to avoid, as much as possible, the acquaintance so auspiciously begun; but by little and little, the beauty of the younger lady seemed to gain ground on his diffidence or repugnance. Excursions among the neighbouring mountains threw them together, and at last he fairly surrendered himself to the charm he had at first determined to resist.

This young man lived on the opposite side of the lake, in a quiet household, of which he was the idol. His life had been one of almost monastic purity and repose; his tastes were accomplished, his character seemed soft and gentle; but beneath that calm exterior, flashes of passion—the nature of the poet, ardent and sensitive—would break forth at times. He had scarcely ever, since his earliest childhood, quitted those retreats; he knew nothing of the world, except in books—books of poetry and romance. Those with whom he lived—his relations, an old bachelor, and the old bachelor's sisters, old maids—seemed equally innocent and inexperienced. It was a family whom the rich respected and the poor loved—

inoffensive, charitable, and well off. To whatever their easy fortune might be, he appeared the heir. The name of this young man was Charles Spencer; the ladies were Mrs. Beaufort, and Camilla her daughter.

Mrs. Beaufort, though a shrewd woman, did not at first perceive any danger in the growing intimacy between Camilla and the younger Spencer. Her daughter was not her favourite—not the object of her one thought or ambition. Her whole heart and soul were wrapped in her son Arthur, who lived principally abroad. Clever enough to be considered capable, when he pleased, of achieving distinction, good-looking enough to be thought handsome by all who were on the *qui vive* for an advantageous match, good-natured enough to be popular with the society in which he lived, scattering to and fro money, without limit,—Arthur Beaufort, at the age of thirty, had established one of those brilliant and evanescent reputations, which, for a few years, reward the ambition of the fine gentleman. It was precisely the reputation that the mother could appreciate, and which even the more saving father secretly admired, while, ever respectable in phrase, Mr. Robert Beaufort seemed openly

to regret it. This son was, I say, every thing to them; they cared little, in comparison, for their daughter. How could a daughter keep up the proud name of Beaufort? However well she might marry, it was another house, not theirs, which her graces and beauty would adorn. Moreover, the better she might marry the greater her dowry would naturally be,—the dowry, to go out of the family! And Arthur, poor fellow! was so extravagant, that really he would want every sixpence. Such was the reasoning of the father. The mother reasoned less upon the matter. Mrs. Beaufort, faded and meagre, in blonde and cachemere, was jealous of the charms of her daughter; and she herself, as silly women often do, growing sentimental and lachrymose as she advanced in life, had convinced herself that Camilla was a girl of no feeling.

Miss Beaufort was, indeed, of a character singularly calm and placid; it was the character that charms men in proportion, perhaps, to their own strength and passion. She had been rigidly brought up—her affections had been very early chilled and subdued; they moved, therefore, now, with ease, in the serene path of her duties. She held her parents, especially her father, in reverential fear, and

never dreamed of the possibility of resisting one of their wishes, much less their commands. Pious, kind, gentle, of a fine and never-ruffled temper, Camilla, an admirable daughter, was likely to make no less admirable a wife; you might depend on her principles, if ever you could doubt her affection. Few girls were more calculated to inspire love. You would scarcely wonder at any folly, any madness, which even a wise man might commit for her sake. This did not depend on her beauty alone, though she was extremely lovely rather than handsome, and of that style of loveliness which is universally fascinating: the figure, especially as to the arms, throat, and bust, was exquisite; the mouth dimpled; the teeth dazzling; the eyes of that *recler* softness which to look on is to love. But her charm was in a certain prettiness of manner, an exceeding innocence mixed with the most captivating, because unconscious, coquetry. With all this there was a freshness, a joy, a virgin and bewitching candour in her voice, her laugh—you might almost say in her very movements. Such was Camilla Beaufort at that age. Such she seemed to others. To her parents she was only a great girl rather in the way. To Mrs. Beaufort a rival, to Mr. Beaufort an incumbrance on the property.

CHAPTER II.

. . . . "The moon
Softening the solemn night, yet with that sadness
Mingling the breath of undisturbed Peace."
 Watson: City of the Plague.

. . . . "Tell me his fate,
Say that he lives, or say that he is dead:
But tell me—tell me!—
I see him not—some cloud envelopes him."—*Ibid.*

ONE day (nearly a year after their first introduction) as with a party of friends Camilla and Charles Speneer were riding through those wild and romantic scenes which lie between the sunny Winandermere and the dark and sullen Wastwater, their conversation fell on topics more personal than it had hitherto done, for as yet, if they felt love, they had never spoken of it.

The narrowness of the path allowed only two to ride abreast, and the two to whom I

confine my description were the last of the little band.

"How I wish Arthur were here!" said Camilla; "I am sure you would like him."

"Are you? He lives much in the world—the world of which I know nothing. Are we then characters to suit each other?"

"He is the kindest—the best of human beings!" said Camilla, rather evasively, but with more warmth than usually dwelt in her soft and low voice.

"Is he so kind?" returned Spencer, wistfully. "Well, it may be so. And who would not be kind to you? Ah! it is a beautiful connexion that of brother and sister—I never had a sister!"

"Have you then a brother?" asked Camilla, in some surprise, and turning her ingenuous eyes full on her companion.

Spencer's colour rose—rose to his temples: his voice trembled as he answered "No—no brother!" then, speaking in a rapid and hurried tone, he continued, "My life has been a strange and lonely one. I am an orphan. I have mixed with few of my own age; my boyhood and youth have been spent in these scenes; my education such as Nature and books could

bestow, with scarcely any guide or tutor save my guardian—the dear old man! Thus the world, the stir of cities, ambition, enterprise,—all seem to me as things belonging to a distant land to which I shall never wander. Yet I have had my dreams, Miss Beaufort; dreams of which these solitudes still form a part—but solitudes not unshared. And lately I have thought that those dreams might be prophetic. And you—do you love the world?”

“I, like you, have scarcely tried it,” said Camilla, with a sweet laugh. “But I love the country better,—oh! far better than what little I have seen of towns. But for you,” she continued, with a charming hesitation, “a man is so different from us,—for you to shrink from the world—you, so young and with talents too—nay, it is true!—it seems to me strange.”

