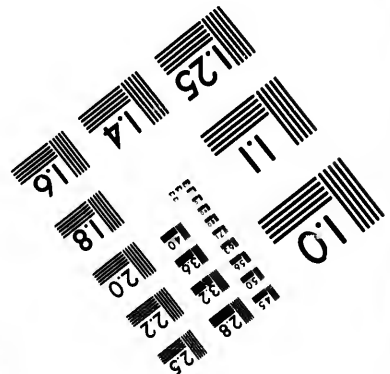
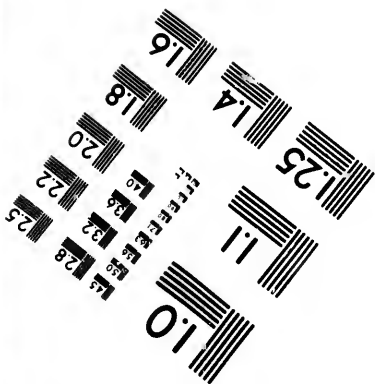
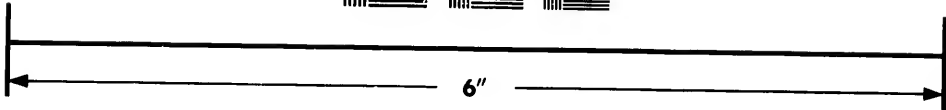
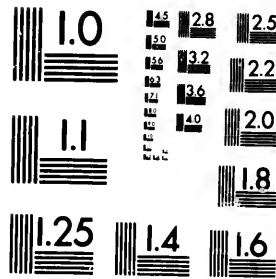


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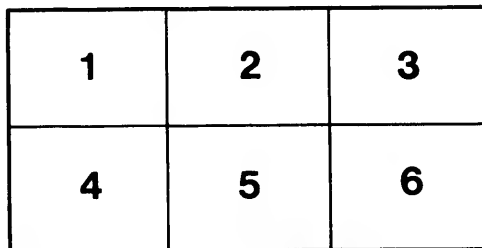
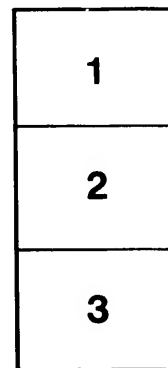
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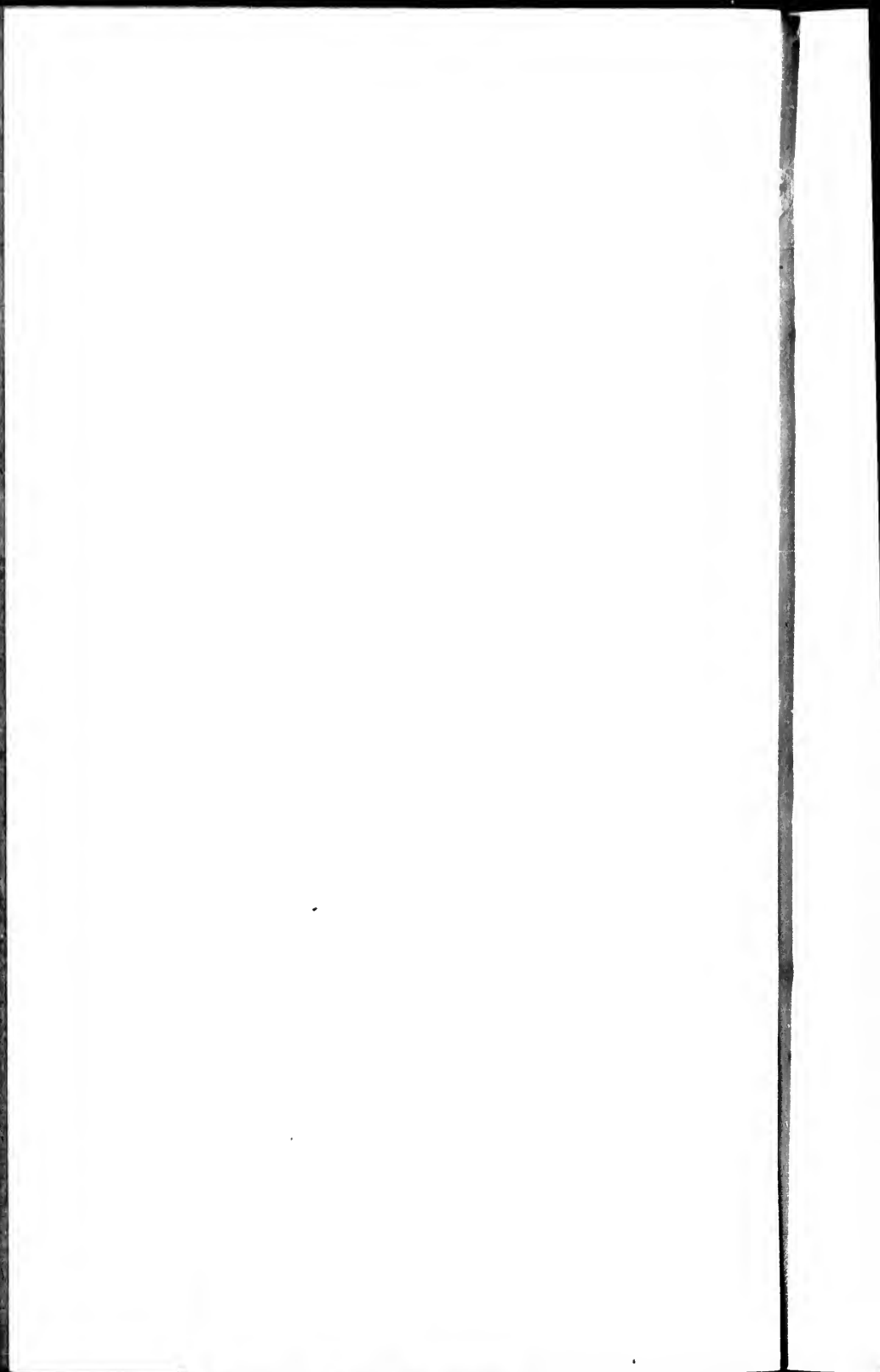
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É C A R T É.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

SHACKELL AND BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET

É C A R T É ;

OR,

THE SALONS OF PARIS.

“ His very faults shall afford amusement, and under them he may, without the formality of a preceptor, communicate instruction.”

Preface to 1st Ed. Disowned.

“ In a *novel*, not professing to be a mere *tale*, (with which it is often confounded, but from which, I think, it should be carefully distinguished,) the materials for interest are not, I apprehend, to be solely derived from a plot.”

Ibid.

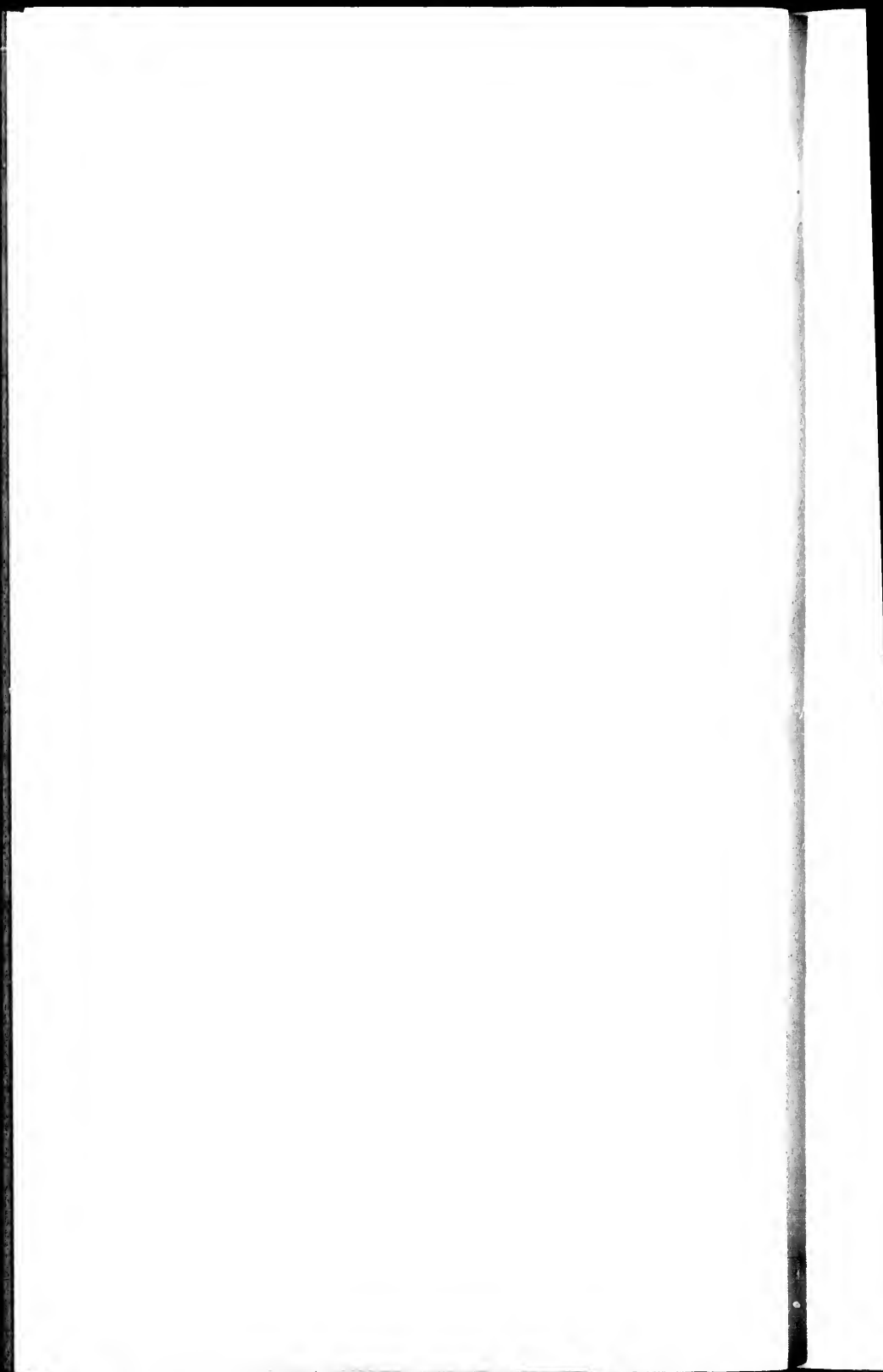
IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1829.



É C A R T É.

CHAPTER I.

It was late when De Forsac's cabriolet whirled round from the Boulevard into the Rue Grammont. The *porte-cochère* of Astelli's hôtel was crowded with carriages of all descriptions, and the noise and confusion which prevailed among the groups of coachmen and servants, gave every indication of a numerous

party. Alighting from their vehicle, the marquis and our hero ascended to the large and splendidly lighted anti-room, at the further extremity of which a well dressed man sat, to receive certain contributions levied on the visitors. With this individual the marquis deposited two cards of invitation and a Napoleon; then, passing through a second and smaller apartment, he led the way through two spacious folding doors into the dancing room.

Nothing could surpass the magnificence of the scene. A flood of light seemed to burst from the rich crystal lustres, which studded the walls of the gilded apartments, and were reflected from the splendid mirrors filling up the intervals between each, multiplying objects into almost infinitude. Glittering in jewels, covered with plumes, adorned in all the elegance of Parisian costume, a hundred fine and voluptuous forms arrested the eye in quick succession. A few German and Italian women who could readily be distinguished,—the former by

the rich fulness of their proportions, the latter by the almost overpowering lustre of their eyes—were among the number ; the remainder were almost exclusively French, and from every province, from the blood exciting plains of the south, to the more frigid regions of the north. The men were of almost every country. French, English, Russians, Spaniards, Italians, Germans, and Portuguese, composed the throng ; and many of these, with the exception of the English, wore some decoration pending from their breasts.

At the moment when De Forsac and Clifford appeared at the entrance, many of the party were seated on the crimson velvet ottomans which lined the apartments, conversing in small groups, or watching the figure of the waltz, which, as usual, had just succeeded to the quadrille ; others lingered around in indolent attitudes, or sauntered to and from the card-rooms at the opposite extremity. Among the waltzers, Clifford remarked the cousin of De Forsac, with whom he had dined. The face of his partner

was averted from him at the moment, but he fancied that he knew the form. He was not wrong. In the next instant, he recognized Adeline Dorjeville, and as she rapidly approached in the whirling figure of the dance, he sought to catch her eye. She passed, however, without seeing him. The action of the waltz had given a rich glow to her countenance, and he watched the elegant and voluptuous movements of her person through the figure, until his heart thrilled with deep emotion, and his eyes sparkled with a mingled expression of admiration and languor.

In a few moments Adeline again approached ; she looked up, and the eyes of Delmaine met hers. In an instant the blood receded from her cheek ; she half reclined her head on the arm of her partner, and, discontinuing the dance, was conducted to her seat.

De Forsac, who had attentively watched the countenance of our hero from the first moment of their entrance, saw him change colour, and

he already gloried in the anticipation of his success.

“ Shall I introduce you now,” he observed, carelessly, “ or shall I wait until she gets better ? Something has affected her.”

“ By all means introduce me, and without delay,” urged Clifford, impatiently.

They crossed the room. Adeline saw them approach, and again her cheek flushed high. “ *Permettez, Mademoiselle Dorjeville, que je vous présente mon ami intime, Monsieur Delmaine.*” said the marquis.

Adeline and Clifford both bowed, and as their eyes met, there was an eloquence of expression that must have rendered any attempt at language vain. They were silent.

In a few minutes De Forsac withdrew to the other side of the room ; when the young female, in a tone of mingled vivacity and tenderness, began to express her gratitude and thanks for the service Clifford had rendered her. “ Oh, how much I feared that you would not

come this evening," she added. "I have been counting the very minutes during the last hour, and they seemed interminable : how," she concluded, "shall I confess what I felt at the moment, when my fears were entirely dissipated by your presence."

Clifford had remarked that effect. He had seen her turn pale as death from the light mazes of the waltz, and he fancied that he was beloved :—his cheek glowed high—his eye was dimmed with passion—he thought not once of the singularity of such a confession, from one so young and so beautiful ; but as he gazed on her fascinating countenance, he suffered his judgment to be subdued into the belief that, as he was loved for himself alone, to him exclusively such language could ever be addressed from those lips.

"Shall we walk ?" pursued Adeline, observing that the eyes of many of the company were fixed upon her companion, who had been recognized by some of the party as the opponent of

De Hillier—a fact that soon became generally known throughout the *salon*.

Delmaine, though somewhat reluctantly, rose, and giving his arm, suffered himself to be conducted into the card-rooms. There another blaze of light flashed on the view, while round the several tables were to be seen confused groups of men and women, deeply interested in the progress of the game. Near one of these our hero lingered for a few minutes. A young Englishman, and a woman of commanding features, sparkling with diamonds, and ornamented with waving plumes, held the cards. Before them, on the table, lay gold and notes in profusion, the stakes of the several betters, who formed a dense mass around the players, scarcely allowing them room to move. The betters for the Englishman were chiefly Spaniards and his own countrymen. Those for the female were almost entirely French. Her score was four, while her adversary, whose deal it was, had only marked one; and the counte-

nances of both parties were regulated by the state of their respective games. The Englishman dealt, and as his opponent took up her cards, a look of triumphant success was exchanged among her supporters. Perfectly cool and practised in the game, she, however, suffered no indication of hope or fear to escape her, but turning to a tall, dark man near her, calmly inquired, more with a view to deceive her adversary, than to obtain information—

“*Qu'en pensez-vous, Monsieur le Commandant ? Faut-il proposer ?*”

“*Du tout, Madame,*” replied the other, in an equally calm tone ; “*il faut jouer.*”

Knave, ace, and nine of trumps, and king and queen of another suit, composed her hand. Those around her would have staked their fortunes on the issue—she played the knave.

“*Je marque le roi,*” said her adversary, winning at the same time with the king. He then played the knave of her second suit—she won it with the queen ; then played the king of the

same, in order to keep the ten-ace in trumps. A small card was thrown away upon it; and as she had now two tricks, with ace, and nine of trumps left, the game seemed no longer doubtful—she shewed her cards, while an eager hand was extended from behind her to grasp the heaps of gold on the opposite side.

“*Un instant, Monsieur,*” said the young Englishman, arresting his movement; then addressing his opponent, “Play, Madam, if you please.”

“By all means, if you wish it,” she replied, in the purest English possible; “but I should think it useless.”

She played the ace, he won it with the queen, and, to the surprise and dismay of the opposite party, shewed the ten.

The passions of hope and fear now changed sides in an instant; the score of the Englishman was, in consequence of his being forced and marking the king, quite equal to that of his adversary. One consolation—nay, almost cer-

tainty, remained to the opposite party—it was the lady's deal. She took up the cards, and as she put them together, fixed her eyes upon the Englishman, and, complimenting him in his own language on his knowledge of the game, drew his attention entirely from the board.

“*Mélez bien les cartes,*” whispered a voice in his ear, as she presented the pack to be cut.

The young man took up the cards with an affected air of distraction, and continued to shuffle them for a moment, as he replied to her compliment.

The countenances of the adverse party became suddenly clouded, and several of the men ground their teeth, and evinced every symptom of rage and disappointment. Even the polite player herself seemed vexed, for she observed, with evident pique—

“You will certainly wear out the cards if you continue to shuffle them in that manner.”

“I dare say Madame Astelli will supply us with others,” said the Englishman.

The cards were now cut, the usual number dealt, and the hearts of several, who had staked very large sums, beat high with expectation. The dealer slowly turned up the corner of the trump card, as if fearful to ascertain the result. "*C'est le roi,*" said a voice behind her: "*nous avons gagnés,*" shouted others, and their countenances again brightened. The card was finally turned and thrown upon the table—it was the queen, and again they were dismayed.

The Englishman took up his hand; he looked at the first card, the second, the third, the fourth. They were all small ones, without a trump—the hopes of his party died away; their anxious countenances betrayed little chance of success; and their adversaries, who had devoured their features with their eyes, were filled with the conviction of their success. The Englishman rose to yield his seat to another, and as he did so, one of the opposite betters turned the remaining card in a sort of wild triumph—it was the king of trumps. The fury of the opposite party

was now extreme ; some stamped violently—others uttered exclamations of despair—and as they beheld the Englishman distributing the wealth, which they had an instant before considered as their own, they secretly cursed him and his good fortune, in all the bitterness of their hearts. Some, to give their passion full vent, began to abuse the individual of their own party who had turned up the last card, and in this they all speedily joined. Women, glittering in jewels, and men covered with ribbands, were alike loud in their clamours against his interference.

“ *Que diable voulez-vous,*” he replied, in nearly as great a state of excitement as themselves ; “ *qui aurait pensé que ce maudit roi y fut caché, aussi n’ai-je pas assez perdu moi-même ?*”

No one could deny this, for his stake, next to that of the player, had been the largest ; and, after a little time, the party were soothed into something like calmness, though by far the

greater part of the high betters had retired in disgust and disappointment at their loss.

“Who is that lady?” observed Clifford, conducting his companion to an ottoman, as the female rose to vacate her seat for the next player.

“That,” said Adeline, “is the Princesse de S——. *Il n'arrive pas souvent qu'elle perd,*” she continued significantly.

“How!” said our hero, in a tone of surprise, and without paying particular attention to the latter part of her remark; “the Princesse de S—— at Madame Astelli's parties?”

“Even so,” rejoined Adeline, smiling; “but do not look so completely the image of astonishment. It is not the Princesse de S——, whose beauty is so much the subject of remark in all the higher Parisian circles, and of whom you doubtless have heard, but a *ci-devant chère amie* of the prince—*Elle n'en porte que le nom,*” she concluded.

“And how does she presume to do that,” in-

quired Delmaine, "when another not only claims, but enjoys the distinction?"

"Oh, that is the custom here," replied his companion; "you have only to look around you, to see fifty rich and beautiful women, who have never been married, and yet they are saluted and known, one as Madame la Marquise this, another as Madame la Baronne that, and Madame la Comtesse the other; these are little appropriations, arising out of past or present *liaisons*, and are courteously acknowledged by both men and women. They give an air of greater *ton* and respectability to these little *réunions*, and pass current in every society of this description."

Delmaine listened in silent amazement; he knew not what most to be surprised at—the nature of the information thus obtained, or the cool, indifferent, and matter-of-course like manner in which it was communicated.

"And are all the women here of that description?" he inquired; "are all without any

other claim to respect, than that which is accorded them by the caprice of society?"

Adeline coloured, as he fixed his penetrating yet softened gaze on her countenance. "Oh, by no means," she continued, laughing, and recovering herself; "here are many women who have a legal claim to respectability, if you mean that; but they are, for the most part, women of a certain age, who, having exhausted every pleasure at home, have recourse to the never-ceasing stimulus of play. These women could not exist without their *bouillotte* twice a week, and their *écarté* every night. They are often accompanied by their daughters, and these—"

She paused, as if unwilling to conclude a sentence, into which she had been involuntarily led by the chain of her remarks.

"And *these*," repeated Delmaine, waiting for the termination with evident impatience.

"And these," said Adeline, again colouring, and dropping her eyes, "often meet with agree-

able men—suffer their senses to be subdued by the intoxicating influence of the surrounding scene—inhalé the breath of incipient passion, and are lost.”

Clifford saw her tremble; her large, dark-fringed eyes were nearly closed; his own, filled with tenderness and passion, were fixed on her fascinating countenance; he pressed the arm which still lingered on his; the fair soft hand of the young girl replied to that pressure.

“*Je vous adore,*” he murmured, in tones subdued to a whisper. Adeline unclosed her eyes, a smile of unspeakable softness played upon her features.

“*Est-ce vrai ?*” she scarcely breathed,—“*est-ce bien vrai ?—oh, oui, je le crois.*”

Delmaine was deeply excited; he looked up for a moment, to regain self-command—had a basilisk appeared before him, he could not have felt more dismayed, than by the sight of the object his eyes now encountered. Standing near the card-table, with folded arms, and eyes

intently fixed on himself, and his companion, he beheld Dormer.

“ *Qu’avez-vous donc ?* ” tenderly inquired Adeline, almost terrified at the sudden start he had given ; “ *êtes-vous indisposé ?* ”

But the charm which lately lingered in the accents of her voice was gone ; the illusion, at least for the moment, was dispelled ; he saw her not now with the eyes of impassioned tenderness, for he felt that consciousness of error, which not only sinks us in our own estimation, but make us often hate those by whom it is produced.

He coolly, yet politely, observed, “ That he had been affected by a sudden spasm, but that it was passed.”

When he looked again, the spot where his friend had been standing the instant before was vacant ; a feeling of disappointment rushed across his mind, and he felt angry with Dormer, with himself, and with the whole world. He was, however, resolved to speak to him.

Turning to excuse himself to Adeline, he was struck by the extreme paleness of her cheek, and the air of sadness, and mortified feeling which overshadowed her features. She turned her eyes upon him for a moment; they were dimmed with rising tears, and their expression was that of silent and gentle reproach.

Could Clifford endure this. His warm, his generous nature, shrunk from the idea of giving pain to any woman—how much more, to one so gentle and so beautiful as the being before him!

“What is the matter?” he exclaimed, impetuously, all his former feelings rushing with ten-fold violence on his heart; “say, what is the matter?”

The colour came again into her cheek—the shadows which had an instant lingered over her fair countenance, vanished like dew before the sun; she smiled through her tears, and raised her eyes to his.

“Nothing,” she replied; “I only thought

that you spoke harshly to me, and that idea was sufficient in itself to give me pain."

"Give you pain!" emphatically returned Clifford: "I would rather die than give you pain; my thoughts were wandering at the moment, and I knew not what I said."

"Say no more," murmured Adeline, "I am satisfied; but let us walk a little."

Rising from the ottoman, they passed through the suite of card-rooms, every table in which was surrounded in the manner already described; Delmaine looked on every hand for his friend, but he was nowhere to be seen. He went into the ball-room, but there he met with no better success. Unable to overcome the gloom and disappointment which continued to assail him, he sought to forget them in the excitement of the waltz. In this he was more fortunate, for as he felt the yielding form of his partner blend itself as it were with his own, while his encircling arm embraced the full contour of her person, the rich perfume of her

breath playing upon his burning cheek, everything, save the pleasure of the moment—the certainty of present happiness—was forgotten.

The waltz concluded, they lounged again into the card-room, Clifford looking vainly on every hand to discover his friend among the crowd.

“*A propos,*” suddenly exclaimed his companion, “you have not yet been presented to the lady of the house.”

They moved towards a card-table at the further extremity of the room. De Forsac and the tall, dark man, already alluded to as one of the betters for the *soi-disant* Princesse de S—, were the players. On a low ottoman near the table sat a female elegantly attired, resplendent in diamonds, and other rich ornaments. Her complexion wore the rich hues peculiar to the daughters of Italy. Her eyes were dark, large, and sparkling; a tiara of diamonds and other precious stones encircled her brow, and imperfectly confined the rich masses of her jet black hair. A splendid dress of white

satin, bordered with jewels that sparkled in the light like myriads of small stars, rather developed than concealed the full beauty of her form, while a chain of brilliants encircled her neck, terminated by a small diamond cross, which lingered on her bosom, rendering its fairness even more fair by the contrast; a small mother-of-pearl basket, filled with counters, a tablet of the same material, and a gold pencil-case, lay at her side. As they approached, she arose, and, bending her fine form for a moment over the table, while she extended an arm moulded with the utmost symmetry, and of a dazzling whiteness, dropped a mother-of-pearl fish from her delicate fingers.

“Who is that superb woman?” cried Delmaine, unable to suppress his admiration and surprise.

“Superb!” echoed his companion, with something like disappointment; “that is Madame Astelli herself”—she pursued, after a slight pause—“but I must introduce you.”

Still hanging on the arm of our hero, she now approached, and whispered something in the ear of their hostess. Astelli immediately turned her large and eloquent eyes upon him with a look of anxious interest, and received his compliments with a mingled grace, dignity, and sweetness that astonished him. He had expected to see a woman advanced in years, and of uncourteous bearing; but here was one whose manner, carriage, style, and beauty would have graced a drawing-room, even amid the brightest galaxy of fashion and aristocracy.

While he yet lingered indolently on the ottoman on which he had thrown himself at the side of Adeline, and suffered his eye to wander over the various groups, whose chief study seemed to be pleasure, whose whole existence excitement, he saw Madame Astelli again approach a different card-table with her little basket of ivory counters—she dropped one among the heap which already lay before one of the players, who, hav-

ing lost the game, was in the act of moving from his seat.

“*Cela fait dix passes, Monsieur,*” she remarked, gracefully inclining her head as she spoke.

“*Mais non, Madame,*” was the reply; “*je n’ai passé que neuf fois.*”

“*Pardonnez-moi, Monsieur, je les ai bien comptées, et je vous assure que vous avez passé dix fois,*” she mildly observed.

“*Mais, Madame, vous vous trompez; je répète que je n’ai passé que neuf fois.*”

“*Cela suffit, Monsieur; n’en parlons plus,*” was the calm reply. The voice had betrayed the player to be Monsieur De Warner, though his huge frame was hid from Clifford by the dense crowd of men and women by whom he was surrounded.

“*Quel scène!*” observed a lady at the table; “*comment pouvez faire tant de tracas pour une passe, capitaine?*”

“*Je ne fait pas de tracas, Madame, mais je*

n'aime pas qu'on me trompe," he gruffly observed, offering a Napoleon to the hostess. Astelli received the gold, gave him two francs in return, sighed, withdrew to her seat, and reclined her head for a moment on her hand.

"What is the meaning of all this?" inquired our hero, who had heard the discussion, and witnessed the exchange of money without being able to comprehend the scene.

"Ah, this collecting of *passes* is the most disagreeable part of the whole affair," replied his companion. "*Les hommes de bon ton les paient toujours sans discuter—mais pour les autres—*"

"What, and do you not consider De Warner *un homme de bon ton?*" inquired Clifford, eagerly.

"*Je l'ai en horreur*: he was an officer in the regiment of cuirassiers which my father commanded, and as such, being intimate with mamma, he sometimes speaks to me; but I dislike him, personally, beyond measure."

Clifford thought he liked Adeline more than ever at that moment. "But let me understand," he pursued, "the secret of these *passes*."

"In the first place," said his companion, "you must know that all these establishments are supported by certain contributions; or how could the proprietors indemnify themselves for the expenses incurred in wax-lights, cards, and refreshments? Most of them receive company every evening, and on those nights which are not distinguished by any particular preparation or great assemblage of persons, the *passes* are fixed at half a franc. It is true that no great profit can arise from so small a remuneration for cards and lights, a glass of *eau sucrée*, or lemonade, yet it does remunerate them; and so necessary is the presence of company to those whom habit has rendered slaves to society, that they would rather even sustain a trifling loss than not have them at all. To these *réunions* all the frequenters of the several *salons* have the *entrée* without ceremony; but, two nights in the week,

it is usual to pay the compliment of a regular invitation, when both ladies and gentlemen are expected to appear *en costume de bal*, whether there is a ball or not. On these occasions, as the assembly is usually very numerous, many card-tables are set out, and the *passes* are fixed at a franc, which, as the game occupies but a very short space of time, accumulates to a large sum, and often produces from five to six hundred francs—an amount sufficient to defray the expences of the evening, and to leave a very fair profit. It is true there is always an excellent supper, but that is paid for by the gentlemen, who deposit five francs each with a person placed in the *anti-chambre* for the purpose of receiving the entrance money.”

“ I rather think De Forsac paid a Napoleon for us both,” observed Clifford.

“ Yes, because here the supper is always ten francs, exclusive of fine wines; but Astelli’s parties are of the first-rate order, and a greater degree of luxury and splendour reigns

throughout her apartments, than in those of any other *propriétaire* in Paris. On ordinary occasions the *passes* here are a franc, and this ensures a more select society, for there are many persons not exactly admissible, who do, however, contrive to get admitted. These shrink from the idea of paying a franc for a *passé*, when elsewhere they are charged but half that amount, and make their selection accordingly."

"Even, I suppose," interrupted our hero, "when each *passé* is the means of bringing them in large sums obtained by their bets?"

"Precisely so," she proceeded; "but there is a closeness, an avidity of gain, so deeply engrafted in the minds of many of these people, that they cannot refrain from coveting *sous*, even while they are filling their purses with *billets de banque*. On gala nights, here we are almost secure from these intrusions; for independently of the fact of its being considered *peu convenable* to appear without an invitation, the very circumstance of the *passes* being at two

francs, would in itself be sufficient to deter them."

"How happens it then," remarked Clifford, "that where the society is so select as you describe it to be, such shameful discussions as that we have just witnessed, should arise?"

"These are by no means usual here, though not unfrequent elsewhere," she observed; "but the fact is, that *monstre d'homme* conducts himself like a bear on all occasions: and you may see that Astelli is not used to such scenes, from the manner in which she seems to feel it."

Delmaine glanced at the dark cheek of his hostess: she caught and understood the expression of his eye, and smiling faintly, as she disclosed a set of beautiful teeth, seemed to say, even as plainly as language could convey the impression, "I feel your sympathy, and am grateful for the interest you take in my behalf."

"These," continued Adeline, "are almost the only *tracasseries* to which they are subject. In every other sense the life of Astelli, like the

lives of several others, is one continued round of pleasure and excitement; moreover, in common with most of the women you see here, she is in perfectly easy circumstances as far as relates to property."

"How strange, then," observed our hero, "that possessed of independence, as you describe her to be, she should seek to increase it by means, which are certainly not the most respectable."

"By no means strange," returned Adeline; "how else could she contrive to keep up this splendid establishment, and assemble at stated periods within her *salons*, all that is most beautiful and attractive in Paris among the women, all that is most fashionable and wealthy among the men? Moreover, in what society can the laws of decorum be more scrupulously observed? Astelli, likewise, is fond of play herself, and the profits arising from her parties, are almost universally swallowed up at the card-tables of her friends; and thus it is with most of these pro-

prietors : they speculate upon their profits, but do not suffer themselves to touch any part of their immediate incomes. Each attends the *soirées* of the other, and they are not unfrequently the highest betters in the room. They have, however, another object in view, and that is to procure recruits. All are invariably provided with cards of address, and whenever they see a young man, whose appearance indicates fashion and wealth, they do not fail to enter into conversation with him, present him with an address, and solicit his attendance at some particular *soirée* of their own, already previously determined on. There are no less than a dozen of these people now in the room ; and I can tell, from the manner in which that lady regards you, that she has already set you down for her next party."

As she spoke, she pointed to a soft-eyed, dark woman, of good figure, who was then playing at one of the nearest tables, and whom Clifford had repeatedly remarked directing her eyes towards

him, while she occasionally addressed herself to a gentleman near her with the air of one who asks for information.

In a few minutes she relinquished her seat, paid her *passes*, and, approaching Adeline, whispered something in her ear.

“Monsieur Delmaine,” said the young girl, looking archly aside at him, “*permettez que je vous présente Madame Bourdeaux.*”

Our hero bowed, Madame Bourdeaux curtsied low—made some observation about the party—inquired how long he had been in Paris—declared that she would be enchanted to see him—drew a card from her case, and observing that she gave a *bal paré* twice a week, expressed a hope that he would honour her with his presence on the following Wednesday. Delmaine took the card, promised to do himself the pleasure, and Madame Bourdeaux retired to a distant part of the room, where she was introduced to another gentleman in the same manner, gave the same invitation, and then quietly sat

herself down at the first *écarté* table, when she again commenced betting and playing.

“This then is the matter of course sort of way in which these things are managed ?” observed our hero, inquiringly.

“Precisely so,” returned his companion; “and thus you may judge of all. I knew, half an hour ago, that Madame Bourdeaux had a design upon you ; but beware,” she added, while her large eyes were raised to his with an expression of irresistible softness, “beware of consequences : Madame Bourdeaux is notorious for her *penchant pour les beaux hommes*, and she has just whispered in my ear that she finds you infinitely to her liking.”

