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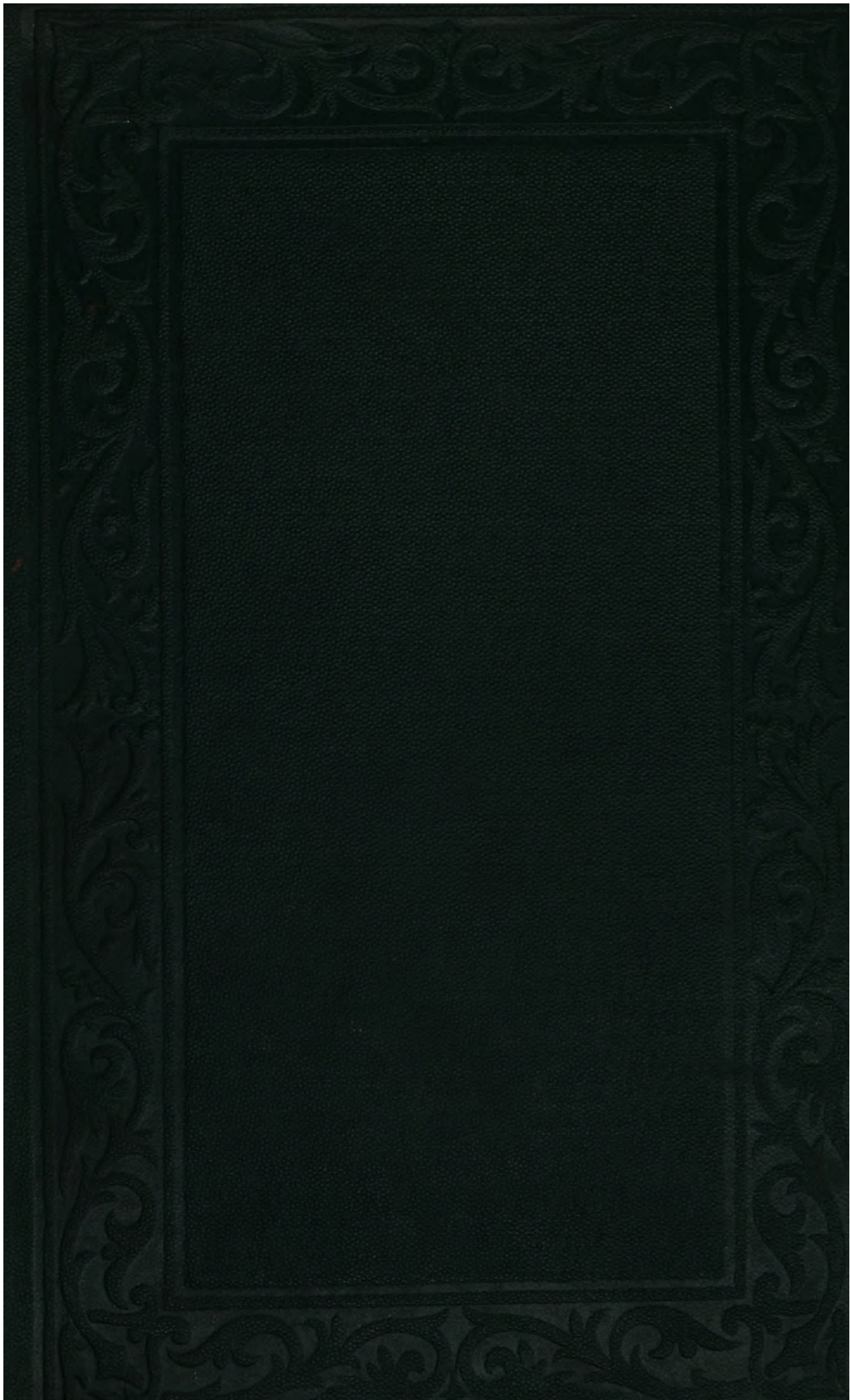
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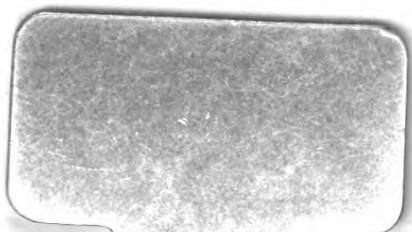


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TIME, FAITH,

AND

ENERGY.

