
Falkland...

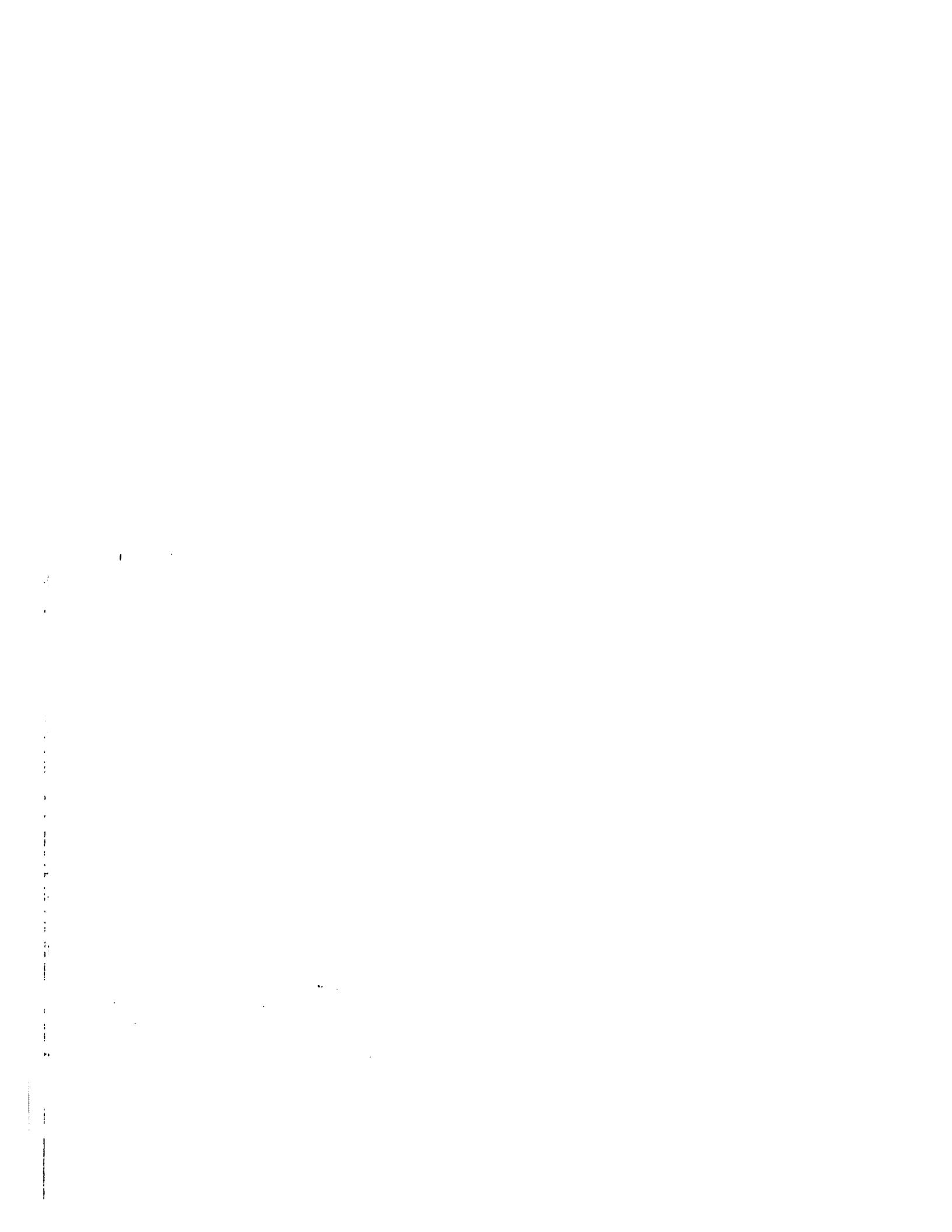
Lytton Baron Edward

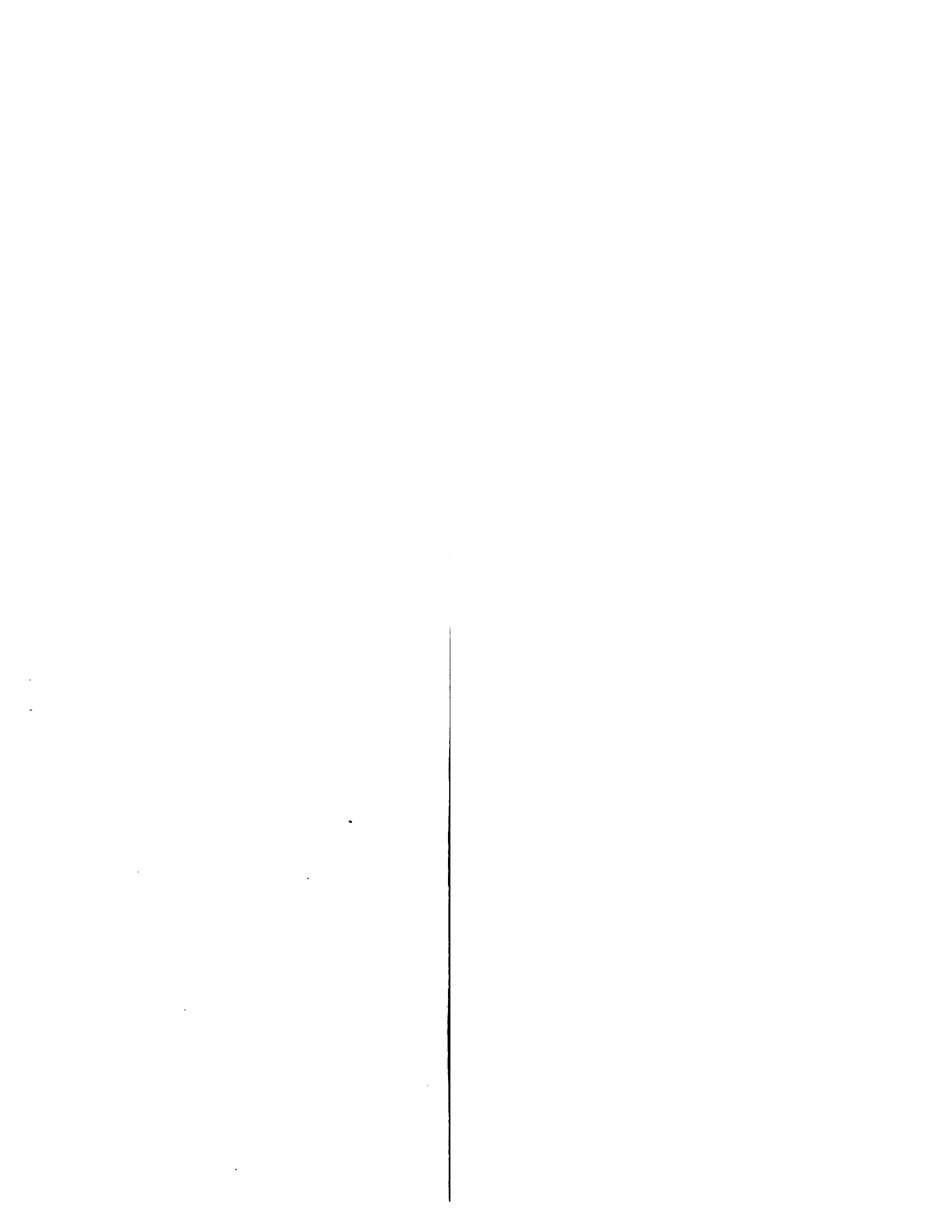
Title: Falkland...

Author: Lytton Baron Edward

This is an exact replica of a book. The book reprint was manually improved by a team of professionals, as opposed to automatic/OCR processes used by some companies. However, the book may still have imperfections such as missing pages, poor pictures, errant marks, etc. that were a part of the original text. We appreciate your understanding of the imperfections which can not be improved, and hope you will enjoy reading this book.







*not in R
7/3/88
B.*

G O D O L P H I N

AND

F A L K L A N D .

BY

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART.

COPYRIGHT EDITION.

LEIPZIG

BERNH. TAUCHNITZ JUN.

1842.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
825302
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1918 L



Handwritten signature or scribble

G O D O L P H I N.

“Sleep,
Voluptuous Caesar, — and security
Seize on thy powers!” —
BEN JONSON · *Fall of Sejanus*.

TO
COUNT ALFRED D'ORSAY.

MY DEAR COUNT D'ORSAY,

WHEN the parentage of Godolphin was still unconfessed and unknown, you were pleased to encourage his first struggles with the world: Now, will you permit the father he has just discovered to re-introduce him to your notice? I am sorry to say, however, that my unfilial offspring, having been so long disowned, is not sufficiently grateful for being acknowledged at last: he says that he belongs to a very numerous family, and, wishing to be distinguished from his brothers, desires not only to reclaim your acquaintance, but to borrow your name. Nothing less will content his ambition than the most public opportunity in his power of parading his obligations to the most accomplished gentleman of our time. Will you, then, allow him to make his new appearance in the world under your wing, and thus suffer the son as well as the father to attest the kindness of your heart and to boast the honour of your friendship?

Believe me,
My dear Count d'Orsay,
With the sincerest regard,
Yours, very faithfully and truly,
E. L. B.

N O T E
TO THE
