

former self, that his best friends would scarcely have recognized in him the gay and handsome Frank Glanville of a short time previous. His chambers were in the Temple, and there he lay, extended upon a sofa, gazing vacantly on the river and the white sails of the boats that danced along merrily in the breeze and sunshine. It was a pleasant sight enough for any one who had been in a fitting temper to enjoy it; but such was not the case with our unlucky friend Francis.

As he lay in this state, there came a gentle knock at his chamber door; and, upon his calling to the person without to enter, a serving-man made his appearance, clad in a sober livery, such as becomed one who followed a substantial rather than a fashionable master. He was the bearer of a note, which proved to be from the old gentleman, containing a laconic invitation to visit him without delay. Upon reading this letter, a flush of indignation passed over Frank's cheek, and starting up, under the impulse of this new current of feelings, he exclaimed: "Tell your master I can't come—I won't come!"

The domestic looked at him with surprise.

"Have you not heard me, fellow? or are you so dull that you can't understand me? Say to your master I won't come; and the sooner you are off with your message the better. I wish to be alone."

And the terrified domestic, fully convinced that he had a maniac to deal with, bolted out of the room and flew down the stairs at his utmost speed. By the time, however, that he had got to the bottom Frank repented of his violence, and hurried out to recall him; but in the next instant his mood changed again, like the weathercock veering about on a gusty day, and, closing the door hastily, he flung himself again upon the sofa.

An hour or more had passed in this way, when, without any previous notice, the old man made his appearance. He cast a hasty, inquiring glance at the invalid, as if to satisfy himself that what he had heard of his state was true; and then, before the latter could make up his mind how to receive him, he began in a tone of sympathy, that showed anything but diminished interest in the fortunes of his young friend —

"I am sorry," he said, "to find you in this condition—sad! sad! and I much fear the tidings I bring are not of a kind to heal mental or bodily suffering. *Fear*, did I say? it was an ill-chosen word. I am only too certain."

Frank gazed at him with wonder and no slight degree of interest, but he made no reply. The old man, his eye still intently fixed upon him, continued:

"Since we last parted I have been busily engaged in your service, and I did hope at one time to have been the bearer of more pleasant tidings in requital for the good office you rendered me the other night. Your father——"

Frank started at the word, and, seeing the old man hesitate, requested with some impatience that he would proceed.

"Have you, then, the courage," he replied, "to hear the very worst that can be told you?"

"I can guess it without telling: my father has disinherited me. But if not a kind man, he is a just man; and so may Heaven prosper me as I will give him good cause to revoke that sentence ere many months have gone over my head. The tale of our fifth Harry, who from a wild prince became a sober king, shall no longer be a doubtful one; I will show by myself that it is possible—very possible. Yes, by heavens, I