

mingling with the rabble—from such associates what could you expect?”

“You would not say so, my father, if you knew the poor boy who is now suffering, perhaps dying, from the consequence of my passion—’tis Mary Weedon’s son—you must do something for them.”

“I’ll see to that, Sir, but you must have nothing more to do with them—they are not fit people for you to know. There, go now, and remember, I command you, as the price of my forgiveness, to have no further communication with Mary Weedon, or her son.”

The disappointed boy left the room in extreme wonder at his father’s renewed irritation; he had promised his friendship to Jemmy, and notwithstanding the recent prohibition, he couldn’t keep his word. Lord Altham perceived his son’s uneasiness—if he had a redeeming trait in his character, it was love for that boy, and a desire to keep him from the evil path which he himself pursued; and secondly, from the knowledge of his own crimes. He determined to watch his proceedings closely, and if he perceived that he was disobeyed regarding Jemmy, to send his son to Eton or Westminster.

After leaving Lord Altham’s, Mr. Dawkins and his son walked for some minutes without speaking—Henry first broke silence, continuing indeed, aloud, in train of thought—

“That Lord Altham is a villain, is a perfectly established position in my mind, Sir. I should be sorry that either he or his *surgeon* had the care of Jemmy; from his scowl at hearing the boy’s name, and an indescribable expression in his eyes, when he offered to relieve Bushe from all further trouble concerning him, I am convinced that he fears him. Is it possible that you may be deceived respecting Jemmy’s birth?”

“No, Henry, his mother declares her own shame, and she seems to feel it too much, not to be telling the truth; besides it would be much her interest to procure the boy his rights, if he had any claim to the titles and estates of his father. I, too, perceived Lord Altham’s looks—there is a mystery in all that concerns him, which I am unable to fathom. But what is your friend, Bushe, going to do with the boy?”

“Indeed, Sir, I am unable to say, and I scarcely think that he knows himself. Poor Bushe is entirely dependant on a capricious old uncle. I am certain, however, that he will not lose sight of Jemmy.”

“Bushe is a worthy fellow; do you, Henry, take charge of procuring a suitable wardrobe for the boy—you can send the bills to me. I think you said his manners were passable?”

“Wonderful, Sir, considering his association, since his father’s death, with the rabble.”