

Lizzie, would be the kind of life which would suit her poetical temperament. But then, how would it be with her if the Corsair were to take to hurrying about the world without carrying her with him;—and were to do so always at her expense! Perhaps he might hurry about the world and take somebody else with him. Medora, if Lizzie remembered rightly, had had no jointure or private fortune. But yet a woman must risk something if the spirit of poetry is to be allowed any play at all! ‘And now these weary diamonds again,’ said Lord George, as the carriage was stopped against the Carlisle platform. ‘I suppose they must go into your bedroom, Lady Eustace?’

‘I wish you’d let the man put the box in yours;—just for this night,’ said Lizzie.

‘No;—not if I know it,’ said Lord George. And then he explained. Such property would be quite as liable to be stolen when in his custody as it would in hers;—but if stolen while in his would entail upon him a grievous vexation which would by no means lessen the effect of her loss. She did not understand him, but finding that he was quite in earnest she directed that the box should be again taken to her own chamber. Lord George suggested that it should be entrusted to the landlord; and for a moment or two Lizzie submitted to the idea. But she stood for that moment thinking of it, and then decided that the box should go to her own room. ‘There’s no knowing what that Mr Camperdown mightn’t do,’ she whispered to Lord George. The porter and the tall footman, between them, staggered along under their load, and the iron box was again deposited in the bedroom of the Carlisle inn.

The evening at Carlisle was spent very pleasantly. The ladies agreed that they would not dress,*—but of course they did so with more or less of care. Lizzie made herself to look very pretty, though the skirt of the gown in which she came down was that which she had worn during the journey. Pointing this out with much triumph, she accused Mrs Carbuncle and Lucinda of great treachery, in that they had not adhered to any vestige of their travelling raiment. But the rancour was not vehement, and the evening was passed pleasantly. Lord George was infinitely petted by the three Houris* around him, and Lizzie called him a Corsair to his face. ‘And you are the Medora,’ said Mrs Carbuncle.

‘Oh no. That is your place,—certainly,’ said Lizzie.

‘What a pity Sir Griffin isn’t here,’ said Mrs Carbuncle, ‘that we might call him the Giaour.’* Lucinda shuddered, without any attempt at concealing her shudder. ‘That’s all very well, Lucinda, but I think Sir Griffin would make a very good Giaour.’

‘Pray don’t, aunt. Let one forget it all just for a moment.’