

laboratory, the one to be the barracks at Canterbury, the other to effect a spirited coup-de-main in the British Channel. No; the first thing to be done, doubtless, was breakfast, after which some arrangement must be entered upon to restore liberty to the captive, at whatever sacrifice. With a coolness which I owe more to education than to natural strength of mind, I civilly requested my captors to allow me a few minutes to communicate with a friend ere I returned to terra firma, and on the blank leaf of a pocket-book I scribbled a few lines to Cartouch, begging him immediately to come ashore, and present himself without delay at 'The George,' where he would find me in duration vile. This missive, devoutly hoping that the Colonel might have already entered upon his duties on board the Hyderabad, I intrusted to my hump-backed boat to deliver without fail, and as the request was not unaccompanied by a *doubleur* that would pay hand-oumly for the damage done to his craft, I had a lively faith that it would be punctually attended to; and the old sailor, evidently sympathizing with a gentleman in difficulties, readily volunteered to fulfil my commission, and as he rowed off in an opposite direction, and ever and anon dropping his oar for a moment, waved his unoccupied hand, as though in encouragement, I felt, foolish as it may appear, almost as if I had lost my last remaining friend.

I flatter myself that I rather did create a sensation in the George Hotel, Portsmouth, as I walked into that most comfortable caravan-serai, in the peculiar costume recorded above, the startling effect of my attire much enhanced by travelling all night and substituting a brassy sail on the Channel for the usual morning toilette of a gentleman; and I thought the busby handlady and the quality-loving water cast glances of unmistakable sympathy on my dishevelled person and incongruous attire, as the peculiar demeanor of my companions betrayed their profession; and the latter observant fancifully whispered in the ear of his pitying mistress, 'Poor young gent! (breakfast for three directly—mutton chops!) bailiffs, as I'm a sinner!'

One of Theodore Hook's inimitable characters, the bachelor, Mr. Batley, in expressing his disapproval of all joint-stock concerns, sums up with the following pithy conclusion.—'I never had a wife, I never had a partner, and hang me if I think I ever had a friend! nor to a man will I do in the world, immersed in business, and wholly wrapped up in his own concerns, is the last mentioned article either necessary or always convenient, but had Mr. Batley been a gentleman in difficulties, finding himself for the first time curtailed of his liberty, in a strange town, surrounded by unfamiliar faces, and destitute of luggage or change of raiment, I think he would have been as rejoiced as I was to see such a trusty ally as responded immediately to my summons, in the person of Cartouch, who made his appearance at 'The George' ere I had finished my long-expected breakfast, or my gentle captors had discussed the brandy-and-water with which they thought it expedient to while away the time.

'Knowing fellow, Shadrach,' was the Colonel's comment upon that worthy's *coup-de-main*, very cleverly managed. Now, Digby, we must get this matter put right. Sir Benjamin does not sail for two more days, and I can run up to London with you, where we will meet the principals, and see what is to be done.' Useless, I am afraid, was my reply; 'I am in for a "scorchmer," and the bill for which I am arrested is only a ruse to prevent my leaving England. I fear I must give up this appointment, and come to terms with the Jew.' In the meantime we will be off by the next train,' said the Colonel; 'your things were to come on board to-day, so they must have arrived in Portsmouth. I will send to the station for them, and you can shave, dress, and start like a gentleman.' The Colonel's measures were as promptly executed as they were judiciously conceived; and ere twenty-

minutes had elapsed, the barracks at Canterbury, the one to be the barracks at Canterbury, the other to effect a spirited coup-de-main in the British Channel.

