

**EUSTACE CONWAY: OR,  
THE BROTHER AND  
SISTER. A NOVEL, IN  
THREE VOLUMES, VOL. III**

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Eustace Conway: Or, The Brother and Sister. A Novel, in Three Volumes, Vol. III by Frederick Denison Maurice

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**FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE**

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**EUSTACE CONWAY.**

**VOL. III.**

# EUSTACE CONWAY:

OR,

## THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

A NOVEL.

“ Il est dangereux de trop faire voir à l'homme combien il est égal aux bêtes, sans lui montrer sa grandeur. Il est encore dangereux de lui faire trop voir sa grandeur, sans sa bassesse. Il est encore plus dangereux de lui laisser ignorer l'un et l'autre. Mais il est très avantageux de lui représenter l'un et l'autre.”

PASCAL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,

SUCCESSOR TO HENRY COLBURN.

1834.

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THE  
BROTHER AND SISTER.

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CHAPTER I.

The Blues, that tender tribe, who sigh o'er sonnets,  
And with the pages of the last Review  
Line the interior of their heads or bonnets,  
Advanced in all their azure's highest hue.

BYRON.

I MENTIONED that Eustace Conway spent a month in endeavouring to convert the London world to his new opinions; but it must not be supposed that he arrogantly or ostentatiously intruded them into every society. The chief theatre of his experiments was some coteries into which



his experienced friend Morton introduced him, and in which such topics were eagerly entertained.

A week before he left London, he paid a farewell visit to Mrs. Lamley, the centre of that literary circle of which Morton had become a member by assuming the verses of Mr. Campbell as his own. Eustace was not a frequent guest there, for he had a sincere respect for the female character; and, whatever pleasure it might afford Morton to meet ladies in pea-green gowns, who knew what books every man, woman, and child in the empire had written, and with whom they published—to witness what dowdies smirked when the “Woman of Ton” was mentioned, and which blushed blue at any allusion to the “Woman of Fashion”—to converse with awkward girls, absolutely yellow with verse-writing, who said they detested literature, and cared for nothing (the saints befriend their partners!) but dancing—to hear the solemn jokes which passed between authors and authoresses; Mr. Thompson, with a mouth squeezed into the most exquisite simper, declaring himself quite at a loss to understand what Miss Wilkinson could mean; and Miss Wilkinson, with a mouth dilated into the most alarming grin, having no idea what Mr. Thompson could mean—to see some older damsels who flavoured their conversation high enough

to suit the taste of any Austrian baron,—it caused our hero little else but disgust. He soon determined that he should be very sorry if any in this circle embraced his opinions, and therefore confined himself to their own topics, upon which he talked so ignorantly that he was voted utterly stupid by the whole body, and I believe was only tolerated in consequence of the respect universally felt for his friend. But this evening he received more attention; a circumstance for which he was puzzled to account. At last it was explained. He was conversing with Miss Wilkinson on Mr. Martin's Pandemonium; a subject which she said interested her extremely, because a friend of hers had written a poem in twelve cantos, to illustrate *another* picture of the same artist,—when she said suddenly, “Mr. Conway, your aunt must be a very extraordinary woman.” “My aunt, Miss Vyvyan, of Grosvenor Place? She is a very kind, good woman,” said Eustace, “but not extraordinary, that I know of.” “She does not come up to Mr. Conway's notion of extraordinary, I dare say,” said the lady, “but a vulgar person like me may perhaps be allowed to call her so.” “What is her distinction?” inquired our hero. “Why, I am one of those persons, Mr. Conway, who think it no disgrace to have written such a book as ‘Tremaine.’” “There I

have the pleasure of agreeing with you." "Or 'Pelham,'" said the lady. "I was not aware that any one considered it a disgrace," said Eustace. "Then I should think, Mr. Conway, that a person who assisted in the composition of such works may be fairly called extraordinary." "Is that the case with my aunt?" said Eustace, laughing. "Is it *not*?" exclaimed the lady, indignantly. "I never heard her mention it." "I declare I will never believe Mr. Morton again," replied Miss Wilkinson; "for I begged his mother to introduce me to Miss Vyvyan, because he solemnly assured me that she supplied the religion to 'Tremaine,' and the philosophy to 'Pelham.'" "I am afraid my aunt has no claims on the honour of Miss Wilkinson's acquaintance," said our hero, walking away.

The next day he was at Lady Wharton's, a person of great celebrity in the religious fashionable world; at whose parties also Morton contrived to be a constant guest. If Eustace did not greatly prefer her circle to Mrs. Lamley's, he disliked it for very different reasons. In it there was no deficiency of graceful matrons and fair misses; he occasionally conversed with individuals who pleased him greatly; and though his opinions shocked them far more than the literary ladies, Morton assured him that he, as well as himself,