

**EUNICE: A NOVEL.
IN THREE
VOLUMES. VOL. I**

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Eunice: A Novel. In Three Volumes. Vol. I by Mrs. Julius Pollock

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MRS. JULIUS POLLOCK

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IN THREE
VOLUMES. VOL. I**

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EUNICE.

A *Novel*.

BY

MRS. JULIUS POLLOCK,

AUTHOR OF "LISSADEL."

—
"Difficile est satiram non scribere."—JUVENAL.
—

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

TINSLEY BROTHERS, 8, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

1876.

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A. D. 1876



LONDON:
SAVILL, EDWARDS AND CO., PRINTERS, CHARLES STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.



E U N I C E.

CHAPTER I.

There are a thousand kinds of men, and equally diversified in their pursuit of objects; each has his own peculiar hobby, nor do men live with one single wish.



A SUNNY house, at the sunniest hour of the day of what should be the sunniest month of the year; conditions amply fulfilled—it was a broiling day even for midsummer—in the opinion of the two men who occupied the long drawing-room of a grand-looking house in Portland Place. They must have perforce come to the conclusion that it was not a desirable abode for hot weather—a

conviction that would doubtless help to sweeten their regrets for the exodus that was seemingly imminent from its showy portals.

The imposing array of windows the shallow house furnished to the street view, all faced due west, and consequently procured for its inhabitants the full benefit of the importunate sunbeams, which, shining in unobstructed by curtains, showed pitilessly in every detail the hideous disorder of the apartment: pictures ticketed for the auctioneer, some already taken from the walls, thereby revealing unsightly stains; the centre lamp removed from its chains, and leaning in tipsy, confidential fashion against the card-table; bookcases emptied of their precious contents; vases divorced from their stands; busts dethroned from their pedestals; rare china, bric-à-brac of every description, disarranged as if for the very love of

medley. There was, however, method in the confusion ; every bit of furniture, large and small, bore a numbered card giving intimation that it would come under the auctioneer's hammer.

The two men who occupied the hot, dusty room, looked hot and dusty likewise : we will describe the elder first, on the principle, age before honesty. He was a man to provoke the notice of the mere passer-by. Above middle height, his figure fine and well-proportioned, and with a countenance strikingly expressive of great energy of character, Ralph Harnage looked every inch a lord of the creation—a favourable verdict that most women readily endorsed ; seldom did one of Eve's daughters let him go by without a second sidelong glance of inspection. His age somewhere past the forties, but a weight of years borne with such vigour and grace that even insolent

youngsters were constrained to consider him still to be in his prime. His face, though showy, was not particularly pleasing when criticised; his nose drooped in the way physiognomists dislike, and the keen black eyes had an unquiet expression, a restless watchfulness, that reminded one of the feline species; 'spite his noble forehead and massive chin, the animal preponderated over the intellectual, an effect increased by the somewhat full lips of his handsome mouth. But pleasing or otherwise, he looked a man well able to take care of himself, the sort of individual who, to use an old saying, could live upon a mountain, turning barren sterility to his own advantage; and yet Nature had contradicted herself in this case, for the man was in difficulties, a settlement even more disagreeable than is usual to quarter-days being upon him. But enough of the uncle, whom we

will leave striding impatiently to and fro among his topsyturvy household gods, with which he is apparently about to part company.

The younger man lounged on a couch, his heels at a higher elevation than his head; his arms wound about his flushed face only permitted glimpses of a good deal of thick dark hair, a low broad forehead, and strongly-marked eyebrows. A cigar drooped from the corner of his well-curved mouth; it had gone out, but still he held it, heedless of the fact, in its cherished corner.

"Tired out, eh! Harold? Why, you look as forlorn as Marius among his ruins," said Mr. Harnage, in a short sharp voice, an economical voice, one used without waste.

"Well, it's so hot!" said the young man, half opening his eyes; "if I could summon