Clifford’s reply was prevented by the approach of De Forsac, who asked if he would occupy the place he had just quitted at an *écarté* table.

“I know nothing of the game,” he remarked; “I never even saw it played before to-night.”

“No matter,” said De Forsac, “Mademoiselle Dorjeville and I will instruct you. I wish

you would oblige me," he continued, observing the evident reluctance of our hero. "I have lost a good deal of money, and depend upon you to retrieve it for me."

"And why depend on me who am quite a novice at the game?"

"It is precisely because you are a novice at it, that I do depend upon you. I never yet knew a man, ignorant of play, who was not sure to win."

"*Essayez,*" whispered Adeline, in the same soft tones of voice, "*et je vous donnerai des conseils.*"

This immediately decided him. He approached the table, Adeline took a chair at one side, while the marquis seated himself at the other.

Our hero found himself opposed to the Princesse de S——, who most graciously presented the cards to him to cut for the deal, at the same time making some remark, in English, on the almost certainty she felt of being beaten.

“*Mélez bien les cartes; sa politesse est dangereuse,*” whispered Adeline.

Clifford did as he was desired, although unable to account for the caution, and in a few minutes his adversary relinquished her seat to another player, who was also beaten. Fortune seemed to smile upon our hero, who had a decided *veinc* in his favour. Madame de S——, whose stakes were extremely high, entered several times against him, but without effect: he turned or marked the king almost every time. De Forsac had not only retrieved his losses, but was now a winner of a large sum, and he advised Clifford, whose winnings were also large, to imitate his example and increase his stakes. Delmaine followed his counsel; he had passed fourteen times, and he now threw nearly all his winnings on the table. Irritated at their losses, and filled with the hope of retrieving, in one game, what had been lost in many, their opponents eagerly seized the opportunity for covering the stakes. The tall, dark man, previously alluded to, held

the cards for them, and it was our hero's turn to deal.

His adversary took up his hand, and after looking cautiously over it, said, "*Je demande des cartes, Monsieur.*"

"*Combien, Monsieur ?*" was the question.

"*Une carte,*" replied the other, taking at the same time what appeared to be a single card from his hand, and placing it carefully on the table.

Clifford felt his knee touched by that of Adeline at the moment, in such a manner as to satisfy him that it was intended for an admonitory or precautionary signal. He turned to ascertain the motive, but as she had no stake down she was not at liberty to speak—she merely looked at him, and then glanced significantly towards the cards which his adversary had thrown down: Clifford took the hint. "How many have you discarded?" he inquired of his opponent.

"One card," was the reply.

Delmaine said nothing, but taking from his hand the cards which he intended to throw away, contrived so to place them on the table, that in the act his arm came in contact with the *écart* of his adversary. This unexpected movement disclosed two cards instead of one.

The adverse party looked disappointed; and the smile which had only the instant before illuminated the sallow countenance of the *Commandant*, a title by which he had been addressed, was succeeded by a frown.

“How is this, Sir?” inquired our hero, fixing his eyes upon him. “Here are two cards—I thought you had discarded but one?”

“It was a mistake,” answered the *Commandant*, “you must deal again.”

The mistake was soon explained by the accidental *exposé* of his hand, which was found to consist of the king and four other trumps. Clifford had originally given him six cards: the king, and four other trumps, and the

king of another suit. As playing with six cards would inevitably have led to a detection of the error, and compromised the almost certainty he entertained of marking three points in the game, it was, of course, necessary to discard a low trump, in order to rid himself of this troublesome sixth card. Placing one completely over the other, he had contrived to make two appear as one—a *ruse* in which he was, however, soon detected by the quick eye of Adeline, who had watched the movement.

It was evident to Delmaine that there was something more than mere accident in this circumstance, and the recollection of all that Dormer had said to him on the subject flashed across his mind. With this came other thoughts, and other impressions, which induced feelings of regret and shame, and he longed for the termination of the game. Scarcely knowing how he played, or what he played, his good fortune still attended him, and he won the *partie*, without his adversary being able to score a single

point. Very large sums had been staked against De Forsac and himself, and these were now pocketed, much to the consternation of the opposite party.

He was now about to relinquish his seat, when he found himself suddenly assailed by a host of tongues, both male and female.

“*Quoi, Monsieur! pensez-vous partir comme cela, après avoir gagné tout notre argent?*” said a lady, whose cheek was highly flushed with the excitement produced by her losses.

“*Plaisantez-vous, Monsieur l'Anglais?*” pertly demanded a young girl of fifteen, who, seated by her mother, had been losing her single franc stakes during the *jeu* of our hero.

“*Mais, Monsieur, on ne fait pas comme cela en France,*” observed a man, equally inflamed with disappointment and anger.

“*A-t-on jamais vu?*” remarked another, turning round to his next neighbour, and attempting a sneer that was checked by his choleric humour.

Clifford's eye flashed fire as it wandered from one to the other of the last speakers; but he might as well have attempted to set bounds to the course of ocean, as to arrest the vivacity of a Frenchman, when under the strong excitement of loss at play.

“Am I of necessity compelled to play until I lose?” he inquired of De Forsac. “Is it a rule of the game?” he pursued, more impetuously, “for in no other case do I choose to remain.”

De Forsac told him that it was always customary for a player to keep his seat, until he lost a game, when his place was usually occupied by another. Madame Astelli bowed a confirmation. Satisfied with the assurance, our hero again sat down; his opponents threw notes and gold to a large amount upon the table.

“What is your stake, Sir?” inquired Madame de S——, who almost invariably preceded or succeeded the *Commandant* in the game.

“My stake, Madam,” replied Clifford, in

French, "is half a franc; those who bet for me will, of course, put down what they please." Madame de S—— bowed.

De Forsac threw down twenty Napoleons; a few other betters smaller sums: so that in all there were about fifty pieces of gold upon the table.

"*Je tiens le jeu,*" said the Princesse to those around her, at the same time putting their money, which had been previously staked, on one side of the table.

The men took up their money in a rage, while half suppressed exclamations burst from their lips; the women pouted, fretted, scolded, frowned, and vented their spleen by commenting among themselves on the parsimony of the *Anglais*, in putting down ten sous, when he had been a winner of some thousands of francs.

"I hope he may win," said one, "he will be so vexed at getting only half a franc for his trouble."

"I hope so, too," replied another; "not

only for that reason, but that the Princesse may lose her fifty Louis, since she has been so selfish as to exclude us all."

"Why should you be so ungenerous, my dear Victorine?" observed Madame de S——, who had overheard her, and in the mildest tone imaginable. "You have not been excluded more than others, and you know very well that I have lost money enough to-night to justify my availing myself of a privilege common to every player."

Mademoiselle Victorine was for a moment disconcerted, but speedily recovering herself, she assured Madame de S—— that she had not been serious in what she said.

At length Clifford was unsuccessful: he lost the game; and many of the opposite party were more enraged at his losing than they could have been had he gained. In the latter instance, they would have congratulated themselves in not having put down their money; as it was, they secretly cursed him for the withdrawal of

his originally large stakes: a disappointment, however, for which they were only indebted to themselves. It was evident our hero saw that they were sorely thwarted, and annoyed, and he delighted in the act. Supper was soon afterwards announced, and they repaired to the suite of apartments prepared for the purpose.

Nothing could be more strikingly illustrative of that aptitude to lose sight of past, in present impressions, which so completely distinguishes the French character, than the appearance of the numerous groups now seated round the festive board. Beautiful women, whose countenances had the moment before been overcast with unamiable and conflicting feelings, were loud in the indulgence of their gaiety. Men, whose bosoms had been recently torn with rage and vexation, now gave vent to the wild sallies of their imaginations, and on every hand was to be heard laughter, repartee, and expressions of good-humour. The sparkling wines of Champagne bubbled in every glass, and exhilarating the

animal spirits, drew wit and mirth from the recesses in which they had slumbered, inspiring a freedom, an *abandon* which increased with each succeeding moment.

Each lady was attended by a cavalier, who poured forth the tribute of his admiration, sometimes in soft and whispered sounds which dimmed for a moment the brilliancy of her dark and sparkling eye, but oftener in strains of deeper adulation, and evidently intended to be overheard by those around. Clifford was seated between Madame Astelli and Adeline : immediately opposite were Madame Bourdeaux and De Forsac. To Astelli, who certainly shone like the presiding goddess of the feast, were addressed all the more brilliant compliments of the young men at her end of the table ; and to these she replied with a tact, a vivacity, and a freedom, which sufficiently denoted that she was no stranger to the homage so unequivocally rendered to her charms. Whenever a compliment was paid to her, her eyes fell on our

hero with a peculiar expression, which might have been construed, "I hear and reply to all these things, but I regard them not."

This did not escape the quick eye of De Forsac; and more than once his glance rested on Adeline, with an expression of mingled reproach, derision, and anger.

After supper the whole party, with very few exceptions, repaired once more to the *écarté* tables, from whence few of them thought of departing until the sun was far above the horizon.

"Will you not take a glass of champagne with me?" said Astelli to our hero, in her softest voice, as they still lingered at the table.

"With the utmost pleasure," he returned, seizing a bottle, and pouring out the sparkling beverage.

"You will not leave us yet?" she asked, inquiringly, and with an air of entreaty.

"No, if you wish me to remain," replied Clifford, taking up his glass.

“ *Oh non, pas comme celu ; trinquons à la Française,*” she observed, playfully.

They touched their glasses ; Adeline, who had been conversing apart with De Forsac, turned suddenly round at the moment.

“ *Vous voyez,*” muttered the marquis, and, with evident impatience in his manner, he moved towards the card-room.

“ *J’ai un mal de tête de fou,*” remarked Adeline, approaching the table. “ *Astelli, ma chère, il faut que je vous quitte. Monsieur Delmaine, auriez-vous la bonté de me conduire ?*”

Clifford instantly arose — Madame Astelli looked disappointed. “ *J’espère que nous aurons souvent le plaisir de vous voir, Monsieur,*” she at length observed.

Our hero declared himself delighted with his evening’s amusement, and promised to return. Madame Astelli extended her hand, he shook it slightly, and fancied that he felt its pressure on his own. Drawing the arm of Adeline through his, he then descended to the vestibule,

where the sleepy porter was endeavouring to arouse the still more sleepy driver of the first *fiacre* near them.

“La Rue de la Chaussée d’Antin,” said Adeline, in a voice just loud enough to be heard by the coachman; and pulling up the glass, she threw herself into an angle of the carriage, with a seeming determination to preserve an obstinate silence.

“*Qu’avez-vous donc ?*” inquired Clifford, taking her hand, which she faintly struggled to release.

“*Oh, je suis bien malheureuse !*” returned the really agitated girl, bursting into tears.

Delmaine caught her in his arms: he pressed her to his heart, and in a voice of deep emotion and interest, inquired if he had done any thing to offend her.

“*M’aimez-vous ?*” she murmured, as her tears fell in quick succession upon his burning cheek.

“*Si je vous aime ! pouvez-vous en douter donc ?*” he exclaimed, pressing her still closer to his breast.

The loud beating of their hearts betrayed the agitated state of their feelings. The head of the young girl reclined on the shoulder of her lover. Her now lustreless eyes were half closed beneath their long fringes, while her lips avoided not the searching lips of Delmaine. Suddenly the coach stopped, and the illusion was for the moment dispelled.

Handing her from the *fiacre*, Clifford prepared to follow into her apartments, but an exclamation of surprise and reproach arrested him.

“Surely, Mr. Delmaine, you would not think of entering at this unseasonable hour?”

“And why not?” he replied in a tone of deep disappointment, as he relinquished the hand which trembled within his own.

“*Eh, mon Dieu ! réfléchissez un instant. Que dira-t-on dans l'hôtel!—ce serait une scandale abominable !*”

Clifford was confounded ; for after what had passed, he anticipated neither objection nor difficulty.

“ *Comme vous voulez !* ” he observed, after a pause, and with a bitterness that clearly manifested his pique and mortification.

“ *Que vous êtes injuste,* ” she mournfully exclaimed; “ *oh, si vous m'aimez encore, ne me quittez pas en colère—quand, quand vous reverrai-je ?* ”

Again he grasped her extended hand. “ *Demain vers les trois heures,* ” he replied, and throwing himself once more into the *fiacre*, soon regained his hôtel in the Rue de Richelieu.

It was long, however, before he obtained repose. His mind was a complete chaos of contending passions; his imagination a mass of confused and bewildering ideas. He reviewed the several occurrences of the last twenty-four hours, and felt confounded at their varying and contradictory character. Had any one even hinted to him the day before, that he could possibly have waived an engagement with the Stanleys for one with Astelli, or that he could have

quarrelled with his best friend from mere dread of incurring the ridicule of a comparative stranger, he would have treated the insinuation with scorn: yet such circumstances had actually taken place, and he felt deeply humiliated and vexed at the reflection. On this dark view of the picture, his thoughts were not, however, long permitted to linger. He recurred to Adeline—to the fascination of her manner, and her evident attachment for him. Neither the singularity, nor the inconsistency of that attachment after so short an acquaintance, or, more strictly speaking, no acquaintance at all, seemed to excite either doubt or surprise in his mind, for she appeared to him as a child of nature, artless, affectionate, and without reserve.

We have already remarked that there was one decided weakness in the character of Delmaine. The reader will be at no loss to understand that that weakness originated in an extreme susceptibility to female beauty, and a too great aptitude to render homage to every woman

who showed herself not insensible to his physical and moral attractions. That this feeling may have had its origin as much in vanity as in generous affection, we pretend not to deny; and though it may shock the lovers of perfection in the human character to discover so glaring a blemish in the hero of a novel, we can only remind them that we have pledged ourselves simply to describe man as he is, and not as he should be. Constituted as Clifford was, it is not surprising that the apparent devotedness of the young Frenchwoman should have produced a strong and absorbing impression on his mind. His were not feelings to be nourished and strengthened by opposition or coldness. The very pride of his nature would have enabled him to crush a passion which was not met with equal warmth, while, on the other hand, every manifestation of increasing attachment, at once commanded and obtained the full and unqualified homage of his soul. Had Adeline, during the several singular scenes of that evening, evinced disappointment

by any expression of ill-humour, or suffered the workings of pique to betray her into invective, the illusion would have been instantly dispelled; but against the eloquent appeal of her full blue eye, and the trembling intonations of her melodious voice, there was no resistance, and he had felt his heart subdued without making an effort to check their influence. Caprice and petulance would only have had a tendency to disgust and to undeceive; but gentleness and uncomplaining suffering, were weapons which, when employed on such a character as Clifford, were in themselves sufficient to command every affection of the heart.

It was in this light, dangerous to his own peace, that he now thought of the fascinating girl: and when at length he did contrive to snatch a few hours of repose, he fancied himself more in love with her than ever.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Delmaine awoke on the following morning, his love for Adeline seemed to have passed away like the imperfect impression of a dream, and regret, disappointment, and self condemnation, were the almost exclusive feelings by which he was assailed. He thought of Dormer, of his singular and unexpected appearance at Astelli's, and of his still more singular and unexpected disappearance. Anxious, yet half dreading to learn if there was any

opening to a reconciliation, he rang for his servant, with a view to ascertain whether Dormer had called during his absence.

In a few minutes the old man appeared, but Clifford had not courage to put the question he intended in a direct manner.

“Walters, have you any letters for me?”

“No, Sir,” said Walters, who, having served nearly half his life in the army, had too high a sense of respect and duty, to indulge in more words than were absolutely necessary.

“Have you any message for me?”

“No, Sir.”

“Has no one called during my absence—recollect yourself?”

“Nobody, Sir,” returned Walters, somewhat startled at the emphatic manner of his young master.

“Has Mr. Dormer not been here?” at length exclaimed our hero, in a tone of mingled pique and passion.

“No, Sir, certainly not,” said the old man,

involuntarily retreating back a pace, and evidently much surprised at this cross-questioning.

“What is the hour?” demanded Clifford, in a milder tone.

Walters approached the *secrétaire*, and looked at his master’s watch. “Past one, Sir.”

“Past one!” thundered Delmaine, throwing off the clothes and springing out of bed. “Quick, order the cab, and bring me a cup of coffee.”

“Is my master mad?” mused Walters, as he descended to execute the order.

But his master was not mad, though very much annoyed, both with Dormer and himself. “Strange friendship indeed!” he muttered, as he proceeded with his toilet. “How can one man be thus ridiculously offended with another, for so trifling a dereliction—he has done the same thing a hundred times, and can have no right to arraign my conduct; but no, I do him wrong; he can only have my interest at heart, and my unworthy petulance has offended him. His

very appearance in the *salon* last night, must be attributed to the friendly feelings he entertained in my favour ; but if so, why did he not speak ? why did he leave the place so abruptly ?—no, I cannot forgive him for this: it savours too much of *espionage*." And thus he went on, alternately accusing and justifying Dormer, without coming to any positive conclusion on the subject, until he had finished dressing and swallowed his coffee.

The same suite of apartments being appropriated to Sir Edward and his friends, in visiting his uncle, Clifford of course was certain of meeting the Stanleys ; and thither he now directed his course, though with a heart not quite at ease, and an imagination impressed with the idea that his reception would be less than usually friendly, for his own feelings told him that he had done wrong, and he could not but admit that his apology of the preceding day might be deemed insufficient. Yet, however ready to acknowledge, and willing to atone for his

errors, he could not endure that another should make him sensible of them. He, therefore, prepared to arm himself with all the pride of his nature, in the event of any remarkable coolness being manifested, and moreover resolved, so to regulate his manner by circumstances, as to leave it doubtful whether his visit was intended for Sir Edward alone, or for the party collectively.

It is not therefore surprising, that under these impressions, and with these feelings, he should unconsciously have worked himself into that very stiffness of manner which was so likely to call for a corresponding conduct on the part of his friends.

Arrived at the Hotel Mirabeau, he fancied he was received precisely with that sort of formality, into the anticipation of which he had successfully tortured himself, and he saluted each individual of the party with a stateliness and distance which passed not unobserved; but what particularly mortified and contributed to confirm him in this belief, was the reserved

manner of Dormer, who, standing in the recess of a window conversing with Colonel Stanley, had scarcely noticed his slight bow of recognition.

A game of chess, which his entrance had for a moment interrupted, was now resumed, between Helen and his uncle, and he drew a seat carelessly towards the table.

“I hope, Miss Stanley,” he at length ventured to observe, “that the French Opera met your expectation last evening?”

Colouring deeply, Helen for a moment turned her eyes upon him, with an expression which he found no difficulty in translating—“Surely you are the last person in the world who should make any allusion to the events of last evening.” Recovering her self-possession, however, she replied in a tone of indifference, while her arm was extended to take a bishop which her adversary had left exposed, and on which depended in a great measure the success of the game, “Perfectly so, Mr. Delmaine, I never was more amused in my life—Sir Edward, the

game is mine, you have but one move left before I give you check-mate."

If any one thing could ruffle the usually good temper of the baronet, it was, to be found wanting in proper foresight in covering his pieces; and as he had ever been considered an excellent chess player, it was a source of no trifling mortification to him to be beaten by a woman; more especially one whom he considered a mere novice. Sir Edward was an old man, and not in love; and men who are old and not in love, do not much care to be vanquished at chess by the prettiest woman in Christendom. As some whist players have a horror of having their cards over-looked by a spectator, under the impression that it brings them ill-luck, so the good old baronet felt inclined to think that the presence of his nephew had in some measure given rise to the oversight which compromised the game; and he began to vent his spleen by alluding to his defalcation of the preceding day.

“And pray, Sir, how long is it since you have acquired the caprice of breaking off engagements with your friends, and devoting yourself to strangers? May I beg to know what became of you last night?”

“My engagement of last night, Sir,” said Delmaine, proudly, “was of a very peculiar nature.” As he spoke, his eye wandered towards the window, and he remarked a contemptuous smile upon the lip of Dormer. “But I had hoped,” he pursued, in a more hurried tone, irritated at once by this circumstance, and by the sarcastic tone of his uncle, “I had hoped that my apology would have been found sufficiently explanatory.”

“Nay, my dear friend,” coolly observed the colonel, “it is hardly fair to subject Mr. Delmaine to a cross-examination. We have had his apology in due form, and the most rigid laws of etiquette cannot well exact more.”

There was deep sarcasm in the tone in which this remark was uttered, and it did not escape

the attention of Delmaine. He, however, made no reply; but, biting his lip, and leaning his head upon his hand, continued to look at the chess-board, where kings, queens, knights, bishops, castles, and pawns, danced before his eyes, without his being conscious of the identity of either. More vexed, however, at the silence and reserve of Helen than at the observation of her father, he kept chewing the cud of his mortification, and working up his feelings until they had attained a high pitch of excitement.

“There is no one here,” he mentally exclaimed, in bitterness of heart, “who cares for me; and I must seek for happiness elsewhere.”

His future fate seemed to hang upon the moment. Had he been received by Helen with that openness and frankness which had hitherto distinguished their meetings, the jealous impressions by which he had been governed on his entrance, would have been utterly removed; but though prepared, as we have already ob-

served, to expect this mixture of reserve and formality, he felt himself totally unequal to the encounter.

“Now, then, Sir Edward,” remarked his adversary, in a tone of gaiety, which no one, but a man determined to think otherwise, could have failed to perceive was assumed, “you are fairly caught in my toils—check-mate!”

“What delight she seems to take in winning a silly game at chess,” thought Clifford, and he sighed.

The baronet looked on every hand for some chance of escape, but the web was too securely prepared. “Humph!” he ejaculated, as he was wont to do when anything either affected or perplexed him. “Check mate do you say? Let me see—yes; true bill, my dear—fairly vanquished, I admit. And pray in whose toils have you been caught?” he added, turning to his nephew, “that you sit there, looking so completely the image of despair. Some pretty Frenchwoman, I suppose, has spread her

meshes around your heart last evening, and you have not yet slept her image off your brain."

Delmaine coloured deeply, and he met the gaze of Dormer,—then again turned upon him— with an expression of impatience and defiance, as he replied, with ill assumed carelessness of manner, "That his heart was never more free than at that moment, and that he trusted it would long continue so."

Suppressing, with difficulty, the sigh which laboured for release, Helen rose from the table, and approached the little group near the window, where she now commenced an animated conversation with Dormer ; so animated, indeed, that, to her companion, it was evidently forced ; while Delmaine only read in it a confirmation of her utter indifference for him.

" I can have no business here," he thought ; " this reserve is too marked—this conduct too pointed. But there is one," and he fired with a sort of vengeful exultation at the idea, " who

will not receive me with this chilling apathy of manner."

It was past the hour of his engagement with Adeline. He took up his hat. No one asked him to prolong his visit, or to dine; and he felt this neglect more bitterly, for it was a thing unusual. He shook his uncle's hand slightly, and simply bowing to the remainder of the party, with a determination, formed at the instant, never to return uninvited, hastened to regain his cabriolet.

A host of contradictory feelings rushed on his heart, during the short drive to the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, and never was he more completely the slave of his impressions than at that moment. Entering the apartments of Adeline with a flushed cheek and beating pulse, he beheld her reclining on an ottoman, dressed in a loose robe, which rather developed than concealed the rich beauty of her person. Her luxuriant hair hung in wild profusion over her face and neck, and some powerful excitement had evidently given a

glow to her cheek, and an expression of deep languor to her eyes. One hand supported her head on the cushion, in the other was an open volume of the *Liaisons Dangereuses*.

“Is this studied or natural? Is it accidental, or is it for effect?” was the first thought of our hero; but the artless and affectionate manner in which she started from her position to receive him, dispelled every doubt.

“Oh, I thought you would never come!” she exclaimed, every feature of her countenance expressing the gratification she experienced. “If you but knew,” she pursued, “how tedious the moments have appeared since the hour you named!”

They sat upon the ottoman. The soul of Delmaine was all excitement and rapture; that of Adeline, tenderness, abandonment, and love. Gradually they approached each other. The arm of her lover was thrown around the waist of the young girl, and his burning lips were pressed to hers. He forgot the world, Miss Stanley,

and himself. Glowing, yielding, trembling, Adeline lingered in his warm embrace, and when they awoke from the intoxicating illusion, they felt as if no power, no circumstance on earth, could divide them.

It was late before our hero thought of leaving the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, and as he was about to depart, recollecting that he had no dinner engagement, he proposed that Adeline should accompany him to a restaurateur's, and thence to the Opéra Comique, where Ponchard was fascinating every ear with his sweetest notes in *La Dame Blanche*, a piece just brought out, and already acquiring very great popularity.

To this she readily assented, and commenced her toilet, while he repaired to his hotel, to make some little alteration in his own dress.

On his return he found her ready, and they proceeded to Beauvillier's, in the Rue de Richelieu. Delmaine asked for a private room; there was none, he was informed, unoccupied.

He was about to depart, when Beauvillier himself, who had just descended the staircase leading to the *cabinets*, approached, to say that a party, who had dined early, were preparing to leave their room, which in the course of a minute or two would be at his disposal. While Delmaine stood for a moment hesitating whether he should wait or repair to Very's, the party alluded to began to descend the stairs. He raised his eyes instinctively, and almost gasped for breath as he beheld the Colonel, Miss Stanley, and Dormer. He was at the further extremity of the saloon, and on a parallel line with the sloping direction of the stairs. Unless they chanced to turn round, there was every probability of his escaping unobserved. Just, however, as they had reached the bottom, a burst of laughter from a party of young Englishmen, who were swallowing their champagne at the table near which he stood, attracted the attention of Helen. A flush was on her cheek at the moment, but in the next instant she

became pale as death, and evidently moved with difficulty. Dormer also had turned his head in the same direction, and seemed petrified with astonishment and indignation. His eyes shot an angry and contemptuous glance as he passed, but to this, for the first time in his life, our hero replied not. He felt the awkwardness—the doubtfulness of his position, and was at once deeply humiliated and confounded. Desirous of hiding his feelings from his companion, he endeavoured to rally, but the attempt was vain. Adeline Dorjeville had too much penetration not to perceive his emotion and to understand its cause. No reproach escaped her lips; but in the tear which trembled in her eye, and in the sigh, which she struggled not to suppress, while her arm lingered less heavily on his, he read sufficient evidence of the pain he had unconsciously given her.

Despite of champagne, and all his attempts at gaiety, our hero found himself unequal to a *tête-à-tête* with his companion, and willingly re-

paired, at an earlier hour than he had originally intended, to the theatre.

When they entered their *loge*, Ponchard was warbling forth his melodious strains to an audience who seemed to hang upon his music as upon sounds of celestial promise, and the dropping of a pin might have been heard in the short and occasional pauses of his song. The noise produced by the opening of the box-door drew the attention of many of the audience, and among others, that of a party on the opposite side of the house, on whom the eyes of Delmaine fell with a stupid expression, while a feeling of sickness stole over his heart. In that *loge* sat the colonel, his daughter, Dormer, and De Forsac. Could he have assumed coolness and self-possession sufficient to admit of his observing the several expressions of countenance in that party, our hero would have traced in that of the marquis an air of deep and unqualified exultation and satisfaction, which not all his native tact and habitual self-command could hide at

that moment. This, indeed, was unlooked for by De Forsac, and when his eye met that of Adeline, it expressed a variety of feelings, intelligible only to herself.

It was some time before Delmaine could summon courage to look before him, and when he did, he beheld the penetrating eye of the colonel fastened on his box ; a deep frown darkened his brow, and his whole countenance denoted the action of sudden and powerful indignation. A painful consciousness of shame compelled Clifford to withdraw his own gaze, and he turned towards the stage, though he could not, in the confusion of his thoughts, distinguish a word that was said. It was in vain, however, that he attempted to confine the direction of his eyes to that quarter. They wandered mechanically and insensibly to the party opposite. Miss Stanley sat in an angle of the *loge*, supporting, with her hand, a cheek of almost equal whiteness, presenting a striking contrast to the dark tresses which lingered upon her forehead. Her eyes

were rivetted upon the stage, but evidently with effort, and to the occasional remarks addressed by those around her, she replied with seriousness and evident abstraction. Dormer, too—the teasing, the ubiquitous Dormer, stood with his arms folded, reclining against the side of the box, and obviously attending more to the movements of the party opposite than to the business of the performance.

Delmaine cursed him in his vexation, for he now admitted the belief that he had planned and produced these several and unpleasant *rencontres*. Unwilling that he should triumph in his success, he resolved to rally; and, as much from the contradictory nature of his feelings, as from a desire to shake off his embarrassment of manner, he entered into conversation with Adeline. But though his lips uttered sounds of kindness, there was no accompanying expression on his countenance; his features were stiff, his action unbending, and his whole demeanour, in short, indicative of reserve. Adeline was

not insensible to the change, neither did she appear to be ignorant of the cause. She saw that his position was disagreeable to him, and with a delicacy of feeling which was fully understood and appreciated, urged a severe headache, as a plea for retiring; to this Delmaine gladly acceded, and as he left the house, he turned a last look upon the opposite *loge*. Again the attention of the whole party was directed to him and to his companion, and in his cursory glance, he fancied that the eyes of Helen beamed with a mingled expression of melancholy, pain, regret and despondency; but this impression he sought to dispel, for he had already worked himself into the belief that he was hated; and, strange as it may appear, he rather wished to persuade himself of the fact than to reject the supposition.

“Do you know who that lady is with our friend?” said De Forsac, half aside to Dormer, yet furtively watching the countenance of Helen as he spoke.

“ Sir !” said Dormer, staring him full in the face, and with an expression that could not be misunderstood.

The marquis felt the blood mount into his cheek. He repeated his question.

“ I should presume,” returned Dormer, with marked emphasis in his voice and manner, “ that that lady can be no stranger to the Marquis de Forsac.”

“ Really, Mr. Dormer is pleased to give me credit for a much better memory than I actually possess ; but, positively, I am not so fortunate as to retain the slightest recollection of her person.”

“ Does the Marquis de Forsac then find it prudent and convenient, at this precise moment, to disclaim all acquaintance with Mademoiselle Adeline Dorjeville ?”

“ Oh, true ! the young girl whom our friend was so fortunate as to rescue from almost certain death on the day of the funeral : I did not recognize her. By the bye,” he continued, in a

voice which he affected to lower to a whisper, but still rendered sufficiently distinct for Miss Stanley's ear; "her gratitude was so powerfully excited that she was induced to solicit his attendance at a party given by Astelli last night—they were inseparable during the evening."

As he finished this sentence, he again glanced at the pale countenance of Helen, and rage, hate, and jealousy triumphed in his soul, as he remarked her ill suppressed agitation.

"Are you ill, Helen?" said the colonel, who, seated at the opposite side of the *loge*, had heard nothing of the preceding conversation.

"The heat of the theatre is really insupportable; and I think that if you do not particularly wish to remain, I should prefer retiring," she languidly replied.

"By all means, my love," rejoined the colonel, rising. De Forsac was about to offer his arm, when Dormer anticipated the movement.

The marquis bit his lip with vexation, for he wished to give the finishing stroke to his in-

sinuations, by addressing her more directly on the subject of Adeline and Delmaine.

“Miss Stanley—Helen,” said Dormer, as they descended the staircase of the theatre, “believe not what you have heard of Delmaine. This Marquis de Forsac I distrust—his conversation with me was evidently meant to reach your ears—but Clifford is not, cannot be the being he has been represented.”

To the hurried observations of her friend, Helen replied by a look so full of thankfulness, that Dormer could not avoid at once cursing and deploring the infatuation of our hero, who could for a moment relinquish the society of such a woman, for one, whom he conceived to be utterly degraded and depraved.

“I shall make it a point to see him before we meet again,” he pursued. “He will not refuse an explanation, I am sure; and then we shall be enabled to judge how far he may prove worthy of your future consideration.”

Again Helen thanked him with a look, and

an affectionate pressure of the arm, and they soon found themselves in the *Passage Fey-deau*, near which their equipage was in waiting.

“Will you accompany us, marquis?” said the colonel, as he followed the languid form of his daughter into the carriage.

But De Forsac saw that no advantage was to be obtained—no impression to be made in the then state of mind of Helen. He had, moreover, fixed his libertine gaze on a beautiful woman in the theatre, who sat in a *loge* adjoining that which his party had occupied. With this female he had formed an intimacy many years before, while she was yet a young and inexperienced girl; but, with that inconstancy of character for which he was remarkable, he had soon abandoned her for some new object. Ten years had elapsed since their separation; and he now beheld the child transformed into the woman, whose maturer charms, provoking admiration, led his restless imagination into

anticipations of a voluptuousness peculiar, he well knew, to those only whom years and experience have ripened into meridian fullness. De Forsac was true to his principles; for, though he had contrived to render himself a very great favorite with Colonel Stanley, and notwithstanding he had devoted more time to his society than was consistent with his habits of dissipation, he did not suffer any outward demonstrations of moral conduct to interfere with his private pleasures and secret indulgences. Excusing himself, therefore, he returned to the theatre, where he found no great difficulty in renewing his acquaintance with the object of his present wishes.

Satisfied that Helen would much rather be left to her own thoughts, Dormer declined the invitation likewise. Before they separated, however, he managed to reassure her, by repeating, in a whisper, that he would see Delmaine in the morning. Then pressing her hand affectionately, he repaired to his hotel.

