

Eustace, the Outcast.

CHAPTER XXX.
RIGHT TRIUMPHANT.

The arrival of Eustace and Randolph, and the exciting scene which had taken place in his chamber, produced a terrible effect on Mr. Graham. It roused him in a strange, startling way from the lethargy into which he had sunk from the first moment of the shock. A spasmodic power and energy seemed returning to his paralyzed limbs, and the intensity of mental agitation threatened to force through the potent spell which had in an instant been laid upon his physical system. The convulsed motions so produced were horrible to contemplate. The staring eye-balls, rolling from face to face, indicating the agonizing earnestness to speak, the convulsive twitching of the features, and the jerking of the limbs, made it very sad and painful indeed to stand by his bedside and witness without the power to aid. Eustace and Captain Dunsmore did what they could to soothe and compose him, and if Randolph had withdrawn he might have grown calmer, but the latter insultingly refused to quit the chamber, declaring with all composure of speech, that he had as good a right to be there as Eustace, and a deal more right than Dunsmore. His object seemed to be to irritate and excite the sufferer, in the hope that another shock might be produced, which would prove at once fatal, and he viewed with a fiendish satisfaction, which he took no pains to conceal, those distortions which gave such poignant pain and sorrow to the other spectators. It was as much as Eustace could do to command himself so far as to refrain from forcibly ejecting him—a proceeding which the more fiery Dunsmore several times suggested, only, however, to elicit from Randolph brutal expressions of defiance.

Mr. Graham never once appeared on the scene. On one occasion only had she ventured to her husband's bedside, and sight of her had brought such an angry expression from his eyes that she returned immediately to her own chamber, which she kept from morning till night, appearing in the dining-room at meals, and that only occasionally. Since morning, therefore, the three young men were the only attendants at the couch.

A little after midday Mr. Graham, after much effort, managed to utter the word—'Search.'

'Search for the will, you mean?' said Captain Dunsmore.

'Yes,' was the answer, painfully articulated.

'But you know the doctor and I have searched already in every conceivable place, and there is little doubt,' he added, looking towards Randolph, 'that he who abstracted it has it most carefully concealed.'

Randolph made no reply, but his meaning smile expressed more than words.

'I have a notion that the cabin of the Greyhound would be a likely place to search,' said Dunsmore.

Randolph's eye flashed maliciously. 'A shrewd idea, Captain Dunsmore,' he observed. 'Pon my word, it might be worth while for such a search to be instituted. If you think of undertaking it, the Greyhound is lying at anchor in the river, and I will allow you to dispense with the formality of a warrant, by providing you with a letter of permission to my chief officer. Shall you go?'

Dunsmore's answer to this taunting proposal was a dignified silence.

'Really now,' Randolph went on, 'since you are so anxious to get hold of the will, you should make every possible exertion. Had I the same reason to find it on your protegee I should take instant steps—and you may depend upon it when the time comes, that it is of advantage to me that the will should be produced—'

'It will be forthcoming?' interrupted Dunsmore, angrily.

'I rather think so,' returned Randolph, with a supercilious bow.

'And no sooner?' said the Captain.

'Well my decided opinion is—no.'

'Then that opinion is wrong, for here is the will,' shouted a voice, and Ralph Bloxam appeared on the threshold of the chamber, holding aloft the will in one hand, and the oilskin in which it had been wrapped in the other.

Randolph glared for a moment at him in stupefied amazement, then with an oath sprang forward to snatch the parchment from his grasp.

Instantly there was a terrible shock, and Randolph recoiled with a stagger across the room, for he had been met with the hand that held the oilskin, planting a tremendous blow in the chest.

'You'd like to get it, I dare say,' roared Ralph.

'Here with it,' cried Dunsmore. 'Here Ralph—quick—quick.'

blow, and seeing what his father was about to do, made a desperate dash to intercept him. But Ralph, who was watching him, like a panther, fastened on him, and twining his huge arms around held him back, but held him by a force against which even his rage was powerless, so that he was compelled to view the proceedings which followed, and to look on and see the act which made him a beggar.