N. 1001

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF

GEOFFREY WALLER.



LONDON :

CHARLES J. SKEET, 10, KING WILLIAM STREET,

CHARING CROSS.

1868.

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250 v. 167

LONDON :

PRINTED BY J. BALE, 78, GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET,

ST. MARY-LE-BONE.

INTRODUCTION.

(Mr. BULL, *reading our own Correspondent's Account of the Fall of Magdala.* To him enters Unknown Author.)

Author. Sir, I presume—

Mr. B. Sir, I cannot contradict you.

Author. Nay, sir, I beg—

Mr. B. I refer you to Lord Townshend.

Author. Permit me to observe—

Mr. B. I wish you could; you would then see that I am engaged, and don't wish to be interrupted.

Author. Dyspeptic; allow me to prescribe—

Mr. B. Sir, I never take physic.

Author. Take this.

Mr. B. What is it?

Author. "Aperiently" a Book; its class I

will request you, as a benevolent Buffon, to determine.

Mr. B. I have no time for criticism.

Author. I rejoice to hear it ; read the book ; if you like it, you will communicate your gratification to your friends ; if you dislike it, you are too well-bred to intrude your personal annoyances into society.

Mr. B. TIME—statistical ?

Author. You will find no figures, except figures of speech.

Mr. B. FAITH—sir, if you come to question me whether I am High or Low—

Author. I am no inquisitor ; yet one question I may ask ; have you ever ascended in a balloon or descended into a coal mine ?

Mr. B. I have not, sir.

Author. I commend your discretion ; many worthy men lose themselves in the clouds, or are blinded by the vapours.

Mr. B. I understand ; so far we are in accord. ENERGY—do you keep a gymnasium ?

Author. I have endeavoured to train my

thoughts. This child of my brain can only thrive with careful nursing; let it grow into publicity, and become healthy by increased circulation, and let me, its unknown parent, hope to present to you other members of my family.

Mr. B. Unknown? I see you do not put your name to the work.

Author. I wait till I have earned one.

Mr. B. I dislike concealment.

Author. Let me anticipate your objections. It was permitted to adventurous knights to enter the lists with their vizors down, and to unhelm if successful in the tourney. If I am hurled from my seat by the lance of criticism, I may at least be permitted to quit the lists without displaying to all the world the rueful countenance of the discomfited knight.

Mr. B. The Romans conquered the world under the S. P. Q. R. These were initials only.

Author. I am not sufficiently sanguine to attach any potency to mine.

Mr. B. What are they?

Author. W. H. C.

Mr. B. Let me be your interpreter. W. H. C.
—they answer admirably—Who Has Come?

Author. The initials may answer, but the Author declines to do so. I will request you to reply, after you have read the volume.

Mr. B. I always encourage beginners; let me make a second essay—W. H. C. Wait.

Author. I will.

Mr. B. Hope.

Author. I do.

Mr. B. Conquer—you may.

Author. You re-assure me. One word, ere I part with this child, for whom, feeble as it may be, I have some regard. All authors, whether blood or ink circulates in the veins of their offspring, have a visual weakness which prevents them from observing the defects of their productions. I hesitated for some time to remove mine from the nursery; I feared I might be ordered off parade in the (*Saturday*) Review, or be included in the list of literary bankrupts in the (*Pall Mall*) Gazette. To you, and all

like you, who are content to hear the evidence, before giving the verdict, permit me to say, in placing this volume in your hands, I trust, for your sake and my own, you will long retain—

TIME, FAITH, and ENERGY!



CHAPTER I.

“So you’ve made up your mind, eh, Geff?”

“Yes, uncle David.”

“And you *will* go to London to-morrow, eh, lad?”

“With your leave, uncle.”

“And without it, eh?” A pause—uncle David smokes in silence—a few vigorous puffs, and he resumes—
“to make your fortune, eh, lad?”

“I’m no money-hunter, uncle David. I should scorn myself and deserve your scorn, had I no better motive than gathering dirty pence together until they became dirtier pounds. I seek to win name and fame, uncle David.”

“Name and fame! You’ve the name your father left you, Geoffrey Waller—all he had to leave you by-the-bye. As for fame, why take a lesson from my pipe, my lad.”

“And how so, uncle David?”

“Do you see the smoke coming out of it—that’s fame my lad. Can you pocket it—can you put it out to use? fame, indeed—puff! Stay at home, Geff, and I’ll make a farmer of you.”

