

THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE; OR, THE NEW UTOPIA.

CHAPTER IX. (Continued.)

"Yes," she replied, leaving the group of archaeologists, and coming over to my quarter of the apartment which I had just occupied.

"I dispute the possibility of a reality ever dying, whatever pains may be taken to bury it."

"I am sorry to disappoint you," said Grant, in a very unexcited tone, "but I don't intend to prosecute."

"Not prosecute!" cried Oswald. "But, my dear Leven, have you read his last week's article?"

"Yes," replied the duke. "Verney put it into my hand as I was getting into the carriage, and I read it coming along."

"Well?" "Well?" "You won't let the fellow escape this time with impunity?"

"Yes, my dear Oswald, life is too short to spend it prosecuting rascals; if Dezz has a fancy for publishing fancy biographies of me, he is perfectly welcome; I shall neither bring him into court, nor shall he bring me."

Oswald's disappointment was intense; but something in the duke's manner made it difficult for him to understand his subject, and he had to content himself with an expressive gesture which, if interpreted, might be understood as meaning either despair at the eccentricity of his friend, or a fervent desire of impaling the unhappy culprit.

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