True, I was a beggar; yet I did not find much difference in my daily life, nor any want of those little luxuries which become necessities to the exotic offspring of civilization. I ate as good a dinner every day as formerly, and with the same people; though I was obliged to substitute a hack cab for the high-stopping grey horse and the well-hung vehicle on which I once so piqued myself. I went to the same parties that in my palmy days I had voted so great a bore, but that now, when I was living as though every day were my last, acquired a charm they had never before possessed. My wardrobe was well replenished with fashionable garments, that lost none of their gloss by the fact of their being unpaid for, and amid the sale of all my other personalities there was always a certain quantity of small-change available for my daily expenses; so that any one to have seen me swaggering down St. James's Street, well dressed and carefully booted, bowing to my Lady thus, and offering an arm to my Lord that, while a dinner with one or a whist-party with the other was arranged and discussed, would have been somewhat staggered to be informed that the fashionable-looking gentleman, whose exterior betokened all that was affluent and expensive, who looked as if he lived on the fat of the land amongst her proudest and noblest, was destitute of any tangible property save his whiskers, and had no certain guarantee that, ere a week should elapse, he might not be compelled to occupy airy lodgings under the dry arches of Westminster Bridge, even if such accommodation should not eventually lead to the bed of the river itself. London was emptying fast—fortunately, as I then thought, for I still clung tenaciously to the shadow of that fashionable reputation for which I had sacrificed so much; and day by day those greetings became fewer which I could not help thinking, with the sensitiveness peculiar to poverty, lacked much of their original warm and cordiality. Besides, garments must eventually become threadbare, and gloves, particularly the lavender ones especially affected by dandyism, will not long withstand the effects of a London atmosphere. Slip into which I had once swaggered as the *alter elegantiarum*, and in which I had been greeted with obsequious politeness, now refused to pursue any further that confiding system of credit which had been, to quote the words of my perfumer, 'in Captain Grand's case so wilfully abused.' Even Strides, the long-suffering Strides, that creator of manly beauty, who builds your coat on the model of an Apollo, and to whose wonderfully-fitting continuations, pants he calls them, the Anaxyridae themselves are but as a Dutchman's drawers—even Strides would stand it no longer; and I never thoroughly appreciated the degradation of my position till I met with the following rebuff in what he was pleased to term 'the warehouse' in which I was used to be welcomed as 'our best customer,' the tastiest dresser at the West End. It was a sunny afternoon in early autumn, and more from habit than anything else, partly perhaps sick of seeing my own name posted up as in arrears of subscription in every club I entered, I lounged into Strides' shop for the purpose of killing half an hour by ordering some new clothes. A short square figure, surmounted by a shock head of hair, was undergoing measurement in the centre of the apartment; and whilst an assistant in his shirt-sleeves rapidly noted down proportions and memoranda, as they glided from the lips of the busy foreman, I had leisure to puzzle my brains as to the eventual appearance of the mysterious garment which he thus described:—'Thirty-two'—'fourteen'—'scarlet hunting-coat'—'superfine'—'Gambroon!'—'opossum pockets'—'spoon cuffs'—'that will, do sir'—'thank you, sir'—'quite sufficient, sir.' The square figure thus released was a Nimrod from the city, and, to judge by appearances, a ready-money customer. Alas! how different from the successor who now occupied his place. Instead of the

he too would smile, for Jack has beautiful teeth, and likes to show them to advantage; but what would be the opinion entertained of me by those whom I really valued and respected?—what would my old comrades think of the broken-down spendthrift, who had once held an honored place in their ranks as an officer and a gentleman?—what would Colonel Grandison say?—what would Maltby, what would Hillingdon?—and as I thought of my true, my early, my real friend, the tears sprang unbidden to my eyes! Hillingdon would put me in the way of at least earning a respectable livelihood—Hillingdon was the only man in the world to whom my proud spirit could bear to rest under obligation, and to Hillingdon I determined to take myself whilst I was yet at liberty to guide my own steps. But even this cost me a severe struggle. Even to Hillingdon I could not bear to appear as a suppliant; the idea was too galling that he who in former days had known me the proudest of the proud, the gayest of the gay, should now find me seeking his presence as a petitioner, dependent upon charity for the very bread I was to eat—and yet there was nothing else for it. At least from him I should meet with no gratuitous censure, no unfeeling rebuff. His generous mind would never condescend to ally the sympathy he was sure to afford with those retrospective strictures which add another drop of bitterness to the cup already filled to the brim; and whatever assistance Hillingdon would offer, he was sure to offer in his own frank, manly and considerate spirit. Revolving such thoughts as these, I strolled leisurely on towards my friend's lodgings, and as I turned down the well-known street, brighter hopes seemed to dance before me, whilst I anticipated the welcome I should receive, and could almost fancy I heard his enthusiastic enunciation of that sentiment, a favorite one on his lips, which has ere now consoled many a gallant heart, the *tout est perdu sauve l'honneur* of France's chivalrous monarch.