“It may be so, but I cannot tell you what feelings of dread—what vague forebodings of terror seize me if I carry my thoughts beyond these retreats. Perhaps, my good guardian—”

“Your uncle?” interrupted Camilla.

“Ay, my uncle—may have contributed to engender feelings, as you say, strange at my age; but still—”

“Still what?”

“My earlier childhood,” continued Spencer,

breathing hard and turning pale, "was not spent in the happy home I have now; it was passed in a premature ordeal of suffering and pain. Its recollections have left a dark shadow on my mind, and under that shadow lies every thought that points towards the troublous and labouring career of other men. But," he resumed after a pause, and in a deep, earnest, almost solemn voice,—“but, after all, is this cowardice or wisdom? I find no monotony—no tedium in this quiet life. Is there not a certain morality—a certain religion in the spirit of a secluded and country existence? In it we do not know the evil passions which ambition and strife are said to arouse. I never feel jealous or envious of other men; I never know what it is to hate; my boat, my horse, our garden, music, books, and, if I may dare to say so, the solemn gladness that comes from the hopes of another life,—these fill up every hour with thoughts and pursuits, peaceful, happy, and without a cloud, till of late, when—when——”

“When what?” said Camilla, innocently.

“When I have longed, but did not dare to ask another, if to share such a lot would content her!”

He bent, as he spoke, his soft blue eyes full

upon the blushing face of her whom he addressed, and Camilla half smiled and half sighed,—

“Our companions are far before us,” said she, turning away her face; “and see, the road is now smooth.” She quickened her horse’s pace as she said this; and Spencer, too new to women to interpret favourably her evasion of his words and looks, fell into a profound silence which lasted during the rest of their excursion.

As towards the decline of day he bent his solitary way home, emotions and passions to which his life had hitherto been a stranger, and which, alas! he had vainly imagined a life so tranquil kept everlastingly restrained, swelled his heart.

“She does not love me,” he muttered, half aloud; “she will leave me, and what then will all the beauty of the landscape seen in my eyes? And how dare I look up to her? Even if her cold, vain mother—her father, the man, they say, of forms and scruples, were to consent, would they not question closely of my true birth and origin? And if the one blot were overlooked, is there no other? His early habits and vices, *his!*—a brother’s—his

unknown career terminating at any day, perhaps, in shame, in crime, in exposure, in the gibbet,—will they overlook this?" As he spoke he groaned aloud, and, as if impatient to escape himself, spurred on his horse and rested not till he reached the belt of trim and sober ever-greens that surrounded his hitherto happy home.

Leaving his horse to find its way to the stables, the young man passed through rooms, which he found deserted, to the lawn on the other side, which sloped to the smooth waters of the lake.

Here, seated under the one large tree that formed the pride of the lawn, over which it cast its shadow broad and far, he perceived his guardian poring idly over an oft-read book, one of those books of which literary dreamers are apt to grow fanatically fond—books by the old English writers, full of phrases and conceits half quaint and half sublime, interspersed with praises of the country, imbued with a poetical rather than orthodox religion, and adorned with a strange mixture of monastic learning and aphorisms collected from the weary experience of actual life.

To the left, by a green-house, built between

the house and the lake, might be seen the white dress and lean form of the eldest spinster sister, to whom the care of the flowers—for she had been early crossed in love—was consigned; at a little distance from her, the other two were seated at work, and conversing in whispers, not to disturb their studious brother, no doubt upon the nephew, who was their all in all. It was the calmest hour of eve, and the quiet of the several forms, their simple and harmless occupations—if occupations they might be called—the breathless foliage rich in the depth of summer; behind, the old-fashioned house, unpretending not mean, its open doors and windows giving glimpses of the comfortable repose within; before, the lake, without a ripple and catching the gleam of the sunset clouds—all made a picture of that complete tranquillity and stillness which sometimes soothes and sometimes saddens us, according as we are in the temper to woo

CONTENT.

The young man glided to his guardian and touched his shoulder,—“Sir, may I speak to you?—Hush! *they need not see us now!* it is only you I would speak with.”

The elder Spencer rose; and, with his book

still in his hand, moved side by side with his nephew under the shadow of the tree and towards a walk to the right, which led for a short distance along the margin of the lake, backed by the interlaced boughs of a thick copse.

"Sir!" said the young man, speaking first, and with a visible effort, "your cautions have been in vain! I love this girl—this daughter of the haughty Beauforts! I love her—better than life I love her!"

"My poor boy," said the uncle tenderly, and with a simple fondness passing his arm over the speaker's shoulder, "do not think I can chide you—I know what it is to love in vain!"

"In vain!—but why in vain?" exclaimed the younger Spencer, with a vehemence that had in it something of both agony and fierceness. "She may love me—she shall love me!" and almost for the first time in his life, the proud consciousness of his rare gifts of person spoke in his kindled eye and dilated stature. "Do they not say that Nature has been favourable to me?—What rival have I here?—Is she not young?—And (sinking his voice till it almost breathed like music) is not love contagious?"

"I do not doubt that she may love you, —who would not? but —but — the parents — will they ever consent?"

"Nay!" answered the lover, as with that inconsistency common to passion, he now argued stubbornly against those fears in another to which he had just before yielded in himself, — "Nay! — after all, am I not of their own blood? — Do I not come from the elder branch? — Was I not reared in equal luxury and with higher hopes? — And my mother — my poor mother — did she not to the last maintain our birthright — her own honour? — Has not accident or law unjustly stripped us of our true station? — Is it not for us to forgive spoliation? — Am I not, in fact, the person who descends, who forgets the wrongs of the dead — the heritage of the living?"

The young man had never yet assumed this tone — had never yet shewn that he looked back to the history connected with his birth with the feelings of resentment and the memory of wrong. It was a tone contrary to his habitual calm and contentment — it struck forcibly on his listener — and the elder Spencer was silent for some moments before he replied, "If you feel thus (and it is natural), you have

yet stronger reason to struggle against this unhappy affection."