He had, however, scarcely reached his apartments, when he discovered that he had lost a small ivory tablet, containing memoranda which were of consequence to him. Presuming that he had dropped it in the theatre, he returned immediately in search of it. His first impression was to send in one of the women usually employed as box-keepers; but reflecting on the possibility of her appropriating it to her own use, under the idea of some intrinsic value being attached to it, he changed his purpose, and resolved to enter and look for it himself. The tablet lay, as he had anticipated, on the floor near the spot he had occupied; and, as he stooped to pick it up, the sound of voices, in the next *loge*, one of which he recognized for De Forsac's, arrested his attention. A powerful and indefinable feeling of curiosity and interest, induced him to remain; for, however reluctant he might have felt, under different circumstances, to pursue

such a course, the occurrences of the day, and his own peculiar distrust of the marquis, he now conceived to be a sufficient justification. Seating himself, therefore, so as to be unobserved by the parties, he was enabled, from the slightness of the partition, to hear their conversation with distinctness, although carried on in a subdued tone of voice.

“She is unquestionably an elegant woman, both in person and in manner, and will do honour to my choice,” was the first connected sentence he could distinguish.

“But we all know you, marquis, to be a refined voluptuary. How then can a cold and insipid Englishwoman inspire you with any thing like ardour in such a pursuit as that of matrimony?”

“You are wrong,” rejoined De Forsac. “Englishwomen are neither so cold nor so insipid as you may imagine. It is true they have less of the vivacity of passion, but their feelings are

deep, intense, and lasting. Moreover they live upon the memory of love, when love itself, and the intoxication of the senses, have passed away."

"Really, you seem to have had some experience in Englishwomen since we last met," said the female, in a tone of pique; "but *à propos*, what renders this *beauté Anglaise* such a paragon of perfection in your eyes?"

"In the first instance she has fortune," emphatically observed De Forsac.

"Ah! I perfectly understand how necessary a recommendation that is with you—but proceed."

"In the second place, she is a woman of birth and accomplishment."

"And in the third?"

"Lastly and chiefly," said De Forsac, "she has the most desirable person I ever beheld."

"Ah, this is rather more in character, my dear marquis," rejoined the female. "Yet even though she really should possess all these qualifications to the degree you represent, her case is hopeless."

“ And why hopeless ?”

“ Because I pity the woman who should ever become attached to any thing half so inconstant as yourself.”

“ What injustice you do me, Delphine,” said the marquis, in one of those seductive tones, which he so well knew how to assume ; “ so far from entertaining a feeling of inconstancy towards you, I swear by Heaven, that I never loved you better than at this moment.”

“ Oh ! that I can easily believe,” rejoined his companion. “ It is now ten years since we met, and people tell me that I am somewhat improved since our *liaison*. Besides, so long an absence makes a woman a new object of desire. Moreover, you know the proverb, ‘ *On revient toujours à ses premiers amours.*’ ”

“ And never was man so desirous of fulfilling the proverb to the very letter,” said De Forsac, with the deep intonation of passion.

“ *Est-ce bien vrai ?* ” seriously rejoined the female. “ But tell me all about this English-

woman," she pursued, in a livelier tone. "Are you perfectly sure of her—have you no rival to dread, no obstacle to encounter?"

"Why," said De Forsac, "I have a rival, and that is the most amusing part of the affair; *mais écoutez*. You must know, that on being introduced to this superb creature, I found a young Englishman dangling at her side, who having accidentally made himself notorious by an affair of honour, had contrived to turn the heads of one or two silly women in consequence. It was easy to discover that he was on better terms with my *belle Anglaise*, than I exactly found convenient for my plans, and I at once resolved, if possible, to detach him from her. I am a tolerable observer of the human character, and have a sort of tact for discovering weaknesses. You know, moreover, that when it suits my interest, I can make myself agreeable as well to men as to women. The Englishman's foible I soon found to be a fondness for admiration, and a susceptibility of passion, which were likely to

be turned to account. *Bref*, I contrived to win his friendship, and the first use I made of this advantage, was to introduce him last night at Astelli's, where he met with Adeline Dorjeville, who, as you may easily imagine, has been properly instructed. The silly girl had some scruples of conscience, but fortunately her own passions are embarked in my interests. This young fellow was romantic enough to jump from an *entresol*, at the risk of breaking his neck, in order to save her from being trodden to death by some great beast of a horse, and since that period, she has conceived a *belle passion* for him which his self-love has induced him to return. This circumstance was rather fortunate, for such was the obstinacy of the girl, that she would not enter into my plans, until I had worked up her passions, by pointing out the almost certainty of his attaching himself to her. Since then, every thing has been going on well, and last night I felt that my projects would be completely successful. It was reserved for this

evening, nowever, to give the *coup de grâce* to the affair."

"*Et comment cela ?*" inquired the female.

"Did you not remark a young man, who came into the opposite box with Adeline soon after the performance began, and who left in less than half an hour?"

"A tall, elegant, dark young man, with uncommonly brilliant eyes, yet with a sort of *gaucherie* in his manner?" hastily rejoined his companion.

"The same," said De Forsac. "That," he pursued, after a slight pause, "is the person in question."

"But how can their mere presence at the theatre possibly have the effect of giving the *coup de grâce* to your plans?"

"You must know," continued De Forsac, "that the party who sat in the adjoining box to you, were his friends, and, among these, the superb Englishwoman herself."

"Ah! how unfortunate that I did not see

her," interrupted the female, " but she sat with her back turned against the side of my *loge*. Now I understand," she continued, " why the poor fellow seemed so restless and so exceedingly *gauche*. Indeed, I wondered at the time how his manner could be so little in accordance with his air *distingué*. Of course his meeting with Adeline was purely accidental."

"Accidental!" sneeringly observed De Forsac, evidently piqued at the encomiums bestowed on his rival's person, " you ought to know that I never leave any thing to accident. No: the whole affair was planned by myself; La Dorjeville brought him here at my suggestion, and ——"

A sudden burst from the orchestra drowned his voice, and Dormer tried in vain to catch the conclusion of the sentence. At the termination of the piece, he listened again, but only broken and indistinct sentences were to be heard, and these were no longer in reference to the subject so recently discussed. The last

part of the performance now commenced, and he resolved to withdraw. He had closed the door of his box, and advanced a few yards along the corridor, when he heard another cautiously opened behind him. Turning round, he beheld De Forsac, who, hearing the noise he made in retiring, had glanced hastily after him. Dormer instantly stopped, and folding his arms, seemed to await the approach of the marquis; but the other no sooner found that he was discovered, than he hastily re-closed the door, and Dormer pursued his way to his hotel.

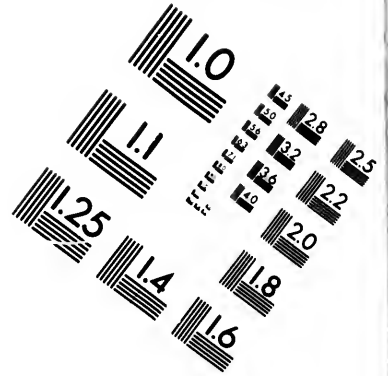
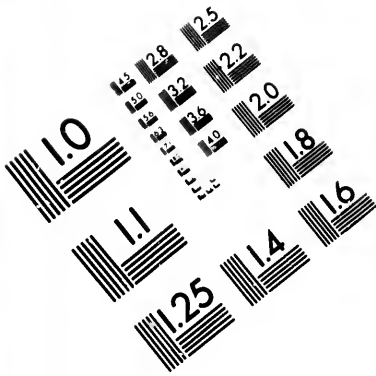
Filled with indignation against the treacherous De Forsac, and anxious at once to open the eyes of his friend to the infamy of his conduct, Dormer knocked at the door of the anti-room leading to Delmaine's apartments. He was told that he was in bed. Leaving a message, therefore, with his servant, to say that he wished particularly to see him in the morning, he retired to his own couch, where he passed a great part of the night, in revolving the several occurrences which had taken place

since his meeting with Delmaine in the Rue Castiglione. Dormer really felt a sincere regard for his friend, but like too many men, he had forgotten, that the errors for which he so unrelentingly condemned him, were precisely similar to those into which he himself had previously fallen. Of this he now appeared to be sensible; and he resolved to meet Clifford in the morning with all the abandonment of friendship and good feeling. He doubted not, that by exposing the artifices of the infamous De Forsac, and the worthlessness of the female who had momentarily seduced him from his friends, his better sense would conquer his infatuation, and induce him once more to estimate the happiness he had so wantonly thrown from him.

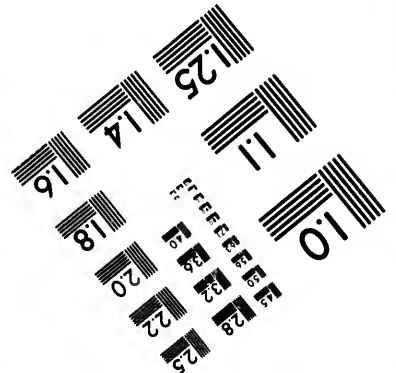
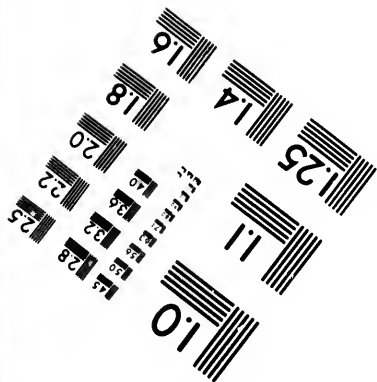
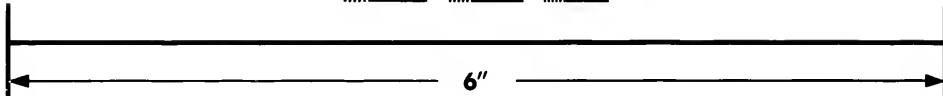
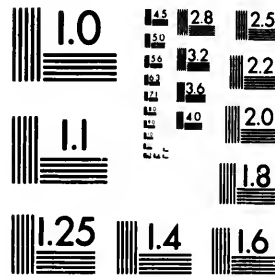
Delmaine, as Walters truly asserted, had retired to his bed almost immediately after conducting Adeline home from the theatre; but, tossed about in a state of excitation, his mind was too much distracted to admit of repose. Never had he felt more truly wretched than

during the last few hours. From the moment of his quitting the *loge*, when he fancied he beheld a subdued expression of interest in the eyes of Helen, he had been tortured by the stings of remorse and self-accusation: so true it is, that a consciousness of error makes us feel with acuteness any mark of kindness from those whom we know we have wronged. He felt, moreover, that the suddenness of his departure must have had a powerful tendency to impress Miss Stanley with the belief that his conduct had been premeditated, and this painful reflection continued to haunt him up to the moment of his separation from Adeline Dorjeville. With still more bitterness did it occur to him in the silence and solitude of his apartment, and from the fact itself, his mind gradually reverted to the cause. It seemed so extraordinary a circumstance that they should have met, at the same restaurateur's and at the same theatre on the same evening, that he could not avoid believing these several *rencontres* had been planned; and he at once fixed upon Dor-





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mer as the planner. The absurdity of the presumption, in his then state of mind, never once occurred to him ; neither did he for a moment consider that it was utterly impossible that Dormer should have had the slightest knowledge of his movements.

His belief in this fact was not at all lessened by the recollection of Dormer's meeting with Miss Stanley on the morning of her arrival in Paris, and the evident interest he invariably took in every thing relating to her. A new light seemed to flash across his mind. There could be no doubt that Dormer was his secret rival, and that under the mask of friendship, he was endeavouring to undermine his influence. Alas ! poor Delmaine, how strictly correct were you in the assumption of the fact ; how wrong in that of the identity of the man ! Yet, of what want of generosity, of what inconsistency, will not the human mind be capable, when under the influence of strong disappointment and misguided feeling. No sooner had he admitted these recollections and impressions, than, nursing

them into conviction, he firmly resolved never to renew the slightest familiarity of intercourse with his perfidious friend, whom he could only suspect without a possibility of charging him with the offence.

Thus assailed by blended feelings of anger against Dormer, and of contempt for himself, mingled with almost inexplicable sensations in regard to Helen, he passed the greater part of the night; his distrust of the former increasing with his reflections, until he almost fancied him his greatest enemy; his esteem for the latter augmenting, as he dwelt on the irretrievable forfeit he had made of all claim to her future favour—nay, even to her future acquaintance; for he felt, that after the occurrences of the last evening, he could never again venture into her presence.

In the morning he was awakened by Walters, who came to say that Mr. Dormer was waiting to see him in the breakfast-room on particular business.

“ Mr. Dormer waiting to see me on particular business ?” he repeated, with an air of astonishment.

“ Yes, Sir,” said Walters ; “ he called last night, but you were in bed, and I thought you would not wish to be disturbed by the delivery of the message.”

“ Tell Mr. Dormer that I shall be with him immediately.”

Walters left the room, and Delmaine hastened to complete his toilet. His bitterness of feeling against Dormer was in no way abated, and he now determined to treat him with the utmost distance. What he possibly wanted with him, he could not at all divine ; but his imagination soon supplied him with a motive. “ Of course he is come,” he thought, “ to try what effect the events of last evening have produced upon me ; but his Mentorship, as De Forsac justly calls it, is over at last, thank Heaven, and I shall disappoint him.”

In a few minutes he entered the breakfast-

room. Dormer was reading the paper, but no sooner perceived his friend, than he threw it down, rose, and extended his hand.

“Will you be obliging enough to resume your seat, Sir?” said Delmaine, somewhat haughtily, and without noticing this mark of reconciliation.

Dormer coloured deeply—he hesitated a moment—made an effort to curb his feelings, then sat down in the place he had previously occupied.

“May I beg to know to what I am to attribute the honour of this visit, Mr. Dormer?”

“Clifford—Delmaine!” said Dormer, earnestly.

“Mr. Delmaine, if you please, Sir!” interrupted our hero, with quickness.

Again Dormer struggled with his feelings. “Delmaine, we were once school-fellows, and until lately have been friends.”

“But are so no longer, Mr. Dormer. Will

you be kind enough to favour me with the particular business which has induced this visit."

"My business is that of interest in your happiness—anxiety in your welfare, Clif—Mr. Delmaine."

"Upon my word, Mr. Dormer, you are extremely kind; but I do not wish that you should distress yourself about me, or my happiness."

"This is too much," said Dormer, rising impatiently. Then, after a pause, "I wish to warn you against the Marquis de Forsac, the serpent whom you have taken to your bosom—a man without principle."

"Sir, I beg that you will discontinue such language in my presence—the Marquis de Forsac is my friend, and—"

"Ay," interrupted Dormer, with bitterness, "a *new* friend, who will sting you to the soul, even before you are aware of your danger."

"Better to be stung by a new friend than by

an old one," observed Delmaine, contemptuously. "But to this particular business, Sir. I have an engagement this morning, and you will excuse me, if I ask you to be brief."

"By Heavens, you are the only man on earth from whom I would endure such supercilious treatment!" exclaimed Dormer, with vehemence, striking his hand upon the breakfast table with violence. "Delmaine," he pursued, in a calmer tone, "if you are not infatuated beyond recall with that worthless creature with whom you so unblushingly appeared at the theatre last evening—"

"Stop, Sir," interrupted Clifford, angrily, the recollection of last evening's occurrences, and his recent suspicions of Dormer, flashing with additional force on his mind. "I desire you will never allude to that lady, in my presence, without respect; know, Sir, that she is under my protection."

"Good Heavens! have you been so impru-

dent, so utterly lost to yourself, and what you owe to others?" exclaimed Dormer.

"Mr. Dormer, I do not understand such language, neither do I admit the right of any man to arraign my actions."

"Have you no regard for Miss Stanley? have you no respect for her father?"

"Mr. Dormer, I repeat I do not understand such liberty of language," replied Delmaine, in a tone of even greater excitement; "and I beg that this interview may be terminated at once."

"Then be it terminated," said Dormer, snatching up his hat, and hastening from the apartment. "Curse his obstinacy!" he muttered, bitterly, as he closed the door. "What a fool I was to give myself any trouble about him."

And thus was the rupture between these warm-hearted, generous, but impetuous friends, widened beyond a possibility of future reconciliation.

CHAPTER III.

No sooner had Dormer departed, than with his usual inconsistency of character, Delmaine bitterly regretted the haughtiness of manner he had assumed, and more than ever taxed himself with unkindness and injustice. While their interview lasted, he was supported as much by his pride, as by the impression which had been suffered to creep over his mind the preceding evening, and his resolution had rather been strengthened than weakened, during the few succeeding hours. But when left entirely to himself,

and he had found opportunity for dispassionately considering the matter, he felt that he had acted unjustly. There was nothing in the manner or language of his friend, to justify his hasty and ungenerous suspicion; a suspicion which originated rather in the pique he entertained at the cool bearing of Dormer towards him, than in any positive ground for accusation. This idea had been strengthened by the several recent annoying and singular coincidences.

As he revolved the various observations made by Dormer during their short interview, he was compelled to admit that they all originated in regard and interest in his welfare; and when he recurred to the last remark in relation to Miss Stanley, he hated himself for the ungenerous impression he had even momentarily nourished. Yet, while he acquitted him of any thing like insincerity in his conduct, he saw nothing more in his insinuations against De Forsac and Adeline, than the workings of prejudice, and a desire to exercise that spirit of

admonition, which he had previously found so irksome. The strong language he made use of in alluding to the Marquis and Adeline, he conceived to have originated in his undisguised dislike for both; and it never once occurred to him, that there could be any actual ground for the severity of his assertions.

But however he might differ from his friend in these particulars, and whatever might be his restlessness of feeling under this sort of friendly *surveillance*, which the latter seemed to feel himself authorised in exercising over him, had Dormer now stood in his presence, Clifford would have confessed his error and solicited forgiveness; nay, have deemed himself but too happy if, by such a concession, the intimacy and warmth of their former friendship could be restored. But every hope of the kind was gone; he had offended Dormer without a possibility of expiation, and the uncertainty he felt in regard to the manner in which an apology would be received, deterred him from writing: since, however willing he

might be to make an atonement that he felt persuaded would be received, the idea of offering one that might be rejected, was far too galling to his pride.

From the unpleasantness of his reflections on this subject, he once more reverted to Sir Edward and the Stanleys ; but even here, the picture wore the same gloomy and disheartening colouring. It was impossible, after the unfortunate meeting of the last evening, (a meeting which now that, in his cooler moments, he had rejected the injurious supposition that Dormer had been instrumental in bringing it about, he seemed to think had been fated), that he could present himself before the Stanleys without an explanation ; for though he had never yet publicly declared himself as the lover of Helen, yet he had certainly appeared in that light, both to the colonel and to Sir Edward, who had each remarked their growing attachment with manifest, though unavowed, satisfaction. Even Delmaine himself knew that his attentions had been

too little equivocal to escape observation ; and it was this consciousness, added to the sense of shame and unworthiness he experienced at the thought of meeting her whom he felt he had so deeply injured, that now determined him to discontinue his customary visits to the Rue de la Paix. Yet how to accomplish this without giving serious offence to his uncle, whom he did not wish to undeceive, he knew not. As Sir Edward and the Stanleys occupied the same suite of apartments, it was impossible to visit one party without meeting the other. In this dilemma, he thought of an expedient which he fancied would answer his purpose, and do away with the necessity for visiting there at all. Accordingly, after swallowing his coffee, and musing a few minutes, he wrote the following note to the baronet :—

“ MY DEAR UNCLE,

“ A slight misunderstanding has arisen between Dormer and myself. As he is in the

daily habit of visiting the Stanleys, I am sure you will not attribute my conduct either to neglect or disrespect for yourself, if I deny myself the pleasure of seeing you, while you continue to occupy the apartment in the Hôtel Mirabeau. I shall send Walters every day to inquire after your health.

“ Believe me,

“ My dear Uncle,

“ With every affectionate feeling,

“ Your grateful Nephew,

“ CLIFFORD DELMAINE.”

“ *Hôtel des Princes, Rue de Richelieu.*”

Having finished and sealed this laconic epistle, he rang for Walters, and desired him to take it to his uncle, and wait for an answer. Too impatient, however, to endure the suspense and doubt he felt in regard to the manner in which it would be received, he sallied forth on the Boulevard, and before he had well determined whither he should direct his course, suddenly

found himself at the corner of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. The image of Adeline presented itself, and he pursued his course to her apartments.

She was seated at the breakfast table, pale, as if from suffering, and her countenance wore an expression of deep melancholy ; yet she endeavoured to appear gay, and when she rose to receive him, it was with a smile of joy, and an air of undissembled pleasure. Her whole demeanour, in short, was so interesting and so *naïve*, that Delmaine, as he recollected the harsh expressions of Dormer, could not help feeling indignant at his injustice and his severity.

“ How kind of you to surprise me thus, after deserting me so early last evening !” And her look expressed the pain that early desertion had given her.

“ I was very—very unwell indeed !” replied Delmaine, taking her hand. “ Forgive me, dearest Adeline : I was not myself.”

“ Well, I will forgive you ; but you must promise not to have any more of these indispositions,” she remarked.

“ I do promise !” he exclaimed, as encircling her waist with his arm, he drew her gently towards him. The movement dislodged a folded paper, which fell from her bosom to the ground. She stooped to pick it up, but Clifford anticipated her.

“ Ah ! what have we here ?” he exclaimed, “ a *billet-doux* ?”

“ I should be sorry to have many such,” replied Adeline, with a sigh, and vainly attempting to recover it.

Clifford opened and looked at it. It was a bill from her milliner—the amount five hundred francs. “ Is it paid ?” he asked.

Adeline coloured, and held down her head. “ I have not the means of paying it,” she whispered.

“ Have you any other bills unpaid ?” he demanded.

“*Oh, non, non, non,*” she hastily replied, burying her face on his shoulder; “do not ask me, I entreat you,” and she wildly returned his embrace.

Clifford felt the heart of the young girl beat violently. He drew forth his note case unperceived, and taking out a *billet de banque*, for a thousand francs, enclosed it, unobserved, in the *mémoire*; and replacing it in her bosom, whispered, “Pay this as soon as I am gone, Adeline; I shall return presently.”

Disengaging himself gently from her arms, he rose to depart. Adeline raised her head; her cheek was suffused with crimson, and a tear trembled on her long lashes, as with an air of deep confusion, she followed his receding figure with her eyes.

On his return to the Rue de Richelieu, he found an answer to his note. His hand trembled as he read it, for the appalling monosyllable, “Sir,” was the first word that met his eye. The following were its contents:—

“ SIR,

“ I desire you will never call me your dear uncle again, for I am no longer your dear uncle. I have heard of your proceedings at the theatre last night, and am perfectly ashamed of you. How dared you, Sir, insult Colonel Stanley and his daughter, by placing yourself immediately opposite to them, with an artful Frenchwoman? If you continue such conduct, Sir, I shall disinherit you, and then you may have the bare baronetcy for your pains; and until you learn to behave yourself better, I desire that you will never come near me. As for my health, Sir, you need not trouble yourself about it. I shall live long enough yet to disappoint you. Oh! Clifford, Clifford, I had hoped better things of you; but I see you are fast following in the steps of your cousin.

“ Your offended Uncle,

“ E. DELMAINE.”

“ So,” thought Clifford, after he had perused

the note for the third time, gradually working himself into a ferment, which increased with each reading, "even my uncle casts me off from his affection, and an inseparable barrier is placed between me and those who were so recently my friends. The Stanleys are indignant at a conduct which they believe to have been pre-meditated, Dormer has confirmed them in that impression, and my uncle has been made a party in their cause. Well, no matter: since I am compelled to throw myself upon strangers, be it so—they perhaps will prove less unjust— it is now a matter of utter indifference to me what may ensue." He rang for his servant.

"Walters," he said, "you need not sit up for me to-night—it is probable I shall not return."

"Not return, Sir!" exclaimed Walters, with almost alarm in his countenance.

"Not return, Sir! No. What do you mean by repeating my words? I suppose we shall

have you turning Mentor next," said Clifford, angrily.

The old man sighed. His master was not always wont to treat him thus; and he thought him strangely altered within the last few days.

Delmaine went to his *secrétaire*, took out several notes, emptied a *rouleau* of gold into his purse, threw on his hat, and, attempting to whistle a tune, which his inward emotion rendered false in almost every note, once more set off for the Rue de la Chaussée D'Antin.

"God bless him!" said Walters, as he closed the door, "his temper is sadly soured since this trip to Paris, and everything seems to be going wrong—would that we were back again in Grosvenor-street."

Let us explain in what manner Sir Edward became acquainted with the occurrences, which induced his petulant reply to his nephew's letter.

As the party were seated at breakfast, the good old baronet inquired of Helen if Clifford had joined their party to the theatre. A deep

and painful blush suffused her cheek, as she replied equivocally, that she believed Mr. Delmaine had been present at the performance.

“Do you only believe it then?” said Sir Edward, with an arch look, and glancing good-humouredly at the colonel.

But the colonel was by no means inclined to be facetious on the subject. “Let us not, my dear Delmaine, advert to this circumstance,” he remarked seriously; “suffice it to say, that your nephew was at the theatre, but not of our party.”

“How is this?” thought Sir Edward, and he almost felt inclined to be angry with his friend for the apparent indifference with which he spoke of him.

A servant at this moment entered, with a note to Sir Edward. “Mr. Delmaine’s servant waits for an answer, Sir.”

At the name of Delmaine, Ellen raised her eyes. She wondered what the note could contain, glanced at the superscription as it lay on

the table before Sir Edward, who was searching in his pocket for his spectacles, and fancied it an age before he opened it.

At length the seal was broken, the baronet read it attentively to himself, and then aloud. "What is the meaning of all this?" he exclaimed, when he had finished it. "Stanley, can you give me any clue; — do you know any thing of this circumstance?"

Helen had been evidently moved during the reading of the note; the colonel observed it, and looked displeased.

"I rather think I can explain the motive for this note," he replied, "but in a very different manner.—Helen, when you have finished your breakfast, I will thank you to leave Sir Edward and myself together for a few minutes."

"Humph!" ejaculated the baronet, secretly vexed, and preparing himself for some unpleasant communication. Helen swallowed her coffee, though not without difficulty, and rising slowly from the table, left the apartment.

A momentary silence succeeded to her departure. The baronet was afraid to allude to a subject which, from the formal manner of his friend, he felt satisfied would prove of an unpleasant nature; the colonel also seemed to wait until he should be questioned, but finding that Sir Edward continued silent, he said,

“You cannot but be aware, Delmaine, of the partial intimacy which lately subsisted between Helen and your nephew.”

“Aware!” interrupted Sir Edward, eagerly. “perfectly aware, nay, I have set my whole heart upon the match.”

“Gently,” said the colonel, “that match never can take place. I confess, myself, that I had hoped to have cemented our long friendship by an union between two beings so nearly connected with us.”

“What reason can there possibly be then,” again impatiently interrupted the baronet, “why it should not take place?—I do not understand these contradictions.”

“ I am sorry to tell you,” rejoined the colonel, “ what I know will give you pain to hear. Since his arrival in Paris, your nephew has formed some disreputable connexions, and especially an intimacy with an artful Frenchwoman ; nay, he had the effrontery last evening to bring her to the theatre, and place her in the very box opposite to that we occupied.”

Sir Edward looked surprised and disappointed. “ But, my dear Stanley,” he exclaimed, after a pause, “ you know what young men are, particularly in such a place as Paris ; and as for his appearing at the theatre with this woman, it must have been purely accidental.”

“ Had this been the case,” returned the colonel, “ I trust I am too little of a cynic not to have forgiven him ; but I have reason to believe that the insult was pointed and intentional.”

“ Nay, what possible motive can you have, Stanley, for entertaining such a belief ?” inquired Sir Edward.

“ This very morning I received an anony-

mous communication from a person professing to be a friend of the family ; and although I seldom attach importance to information so conveyed, I confess that the purport of the note agrees too well with what actually passed under my own observation, to leave a doubt on my mind in regard to the veracity and disinterestedness of the writer. Perhaps," he continued, drawing the letter from his pocket, and handing it to the baronet, "you would like to read it yourself."

Sir Edward took it, and read with attention the following extraordinary lines, which were evidently written in a disguised hand.

"A gentleman whose acquaintance with Colonel Stanley's family, though slight, is such as to induce feelings of indignation at any thing like insult offered to its members, feels it a duty to communicate a circumstance which occurred last evening at the *Opéra Comique*. Accident having thrown the writer into a remote

part of the theatre, and in the same *loge* with a French lady and English gentleman, he could not avoid overhearing a conversation to the following purport. The lady finding her situation unpleasant, proposed to her companion that they should descend from the third tier, where they were, to a vacant *loge* in the dress circle. The gentlemen refused, alleging that the box immediately opposite was filled by some very particular friends, whom he feared to offend, by complying with her request; the lady immediately glanced in the direction alluded to, exclaiming, '*Ah, je la connais cette dame, c'est votre belle Anglaise, maintenant j'insiste que vous me conduisiez vis-à-vis d'elle.*' She then rose to depart. Again the Englishman remonstrated and refused, when the female declared that unless he conducted her to the box in question, she would instantly quit the theatre, and never behold him more—this threat had the effect desired, and they retired together.

“ In the course of a few minutes the writer of

this communication, whose attention was attracted by the observations of the parties, recognized Colonel Stanley in the box alluded to. Soon afterwards he saw the lady and gentleman enter the vacant *loge* immediately opposite, where they did not, however, long remain. The writer is not aware who the gentleman was; but if Colonel Stanley remarked the entrance of any two such persons, (in the course of the early part of the performance, he will be aware of his identity. Anonymous communications are at all times to be lamented, but in this particular instance a necessity for secrecy is felt by the writer, who, it must be evident, can be actuated by no other feeling in making the present communication, than respect for the family of Colonel Stanley. The female in question had every appearance of being a person of doubtful character."

Sir Edward paused several times, during the perusal of this long epistle, on every line of which he lingered with painful earnestness,

his usual ejaculation—humph! escaping him, as he came to those passages which accorded so completely with the communication of the colonel.

“Not a doubt of it,” he at length exclaimed. “The fellow is going headlong to the devil. I now see that his story of a misunderstanding with Dormer, is all a pretence to avoid meeting those he has so deeply offended, and this is an additional proof of his guilt. Ah, Stanley, I was an old fool to place so much reliance on his steadiness. I wish to God I had never come to Paris.”

The tone of mingled anger and despondency in which the good old baronet uttered these unconnected sentences, deeply touched his friend. Incapable, however, of finding any excuse for the conduct of our hero, he continued silent.

“I could have forgiven any thing but this,” pursued Sir Edward; “but thus to offer such an insult to Helen—to the woman whom I had hoped to have seen his wife! Stanley,” he pur-

sued, after a pause, "I fear this match can never be accomplished."

"Never," exclaimed the colonel, impressively.

"Enough," said the baronet, irritated as much by the severity of his friend's decision, as by the defection of his nephew: "I will never see him more." Then rising and approaching the bell, he rang it violently.

A servant instantly obeyed the summons.

"Bring me my portfolio," said the baronet.

In a few minutes the necessary apparatus was placed before him.

"Nay, but pause a moment," observed the colonel, as his friend commenced his answer; "you surely do not mean to forbid him your presence."

"But I do mean it," exclaimed Sir Edward; "so do not *now* talk to me of pausing, Stanley. All hopes of a match, on which I had set my heart, are at an end, through his folly, and I shall never forgive him."

The colonel made no further observation, but

taking up a paper, occupied himself with its perusal; while Sir Edward, out of humour with himself, and the whole world, wrote the note we have already read.

In a few minutes it was sealed and dispatched, when the baronet, fatigued with his exertion, and in a half melancholy, half angry mood, threw himself into his *fauteuil*, where, leaning his head on his hand, he continued for some hours, plunged in a painful reverie.

Meanwhile Miss Stanley, on leaving the breakfast table, had retired to her music-room; but it was in vain that she endeavoured to apply herself to some new and difficult air of Rossini's. Her thoughts perpetually wandered to the occurrences of the last evening; and she reflected with bitterness and indignation on the mortification she had experienced. Notwithstanding the numerous failings of Delmaine, she could not conceal from herself that she loved him; and though his singular recent estrangement from the society of his friends, had of late caused her to

fear that he was indulging in excesses, and yielding to the temptations which every where beset him, hers were feelings and affections not to be warped even by the conviction of such facts: for relying on his good sense and discrimination, she felt, that whatever momentary aberration he might be guilty of, he would finally perceive and redeem his errors.

It may shock our readers to learn that a heroine could even imagine infidelity on the part of her lover—and of course such a thing was never known before—yet so it was in this instance. Miss Stanley was a woman of strong mind, and had all the passion of love, without any of its romance. She felt, moreover, that it was very possible for a man to form temporary connections, where the senses only were interested, and yet entertain an exclusive affection for a virtuous woman. The conduct of Delmaine, therefore, though it had given her pain, had by no means induced a doubt of that attachment which his manner and actions so unequi-

vocally expressed. The word Love, it is true, had never once escaped the lips of either, but it was absurd to suppose, that where the heart spoke in every action, the mere declaration of attachment could be considered indispensable. The openness and generosity of his character, she well knew rendered him liable to temptation; and she was also aware that, when tempted, his amiability of disposition with women, rendered him equally liable to fall; but, strange to say, she secretly determined this to be rather a virtue than a failing; or, if a failing, one that might easily be pardoned, since it was a pledge of that tenderness of nature of which she had confidence enough to believe she could, in the event of their future union, exclusively possess herself.

That Sir Edward and her father had both regarded the intimacy which subsisted between them, with a favorable eye, was sufficiently evident. It is true Delmaine's repeated absence of late, from their little circle, had not been unob-

served by the latter ; but Helen knew that her father, as a soldier, and as a man of the world, possessed too much liberality of nature to construe into slight for her, a conduct that was merely the result of circumstance, and facility of attainment in pleasure.

There was but one person whom she seriously apprehended, and with whom it would have given her pain to know that Delmaine had formed even an acquaintance ; that individual was the Frenchwoman he had rescued from impending death on the Boulevard. The moment Helen first beheld her, she felt and acknowledged the power of fascination which such a woman must possess over a being so completely glowing with feeling as our hero. The first pang of jealousy she had ever known was on that occasion ; yet, even while pained by her presence, she had been completely won by the interesting style of her beauty. During the first few days that had succeeded to this meeting, she had repeatedly dwelt on the subject, and formed various con-

jectures as to who she could be, and whether there was any probability of Clifford meeting her in society. As, however, she never appeared in the circles they frequented, these reflections gradually subsided, and with them disappeared, in a great measure, the image of the young Frenchwoman.

