

NO.

Would you learn the bravest thing that man can ever do? Would you be an unmerciful king, absolute and true? Would you seek to emulate all you hear in story, Of the Moral, Just, and Great, rich in real glory? Would you lose much bitter care in your lot below? Bravely speak out, when and where 'tis right to utter, No.

MIRK ABBEY.

By the time Lady Lisgard returned to the Abbey, notwithstanding that the sleek boys had devoured the road with all the haste of which their condition permitted, it was long past the breakfast-hour, and her absence from that meal provoked no little comment from the members of her family. Nobody was able to allay their curiosity as to what could have taken mamma to Dalwynch, but Miss Aynton did her best to stimulate it.

"She has gone upon Mary Forest's account," said she—"that is all I can tell you. I never knew any one take such trouble about her maids as dear Lady Lisgard."

"Yes, Rose," replied Letty warmly; "but it is not every maid who has lived with her mistress thirty years. I believe Mary would lay down her very life for dear mamma, and indeed for any of us. When I read those stupid letters in the papers about their being no good old servants to be seen now a days, I long to send the editor a list of our people at the Abbey. Mary, indeed, is quite a new acquisition in comparison with Wiggins and the gardener; but then she is almost faultless. I have heard mamma say that there has never been a word between them."

"Not between them, indeed, Letty," returned Miss Aynton laughing; "for Mistress Forest has all the talk to herself."

Sir Richard smiled grimly, for Mary had been in his bad books ever since her attachment to "that vagabond Derrick."

"Good, Miss Rose!" cried Walter—"very good. I wish I could say as much for this so-called new-laid egg. Why should eggs be of different degrees of freshness? Why not all fresh? Why are they ever permitted to accumulate?"

"My egg is very good," observed Sir Richard sententiously; "how is yours, Miss Aynton?" and he laid an emphasis upon the name, in tacit reproach to his brother for having been so familiar as to say "Miss Rose."

"Well, Sir Richard, I am London-bred, you know, and therefore your country eggs, by comparison, are excellent."

"I wish I could think," said the baronet with staidness, "that in other matters we equally gain by contrast with Town, in your opinion."

Sir Richard bit his lip, but resumed his seat; Walter went on quietly dissecting the *Illustrated London News*, with an air of interest; Miss Aynton very accurately traced the pattern of her plate with her fork; Letty, the innocent cause of the outbreak, shed silent tears. Altogether, the family picture was gloomy, and the situation embarrassing. My Lady seaped this advantage, however, that nobody asked her a word about her expedition to Dalwynch.

"Do not let me detain you at table, my dear Letty," said she, breaking a solemn pause. "Miss Aynton was so good as to make my coffee this morning, and therefore it is only fair that she should perform the same kind office now."

Glad enough of this excuse to leave the room—a movement felt by all to be very difficult of imitation—Letty rushed up stairs to indulge in a good cry in her own bedroom, "the upper system of fountains" only having been yet in play. Sir Richard gloomily stalked away towards the stables; Walter lounged into the hall, lit a cigar, and paced to and fro upon the terrace beneath the windows of the breakfast-room, with both his hands in his pockets. Whiffs of his Havana, and scraps of the opera-tune which he was humming, came in at the open window, to these who yet remained. My Lady had much too good taste to dislike the smell of good tobacco, and the air which he had chosen was a favorite one with her; perhaps Master Walter hummed it upon that account. He was to leave next week to join his regiment—although not immediately. It was only natural he should wish to spend a few days in London after he had had so much of the quiet of Mirk, and yet My Lady grudgingly thought of him as a brother-in-law; how was he to do that? He would not turn his back on another for ever, and be brothers no more; and if something worse than Death were to happen to her—No, she would not think of that. Had not all that could be done to avert such utter ruin been done that very morning? There was surely no immediate peril now—no necessity for such excessive caution and alarm as she had been obliged of late months to exercise; it was something to have breathing-space and liberty.

"I hope you are coming with us to the picnic, Lady Lisgard, now that that horrid man has gone," said a cold quiet voice.

My Lady, looking out of window at her favorite son, and lost in gloomy depths of thought, had entirely forgotten that she had invited Miss Rose Aynton to bear her company. She did not dare to look upon her quondam face, though she got it was fixed on hers, reading Heaven knew what. How had she dared to think of liberty with this domestic spy under her very roof? What should she answer to this dreadful question? Something this girl must know, or must suspect, or she would never have ventured thus to allude a second time to the man Derrick, after her rebuff in the morning. Above all things she must follow Mistress Forest's advice, and get Miss Aynton out of Mirk Abbey. She had intended to speak to her respecting what had just occurred at the breakfast-table; that would also offer an opportunity to say something more.