"I have been conscious of that, sir," replied Spencer, mournfully. "I have struggled!—and I say again it is in vain! I turn, then, to face the obstacles! My birth—let us suppose that the Beauforts overlook it. Did you not tell me that Mr. Beaufort wrote to inform you of the abrupt and intemperate visit of my brother—of his determination never to forgive it? I think I remember something of this years ago."

"It is true!" said the guardian; "and the conduct of that brother is, in fact, the true cause why you never ought to reassume your proper name!—never to divulge it, even to the family with whom you connect yourself by marriage; but, above all, to the Beauforts, who for that cause, if that cause alone, would reject your suit."

The young man groaned—placed one hand before his eyes, and with the other grasped his guardian's arm convulsively, as if to check him from proceeding farther; but the good man, not divining his meaning and absorbed in his subject, went on, irritating the wound he had touched.

“ Reflect!—your brother in boyhood—in the dying hours of his mother, scarcely saved from the crime of a thief, flying from a friendly pursuit with a notorious reprobate; afterwards implicated in some discreditable transaction about a horse, rejecting all—every hand that could save him, clinging by choice to the lowest companions and the meanest habits, disappearing from the country, and last seen, ten years ago—the beard not yet on his chin—with that same reprobate of whom I have spoken, in Paris; a day or so only before his companion, a coiner—a murderer—fell by the hands of the police! You remember that when, in your seventeenth year, you evinced some desire to retake your name—nay, even to refund that guilty brother—I placed before you, as a sad and terrible duty, the newspaper that contained the particulars of the death and the former adventures of that wretched accomplice, the notorious Gawtrev: And,—telling you that Mr. Beaufort had long since written to inform me that his own son and Lord Lilburne had seen your brother in company with the miscreant just before his fate—nay, was, in all probability, the very youth described in the account as found in

his chamber and escaping the pursuit—I asked you if you would now venture to leave that disguise—that shelter under which you would for ever be safe from the opprobrium of the world—from the shame that, sooner or later, your brother must bring upon your name!”

“It is true—it is true!” said the pretended nephew, in a tone of great anguish, and with trembling lips which the blood had forsaken. “Horrible to look either to his past or his future! But—but—we have heard of him no more—no one ever has learned his fate. Perhaps—perhaps—(and he seemed to breathe more freely)—*my brother is no more!*”

And poor Catherine—and poor Philip—had it come to this? Did the one brother feel a sentiment of release, of joy, in conjecturing the death—perhaps the death of violence and shame—of his fellow-orphan? Mr. Spencer shook his head doubtfully, but made no reply. The young man sighed heavily and strode on for several paces in advance of his protector, then, turning back, he laid his hand on his shoulder.

“Sir,” he said, in a low voice and with downcast eyes, “you are right: this disguise—this false name—must be for ever borne! Why need the Beaufoots, then, ever know

who and what I am? Why not as your nephew—nephew to one so respected and exemplary—proffer my claims and plead my cause?”

“They are proud—so it is said—and worldly;—you know my family was in trade—still—but—” and here Mr. Spencer broke off from a tone of doubt into that of despondency, “but, recollect, though Mrs. Beaufort may not remember the circumstance, both her husband and her son have seen me—have known my name. Will they not suspect, when once introduced to you, the stratagem that has been adopted?—Nay, has it not been from that very fear that you have wished me to shun the acquaintance of the family? Both Mr. Beaufort and Arthur saw you in childhood, and their suspicion once aroused, they may recognise you at once; your features are developed, but not altogether changed. Come, come!—my adopted, my dear son, shake off this fantasy betimes: let us change the scene: I will travel with you—read with you—go where——”

“Sir—sir!” exclaimed the lover, smiting his breast, “you are ever kind, compassionate, generous; but do not—do not rob me of hope. I have never—thanks to you—felt, save in a

momentary dejection, the curse of my birth. Now how heavily it falls! Where shall I look for comfort?"

As he spoke, the sound of a bell broke over the translucent air and the slumbering lake: it was the bell that every eve and morn summoned that innocent and pious family to prayer. The old man's face changed as he heard it—changed from its customary indolent, absent, listless aspect, into an expression of dignity, even of animation.

"Hark!" he said, pointing upwards; "Hark! it chides you. Who shall say, 'where shall I look for comfort' while God is in the Heavens!"

The young man, habituated to the faith and observance of religion, till they had pervaded his whole nature, bowed his head in rebuke; a few tears stole from his eyes.

"You are right, *father*," he said tenderly, giving emphasis to the deserved and endearing name. "I am comforted already!"

So, side by side, silently and noiselessly, the young and the old man glided back to the house. When they gained the quiet room in which the family usually assembled, the sisters and servants were already gathered round the

table. They knelt as the loiterers entered. It was the wonted duty of the younger Spencer to read the prayers; and, as he now did so, his graceful countenance more hushed, his sweet voice more earnest, than usual, in its accents: who that heard could have deemed the heart within convulsed by such stormy passions? Or was it not in that hour—that solemn commune—soothed from its woe? O, beneficent Creator! thou who inspirest all the tribes of earth with the *desire to pray*, hast thou not, in that divinest instinct, bestowed on us the happiest of thy gifts?

CHAPTER III.

"Borrow. I mean the business is not ended, as forcing to hear of it hereafter.

* * * * *

"1st Soldier. Do you know this, Captain Dummo?"—*His Wall that Ends Well.*

ONE evening, some weeks after the date of the last chapter, Mr. Robert Beaufort sat alone in his house in Grosvenor Square. He had arrived that morning from Beaufort Court, on his way to Winandermere, to which he was summoned by a letter from his wife.

That year was an agitated and eventful epoch in England; and Mr. Beaufort had recently gone through the bustle of an election—not, indeed, contested; for his popularity and his property defied all rivalry in his own county.

The rich man had just dined, and was seated in lazy enjoyment by the side of the fire, which he had had lighted less for the warmth—though it was then September—than for the companionship;—engaged in

finishing his madeira, and, with half-closed eyes, munching his devilled biscuits.