Hitherto the dereliction of Delmaine had only consisted in his not appearing so frequently as usual at the Hôtel Mirabeau—a positive engagement he had never refused:—it was reserved for the evening of Astelli's party, not simply to decline, but to break one already entered into. The party to the Opera had been planned some days before, and Helen, in a playful manner, and in the presence of Dormer, had made Clifford positively promise not to engage himself elsewhere. When, however, his note of apology arrived on that day, she felt pained and disappointed. Then it was that she first began to doubt both her own power and the sincerity of his attachment. The colonel also

was evidently offended, although he made no remark, and that feeling was yet powerful in his mind, when Delmaine called on the following morning. With a heart ill at ease, and under the influence of an unusual sensation of despondency, Helen had accepted the challenge of Sir Edward to a game of chess, during which, and prior to the entrance of our hero, a painful silence had prevailed, only occasionally interrupted by the languid and unconnected remarks of Dormer and the colonel.

It was this air of reserve that startled Clifford as something unusual, and, calling forth a corresponding coolness, had induced his early and formal departure from a house where he was led both by his extreme susceptibility, and a painful consciousness of error, to imagine he was no longer welcome. A sickness stole over the heart of Helen as he left the room, for she clearly perceived under what feelings and impressions he acted; and the affected indifference she had momentarily assumed in her conversa-

tion with Dormer at once deserted her. The colonel remarked the change, and, anxious to divert her attention, expressed a desire to dine at a restaurateur's, and to go from thence to one of the theatres. To this arrangement she reluctantly consented, for she was well aware that her father's proposal originated wholly in consideration for her; and Dormer, on being referred to, named Beauvillier's, as the best place to dine. We have already described the unexpected manner in which Helen first encountered Delmaine and his companion; but we should vainly attempt to describe the feelings by which she was assailed. Had it not been for the support afforded her by Dormer, she would have fallen. Her presence of mind, however, was almost immediately recovered, and she moved quickly forward to prevent a recognition on the part of her father, who, she felt satisfied, had not noticed Clifford. In her wretched state of feeling she would have returned home; but a

disinclination to betray the full extent of her mortification, even to Dormer, prevented her.

If the heart of Helen was thus deeply wounded by the *rencontre* at the restaurateur's, what must she not have experienced when she beheld our hero entering the *loge* of the Fey-deau, accompanied by the very woman with whom she could least endure the idea of his having formed an intimacy. In the confusion of her thoughts, she had obtained but an indistinct view of Adeline at Beauvillier's ; but now that she was ushered in amid the glaring light of the theatre, she could not for a moment be deceived. Sick and disappointed, she turned her head away ; but inheriting all the pride of her father, she felt the necessity for subduing her feelings. A look from the colonel, whose brow had been gradually darkening since the entrance of Clifford, encouraged her in the exertion, and she finally acquired sufficient resolution to examine the features of the female, which then appeared to her even more lovely

and fascinating than ever. Her eyes once met those of Delmaine; but his were instantly lowered beneath her glance: and there was so much confusion in his manner, so much restraint in his action, that she was satisfied he was far from being at his ease; when he left the theatre, she actually felt for his situation.

In vain did she torture herself, to discover by what accident he had renewed his acquaintance with the interesting Frenchwoman; nor was it until after his departure, that she learnt, from the observations of De Forsac, the true motive which had induced Clifford to break the engagement of the preceding evening. Her feelings on retiring to rest that evening, may easily be conceived; but whatever might be the strength of her affection, her sense of the indignity offered her was not inferior, and for the first time, she was now seriously offended with our hero. On the following morning, while waiting for Sir Edward to join them in the breakfast-room, the anonymous letter was

brought to the colonel, who, after reading it attentively, handed it to her. Helen perused it with a calmness that surprised him, and without any apparent emotion.

“Though I hate anonymous communications,” she observed, folding and returning the letter, “there can be but little doubt, I fancy, in regard to the truth of this. The writer, however, seems to be a very officious sort of person, and evidently but too anxious to impart his information.”

“There I perfectly agree with you,” rejoined the colonel; “but that is not the point. It is sufficient for us to know, that the facts are such as are here described. How then have you resolved to act, Helen?”

“Can you deem such a question necessary, my father?” said Helen, faintly colouring.

“Dear, proud girl,” cried the colonel, pressing her to his heart, and imprinting a kiss upon her brow—“No; such a question cannot be necessary, since I feel that you will never act in a

manner unworthy either of your father or of yourself."

The entrance of the baronet at this moment interrupted their conversation.

But although Helen had determined on the conduct to be pursued, she could not wholly subdue her feelings; and while her fingers wandered unconsciously over the keys of her piano, her thoughts lingered on the interesting and agreeable moments she had passed in the society of our hero, between whom and herself an insuperable barrier had thus suddenly been raised. A variety of feelings agitated her bosom, and she felt pained even unto despondency. The entrance of Dormer gave a relief to her reflections; but only inasmuch as she felt the necessity for excitement in his presence, for in his countenance she read a confirmation of her worst apprehensions.

"Well, I have seen him," he observed, with a sort of dogged air, drawing a chair close to

the instrument, and taking her hand; "but such is his infatuation—"

"Say no more, my kind friend," interrupted Helen; "I know it all; and though I may be weak enough to feel hurt at his conduct, I have also too much pride to forgive it easily."

"How delighted I am to hear this avowal of your sentiments," returned Dormer. "The fact is, that Delmaine is utterly unworthy of your regard, and even I have no more hope left of his amendment. He has suffered himself to be made a complete dupe. But how can you possibly have gained your information?"

Helen then acquainted him with the circumstance of the anonymous communication. "You see," she added, when she had finished the detail, "that some parts of it agree with what actually passed under our own observation."

"True," said Dormer, musing, "yet I have my doubts on the subject. I can scarcely believe that Clifford, however weak and culpable, could thus have been led into the commission of

such intentional insult. This is in unison with the rest of the plot ; and I think I can say with certainty, that I know the author of this communication."

"What plot?" inquired Helen, with earnestness ; "and who is the author? what do you mean, Dormer?"

Her friend then related the conversation he had overheard the preceding evening. Helen was thunderstruck at the intelligence, but now that the veil was removed, she thought she could trace a thousand circumstances, confirmatory of the several facts he detailed. A new feeling of hope sprang up in her bosom : for, convinced within herself that Delmaine had only fallen into a toil which had been artfully spread for him, and that his conduct had simply been the result of circumstances, she felt more inclined to forgive him. It was the humiliating thought that he could have been induced, in compliance with the caprices of an artful woman, to offer a wanton outrage to her feelings, that

had almost struck at the root of her affection ; but now that she saw a probability of this assertion proving false, the weight which had lingered at her heart was gradually dissipating, and she felt more disposed to find excuses for the general tenor of his conduct.

“ Good Heavens ! you astonish me, Dormer,” she at length observed : “ can the elegant and accomplished De Forsac really prove such a villain ? and may we hope that the errors of Delmaine are only to be ascribed to him ? ”

Dormer remarked the change which had been thus rapidly operated in her feelings ; he recollected the declaration made by Clifford, that Adeline Dorjeville was under his protection, and he shook his head, as if in doubt.

“ I am afraid,” he returned, “ that Delmaine has but too willingly fallen into the snares of the marquis ; and I wish—dearest Helen, forgive me if I seem presumptuous—but I wish that you could think less favorably of him than you do.”

“Dormer,” she returned, with energy, while a deep glow suffused her cheek, “I know—I feel all the interest you take in my happiness. It would be useless to deny my attachment for Clifford; yet, believe me, I shall never be so silly as to cherish a sentiment of tenderness for a man who evidently prefers another. It appears to me, however, that you view the dereliction of your friend in rather too unfriendly a light. Delmaine has generous, has noble feelings; and though he may yield to a temporary infatuation, when he once awakens from the delusion into which he has, perhaps, somewhat voluntarily fallen, depend upon it, it will be effectually, and to a proper sense of what is due not only to himself but to his friends.”

Dormer gazed at her as she spoke, with a blended feeling of pain and interest; but the annoyance he momentarily felt at this rather severe though indirect reproof, passed away as a shadow, and left him open to the operation of more generous impressions. He could not

but admire the firmness and constancy of an attachment, which nothing but positive proof of degradation, or insulting unkindness, could weaken ; and he more than ever regretted the folly of his friend.

“ Dearest Helen !” he exclaimed, “ these sentiments are indeed worthy of yourself. Heaven grant that Delmaine may speedily awaken from his illusion, and experience the true happiness which must arise from the possession of a woman gifted with so generous and affectionate a mind.”

Helen pressed his hand in silence. “ Will it not be well,” she inquired, “ to communicate to my father what you have just disclosed to me ? He also, in consequence of the anonymous letter, entertains an erroneous impression, and as he feels highly offended at the conduct of Clifford, I could wish him to be undeceived.”

“ Not yet,” returned Dormer : “ as your father entertains the highest opinion of De Forsac,

he might feel inclined to palliate any charges that should be advanced against him; let us, therefore, keep this circumstance a secret for the present. When he has once done you the honour to propose for you, which undoubtedly he will condescend to do, the colonel will better understand why a motive for artifice should have existed."

To this Helen assented; and Dormer having promised to avail himself of the first opportunity for reconciliation with his friend, was about to follow her into the next apartment, when the violent ringing of the bell suddenly arrested them.

"What is the matter now?" he demanded, lingering near the entrance of the music-room; "Is it Sir Edward's or the colonel's impatience that is thus manifested in a peal which, I will venture to say, was never before rung in the Hôtel Mirabeau."

Helen hesitated also. "Heaven only knows," she replied: "all that I am aware of is, that

I received a hint from my father, to retire from the breakfast-table, as he wished to have some private conversation with Sir Edward. By the bye," she pursued, after a moment's pause, "the subject, I fancy, relates to Clifford: Sir Edward this morning received a note from him, stating, that he had had a slight misunderstanding with you—is this really the case?"

"Misunderstanding!" echoed Dormer, impatiently; "why, it certainly was a misunderstanding, if by that is meant a determination not to come to an understanding at all. I can scarcely bear to think of his haughty and overbearing conduct. I went to him this morning, with all the freedom of manner and warmth of feeling that I had ever entertained, yet I could have almost fancied myself in the presence of the Great Mogul. When I offered my hand, he drew himself back with an air of insufferable dignity, and, to the familiar appellation of Delmaine, replied, 'Mr. Delmaine, Sir, if you

please.' In short, he so annoyed me by his formality at one moment, and his warmth of opposition to any attempt at accusation against De Forsac at another, that I left him in a rage ; and, to tell you the truth, were it not for the strong friendship which I entertain for you, I do not think I should ever venture near him again."

"Nay, my dear Dormer," exclaimed Helen, who had vainly attempted to suppress a smile, as in imagination she beheld the singular interview of the two friends, "be not seriously angry with him ; you may be assured that his conduct originated altogether in pique, and that he was just as much annoyed as you could possibly be. I have observed a coolness between you, latterly, and am quite satisfied that Clifford has secretly taxed you with some fault, of which, I dare say, you are entirely innocent."

"Yet what could be his motive," pursued Dormer, "for acquainting Sir Edward with the circumstance ? This is what I cannot understand."

“Why, you must know,” said Helen, “that he makes this a plea for not visiting his uncle, as he says he is certain of meeting you with us, and that such a meeting might be unpleasant to both parties. His real motive is, however, evident: after the events of last evening, he naturally dreads a meeting with my father and myself. His excuse is weak; but did you ever know a man conscious of wrong, who could offer a good one?”

“Now, then, I understand,” replied Dormer. “But what answer has Sir Edward returned, or has he returned any at all?”

“That I cannot possibly say,” resumed Helen. “It was almost immediately after the arrival of his note, that I received my *congé*.”

“As this, then, seems to be a family consultation-day,” said Dormer, “I think I shall leave you.”

“Will you not wait, and hear the result?” inquired Helen. “I dare say we shall be let into the secret.”

“Oh, by no means!” exclaimed Dormer;

“ that peal of the bell has quite disconcerted me. I would not face the angry mood of him who pulled it, for the world.”

“ And so you intend to leave me to bear the shock ! Well, this is not particularly friendly, I must confess, Mr. Dormer,” replied Helen, with an affectation of pique.

“ But why remain alone ? Or is it too unfashionable an hour for you to venture forth ?”

“ An excellent idea :” rejoined Helen, “ it will be much better employment than torturing this piece of music. But where shall we go ? It is too early for visiting—too unfashionable either for the Tuileries or for the Champs Elyseés—and certainly too far for the Jardin des Plantes. Can you think of no other place ?”

“ Suppose we venture as far as the Bosquets of the Tivoli ? The distance is not very great ; and the beauty of the garden will repay you for the walk.”

To this Helen assented ; and, having thrown on her hat and shawl, and left word

for the colonel where she was gone, she sallied forth on her ramble.

Delmaine, in the meantime, had repaired to the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, where the grateful Adeline was awaiting his return, with feelings of unmixed tenderness and pleasure. Never had she appeared more affectionate than at the moment of his reappearance, and in the warmth of her reception, he endeavoured to forget the annoyances by which he was assailed. Her large blue eyes were moist with tears; but they were tears produced by the very calm and abandonment of her feelings.

Clifford had nearly forgotten the whole world, in the ardour of his admiration, when a slight tap at the door of the apartment recalled him from his trance. In the next instant, Madame Dorjeville entered. She seemed surprised at his presence, and made a movement to retire. Adeline sprang from the sofa, and with a '*Bonjour, Maman,*' threw her arms around her

neck, and kissed her. Her dress was disordered, her hair loose, and her countenance highly flushed. This did not escape the observation of her mother.

“ *Il paraît que je suis de trop,*” she observed, with an air of perfect unconcern. “ *Je me retire.*”

“ *Du tout, Maman,*” returned Adeline, seizing her hand, and conducting her to the couch. “ *C'est seulement Monsieur Delmaine, qui a eu la bonté de venir me rendre visite.*”

Madame Dorjeville now, for the first time, seemed fully to recognize her *compagnon de voyage*. She apologized for the delay she had made in returning the obligation she was under to him ; and after making some futile excuse about forgetting his place of residence, put her hand into her reticule, as if in search of her purse.

As she well knew, however, that there was no purse there, and after searching, in vain, for five minutes, she exclaimed,—“ *Mais, mon Dieu, est-il possible ? j'ai laissé ma bourse, et j'ai un*

payement à faire sur le champ, Adeline, ma fille, prête-moi trois cents francs ; je te les rendrai ce soir."

"*Heureusement je les ai, Maman,*" cried Adeline, casting a look of tender acknowledgment on Clifford, as she rose and went to an inner apartment.

In a few minutes she returned, saying that she had sent a note out to be changed.

"It will be too late," cried Madame Dorjeville, with vivacity. "Have you no gold whatever by you? How unfortunate!" she pursued, as Adeline shook her head in reply.

Delmaine's hand was on the purse which contained his *rouleau* of Napoleons. The stage coach incidents occurred to him, and he hesitated. He looked at Adeline; her eyes were tenderly rivetted on his, and he decided. His hand glided from his purse to his note-case. He took it from his pocket, and selecting a five hundred franc note, handed it to Madame Dorjeville.

"As you are in a hurry," he observed,

“ perhaps you will permit me to become your banker for the moment.”

“ Oh, impossible !” exclaimed Madame Dorjeville. “ I cannot think of such a thing. Recollect, Mr. Delmaine, that I am in your debt already.” Yet her hand lingered on the note, in a way that implied how delighted she should feel to have it forced upon her acceptance.

“ Nay,” said Clifford, abandoning it to her grasp, “ you will really oblige me by taking it.”

“ Well, I suppose I must accept it. Adeline, I shall send you the money, and you must repay Mr. Delmaine for me. Now, then, I am off. This person is so particular about his payments. *A propos, ma fille,*” she added, as she rose to leave the room, “ *que fais-tu ce soir ?*”

“ *Mais rien, Maman—fait-on quelque chose ?*”

“ *Ne sais-tu pas que c'est la soirée de Madame Bourdeaux ? Ensuite, il y aura bal masqué chez Frascati.*”

Adeline looked at Clifford, and smiled.

“ You know you are particularly engaged,” she remarked. “ How do you feel disposed ?”

“ I am ready to do whatever you please,” he replied.

“ Well, then, suppose we go? *C'est une affaire faite,*” she pursued, as she read his assent in his countenance.

“ *A ce soir, donc,*” said Madame Dorjeville. “ *Adieu. Adeline—bonjour, Monsieur Delmaine,*” and she quitted the apartment with a face beaming with smiles, and a step as light as that of a young fawn.

Adeline moved towards the window ; Delmaine followed, and threw his arm around her waist.

“ Adieu !” said Madame Dorjeville, a moment afterwards, kissing her hand to them from the street.

“ Adieu !” replied Adeline.

The voices attracted the attention of a lady and gentleman who were walking on the opposite side. They looked up at the window of the apartment.

“*Voyez !*” said Adeline, involuntarily, and starting from his embrace.

Clifford looked, and felt all his assumed gaiety of heart vanish into air, as he beheld Miss Stanley and Frederick Dormer !

CHAPTER IV.

THE scene which met the gaze of our hero, at the handsome hotel of Madame Bourdeaux, was nearly similar to that which he had witnessed at Astelli's. The only difference was, that there was no dancing, and that the costume of the visitors was less brilliant, and the preparations for their reception less *recherchées*. Yet every where, the same bustle and excitement were discernible ; and so eagerly engaged in play were the numerous groups scattered throughout the apartments, that his presence was for some

time unnoticed even by the mistress of the establishment herself. The countenance of each individual wore a peculiar expression of selfishness; a thirst for gain seemed to be the leading stimulus to exertion; and even the common courtesies of life were occasionally forgotten in the anxiety and impatience manifested by players of both sexes. An angry feeling pervaded the breasts of the losers against those who were more fortunate; and discussions frequently took place between the opposing parties, which of course seldom terminated to the satisfaction of both.

Ladies, whose smiles had recently been lavished on attentive cavaliers, now frowned upon them, as they perceived that their interests were embarked in the opposite scale; and men whose lips had only the moment before given utterance to sounds of tenderness and admiration, scrupled not to take every advantage over their fair, but no less interested antagonists. Age and decrepitude here suffered the remnant of their strength to be

wasted and lost in the clamorous appeals of the more youthful ; while in the half sunken eye, imbedded in film, and rolling anxiously in its socket, and in the shrivelled, bony, palsied hand, eagerly stretched forth to grasp a solitary franc stake, might be traced the yet vigorous existence of a passion, which even the terrors of impending death could not extinguish or restrain.

This was a scene which might be viewed, abstractedly, as well by the young as by the old, by the thoughtless, as well as by the reflecting, not only without danger, but with advantage. But happily for all parties, neither the unamiable anxiety manifested by the young players, nor the sordid and more disgusting selfishness of the aged, was likely to occupy their attention, where beauty of person, brilliancy of wit, and fascination of manner were so well calculated to throw a veil over the imperfections of the former ; while the more glaring avarice of the latter excited no profounder sen-

timents than those of derision and amusement. It was, moreover, curious to observe the changes operated in the feelings of individuals, as the fluctuations of the game caused them to espouse opposite sides. How different were the impressions of two beings, whose intimacy was ripening into a warmer feeling, when betting on the same hand, and when embracing adverse sides! The antipodes are not more opposite. Of this many of the more experienced among the men were sufficiently aware, and no one who sought to win the favour of the lady of his choice, would have dreamt of opposing himself to her at play: thus proving that selfishness is ever, and to a certain extent, the secret spring of all our actions, and verifying a remark which we have read in an unpretending production of the day, that

“ Man loves but self in all he seems to love.”

Never had Delmaine been more in a humour to seize the less amiable features of the scene

before him. Leaving Adeline loitering near a table, he threw himself on a vacant ottoman, and casting his eyes rapidly over the various groups of players, he followed for a time the action of the several passions upon each. An old man, nearly eighty years of age, dressed in a drab-coloured coat, and decorated with a red ribband, sat at the table opposite to him. His person was emaciated, and his appearance altogether such as we have generally described above. The game had just terminated, and the spoil, for such it might be called, was eagerly claimed and shared by the winners. The feeble voice of the aged gambler had been drowned in the numerous applications made by the more active and robust of lungs; but his withered hands were still stretched out in violent action for his claim. At length, every other demand having been paid, and every tongue of course silent for the moment, the winning player inquired "what he wanted?"

"*Il me faut deux francs, Monsieur,*" said the old man, in a shrill tremulous voice, and coughing faintly from the bottom of his chest.

"*Mais, Monsieur, il ne me reste plus d'argent,*" was the reply; "*J'ai tout payé.*"

"*Je ne saurais perdre ma mise,*" said the dotard, trembling like an aspen leaf. "*J'ai mis un franc, et je dois en recevoir deux. Madame,*" turning to an old woman at his side, nearly as aged as himself, "*vous l'avez bien vu.*"

"*Oui, Monsieur, vous avez assurément mis une pièce de vingt sous,*" squeaked the withered female appealed to.

"*Comment faire ?*" said the player originally called on for the stake, "*je ne puis rendre compte de toutes les mises.*"

"*Tenez, Monsieur,*" said a young woman, richly attired, who had just lost a very large stake, and who in her eagerness to commence another game was now desirous that the discus-

sion should cease: "*voici deux francs; je vous en fais cadeau; et maintenant que vous avez reçu votre mise, le conseil que je vous donne, c'est de vous retirer. Un bon lit vous serait plus salubre à votre âge que le tumulte de ce salon.*"

A general tittering succeeded to this excellent advice, but the *vicillard* seemed to have formed a different opinion on the subject. In no way discouraged by the lecture, he turned to his female companion, and with a ghastly smile, exclaimed—

"*Vous voyez, Madame, ce que c'est que la persévérance;*" then, holding out one of the francs, which he had unhesitatingly accepted, and addressing the dealer, "*Tenez, Monsieur, voyez bien cette fois—j'ai une mise de vingt sous.*"

Again the party around the table began to titter; and the dealer, taking the franc out of his palsied hand, held it contemptuously between his fore-finger and thumb, asking, with a sneer,

“ *Qui tiendra cette pièce de vingt sous ?* ”

“ *Personne,* ” some one answered from the opposite side.

“ *Vous voyez, Monsieur,* ” said the dealer, returning the money, “ *on ne le tient pas—il faut le retirer.* ”

“ *Mais, mon Dieu, c'est unique,* ” exclaimed the old man, in a rage, “ *qu'on ne veut pas tenir seulement une pièce de vingt sous—Je ne jouerai plus ici.* ”

Another laugh followed this threat, as the disappointed Chevalier, for such he was, rose from his seat and supporting his emaciated frame on a rich old-fashioned gold-headed cane, moved towards a distant table.

“ Thank God, he is gone, ” said the female, who had given him the amount of his contested stake ; “ he does nothing but interrupt the game, and take up all the space with his paltry twenty sous stakes. Would you believe, ” she said, turning to a lady, who sat next to her, “ that

this old fellow, who spends night after night in the different *salons*, winning or losing a few paltry écus, is worth at least half a million of francs?"

"*Oh, Dieu, est-il possible? Si je les avais moi! Ne pourrait-on pas emprunter quelques billets de mille francs? Est-il garçon?—A-t-il une fille à marier?*" were among the numerous exclamations which burst from the lips of those around at the announcement of this intelligence.

"*Comme tout ce bavardage retard le jeu,*" half murmured a voice close to the ear of our hero, in an angry tone. He turned round, and recognized Madame Bourdeaux, who sat tapping her foot on the floor with a movement of impatience, as she perceived the delay thus occasioned in the game. An ivory counter was in her hand—in a moment of fretfulness, she snapped it in two, and flung the pieces away with an air of humour.

"*Madame, c'est à vous à couper,*" at length

remarked the dealer to his adversary. This put an end to the conversation ; the cards were cut, and the game again commenced. The frown passed away from Madame Bourdeaux's brow, like an April cloud from before the sun, and she turned, and saluted Delmaine in her most courteous manner. Alive, however, to what was passing, her vigilant eye was every where, and in the next instant she rose to drop a counter at a distant table where a game was just terminated.

From the table which the old man had just quitted, our hero cast his eye upon the next ; his glance was cursory, but it at length fell upon an object well calculated to claim a more than ordinary degree of attention. At the further extremity, and immediately facing him, sat a woman, apparently about eight and twenty years of age ; her eyes were large, dark and languishing ; her hair, surmounted by a white velvet toque, looped with diamonds, was of a

death black colour, and hung in luxuriant curls on either side, leaving exposed to view a forehead of snowy whiteness, intersected by veins of the most transparent blue. She wore a low dress of satin, similar in colour to her toque, and bordered on the top with a rich *blonde*, which alone marked the point of division between the splendid material and the still more splendid bosom it but imperfectly veiled. Her figure evidently inclined to the *embonpoint*, though it was chastened and robbed of all appearance of heaviness by the svelte proportions of her waist. Her arms, naked nearly to the shoulders, and of dazzling fairness, also betrayed a variety of rich blue veins through their transparent surface; the left hung negligently in her lap; the right leaned on the back of a gentleman's chair, who sat next to her; while the delicate white hand by which it was terminated, played with the tresses that wanted over her rich dark cheek.

When Clifford first beheld this lady, her eyes were fixed upon him, with that softness and languor for which they were so remarkable. He gazed for a moment, and the blood rushed violently into his face, for he had encountered an expression which he deeply felt, but could not analyze. The cheek of the stranger also became suffused with a deeper glow. She closed her eyes tremulously before his—opened them again with the same singular expression—and then, turning to the gentleman on whose chair she leaned, whispered something in his ear. Delmaine followed the direction of her glance, and, to his surprise, beheld De Forsac, whom hitherto he had not noticed. The marquis looked towards him, waved his hand, and nodded and smiled his recognition. He then resumed his original position, and seemed entirely absorbed in the game on which he was betting; the female also resumed hers; her glances were frequent and wore the same languishing character. Insen-

sibly, those of Delmaine became impassioned ; his cheek was more highly flushed, and his hand was already on its way to his lips, when a voice at his side startled and recalled him to his senses.

“ *Hé bien! mon ami, que fais-tu là tout seul?*” inquired Adeline, for it was her.

“ *Je joue le rôle d'observateur,*” he replied with an attempt at indifference ; but the excitement of his feelings was yet too forcibly marked on his countenance not to be detected.

“ *Voyons,*” she exclaimed, with apparent playfulness, but with secret anxiety ; “ *voyons le sujet de vos réflexions ;*” and, seating herself at his side, she turned her eyes in the direction in which he had been gazing. Glancing rapidly among the group at the table, she soon distinguished the beautiful stranger ; their eyes met, and the colour receded from the cheeks of both. In the next instant the stranger rose from her seat, and stood looking over the hand of one of the

players; Delmaine could not avoid following the movement with his eyes, and glancing rapidly over the rich proportions of her figure.

“*Viens-tu de faire les yeux doux à cette dame ?*” demanded Adeline, still pale, and in a voice broken by emotion.

Delmaine felt her hand tremble as he took it. “*Mais non, chère amie, pourquoi me demande tu cela ?*”

“*Oh, je ne sais pas,*” she exclaimed, “*mais je la crains tant cette femme ; on la dit l'être le plus séducteur du monde ; promets-moi que tu ne feras jamais sa connaissance.*”

“*Je te le promets :*” rejoined Clifford, “*je ne le ferai pas,*” and as he spoke, he glanced furtively at the stranger. Her gaze again met his, and with the same exciting expression that he had previously encountered. At that moment he felt how vain must prove the promise he had just given, were an opportunity but afforded him, and he shuddered at his duplicity.

Unwilling, however, to give pain to Adeline by even an appearance of interest in the stranger, he sauntered with her towards a distant table, where a group of very high players were watching the result of a game, with anxious and silent interest. Among the rest was Madame Dorjeville; her cheek was highly flushed: and, from the agitation of her manner, it was evident to our hero that fortune was against her; she lost the *partie*, and immediately occupying the seat which had been vacated by the unsuccessful player, drew forth her purse with a trembling hand, and emptied its contents upon the table. Adeline remarked her excitement; and, approaching, whispered what it was evident from the answer, was a remonstrance against the folly of risking so much gold on a single game, especially as the *veine* was so completely established on the opposite side.

“*Tu m’ennuie, ma fille,*” she exclaimed with a movement of impatience; “*laisse-moi faire, je n’ai pas besoin de tes conseils.*”

Adeline sighed and withdrew. She looked at Delmaine, as if to observe the impression produced on him by the conduct of her mother.

The game was soon terminated, and, as she had apprehended, in favour of the adverse party. Madame Dorjeville rose abruptly from her seat, and exclaiming with a bitter laugh, "*Dieu merci, je n'ai plus un sou,*" threw herself on a *canapé* at some little distance, where her impatience and ill-humour broke forth in occasional invective against the unlucky run of the *maudites cartes*, the *veine assommante* of the adverse party, and the folly of attending to the *conseils* of advisers, who knew nothing whatever of the game. When she had exhausted her spleen in this manner, she beckoned to Adeline, and a low, but animated conversation ensued between them. Clifford observed that the manner of the young girl was that of supplication and remonstrance, while that of her mother appeared determined and peremptory. At length, Madame Dorjeville, smoothing her

brow, and moving with an air of *nonchalance*, came up and asked him to lend her fifteen or twenty pieces, with which, she said, she hoped to regain her losses. Our hero immediately took twenty pieces of gold from his purse and handed them to her, though while he did so, he could not avoid calling to mind the period when he had hesitated to offer her even half that sum, and for a much more virtuous purpose. But Madame Dorjeville was not then known to him, as the mother of his mistress, and even he, generous as he was by nature, was not altogether insensible to considerations of self in his intercourse with the world ; the next moment saw her radiant in smiles, and confident of success, seated once more at the *écarté* table, and Delmaine turned away with a feeling of disgust.

He threw himself again upon the ottoman he had previously occupied, and was indulging in no very pleasing reflections, when two young Englishmen sat down beside him.—

They were conversing about the beautiful stranger.

"She is certainly a most superb creature," said one. "Do you know who she is?"

"Never saw her before to-night," was the reply; "but see,—that fellow De Forsac is laying close siege to her—that man is my horror."

"What! jealous, Widewood? Can you, who possess a golden key to the hearts of half the Parisian women, possibly be jealous of this broken-down marquis? They say your boudoir is like the harem of the Grand Turk."

"Not absolutely jealous," replied the other, carelessly, "but such is his plausibility of manner, that he is said to get hold of every woman worth looking at, before another man has time to commence his approaches. By the way, Randall, how is Clémence?"

The female now alluded to had been a *chère amie* of De Forsac. Randall knew it, and took the question as it was intended, though without appearing to show that he did so.

“She was very well this morning, when we parted for ever,” he replied. “I suppose you are not aware that we have cut the concern.”

“Not I, indeed—how is this—jealousy, infidelity, or what?”

“Neither,” resumed Randall; “but latterly her *mémoires* came tumbling in so thick whenever I was with her, that I was even compelled to quarrel with her in self-defence. She always made it a practice to have her bills sent in at those moments when she expected I should be with her, and I, of course, could not do less than pay them; but finding that my finances were getting to a very low ebb in consequence of these repeated drains, I yesterday made up my mind to stop payment, as old Lafitte would say. Well—will you believe it?—while I was with her this morning, a *mémoire* nearly as long as my arm was produced. As usual, she expected that I should inquire what it was, but I very coolly helped myself to coffee, and took no notice of it. This, however, did not suit Ma-

demoiselle Clémence. When she found that I was resolved not to see it, she, without any ceremony, handed the bill over to me, and requested that I would pay it.

“Which you were silly enough to do, of course,” interrupted Widewood.

“Not I, faith; for on looking at the sum total, as they call it, I found it to exceed a thousand francs, and I had lost too much money the night before to think of paying even a tenth part of that amount; I therefore told her without any ceremony, that I had no more money. She insisted—called me a shabby Englishman—and, in short, went on at such a rate, that I took up my hat and walked out, telling her, at the same time, that I should never see her again. She very politely opened the door of the *antichambre* for me with her own hands, and shut it with violence the instant I reached the staircase.”

Delmaine thought of the breakfast scene which had occurred between Adeline and himself that very morning, and he shuddered to think

that the discovery of the *mémoire* might not have been purely accidental.

“ You must be some hundreds minus, through Clémence, if I have understood rightly,” observed Widewood; “ but do you know it is said that De Forsac makes many of these women supply him with sums obtained from the Englishmen to whom he introduces them? By-the-bye, do you see that young girl?”

Here their conversation was interrupted by the approach of Madame Bourdeaux, who requested one of them to take a vacant seat at an *écarté* table, where a player was wanted. Delmaine had unavoidably heard the whole of their remarks; and when he caught the last unfinished sentence, his heart beat with violence. “ What young girl can they possibly mean?” he asked himself, and he dreaded that some fearful disclosure was about to be made. Yet, this was better than uncertainty, and he hoped that the young men would decline the invitation, and renew their conversation; but, much to his dis-

appointment, they both rose and joined in the game. He cursed Madame Bourdeaux from his heart for the interruption, and moved almost mechanically towards the seat occupied by Adeline. As he passed the table where De Forsac had continued seated during the evening, he saw the stranger wrapped in a large cashmere shawl, and preparing to depart. The marquis also had his hat in his hand, and was only awaiting the termination of the game then playing, to accompany her.

“Do you go to Frascati’s to-night?” he inquired.

