

**A BURGLARY: OR,
UNCONSCIOUS
INFLUENCE. IN
THREE VOLUMES. VOL. I**

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A burglary: or, Unconscious influence. In three volumes. Vol. I by E. A. Dillwyn

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E. A. DILLWYN

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A BURGLARY:
OR,
UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE

BY
E. A. DILLWYN,
AUTHOR OF 'THE REBECCA RIOTER' AND 'CHLOE ARGELLE.'

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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522
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vi



CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

ENTOMOLOGICAL,	PAGE 1
--------------------------	-----------

CHAPTER II.

INTRUDERS,	13
----------------------	----

CHAPTER III.

A FUNCTION AT CWM-EITHIN,	28
-------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER IV.

A PIG HUNT,	39
-----------------------	----

CHAPTER V.

IMOGEN'S IDEAS,	55
---------------------------	----

CHAPTER VI.

AN HEIRESS,	79
-----------------------	----

CHAPTER VII.		
A BURGLARY,		PAGE 93
CHAPTER VIII.		
AN ARISTOCRATIC TOADY,		120
CHAPTER IX.		
IMOGEN HEARS OF IT,		139
CHAPTER X.		
AN INSPECTION OF FINGERS,		157
CHAPTER XI.		
THE SUPERIORITY OF RED INDIANS,		178
CHAPTER XII.		
A COTTAGE VISIT,		194
CHAPTER XIII.		
A FRITILLARY,		219





A BURGLARY;

OR,

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.



CHAPTER I.

ENTOMOLOGICAL.

IT is about half-past nine o'clock on a fine night early in September, and the darkness is illuminated outside the front door of Mr Rhys's house, Llwyn-yr-Allt, by the flashing lamps of a couple of carriages that are waiting to convey that gentleman and his guests to a ball at the neighbouring town of Cwm-Eithin.

‘Do look at those two little lights glimmering in the plantation!’ exclaimed Lady Elise Bolyne, as she issued from the house, cloaked and shawled, and was assisted by her host to enter one of the carriages. ‘Whatever are they?’

‘Oh, they’re only Ralph and Imogen’s dark lanterns,’ returned Mr Rhys. ‘My boy and girl have got a fit of rabid entomology on them, and persecute the poor moths and butterflies by night and day; and that’s what takes them out now. They’re a regular pair of wild Indians, I often think. Is there room for another in this carriage? No—-not comfortably, I think. Ethel and I and Sir Charles Dover will follow in the next, then.’

So saying, he proceeded to offer his arm to his niece, the great heiress, Ethel Carton. The carriage doors were shut—the footmen jumped up beside the drivers, and away rolled the ball-goers to their entertainment, leaving Mr Rhys’s son and

daughter, aged respectively nearly eighteen and nearly seventeen, to pursue their occupation of encouraging dissipated habits amongst the moths of the neighbourhood by the process denominated 'sugaring.'

For this purpose, the entomologist sallies forth shortly before dusk, and establishes moth public-houses by smearing trunks of trees with an intoxicating and sticky compound of beer, rum, brown sugar, and treacle boiled together. When it gets dark he equips himself with a gauze net and a lantern, and visits these 'sugars,' where he probably finds some thirsty moths sucking in the liquor greedily, and a few more lying on the ground below in a state of thorough intoxication. To catch these is, of course, easy, for he has only to pop whichever of them he wants into a pill-box or bottle, with a drop of chloroform. But there are others whose capture will be less inglorious—moths that arrive at the delicious tap at the same moment as the