"I am sure," he soliloquised while thus employed, "I don't know exactly what to do, —my wife ought to decide matters where the *girl* is concerned; a son is another affair—that's the use of a wife. Humph!"

"Sir," said a fat serrant, opening the door, "a gentleman wishes to see you upon very particular business."

"Business, at this hour! Tell him to go to Mr. Blackwell."

"Yes, sir."

"Stay! perhaps he is a constituent, Simons. Ask him if he belongs to the county."

"Yes, sir."

"A great estate is a great plague," muttered Mr. Deaufort; "so is a great constituency. It is pleasanter, after all, to be in the House of Lords. I suppose I could if I wished; but then one must rat—that's a bore. I will consult Lilburne. Humph!" The servant reappeared.

"Sir, he says he does belong to the county."

"Shew him in!—What sort of a person?"

"A sort of gentleman, sir; that is," continued the butler, mindful of five shillings just

slipped within his palm by the stranger, "quite the gentleman."

"More wine then—stir up the fire."

In a few moments the visitor was ushered into the apartment. He was a man between fifty and sixty, but still aiming at the appearance of youth. His dress evinced military pretensions; consisting of a blue coat, buttoned up to the chin, a black stock, loose trowsers of the fashion called cossacks, and brass spurs. He wore a wig, of great luxuriance in curl and rich auburn in hue; with large whiskers of the same colour, slightly tinged with grey at the roots. By the imperfect light of the room it was not perceptible that the clothes were somewhat threadbare, and that the boots, cracked at the side, admitted glimpses of no very white hosiery within. Mr. Beaufort, reluctantly rising from his repose and gladly sinking back to it, motioned to a chair, and put on a doleful and doubtful semi-smile of welcome. The servant placed the wine and glasses before the stranger;—the host and visitor were alone.

"So, sir," said Mr. Beaufort, languidly, "you are from—shire; I suppose about the canal,—may I offer you a glass of wine?"

"Most happy, sir—your health!" and the

stranger, with evident satisfaction, tossed off a bumper to so complimentary a toast.

"About the canal?" repeated Mr. Beaufort.

"No sir, no! You parliament gentlemen must haure a vaust deal of trouble on your haunds—very foine property I understand yours is, sir. Sir, allow me to drink the health of your good lady!"

"I thank you, Mr.—, Mr.—, what did you say your name was?—I beg you a thousand pardons."

"No offence in the least, sir; no ceremony with me—this is perticuler good madeira!"

"May I ask how I can serve you?" said Mr. Beaufort, struggling between the sense of annoyance and the fear to be uncivil. "And pray, had I the honour of your vote in the last election?"

"No, sir, no! It's maony years since I have been in your part of the world, though I was born there."

"Then I don't exactly see——" began Mr. Beaufort, and stopped with dignity.

"Why I call on you," put in the stranger, tapping his boots with his cane; and then recognising the rent, he thrust both feet under the table.

"I don't say that; but at this hour I am seldom at leisure—not but what I am always at the service of a constituent, that is, a voter! I make a distinction between the two, 'tis the duty of a member;—Mr.—I beg your pardon, I did not catch your name."

"Sir," said the stranger, helping himself to a third glass of wine; "here's a health to your young folk! And now to business." Here the visitor, drawing his chair nearer to his host, assuming a more grave aspect, and dropping something of his stilted pronunciation, continued,—“You had a brother?”

"Well, sir," said Mr. Beaufort with a very changed countenance.

"And that brother had a wife!"

Had a cannon gone off in the ear of Mr. Robert Beaufort, it could not have shocked or stunned him more than that simple word, with which his companion closed his sentence. He fell back in his chair—his lips apart, his eyes fixed on the stranger. He sought to speak, but his tongue clove to his mouth.

"That wife had two sons, born in wedlock!"

"It is false!" cried Mr. Beaufort, finding voice at length, and springing to his feet.

"And who are you, sir? and what do you mean by—"

"Hush!" said the stranger, perfectly unconcerned, and regaining the dignity of his *haut-ton* enunciation: "better not let the servants hear any thing. For my part, I think servants have the longest pair of ears of any persons, not excepting jankasses; their ears stretch from the pantry to the parlour. Hush, sir!—perciel good madeira, this!"

"Sir!" said Mr. Beaufort, struggling to preserve, or rather recover his temper, "your conduct is exceedingly strange: but allow me to say, that you are wholly misinformed. My brother never did marry; and, if you have any thing to say on behalf of those young men—his natural sons—I refer you to my solicitor, Mr. Blackwell of Lincoln's Inn. I wish you a good evening."

"Sir!—the same to you—I won't trouble you any further; it was only out of kindness I called—I am not used to be treated so—sir, I am in his majesty's service—sir, you will find that the witness of the marriage is forthcoming; you will think of me then, and, perhaps, be sorry. But I've done,—'Your most obedient humble, sir!'" And the stranger,

with a flourish of his hand, turned to the door.

At the sight of this determination on the part of his strange guest, a cold, uneasy, vague presentiment seized Mr. Beaufort. There, not flashed, but rather froze, across him the recollection of his brother's emphatic but disbelieved assurances—of Catherine's obstinate assertion of her sons' alleged rights—of her then hopeless lawsuit, hopeless because the witness she invoked was not found. With this remembrance came a horrible train of shadowy fears, — litigation, witnesses, verdict, surrender; spoliation — arrears — ruin!

The man, who had gained the door, turned back and looked at him with a complacent, half-triumphant leer upon his impudent, reckless face.

"Sir," then said Mr. Beaufort, mildly, "I repeat that you had better see Mr. Blackwell."

The tempter saw his triumph. "I have a secret to communicate, which it is best for you to keep snug. How many people do you wish me to see about it? Come, sir, there is no need of a lawyer; or, if you think so, tell him yourself. Now or never, Mr. Beaufort."

"I can have no objection to hear any thing

you have to say, sir," said the rich man, yet more mildly than before; and then added, with a forced smile, "Though my rights are already too confirmed to admit of a doubt."