Our hero had only the instant before made up his mind not to go; but the eyes of the stranger were at that moment fixed upon him with the same exciting expression; and he fancied that a slight motion of the head indicated a desire that he should.

“I rather think I shall,” he replied; and he looked to observe the effect produced by this decision.

The stranger smiled, and, disclosing a set of teeth of exquisite beauty, asked De Forsac if his friend would not accompany them.

The marquis looked displeased, and whispered some observation, in a low tone, to her; then turning to Clifford, he inquired if Adeline was with him, and whether she intended to accompany him?

Delmaine fastened his eyes keenly on the countenance of De Forsac, and for an instant changed colour, as the conversation of the two Englishmen occurred to him; but an inquiring movement of the stranger recalled him to himself. He said that Adeline was present, but he did not know whether she intended going to Frascati's or not; he, however, believed she would.

He looked again at the stranger, but the smile, which so recently played upon her lips, had given way to an expression of disappointment. Folding her shawl closely around her figure, she took the arm of De Forsac, who had

just won his stake, and casting a final glance at our hero, perfectly indicative of a wish that he should go unaccompanied, left the apartment.

Conscious of the wrong he was half meditating towards Adeline, Delmaine approached her with a feeling of reserve, which was not a little heightened by the recollection of the dialogue he had overheard, and which, in spite of himself, had made a deep impression on his mind. She was sitting pensively, with her attention evidently directed towards her mother, whose countenance but too faithfully betrayed the losses she was still sustaining.

“Do you care about going to Frascati’s to-night?” he inquired, with assumed carelessness of manner, yet secretly trembling to hear her decision.

“Oh no,” she exclaimed; “I have but little inclination to be even here to-night; and I sincerely wish that I was at home at this very moment.” She sighed.

Clifford was touched by her desponding man-

ner, and—must we add?—pleased with her determination. “What is the matter, Adeline? why are you so sad?”

“I am hurt, offended with mamma,” she murmured. “You must think it so strange that she should borrow money from you, after the favour you conferred upon her this morning. Yet do not blame me,” she pursued, feelingly. “I said all I could to dissuade her from it, but she would not listen to reason. She quarrelled with me, because I refused to ask you; but for worlds I could not have done so.”

The suspicions which had arisen in the generous mind of our hero, were at once lulled by this artless confession, and he sought to remove every unpleasant feeling from her mind.

“A mere bagatelle,” he remarked. “Dearest Adeline, do not distress yourself about this circumstance. I shall be repaid in sufficient time.”

“*Hélas,*” she replied mournfully, while a tear stood in her eye; “*ne comptez pas là-dessus.*”

“By Heavens, so I thought,” he muttered

between his teeth. "Well, no matter," he resumed, taking her hand, and smiling; "I shall place it all to your account."

"*Grand Dieu!*" screamed Adeline, starting from her seat, and rushing forward to the card-table, where her mother was playing. Clifford turned, and in the next instant beheld her tearing off Madame Dorjeville's toque, which was in a flame, and already threatening destruction to the rest of her dress. The women on either side had retreated from the danger, and holding up their hands in silent horror, without dreaming of offering the slightest assistance, were directing her in what manner to proceed. Delmaine at once saw that the flame was only to be extinguished by suffocation, and snatching up a rich shawl which lay upon the ottoman next him, he threw it over her head, pressing it round her neck, so as to exclude the air altogether.

"*J'étouffe,*" faintly issued from beneath the folds, and in the next instant Madame Dorjeville fell back in his arms, and fainted.

“*Mon schall, mon schall, Oh Dieu, mon schall de cachemire!*” screamed a female from the group, who now, for the first time, identified her property in the singular extinguisher thus employed. “*Monsieur, vous avez abimé mon schall.*”

The whole of the party engaged at the table, where the accident occurred, were in a state of the utmost confusion. The table had been overturned at the moment Madame Dorjeville fainted, and cards, bougies, and money lay scattered in every direction. All were now scrambling for their stakes, and literally knocking their heads together in their eagerness to secure them. The players at the other tables, however, continued their game, as if nothing had happened. Indeed this was not surprising, for it could scarcely be expected that the conflagration of Paris itself, much less that of a woman's head-dress, should distract a regular set of players and betters at *écarté*.

At length cards, lights, and money were restored to their several places, and when the

confusion had somewhat abated, they began to inquire of each other how the accident had occurred.

“ Ah,” cried an old lady, who found herself five francs minus, at the end of the scramble for the stakes, “ that Madame Dorjeville is so impetuous—*elle montre toujours tant d'humeur lorsqu'elle perd*. When she lost the game, she rose so impatiently, that she overturned her chair, and while stooping to pick it up, her head-dress caught in the flame of the bougie. A-propos,” she added, “ I have lost five francs by this *gaucherie*. Who has picked up five francs too much ?”

No one, of course, answered in the affirmative, and the old lady continued to mutter observations to herself about the aptness of some people to lose their temper at play, and the liability of others to take up more money than they actually had a right to, until the game was resumed.

Madame Dorjeville had, in the mean time,

regained her senses, and having discovered that she had sustained no other injury than the loss of her toque, which was replaced by a turban from the wardrobe of Madame Bourdeaux, she expressed her determination to renew the game. It was in vain that Adeline expostulated, and endeavoured to persuade her to retire. Her mother was deaf to all she had to say; and when, in the next instant, she saw Delmaine comply with another demand on his purse, she coloured highly with shame and vexation. Her hands had been slightly burnt, in the act of assisting her mother, and this she now made a pretext for retiring. Approaching Clifford, therefore, with burning cheeks and downcast eyes, she inquired if he was ready to accompany her. He coolly replied that he was, and the indifference of his manner again fell like an ice-chill on her heart; they descended to the court, and proceeded to the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin in silence; but no sooner had they reached her apartments, than Adeline threw her head on his bo-

som, and sobbed violently. The heart of Delmaine was not proof against this expression of her grief; he raised her up, and tenderly inquired the cause.

“Oh,” she cried, “I am truly wretched. You will despise, you will hate me; the conduct of my mother has evidently disgusted you this evening, and I see that you condemn me equally with her. But,” she pursued, “if you knew how much I have been hurt and wounded, you would pity me. I am an unhappy girl indeed; but whatever may be my faults, my love for you is sincere and disinterested. Could I have foreseen the events of this day, I should have guarded against them; but that was impossible. Alas! I am wretched, sick, and unhappy, for I am apprehensive of losing your affection—yet feel,” she added, with energy, and seizing his hand, which she placed on her throbbing bosom—“feel how my heart beats, how it has continued to beat ever since I first beheld you.”

“I will not go to Frascati’s to-night,” thought

Clifford, as he listened to the unrestrained avowal of her feelings. "Dear Adeline," he exclaimed, when she had finished her last passionate appeal, "compose yourself. Believe me, your fears are perfectly groundless; neither should you imagine that I attach any importance to these circumstances. Your mother certainly does seem to act very imprudently, and I candidly confess that, as you admit there is little probability of my being repaid, my finances will not bear any more of these heavy drafts, which are only required to be squandered at the *écarté* table. But how can I be so unjust, my love, as to impute blame to you, who certainly seem to have but little influence over your mother?"

"I feel all the generosity of your remark," replied Adeline, greatly soothed by the kindness of his manner; "but, alas! it is but too much the custom for mothers to profit by the attachments formed by their daughters; nay, it is often a stipulation that they shall share the advantages resulting from *liaisons* of this descrip-

tion. Yet whatever my mother may do—however strange and interested her conduct may appear — oh, promise that you will never condemn me—that you will never deem me capable of lending myself to any thing half so disreputable — say that you will believe that you, and you only, are the real object of my affection.” And again she buried her face in his bosom.

“ This is no Clémence,” thought our hero ; “ be the unworthy suspicion which I entertained then for ever crushed. Dear, dear Adeline,” he replied, clasping her passionately to his breast, “ I will believe any thing that you desire. Nay, why should I doubt what you assert ? The very circumstance of your entering into this explanation is sufficient, and, from this moment, I love you more tenderly than ever.”

“ Oh ! of what a weight have you not relieved me !” she returned, raising her face, and smiling through her tears. “ How shall I study to deserve your affection ?”

“By loving me with passion — deep, fervent, burning passion,” said Delmaïne, as he caught her wildly to his heart, and imprinted his lips on hers.

From this moment the attachment of our hero for Adeline visibly increased. She had cast the spell of her enchantments around him, until, gradually withdrawing himself from the society of his friends, he became her constant companion in the circles wherein they had first met, and she was everywhere known, and tacitly acknowledged, as his mistress. Had she studied her own inclinations, she would have avoided these public haunts as much as possible; but Delmaïne himself found them necessary to his happiness, for they had a powerful tendency to distract his mind from reflections which, despite even of the apparent affection and devotedness of Adeline, but too frequently assailed him. They were constantly to be seen in the public promenades by day, and at night they repaired together to the different *salons*, where our hero

soon unhappily acquired a love for play, which was fast leading him to ruin. In vain did Adeline attempt to dissuade him from entering so deeply into this destructive habit. What he had at first essayed with a view to distraction, now became a passion, and among the first at the *écarté* table at night, and the last in the morning, was to be seen the infatuated Delmaine, who, prior to his introduction to these haunts, had never been known to touch a card, except at whist, and for limited stakes. The fever of excitement, produced by a constant succession of good or ill fortune, rendered his temper irritable, and warm discussions frequently ensued, which threatened to embroil him, at every instant, with individuals, some of whom were by no means of a description to confer credit upon him, by a quarrel, and with whom, in his moments of cooler reflection, he would have blushed to see his name mixed up before the public. Adeline saw this with pain and regret; for she knew enough of his character to

be satisfied that he would make no concession, and that the most alarming consequences were only to be prevented by the bounds applied to the warmth of language of the parties, with whom his discussions took place. Sometimes, on these occasions, she lingered near, and sought to soothe him into composure; but, by a strange perversity of feeling, he imagined this to arise solely out of a desire to find him in error, and, piqued at the impression, his passions were, of course, only more violently aroused, and she finally desisted. Nay, even in their hours of retirement, Adeline frequently experienced a change in his manner; but as he was ever warm in his professions of undiminished attachment, whenever her mild expostulations and complaints reached his ear, she was easily induced to pardon and find excuses for his conduct.

The income of Delmaine consisted only of five hundred a-year, three of which he inherited from his father, a younger brother of Sir Ed-

ward. He had lost his mother in early infancy, and was left, when eight years of age, under the care of his uncle, when Major Delmaine embarked with his regiment for foreign service. The affection which Sir Edward bore to his brother, who was some years his junior, was excessive ; and when, after the battle of Corunna, the distressing fact of the gallant major's fall in that memorable engagement, was announced to him, his mind was overwhelmed with grief. The warm and simple affections of his nature were, however, eventually transferred to his nephew. Sir Edward was possessed of one of the best hearts that ever tenanted a human breast, and although his own education had been neglected for the more alluring and exciting pleasures of the chase, of which he had ever been passionately fond, he was resolved that no pains should be spared on that of his favorite nephew.

Nor was Clifford the only object of his solicitude. Harry Wilmot, the unfortunate youth alluded to by O'Sullivan, in a former part of

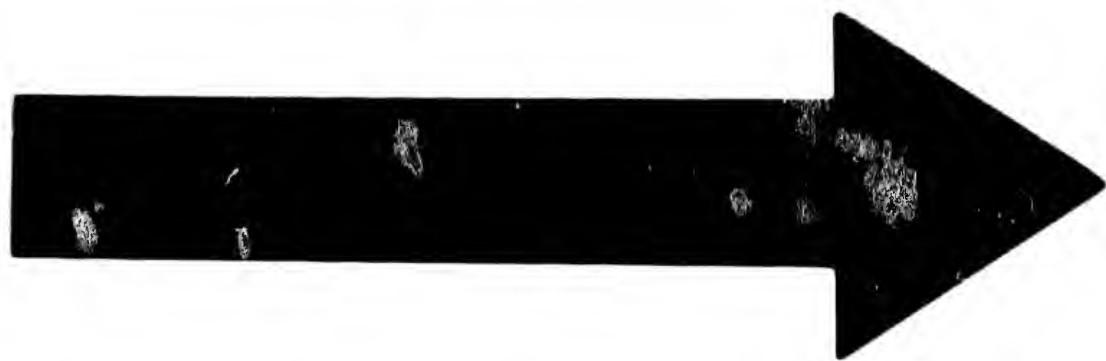
our story, was also an orphan entrusted to his guardianship by his dying mother, a first cousin of his own. As they were nearly of the same age, Sir Edward determined that the young men should enter upon their studies together. Accordingly, after having gone through a preparatory course of education, the cousins were finally sent to Cambridge, where Clifford particularly distinguished himself by his close application and facility of acquirement. To Wilmot, however, who was of a peculiarly wild and thoughtless character, study was a bore, and a college life a restraint; and while the vacations of our hero were almost invariably passed with his uncle, either in town, or at his seat in ——— shire, those of Wilmot were spent among a set of dissipated young men, whose sole competition seemed to be who should throw away the most money in the shortest time. On attaining his twenty-first year, he declared college, its pursuits, and even his talented cousin so many nuisances, and hastening

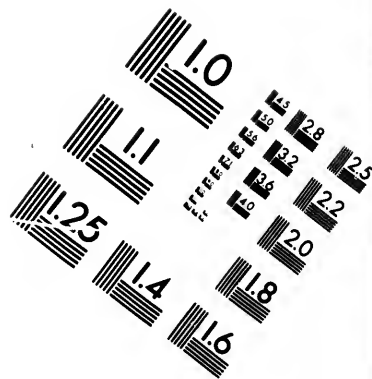
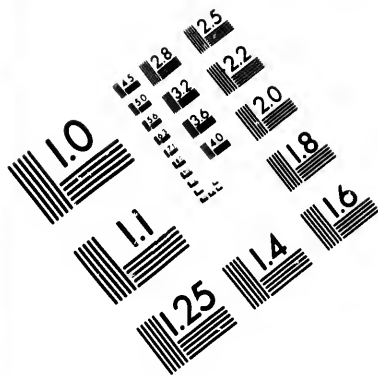
to his uncle, received from him the small fortune which had been entrusted to his care. Sir Edward tried remonstrance, but in vain, and when at length Wilmot, warmed by opposition to his plans, inquired if he was not of an age to judge for himself, the baronet felt all the ingratitude of his conduct, and yielding up his deposit, bade him go to the devil his own way.

This was what Wilmot desired, for though he was not really deficient in regard for his uncle, his own pleasures weighed too heavily in the opposite scale, and he took him at his word. He immediately set off for the continent, and Clifford had only left college a year when the account of his cousin's death, in a duel in Paris, reached Sir Edward. The heart of the good old baronet was too affectionate, his nature too kind, not to mourn over the untimely fate of the inconsiderate Wilmot, with whom he now bitterly repented having parted in anger: as there was nothing, however with which, on a review of his conduct,

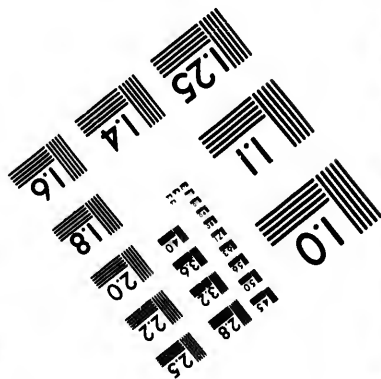
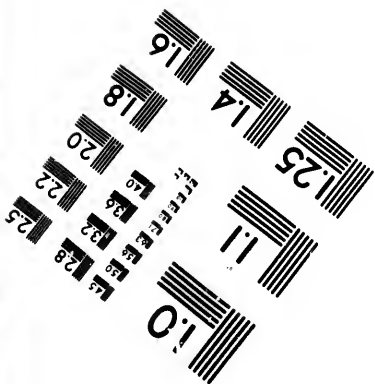
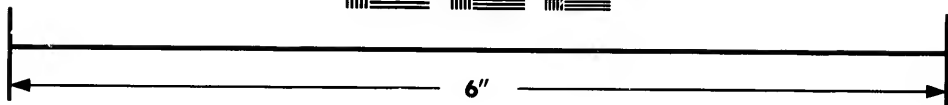
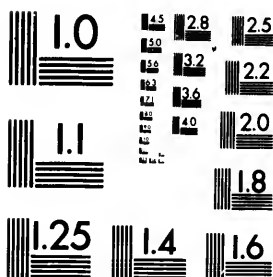
he could reproach himself, he was eventually consoled by that reflection. On Clifford no such violent emotion was produced. He regretted his cousin, more as one with whom he had been brought up from his earliest years, than as a dear and lamented friend, for Wilmot had ever evinced a repugnance to intimacy, which the naturally proud spirit of our hero prevented any attempt on his part to surmount; and to this want of cordiality between the young men, must be attributed the comparatively trifling interest evinced by Delmaine in his conversation with O'Sullivan.

In consequence of this event, Delmaine became the sole surviving relative of the baronet, whose affection was, if possible, increased by the circumstance of his being the exclusive object on which his feelings and interests reposed. He was the last scion of an ancient and proud family, and Sir Edward could not endure the idea of the name and title becoming extinct. It was, therefore, his fondest wish to see his nephew





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married to some woman of family, through whom the name might be transmitted to posterity, for although possessed of the manners and indulging in the pursuits of a mere country gentleman, Sir Edward was highly aristocratic—a feeling which had led him more than once secretly to triumph in the proud and independent spirit of his nephew. The property attached to the title was in itself but small; but the baronet had a considerable sum vested in the funds and other public securities, half of which he intended giving him on the day of his marriage: the remainder Delmaine was to have at his death. His disappointment had been extreme on finding that, among the numerous women, celebrated either for their beauty, their family, or their accomplishments, whom he every where met on his return from college, he had not distinguished one by any particular mark of favour; yet as this was a subject to which he was resolved not to advert, from a disinclination to bias or influence his nephew in a choice, which, though

a bachelor himself, he well knew to be the most important step in life, he seldom indulged in the expression of any particular anxiety to see his views accomplished.

Such was the state of things when they embarked for the continent, when Sir Edward increased the income of his nephew, from three hundred a-year, which he inherited from his father, to five hundred—a sum which he conceived to be quite sufficient for the expenses and rational amusements of a young man of four and twenty. We are already aware of the hope he entertained of seeing Clifford united to the daughter of his early and estimable friend—a hope which, since his arrival in Paris, had almost been nursed into conviction; we have also seen how that hope was disappointed.

It may readily be supposed, that, indulging so constantly in play and other extravagant pursuits, Clifford was not long in finding his income inadequate to his necessities; and that as he

knew not in what manner to obtain supplies, he was not unfrequently involved in embarrassments, from which he found it difficult to extricate himself. In order, therefore, to reduce his expenses, he gave up his apartments in the Hôtel des Princes, merely reserving one room for his servant, and took up his abode altogether with Adeline. But even the retrenchments effected by this measure were insufficient: for so infatuated had he become with play, so necessary did he find it as a resource, that his time was now divided between the *écarté*, and the more destructive and absorbing temptations of the *rouge et noir* and *roulette* tables. Having on one occasion, returned home, after an unusual run of ill luck, he endeavoured in vain to devise some plan by which his finances might be recruited. As he sat ruminating, with his head leaning on his hand, and his eyes fixed on the fire, he heard a sound of voices in the *anti-chambre*, as if in dispute. Adeline, at his re-

quest, went to see what was the matter, and soon returned with a folded paper in her hand.

“It is your tailor’s bill,” she said, handing it to him; “that vile Laroux, to whom you have paid so much money—he insists on having the amount immediately.”

Delmaine opened it; it was for two hundred francs. How humiliated did he feel at the idea of being compelled to say, that he could not command so paltry a sum.

“*Je n’ai plus un sou!*” he sighed, returning her the paper, and again relapsing into the same painful train of reflection.

Adeline returned to the *anti-chambre*, and he heard her say to the man, “*Apportez-le demain, vous aurez votre argent.*”

The fellow made some apology about his being pressed for money—was sorry to trouble Mr. Delmaine—thanked her, and said he would call again on the following day.

“Why, my love, did you not tell him at once, that I could not pay it for some time?”

he observed, mournfully, on her return. "We shall have him here pestering us to-morrow, and, Heaven knows, I have no means of raising even this trifling sum so soon as you have named."

"Delmaine, dear Delmaine," cried Adeline, with emotion, and throwing herself upon his bosom, "you know not the pain I feel, at seeing you thus tormented by these miserable wretches. Alas! had it not been for me, you would never have been exposed to these cruel embarrassments; can I, therefore, be selfish enough not to assist you in difficulties, which I have been instrumental in creating? I have no money, it is true, but I have jewels to the amount of several thousand francs—take them, they are yours—do what you will with them—only let me see you happy," and she wept.

"Dear, generous girl," exclaimed Delmaine, clasping her to his heart, "this, indeed, is kind; but I cannot think of making you the

victim of my follies. Let the fellow wait until it suits my convenience."

"That he certainly will not," replied Adeline, "for he threatened to summon you before the Juge de Paix, and you have yet to learn how apt people of that description are to decide every thing against a foreigner. But this is not all. Several other bills have been sent, of which you know nothing, since I would not give you pain by acquainting you with an evil that you could not remedy. I know not how it is, but they seem to be aware of your embarrassments, and are all equally pressing for money. Promise me," she pursued, in a tone of persuasion, "that you will make use of my jewels—you know you can return them to me when you get over your difficulties; and these I am sure," she added, "would not be of long continuance were you but to relinquish play."

"I will accept them, Adeline, if necessary, for I fully understand and appreciate your feeling in offering them; but the fact is, it now occurs

to me that De Forsac owes me a sum of money more than sufficient to defray these petty demands. I shall go to him immediately for it. This, at least, will do away with the necessity for them for the present."

Adeline raised herself from his shoulder—gazed earnestly at him, and shook her head. "*Ne comptez pas là-dessus,*" she murmured.

"And why not?" demanded Clifford, impetuously, as, with the rapidity of lightning, the recollection of the conversation between the two Englishmen flashed across his mind; but when he remarked the deep expression of interest on her countenance, and recalled the offer of sacrifice which she had just made, the unworthy suspicion was again dispelled. "We shall see," he added, after a pause, and rising to depart.

"You will dine with me?" said Adeline, inquiringly.

"Certainly;" replied Delmaine, "as soon as I have seen De Forsac I shall return."

"And shall we once again enjoy an evening

alone?" she rejoined. Delmaine glanced at her with a look of fire. Her cheek burned, and her blue eyes shrunk beneath their long lashes, as they encountered his.

"We shall!" he added passionately, and then sallied forth on his mission.

He found De Forsac dressing for a dinner-party. They had not met for some days, and the marquis now inquired what he had done with himself during that period. "By the bye," he added, "I never see you in the Rue de la Paix, at present. Something has been whispered of a rupture. Is this the case?"

"Why, I believe that I am not on the best of terms with any of the party," returned Clifford, carelessly. "The fact is, that certain circumstances have occurred, which prevent my appearing there quite so often as formerly."

De Forsac well knew what these circumstances were. "I dined with your friends yes-

terday," he observed, laying particular emphasis on the word ' friends.' " Your name was mentioned in the course of conversation; but, I thought, with the most perfect indifference; and as I really felt pained on your account, I inquired of Miss Stanley, who sat next to me, whether you were as constant a visitor as ever. She said, ' that she believed you had not been there for some time, but that, in fact, she could not give herself the trouble to recollect how long.' Do you know I thought the observation very unkind in one, for whom it is so generally known that you risked your life."

Clifford thought so too: for although satisfied that he had no right to complain, he felt not a little piqued at this communication. "*Vous savez que les dames sont souvent capricieuses,*" he remarked.

This was uttered with apparent levity and indifference; but De Forsac clearly saw that the sting had taken effect. "*A propos ?*" he

asked, as he put the last touch to the arrangement of his cravat, "*comment vont les amours et le jeu? La Fortune vous favorise-t-elle?*"

"*Diablement mal!*" said Clifford; "and, by the way, this reminds me of the object of my visit. I am literally done up—*ensoncé*—and am come to beg some money of you. Can you spare me the amount of what I lent you some time ago?"

"My dear fellow, what you ask is quite impossible just at this moment," returned the marquis, faintly colouring. "I am quite out of cash, and had even thought of borrowing from you myself."

"But," said Delmaine, moving towards a well-filled purse, which, most unfortunately for the veracity of the Frenchman, lay on the dressing table, "you can at least spare me a part of the contents of this."

De Forsac took up the purse in evident alarm. "This money is not mine," he said; "but if twenty Louis will be sufficient for you, I

can take it upon myself to lend them to you."

"Lend them!" repeated Clifford, involuntarily, and emphatically—but, checking his feelings, "Twenty Louis will do for the present," he observed. One end of the purse was filled with gold, the other with notes. De Forsac carefully counted out twenty pieces.

"I wish I could fall in with some rich old money lender, who would take a bill at six months, at even fifty per cent," sighed our hero, as he consigned the gold to his own empty purse.

"Do you really wish to raise money on these terms?" eagerly inquired De Forsac. "If so, I dare say I can contrive to procure you a supply."

"Wish it! of course I do. I have no money whatever, and should be glad to procure some on any terms. Do you know any one who would be willing to advance me any?"

"I think," said De Forsac, "I know a person who may. I formerly had transactions with him to a large amount, and I have no doubt that, in consideration of our long acquaintance, he will not object to accommodate a friend of mine."

"Then see him by all means, if possible. Can the affair be terminated to-morrow?"

"I dare say it can," said De Forsac. "What amount will you require?"

"Twenty thousand francs, at least," replied Delmaine.

"Twenty thousand francs will be a large sum for him; but I shall do what I can. You agree then to give fifty per cent.? That you know, will make your bills thirty thousand."

"I both know and agree to it," rejoined our hero, "provided of course the money cannot be had on more moderate terms; but you will, I am sure, make the best bargain you can."

"You may rely upon it, I *shall* make the best bargain I can," observed De Forsac, emphati-

cally, and smiling to himself in the mirror, in which he was adjusting a superb diamond pin.

“ You seem to be amused, Marquis,” said Delmaine, who had remarked this singular expression both of tone and countenance.

“ I was merely thinking how surprised the old fellow will be to see me once more,” returned De Forsac, colouring at the detection.

“ Well, then, at what hour shall we meet, tomorrow, and where ?”

“ Say at your own hôtel ; you are still in the Rue de Richelieu, are you not ?”

“ No, I am with Adeline Dorjeville, at present,” said Clifford, somewhat confusedly ; “ we occupy the same apartments.”

“ *Ah ! déjà si avancé !—je vous en fais mon compliment,*” drawled forth De Forsac, with a half suppressed sneer. “ Do you recollect,” he pursued in English, “ what difficulty I had in persuading you to meet her at Astelli’s ? You ought to be very much obliged to me, indeed ;” and never was the feeling of hate more predo-

minant in his bosom, than at that moment. When he turned away from the glass, he was pale.

“Endeavour then to be in the Rue de la Chaussée d’Antin to-morrow, at three o’clock precisely,” he observed; “I shall see the man early in the morning, and when I have arranged every thing with him, we shall proceed together to your hôtel.”

This point being settled, Clifford took his leave. The original impression excited by De Forsac’s disinclination to refund the money he had borrowed, was now overlooked in the readiness he had evinced to assist him to a much larger amount, and in a much more essential manner.

“*Eh bien, mon ami, as-tu réussi ?*” inquired Adeline, as he entered with a smile on his countenance.

Clifford displayed his now tolerably well stocked purse—“*Voici ma réponse !*” he exclaimed; “*il est vrai que c’est bien peu de chose, mais nous en aurons encore demain.*”

Adeline raised her eyes with an expression of astonishment. “*Il paraît qu’il a des fonds aujourd’hui ; voici toujours de quoi payer ce vilain tailleur ; mais vraiment comptez-vous en recevoir de lui demain ?*”

Delmaine then proceeded to explain the arrangements he had made with the marquis for the twenty thousand francs, and to this Adeline listened with deep and painful interest. In vain, however, did she urge him not to sacrifice so great a sum for a mere temporary convenience. He was deaf to all she had to say ; and when she again requested him to make use of her diamonds, until his affairs were somewhat settled, he only replied by a declaration, that he could not endure the idea of her appearing in public bereft of those ornaments, the absence of which might induce her friends to suspect how they had actually been disposed of. Finding every remonstrance ineffectual, she at length yielded up the point, and, inspired with even

greater love than ever for him, in consequence of this generous conduct, enjoyed the fullest measure of a happiness, which, until that night, she fancied she had never sufficiently estimated.

CHAPTER V.

ON the following morning, at an early hour, the handsome cabriolet of the marquis was seen winding through the narrow dirty streets of that quarter of Paris which is not inappropriately called the "*Marais*," and which may be considered as bearing a striking similitude, as well from its appearance, as from the manners and isolated habits of its occupants, to the "Little Britain," of London, so humorously described by Washington Irving in his Sketch Book. Seldom was the curiosity of the good people of

the *Marais* gratified by the appearance of any thing higher in the scale of vehicles than a *fiacre*, if we may except one or two old rumbling family carriages, that had been handed down from father to son for several successive generations, and which, regularly once a year furnished and beautified for a Long-Champs procession in the season, were drawn by two long-tailed, snail-paced animals, of years nearly coeval with the ponderous machine itself.

The rapid movement of the cabriolet drew all heads to the doors and windows ; and when they beheld the gay livery of the *jockai*, differing from that of the antiquated domestics whom they were wont to see planted behind the family carriages on the before mentioned occasions, as much as the fashions of the days of Charles the Tenth differ from those of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, and when they moreover remarked the air of contempt with which that *jockai* looked down upon them all, as if he felt ashamed of being seen in so plebeian a quarter of the

town, they marvelled among themselves who the stranger possibly could be. Some boldly affirmed to their neighbours across the street, that it was the Dauphin ; others stoutly denied the fact, declaring, with an air of profound seriousness, that the nose was not sufficiently long. This they said they knew, because they had witnessed a review in the Champ de Mars, at which he had commanded only a few days before, and though they had not been able to approach near enough to distinguish any other feature, the nose was as distinctly visible, as if it had been seen through a telescope. The assertion was moreover confirmed by a fat old *marchande d'huîtres*, who supplied her *quartier* with shell-fish and news, and was considered in some degree the oracle of the neighbourhood. Now as it was evident that the nose of the stranger did not protrude more than six inches beyond his face, it was beyond dispute that this could not be the Dauphin, and conjecture fell in turn on the very few great people with whose names they

were familiar. In vain, however, did they exercise their ingenuity. All were anxious to appear to know something on the subject ; but the denial of one invariably overturned the assertion of another : and they were finally compelled to return to their several avocations without coming to any positive conclusion on the subject. There was one street, however, where the inhabitants were more accustomed to these visits, and where, if they were not intimately acquainted with the persons of the visitors, they at least were more familiar with the object which drew them there ; and this street, the dirtiest in all Paris, communicated with a narrow *cul-de-sac*, even dirtier than itself.

At the bottom of this *cul-de-sac*, and forming its base, stood a lofty building, seven stories in height—if a building could well be said to stand, to which time, and storms, and partial dilapidation, had given an inclination of several degrees, almost threatening the rash being who had the courage to approach it with instant

destruction. The first *étage* was of course the most splendid in appearance, as it boasted a set of tawdry, rusty window-curtains, that had evidently arrived at the last stage of repair. In no one of the succeeding stories was this luxury to be seen ; and, in fact, such was the gloom of the *cul-de-sac* itself, that this proved to be rather an advantage, inasmuch as it enabled the occupants to enjoy a little of the light from Heaven, of which they must otherwise have been deprived.

Let it not be supposed, however, that the eye encountered nothing but naked windows, in its gradual ascent from the *rez-de-chaussée* to the *grenier* or *septième étage*, which was almost buried in the clouds. In most of these were to be seen various articles of grosser wearing apparel, which, having been submitted to the wash-tub, were now, dripping with wet, hung out to dry—not in the sun, for sun never yet shone on the spot, but in the air. Numerous cords were, moreover, fastened in angular direc-

ions across the front of the rooms, and over these were carelessly flung stockings, caps, and other light and less bulky articles of female apparel. Wherever a portion of the walls, broken and defaced by time, was left exposed, the eye encountered innumerable long yellow streaks, the effects of ancient drippings from the clothes-encumbered casements; yet, strange to say, in almost every window bloomed autumnal flowers, tastefully arranged in vases, and half redeeming, in their loveliness, the habitual and desolating filth amid which they were doomed to flourish—watered daily, not with the dews of Heaven, but with soap-suds and other domestic fluids.

De Forsac alighted from his cabriolet at the entrance of the *cûl-de-sac*, and, with a feeling somewhat allied to shame, paced his way towards the building we have just described; not that he cared one jot for the opinion of the dirty *habitans du quartier*, whom he was not soon likely to behold again: but because he feared an

unfavorable impression might be produced on the mind of his servant, whom he had only recently engaged, and whom it was by no means his policy to initiate into the secret of his visit. The rattling of the vehicle had drawn many of the inmates of the crazy edifice to the windows, but they only stared at him, without manifesting surprise. The marquis was not the only dashing cavalier from the fashionable part of town who was in the habit of penetrating occasionally into that *cul-de-sac*.

