

"No, indeed," replied Fairfax, "I had not heard of it. Where did he die?"

"In Paris," replied the other. "It was put in the papers that he died suddenly; but some people say he committed suicide."

"I hope not," said Sir Allan; "that would be indeed a sad termination to a not very satisfactory career. I met him once after he sold out of ours, and we passed an evening together at an inn. He was then in good spirits, because his purse was full; and you know, Leslie, it was only when his pocket was empty that he was melancholy. Nothing on earth seemed to touch him but that."

"Ay, poor fellow, I am sorry for him," answered the old officer; "he was a wild, thoughtless dog, but a fine, honourable fellow."

Fairfax was silent; but at length he said, "He was generous and kind-hearted, but, I think, very weak, which often placed him in very unpleasant situations. He was uncommonly clever, too, in almost every thing he undertook; but I do not know a more dangerous combination for a man's own self, or for others, than ability and weakness."

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