Without heeding the last assertion, the stranger coolly walked back, resumed his seat, and, placing both arms on the table and looking Mr. Beaufort full in the face, thus proceeded,—

"Sir, of the marriage between Philip Beaufort and Catherine Morton there were two witnesses: the one is dead, the other went abroad—the last is alive still!"

"If so," said Mr. Beaufort, who, not naturally deficient in cunning and sense, felt every faculty now prodigiously sharpened, and was resolved to know the precise grounds for alarm,—“if so, why did not the man—it was a servant, sir, a man servant, whom Mrs. Morton pretended to rely on—appear at the trial?"

"Because, I say, he was abroad and could not be found; or, the search after him miscarried, from clumsy management and a lack of the rhino."

"Hum!" said Mr. Beaufort—"one witness—one witness, observe, there is only one!—does not alarm me much. It is not what

a man deposes, it is what a jury believe, sir! Moreover, what has become of the young men!—They have never been heard of for years. They are probably dead; if so, I am heir-at-law!"

"I know where one of them is to be found, at all events."

"The elder?—Philip?" asked Mr. Beaufort, anxiously, and with a fearful remembrance of the energetic and vehement character prematurely exhibited by his nephew.

"Pardoa me! I need not answer that question."

"Sir! a lawsuit of this nature, against one in possession, is very doubtful, and," added the rich man, drawing himself up,—*"and, perhaps, very expensive!"*

"The young man I speak of does not want friends, who will not grudge the money."

"Sir!" said Mr. Beaufort, rising and placing his back to the fire—"sir! what is your object in this communication? Do you come, on the part of the young men, to propose a compromise?—If so, be plain!"

"I come on my own part. It rests with you to say if the young men shall never know it!"

"And what do you want?"

"Five hundred a-year as long as the secret is kept."

"And how can you prove that there is a secret, after all?"

"By producing the witness, if you wish."

"Will he go halves in the 500*l.* a-year?" asked Mr. Beaufort, artfully.

"That is my affair, sir," replied the stranger.

"What you say," resumed Mr. Beaufort, "is so extraordinary—so unexpected, and still, to me, seems so improbable, that I must have time to consider. If you will call on me in a week, and produce your facts, I will give you my answer. I am not the man, sir, to wish to keep any one out of his true rights, but I will not yield, on the other hand, to imposture."

"If you don't want to keep them out of their rights, I'd best go and tell my young gentlemen," said the stranger, with cool impudence.

"I tell you I must have time," repeated Beaufort, disconcerted. "Besides, I have not myself alone to look to, sir," he added, with dignified emphasis—"I am a father!"

"This day week I will call on you again.

Good evening, Mr. Beaufort!" And the man stretched out his hand with an air of amicable condescension.

The respectable Mr. Beaufort changed colour, hesitated, and finally suffered two fingers to be enticed into the grasp of the visitor, whom he ardently wished at that hour whence no visitor returns.

The stranger smiled, stalked to the door, laid his finger on his lip, winked knowingly, and vanished, leaving Mr. Beaufort a prey to such feelings of uneasiness, dread, and terror, as a man whom, on some inch or two of slippery rock, the tides have suddenly surrounded.

He remained perfectly still for some moments, and then glancing round the dim and spacious room, his eyes took in all the evidences of luxury and wealth which it betrayed. Above the huge sideboard, that on festive days groaned beneath the hoarded weight of the silver heirlooms of the Beauforts, hung, in its gilded frame, a large picture of the family seat, with the stately porticoes—the noble park—the groups of deer; and around the wall, interspersed here and there with ancestral portraits of knight and dame, long since ga-

thured to their rest, were placed masterpieces of the Italian and Flemish art, which generation after generation had slowly accumulated, till the Beaufort Collection had become the theme of connoisseurs and the study of young genius.

The still room, the dumb pictures—even the heavy sideboard, seemed to gain voice, and speak to him audibly. He thrust his hand into the folds of his waistcoat, and griped his own flesh convulsively; then, striding to and fro the apartment, he endeavoured to re-collect his thoughts.

“I dare not consult Mrs. Beaufort,” he muttered; “no—no,—she is a fool! Besides, she’s not in the way. No time to lose—I will go to Lilburne.”

Scarce had that thought crossed him than he hastened to put it into execution. He rang for his hat and gloves, and sallied out on foot to Lord Lilburne’s house in Park Lane,—the distance was short, and impatience has long strides.

He knew Lord Lilburne was in town, for that personage loved London for its own sake; and even in September he would have said with the old Duke of Queensbury, when some

one observed that London was very empty—
“Yes; but it is fuller than the country.”

Mr. Beaufort found Lord Lilburne reclined on a sofa, by the open window of his drawing-room, beyond which the early stars shone upon the glimmering trees and silvered turf of the deserted park. Unlike the simple dessert of his respectable brother-in-law, the costliest fruits, the richest wines of France, graced the small table placed beside his sofa; and as the starchy man of forms and method entered the room at one door, a rustling silk, that vanished through the aperture of another, seemed to betray tokens of a *tête-à-tête*, probably more agreeable to Lilburne than the one with which only our narrative is concerned.

It would have been a curious study for such men as love to gaze upon the dark and wily features of human character, to have watched the contrast between the reciter and the listener, as Beaufort, with much circumlocution, much affected disdain, and real anxiety, narrated the singular and ominous conversation between himself and his visitor.

