

...empty carriages, and  
...their mummified  
...the pride of so  
...whose manumate re-  
...had waved its gigantic branches,  
...of but a temporary de-  
...the promise of an off-  
...Doctor Driveller, ten years  
...deceased patron, read the  
...with a steady voice and an  
...bearing as calm as though his  
...very near, ay, even at the  
...The vault was opened, the ceremony  
...of their hats, and the  
...at a distance hastened home to be in  
...for dinner. Black horses snorted and  
...their plumes—mutes smiled and whis-  
...as though thankful for relief from  
...the bough—the bee hummed in the sun-  
...and Sir Peregrine was laid with the  
...trains.

Old customs, feudal hospitality, and the  
position of the family, demanded a certain  
amount of decorous feasting and subdued  
merry-making, which reminded me, with a  
mixture hardly to be borne, of my own coun-  
try in those very halls. But this, too,  
was at length over, and the stern realities of  
life pressed the small leisure to listen to the  
reproaches of conscience, or yield to the un-  
savoury earnings of regret. Hour after hour  
Mortmain and I were closeted in the library;  
and as we went deeper and deeper into the  
details of ostentation and youthful reck-  
lessness, so it became more and more ob-  
vious that the ruin was as irremediable as  
the wilful blindness which led to it was un-  
accountable.

It is evident to me, Sir Digby, said Mort-  
main, addressing me for the first time by my  
new title, the only bequest which it appeared  
I was to inherit, that in addition to the diffi-  
culties which your poor father has entailed  
upon you, and of which it is only due to my-  
self to say I have till now been kept in total  
ignorance, your own faculties, as far as you  
have informed me, will swallow up all our  
available resources, even should we be com-  
pelled, as I greatly fear we shall be, to sell  
the estate!

I was prepared for as much, I replied.  
I have seen this coming for long, though I  
have never had courage to look it in the face.  
But if there is any means of avoiding the sacri-  
fice I am prepared to live on bread and  
water, and work like a slave, to save old  
Haverley.

It cannot be done, said Mortmain. Lis-  
ten to me, my young friend. You are a man  
of strong mind, or I should not have spoken  
to you so abruptly as I have done this morn-  
ing. Everything must be sold—the property,  
the house, the furniture, pictures, wine,  
horses—in short, everything; and you must  
begin life again. It is hard, cruelly hard,  
but there is no use disguising the fact—there  
it is!

So be it, was the reply; and from that  
moment the house of my ancestors ceased to  
be my home.

Then came the sickening details, the in-  
finite condolence of neighbors, the cold  
regrets of the country families, no better in  
their generation than their fellows in town;  
the making out of catalogues, the slang of  
appraisers, the impertinences of parties on  
view. How the furniture seemed to increase  
and multiply as the dear old hall was deso-  
lated by having its most hallowed associa-  
tions torn into bits, carpets rolled up,  
and hangings taken down, gorgeous mirrors  
numbered with chalk, and marble busts  
standing forward in cold unsightly promi-  
nence. My mother's bonnet, the revered re-  
lic of that mother whom I had never seen,  
carefully preserved sacred almost in the state  
in which she left it, treasured by holostrated  
hands, and polluted with the unwashed hands  
of a vulgar curiosity, my father's guns num-  
bered and ticketed; every article of conveni-

...and got a cast from this gentleman, pointing  
to the Jew, who was staring about him with  
a rueful air, that seemed compounded partly  
of anxiety as to his own profits, and partly,  
to do him justice, of commiseration for the  
pillage going on around.

With a blush of conscious humiliation, I  
was forced to present the money-lender to  
Mr. Mortmain; and it might have amused  
an uninitiated observer to mark the cold  
reserve with which the shrewd upright man  
of business, the regular of the profession,  
saluted one of its toraging *condottieri*, to  
whose despoiling talents he could not but  
yield his meed of approval, whilst for his  
practice he betrayed, as he entertained, a  
high-minded contempt.