"Yes, Rose, I am going with you to Belcomb. It is a very favorite spot of mine—very. It was about that expedition, partly that I wished to speak with you. I was about to ask you to be very careful in your conduct towards my maids this day. It is the last time they will be together for weeks, perhaps. Be kind to my poor Richard. Of course, Walter knew nothing of what has passed between you and his brother; but the bow that he drew at a venture sent home a barbed shot."

Miss Aynton bowed her head.

"You were sorry for that, Rose, I know. You cannot fail to see how rich he is, and lately grown. The fact is, he has overestimated the strength of his own powers of self-constraint. Your presence is a perpetual trial to him." My Lady paused, anticipating some reply to a hint so palpable; but Miss Aynton who carried her fancy-work in her pocket continued to develop a pany in floss silk; and the flower opened in silence.

"Under these circumstances, dear Rose," pursued my Lady, "do you think it would be better—I know how embarrassing it would be to you to propose it, and therefore, although your hostess, I relieve you of the task—do you not think it would, on the whole, be wiser for you to leave us a little sooner than you had intended?"

The humming of the opera tune, and the odor of the Havana, were growing more distinct, and the elastic foothold on the gravel was coming very near.

per, and desired no companionship but his own. He would have seen the whole expedition at the bottom of the sea—a metaphor open to the gravest objections, but which he used while arguing the matter with himself aloud—if it were not that that follow Walter was going—and—and—he was not going to let him have all the talk to himself, that was all. True, Sir Richard had given up the idea of transforming Miss Aynton into Lady Lisgard; but still it was not pleasant to see another man making himself exclusively agreeable to her. He was annoyed with himself at having exhibited such passion at the breakfast-table, for the more he thought of it, the more he felt convinced that Walter's remark, although doubtless intended to be offensive, had not been made with any knowledge of his own rejected suit. Still he was in a very bad temper, and listened to the conversation going on behind his back with a moody brow, and every now and then a parting of the lips, through which escaped something the reverse of a prayer.

It was Walter, of course, who was talking. "Inhabited?" said he in answer to some question of Miss Aynton's; "O dear no. Belcomb never had a tenant but once, and I should think would never have another. One Sir Heron Grant and his brother took it two years for the shooting-season; a brace of Scotchmen whose ancestors dated from the Deluge, but so dreary a couple, that one wished that the family had started from a still earlier epoch, and been all washed away."

"I thought Richard rather liked Sir Heron," observed Letty simply.

"Yes, because he was a baronet; and birds of the same gorgeous plumage flock together, you know. There was nothing remarkable about him but his feathers, and he scarcely ever opened his mouth except to put food in it. It is said that in the old stage-coach times, he and his brother travelled from Edinburgh to London, and only uttered one sentence apiece. At York the younger brother saw a rat come out of a wheat-rick. 'By Jove,' said he, 'there's a rat!'—The next morning, Sir Heron replied: 'Ay, if I tower had seen that rat, he would have made short work of him.'"

"Well, it appears, they agreed, at all events," returned Rose, coldly. "After all, even a foolish remark is better than an ill-natured one."

"The scenery is getting well worth your attention here," observed Sir Richard, turning graciously round to Miss Aynton. "Belcomb is a complete solitude, but for those who are content with the pleasures of the country, it is a pleasant spot enough."

"Can we see the house from here, Sir Richard?"

"No, not until we reach this wind-mill, on the top of the hill. The private road branches out from the highway at that spot; and the mill is the nearest inhabited house to Belcomb.—By the way, mother, Hathaway must be spoken to about those sails of his—there, you saw how even old Jenny started at them—it is positively dangerous for horses to pass by. He must build up that old wall a foot higher, and put a gate up.—Any stray cattle might wander in and get knocked down—the sails are so close to the ground."

Master Walter had not at all relished Miss Aynton's rejoinder to his story; still less had he liked his brother's striking into the conversation; least of all did he approve of this laudatory talk about the place, which reminded him of his being a young son, and having neither part nor lot in the great Lisgard heritage.