The terrible excitement of the moment had made Mr. Graham's will obtain the conquest over the disease which had assailed him, and without any assistance he reached the fire, and dropped the parchment upon the glowing embers, waiting with gasping eagerness till it should burst into a flame. When he let it fall upon the fire Randolph was seized with a desperate impulse to snatch it from destruction, and put forth all the strength which the crisis gave him to burst from Ralph's grip. But in vain, Ralph too, was animated by the strongest feeling that can possess human nature, and at the moment a giant's power was in his arms. These he tightened round Randolph's body like bars of iron, and kept him helplessly imprisoned.

For a moment the dead lay upon the red coals unchanged—then it became tinged with brown, and dark spots appeared and spread, while thick smoke began to rise the instant the edges were burned up; a slight crackling was heard, and the deed was enveloped in flame. In a few seconds more it lay upon the fire a handful of black, fleecy ashes, and as the last flickering flame was extinguished. Mr. Graham gave a great gasp, and turning to Eustace, uttered a sharp cry, and fell into his outstretched arms—Dead.

'Alas, my father,' murmured the youth, 'your pride caused you to do unjustly; but this act of atonement indicates repentance, which I accept as cancelling all the past.'

He gently lifted the inanimate body, bore it back to the bed, and laying it there, reverently closed the glazing eyes, and covered the face with the counterpane.

While this was being done, Randolph, released now by Ralph, shrieked a hoarse oath, and rushed from the room towards his mother's chamber, and there, with fearful imprecations, delivered his tidings of ruin. To the heartless and ambitious woman the intelligence was overwhelming. Dreading nothing, but deeming all secure, she was waiting with almost eager impatience to receive the tidings of the event which made her son the owner of Bengarry. But, instead of this, there burst upon her the news that her long cherished plans had ended in sudden and utter destruction—that she was a widow, and that the estate would go to Eustace, the rightful owner.

'D—n seize that fellow Ralph, for he has done it all,' roared Randolph, as he stamped furiously to and fro.

'Exactly so,' said Ralph, gliding in through the door. 'I am just the man that has done it all, and I'm particularly glad you understand it, though I rather think you don't know the full extent of my services, and your obligation to me.'

'Begone, sirrah,' shouted Randolph. 'Rid us instantly of your mocking presence. By heaven, had I a pistol I would shoot you dead at my feet.'

'No you wouldn't,' returned Ralph, with a malicious grin. 'You have the heart and ferocity to do it, I know, but you haven't the courage. The hangman's rope frightens you, and suppose you had the pistol at this moment, I would feel myself quite safe.'

'Begone, I say—d— you, begone!'

'Not just yet,' rejoined Ralph, with the same malicious smile. 'I want to let you know how much you owe me. First and foremost I was one of them that picked up your wife and child, when you set them adrift in the sinking boat, and that's how I brought her with me to make the smash the other day. But maybe you want to know how I came to find the will! Well I was going through the park when I saw you drop from the tree.'

Randolph started as if a reptile had bitten him. Ralph's eyes flashed triumph, and he went on.

'But I saw something more drop. I saw a letter that had tumbled from your pocket, and picked it up. It was the letter you got from Dunbar the excise-man, and that's how we came to know the smugglers were betrayed, and what measures to take to defeat you. It was extraordinarily kind of you to give me the means of ruining you so completely.'

'And well might you feel shame to boast of your unnatural conduct,' exclaimed Mrs. Graham, passionately. 'It was good work, wasn't it, to effect the ruin of your sister and her son?'

'And whose fault was that?' returned Ralph, blazng up with wrathful vehemence. 'Haven't you both richly deserved it? Who was it that wouldn't trust me—that sold me into bondage—that flogged me like a dog—that let me to die of hunger on a bit of rock in the middle of the sea? D'ye think I was going to suffer all that at your hands and not have revenge! Not likely. I swore to pay you out for it all, and I have done it. Aye done it till I am satisfied. I have whipped Bengarry from between your teeth. I have made you beggar. You'll both have to bundle out of this, and I hope you'll starve—starve—die of want at the back of a dyke, and in your last moments think it was me who brought it all upon you. Shame! You say I might feel shame at what I have done? No, I glory in it. It will be the sweetest food for my thoughts as long as I live, and when Heall to mind the day I was lashed to the gun and had my back striped with the cat, this day's work will take away the bitterness of the recollection. There—that, I guess, is a part of my mind that will stick to you. Hope you will enjoy the digestion of it. Ha! ha! ha!'