EDITION OF 1840.

THIS Novel ranks in the class of my earlier compositions, and has, in addition to its other defects, those that might naturally result from the youth of the Author. A few passages in the former edition, which appeared to me blemishes that would bear removal without injury to the general construction, have been omitted in the present;—and some corrections and additions made, tending, let me hope, to improve the details of the narrative, and to render more minute the delineation of the characters.

London, April 17, 1840.

G O D O L P H I N.

CHAPTER I.

The death-bed of John Vernon. — His dying words. — Description of his daughter, the heroine. — The oath.

“Is the night calm, Constance?”

“Beautiful! the moon is up.”

“Open the shutters wider, — there. It *is* a beautiful night. How beautiful! Come hither, my child.”

The rich moonlight that now shone through the windows, streamed on little that it could invest with poetical attraction. The room was small, though not squalid in its character and appliances. The bed-curtains, of a dull chintz, were drawn back, and showed the form of a man, past middle age, propped by pillows, and bearing on his countenance the marks of approaching death. But what a countenance it still was! The broad, pale, lofty brow; the fine, straight, Grecian nose; the short, curved lip; the full, dimpled chin; the stamp of genius in every line and lineament; — these still defied disease, or rather borrowed from its very ghastliness a more impressive majesty. Beside the bed was a table spread with books of a motley character. Here an abstruse system of Calculations on Finance; there a volume of wild Bacchanalian Songs; here the lofty aspirations of Plato’s “Phædon;” and there the last speech of some County Paris on a Malt Tax: old newspapers and dusty pamphlets completed the intellectual litter; and above them rose, mournfully enough, the tall, spectral form of a half-emptied phial, and a chamber-candlestick, crested by its extinguisher.

A light step approached the bedside, and opposite the dying man now stood a girl, who might have seen her thirteenth year.

Godolphin & Falkland.