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ИЗЪ КНИГЪ КНЯГИНИ

ЕЛИЗАВЕТЫ АЛЕКСАНДРОВНЫ

БАРЯТИНСКОЙ.

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COLLECTION
OF
BRITISH AUTHORS.
VOL. 574.

EAST LYNNE BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.
IN THREE VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

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Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption
Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion;
Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.

* * * * *

This is the cross I must bear; the sin and the swift retribution."

LONGFELLOW.

V 332
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EAST LYNN E.

BY

MRS. HENRY WOOD.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LEIPZIG
BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ
1861.

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E A S T L Y N N E.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

The Lady Isabel.

IN an easy-chair of the spacious and handsome library of his town-house, sat William, Earl of Mount Severn. His hair was grey, the smoothness of his expansive brow was defaced by premature wrinkles, and his once attractive face bore the pale, unmistakable look of dissipation. One of his feet was cased in folds of linen, as it rested on a soft velvet ottoman, speaking of gout as plainly as any foot ever spoke yet. It would seem — to look at the man as he sat there — that he had grown old before his time. And so he had. His years were barely nine-and-forty; yet in all, save years, he was an aged man.

A noted character had been the Earl of Mount Severn. Not that he had been a renowned politician, or a great general, or an eminent statesman, or even an active member of the Upper House: not for any of these had the earl's name been in the mouths of men. But for the most reckless among the reckless, for the spendthrift among spendthrifts, for the gamester above