Whilst I took Levanter to the paddocks  
and stables, as containing those articles of  
barter with which I was conversant, Mort-  
main, in whom I had placed unreserved con-  
fidence, and to whose guidance I had com-  
pletely committed my affairs, invited the  
Jew to a conference in the library, where he  
hoped to be able to make some terms with  
the usurer short of his actual and exorbitant  
demands. As we lounged here and there  
through the park and grounds, and criticised  
the make and shape of this yearling, or the  
pedigree and probable performances of that  
foal, I observed in my companion's manner  
a degree of restlessness, and want of self-  
possession, which I had never before re-  
marked to the same extent in one who was  
proverbially known as a cool hand. True,  
he had never, even in former days, that un-  
assuming ease which marks the high-bred  
gentleman; but now the abruptness of his  
manner, veiled as it was by occasional bursts  
of enforced levity, was positively startling.  
So was it now with Levanter; and long as  
we had known each other, old brother offi-  
cers and cronies as we were, our conversation  
was restricted to a few of the merest com-  
monplaces; and we both felt it a relief when  
a passing shower drove us back into the now  
dismantled hall. Mortmain and Shadrach  
were still hard at it; and the result of the  
interview was, I am bound to confess, credit-  
able to the liberality of the Jew.

Sir Digby, said Mr. Shadrach, was not  
to be dealt hardly with. He himself would  
be happy to accept a compromise—always  
wished to be liberal and give satisfaction.  
Mr. Mortmain's terms were uncommon hard,  
but still, as far as he was concerned, he  
thought things might be arranged. But  
there were other parties equally interested  
in the post-obits; a gentleman in the city, a  
foreign gentleman, was to a certain extent a  
holder of those engagements. The gentle-  
man was not at home at present—might be  
abroad—was a very uncertain gentleman,  
and this must be a ready-money transaction.  
Sir Digby's word was now quite as good as  
his bond. With regard to the remaining  
£5,000, it would be indispensable to consult  
Mr. Sarmiento—and here the Jew suddenly  
stopped. With the instinctive cunning of  
his profession, he had caught my eager  
glance of curiosity as he pronounced the  
foreign gentleman's name, and he was not to  
be lured any farther in committing his ally.  
As for me, I saw immediately into what  
sort of hands I had fallen, and in private  
communication to Mortmain the style of  
people we had to deal with. The good old  
man entered heart and soul into the struggle,  
and certainly, for keen intelligence and  
thorough legal knowledge, had greatly the  
advantage of his opponent. The upshot of it  
all was, that Mr. Shadrach covenanted, in  
consideration of certain monies to be paid  
immediately into his own hands (that was a  
*sine qua non*), to deliver over forthwith, and  
recede any further interest in all post-obits,  
bonds, and other promissory documents,  
bearing the signature of Captain, now Sir  
Digby Grand, with the exception of that un-  
fortunate parchment in which, as he expres-  
sed it, other parties had a vested interest,  
the real fact being that Sarmiento had bought

...that the part can never be undone! A  
dear dear dear, from which the few poor old  
retainers who had all their lives been taught  
to consider it as a home, must now be driven  
forth into the world, at an age when they  
ought to be reaping repose and comfort as  
the reward of years spent in faithful toil. A  
beautiful domain to lie waste and neglected  
till some future possessor should be found  
ready with the axe to the avenue, and the  
architect to the mansion, and dear old Hav-  
erley should be clipped and opened out into  
an unsightly desert, and plastered and stuc-  
coed into a prime representation of an ill-  
built almshouse. And I, the heir, that  
should have been even now walking that  
park as its actual possessor—that should  
have been even now maturing plans of  
economy and improvement, to realize,  
eventually all the former affluence of the  
family—what was I but the guilty author  
of all this devastation; for I could not con-  
ceal from myself—and bitter was the reflec-  
tion—that, like the last feather to which the  
uncomplaining camel succumbs upon the  
sand, it was my own imprudence, added to  
my poor father's extravagance, that had ne-  
cessitated my exile from the home of my an-  
cestors. Once before, and not so long ago,  
in the rosy hues of early morning, I had sur-  
veyed that glorious scene, and turned from it  
in disgust, because I deemed myself destined  
never to share it with her I loved; now, I  
looked my last upon it in the mellow radi-  
ance of a declining sun, and how would the  
sensations, which I once thought misery, be  
now courted for tumultuous happiness! Then,  
what was I but the spoiled child of  
prosperity? Now, fame, fortune, all  
were blighted for ever, and Flora as hope-  
lessly removed from me as if she had never  
been.

Great lore, an old family-place, said  
Levanter, with a well-meant attempt at con-  
solation. Were it not for the rents, I really  
think you would be well out of it!

There is no accounting for tastes, was  
my reply; and I mentally added, willingly  
would I give the best part of my life if I  
might but die the real possessor of that estate  
to which I was born.