The servant, in introducing Mr. Beaufort, had added to the light of the room; and the candles shone full on the face and form of

Mr. Beaufort. All about that gentleman was so completely in unison with the world's forms and seemings, that there was something moral in the very sight of him! Since his fortune, he had grown less pale and less thin; the angles in his figure were filled up. On his brow there was no trace of younger passion. No able vice had ever sharpened the expression—no exhausting vice ever deepened the lines. He was the *beau idéal* of a county member,—so sleek, so staid, so businesslike; yet so clean, so neat, so much the gentleman. And now there was a kind of pathos in his grey hairs, his nervous smile, his agitated hands, his quick and uneasy transition of posture, the tremble of his voice. He would have appeared to those who saw, but heard not, The Good Man in trouble. Cold, motionless, speechless, seemingly apathetic, but in truth observant, still reclined on the sofa, his head thrown back, but one eye fixed on his companion, his hands clasped before him, Lord Lilburne listened; and in that repose, about his face, even about his person, might be read the history of how different a life and character! What native acuteness in the stealthy eye! What hardened resolve in the full nostril

and firm lips! What sardonic contempt for all things in the intricate lines about the mouth! What animal enjoyment of all things so despised in that delicate nervous system, which, combined with original vigour of constitution, yet betrayed itself in the veins on the hands and temples, the occasional quiver of the upper lip! His was the frame above all others the most alive to pleasure,—deep-chested, compact, sinewy, but thin to leanness—delicate in its texture and extremities, almost to effeminacy. The indifference of the posture, the very habit of the dress—not slovenly, indeed, but easy, loose, careless—seemed to speak of the man's manner of thought and life—his profound disdain of externals.

Not till Beaufort had concluded did Lord Lilburne change his position or open his lips; and then, turning to his brother-in-law his calm face, he said, dryly,—

“I always thought your brother had married that woman; he was the sort of man to do it. Besides, why should she have gone to law without a vestige of proof, unless she was convinced of her rights? Imposture never proceeds without some evidence. Innocence,

like a fool, as it is, fancies it has only to speak to be believed. But there is no cause for alarm."

"No cause!—And yet you think there was a marriage."

"It is quite clear," continued Lilburne, without heeding this interruption, "that the man, whatever his evidence, has not got sufficient proofs. If he had, he would go to the young men rather than you: it is evident that they would promise infinitely larger rewards than he could expect from yourself. Men are always more generous with what they expect than what they have. All rogues know this. 'Tis the way Jews and usurers thrive upon heirs rather than possessors; 'tis the philosophy of *post-obits*. I dare say the man has found out the real witness of the marriage; but ascertained, also, that the testimony of that witness would not suffice to dispossess you. He might be discredited—rich men have a way sometimes of discrediting poor witnesses. Mind, he says nothing of the lost copy of the register, whatever may be the value of that document, which I am not lawyer enough to say—of any letters of your brother avowing the marriage. Consider, the register itself is

destroyed—the clergyman dead. Poob! make yourself easy.”

“True,” said Mr. Beaufort, much comforted;

“what a memory you have!”

“Naturally. Your wife is my sister—I hate poor relations—and I was therefore much interested in your accession and your lawsuit. No—you may feel at rest on this matter, so far as a *successful* lawsuit is concerned. The next question is, Will you have a lawsuit at all? and is it worth while buying this fellow? That I can't say, unless I see him myself.”

“I wish to Heaven you would!”

“Very willingly: 'tis a sort of thing I like—I'm fond of dealing with rogues—it amuses me. This day week? I'll be at your house—your proxy; I shall do better than Blackwell. And since you say you are wanted at the Lakes, go down and leave all to me.”

“A thousand thanks. I can't say how grateful I am. You certainly are the kindest and cleverest person in the world.”

“You can't think worse of the world's cleverness and kindness than I do,” was Lilburne's rather ambiguous answer to the compliment. “But why does my sister want to see you?”

"Oh, I forgot!—here is her letter. I was going to ask your advice in this too."

Lord Lilburne took the letter, and glanced over it with the rapid eye of a man accustomed to seize in every thing the main gist and pith.

"An offer to my pretty niece—Mr. Spencer—requires no fortune—his uncle will settle all his own—(poor silly old man!) All! Why that's only 1000*l.* a-year. You don't think much of this,—eh? How my sister can even ask you about it puzzles me."

"Why you see, Lilburne," said Mr. Beaufort, rather embarrassed, "there is no question of fortune—nothing to go out of the family; and, really, Arthur is so expensive; and, if she marry well, I could not give her less than 15 or 20,000*l.*"

"Alas!—I see—every man to his taste: here a daughter—there a dowry. You are devilish fond of money, Beaufort. Any pleasure in avarice,—eh?"

Mr. Beaufort coloured very much at the remark and the question, and, forcing a smile, said,—

"You are severe. But you don't know what it is to be father to a young man."

"Then a great many young women have told me sad fables! But you are right in your sense of the phrase. No, I never had an heir-apparent, thank Heaven! No children imposed on me by law—natural enemies, to count the years between the bells that ring for their majority, and those that will toll for my decease. It is enough for me that I have a brother and a sister—that my brother's son will inherit my estates—and that, in the meantime, he gradges me every tick in that clock. What then? If he had been my uncle I had done the same. Meanwhile, I see as little of him as good-breeding will permit. On the face of a rich man's heir is written the rich man's *no mecum erit!* But, *recreans à nos montans.* Yes, if you give your daughter no fortune, your death will be so much the more profitable to Arthur!"

"Really, you take such a very odd view of the matter," said Mr. Beaufort, exceedingly shocked. "But I see you don't like the marriage; perhaps you are right."

"Indeed, I have no choice in the matter; I never interfere between father and children. If I had children myself, I will, however, tell you, for your comfort, that they might marry

exactly as they pleased—I would never thwart them. I should be too happy to get them out of my way. If they married well, one would have all the credit; if ill, one would have an excuse to disown them. As I said before, I dislike poor relations. Though if Camilla lives at the Lakes when she is married, it is but a letter now and then; and that's your wife's trouble, not yours. But, Spenceer—what Spenceer?—what family? Was there not a Mr. Spenceer who lived at Winandermere—who——”

“Who went with us in search of these boys, to be sure. Very likely the same—nay, he must be so. I thought so at the first.”

“Go down to the Lakes to-morrow. You may hear something about your *widgers*,” at that word Mr. Beaufort winced. “Tis well to be forewarned.”

