

Frank bowed and stammered out something, he scarcely knew what; but the lady—blessings on the modesty of the ladies, they have ten times the assurance of your male animal—the lady, making a profound courtesy, at least as much in mockery as in compliance with etiquette, informed him that her father, though in no danger, was still too much indisposed, from the affair of the night before, to see any one just then, but would gladly receive his preserver the moment his health would allow of it.

To this Frank replied, by expressing his hopes, and his thank, and his delight, that the old gentleman was in no danger, till, having exhausted these topics, he was suddenly brought to a stand-still, unwilling to quit the charmer, and yet not knowing how to prolong the conversation. A few minutes only had wrought a marvellous change in the bold reveller. The fact was, he had fallen in love—over head and ears—love at first sight; and, like most gentlemen in that unhappy situation, was disposed to make himself pre-eminently ridiculous. But as such scenes, however pleasant to the actors therein, have little or no amusement for the spectator, we may as well drop the curtain.

CHAPTER II.

The next day he repeated his visit, the next and the next still, without seeing the old man, but always growing more enamored of his daughter. In this way a fortnight passed, when, instead of being invited as usual into the little oak parlor, he was informed that the old gentleman had set off that very morning for Tavistock.

“Set off this morning for Tavistock, and it was only yesterday that he was too ill to see me! Is Miss Elizabeth at home?”

“Miss Crymes has gone with her father.”

By the time the door was shut—and it did not long remain open, the servant seeming but little disposed to protract the conversation—Francis had satisfied himself that the old gentleman, like many other great promisers, was inclined to forget the service of the past, and turn his back upon him. The first feeling, naturally enough, was that of high indignation against Mr. Crymes; but in the next moment it took another turn, recoiling upon himself, and he began to think that if the old man had discovered his passion for his daughter, and had in consequence taken this way of nipping it in the bud, he had only acted after the fashion of the world.

“How,” he exclaimed, in the bitterness of self-accusation, “how could I think that any man of name and substance would bestow his daughter’s hand upon one like myself, a bankrupt alike in character and fortune? If I am neglected, spurned like a hound from the door, it is no more than a fit reward for my own folly. He who plants a brier has no right to look for grapes: he who sows the storm must expect to reap the whirlwind. And yet, methinks the old man might have used more courtesy in his scorn or his prudence, whichever it may have been. He need not have shut the door in my face, as if I were a beggar, whose importunity must be got rid of, the sooner the better. But it is ever thus; once wrong, and always condemned!”

For the next week his mood underwent so many changes, and all of such extremes, that the captain, who in his way was really attached to him, began to tremble for his reason. It was alternately a scene of the wildest debauchery and a remorse that bordered upon madness, till by the tenth day he was so wasted, and had become so altered from his