As we neared London, by the perilous and  
rapid transit which custom has rendered so  
commodious, I found my companion's man-  
ner becoming more and more absent and  
*distract*. If I had thought him pre-occupied  
at Haverley in the morning, his demeanor  
in our coupe of the fast train, as we neared  
the terminus, was constrained in the ex-  
treme. At length, as we jolted and clattered  
in a hack-cab through the lamp-lit streets of  
London on our way to his suburban resi-  
dence, he could stand it no longer, but pro-  
ceeded to make a clean breast of the disclo-  
sures which had evidently worried him for  
the last six hours.

I have to ask a favor of you, Grand, he  
began, with an affectation of carelessness,  
which is, that you will take no notice of  
the name by which I am known at Fulham;  
in fact, if you would not object to calling me  
"Mr. Smith," you would be conferring a  
kindness on me, for reasons which I will ex-  
plain to you.

Mr. Smith be it, said I, nor do I wish  
to pry into your affairs; but I do think I  
should have chosen a more distinctive pat-  
ronymic.

Al! that is just the beauty of it, said  
Levanter, apparently much relieved at my  
want of curiosity. But, jump out, old fel-  
low; here we are.

And out we bundled, accordingly, into a  
comfortable and airy second floor, over a  
baker's shop. Whilst I was arranging the  
curtained wardrobe which Mortmain had  
receded for me from the fangs of the enemy,  
Levanter came into my clean little apart-  
ment, half-dressed, as for an evening party,  
with a note.

Just got an invite to a late dinner, three  
doors from this, Grand, said he, struggling  
with the folds of a well-dressed neck-cloth.

...of a go! Could I do less than take the first  
opportunity of making enquiry after the  
health of Jenny Jumps, who was, as usual,  
in strong training for a private match.

I have already said, I was not in a mood  
to be surprised at anything; but as dinner  
progressed, I confess I began to open my  
eyes wider and wider. The first thing struck  
me was the excellence of the wine, far more  
choice in its flavor than would be provided  
by the most confidential wine-merchant for  
a lady's consumption, and of which Mr. De  
Tassells, thereto lured by Levanter, filled  
and emptied more bumpers than is usually  
considered decorous at a lady's table. Then  
my fair hostess and her former admirer  
seemed to have the most perfect understand-  
ing of each other's plans and arrangements;  
and were both warmly hospitable to Little  
Nell, and obsequiously polite and deferential  
to myself. The young one, between drink-  
ing and talking, was getting almost uproari-  
ous, whilst a stolen look, interchanged oc-  
casionally between Levanter and Fanny, ap-  
peared to evince their mutual satisfaction at  
the whole proceedings. What can it all  
mean? thought I. *Excusus propriis,  
aliena negotia cura*. I resolved, having  
managed matters so cleverly for myself, to  
devote my talents to the observation of my  
friends' affairs. Lady Burgonet retired, with  
an injunction to Levanter to take care of his  
friends. And the Cornet, what between  
claret and cordiality, reminiscences of what  
he, poor boy! called old times, and mighty  
potation of what our host assured us was a  
perfectly pure and harmless vintage, got  
gradually ripe for any and all kinds of mis-  
chief, readily provided, according to Dr.  
Watts, by a certain contractor for idle hands  
to do. Coffee and curacao, cut the jolly sub-  
altern short in a hospitable invitation ad-  
dressed to myself, to come and stay six  
months with him at his father's place, back-  
ed by an apocryphal assurance that the Gov-  
ernor would be delighted. And with all my  
faculties on the alert for what was to come  
next, I accompanied the unsuspecting lad  
and the wary experienced man of the world  
into the drawing-room.

Lady Burgonet was winding silk near the  
pianoforte, and an *ecarte* table was con-  
veniently laid out and lighted at the further  
end of the room. I began to see my way  
now. And when, after a preliminary farce  
of drinking tea and turning over caricatures,  
her Ladyship addressed me with, Would  
you mind, Sir Digby, holding this skein for  
me to wind, adding, with the old glance,  
that had found its way through many a scar-  
let-clad bosom, you used to do it so well;  
and Levanter, or Mr. Smith, as De Tassells  
called him, yawred over the green table,  
and, listlessly cutting a pack of cards, asked  
the Cornet whether this sort of thing bored  
him more than doing nothing? adding, only  
don't let us play high, the conviction came  
fall and strong upon me, that the whole  
party was a scheme of swindling from be-  
ginning to end.

