

**WARREN KNOWLES:
A NOVEL. IN THREE
VOLUMES. VOL. II**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649731251

Warren Knowles: A Novel. In Three Volumes. Vol. II by Alan James Gulston

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ALAN JAMES GULSTON

**WARREN KNOWLES:
A NOVEL. IN THREE
VOLUMES. VOL. II**

WARREN KNOWLES

WARREN KNOWLES

A NOVEL

BY
ALAN JAMES GULSTON

IN THREE VOLUMES

'DEEDS SHOW'

VOL. II

London:
REMINGTON & CO., PUBLISHERS
HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

1885

[All Rights Reserved]

256. e. 178.

WARREN KNOWLES



CHAPTER I

'Love or money,' it is a common saying that 'You cannot get it for love or money,' meaning thereby that it is impossible. But in order to fit this saying into all the circumstances and wickedness of this life, an addition should be made, and the word 'malice' be brought in. 'Love, money, or malice cannot do it.' Alas ! malice is a great motive power in all the affairs of life, all through this wicked world, and even thus it was, now

to many. Mr Greville, full of 'hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness,' arrived in London; and although he visited his club, slept, breakfasted and dined, saw his acquaintances, and made his witticisms and sarcasms, and felt pleased at his own evil sayings, nevertheless he never forgot 'those two fools,' as he still called them, at Knowle Manor. No! Never! If he slept: he dozed off, thinking how he might injure them; when he awoke, it was to meditate on revenge. At breakfast, while he read the *Times* newspaper, and saw all the frauds, violencies, and bankruptcies, done all over the world, he pondered how they might be applied to the Beals. At dinner he felt his day to have been wasted; he had not made one step towards the gratification of his hatred. Little by little he nourished his malice, until it became a giant, and overgrew and mastered all his other feelings, good or bad. Malice became lord of all his being. Then in its strength it gradually came into action. To many of his acquaintance he would say, 'Who is the greatest rogue, you know?' and on separating, he would write down the name, and if possible the address of this real rascal. He made

notes out of newspapers of the vilest attorneys, and felt a real joy when someone in his presence would narrate a thoroughly disgraceful tale of malice, or of successful revenge. One Jack Reily, a club-associate, always rejoiced his heart by rehearsing and professing real belief in the natural wickedness and utter hypocrisy of woman; and all this man's anecdotes perpetually gave the worst side of mankind, and often painted the world as merely 'Hell moved over the way!' He would seriously, and as if enunciating an unrefutable axiom, say, 'None are true but the openly vicious; all virtue is deceit.' This man, Jack Reily, was a great consolation to Greville, who, having allowed a passion, by indulgence in thought and daily meditation, to become his master, at last was forced to yield to his own evil creature, and to seek by any and every means to gratify it. He was fully convinced that he had been greatly insulted and disgraced by Ethel's refusal of his hand; he considered that Mr Beal had 'treated him very badly.' At first he had merely felt malice, through the blow to his self-conceit; now he hated and longed to revenge an unjust insult; now

it was the great idea of his soul, and soon became the leading motive of all his actions; he was even ready to sacrifice himself in marriage to any woman of extraordinary beauty, so as to show Miss Beal how greater beauty than hers had accepted the offer which she had refused, and with what far superior wealth his wife was cared for. The devil, a clever deluder, will always help one of his votaries to sin and wickedness, and unless a merciful Providence intervenes, this votary will soon become a professed disciple of the evil one. Even so. One evening at the club, Greville had felt low; after his usual claret he had a bottle of champagne; he felt relieved, and his fancy portrayed all sorts of tricks and villanies, and even brought the imaginary scene in which 'old Beal' humbly begged his pardon, and Miss Beal besought him to take and make her his wife. He had refused all this, and had got so far as meeting the 'old rogue' (as he called Mr Beal) and his 'degraded niece' begging in the streets, and felt his soul swell with pleasure and magnificent pride as (in this his day-dream) he withheld even the wretched penny for which the victims of his successful revenge now, with abject stoop, moaned.