It happened at the moment when he gained the *rez-de-chaussée*, that an old woman who was busily engaged in hanging out some articles of heavy apparel, to dry on a window immediately over the door-way, in her anxiety to lean forward and obtain a glimpse of the stranger, dropped a wet sheet, which partially spreading as it descended, completely enveloped the person of the marquis in its folds, who, had he not leaned for support against the door-way,

must inevitably have been overthrown. The grotesque appearance which he exhibited in this situation, together with the violent efforts which he made to extricate himself—efforts which seemed only to embarrass him the more—naturally drew from those around an unrepressed burst of laughter, which was echoed from every man, woman, and child, in the *cul-de-sac*. The only person really concerned for his situation was the old woman herself, who immediately ran down from the fifth *étage*, to aid in his release, and to apologize for the accident. In fact, assistance had now become necessary, for so completely was De Forsac *entortillé* in the mazes of what might be said to be his winding-sheet, that it was some minutes before the author of the disaster could succeed in liberating him. This, however, was finally accomplished; and, when released, the beldame, with many reverences, besought him to forgive her. Shivering with the damp, and deeply mortified at the figure he exhibited before his

servant—of whose ridicule he, like every other Frenchman, stood greatly in dread, since, from his constant proximity to his person, he must be an eternally reminding witness of his humiliation—De Forsac was in no mood to listen with even common patience to her justification ; but, after bestowing on her the expressive epithets of *maudite bête*, *vieille sorcière*, *sacré canaille*, &c. &c. &c., and wishing her from the bottom of his soul, at the devil, at length gained the entrance of the passage.

After groping his way for a short time through this dark avenue, bounded on either side by two narrow gutters, through which waters, not of the most limpid description, rolled their lazy course, he at last reached a staircase, which could only be discovered by dint of feeling. Grasping the bulky and mis-shapen railing, with force, and raising his feet cautiously upon each step, much with the same indecision and nervousness, with which one

would ascend a staircase blindfold, he at length contrived to gain the *entresol* without any other accident than the overthrow of a black earthen utensil, which lay on the first landing-place. Here the darkness was a shade less perplexing, and when he had reached the *premier étage*, there was even light sufficient to distinguish the figures of two females who stood with their doors ajar, giggling and whispering as he ascended; the tones of their voices alone denoted them to be young, for more than the outline it would have required the eyes of a Hans of Iceland to distinguish: and when he had mounted sufficiently high on the third flight of stairs, for them to make good their retreat in the event of a retrograde movement on his part, they advanced to the foot, and inquired, in an under tone, and with mock compassion, how Monsieur felt after his ducking.

De Forsac bit his lip with rage, and cursed both the *Marais* and the *vieux coquin* of whom he was in search, for inhabiting such a place.

On gaining the landing-place of the second floor, however, he felt less puzzled in his movements, the light enabling him to discover the direction he should pursue ; yet this also proved a source of annoyance to him, for at every door of every apartment—and there were several on each landing place, all occupied by separate families—groups of heads were protruded, and innumerable tongues kept up a low buzzing, which he well knew originated in the curiosity identified with his recent accident. As fast as he reached one floor, the occupants of that below issued from their holds like so many rabbits from their warrens, and trusting their voices to a higher key, conferred among themselves, and indulged in their several witticisms on the occasion. Finally, the marquis, after ascending four more flights of stairs, the uppermost of which was as rough as a butcher's block, and certainly not half so clean, and after submitting himself to the ordeal of encountering the same greeting on each floor, succeeded in gain-

ing the seventh heaven, or, what is nearly as high in some of the old buildings in Paris, the seventh story, or *grenier*, of this enormous structure.

Here, however, he was once more at a loss. There were no less than six doors leading to six apartments, which, judging from their proximity to each other, could not exceed ten feet in length, by as many in breadth. To determine in his choice was almost impracticable, for he fancied that they all bore the same confounding marks of poverty and wretchedness. Three of the number, and these, if a choice could be made, were rather superior to the others, bore cards in lieu of plates, and De Forsac approached to examine them. On the first he saw "M. Charles Courtois, *poète et écrivain public.*" The marquis had nothing to do with poets. He approached the second, and read, "Monsieur Précourt, *ancien militaire.*" This was evidently not what he

sought, and he hastened to the last of the three *distingués* of the *grenier*, and with some difficulty deciphered "Mademoiselle Pauline, *figurante à l'Ambigu Comique*." The idea of a *figurante* was enough to set the brain of De Forsac at work. "Is she young?—is she pretty?—is she at home?" were all the thoughts of an instant, and he resolved to ascertain the fact. Just, however, as he was about to knock, it occurred to him that, from the proximity of Monsieur Précourt, *ancien militaire*, to Mademoiselle Pauline, *figurante*, it was not very unnatural to infer, that they were not utter strangers to each other; and that, in that case, as well as in the event of his being there at the moment, it might not be altogether prudent to venture into her presence without some plausible pretext.

In the next instant he was supplied with one, and, tapping gently at the door, a female voice invited him to enter. The marquis opened the door of a room, measuring, as he had anticipated

about ten feet square, in which lay scattered, in various directions, all the wretched paraphernalia of a woman of the last rank upon the stage. His glance at the interior was, however, but cursory, his attention being more particularly drawn to the lady, who, as he had justly conjectured, was accompanied by Monsieur Précourt, the *ancien militaire*, who, in the faded uniform of a common soldier, and a tattered foraging cap or *bonnet de police*, sat with his arms encircling the form of Mademoiselle Pauline, which was of true Amazonian proportions, and only partially covered with a soiled cotton *robe de chambre*—her hair *en papillottes*, and her naked feet *en pantoufles*. Startled at this unexpected sight, De Forsac drew back involuntarily, too much discomposed, by the disappointment he felt at seeing what he thought a monster of a woman, instead of the delicate, young, and voluptuous creature he had anticipated, to say a word.

“*Ah ça, l’ami,*” said the soldier, fiercely erecting

his tall frame, and touching the ceiling with his head, while, as usual, he stroked his moustache in token of hostility—" *Que désirez-vous ici ?*"—and he advanced a pace or two towards him.

Fortunately for De Forsac, he recollected the man, who had formerly served in the same regiment with him. This, however, was long before he had obtained his marquisate.

"*Quoi, gaman, est-ce toi ? ne te rappelle-tu pas de ton officier, Monsieur le Capitaine de Forsac, du quatrième à cheval ?*"

In an instant the *bonnet* fell from the soldier's head, and the fierceness of his look was succeeded by the mildness and gentleness of a lamb. His hands were dropped at his side, and he stood in the attitude of respect and obedience.

"*Je demande excuse, mon officier,*" he replied ; "*je ne vous ai pas remis, mais voyez-vous je n'y vois plus clair—je commence à vieillir, mon officier—moi, qui a passé ma jeunesse au service.*"

“ *Et que fais-tu maintenant, Précourt ?—as-tu demi-solde ?*”

“ *Pas un sou, mon officier ! Ah, voyez-vous, ce n'était pas ainsi dans le temps de l'Empereur.*”

“ *Comment fais-tu donc pour vivre ?*”

“ *Bien peu de chose, mon officier ; mais voyez-vous,*” pointing to a set of foils which hung up in a corner of the room, “ *j'enseigne un peu à faire les armes aux jeunes gens du quartier.*”

“ *En ce cas-là il te revient toujours quelque chose.*”

“ *Bien peu de chose, mon officier, parce que, voyez-vous, tous les gens de ce quartier sont si misérables ! Mais voici Pauline, mon officier ;*” and turning to the *grosse figurante*, who had retired to change her tattered *robe de chambre* behind the curtains of the bed—“ *viens, Pauline,*” he cried, “ *viens te montrer à Monsieur le Comte.*” Finding, however, that Pauline did not obey the summons with that military promptitude to which he had been accustomed all his life, he proceeded to drag her very unceremo-

niously forth from her temporary dressing room, notwithstanding the lady was literally *en chemise*. “*Voyez-vous, mon officier,*” he continued, “*elle a de belles jambes,*” directing his attention to two enormous pillars which he thus designated—“*et avec cela, elle gagne ses dix francs par semaine au théâtre, de sorte que nous avons toujours de quoi acheter du pain et du fromage.*”

“*Il paraît que tu ne te passe pas d'eau-de-vie toujours,*” said De Forsac, pointing to a nearly empty *flacon* that lay on the breakfast-table, “*et te voilà déjà à moitié gris.*”

“*Ah, dame ! Voyez-vous, mon officier, c'est l'habitude, et voici Pauline, qui n'en boit pas mal non plus. Voulez-vous que je vous verse à boire, mon capitaine ?*” he pursued, taking up the brandy bottle, and filling two small coffee cups, which were made to supply the absence of glasses.

De Forsac at first declined ; but observing that his old *camarade* seemed half offended, he finally

accepted the challenge. "*Allons, Précourt, à ta santé, et à celle de ta Pauline.*" He had, however, scarcely tasted it, when he felt his mouth and throat almost on fire with the liquor, and he threw down the cup with a movement of impatience.

"*Quoi, gredin !*" he exclaimed, as soon as he could find breath to articulate, "*est-ce que tu me donnes cela pour de l'eau-de-vie ?—c'est de l'eau-forte.*"

"*Je demande excuse, mon officier, c'est de la bonne eau-de-vie, et cela nous coûte toujours vingt sous le litre,*" replied the soldier, putting down his cup, which he had emptied at a draught ; and without moving a muscle of his countenance, "*N'est-ce pas, ma mie,*" he inquired, turning to Pauline, "*que cela nous coûte vingt sous le litre ?*"

"*Ah ! dame, oui,*" said the *grosse figurante*, in a voice nearly as powerful as his own. "*C'est moi qui l'achète, et j'en bois toujours.*"

"The devil you do," thought De Forsac ;

and as he only wished to satisfy himself that he had not swallowed vitriol instead of brandy, as he had almost feared, his mind was now at rest on this score, and he proposed to take leave of the worthy and well-assorted couple.

“*Ah ça,*” he demanded, pulling out his purse, and putting a five franc piece into the hand of Précourt, “*peux-tu m’indiquer l’appartement d’un nommé Pierre Godot qui doit demeurer sur cet étage ?*”

“*Si je le puis, mon officier,*” replied the militaire, placing his forefinger significantly on his nose ; “*je crois bien, c’est dans le coin là-bas,*” pointing through the door way in the direction of the room.

“*Eh bien, va voir s’il est chez lui.*”

The soldier on whom the *eau-de-vie* was fast taking effect, seemed delighted with the message. He threw on his forage cap, with the fiercest air, stroked out his moustache to a formidable length, and then, with a stern frown on his brow, advanced to the door. He gave one loud rap,

and a quick and hurried voice from within, asked who was there ; but Précourt, without answering, drew a small cord, passed through the door, and communicating with a wooden latch within, by which it was opened, and his tall and almost ruffian-like figure glided through the opening.

“ *Grand Dieu, à l’assassin ! aux voleurs !* ” shrieked the same cracked and trembling voice ; but the cries were drowned in the hoarse and boisterous laugh of Précourt, who was evidently enjoying the alarm he had occasioned. Apprehensive that the noise might attract the attention of the several occupants of the other rooms, De Forsac hastily followed, and beheld the following ludicrous scene.

In the centre of the small smoke-discoloured room, stood a large table, on which lay scattered a variety of utensils, that had just been used for breakfast—fragments there were none, for the repast had evidently been of too miserable a nature to admit of any. A book of accounts bound in parchment, and fastened by a

brass cisp, an old broken coffee-cup filled with ink, and the stump of what had once been a pen lay also upon the table; mingled with these, three or four loose papers, that had every appearance, even at a first glance, of being bills of exchange, were likewise discernible; but what more immediately attracted the eye, and might be said to give weight to the whole, were four large, well-filled strong canvass bags, carefully arranged on one side of the table. From the size of the circular substance distinguishable through the covering of three of these, they might at once be known to contain five-franc pieces; and if any doubt could arise in regard to the contents of the fourth, it would at once have been dispelled by comparing them with a quantity of Louis-d'or, some of which were piled at one end of the same table, while others lay loosely scattered near them, evidently with the same destination in view.

Beyond the table, and with his body half bent, in an attitude of intense alarm, stood a

gaunt-looking personage, apparently about sixty years of age; his hair and beard, the latter unshaven for the last day or two, were grey. His eyes were also of the same colour, small, sharp, and deep set beneath a pair of long and bushy eyebrows; his neck was bare, thin, and scraggy, and his head was covered with a cotton night-cap, that had once been white. One of his meagre, long, sun-burnt, scaly hands, grasped a bag, of a size similar to that containing the gold on the table; the other held a quantity of *billets de banque* and promissory notes, closely pressed against his breast with convulsive energy; while the whole frame was bent over the money before him, evidently with the view of shielding it from the grasp of an intruder, whose ferocious air and wild costume were well calculated to excite alarm in the mind of a miserable miser. This formidable individual now stood at the opposite side of the table, enjoying the embarrassment of the old man, with a malignant expression of pleasure—

an expression which it was obvious the latter attributed to a consciousness of his power, and a determination to follow up his advantage.

In the original we have imperfectly described, De Forsac immediately recognized his old friend, the money lender; and delighted to see such a supply of cash on the table, he advanced to accost him in a strain of familiarity, which he well knew how to assume, whenever it suited his interest or convenience; but the old miser, alive only to his dread of the object before him, neither heard nor seemed to see him, but remained fixed in the same position, his grey eyes glancing alternately from the money on the table to the powerful and imposing figure of the *militaire*, his knees trembling beneath him, and his mouth half open, disclosing three or four scattered yellow teeth, which were all that now remained to him.

“*Va-t-en, Précourt,*” said the marquis, giving him another five-franc piece, “*ne vois-tu pas que tu fais peur à ce bon vieillard?*”

"*Je vais, mon officier,*" replied the soldier, touching his cap with one hand and pocketing the money with the other; then addressing the old man, "*Ah ça, mon vieux, me prêterez-vous vingt sous une autre fois sans me faire payer les intérêts? Voyez-vous, Monsieur le Comte,*" he added, turning to De F'orsac, "*j'avais besoin, il y a quelques jours, de vingt sous pour acheter la bouteille pour Pauline et moi. Eh bien, je viens ici emprunter vingt sous—il me les donne—le lendemain je reviens les lui rendre. Croiriez-vous, mon officier, ce vieux gremlin me demande un liard pour l'intérêt—je refuse—il insiste—enfin, je le paie, mais en sortant, je lui jure sur ma moustache qu'il me payera cela assez cher. Je viens maintenant lui faire une peur du diable, et nous voilà quittes. Adieu, mon officier,*" and he strode out of the room.

No sooner had Précourt departed than the old man, who seemed to have been labouring under a species of fascination during his presence, deposited his bags and papers within a heavy iron

chest that stood near the foot of his bed—he then carefully locked it, and depositing the key in his pocket, turned to De Forsac, and inquired whom he had the pleasure of addressing.

“*Es-tu fou donc, Godot?*” replied the marquis, “*est-ce que ta peur t’a fait perdre la tête? Je suis ton ancienne connaissance le Marquis De Forsac.*”

The old man took a pair of spectacles from the mantel-piece, rubbed them for a moment with a dirty, chequered, cotton handkerchief, placed them carefully across his nose, and advancing a pace or two, examined the features of his visitor with a scrutiny that at any other moment would have amused De Forsac, but which the uncertainty he laboured under, in regard to the final issue of his negociation, now prevented him from enduring with even common patience.

“*Vieux coquin,*” he exclaimed angrily, stamping violently on the floor as he spoke, “*me reconnais-tu enfin pour le Marquis De Forsac?*”

The elevated tone of his voice, and the vehe-

mence of his action, startled the dotard, who, drawing hastily back, suffered his spectacles to fall on the brick floor, where they were instantly dashed to pieces.

“*Oh, Dieu! Monsieur le Marquis, mes lunettes, mes lunettes, vous m'avez fait casser mes lunettes.*”

“*Au diable avec tes lunettes,*” replied De Forsac, “*je t'en donnerai d'autres.*”

This assurance did not altogether satisfy the old man, who, now that he was sufficiently recovered from his fright to recognize the marquis, recollected that he was ever more ready to promise than to perform. However, as there was no alternative, he was even compelled to accept this as a temporary compensation.

The dying embers over which his *tasse de café* had been boiled, were still visible, and as they emitted at least an apology for warmth, he advanced two wretched rush-bottomed chairs, offering De Forsac the best. His visitor glanced at it with a suspicious eye;

drew forth his pocket handkerchief, spread it carefully over the seat, folded the skirts of his coat around him; and, to avoid coming in contact with the greasy back of the chair, sat as stiff and as upright as a boarding-school miss in her back-board.

The old man seated himself also, but with less restraint, and evidently without any dread of soiling an old tattered French-grey frock coat, nearly as greasy as the chair itself. He then inquired, in a low and eager tone, what De Forsac required of him.

“ *Il me faut de l'argent,*” said the marquis, abruptly.

“ *De l'argent, de l'argent!—mais, mon Dieu, je n'en ai pas moi!*” said the *vieillard*, almost relapsing into his recent terror, at the unqualified demand thus made upon him.

“ *Tu mens—tu en as—et de l'or, et des billets de banque, en quantité.*”

“ *Mais, mon Dieu, Monsieur le Marquis, vous m'en devez déjà pour dix-mille francs; je*

viens toute à l'heure de faire votre compte. Le voici," he continued, taking up the account-book already described; but as he was about to uncloset it, De Forsac snatched it out of his hand, and threw it with a whirling motion upon the bed.

"*Au diable avec tes comptes,"* he replied. The old man looked round to see that it was safe, then resumed his position. "*Je sais que je t'en dois,"* continued De Forsac, "*mais pour cette fois ce n'est pas pour moi. C'est pour unjeune Anglais, riche, honorable, et l'héritier d'un titre."*

The money lender raised his ears like those of a horse when he hears the huntsman's horn, and his attention was now completely alive to the subject.

"*Quelle somme lui faut-il?"* he inquired.

"*Vingt mille francs,"* said the marquis.

"*C'est une assez grosse somme, mais quel intérêt payera-t-il, parce que voyez-vous il y a bien peu d'argent dans le marché."*

"*Tiens,"* said the Marquis, drawing his

chair closer to that of the money-lender, *en voici le secret*. He then proceeded to say, that a young English friend of his was willing to give fifty per cent discount on bills to the amount required at six months ; that his means of liquidation were undeniable—a fact that might easily be ascertained at his banker's, Lafitte ; and finally proposed that the ten thousand francs, the amount of discount, should be divided between them.

To this the old man decidedly objected. The security, he had no doubt, was good, for he had found that of most Englishmen to be so ; but he did not think five-and-twenty per cent. a sufficient remuneration. He was extremely sorry, but he must decline it. “It was indeed too little.”

“Very well,” said De Forsac, “I know two or three other men who will be glad to take fifteen percent. I wished, however, to have given you the preference of an old friend, and indeed,” he added, in one of his bland hypocritical tones, “as much

out of consideration for the sum I owe you as any thing else."

"*Un instant,*" said the money lender, seeing that he was about to retire. "*Eh ! mon Dieu, Monsieur le Marquis, que vous êtes exigeant. Vingt-cinq pour cent - c'est bien peu de chose pour moi, qui en courrai tout le risque—prenez en vingt, et donnez-moi le reste.*"

"*Il n'y a point de risque je te dis,*" said the marquis carelessly, for he now saw that the money lender was ready to enter into his terms, although he naturally felt desirous of making the best bargain for himself. "*Tu n'auras l'affaire que sur la condition suivante—nous partagerons les cinquante pour cent.*"

"*Eh bien, Monsieur le Marquis, sur ce qu'il vous reviendra, vous me payerez au moins mille francs, de votre compte.*"

"*Pas un sou, Pierre Godot,*" said De Forsac, gravely, and emphatically. "*Je ne suis pas encore marié.*"

“ *Eh bien, cinq cent francs donc ; c'est bien peu de chose sur vos dix mille.*”

“ *Pas un sou, Pierre Godot,*” reiterated his obstinate debtor ; “ *tu me payeras les cinq mille francs, ou tu n'auras rien sur cette affaire. Ainsi décide-toi.*”

“ *Oh mon Dieu, mon Dieu,*” said the old man, impatiently, “ *on voit bien que vous êtes toujours mauvais sujet, Monsieur le Marquis, mais lui, faut-il de l'argent aujourd'hui ?*”

“ *Il lui en faut tout de suite,*” replied De Forsac, “ *dans ce moment même il nous attend chez lui ; ainsi, mon vieux, dépêche-toi : commence d'abord par dégarnir ton coffre fort.*”

“ *Mais les renseignemens, Monsieur le Marquis, il faut d'abord que j'aïlle chez son banquier.*”

“ *Je t'emmènerai dans mon cabriolet ; tu descendras en route, et si tu trouve bons les renseignemens qu'on te donnera chez Lafitte, tu déposeras entre mes mains les cinq mille francs, en bons*

billets de banque—ensuite je te conduirai chez l'Anglais."

The old man sighed—*Vous êtes bien méfiant, Monsieur le Marquis,*" he muttered ; then throwing off his dirty night-cap, he passed the few teeth which time, and use, and accident had left in a comb that lay on the mantel-piece, through his scanty grey hairs, and tying a handkerchief, that had once been white, round his long neck, completed what he called his customary toilet. The next object of his attention was the account-book, which De Försac had so unceremoniously flung from him. This obtained, he once more applied the key to the chest, which contained his treasure, in which he carefully deposited the ledger ; then removing a large portfolio, filled with *billets de banque* of various amounts, he carefully counted the sum of twenty thousand francs, which he enclosed in a piece of brown paper, and placed on one side. Turning then to the marquis, he asked whether he would prefer having his money in notes or in gold, at

the same time holding up one of the bags before described.

“*Ma foi, l'or vaut bien le papier,*” said De Forsac. “*Quelle est la somme, mon vicux ?*”

“*Le sac contient deux cents cinquante Louis,*” replied the money lender.

“*Bon ; nous le mettrons dans le cabriolet ; aussi tu ne fais pas bien de garder tant d'argent chez toi, on pourroit te le voler.*”

“*Le croyez-vous, Monsieur le Marquis ?*” said the dotard, trembling in every limb at the thought, and dropping the sac of gold on the floor, in his trepidation—“*en ce cas-là je ne dois pas sortir—je ne sortirai pas—ce militaire farouche.*”

The marquis secretly cursed himself for the mischief he had involuntarily occasioned, and sought at once to repair the evil.

“*Comment, vicux grédin, oses-tu soupçonner ce brave militaire ? C'est un de mes anciens compagnons d'armes ; un homme qui te méprise, et ton or aussi—il a voulu te faire peur, et voilà*

tout—veux-tu que je lui fusse part de tes vils soupçons ?” and he moved towards the door.

“*Oh non, Monsieur le Marquis,*” interrupted the old man, in whom the fear of losing his five-and-twenty per cent., added to the dread he entertained of the savage-looking Précourt, began to subdue every lesser apprehension. “*Je ne le soupçonne point, ce brave homme, puisque vous le dites brave—mais, voyez-vous, il n’y a pas long-tems que je suis ici—et je ne connais personne dans toute la maison.*”

“*Pourquoi es-tu donc venu habiter ce vilain quartier ?*”

“*Parceque le logement est si cher, depuis que les Anglais sont à Paris. J’ai payé mon dernier, au Faubourg St. Germain, quinze francs par mois, tandis qu’ici je ne paye que sept, et lorsqu’on a besoin de l’argent on sait toujours où me trouver.*”

“*Sacré avare,*” murmured De Forsac to himself. “*Eh bien, es-tu prêt ?*”

“*Toute à l’heure, Monsieur le Marquis.*”

The notes for twenty thousand francs, wrapped up as we have described them, were then committed to the custody of his pocket-book, as well as several blank *papiers timbrés* for various amounts, and the box having been carefully fastened with a patent lock on one side, and a hasp and padlock on the other, the only difficulty now remaining was in regard to the *sac* of gold. The old man was unwilling that it should be carried down in an exposed manner, as the sight of so much money would, he said, excite suspicion of his wealth in the house, and render him liable to be robbed in his absence. What was to be done? It was evidently too bulky to enter a pocket, and even if it were not, it was decidedly so weighty as to threaten its being torn to atoms. In this dilemma De Forsac devised an expedient. It chanced that the hat, which had been substituted for Monsieur Godot's more comfortable *bonnet de nuit*, was not unlike one of our modern fashionable opera hats, inasmuch as it possessed that wonderful elasticity and aptness to receive all

manner of shapes and impressions which are so remarkable and convenient in these; but here, in common justice to our long-tried and well-approved friend Jupp be it said, all sort of resemblance ceased. The beaver, for there was every reason to believe that it had once been adorned with that material, since a little was still visible beneath the faded band, had, after struggling for years, been compelled to relinquish its last hold on the felt—and no doubt the felt felt the absence of the beaver—for it was now as furrowed, and wrinkled, and faded, and nut-brown as any antiquated damsel of fifty, who pines in vain for the downy bloom which once lingered in glossy fulness on her more youthful cheek.

With this great property of elasticity, however, in which the damsel is certainly sunk in the comparison, it was evident to De Forsac that Monsieur Godot's hat might be rendered serviceable, and converted into a sort of extra pocket; accordingly, he advised that he should carry the *sac* in his hat, in which case its contents could

not possibly be known, even if remarked. This hint was immediately acted upon by the anxious money lender, who removing it from the floor on which it had fallen, consigned the gold to the crown of his hat, which was consequently raised some four or five inches in a conical form above its wonted position. At first, he winced, and declared the weight to be almost insupportable; but De Forsac having observed that he would only have to descend with it to the *cul-de-sac*, where his cabriolet was in waiting, he at length summoned courage to retain it. They now issued from the unhealthy apartment, to the landing place, when the old man carefully double-locked the door, and consigned the key to his pocket. At this moment, the loud laugh of the formidable soldier was heard in Mademoiselle Pauline's room, and Godot turned his eyes upon De Forsac, with a ludicrous expression of fear, while his lips murmured, "Do you think every thing will be safe within?"

“ Did I not tell you that I know the man ?” said De Forsac impatiently. “ Here,” he added, in the next moment, and taking another five-franc piece from his purse, “ knock at the door, and give him this as from yourself ; say that it is intended as a sort of compensation for the charge of interest, and that you hope every thing will be forgotten.”

Delighted at the opportunity thus presented for purchasing a truce with one whom he so much wished to conciliate, without any sacrifice on his own part, the miser seized the money with avidity, and advanced towards the door, his small grey eyes twinkling with vivacious cunning, and his step denoting the removal of some strong anxiety from his mind. He knocked at the door, but the rough “ *ouvrez* ” which greeted his ears, set his frame once more in a tremor, and he could not find courage to obey the summons. Another, “ *Eh bien, ouvrez donc, sacré bleu !* ” uttered in a tone of impatience, decided him. He would willingly have re-

treated to the antipodes if he could; but retreat was now impossible, and, with an uncertain hand, he raised the latch, and pushed the door open before him. So great was his alarm for a moment, that his eyes swam with dizziness, and he only beheld through a film the indistinct outline of the objects within. The *militaire* sprang from his seat, stroked his moustache, looked fiercely as a bravo, and advanced to the door way, exclaiming “*Eh bien, mon vieux coquin: est-ce vous?—que désirez-vous ici? Etes-vous venu me demander encore des intérêts?*”

“*Oh non, Monsieur le militaire,*” replied the old man, with difficulty moving his jaws, which were half paralyzed with fright. “*Je suis bien fâché de ce que j’ai fait, et je vous prie, Monsieur, de me faire le plaisir d’accepter cette petite somme pour compensation.*”

Précourt took the proffered money, looked at it a moment, and then, with an air of hesitation, demanded, whether he intended this as

a loan, on which he was again to be charged interest?

“*Mais non,*” said the money lender eagerly, and somewhat re-assured by the absence of all hostility in the tone in which the question was asked; “*je vous en fais cadeau.*”

“*A la bonne heure,*” rejoined the soldier: “*voilà une autre affaire—c’est fait cela en bon camarade, et, parbleu, je crois que vous êtes bon enfant au fond.*”

This assurance could not fail to prove highly satisfactory to Pierre Godot, who chuckled amazingly at the conciliating language used by his formidable neighbour; but it unfortunately happened that Précourt, when *un peu gris*, had a habit of what is vulgarly called suiting the action to the word, and a friendly tap generally accompanied a friendly expression. His open and uplifted hand now fell with a no very gentle pressure on the head of the old man, who sank, beneath the touch, upon the landing place, with as little power

of resistance as a bag of loose bones, and without at first being able to utter a syllable, while sparks of fire flew from his eyes, and his features were distorted with pain.

“*Grand Dieu! qu'ai-je fait?*” exclaimed Précourt, in whom the situation of the money lender had now excited serious alarm: “*Pauline, ma mie, apporte une tasse d'eau—vite.*”

De Forsac, who meanwhile was waiting a few steps below on the staircase, hearing a noise like that of some falling body, and the subsequent hasty exclamation of Précourt, returned to see what was the matter, and was not a little surprised at beholding the old man stretched upon the *carreau* almost without motion. At this moment, Mademoiselle Pauline appeared with the water, the whole of which she dashed at once into the face of the sufferer. The effect was instantaneous; and the miser eagerly gasping for breath, as one usually does, after an unexpected, and somewhat copious bath of

this nature, rose from the spot where he lay, although yet so stunned from the fall as scarcely to be able to keep his legs. Précourt stooped to pick up his hat, which had fallen off, and was not a little astonished when, attracted by its enormous weight, he beheld in the bottom of the crown a bag closely filled with coin.

“*Diantre !*” he exclaimed, opening his eyes to the dimensions of two moderate sized saucers, and yet with a malicious grin lurking about his mouth ; “*je ne suis plus étonné maintenant, mon v. Il me semblait que vous aviez la tête diablement dure. Voilà l'affaire expliquée—* *Quoi ! est-ce que vous aurez le courage de le remettre ?*” he inquired, placing it in the anxiously extended hand of its owner, on whose sharp features lingered an expression of mingled pain and distrust.

The old man looked at the string to see that all was safe, and then screwing up his face, as if in anticipation of the pain which he felt conscious would result from the operation, once

more placed the hat and its contents upon his head; but the soreness produced such excruciating agony, that he was compelled in the next instant to remove it.

“*Que faut-il faire, Monsieur le Marquis ?*” he said, in a whining tone; “*je ne puis plus le porter sur ma tête. Oh ! Monsieur le militaire, je ne reviendrai jamais de ce coup-là.*”

“*Je suis bien fâché, mon bon vieux,*” replied the soldier, whom Pierre Godot’s present, trifling as it was, had somewhat softened in his favour; “*mais, parbleu, je ne pouvais deviner que vous aviez fait de votre chapeau un portefeuille. Donnez-moi la main, mon vieux.*”

The conciliatory tone of the soldier acted more than anything else could possibly have done, at that moment, as a calmant on the bruises of Pierre Godot; and, with a ghastly grin, that was intended to express pleasure, confidence, and good-will, he submitted to have his bony hand enclosed in the iron grasp of Pré-

court, who thus testified the sincerity of his feelings.

De Forsac, who had never before stood so greatly in need of the five thousand francs thus strangely deposited in Pierre Godot's hat, felt exceedingly vexed at these several interruptions, and he cursed his own folly in sending the dotard on this mission. The gold he had, however, set his heart upon, and he was resolved not to be balked.

“*Tiens, Précourt!*” he exclaimed, “*mets ton vieux manteau, et descends avec ce sac d'or—tu le déposeras dans mon cabriolet.*”

“*Oui, mon officier,*” replied the soldier, hastening to reach his cloak, which was hanging up, covering nearly one side of Mademoiselle Pauline's apartment.

“*Croyez-vous qu'il n'y aurait pas de risque, Monsieur le Marquis?*” whispered Pierre Godot; “*c'est une grosse somme;*” and he glanced at the *militaire* with an eye of reviving suspicion.

De Forsac answered only by a look, which gave him to understand, that if he insinuated anything more, or even hesitated an instant, he would disclose his suspicions to Précourt, and leave him to his fate.

The money lender sighed, and looked wistfully at the *sac*, as he handed it over to the temporary guardianship of Précourt, who now approached.

“*Parbleu, il ne pèse pas mal,*” observed the soldier, placing one hand, with the money, across his chest, and drawing the folds of his cloak round him with the other, as he followed the marquis down the staircase. “*Je voudrais bien que ce fut à moi. Il paraît, mon ami, que vous en avez beaucoup de ces sacs chez vous.*”

“*Oh, non, Monsieur le Militaire,*” faltered the money lender, following close at his heels. “*Les sacs que vous avez vus chez moi ce matin ne contiennent que des grosses pièces de deux sous et de vingt sous—malheureusement* (and he

heaved a long-drawn sigh) *vous avez là le seul sac d'or que je possède.*"

While concluding this remark, they had gained the second dark *escalier* from the bottom, and Pierre Godot, now deprived of his spectacles, could scarcely see even the tall and portly form of the soldier.

"*Où êtes-vous, Monsieur le Militaire ?*" he at length cried eagerly, and trembling with apprehension.

"*Me voici,*" replied Précourt, almost in his ear. "*Ah çà, mon vieux,*" he pursued, in an angry tone, "*oseriez-vous par hazard former des soupçons ? Sacrébleu, si je le croyais je vous passerais l'épée dans le ventre.*"

"*Moi former des soupçons, Monsieur le Militaire !*" returned the cringing, terrified money lender. "*Oh, non—Dieu m'en défende !*"

"*C'est bon,*" muttered Précourt, in the same rough tone, and they again relapsed into silence. In a few minutes they found themselves on the staircase leading to the passage, which, owing to

the street door having been closed, was even more sombre now than when De Forsac had ascended. The marquis groped his way first, and Précourt followed at a little distance. Pierre Godot could now distinguish nothing before him; and as he reflected with what ease Précourt might glide off with the gold, his heart beat violently. Avarice whispered the policy of securing the end of the cloak. Fear told him, that since it was obvious the soldier was somewhat alive to the suspicions he entertained, such a proceeding might be dangerous. The master passion, however, predominated, when, advancing a step or two, he seized hold of the cloak, and followed close on the heels of his companion.

“*Qui est-ce qui me tire?*” thundered Précourt, furiously.

“*Oh ! c'est moi, Monsieur le Militaire—c'est que je n'y vois plus clair, et que je crains de tomber à chaque instant.*”

“*Lâchez, vieux menteur que vous êtes !*” vociferated the soldier.