“Many thanks for all your counsel,” said Beaufort, rising, and glad to escape; for though both he and his wife held the advice of Lord Lilburne in the highest reverence, they always smarted beneath the quiet and careless stings which accompanied the honey. Lord Lilburne was singular in this,—he would give to any one who asked it, but especially a

relation, the best advice in his power; and none gave better, that is, more *worldly* advice. Thus, without the least benevolence, he was often of the greatest service; but he could not help mixing up the draught with as much aloes and bitter-apple as possible. His intellect delighted in exhibiting itself even gratuitously. His heart equally delighted in that only cruelty which polished life leaves to its tyrants towards their equals,—thrusting pins into the feelings, and breaking self-love upon the wheel. But just as Mr. Beaufort had drawn on his gloves and gained the doorway, a thought seemed to strike Lord Lilburne,—

“By the by,” he said, “you understand that when I promised I would try and settle the matter for you, I only meant that I would learn the exact causes you have for alarm on the one hand, or for a compromise with this fellow on the other. If the last be advisable, you are aware that I cannot interfere. I might get into a scrape; and Beaufort Court is not *my* property.”

“I don’t quite understand you.”

“I am plain enough, too. If there is money

to be given, it is given in order to defeat what is called *justice*—to keep these nephews of yours out of their inheritance. Now, should this ever come to light, it would have an ugly appearance. They who risk the blame must be the persons who possess the estate.”

“If you think it dishonourable or dishonest —” said Beaufort, irresolutely.

“I! I never can advise as to the feelings; I can only advise as to the policy. If you don't think there ever was a marriage, it may, still, be honest in you to prevent the bore of a lawsuit.”

“But if he can prove to me that they were married?”

“Pooh!” said Lilburne, raising his eyebrows with a slight expression of contemptuous impatience; “it rests on yourself whether or not he *prove it to your satisfaction!* For my part, as a third person, I am persuaded the marriage did take place. But if I had Beaufort Court, my convictions would be all the other way. You understand. I am too happy to serve you. But no man can be expected to jeopardise his character, or coquet with the law, unless it be for his own individual interest. Then, of course, he must judge for himself.

Adieu! I expect some friends—foreigners—Carlists—to whist. You won't join them?"

"I never play, you know. You will write to me at Winandermere; and, at all events, you will keep off the man till I return?"

"Certainly."

Beaufort, whom the latter part of the conversation had comforted far less than the former, hesitated, and turned the door-handle three or four times; but, glancing towards his brother-in-law, he saw in that cold face so little hope of sympathy in the struggle between interest and conscience, that he judged it best to withdraw at once.

As soon as he was gone, Lilburne summoned his valet, who had lived with him many years, and who was his confidant in all the adventurous gallantries with which he still enlivened the autumn of his life.

"Dykeman," said he, "you have let out that lady?"

"Yes, my lord."

"I am not at home if she calls again. She is stupid; she cannot get the girl to come to her again. I shall trust you with an adventure, Dykeman—an adventure that will remind you of our young days, man. This charming

creature—I tell you she is irresistible—her very oddities bewitch me. You must—well, you look uneasy. What would you say?”

“My lord, I have found out more about her—and—and——”

“Well, well.”

The valet drew near and whispered something in his master’s ear.

“They are idiots who say it, then,” answered Lilburne.

“And,” faltered the man, with the shame of humanity on his face, “she is not worthy your lordship’s notice—a poor——”

“Yes, I know she is poor; and, for that reason, there can be no difficulty, if the thing is properly managed. You never, perhaps, heard of a certain Philip, king of Macedon; but I will tell you what he once said, as well as I can remember it: ‘Lead an ass with a pannier of gold; send the ass into the gates of a city, and all the sentinels will run away.’ Poor!—where there is love there is charity also, Dykeman. Besides——”

Here Lilburne’s countenance assumed a sullen aspect of dark and angry passion,—he broke off abruptly, rose, and paced the room, muttering to himself. Suddenly he

stopped, and put his hand to his hip, as an expression of pain again altered the character of his face.

"The limb pains me still. Dykeman—I was scarce—twenty-one—when—I became a cripple for life." He paused, drew a long breath, smiled, rubbed his hands gently, and added: "Never fear—you shall be the ass; and thus Philip of Macedon begins to fill the pauper." And he tossed his purse into the hands of the valet, whose face seemed to lose its anxious embarrassment at the touch of the gold. Lilburne glanced at him with a quiet sneer: "Go!—I will give you my orders when I unress.

"Yes!" he repeated to himself, "the limb pains me still. But he died!—shot as a man would shoot a jay or a polecat! I have the newspaper still in that drawer. *He* died an outcast—a felon—a murderer! And I blasted his name—and I seduced his mistress—and I—am John Lord Lilburne."

About ten o'clock some half-a-dozen of those gay lovers of London, who, like Lilburne, remain faithful to its charms when more vulgar worshippers desert its sunburnt streets—mostly single men—mostly men of middle

age—dropped in. And soon after came three or four high-born foreigners, who had followed into England the exile of the unfortunate Charles X. Their looks, at once proud and sad—their moustaches curled downward—their beards permitted to grow—made at first a strong contrast with the smooth, gay Englishmen. But Lilburne, who was fond of French society, and who, when he pleased, could be courteous and agreeable, soon placed the exiles at their ease; and, in the excitement of high play, all differences of mood and humour speedily vanished. Morning was in the skies before they sat down to supper.

“You have been very fortunate to-night, milord,” said one of the Frenchmen, with an envious tone of congratulation.

“But, indeed,” said another, who, having been several times his host’s partner, had won largely, “you are the finest player, milord, I ever encountered.”

“Always excepting Monsieur Deschappelles and ****” replied Lilburne, indifferently. And, turning the conversation, he asked one of the guests why he had not introduced him to a French officer of merit and distinction;

"With whom," said Lord Lilburne, "I understand that you are intimate, and of whom I hear your countrymen very often speak."

"You mean De Vaudemont. Poor fellow!" said a middle-aged Frenchman, of a graver appearance than the rest.

"But why 'poor fellow,' Monsieur de Liancourt?"

"He was rising so high before the revolution. There was not a braver officer in the army. But he is but a soldier of fortune, and his career is closed."

"Till the Bourbons return," said another Carlist, playing with his moustache.

"You will really honour me much by introducing me to him," said Lord Lilburne. "De Vaudemont—it is a good name,—perhaps, too, he plays at whist."