"There's the folly," cried he suddenly, with a view of changing the subject; "upon that cliff-like hill yonder above that belt of trees."

The little party, so strangely out of accord with one another, took their lunch, indeed, beneath the shadow of the Tower; but all those harmonious elements which are so absolutely essential to the success of a picnic, were wanting. There were no high spirits, no good-humored badinage, and not the ghost of a laugh. My Lady, singularly silent even for her, gazed around her on the familiar landscape, or regarded the shuttered cottages with a mournful interest, as though they reminded her of happier times. Miss Aynton, careful of what My Lady had enjoined, was studiously urbane to Sir Richard, but without obtaining the wished-for result; for while the baronet was thereby only rendered tolerably gracious, the Captain grew intensely irritated. Poor Letty, who was the only one prepared to be agreeable, or had any expectation of enjoying herself, felt immensely relieved when the repast was concluded, and the horses were ordered to be "put to." As for strolling about the grounds, and pointing out their varied beauties to Rose, as she had counted upon doing, that was no longer to be thought of. Sir Richard, as usual, offered his arm in stately fashion to his mother; but Master Walter, lighting a cigar, stood for a few minutes looking down with knitted brow upon the lake, then sauntered after them, without saying a word, and with both hands in his pocket.

"Dear Rose," cried Letty, who watched these proceedings, with little short of terror, "what have you said to make Walter so cross? I never saw him behave like that in my life. He did not even look at you. Would it be very wrong if you just ran after him, and said a word or two before we got into the carriage? I am so dreadfully afraid of a quarrel between him and Richard."

"Just as you please, Letty," returned Miss Aynton, looking pale, and a little frightened too; and forcing a laugh, she tripped down the zigzag path in pursuit of the exasperated captain.

Letty waited a reasonable time, watching the footman collect the debris of the entertainment, and pack the plate, and then, supposing their difficulty had been adjusted, followed upon the track of her friend and Walter. The path was not only of considerable length, but so very steep, that one little zigzag overhang another; thus, as she descended, she perceived through the thin Spring foliage the two young people standing beneath her, although they are quite unconscious of her approach. She caught the last words of something Rose was saying; those were: "Walter, dear." She marked the girl stretch her arms toward him, as though she would have clasped them round his neck; and then she saw Captain Lisgard, of Her Majesty's Light Dragoons, put her roughly by, shake himself free of her with a movement expressive almost of loathing, and turn on his heels with an oath.

CHAPTER XIX. THE FINISSE IN TRUMP.

It is the Night before the Derby. The West End is thronged with men. The streets are perceptibly more thronged with well-dressed males than at any other time in the year. The May meetings brought enough of persons and sober-coated laity to dull the living tide—to almost make Londoners a mournful people (which we are, naturally, not, despite what Frenchmen say); but those grave ones have either departed from us, or are now lost and undistinguishable in this influx of gay company. All the newcomers are in their most gorgeous raiment, for is not this the grand, the gaudy week of the wicked? Half the officers of cavalry in Her Majesty's service have obtained leave of absence for eight-and-forty hours upon urgent private affairs; and a fourth of the infantry have done the like; they have come up from every station within the four seas to see the great race run, which is to put in their pockets from five pounds to fifty thousand. Over their little books they shake their shining heads, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in turf-transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in turf-transactions. There is a fair sprinkling, too, of respectable country gentlemen, who rarely leave their families to occupy their old bachelor quarters at Long's or the *Paristock*, and stroke their tawny moustaches in a deprecating manner, but each one has a secret expectation that "he shall pull it off this once;" for, upon the whole, our military friends have not been fortunate in turf-transactions.

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world. There was also a vague rumor that the favorite's "understandings" were not as they should be; that there was a contraction that might be fatal to his prospects; that the idol's feet were of clay. Ralph Derrick had "put the pot on" his *Mameluke*, and would be a millionaire if he won; but Walter Lisgard had put more than the pot. If the French colors did not show in front at the winning-post, the captain, still to use the elegant metaphor of the sporting fraternity, would be in Queer Street. So instructed had the young man grown, that he had absolutely hedged even that one bet which insured him a thousand pounds in case *the King* should win the race. Notwithstanding his coyness in accepting the first offer of a loan from his uncultivated friend, he had borrowed of him twice since, in each case giving his I.O.U., whereby he endeavored to persuade himself that he was liquidating all obligation; yet, unless he considered his mere autograph was worth the sums for which it was pledged, I know not how he succeeded in this. For if *Mameluke* did not happen to win he not only would not have enough to discharge his debts of honor for nearly two years—when he would come into possession of his patrimony of five thousand pounds—but even a great portion of that would be spoken. Thus, of course, he had placed himself, through mere greed, in a most unpleasant position; but at the same time it must be allowed that he had yielded to a great temptation, such as would have probably have made the mouth of any financier water, had the opportunity offered in his particular line; for with the exception of mere outsiders, *The King* had beaten every horse that was to contend with him on the morrow; and *Mameluke*, to Walter's certain knowledge, had beaten *The King*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Francis Jeffrey, from Macaulay's Description.

