

**MAURICE
DURANT. VOL. III**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649644834

Maurice Durant. Vol. III by Charles Garvice

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

CHARLES GARVICE

**MAURICE
DURANT. VOL. III**

MAURICE DURANT.



MAURICE DURANT.

BY

CHARLES GARVICE,

AUTHOR OF "ONLY COUNTRY LOVE," "EVE," &c.

VOL. III.



LONDON:

A. SMITH, 334, STRAND, W.C.

1875.

251. d. 73.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY BEVERIDGE AND CO.,
FULWOOD'S RENTS, HOLBORN.



CHAPTER I.

" Too fierce a joy doth strike as hard as grief."

TOWARDS the end of November, and one night when the rain beat hard across the moor, and the wind howled dismally through the bare, shivering trees, the master of the Rectory sat in his antique, darksome chamber, gazing at the red, expiring fire.

Seated on one of the old high-backed carved-oak chairs, black with age, yet strong as wrought-iron, his grand head threw a grotesque shadow upon the dark wainscot, flitting to and fro in the fitful glare of the wax candles, like some spectral copy of one of Angelo's noble figures.

On the table, within reach of his hand, which

wearily upheld his head, stood a flagon of wine, though the slender Venetian glass showed that as yet it had been untouched.

At his feet the huge mastiff lay stretched at full length, like a lioness at rest.

By the side of the chair leant his gun, and on a chair beside the table his cap and a dead hare.

From the heavy lines upon his forehead one might guess that sad thoughts occupied his mind; for some time his eyes were fixed upon the waning fire, his lips compressed and silent; then a gust of wind, wild and more savage than its fellows, burst against the diamond-paned window. He turned his head with a weary sigh, and, stooping, flung a heavy log of wood amongst the red embers.

"A wild night," he muttered to himself. "Just such another night as the one when I returned to this desolate home of mine. Just such another when I blighted my life by carrying her off. How the time flies. Eight

years! They seem only eight months sometimes, eight centuries at others. I wonder where she is now—in some Roumanian city, perhaps, the toast of some crowned idiot, snared by her deceitful eye and evil voice.

"Felise! The name has a bad ring in it; it savours of the tiger. Felise, Faustine! Both names of shame—both hers. Bah! What brings me in this mood to-night? Is't the wind, or the want of wine?" and he stretched out his hand to reach the flagon.

"Wine! How marvellous that I should not have gone the way of many others, and drowned my shame and my broken heart in the fumes of the grape-juice. There was a time when even that seemed a bright hope, a haven of forgetfulness, in the midst of my agony. But no; Maurice Durant was a Durant still, and deemed it better to grin and bear than drink and die. Besides, had I not one great consolation, a Mother whose bosom received my aching head, whose joys consoled my breaking