This only increased the alarm and suspicion of Pierre Godot, who immediately determined that the other merely wished to free himself in order to make good his escape. Instead of relinquishing his hold, therefore, as enjoined, he grasped the cloak even yet more tightly than before.

“*Mille tonnerres ! vous ne le voulez pas donc ?*” muttered Précourt, and liberating his left arm from its imprisonment, he dealt a sweeping back-handed blow on the money lender’s head, which brought him instantly to the ground, when his *vielle carcasse*, as the soldier termed it, rolled from step to step until it finally reached the bottom, even before De Forsac himself.

“*Mon Dieu, Précourt, es-tu fou ?*” he exclaimed, highly irritated, “*que viens-tu de faire ? nous allons avoir tous les locataires sur le dos ; — va vite — ouvres la porte.*”

Précourt stepped over the recumbent body of

his victim, and hastened to open the door of the passage ; but no sooner had he reached it, than Pierre Godot, who was more stunned than hurt, and more anxious about his money than either, was once more upon his legs, and preparing to follow. De Forsac suddenly stopped him.

“ *Ne fais pas de bruit—ne fais pas de scandale,*” he said, angrily; “ *ne t-ai-je pas dit que c'étoit un de mes anciens soldats?—bête,*” he continued, perceiving that the money lender still kept his eye rivetted upon the soldier, while he vainly strove to liberate himself; “ *continue ta méfiance, et tu verras ce que t'arrivera à ton retour.*”

This hint somewhat subdued his manifestation of distrust, though it did not remove even a shadow of the sentiment itself. “ *Ah, Monsieur le Marquis,*” he observed, still panting from his fall, and wiping the dust from his face. “ *Cette affaire me coûtera bien chère—jamais je*

n'ai éprouvé des contrariétés comme aujourd'hui."

"*Bah!*" ejaculated De Forsac, relinquishing his hold. "*Tu es un vieux imbécile—mais dépêchons-nous. L'Anglais nous attend.*"

Once more Pierre Godot pricked up his ears at the sound, and as Précourt had now very unceremoniously quitted his post at the door, and was advancing along the *cul-de-sac*, he lost not another moment in following, keeping his sharp eyes intently fixed on him, and watching every movement with jealous attention, until they had gauged the cabriolet of the marquis.

The *quanquanniens* of the neighbourhood were not yet dispersed, and when they beheld the dashing cavalier once more issue from the house, accompanied by the formidable and well known Jacques Précourt, the terror of all who had ever dared to cast an eye of affection on Mademoiselle Pauline, the *figurante* of the *Ambigu*, and the equally mysterious squalid-looking old man, who was known to occupy a room on the same

floor, conjecture was again afloat. By some the visitor was supposed to be a government spy; others imagined him to be what, by the way, is nearly the same thing, an *agent de police*; while a few stoutly declared, that it could be no other than the notorious Vidocq himself. But when they beheld the soldier, after having deposited a parcel under the seat of the cabriolet, in which the stranger and the old man had placed themselves, touch his cap to the former, and salute him with an "*Adieu, mon officier,*" they were more puzzled than ever. When the cabriolet had driven off, one or two of the boldest, whose acquaintance was, however, confined to seeing and being seen by the *ancien* as he daily passed their houses in his visits to his pupils in the noble *art d'escrime*, now had the hardihood to advance and ask him who the stranger was; but Précourt, seeing the importance attached to this circumstance, was resolved to keep his secret. He stroked his moustache, looked fiercely round, and, without deign-

ing to reply, folded his cloak closer around his large person, and pocketing the five-franc piece which De Forsac had given him at parting, strode majestically back to impart to Mademoiselle Pauline his recent adventure on the staircase, and to show this additional increase of stock to their suddenly revived finances.

CHAPTER VI.

IN no capital in the world are the exigencies of the needy and dissipated, of a certain class, made more an object of speculation than in Paris. As for our Jews, or usurers, they are not only honest in comparison, but far inferior, both in their numbers, and in their practice, to the wretches who are every where to be met with in the French capital, ready to advance their money at an exorbitant interest, provided the security afforded by the parties is such as to preclude all possibility of risk. With the

natives of the country themselves, these people are not only limited in their advances, but scrupulous to a nicety, in regard to public credit ; since, as by the laws of France, a debtor, after a term of confinement, not exceeding five years, is entitled to his liberty, and becomes exonerated from any pre-existing claim, it not unfrequently occurs, that those who are heavily laden with debt prefer being incarcerated for a few years to giving up property, which probably constitutes their whole fortune and means of future subsistence. How far this may be considered equitable, or likely to establish a reciprocal good feeling between debtor and creditor, is a point which we leave to others to discuss. As, however, it is a generally received principle that whatever is done legally is done justly, we presume they are perfectly right. At present it is sufficient to know, that the money lenders keep a regular list of names carefully noted down in their books, to which, in cases of necessity, they usually refer, and advance or withhold

in proportion as their employers have been more or less forward in their liquidation of former engagements. This excessive caution, however, only bears reference to the gay and the dissipated among their own countrymen. With foreigners, and with Englishmen in particular, the case is widely different, for, upon these they have a hold, which is equal to all the mortgages and freehold securities in the world; being, in the event of defalcation, almost certain of the debtor, and that for life. The high character for honorable dealing, moreover, for which certain English are accredited in Paris, is another guarantee for advances, which are made at enormous sacrifices on the part of the receiver, and consequently with corresponding benefit to the money lender. But strict probity of character is not so much a consideration as amplitude of means, even though those means should prove to be of a reversionary nature. A money lender goes cautiously to work, as, of course, all people

of this description do, and naturally enough infers, that a man would rather make any immediate and temporary sacrifice, either from himself or through his friends, than continue in a state of captivity, to which death or payment alone can affix a term. The difficulty, likewise, of concealment, in a capital where the names and addresses of foreigners are kept registered at the police office, and are open to the inspection of all applicants, operates to the advantage of the creditor, and more especially to the money lender, who being more largely embarked, devotes his attention more immediately to the movements of his debtor, and is enabled, through the subordinate clerks in the Bureau de Police, many of whom are paid for the purpose, to ascertain whether there is any probability of his quitting the capital—a step that must necessarily be preceded by a demand for his passport. If apprised of such a fact, with the bills of exchange in his hand, or, what is the same thing, promissory notes, he

goes on the instant to a *Juge de Paix*, swears that his debtor is about to leave the country, procures a writ of arrest, and hands it over to a *huissier*, and in less than twelve hours, the Englishman finds himself an inmate of St. Pélagie. Let it not, however, be supposed, that these people always wait until positively apprised of an intention to depart: it is sufficient for them to suspect it—to imagine it probable, or even to admit the thought for a moment, and they once decide on their measures. An oath costs them nothing, where their interests are at stake; and many have been the instances, not only in Paris, but in France generally, wherein a common creditor, possessed of a written acknowledgment of debt on *papier timbré*—for without a written acknowledgment, all attempts at arrest would be vain—has sworn before a *Juge de Paix* that his debtor was about to leave the country, and thereby obtained an immediate warrant for his apprehension, although such

an idea probably never once entered the head of the individual thus detained.

On foreigners, therefore, and on Englishmen, as the richest of all foreigners, do these harpies contrive to feed ; nor is it wonderful that they feed largely. In a capital where play is the principal pastime, and where, supported and encouraged as the gaming houses are by the government, young men are in the habit of entering them, not with that anxious, robber-like dread of detection which characterizes the frequenters of the London hells, but with a boldness and effrontery of carriage which marks the absence of all shame or idea of impropriety, in a pursuit so universally followed, it must be obvious, that embarrassment, the inevitable result of play, must be much more general even than in the English metropolis. In London, those haunts, at least of a superior order, are known, and open only to a few : whereas the Palace of the Tuileries is not more familiar, neither is the Gallery of the Louvre

more open to each individual, than are the several gaming houses in Paris—the Salon in the Rue Grange Batelier, the only place where hazard is played, alone excepted. In London, moreover, there is not the same facility of introduction, at least not to the same extent: for young men, having different occupations in life, and resources within their own immediate and several circles, are less thrown together. Consequently they incur less hazard of acquiring information in regard to the nature of these establishments, tending but too frequently to induce an irresistible feeling of curiosity, which an universality of acquaintance might but too soon and too fatally afford the means of gratifying. In Paris it is different, for here all Englishmen seem to be drawn together, as to one common centre, and the pursuits of one may be considered as the pursuits of all: so that, in the consecutive links which compose the chain of Anglo-Parisian society, there is scarcely an individual to be found who is not more or less familiar

with these dangerous places of resort. Where, therefore, every Englishman is supposed to play, and where, as a necessary result of play, the credit of most with their bankers is exhausted long before the period originally anticipated, it is not wonderful that the money lenders should reap rich harvests from their necessities, or that they should have the unblushing assurance to require the most enormous sacrifices for the temporary accommodation afforded, when it is well known that a man under the influence and excitement of play, is often ready to enter into terms that might even compromise his existence. It may, however, be inquired in what manner the rich money lender, and the necessitous player are thrown into collision to an extent sufficiently great to admit of considerable profit to the former. There are few young Parisians of a certain rank in life to whom these men are not known, and when they foresee the probability of reaping any thing for themselves, by forwarding the views of either party, they do not

hesitate to adopt a plan nearly similar to that pursued by De Forsac, in regard to our hero, contriving to make a good thing of their agency with the money lender, and often even not using the slightest scruple in borrowing from the party, who fancies himself infinitely obliged to him for procuring money at forty and fifty per cent., when, in fact, he is the dupe, at that enormous rate of interest, more of the pretended friend than of the money lender himself.

But the principal auxiliaries of these people are the dashing, splendid females who frequent the *Salons d'Écarté*. Although the greater number of these women have independent incomes, and form attachments with the young men they usually meet in these haunts, without any view to personal interest, still there are many who are often without any other gifts than those afforded by their natural attractions, and on whom the irresistible impulse of play operates a desire to procure, in any possible manner, the means of gratifying their favorite propensity.

Most of these also have some sort of *liaison*, either with their own countrymen or with strangers, and very rarely does an Englishman, who has been introduced into these seductive places of amusement, fail to form an attachment of some description. When, therefore, as a natural result of play, and lavish expenditure on his *chère amie* of the moment, the immediate finances of a young man are exhausted, and he has no longer the means of gratifying his favorite passion, or of conducting to the amusement of his mistress, she kindly suggests the possibility of his procuring a sum for bills, on such and such terms. These are ever in favour of the money lender; and, furnished with the necessary powers, she instantly repairs to him, and bargains for a present for herself, in proportion to the amount required. A *billet de banque*, a set of valuable trinkets, or a cashmere shawl, is, in general, the result of her agency with one party, and of course the lover cannot do less than

make her a *joli cadeau* also, for having been instrumental in procuring him money, which he does not consider dearly purchased at any rate of interest, however exorbitant, since it enables him to pursue his course of infatuation, and because he looks not beyond the temporary accommodation afforded. When the money is expended, and the borrower either wholly ruined, or, what is nearly the same thing, thrown into St. Pélagie, at all events, unable to command further resources, the fair agent forsakes him without the least ceremony, and looks out for some other lover, whose prospects are yet in a flourishing condition. Meanwhile the trinkets or cashmere of the money lender, and whatever else may have been given her by the ruined lover, are sent to the Mont de Piété—by the way, a much prettier name to designate what we vulgarly term pawnbrokers' shops—and she contrives to eke out the amount in play until another victim has been lured to her toils, who, in turn, when completely *plumé*, is sacrificed for

another, and so on to the end of her career—that is, until she becomes old and ugly—when, deprived of every power of fascination, she sinks into peevishness, poverty, and contempt—all the malevolent passions deeply stamped upon her brow, and her mind torn with bitterness of envy, as she compares the more youthful and lovely of her sex with what she once was herself, and contrasts the homage paid to their charms with her own now despised and neglected condition.

It is not, however, the money lender alone, who profits by the folly and facility of those careless Englishmen, who are so unfortunate as to form temporary connexions with the more dependent of these women. Very frequently they have, for lovers, young men moving in the first sphere of Parisian society; yet in circumstances rendered nearly as indigent as themselves from play, whose credit with the money lending race has long been at an end. These men do not blush to wink at—nay, to encourage *liaisons* between their mistresses and

such Englishmen, as they believe to have long purses; and can most conveniently render themselves blind to what is passing, even though it should be evident to a whole company—by whom however, be it understood, these things are considered and treated as matters of course, because they are known to be of every day occurrence. The intimacy of the Englishman is confined to visits, at stated periods, and these are always so contrived as to leave little probability of the rival lovers, if rival lovers they can be called, coming in contact with each other. Let it not be supposed, however, that the original favorite has any kindly feeling in regard to his temporary successor—not so; he hates him from his soul, and would cut his throat if he could. It is his interest alone that is consulted in the sacrifice he makes, for he knows that he can ask, and in fact it is mutually understood between the mistress and himself that he shall occasionally obtain a *billet de banque* or two, which of course comes out of the successor's purse, under the plea of

the lady having a long *mémoire* to pay, or now and then a *petite fille à doter*. These drafts affect not the interest of the *chère amie*, since they are extras in the concern, only purchased at the price of a display of a little more than ordinary affection and coaxing, and what the Englishman himself would, in his more serious moments, term humbugging. Fortunately for the French lover, his passion for his mistress is less powerful than his passion for play; and when, after a few days of comparative deprivation of this necessary indulgence, he finds some five and twenty or thirty pieces of gold piled before him on the *écarté* table, he is inclined to admit that an Englishman is a devilish convenient, good sort of fellow—especially as the favours of the lady are not his exclusive appropriation; but the instant these have disappeared, he changes his tone of feeling, and rests not a moment satisfied until he has procured another supply, when he continues once more at rest, until these in their turn have

vanished. Let no one deem this picture overcharged; assertions of the kind we should not venture to advance, were they not founded on experience and an intimate knowledge of facts.

Before we dismiss this subject altogether—a subject certainly not destitute of interest, since these pages contain little more than a disclosure of facts, a knowledge of which may prove beneficial to many a future visitor to the French metropolis—we will advert to another description of persons, known as “*faiseurs d'affaires*,” who abound in every quarter of that capital. These are in general broken-down tradespeople, and, what will appear singular to an Englishman, of both sexes; the greater proportion, however, are men, as might be expected; and a more needy, worthless race of vipers never existed. The following is the nature of their occupation. When they hear of a man of any respectability requiring money, they immediately request an interview, which the

individual, happy to grasp at every chance of obtaining his object, readily grants, and the party proposing is invited to discuss the *affaire* on the following morning, over a copious *dé-vâner à la fourchette*. Nothing is considered too good for a person who has it in his power and is willing to procure the so much desired supplies; while hope, whispering the certainty of success, sends prudence out at the window, and champaign, claret, and delicious liqueurs, are served up with viands proportionately expensive. The host, and his half-starved, unshaven, filthily-attired visitor, sit down together, carefully avoiding, however, all mention of the subject on which they are met, until the repast is finished. At length the pretended man of business, after having literally gorged himself with the good things before him, enters on the affair in agitation. He says he knows an individual who is possessed of a quantity of wine, or corn, or cloth, or timber, or any other article, in short, which he is willing to dispose

of for bills at a certain date, provided these bills be good, and that any respectable commercial house will—not pledge themselves, for this is never required—but, simply say that they believe them to be such. This point effected, he says he knows another person dealing in the stock, whatever it may chance to be, who is willing to pay cash for it at so much discount, which is, of course, heavy enough; and that the only thing necessary on giving the bills, is to have the article transferred from the original seller to the last purchaser. Here there is no obvious difficulty; the man wanting the money knows a house who will immediately declare his bills to be good—he refers the *faiseur d'affaires* to him, and the other exclaims—“*Je connais parfaitement la maison—mais c'est une affaire excellente—tachez d'avoir du papier timbré pour tel et tel somme, et nous arrangeons l'affaire demain matin à déjeuner.*” He then takes his hat, swallows a glass of liqueur, or any thing else that he may fancy—promises

to lose no time in arranging the business on the following day, and walks out, leaving his host on perfectly good terms with his prospects, nay, almost certain of success.

On the following morning he makes his appearance at the hour appointed, goes through the same operation of eating and drinking as if that meal were to be his last, and then proceeds to discuss the manner in which the bills are to be drawn out—a point that might have been settled on the preceding day, but which would necessarily have given him one breakfast less. These bills being duly executed, he then takes his leave, promising to lose no time in bringing the affair to a speedy termination, which, by the way, in nine instances out of ten, he does not expect to do; but what does that signify to him? He runs about a little, it is true, but for this he is invariably recompensed. Instead, however, of attending to the business of his first employer, he goes to some other person who wants money on the same terms, where the same

farce is played, and thence to another, so that he generally contrives to have four or five dupes on his hands at the same moment, who each provide him with a breakfast, and a dinner or two a week. When he has completed the round he returns again to the first, and assures him, while devouring another excellent meal at the expense of the party, that the *affaire* is *en bon train*, and cannot but terminate satisfactorily. The same story is told to the others, and with the same result, and thus his visits are constantly and regularly repeated. On one occasion the excuse is, that the person referred to was from home when he called; at another, the man holding the stock is out of town for a day or two. Sometimes there is said to be an informality in the bills, for which he is sorry, as he is the cause of the error, having himself dictated the manner in which they were to be drawn up. New stamps are then sent for, and fresh obligations given. In short, what with one pretext and another, these fellows frequently drag on affairs of

this kind for a month or six weeks, although every thing is to be terminated each succeeding day; and when at length they find the patience of the parties wholly exhausted, they declare, with affected concern, that they fear the business is not to be accomplished. The holder of the stock does not consider the references sufficiently good, although Monsieur is, of course, known to be a most honorable man, and punctual in the fulfilment of his engagements; but (with a shrug of the shoulders) he must know *que celà ne suffit pas dans le commerce*. Sometimes, to make a show of exertion and influence, they pretend the goods are ready to be delivered for the bills, but that the person who had agreed to purchase in the first instance, now declines, under the plea of having too much stock on hand to run the risk of taking more. No blame ever attaches to the *faiscur d'affaires* himself. Oh, no—for he has had so much trouble—so much running about—and then, poor fellow, he loses all the commission, and the *petits cadeaux* he

was to have had at the termination of the business. However, he hopes, on some future occasion, to be more fortunate, and not to have such brutes to encounter, as those with whom he has now had to deal. It is certainly very singular, for he has been in the habit of negotiating these affairs for many years, and he never knew a similar instance of disappointment; but one cannot controul circumstances, or the whims and caprices, or bad faith of others. And thus he not only escapes being kicked down stairs, or thrown out of window, but even secures to himself an opening to future employment.

It is certainly surprising how these fellows contrive to find so many dupes, where speculations of this description are chiefly confined to the Parisians themselves, and principally to the highest classes of society. But it is a subject of even greater astonishment, that, with their natural vivacity of character, the latter should patiently endure the tedious delays imposed upon them by these designing villains, yet so it is: and it would scarcely be

credited in England, to what an extent this kind of traffic, if such it can be called, is carried on in Paris. Neither does the experience of one serve as a warning and safeguard to another; for as these negociations are, perhaps, once out of ten times successful, each individual fancies that his own business may, by some lucky turn of fortune, terminate according to his wishes. In short, seeing no other prospect of procuring the supplies they require, all are glad to cling to every shadow which can have a tendency to keep alive their several hopes;—nor is it, until after each pretext has been exhausted by the *faiseur d'affaires*, and the positive assurance is given that nothing can be done, that they abandon every expectation, and then their rage and disappointment are often without bounds.

Among many instances we have known of the kind, we will simply cite that of a French nobleman of our acquaintance—highly accomplished, sensible, intelligent, and a complete man of the world. In a transaction of this

nature, he was humbugged—we must use the term—for nearly two months by one of these fellows, foolishly expecting each day that the succeeding morning would bring him the amount he required. Breakfasts, dinners, and wines were not spared on the occasion, and new pretexts arose with each sun, until no more were to be found, even in the prolific brain of *Monsieur le faiseur d'affaires*, who, after having literally grown fat on the good things at his table, and put him to various expenses, the *papiers timbrés* for bills alone amounting to a couple of louis d'or, was very sorry to say that the affair, which the hour before had been going on so charmingly, had not now the slightest chance of a favorable termination. The anger of the nobleman was excessive, for he had sense enough to know he had been duped; in fact, he felt while the transaction lasted, that there was every probability he would be duped, but until the home-thrust of positive disappointment came, he suffered his judgment to be hoodwinked by

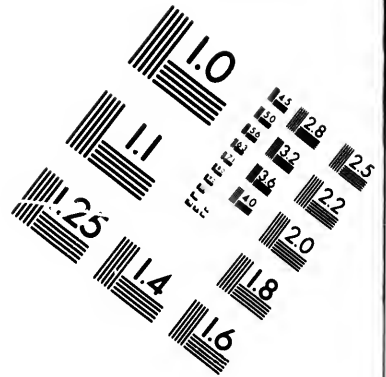
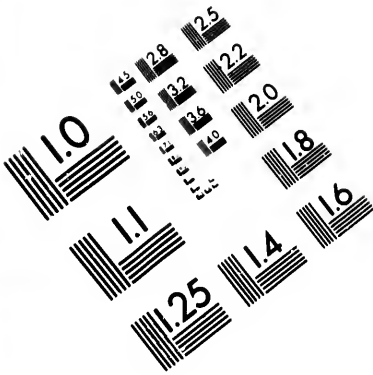
a feeling which, if it could not be called hope, was certainly very much like it. He had, despite of his good sense, been building some very beautiful *châteaux en Espagne*—the sum for which he was in treaty was a very large one, and he would do this, and that, and the other with it. As for the *faiseur d'affaires*, nothing could be too good for him, since nothing could exceed the obligation he should be under to him. He was, moreover, to have had a handsome diamond ring (the fellow never wore a glove in his life), and some other present, which we do not now recollect. At length, however, the crisis came, and after our friend had literally kicked *Monsieur le faiseur d'affaires* out of his apartment, covering him at the same time with imprecations, he sat down to ruminate on his folly, when, as fast as his castle-building tumbled down, his restaurateur's bills came tumbling in. There was so much for *tourte de Périgaux*, so much for *rognons du café Hardi*, so much for *foie d'oie de Strasbourg*, so much for *coquilles*

aux champignons du café de Chartres—in fact, for all the more rare and delicious *comestibles* that the *gourmand* in the Palais Royal could afford—and there were long charges for Champagne, Beaume, Pomard, Clos-vogos, Hermitage, &c. &c. &c., and so much for Curaçoa, Vespédro, Kirchwaser, Eau-de-vie de Dantzic—in short, so numerous were the expenses, that a knowing one would have said the *faiseur d'affaires* had literally done him, while a simpler and a more honest man would have declared that he had undone him; but whether done or undone, or both, it is but too true that he was dunned in consequence, and had some difficulty, in his present emergencies, to procure the means of discharging the bills, while the only consolation he derived was in swearing eternal enmity to the whole host of swindling reptiles, self-designated *faiseurs d'affaires*.

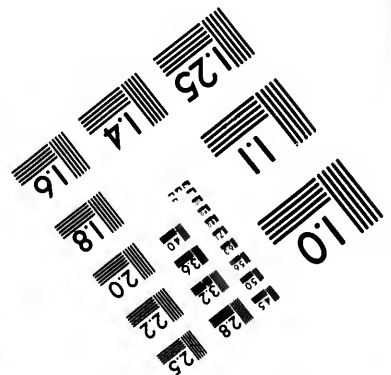
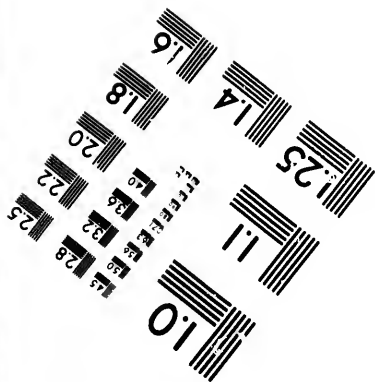
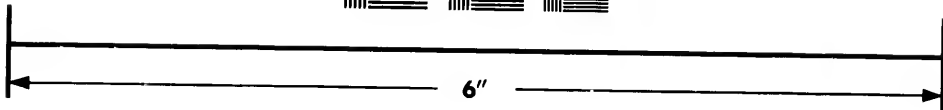
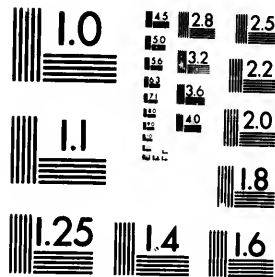
Return we now to our friend Pierre Godot, the most original and singular of money lenders of the first class, whom we left travelling at full

speed through the dirty *Marais* towards the *quartier* of the *Chaussée d'Antin*. During the whole of the drive, the old man had been ransacking his brain for a pretext to get hold of the bag, which lay safely deposited in the seat of the *cabriolet*, and so completely absorbed was he in the subject, that several observations, addressed to him by the *marquis*, were unheard and unanswered. At length the *cabriolet* stopped in the *Rue d'Artois*, opposite to *Lafitte's*, and he found it necessary to decide on some measure. Distrust was a feeling too deeply rooted in his nature for him to feel comfortable at the idea of leaving the *marquis* and the money behind him; moreover, if he even requested him to accompany him, the servant, who had seen the money deposited, remained, and there was nearly as much danger to be apprehended from him. Under all these circumstances the old money-lender experienced nearly as much difficulty and embarrassment as the man in the fable with his fox, his goose, and his oats. As





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he hesitated how to act, De Forsac impatiently asked whether he intended to alight, or to keep him waiting there all day. The old fellow stepped slowly from the vehicle, lingered for a moment on the *paré*, and was about to ask for his bag, when reading in De Forsac's countenance a no very amiable or conciliatory expression, he desisted and moved reluctantly forward on his mission. He had not, however, reached the *porte cochère*, when his fear once more overcame his prudence, and returning, he, with a desperate effort at indifference, asked for his bag, declaring that his head was now quite well, and that he could once more carry the money, without inconvenience, in his hat.

“*Et que désires-tu faire de ton sac?*” demanded the marquis, angrily. “*As-tu besoin de l'argent?*”

“*C'est que—c'est que—voyez-vous, Monsieur le Marquis, c'est que*”—

“*Au diable avec tes bêtises, reponds-moi—*”

Crois-tu que ton sac d'or ne soit pas bien soigné ici ?

“ Oh oui, Monsieur le Marquis, je sais que je le laisse entre bonnes mains, mais c'est qu'il y a plusieurs pièces de quarante francs, et que je voudrais les changer pour des simples Louis.”

“ Ne t'occupe pas de cela, bon-homme,” replied De Forsac, ironically ; *“ puisque ce sac est pour moi, je me garderai bien de me plaindre de ce que tu y aurais mis des pièces de quarante francs — J'aime ces espèces là à la folie.”*

Pierre Godot had now no other alternative left than to submit, and casting a wistful glance at the seat of the cabriolet, where his treasure lay deposited, and sighing from the bottom of his heart, he once more set out ; but at every third pace, until he finally disappeared in the hall leading to the staircase, he turned to see that the cabriolet still remained in the same spot. De Forsac, although affecting indignation, was secretly amused at the terror of the old man ; and when he beheld his grisly face peeping

through a window of the *anti-chambre* leading to the office, to see that all was right, he suddenly gave the horse a lash, and sent him a few paces forward. Despair seized the bosom of the money lender ; he dropped his hat, and rushing, like one bewildered, from the room, bounded down the staircase, and reached the *porte cochère* in the space of a minute. When he arrived, the horse had been backed, and stood precisely in the spot where he had left him. De Forsac could scarcely refrain from giving loud vent to his mirth, as he beheld the hoary miser, pale with the extraordinary exertion he had made, his scanty grey hairs waving in the breeze, his mouth wide open, and his eyes strained to their fullest dimensions. What added, however, to the ridicule of his appearance was his inability to utter a word, or to account for his being there ; and when the marquis, affecting to believe that he had already despatched the business he had in hand, inquired whether he had seen the parties, and if he had

found the *renseignemens* to be correct, he replied, scratching his head, and in a voice yet tremulous from recent fright—

“ *Mais non, Monsieur le Marquis, je n’y suis pas encore allé.*”

“ *Et que fais-tu donc ici, vieux pêcheur—je t’ai vu il n’y a qu’un instant à la croisée en haut.*”

“ *C’est que—c’est que—je croyais que vous alliez partir, Monsieur le Marquis,*” replied the money-lender, hesitatingly.

“ *Oh, pour cclà, c’est un peu fort. Va vite, arrange ton affaire, et si tu n’es pas de retour au bout de dix minutes, je partirai sans toi.*”

Pierre Godot now made nearly as much haste in ascending, as he had before made in descending the stairs leading to the office set apart for the transaction of English business, and appeared before Monsieur C——, the principal clerk, resembling rather a spectre than a human being, and much to the amusement of a young Englishman, waiting to receive a sum of money, for

which Monsieur C—— was in the act of writing a cheque.

“*Monsieur,*” said the money lender, approaching close to the ear of the man of business, “*connaissez-vous Monsieur Delmaine, un Anglais, et pourriez-vous me donner des renseignemens sur son compte ?*”

“Silence !” vociferated the chief clerk, who, by the way, is a very consequential and important personage, at least in his own estimation. “*Ne voyez-vous pas que je suis occupé ?*”

The money lender started back a pace, completely intimidated by the sharp reproof of the man in office, and stood literally on thorns until he had finished filling up the cheque. He took out an old silver watch, suspended by a steel wire chain, and counted the minutes ; three were expired, and every instant of delay was of consequence to him. He listened to every sound of approaching and departing carriages. Alas, that of the marquis might be of the number ; he was in an agony of uncertainty, for the

room in which he now was overlooked the Rue de Provence, and he had left De Forsac in the Rue d'Artois in the front. At length this state of suspense became too painful for endurance, and he resolved to satisfy himself whether all was right. Stealing gently out of the office, he once more gained the anti-room, when cautiously approaching the window, and bending his meagre frame to nearly double its habitual curve, in order to avoid being seen from without, he directed his eager gaze towards the street below. The sight of De Forsac, engaged in conversation with a female, reassured him, and he once more returned to the office, when the business of the Englishman having been despatched, Monsieur C——, on the declaration of the old man that he had been referred to him by our hero himself, entered into such particulars in regard to the means and respectability of the family, as quite satisfied him that his money might be advanced without any great

risk ; and Pierre Godot, with a much lighter step and heart, quitted the office in search of his hat. No hat, however, was to be found in the anti-room, where he had left it, and after a fruitless search of a minute or two, finding that his time was expired, and observing that De Forsac, now alone, was furiously lashing his horse, as if impatient to be gone, he once more descended to the street, and appeared at the side of the cabriolet.

“ *Qu'as tu fait de ton chapeau ?*” inquired the marquis, unable to contain his mirth at the ludicrous figure he exhibited.

“ *Je l'ai perdu,*” whined the old man ; “ *je l'ai laissé dans l'antichambre en haut, et il n'y est plus.*”

“ *Eh bien, désires-tu savoir, que en est le voleur ?*”

“ *Mais certainement, Monsieur le Marquis, je vous prie en grâce de me le dire.*”

“ *Eh bien, Pierre Godot, c'est un gros chien*

*Anglais, qui l'a emporté. Je l'ai vu descendre
il n'y a qu'un instant ton chapeau à la guêlé.'*

*"Eh, mon Dieu, mon Dieu, le vilain chien
Anglais,—voilà deux pertes que je viens de faire
aujourd'hui,—et mes lunettes et mon chapeau,—
comment ferai-je pour ravoïr mon chapeau ?"*

*"Tiens, vieux imbécile, je te donnerai un écu
pour acheter un autre ; mais monte vite, et dis
moi si ton affaire est arrangée."*

The money lender got in, as desired, much to the amusement and surprise of the passers-by, who indulged in jokes, more or less piquant, according to their position in the scale of society. De Forsac was quite alive to the ridicule of having such an extraordinary personage for his companion, but as he was even much more alive to the possession of the two hundred and fifty pieces of gold which were about to be transferred from that companion to himself, he submitted, with the best grace he could assume. As soon as they had driven off, he inquired if

the *renseignemens* were satisfactory. Being told that they were, he handed the reins over for a moment to the money lender; then taking the bag from the seat where it had been deposited, proceeded, much to the alarm of the legitimate owner, to untie it.

“ *Mais, mon Dieu, Monsieur le Marquis, que faites-vous donc?—l'affaire n'est pas encore terminée,*” hastily exclaimed the old man, extending his right hand to prevent this infringement on his property.

“ *Ote ta main, vieux imbécile,*” replied De Forsac, thrusting his hand into the bag, and transferring a quantity of gold to the pockets of his trowsers; “ *ne vois-tu pas qu'il faut absolument que nous montions ensemble chez l'Anglois, et penses-tu laisser ce sac d'or dans le cabriolet sans courir grand risque de le perdre. Crois-moi ton or sera plus sur dans mes poches.*”

Pierre Godot was of opinion, that of two evils it was better to choose the least, and he watched

the gradual disappearance of his gold into the several pockets of the marquis, with the eagerness of one who takes a view of a cherished object, and is fully satisfied that that object is seen for the last time. It did not occur to the money lender that he was to be doubly reimbursed for this temporary sacrifice: he only remarked, and was sensible of the loss of a certain number of pieces which he had been in the habit of counting every morning, perhaps, for the last twenty years of his life; and his separation from them was accompanied by a pang not unlike that which may be supposed to attend the dissolution of body and soul. Even when De Forsac, after having consigned the whole of the money to his numerous pockets, threw the empty bag into the street, and resumed the reins, Pierre Godot thrust his head on one side, and continued to rivet his dull but anxious gaze upon it, with the same melancholy interest with which a passenger at sea beholds the loss of some favorite object which has fallen overboard, and

which the rapid advance of the vessel precludes all possibility of his regaining; nor did he withdraw his attention from the direction in which it had fallen, until the sudden stopping of the cabriolet in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin announced that they had gained the Englishman's residence.