There is truth in presentiments, though it is not for us mortals to explain their nature, as now can we explain the commonest incidents of our every-day life? Yet as there is an unearthly stillness immediately preceding the furious rush of the hurricane—as a momentary palsy, frightful from its indistinctness, appears to pervade nature on the eve of an earthquake, so may the shadow of his uplifted arm be seen athwart the sky ere the Avenger has dealt the blow which is to prostrate us in the dust. An icy chill crept over me, a dull foreboding of evil came upon me, as I walked up to the steps of Hillingdon's well known residence, long before I discovered that the shutters were closed, and that the house bore that solemn mysterious air which, we cannot tell why, is inseparable from the abode of death. A glance at the pale face servant who answered the door, a hasty inquiry for Captain Hillingdon's own man, and I staggered into a chair in the hall with the whole truth indelibly and unerringly impressed on my brain. It was needless to explain. I required no hesitating sympathiser to break to me, forsooth, the ghastly reality—I knew it before I was told—Hillingdon shot himself that very morning. Strange as it may appear, it was more difficult to realise the truth of the awful tidings, when the old and faithful servant, himself bowed down and prostrate with horror and consternation, stammered out the particulars into my ear, than in the first moment of consciousness, when, without the aid of any outward voice, I knew the frightful truth. There, in his own sitting-room, his hat and gloves on the table, the very cigar case I had given him lying ready for use—it seemed impossible—impossible! Everything betokened life, and life's enjoyments; the colors were scarcely dry upon his casel; and those very flowers which he had himself disposed in their vase, with his womanly appreciation of everything that was lovely, those flowers were blooming fragrant as ever, and could he, the master, be lying upstairs with a cloth over his head, a mutilated corpse! And such an ending! To die by his own hand. I

been decidedly and undoubtedly insane some time previous to the fatal act, and this was all the consolation, since consolation unquestionably it was, for the loss of the brightest, truest, kindest spirit that ever chafed within its tenement of clay.

And it was play that had brought the enthusiast to his self-selected grave. Play; first the seductive pastime, then the invincible habit, lastly, the deepest infatuation, from which there is no escape. Deeper and deeper had Hillingdon been drawn into the whirlpool, and this was the result. A pursuit first adopted to deaden the stings of conscience and hush the importunate wailings of remorse, had at length become the one object of existence, the whole being of the man. Lose of course he did, and largely. Nor were the chances of the gaming-table sufficient to allay that craving for excitement which indeed too surely grows with what it feeds on. Stock-jobbing, railway shares, mining investments, all and everything that promised hazardous ventures and disproportionate returns, were embarked in with an eagerness too much in character with that imaginative disposition which made him at once an artist, a poet, and a speculator. For a time Hillingdon's speculations had met with tolerable success, enough indeed to encourage him to push his ventures up to the verge of all his available fortune, and his master's spirits, as the old subscribed them, were higher than he had ever known (for I think I have already mentioned the singular impassiveness of my friend's outward demeanor), but even during this period of temporary sunshine his eccentric habit was never broken through of sitting undisturbed for a portion of each day, gazing on that portrait, which appeared to comprise all he valued and loved upon earth. This was an unalterable rule, and day after day his cheek was paler and his eye more haggard after the communion, which he strove to think he thus held with his spirit-love. Then came reverses and failures. Those in whom he confided abused his trust. Shares went down to nothing. An enterprise in which Levanter, whom he always disliked, had persuaded him to join, failed utterly, and Hillingdon, as the only tangible person concerned, suffered severely. Whole nights spent dice-box in hand were not likely to restore matters, and the beginning of the end became too apparent. All this time his outward bearing remained totally unchanged, the same calm demeanor, the same mild voice and placid brow, and, above all, the same sweetness of temper, that won him the affection of all with whom he came in contact. 'Late or early, good or evil,' said his old servant, the tears running down his withered cheeks, 'I never had a shary word or an unkind look from my beloved master. O Captain Grand! you know what he was, I need not tell you!' and an uncontrollable burst of grief checked the poor old man's melancholy recital. At length it became obvious that his whole remaining property would only suffice to clear him of his liabilities, and as soon as he discovered this to be the fact, he made no secret of his involvements. By one desperate effort he did try to retrieve himself. Alas! it was a gambler's struggle, and he lost. With a jealousy of military honor, which may be appreciated, though scarcely understood, he had made up his mind to stop short of a sum which would entail upon him the sale of his commission, and he seemed to have determined that, come what might, he would at least die with harness on his back. A like reserve was made for leaving handsome legacies to a few old servants and dependents, after which his whole remaining property was devoted to clearing himself of his affection and esteem. What his original intentions were I am unable to declare; but it appears probable, that looking upon the loss of his personal possessions with an indifference peculiar to himself, he had shaped the idea of following out the service as a profession, and winning eventual distinction and independence in a military career. Of advice he seems to have had plenty, and beloved as