And with a loud, mocking laugh, Ralph quitted the chamber, leaving his baffled and mortified victims to chew the cud of those bitter reflections which his words produced.

It would seem unwarrantable to say that when the news from Bengarry reached Lowden the intelligence of the death of Mr. Graham produced sorrow in the mind either of Mr. Adamson or Lilia. In the first place, the tidings relieved them of the most intense anxiety. They had heard nothing of the fate of the lugger, and the dear ones who must have boarded her. There was danger that the cutter had captured them; and in that case, besides the penalty that would attach to them as smugglers, their return would be indefinitely postponed. Very welcome, therefore, was the information that they had boarded the lugger in time to have her head turned north—that they had safely reached Bengarry—and that, by the death of Mr. Graham, Eustace was now a wealthy landed proprietor. The sadness of the latter event was quite lost in the importance of the consequences. It was utterly impossible, of course, that Mr. Adamson could grieve for the decease of a man he never saw, nor could Lilia mourn the death of one who had acted so cruelly to Eustace, and thankfulness rather than sorrow or regret filled her bosom, for now he whom she so fondly loved, and who had so nobly proved his love, was restored to his rightful social station, and remained no longer an outcast. His long letter to her overflowed with the fulness of his affection, and he promised, as soon as the funeral was over, to come and convey her to her future home.

At the end of a week from the day he died, Mr. Graham was interred in the rural churchyard of Balmerine, in the aisle belonging to the estate of Bengarry. The funeral was very respectable, with out being pompous, and more out of respect to Eustace than his father, there was a full attendance of the country residents. Randolph was also present and occupied the position of a younger son. The first intention of this personage was to quit Bengarry on the very evening of his father's death, and from that moment cease all correspondence with his brother. Judging of the latter by himself, he concluded that from Eustace he would receive nothing—that the latter would resent to the uttermost of his power Randolph's past conduct, and leave him entirely to his own resources. It surprised him, therefore, not a little to be invited to a conference with his brother in the library, and to learn that the latter's intentions were of no such vengeful character.

He entered the library with a sullen, defiant air, and met Eustace with a scowl. The latter was calm and grave, but neither stern nor vindictive.

'Randolph,' he said, 'we are brothers, and notwithstanding what has passed, I have no desire to act towards you as I have the power to do. What has occurred makes it, of course, impossible to pretend friendship, or hold any fraternal intercourse; but I am not vindictive enough to take revenge for past injuries, nor need the world know our family matters. I am led to understand that a very considerable sum of money has accumulated from the estate of late years. This shall be given up to be invested for your mother's behoof, to fall to you at her death, and till then I will pay you five hundred a year from the rent roll. This along with your official income, will maintain you in the position of a gentleman.'

Randolph stared in astonishment at this generosity, and could not help saying that it was utterly unexpected. He therefore remained at the mansion till after the funeral, and occupied his natural place at that sad ceremony, departing, however, on the following day, and sailing with his cutter to the Forth.

Mrs. Graham also quitted Bengarry, and a choice of locality being allowed her, took up her residence in one of the fashionable squares of Edinburgh.

Bengarry being thus rid of those who had conspired to do them harm, Eustace and Lilia took up their abode there, and entered on the enjoyment of that domestic happiness so congenial to their souls. The trials and sorrows to which they had been subjected had proved an ordeal out of which their hearts had come purified and elevated, and having experienced such deep suffering they could all the more prize the bliss that had followed.