"But," observed one of the Frenchmen, "I am by no means sure that he has the best right in the world to the name. 'Tis a strange story."

"May I hear it?" asked the host.

"Certainly. It is briefly this:—There was an old Vicouite de Vaudemont about Paris; of good birth, but extremely poor—a *mourais*

sojet. He had already had two wives, and run through their fortunes. Being old and ugly, and men who survive two wives having a bad reputation among marriageable ladies at Paris, he found it difficult to get a third. Despairing of the *noblesse*, he went among the *bourgeoisie* with that hope. His family were kept in perpetual fear of a ridiculous *mésalliance*. Among these relations was Madame de Merville, whom you may have heard of."

"Madame de Merville! Ah, yes! Handsome was she not?"

"It is true. Madame de Merville, whose falling was pride, was known more than once to have bought off the matrimonial inclinations of the amorous vicomte. Suddenly there appeared in her circles a very handsome young man. He was presented formally to her friends as the son of the Vicomte de Vaudemont by his second marriage with an English lady, brought up in England, and now for the first time publicly acknowledged. Some scandal was circulated——"

"Sir," interrupted Monsieur de Liancourt, very gravely, "the scandal was such as all honourable men must stigmatise and despise

—it was only to be traced to some lying lackey—a scandal that the young man was already the lover of a woman of stainless reputation the very first day that he entered Paris! I answer for the falsity of that report. But that report I own was one that decided not only Madame de Merville, who was a sensitive—too sensitive a person, but my friend young Vandemont, to a marriage, from the pecuniary advantages of which he was too high-spirited not to shrink.”

“Well,” said Lord Lilburne, “then this young De Vandemont married Madame de Merville?”

“No,” said Liancourt, somewhat sadly, “it was not so decreed; for Vandemont, with a feeling which belongs to a gentleman, and which I honour, while deeply and gratefully attached to Madame de Merville, desired that he might first carve for himself, at least, some honourable distinction before he claimed a hand to which men of fortunes so much higher had aspired in vain. I am not ashamed,” he added, after a slight pause, “to say that I had been one of the rejected suitors, and that I still revere the memory, of Eugénie de Merville. The young man, therefore, was to have

entered my regiment. Before, however, he had joined it, and while yet in the full flush of a young man's love for a woman formed to excite the strongest attachment, she—she——”

The Frenchman's voice trembled, and he resumed, with affected composure,—“Madame de Merville, who had the best and kindest heart that ever beat in a human breast, learned one day that there was a poor widow in the garret of the hotel she inhabited who was dangerously ill—without medicine and without food—having lost her only friend and supporter in her husband some time before. In the impulse of the moment, Madame de Merville tended herself this widow—caught the fever that preyed upon her—was confined to her bed ten days—and died, as she had lived, in serving others and forgetting self.—And so much, sir, for the scandal you spoke of!”

“A warning,” observed Lord Lilburne, “against trifling with one's health by that vanity of parading a kind heart, which is called charity. If charity, *mon cher*, begins at home, it is in the drawing-room, not the garret!”

The Frenchman looked at his host in some disdain, bit his lip, and was silent.

"But still," resumed Lord Lilburne, "still it is so probable that your old viconte had a son; and I can so perfectly understand why he did not wish to be embarrassed with him as long as he could help it, that I do not understand why there should be any doubt of the younger de Vandemont's parentage."

"Because," said the Frenchman, who had first commenced the narrative,—"because the young man refused to take the legal steps to proclaim his birth and naturalise himself a Frenchman; because, no sooner was Madame de Merville dead, than he forsook the father he had so newly discovered—forsook France, and entered, with some other officers, under the brave * * * * *, in the service of one of the native princes of India."

"But, perhaps, he was poor," observed Lord Lilburne. "A father is a very good thing, and a country is a very good thing, but still a man must have money; and if your father does not do much for you, somehow or other, your country generally follows his example."

"My lord," said Liancourt, "my friend here has forgotten to say that Madame de Merville left to young Vandemont the bulk

of her fortune; and that, when sufficiently recovered from the stupor of his grief, he summoned her relations round him, declared that her memory was too dear to him for wealth to console him for her loss, and reserving to himself but a modest and bare sufficiency for the common necessaries of a gentleman, he divided the rest amongst them, and repaired to the East; not only to conquer his sorrow by the novelty and stir of an exciting life, but to carve out with his own hand the reputation of an honourable and brave man. My friend remembered the scandal long buried—he forgot the generous action.”

“Your friend, you see, my dear Monsieur de Liancourt,” remarked Lilburne, “is more a man of the world than you are!”

“And I was just going to observe,” said the friend thus referred to, “that that very action seemed to confirm the rumour that there had been some little manoeuvring as to this unexpected addition to the name of de Vandemont; for if himself related, however distantly, to Madame de Neville, why have such scruples to receive her bequest?”

“A very shrewd remark,” said Lord Lilburne, looking with some respect at the

speaker; "and I own that it is a very unaccountable proceeding, and one of which I don't think you or I would ever have been guilty. Well, and the old vicomte!"

"Did not long live!" said the Frenchman, evidently gratified by his host's compliment, while Liancourt threw himself back in his chair in grave displeasure. "The young man remained some years in India, and when he returned to Paris, our friend here, Monsieur de Liancourt (then in favour with Charles X.) and Madame de Merville's relations took him up. He had already acquired a reputation in this foreign service, and he obtained a place at the court, and a commission in the king's guards. I allow that he would certainly have made a career, had it not been for the Three Days. As it is, you see him in London, like the rest of us, an exile!"

"And, I suppose, without a son."

"No, I believe that he had still saved, and even augmented in India, the portion he allotted to himself from Madame de Merville's bequest."

"And if he don't play whist, he ought to play it," said Lilburne. "You have roused my curiosity; I hope you will let me make his

acquaintance, Monsieur de Liancourt. I am no politician, but allow me to propose this toast,—‘Success to those who have the wit to plan and the strength to execute.’ In other words, ‘The Right Divine!’”

Soon afterwards the guests retired.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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