He had twenty faces, almost as unlike each other as his father's to Mr. Wilberforce's, and infinitely more unlike to each other than those of new relations often are. When quiescent, reading a paper or hearing a conversation in which he takes no interest, his countenance shows no indication whatever of intellectual superiority of any kind. But as soon as he is interested and opens his eyes on you, the change is like magic. There is a flash in his glance, a violent contortion in his frown, an exquisite humor in his sneer, and a sweetness and brilliancy in his smile beyond any thing that he ever witnessed. A person who had seen him in only one state would not know him if he saw him in another. The mere outline of his face was insignificant; the expression was every thing; and such power and variety of expression he had never seen in any human countenance, not even in that of the most celebrated actors. He could conceive that Garrick might have been like him. He had seen several portraits of Garrick, none resembling another, and he had heard Hannah More speak of the extraordinary variety of countenance by which he was distinguished, and of the unequalled radiance and penetration of his eye. The voice and delivery of Jeffrey resembled his face. He possessed considerable power of mimicry, and rarely told a story without imitating several different accents. His familiar tone, his declamatory tone, and his pathetic tone were different things. Sometimes Scotch predominated in his pronunciation; sometimes it was imperceptible. Sometimes his utterance was snappish and quick to the last degree; sometimes it was remarkable for reticence and mellowness. In one thing he was always the same, and that was the warmth of his domestic affections. The flow of his kindness was inexhaustible. Not five minutes passed without some fond expression or caressing gesture to his wife or daughter. He had fitted up a study for himself, but he never went into it. Law papers, reviews, whatever he had to write, he wrote in the drawing-room, or in his wife's boudoir. When he went to other parts of the country on a retainer, he took them in a carriage with him. Macaulay was surprised to see a man so keen and sarcastic, so much of a scoffer, pouring himself out with such simplicity and tenderness in all sorts of affectionate nonsense. He had never seen any thing of the sort at Clapham, Cadogan Place, or Great Ormond Street. Throughout a journey they made together in Perth, a *partie caee*, this domestic Proteus kept up a sort of mock quarrel with his daughter, attacked her about novel-reading, laughed her into a pet, kissed her out of it, and laughed her into it again. He was no wonder that they adored him. His conversation was, like his countenance and voice, of immense variety; sometimes plain and unpretending; sometimes whimsically brilliant and rhetorical. He was a shrewd observer, and so fastidious that many stood in awe of him when in his company. Though not altogether free from affectation himself, he had a peculiar loathing for it in other people, and a great talent for discovering and exposing it. He had a particular contempt, in which his guest heartily concurred, for the *fadistes* of blue-stocking literature, for the mutual flattery of coteries, the handing about of *verses de societe*, and all the other nauseous trinkets of the Seward, Hayleys, and Sothebys. Perhaps he had not escaped the opposite extreme, and was not a little desirous to appear a man of the world, or an easy, careless gentleman, rather than a distinguished writer. When he and his guest were alone, he talked much and well on literary topics; his kindness and hospitality were beyond description. Macaulay liked everything at Jeffrey's house in Moray Place except the hours. They were never up till ten and never retired till at least two hours after midnight. Jeffrey never went to bed till sleep came upon him overpoweringly, and never rose till forced up by business or hun-pochondriac, filling his letters with lamentations about his malady. "I really think that he is, on the whole, the youngest-looking man of fifty that I know, at least when he is animated." Such was Macaulay's first pen-portrait of Francis Jeffrey, and such is his life that, after the lapse of nearly fifty years, we will see the man clad in his habit as he lived. The painter, it should be remembered, did not pen this for publicity, but merely to interest his mother and sisters.—*Harper's Magazine for July.*

By trusting your own soul you shall gain a greater confidence in men.