Uncle John was loth to lose the company of Lilia, but he was reconciled to it by the thought that it would not be

for long. The lease of his farm expired on the following year, and he resolved to quit Lowden. His smuggling career was now ended. Dickson's betrayal had brought it effectually to a close, and his friends did not, on the whole, regret it, for, whatever opinion they might hold as to the morality of smuggling, it was unquestionably illegal, and therefore dangerous and disreputable. Uncle John had, however, made a deal of money by it, and this made him all the more willing to give it up. He was still a hale, hearty, active man, and quite eagerly jumped at a proposition made by Eustace, that he should take one of the Bengarry farms and initiate Willy into the processes of agriculture—Eustace promising to erect a fine residence for him, to be shared with Willy and his bride—for by this time it was settled that the latter and Marion Giberton were to be immediately married. So by the spring following the new house was ready to be occupied, and the blushing Marion was brought by the proud and happy Willy from the village of Eyemouth to the beautiful banks of the Tay, and took possession of their new house, where Uncle John joined them in the autumn, adding by his presence to the general happiness.

We must not, however, forget to mention that, before quitting the locality, he fished up the kegs which had been sunk in the Loch, and got them safely and profitably disposed of, and this formed the last smuggling transaction in which he was engaged.

Ralph Bloxam took up his residence in the cottage by the river, and with him Jessie and her child. She never sought to see or communicate with Randolph, and over her the shadow of grief still hung. We may here say, however, that at the end of two years, Randolph came, professing great sorrow for the past, and the continuance of his love for her; and she, poor girl, having never ceased to love him, notwithstanding his treachery, was prevailed on to forgive him, and join him as his wife. Into their domestic experience we shall not too curiously inquire. Doubtless the past must have often cast its sombre shadow over their home, but to all appearance they lived in harmony, and if Randolph's nature did not suffer a radical change, he yet suppressed those terrible manifestations of it which had so fully defaced his conduct, and embittered so many loving hearts.

Captain Donaldson could not be prevailed on to quit the life of a sailor. It suited best, he said, his restless disposition. He, however, ceased to voyage to Holland for the purpose of bringing over contraband cargoes and entered the service of a Leith merchant, who chartered his ship to various foreign ports with cargoes of a legitimate character. Joe remained with him, and was ere long appointed his chief officer; and never did they arrive at the port of Leith without paying a visit to their friends at Bengarry.

This leads us to say a parting word about the rest of the smugglers of St. Abbs. The treachery which ruined Jessop and stopped the career of Adamson, dealt a serious blow to the smuggling system of the locality. Jessop departed as we have described, and was again heard of, but his large mansion over against the harbor, having been previously conveyed to another, passed into new hands, and subsequently became the residence of one of the aristocratic families in the neighborhood. The underground vaults were shut up, but they still exist under the building, and may be seen by the curious at the present day.

And now we must let the curtain fall; and where shall it be? Where but on the scene on which it rose—on the little grassy knoll by the banks of the Tay where Eustace Graham reclined on that bright morning when he first beheld Lilia Sommerville, and saved her from a watery grave.

It is not morning now, but evening—a glorious evening in summer—and the gorgeous panorama of that noble Scottish river lies in all its beauty and magnificence in the golden light. A neat rustic arbor has been erected on the knoll, and in the arbor sits Eustace and Lilia, while on the grassy carpet in front three pretty children—two boys and a girl—are sporting in all the wantonness of youthful glee.

The few years of wedded life that have passed over the heads of Eustace and Lilia have quite effaced the traces of that time of trial and suffering through which they passed. They seem very, very happy now as they gaze with fondest pride upon their little darlings—the image of themselves—and abroad upon the splendors of the approaching sunset. The scene before them is calmly beautiful and radiant as is now their peaceful lives. But the past is not forgotten. It lives with them as an undisturbing memory still, and oftentimes they revert to it with feelings free from sadness, for it brought to them many pleasures and joyous experiences, and introduced them to happy realizations which otherwise they would not have known. They often think of it, and speak of it, and have just been thinking of it now—the scene before them having called it so vividly into their minds. The spot on

which they sit is the favorite spot in their possession, for it is associated with the birth of that love which now sweetens their earthly lot, and spreads through their hearts a peace and joy which they humbly hope will prove a foretaste of higher and holier blessedness in the world to come. Surrounded by this scenery of soul, and the enjoyment of such deep domestic happiness, we bid them farewell, trusting that their conduct under their new trial, and the fullness of their reward, will stimulate our readers to follow their example amid the difficulties and sorrows of this chequered life. The story we have told teaches many lessons, but the chief is this—that adherence to duty will sooner or later prove to be the path of safety and of peace.

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