

**JULIUS COURTNEY,  
OR, MASTER  
OF HIS FATE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649620708

Julius Courtney, or, Master of His Fate by J. Maclaren Cobban

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](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**J. MACLAREN COBBAN**

**JULIUS COURTNEY,  
OR, MASTER  
OF HIS FATE**



F

JULIUS COURTNEY  
OR, MASTER OF HIS FATE

BY  
J. MAC LAREN COBBAN  
AUTHOR OF "A NEMESIS; OR TINTED VAPORS"

"It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate;  
I am the captain of my soul,"  
—*A Book of Verses*: W. E. HENLEY

REPRINTED FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE

C.L.C.

NEW YORK  
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

1890.

40

NEW  
Cobb

## CONTENTS.

---

CHAPTER	PAGE
I.—JULIUS COURTNEY . . . . .	5
II.—A MYSTERIOUS CASE . . . . .	33
III.—"M. DOLARO" . . . . .	55
IV.—THE MAN OF THE CROWD . . . . .	75
V.—THE REMARKABLE CASE OF LADY MARY FANE .	90
VI.—AT THE BEDSIDE OF THE DOCTOR . . . . .	111
VII.—CONTAINS A LOVE INTERLUDE . . . . .	122
VIII.—STRANGE SCENES IN CURZON STREET . . . . .	131
IX.—AN APPARITION AND A CONFESSION . . . . .	148

# MASTER OF HIS FATE.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### JULIUS COURTNEY.

THE Hyacinth Club has the reputation of selecting its members from among the freshest and most active spirits in literature, science, and art. That is in a sense true, but activity in one or another of those fields is not a condition of membership; for, just as the listening Boswell was the necessary complement of the talking Johnson, so in the Hyacinth Club there is an indispensable contingent of passive members who find their liveliest satisfaction in hearing and looking on, rather than in speaking and doing. Something of the home principle of male and female is necessary for the completeness even of a club.

The Hyacinth Club-house looks upon Pic-

cadilly and the Green Park. The favorite place of concourse of its members is the magnificent smoking-room on the first floor, the bow-windows of which command a view up and down the fashionable thoroughfare, and over the trees and the undulating sward of the Park to the gates of Buckingham Palace. On a Monday afternoon, in the beginning of May, the bow-windows were open, and several men sat in leather lounges (while one leaned against a window-sash), luxuriously smoking, and noting the warm, palpitating life of the world without. A storm which had been silently and doubtfully glooming and gathering the night before had burst and poured in the morning, and it was such a spring afternoon as thrills the heart with new life and suffuses the soul with expectation—such an afternoon as makes all women appear beautiful and all men handsome. The southwest wind blew soft and balmy, and all nature rejoiced as the bride in the presence of the bridegroom. The trees in the Park were full of sap, and their lusty buds were eagerly opening to the air and the light. The robin sang with a note almost as rich and sensuous as that of the

1 2 3 4



thrush; and the shrill and restless sparrows chirped and chattered about the houses and among the horses' feet, and were as full of the joy of life as the men and women who thronged the pavements or reclined in their carriages in the sumptuous ease of wealth and beauty.

Of the men who languidly gazed upon the gay and splendid scene from the windows of the Club, none seemed so interested as the man who leaned against the window-frame. He appeared more than interested—absorbed, indeed—in the world without, and he looked bright and handsome enough, and charged enough with buoyant health, to be the ideal bridegroom of Nature in her springtide.

He was a dark man, tall and well built, with clear brown eyes. His black hair (which was not cropped short, as is the fashion) had a lustrous softness, and at the same time an elastic bushiness, which nothing but the finest-tempered health can give; and his complexion, though tanned by exposure, had yet much of the smoothness of youth, save where the razor had passed upon his beard. Thus seen, a little way off, he appeared a young man in

his rosy twenties ; on closer view and acquaintance, however, that superficial impression was contradicted by the set expression of his mouth and the calm observation and understanding of his eye, which spoke of ripe experience rather than of green hope. He bore a very good English name—Courtney ; and he was believed to be rich. There was no member of whom the Hyacinth Club was prouder than of him : though he had done nothing, it was commonly believed he could do anything he chose. No other was listened to with such attention, and there was nothing on which he could not throw a fresh and fascinating light. He was a constant spring of surprise and interest. While others were striving after income and reputation, he calmly and modestly, without obtrusion or upbraiding, held on his own way, with unsurpassable curiosity, to the discovery of all which life might have to reveal. It was this, perhaps, as much as the charm of his manner and conversation, that made him so universal a favorite ; for how could envy or malice touch a man who competed at no point with his fellows ?

His immediate neighbors, as he thus stood

by the window, were a pair of journalists, several scientific men, and an artist.

"Have you seen any of the picture-shows, Julius?" asked the painter, Kew.

Courtney slowly abstracted his gaze from without, and turned on his shoulder, with the lazy, languid grace of a cat.

"No," said he, in a half-absent tone; "I have just come up, and I've not thought of looking into picture-galleries yet."

"Been in the country?" asked Kew.

"Yes, I've been in the country," said Courtney, still as if his attention was elsewhere.

"It must be looking lovely," said Kew.

"It is—exquisite!" said Courtney, waking up at length to a full glow of interest. "That's why I don't want to go and stare at pictures. In the spring, to see the fresh, virginal, delicious green of a bush against an old dry brick wall, gives a keener pleasure than the best picture that ever was painted."

"I thought," said Kew, "you had a taste for art; I thought you enjoyed it."

"So I do, my dear fellow, but not now—not at this particular present. When I feel