

**CHARLES TYRRELL,  
IN THREE VOLUMES,  
VOL. III, PP. 481-716**

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Charles Tyrrell, in Three Volumes, Vol. III, pp. 481-716 by G. P. R. James

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**G. P. R. JAMES**

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CHARLES TYRRELL,

BY

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"RICHELIEU;" "GIPSEY;" "ROBBER;" "DESULTORY MAN;"  
"PHILIP AUGUSTUS," &c.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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VOL. III.

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autumn is full of storms. Your early days have been dark and cloudy indeed, and I trust that the brighter part is yet to come."

"Oh, may it be a prophecy, dear lady!" said Charles Tyrrell, taking her hand and raising it to his lips. "Oh, may it be a prophecy! for as I stand here, holding this dear, this beloved girl by the hand, and think of parting with her for a long and indefinite time, with dangers, and sorrows, and all the accidents of fate between us; when I think of all this, and my utter desolate solitude in a foreign land, without a friend, without a home, without an occupation—with my name stained and dishonoured—my fortune withheld from me—and with all the bright hopes that animated me but a few days ago, so completely crushed under foot, I feel almost inclined to cast away this scheme for saving myself, to return to the prison, and to take my chance of what may come—for the worst and most terrible death that could befall me, could scarcely be more terrible than such a parting as this."

Mrs. Effingham gazed upon his face for a moment, and then said,

“ Tell me, Charles. Is there a probability of your ever being able distinctly to prove yourself innocent, to the satisfaction of all men? —Mind, I do not doubt you in the least, or in any way; for when we visited you at the fisherman’s cottage, I twice saw a person there bearing the appearance of a lady, and certainly not in the rank of those that surrounded you. There are also parts of your conduct on the day of your father’s death which you do not choose to explain—right or wrong. I have combined these two circumstances in my mind together; but remember that I believe your whole motives, your whole conduct, to be upright and honourable—that I have not a doubt—that I have not a suspicion.”

Everard Morrison advanced from the other side of the table, where he had been standing, and though there was a considerable and unusual glow upon his ordinarily pale cheeks, he spoke in his usual calm and impressive manner.

“ Madam,” he said, “ you are quite right. I will take upon me to answer for my friend. Those two circumstances are connected with each other. That lady that you saw is one very dear, perhaps too dear to my own heart, and now, Madam, to answer your question distinctly and closely, without putting him to the pain of saying a word upon a subject which he may think right not even to allude to; I will tell you that if he so chose to act, he could, at once, prove his innocence to the whole world; that he will be able to do so, beyond all doubt, at an after period; but that he could not do so now, without bringing certain destruction upon the heads of two other persons, and committing a great breach of trust. The facts I know from others, revealed to me as a legal adviser, and I put it to him, himself, yesterday, with full permission to do so, whether he would break the trust reposed in him, and save his life at the expense of others; or run the risk—the imminent risk of death. Madam, he chose like



Charles Tyrrell, and to those who know him that is enough."

"I thought so, I was sure of it," cried Mrs. Effingham, while Lucy gazed up in the face of her lover with her eyes dimmed with tears.

"And you must be the sacrifice!" continued Mrs. Effingham, after a pause, gazing upon Charles with feelings of deep interest and compassion. "You must be the sacrifice to your own noble and kindly heart. Would to God that you were married to Lucy, that she might go with you, and be your consolation and your comfort."

Charles Tyrrell took Mrs. Effingham's hands in his, and gazed into her face for a moment.

"I fear I am very selfish," he said at length, "for I am so tempted to ask you to let her go with me, that though I know you require comfort too, I can scarcely refrain."

"But Charles, Charles," exclaimed Mrs.

Effingham, pale and very much agitated, "she is not yet your wife. She considers herself as much bound to you as if she were. I know she does—I have always taught her to do so. She will never be any other's but your's. She shall be your's whenever you claim her."

"Oh, dear Mrs. Effingham," said Charles, "that it were so indeed! and not merely in name. I would claim her now—even now. But I know I am acting selfishly. I know I am acting wrongly: I should be exposing her to peril, and dangers, and discomforts, and it is better that I should go now at once, and leave love, and hope, and happiness in my native land behind me. It is better that I should go," and he dropped the hand that he held in his.

"But Lucy," said Mrs. Effingham, turning to her daughter, "Have you thought of this?—Have you heard of this? What do you say, my child, for my brain is bewildered, and I scarcely know what I am doing?"

"I say, my dear mother," she replied earnestly, "that there is but one thing on earth that would stop me from going with him; neither perils, nor dangers, nor discomforts, nor, if it must be so, the sorrows of a life itself."

"What then?" demanded Mrs. Effingham.

"My mother!" replied Lucy. "To leave her to sadness, to solitude, and discomfort; that—that is the only obstacle that I think ought to stand in my way."

"It should not stand in the way for a moment," replied Mrs. Effingham, "were it not for other things. But think, Lucy, think of the world—think of what the good and wise, as well as the vicious and malevolent, would say."

"For that, my dear mother," replied Lucy, "I should care little—secure in the approbation of my own heart. When Charles spoke of such a thing—he did not ask me, but merely spoke of it a moment ago—I thought over it all earnestly. I asked myself were these times