is going you shall go.' I fear me. We have indeed authority to believe where all else hath failed, not even the of one from the dead shall prevail.

We buried him. Shall I ever forget dull dead sound of the damp earth smote upon his coffin? Ashes to ashes, dust to dust! Was this the end of all? friend! my brother!

As I turned from the churchyard they bearing in another funeral—so soon! I that he was already forgotten. What entered it to me? I was alone in the way

CHAPTER XXI.

WINDING UP.

It was noon when I turned my back the churchyard which now contained last friend. I was, indeed, in a mood of all fitted to encounter the noise and of the crowded metropolis; and as I of the vulgar curiosity, the impertinent rires of the many busybodies in the ham fashion, who would have small scrupling my heart to satisfy their own ing for news, I shrank from the clubs other places of resort, where I felt cons that even now the fate of my poor friend the topic of the gossip's eloquence and idler's sneer. Little heeding my steps walked on immersed in grief, I found myself insensibly drawing near the outskirts of don, and ere long the rapidity of my (singular how the chafing mind incess communicates its impatience to the brought me into the open country, and glowing in all the luxuriance of a noon sun. That day has ever since app to me like a dream. I was then, as it on the verge which separates two distinct opposite states of existence. Shame and ruin alone stared me in the face; but I was comparatively careless; the black that overhung the present appeared to numb my faculties, and my soul, weary worn out with grief, had arrived at the of exhausted torpidity which the manvant mistake for repose. Have you marked the expression of dismay which blanks the countenance of some rosy whose soap-bubble has vanished from the credulous sight? Long and eagerly he watched the prismatic colors of the mantling in that gorgeous globe, his creation, and just at its brightest, bl not. You smile at the astonished pointment of the child, but you, grown as you are, enriched by experience and fied by self-command, are you not certain that there was a time when you, too, your world fading from before your eyes when all that made life precious like the beauteous illusions of a dream you rubbed your eyes and looked about and could scarce believe that the world was still the same, so entire, so complete was the change that had taken within. That day, as I lay upon a bank, and gazed upon the blue sky, and fleecy clouds, and the warm haze, melted the distance into a halo of beauty that day was my day of disenchantment. Then, through all my troubles, there had been a tinge of romance, a of hope, which made the future a untold wealth. Without any rational for such anticipations, without any tial basis for my castles in the air, I ways indulged myself with a sort of belief that all would eventually be well, the image of Flora Belmont, to whom, pile of my reckless courses, I was still creely attached, shed a ray of comfort many an hour of annoyance and uncertainty

(To be continued.)