It was evident that Levanter and our hos-  
tess understood each other; that the former,  
unable to appear under his own name,  
had picked up a pigeon in some of the haunts  
of dissipation too much affected by our  
young warriors, and that I, his old captain,  
and now a man with a sort of title, had been  
asked to fill the complimentary office of a  
bonnet, and to degrade myself by standing  
by and lending my presence to inspire with  
confidence the open-hearted boy that was to  
be robbed before my face.

For once in my life I was angry, the more  
so, as I saw no possible method of saving my  
*ci-devant* Cornet without a scene. I ground  
my teeth in silence as I held Lady Bur-  
gonet's silks, and the breath of that hand-  
some Delilah fanned my burning brow.

The game went. The Cornet lost a  
pony.

Too bad, I thought, as I revolved  
every possible method of breaking up the  
party.

...meantime, I was lagged out, and a good  
night's rest became a primary consideration.  
I would make the best of my way back to  
Fulham; bakers never go to bed, so I should  
not be locked out, and in the morning I  
would face Levanter at once—demand the  
proceeds of those shares in his mining con-  
cern to which I had a right, and then re-  
radiating ail connection with the sharper,  
start afresh in any line of life which promi-  
sed an honest livelihood.

Tired and exhausted, I slept till noon, and  
my first inquiries when I was up and dressed  
were for my temporary host. Mr. Smith  
had left at eight, and was gone out of town.  
Any address?

No, sir; Mr. Smith left no address—but  
maybe they could tell at the Laburnums.  
To the Laburnums I accordingly betook my-  
self, and found it to be the villa of the pre-  
vious evening's exposure. Here likewise  
there seemed to have been a late departure.  
No tall footman, no portly butler, answered  
my summons, but the old woman in a black  
bonnet, who with the moth and the spider  
shares the solitude of all deserted houses in  
and around the metropolis, made her ap-  
pearance, and was as sparing of information  
as that female anchorite when put to the test  
invariably proves to be:—

Did not know Mr. Smith—had never  
heard of Captain Levanter—there was a  
Major Stopper over the way, but of course it  
could not be him—this was Lady Burgonet's  
house—her Ladyship had left at half past  
eight this morning—did not know where the  
family were gone—believed it was either  
Scarborough or Southampton—and slam-  
med the door in my face. Though vague,  
this was conclusive, and I had nothing for it  
but to trudge into the city to Levanter's  
offices, upon the hopeless chance of saving  
something from what I felt to be a general  
wreck. Of all toilsome pilgrimages, none is  
to me so painful as a long walk upon the hot  
unyielding pavement, a fitting substitute for  
the glowing ploughshares of the ancient or-  
deal. Take it easy, and you seem to make  
no progress, whilst the living stream flows  
by you in an uninterrupted volume; try to  
put on the steam, and an inevitable collision  
with some hurrying fellow-passenger is the  
result. Your pockets are insecure on the  
*trottoir*, and your life is endangered at the  
crossings. Nor are these pleasures enhanced  
by the fact, that you are hurrying into the  
city to present a bill at a house that has  
stopped payment, or to pick up the few re-  
maining crumbs of a losing concern, in which  
your partner has bolted, and your own sub-  
stance melted away like a dream. Ere the  
distance was half accomplished, I encoun-  
tered St. Heliers, leisurely wending his way  
towards the clubs, on the easiest of ponies,  
and in the airiest of attire. Shall I confess  
that my first feeling was one of shame at my  
own faded habiliments and shabby appear-  
ance?

As he drew near, I half resolved to make  
an application to my former friend for some  
assistance, either in procuring me an ap-  
pointment, or recommending me to such a  
situation as a gentleman could accept; but  
the cool, though good-humored manner in  
which, without stopping, he gave me two  
fingers to shake, and the matter-of-course  
tone in which he said, How are you,  
Grand? Thirsty weather, isn't it? as if  
we had met every day for a month, quite put  
it out of my power to unburden my mind to  
one who would scarcely have listened to the  
recital.

(To be Continued.)

A correspondent who bought a dog for an  
Esquimaux is fearful that the brute is a Spik,  
and sends a description of him for informa-  
tion as to his breed. It is difficult to dis-  
tinguish between the two from externals, but  
if the correspondent will send the upper ball  
of the dog's brain and a portion of the veter-  
bra, we will cheerfully decide.