Meanwhile Delmaine sat waiting with impatience the arrival of the marquis and his promised supplies. Three o'clock struck, but there was yet no appearance of his visitors; another quarter of an hour passed away, and he became restless and peevish, looking at every vehicle that rolled by, and hoping that the last would prove that which he desired; the half hour sounded, and he heard a cabriolet stop at the *porte cochère* of the hotel. These must be them, he thought; and he sprang from the sofa to the window. A gentleman alighted; the figure, as it glided swiftly by, resembled that of De Forsac, and he expected to see the money lender following with his *sacs*. He was

doomed, however, to be disappointed; for instead of an usurer, it was a young and elegantly dressed female. "They will not come," he murmured, turning away from the window with real sickness of heart, and throwing himself upon an ottoman. He covered his eyes with his hand, and indulged in a train of mingled feelings, which are known only to men in his situation. Another cabriolet rolled rapidly along, and stopped in the next instant in front of the hotel.

"Here they are at last," exclaimed Adeline, who, pained by his agitation and disappointment, had continued to linger near a window overlooking the street.

Delmaine started from his recumbent position, and flew to her side, his heart beating with uncertainty, and his eyes eagerly directed below. This time he was not doomed to be disappointed. He saw De Forsac alight, and after him followed one, whose long lank figure, and cautious air and step, gave every indication of his being what he was, an usurer.

In a few minutes De Forsac entered the apartment, followed closely by Pierre Godot, who, in the course of their ascent up the stairs, had kept as near to him as he had on a former occasion to the *ex-militaire* Précourt, and much to the amusement of the porter and the several lodgers they encountered on their way, who scrupled not to laugh aloud at the spectre-like appearance of the hatless money lender, whose grey hairs, scattered about by the wind, looked like so many bristling quills of the porcupine. Neither could Delmaine suppress a smile, on beholding so singular a countenance; for Pierre Godot's face was as white as its naturally sallow hue would admit, in consequence of the exertion he had made in following the malicious De Forsac, who had literally bonDED up the stairs with the sole view of annoying him. Even Adeline, though really sad at heart, was compelled to leave the room, in order to conceal the laughter she found it utterly impossible to restrain

As soon as the panting money lender had recovered his breath, he turned to De Forsac, and asked if Delmaine was the gentleman with whom the business was to be transacted, when, upon being answered in the affirmative, he approached, and fixed his small grey eyes on our hero with a scrutinizing glance, as if to discover whether there was any additional security for his money in his appearance. The examination evidently terminated in such a manner as to prove our friend Pierre to be an excellent physiognomist, for he had no sooner completed the survey of his person, than, with something that was intended for a smile, he declared, that if monsieur was quite prepared, he was willing to enter upon the business immediately. Taking out his pocket-book and *papiers timbrés*, he now sat down to draw out the body of the bills, when he suddenly recollected the fate of his *lunettes*. What was to be done? he could neither write nor read without his

spectacles, and unless provided with these, things must remain *in statu quo*. It was quite out of the question that he should go out and purchase a pair to suit his sight, as he must, in that case, leave the marquis behind him, with his five thousand francs in his pocket ; and Pierre Godot fancied that his experience had been by no means of a nature to justify his trusting him with that sum, at least until the Englishman's bills were duly executed. Delmaine, however, happened to recollect that Adeline had a pair of double glasses, set in gold, according to the fashion of the day, which, she said, had been given her by a gentleman, a very old and intimate friend ; and he went into her dressing-room to ask for them. She hesitated, coloured, and even looked surprised at his request, but understanding the purpose for which they were required, she regained her composure, and taking them from a small mother-of-pearl box, in which she kept a part of her trinkets, handed them to him. Returning to the salon,

he placed them in the hands of the money lender, whose sight, although too bad to admit of his either reading or writing without spectacles, was still good enough to distinguish the metal he most admired on earth. The beauty and richness of the setting attracted his notice, and after rubbing his eyes once or twice, in order to satisfy himself that he was not deceived, he at length exclaimed—

“ Mais, mon Dieu, Monsieur le Marquis, ce sont les mêmes lunettes que je vous ai vendues il y a deux ans—vous m’avez dit que vous alliez en faire cadeau à une jeune et jolie demoiselle, dont vous étiez éperdument épris.”

“ Tu te trompes, vieux imbécile,” interrupted De Forsac, somewhat angrily; *“ tes maudites lunettes sont déjà bien loin d’ici—crois-tu que les lunettes ne se ressemblent pas ?”*

“ Oui, oui, je le sais,” replied the money-lender; *“ mais je les reconnais par une marque particulière ;”* and much to the satisfaction of

De Forsac, he applied them to his glassy eyes, and said no more on the subject.

Had Delmaine been alive to any thing beyond the business which he was about to transact, he would have been struck by the singular coincidence of Adeline's manner with this short dialogue. As it was, he was too completely absorbed in anxiety about its termination to pay much attention to observations which certainly fell on his ear, and even flitted across his mind, but which only made a dull and partial impression and passed away almost immediately.

The bills were soon drawn out, signed, and delivered by our hero, who, in consideration of his thirty thousand francs of promissory notes, received from the hands of Pierre Godot the sum of twenty thousand in *billets de banque*, carefully counted over at least half a dozen times.

Having secured the promised *écu*, with which he was to purchase a second or third-hand hat,

while, *ad interim*, he bound his scattered grey hairs with the before-mentioned cotton handkerchief, the money lender now departed. De Forsac then carelessly observed, "Well, I think I have managed this business very cleverly. If you knew all, you would indeed feel very much indebted to me; for, to tell you the truth, I have been out since nine this morning running after this old fellow, and devilish hard work had I to get him to advance the money at all."

"Indeed I am most truly obliged to you," returned Delmaine. "It certainly was an act of very great kindness, and I do assure you that I feel it as such."

"Do not say a word about it, my dear fellow," rejoined the marquis. "I only wish," he pursued, taking out his nearly empty purse, and holding it up to view, "that my own finances were in half as flourishing a condition."

"Apropos, do you want any money?" interrupted Delmaine: "if so, I beg you will use the freedom of a friend."

“ Why, I do not well know myself,” replied De Forsac, with affected hesitation. “ Let me see : I have a few Louis at home ; however, as these will not go very far, I think I shall avail myself of your offer.”

“ What will you have ?” inquired Clifford, unfolding the notes.

“ You can give me a hundred pounds ; that will be quite sufficient for the present.”

Delmaine took two notes of a thousand francs each, and one of five hundred, and handed them to the marquis, who, with a cool “ thank you,” consigned them to his waistcoat pocket.

“ And now,” he observed, “ it is high time that I should think of going home. I have not yet had an opportunity of performing my toilet to-day, and I am quite sick of wearing the same clothes so long.” He might have added that he was also fatigued with the weight of gold which encumbered his pockets ; but as it by no means entered into his views to let our hero know he had any gold at all, he very wisely made no

allusion to the subject, but leaving Delmaine fully impressed with a high sense of the obligation conferred on him, once more sallied forth on his return home.

CHAPTER VII.

How strange and rapid are the revolutions operated on the human mind, when one strong and absorbing vice is suffered to creep over it in the insidious disguise of novelty or amusement! Our hero, although generous to a degree, had been remarkable at college for the prudence with which his pecuniary transactions were conducted, and in no one instance had he been known to exceed the three hundred a year which had been allowed him from the moment of his entrance into Cambridge. Of debt he

had ever entertained a certain degree of horror, not from any unworthy or selfish dread of the personal responsibility attached to such a state, but because his proud spirit could not brook the idea of obligation to a tradesman, by remaining in his debt an hour after the term stipulated for payment had expired. That such might happen to be his position, he could not deny, the daily examples which occurred among his associates furnishing him with sufficient experience, while they at the same time strengthened him in his determination to avoid the same annoyances. Such had been his feeling and conduct since his departure from the University; such too had been his sentiments and his practice only one month prior to the period at which we find him borrowing a sum of money from a filthy and contemptible money lender, and that at a sacrifice almost without parallel in the annals of usury. Of the means of liquidation he had scarcely once troubled himself to think. It was true, that of the sum for which he had given his

bills, two thirds of the amount were in his possession, and might be considered only as an advance of his own money, while the overplus with which this accommodation had been purchased did not amount to a year's income ; yet to raise thirty thousand francs, or twelve hundred pounds sterling, in so short a period as six months, would have appeared to him, under all circumstances, at any other moment, an almost unattainable object. But our hero had now unhappily entered into the full spirit of play, and, like all other players, he suffered his better sense to be cajoled by the plausibility of his hopes. Many things he fancied might turn out in his favour before the expiration of the period ; and although he of course could not expect to find a friend either in Dormer or his uncle, he would, on the instant, write to Sir Edward's steward, who received the rents arising from his own little patrimonial estate, and desire him to mortgage it for the amount. Then he had an old college friend residing at Tours,

to whom he had lent two hundred pounds some years back ; this sum, together with some valuable trinkets which he had, worth nearly as much more, would assist him greatly in the discharge ; but what he chiefly depended on was the large sum already in his hands ; with this he proposed playing until he trebled the amount, when he would call in the bills, and pay off the thirty thousand francs to the usurer. This was his principal reliance ; the others were mere subsidiary resources, and only to be resorted to in a case of extremity. Alas ! poor Delmaine ; he did not reflect, or rather he would not reflect, that the sum now in his possession might, in the course of a few weeks, nay, a few days, or even a few hours, be swallowed up at those very tables on which he most relied for the means of fulfilling his engagements ! But what player ever yet reflected on the chances against him, or doubted that, with twenty thousand francs in his purse, he should be enabled to break every bank to which he might choose to oppose him-

self? Neither did it occur to him that, even in the event of Fortune proving unpropitious, he might be disappointed in his contingent resources; that the steward might fail in any attempt to raise the money, at least to the amount required; that his friend at Tours might be as much in want of cash as himself; or that trinkets are never held at a less valuation than by those who are about to purchase, or to advance money on them. Yet had these, or even worse reflections, crowded on his mind, they would at once have been dispelled by the golden visions which were soon after this event unfolded to his view.

At the precise period to which our story alludes, a new system of play, which had been duly and cautiously studied, was finally adopted by one or two wary and experienced frequenters of the *rouge et noir* tables. These men, who had passed twenty years of their lives in watching the turning up of the cards, and calculating the chances of success, had at length discovered a

game which it was pretended was infallible, and for some time it certainly was practised with effect. All Paris rang with the news. It was the theme of conversation in every circle, and excited universal astonishment and remark. This important discovery was the nine days wonder—the philosopher's stone of the day. The road to immediate wealth seemed to be opened to every one possessed of common enterprize and common capital; and the very inspectors of these establishments trembled on their thrones, where, clothed in the spoils of thousands of victims, they had hitherto reclined in all the luxury and grandeur of their power. The whole tribe of proprietors, bankers, and dealers, took the alarm, and it became a trial of strength with address—a contest between overwhelming capitalists and petty speculators. It was a moment of intense and exciting interest: either the lesser streams diverging from the great channel were to be absorbed in its vast bosom, or, on the other

hand, deriving their sustenance from its rich sources, to swell themselves into mighty rivers.

The anxiety of the public was not inferior to that of the persons connected with the several establishments. The rooms of the Palais-Royal were crowded almost to suffocation with the numbers attracted to witness the effect of the new system. Heads were ranged above heads round the fascinating board, until those who were seated and engaged in the game could with difficulty respire, so great was the anxiety manifested to ascertain the result. It unquestionably proved to be the best game that had ever been attempted, and was attended with almost constant success. Encouraged by the prospect thus unfolded, numbers of individuals followed up the system, and were equally fortunate. Even tradesmen forsook their shops, to indulge in the momentary excitement, and to share in the spoil—a mode of making money, they thought, infinitely less tedious and more pleasant than mea-

asuring out tapes and ribbands. Consternation reigned amid the several members of the establishments, from the proprietor, who stood raised above the anxious crowd of players watching the stakes and turning of the cards, with the eye of a hawk, to the *croupier*, who raked up and paid away the several *mises* as they were lost or won. When a large stake was lost, the former inquired the amount, with a pale cheek and an unequal voice, while the hand of the latter often trembled so violently, that he could with difficulty withdraw a stake of a few Napoleons which he threw down with a movement of disgust and impatience amid the heaps before him, while compelled to pay away notes to a large amount to the winning colour. Such were the scenes in the various *salons* of the Palais-Royal; but at Frascati's, in the Rue de Richelieu, the players were of a more select order. Here none, save those who were provided with tickets from a proprietor, could procure admission, and these were chiefly confined to

players on the system, and to the English. It was there a sort of secret trial of their several resources—a private *lutte*, on the issue of which hung the future existence of gaming-houses; for if the system should prove infallible, not even the enormous funds of the tables could withstand the inroads that must be made upon them. But, as it was impossible to put down the system, all that was now left for the proprietors was boldly to enter the lists against it, and, notwithstanding every temporary disadvantage, to continue the struggle until one party or the other was fairly vanquished.

One great point in favour of the banks was, that the system was slow in its operation, although hitherto secure in its effect, while the passions of the player inducing impatience were ever enlisted in their interests. Here coolness, nice calculation, and steadiness were indispensable; and could the adopters of the system be brought to waver in their game, or to deviate from their plan, they might finally be crushed, at

least so far discouraged as to abandon it for some other which they might fancy more efficient, but which the proprietors knew must be far less dangerous. This was their chief hope; for, versed as they were in the study of those passions, which they hourly contemplated in the gambler, and of which they were much better qualified to judge than all the Galls and Spurzheims that ever affected a knowledge of craniology, they expected sooner or later to find them deviating, either through their eagerness to grasp at immoderate gain, or from a feeling of too great security in their power, out of the beaten road, into some more wild and perilous path. They foresaw, that if one or two of these attacking columns could be thoroughly defeated, the remainder would become panic-stricken, and relinquish the contest.

Under this impression, the proprietors, like watchful generals, observed each several attack, and remarked how far the natural impetuosity of the assailants, carrying them beyond the bounds prescribed, was likely to entail their

own discomfiture, overwhelming them under the mine which they too rashly and inconsiderately approached. They were aware that as many a victorious army, eager to follow up its advantages too far, has often, in the irregularity of pursuit, fallen into snares and ambuscades, artfully prepared, which have turned the fortune of the day—so in like manner those several enemies of their bank might be led to commit their advantages in the anxiety and unskilfulness of their measures. It was indeed a moment replete with interest to them, and, we may add, a moment replete with the deepest importance—the most intense interest to society. Had the system been followed up, that is to say, had it met the expectation so generally entertained of its efficacy, the gaming-houses must necessarily have been closed for ever, for no capital, no wealth, could have withstood the slow but certain drains that must have been made on them. They must have discontinued the contest in despair, acknowledging the futility even of those *combinaisons* which had hitherto given them,

which still continues to give them, a decided superiority over the player; and a host of victims that has since been added—a much greater that will be in after times—would not have to curse the moment of weakness when they were first induced to sacrifice not only wealth, but honour, peace of mind, and even existence itself, at the unhallowed shrines of those who luxuriate on the tears of the heart-broken and the desolate—wretches who are fed from the rich and ancient inheritance of fathers whose offspring have died by their own hand, or are wanderers on the earth, ruined, despised, neglected, and unknown. Let the pale lilies of France become yet more pale as she reflects—if reflect she can on the subject—that the trials, the ruin, the demoralization of her sons, spring only from herself; that to the hateful vice of gaming, nourished and encouraged by her government, may be attributed crimes of the most glaring nature; and that from the poverty consequent on its indulgence, may be adduced the revolutionary spirit which pervades many classes of

her citizens—men who, ruined in their fortunes, naturally seek, in a change of dynasty and events, simply a change in their own circumstances and position in society, and care not by what means it be accomplished, while they are ready to enter into the views, or execute the ends of the first demagogue who will take the trouble to excite them. Better far that the revenues of a country should be wrung from the abject brow of the labourer, nay, even from the tears of the orphan and of the widow, than reaped from a source so vile, so contemptible, so every way unworthy of a great and generous people, as these nurseries of vice—these emporiums of filth and iniquity. But we moralize—and that, when we can well avoid it, is a thing we seldom do.

We have observed, that had the newly adopted system been followed up, there would, in all probability, have been one vice less in the world, at least of a public nature, and the devil would have been cheated to a certain extent. Unfortunately, however, for the human—or rather

the European race, his Parisian agents, Messrs. les Propriétaires, were too indefatigable in their watchfulness, and too correct in their surmises, to be long deceived. The system failed, and with it the hopes of all Paris, who had very modestly expected to enrich themselves from the banks of a few private individuals. This, however, would have been defrauding the revenue, and we all know how very shocking a thing it is to defraud the revenue; therefore we presume these things are very wisely and very properly ordered. We believe that the person who invented the system—a keen, cool, calculating player—contrived to win nearly a hundred thousand francs, with which he had the good sense to retire; but, as far as we could learn, he was the only individual who had acted undeviatingly up to the system, not once suffering himself to be put out of temper, or led into an indiscretion, by the taunts which momentarily passed between the proprietors and their satellites, the dealers, *croupiers*, waiters—in fact, all the subordinate fry of the

establishment. Two or three others were successful for a time, but at length failed, as much in consequence of their own impatience, as from any fallacy in the system. Their discomfiture, as the bankers had foreseen, intimidated the rest. They all declared it was not to be done; it was useless losing their time at that slow and calculating game; it was all a matter of chance, and they would return to their old mode of playing. The proprietors saw the plan relinquished with secret delight, for they themselves were well aware of its efficacy; yet, with the natural tact and cunning peculiar to all these people, they pretended, that if the system had been persevered in much longer, every individual' embarked in it must have been ruined. Be that as it may, however, it was remarked by many, that from that period not half the number of pocket-handkerchiefs were applied to the sweaty brows of bankers, dealers, and *croupiers*, as there had been during this short reign of terror.

It was on the second day after his receipt of

the twenty thousand francs from Pierre Godot, that Delmaine, while sitting at breakfast with Adeline, who had been urging every argument to induce him to abandon play, was surprised by an early visit from De Forsac.

“ Well, my dear fellow,” he abruptly exclaimed, as he seated himself at the table, “ do you wish to make your fortune ? if so, the means are already in your own hands, and you have no time to lose.”

“ I doubt much whether there be any probability of that,” returned our hero ; “ however, let us hear what novel expedient you have hit upon now—patent flying carriages, patent life-preservers, or what ?”

“ Neither of these,” resumed De Forsac ; “ only a patent mode of winning at *rouge et noir*.”

“ Ah,” sighed Clifford, “ such a patent would indeed be beyond all price ; but how is it to be obtained ?”

“ You shall see,” said the marquis, taking

out his ivory tablet. "A new game has just been discovered, and so excellent does it prove, that every man who can command the means has embarked in it. Indeed so closely are they attacking the funds of the several banks, that unless we begin immediately, there will be no part of the spoil left for us."

"You certainly appear to be very sanguine," remarked Clifford, smiling incredulously; "and I confess my curiosity is excited to know a few of the particulars; can you give me an idea of the game?"

"Here it is, already calculated," replied De Forsac, placing his tablet, on which were inscribed three columns of figures, between them, on the breakfast table, while he proceeded to point out the principle. "You see there are forty-five *coups* or stakes, each increasing in a certain ratio, and affording an immense latitude for retrieval, in the event of your being singularly unlucky in the outset. You must begin by playing one *Napoleon*; if you lose, put

down two; that gone, stake three, and so on in proportion; if you win, you decrease your stake one number, and so on successively, until you arrive at the original stake of one Napoleon. This you continue until you lose, when your stake must again be increased. Now the result of this mode of playing is, that if you win as many *coups* as you lose, you are still a winner of half your original stake, which, of course, leaves a decided advantage in your favour. Nothing can withstand it, my dear fellow; the game is excellent. The banks must be broken up. It is the only subject of conversation every where. All Paris is ringing with the beauty of the system; and French and English are flocking in from every quarter to reap the rich fruit of one man's experience."

"I confess it does indeed appear to be an excellent game," replied Delmaine, with animation. "What capital will be necessary?"

Adeline pressed her foot upon his, but without uttering a word; and when he raised his

eyes to hers to ascertain the motive, he read an expression of regret and disapprobation of the plan.

De Forsac remarked the sudden manner in which he withdrew his attention from the tablet, and following the direction of his glance, he immediately discovered the cause. Unobserved by Clifford, he cast on Adeline a look full of malignant meaning, which brought the blood into her cheek, and in the next instant smoothing his brow, he carelessly observed,

“ To play at Napoleon stakes, it will be necessary to have five-and-forty thousand francs.”

“ But where the devil am I to get five-and-forty thousand francs ?” returned Delmaine. “ I have little more left than fifteen out of the twenty thousand I got two days ago.”

“ Well, but you know, on the same principle, that to play half Napoleon stakes, it will only require twenty-two thousand five hundred ; so, in like manner, if we commence at five franc stakes, the lowest that can be played, eleven

thousand two hundred and fifty will be sufficient. When we have doubled that capital, as most certainly we shall, we can then play half Napoleon stakes; and when that again is doubled, we can increase them to Napoleons; and so on, in fact, *ad infinitum*."

"You say *we*," remarked Clifford; "do you, then, intend to adopt the plan yourself?"

De Forsac coloured, as he rejoined, "Why, the fact is, that as I do not happen to have capital enough, just at this moment, to embark in it on my own account, I did intend, provided you should have no objection, to share with you in the profit or loss, according to the issue."

Again our hero felt Adeline's foot upon his own; but too anxious to embark in any thing which offered a prospect of retrieving his former heavy losses, he took no notice whatever of the movement, for he was afraid of encountering her look of disappointment.

"Why," he observed, "the profits arising from so small a stake as five francs, must, when

divided, be comparatively nothing ; however, if you particularly desire it—”

“ Clifford, dear Clifford !” cried Adeline, rising and throwing her arms around his neck, despite of a fierce and furtive look from De Forsac, “let me entreat you not to enter into any of these wild schemes—consider what obligations you have imposed on yourself, and how soon they must be fulfilled. The result of the speculation can only be difficulty and ruin, for, depend upon it, none of these systems can be good.”

Delmaine pressed his lips to her cheek, and was endeavouring to soothe her into compliance with his wishes, when the deep breathing of De Forsac arrested his attention. Turning suddenly round, he observed the cheek of the marquis pale, and his lip quivering, as if with suppressed rage, while his eye was directed towards Adeline, with an expression of remonstrance and vindictiveness.

In an instant his own became blanched, as

the cloth of the table on which he leaned, and a thousand tumultuous feelings rushed with vehemence across his mind. "Ha! marquis," he exclaimed, springing on his feet, and shaking off the almost fainting form of Adeline; "do you pretend to exercise any authority or influence over this young girl—speak, Sir!"

De Forsac instantly recovered his presence of mind. "My dear fellow, are you mad?" he replied. "What possible influence can I exercise over her, and if I could, what right have I to do so? If it is the expression of my countenance that alarms you, I can only tell you that I am so exceedingly faint and ill, that a little brandy would afford me the greatest relief at this moment. If, after this explanation, you have any doubt on the subject, you had better question Mademoiselle Dorjeville herself."

"Forgive me, De Forsac," said Clifford, in a subdued voice, extending his hand; "I knew not what I said; but really the singular expression of your countenance did surprise me.

Adeline, ma chère, apporte le flacon d'eau-de-vie."

The trembling Adeline slowly retired to execute the commission, and Delmaine fancied that he heard her sob, as she issued from the salon into the adjoining room.

"Well," resumed De Forsac, after having swallowed the brandy, "how do you mean to decide? As far as regards the partnership, I by no means wish that you should accede to my proposal, if you find it disagreeable, or imagine that you will be at all hampered in your game; but I confess, I could rather wish it, as I think we may both profit by the scheme."

Although the marquis had lost much of his influence, and had even been viewed with a certain feeling of distrust by our hero, since the night of Madame Bourdeaux's party, he was far from wishing to wound or offend him by a refusal, and he now felt more particularly disposed to oblige him, in order to make atonement for the recent hastiness of temper he had

evinced. He, however, looked round to observe the expression of Adeline's countenance before he consented to embark in the plan at all. Adeline shook her head.

"How, in the name of Heaven, can you possibly hesitate?" said De Forsac, secretly vexed, yet now too much on his guard to betray his feelings—"such a—I will not say prospect—but certainty of success never before presented itself to any man. In fact, so perfect is the system, that the banks must eventually close, and my only fear is, that such an event may take place before we can have even trebled our capital. If you have any doubt on the subject, come and witness the effect this evening, and should you not be convinced of the truth of what I say, on beholding the consternation which reigns among the whole tribe connected with the tables, I will name the subject no more."

"Well, nothing can be fairer than this," replied Delmaine; "and I shall certainly go and observe the effect of this famous system, before

I engage in it myself. Adeline, do you consent to this?" he added, unwilling to oppose himself to her wishes.

"I see," said the young girl, "that it is useless to attempt to dissuade you from your purpose: however, as you only propose going to mark the progress of the game, you must promise not to take any money with you to-night."

De Forsac looked disappointed. "But if the system should prove to be particularly good this evening," he observed, "how annoyed we shall be at not having taken our capital with us."

"If the system is good at all," resumed Adeline, quickly, "it must necessarily be as good to-morrow as to-day; therefore, as the principal object is to discover what it actually is, and not to play upon it until it is fully proved to be good, you certainly cannot require any sum of consequence this evening. Promise me," she added, in a tone of supplication to Clifford, "not only that you will not play to-night, but

that you will not run the risk of being tempted by carrying your money about you."

De Forsac bit his lip with vexation, and as Delmaine gave the desired promise, observed sneeringly, "Well, I suppose that as you appear to have exchanged your male for a female Mentor, we must only expect you to play the part of a looker-on to-night."

"Monsieur De Forsac," replied our hero, quickly and haughtily, "you have a sneering manner about you that is highly offensive to me, and I desire that it may never again be repeated."

The marquis was for a moment perplexed, for he apprehended he had gone too far; but soon recovering his presence of mind, he observed in one of his most conciliatory tones, "Why, my dear Delmaine, you are become a very cynic: no one can jest with you, or take the liberty of a friend, without your firing at it immediately—really, you quite surprise me."

“There can be no necessity for surprise, Marquis,” coolly remarked our hero; “I am far from being captious, but I should conceive that a really friendly feeling might be much better conveyed through any other medium, than that which you sometimes think proper to assume.”

Again De Forsac bit his lip, and coloured. “Well, we shall take care not to offend any more,” he observed, somewhat seriously, and rising to depart. “In the meantime, what is to be your plan, and where shall we meet in the evening?”

“At Frascati’s, of course,” returned Delmaine; “and as I do not intend to play, suppose we meet at ten.”

“Very well, at ten precisely you will find me there—good morning for the present. By the bye,” he pursued, as he reached the door, “have you any commands for the Rue de la Paix? I intend calling in the course of the

day, and shall be happy to deliver any message to the divine Helen."

This question was asked more with a view to mortify Adeline, than to provoke Clifford, who felt the blood mount into his cheek at this profanation of the name of a being for whom, whatever might be his derelictions, he had never ceased to entertain the highest respect, and he replied, somewhat fiercely,

"I should scarcely have imagined, Monsieur De Forsac, that your acquaintance with Miss Stanley was such as to justify any allusion to that lady, in such terms."

"Pardon me," said De Forsac, with every appearance of contrition, "I meant no offence; but really you seem so extremely touchy this morning, that I must positively decamp, in order to avoid being shot or run through the body. Good morning," he repeated, and, without saluting, or noticing Adeline, he took his leave.

For several minutes after his departure, Del-

maine remained plunged in abstraction and silence. The whole tone, manner, and conduct of De Forsac during this interview, had greatly displeased him, and he now began to admit doubts of a more positive description in regard to his character. Hitherto his surmises had been of that vague, uncertain nature, which, however casually and involuntarily admitted, can never take positive hold on a generous and noble mind; but here he thought the cloven foot had in some degree been disclosed. The singular expression which he had detected on the countenance of the marquis, when looking at Adeline, at a moment when he fancied himself secure from observation, once more recurred to him, and, despite of his little proneness to suspicion, made a deep impression on his mind. Perhaps, however, he would have been induced to attribute this, *bona fide*, to the cause he had assigned, had it not been for the subsequent parts of his conduct. Yet there was nothing of a decided character in his apprehensions. They

were of too general and indefinite a nature, and rather tended to perplex him, than to elucidate the mystery. From this state of mystification he was at length aroused, by the violent sobbing of Adeline, who sat in a distant part of the room. He turned, and beheld her weeping bitterly. Whatever might be his faults, Clifford possessed too much real feeling not to forget his own annoyances in concern for one who, he still thought, had been tenderly attached to him.

“What is the matter, Adeline?” he inquired, rising and approaching her—“What can possibly have affected you now? Nay, nay, do not weep,” he pursued, perceiving that her emotion only increased with every moment. “You cannot think how much you distress me by these tears.”

“Oh, let me tell you all,” she exclaimed, throwing her arms around him, and burying her face in his bosom.

Ha! thought Clifford, here is some dreadful disclosure coming. “Tell me what,” he

exclaimed, abruptly and sternly, as he rose to his full height, violently disengaging himself in the act from her embrace.

Still her tears flowed fast, as she shrunk in alarm from the attitude of unkindness he had assumed. She seemed as if hesitating whether to proceed or not.

“Tell me what, Adeline,” pursued Delmaine, with the same seriousness and impatience of voice and manner.

“Oh, nothing,” replied the young girl, in a faltering tone, “except that I feel very unhappy. A presentiment of evil weighs deeply, heavily, bitterly, at my heart, and I wish that you would not go to Frascati’s to-night.”

“Nay, my love, is this all?” said our hero, now relieved from the intense pressure of his fears, and assuming a more soothing tone; “why torture both yourself and me with such vague and absurd impressions? You cannot think what you have made me endure; I had absolutely

prepared myself for some dreadful communication."

Again her tears flowed unrestrainedly, and she exclaimed, in a low tone, and in accents of the most perfect wretchedness, "*Ah, malheureuse que je suis !*"

"Compose yourself, dearest Adeline," urged Clifford, seating himself at her side, and encircling her waist with his arm; "do not, if you love me, give way to these silly forebodings. Depend upon it, no evil shall befall you that I can possibly ward off."

"Oh, if I could possibly think so, there should be nothing wanting to my happiness," rejoined Adeline, still weeping bitterly; "but you may not always think thus favorably of me."

"And why not?" continued our hero, in a more animated tone; "there can be no reason why you should doubt my affection. Do not, therefore, make me uncomfortable, by indulging in these gloomy anticipations."

“ Well,” said Adeline, in a trembling voice, and wiping away her tears, “ I will endeavour to conquer it ; but do so far comply with my present weakness as to promise that you will not go to Frascati’s this evening. I cannot account for my feelings, it is true ; but I have a painful impression that disquietude and evil will be the result, if you do.”

“ Adeline, dear Adeline,” replied Delmaine, with tenderness, “ ask me any thing else and I will comply with your wishes ; but really you must excuse me if I do persist in going, merely to prove to you the fallacy of such impressions. Besides,” he pursued, in the hope that his observation would be an additional argument in his favor, “ what would De Forsac say, when informed that I had failed in my engagement because you chanced to have a foreboding of evil ? Why, there would be no end to his satire, and he seemed disposed to be severe enough this morning. Really, you are quite a second Calpurnia,” he concluded, smiling.

“Do as you like,” resumed Adeline, dejectedly; “but recollect also, that had Cæsar been guided by the secret forebodings of Calpurnia, he would not have perished beneath the hands of conspirators—not, at least, at the precise moment he did.”

The point was now given up, and Clifford endeavoured, by kindness and forced gaiety of manner, to cheer the spirits of the young girl; but his efforts were unsuccessful, and when, at a late hour, he left her to join the marquis at Frascati's, she threw her arms around him, burst into tears, and when he had finally torn himself from her embrace, once more gave unrestrained indulgence to her heavy and melancholy grief.

ERRATA TO VOL. II.

- Page 196, line 4, for "comptez vous," read *comptes-tu*.
— 206, — 9, for "sacré," read *sacrée*.
— 228, — 19, for "trouve," read *trouves*.
— 253, — 12, for "to the," read *to that of the*.

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OF

THE UNITED SERVICE JOURNAL,

AND

NAVAL AND MILITARY MAGAZINE.

PROSPECTUS.

IN contemplating the efforts of the British arms during a struggle which has no parallel in modern history, and in which both branches of the Service surpassed all their former achievements, it cannot but be a subject of surprise that the Army and Navy of Britain, to which the Country owes so large a share of its pre-eminent prosperity and glory, should not have hitherto possessed a distinct publication of suitable frequency, as a channel for their communications, and as a record of their proceedings and exploits. To supply this deficiency, to concentrate in one focus the scattered rays of information relative to the two professions, and to furnish a medium for the preservation of many valuable details which might otherwise be lost, THE UNITED SERVICE JOURNAL has been projected.

It would be impossible, within the narrow compass of this announcement, to enumerate all the subjects which this Miscellany is designed to embrace. Conducted by Officers in His Majesty's Service, who have ensured the effective co-operation of gentlemen of high professional and literary character, it will be uniformly animated by the same ardent spirit of patriotism and loyalty which achieved the triumphs of Trafalgar and of Waterloo; and while it upholds that even-handed discipline, which

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is the bond and charter of all armed bodies, and without which, indeed, they cannot long subsist, it will lend its best efforts in furtherance of every measure calculated to promote the true interests, and to improve the condition of both Departments of the Service.

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