“Farmer! my father was a gentleman and a scholar.”

“A scholar—well he might be; wrote Greek and spoke Latin, eh? I’ve known a many like him,

nephew Geff, who learnt too much as boys and too little as men, and the end of all their book knowledge was puff—puff!” And again uncle David took refuge in his pipe.

“Poor he was, improvident he might have been, but he had the pure blood of the Wallers in his veins, and was by birth and bearing an English gentleman.”

“Harkye, Geff, I don’t often read books, but I can read a man, and I’ll tell you, for the love I bear my sister’s son, what I never told that sister. Arthur Waller dreamt away his life; spoke much and did little; made fine promises and never kept them; borrowed money which he never laboured to repay; was so high that he couldn’t bend to work, but so low that he could always stoop to beg; thought life and all its joys would last for ever, and died a broken man at nine and twenty.”

“Uncle David, you forget”—

“No, lad, I remember; the brightest eye, the softest cheek, the lightest heart, withered away because your father was a gentleman. See what my Alice is—well, as a field flower is to a garden rose, so she is to what your gentle mother was when Arthur Waller stooped to make her his wife. I see you’re hurt, lad, and I’ll say no more, but do you go back to your earliest memory of your mother, and say whether I should not pray by day and night that my Alice may never have such a gentleman husband.”

“My dear, kind mother!”

“Too dear, Geff, and too kind; such hearts as hers are not made for our workaday life—they break too

soon, and the worst on't is, they don't die when they break—they live and suffer.”

Farmer David ceased, and smoked his pipe in silence, which his young nephew was in no mood to interrupt. Whilst Geoffrey thinks with a gentle melancholy of the past, and an earnest hope for the future, that too quickly effaces all saddening recollections, we will briefly sketch his character and position.

His father, Arthur Waller, despite uncle David's severe criticism, was a man of good family, although so distantly connected with the head of his noble house as to have only the barren honor of being a branch of the family tree, without bearing any of the golden fruit. He had been highly educated, and great expectations were formed of his collegiate success; but, alas, quiet men in black gaiters and blue spectacles, who had been reading hard whilst Arthur Waller was bumping Trinity or sporting pink, took the double firsts and the Chancellor's medals, and left him the doubtful honor of wooden spoon. Then Arthur went to town, entered his name on the books of the Inner Temple, was very assiduous for a time in keeping his terms, so far as dining in hall, and every evening studied most diligently—not Coke upon Littleton, but Siddons upon Shakespeare—was idle and gay, not to say dissipated, and at four-and-twenty became an orphan by the death of his father, Colonel Waller, who bequeathed him his blessing and his debts. As Arthur Waller had already honored his father's tradesmen with his custom, it is doubtful

whether the most sanguine of the creditors attached any value to the Colonel's hope, that his son's affection would prompt him to recognize and discharge his father's liabilities. An orphan and a beggar (hard words but true,) Arthur resolved to apply earnestly to his profession, and by way of recruiting his health, and bracing his energies to the task, determined on change of air. Fortunately, or unfortunately, he selected Elmstoke for his temporary residence,—won, ere he knew it, or she herself was conscious of her loss, the heart of pretty Mabel Brookdale,—and finding she had a thousand pounds to her portion, he sacrificed ambition at the altar of affection, generously made her Mrs. Arthur Waller, and pocketed his own pride and her portion. Of course the thousand pounds would support them until Arthur obtained a position at the bar, which would enable him to requite her trusting confidence; but travelling is expensive, London is the dearest capital in Europe, old creditors are so well informed when a man has money, and so importunate till he has none, that a short year saw Arthur and Mabel back in Elmstoke—he miserable in the knowledge of an empty purse, and she happy beyond measure in the possession of a rosy blessing, which she prized as only mothers can prize such a treasure. At first Arthur proposed to leave his wife and infant son under her brother David's roof, whilst he returned to London and labored zealously in his profession; but time wore on, David had good horses, and Arthur found riding conducive to his health; David had the right of

shooting over his landlord's manors, and Arthur was a keen shot; David had excellent fishing in the mill stream, and Arthur was an earnest disciple of Izaak Walton; David had a well-filled purse, and for some time lent willingly at the request of Arthur, and long after, though unwillingly, at the request of Mabel. What was the result? Time wore on—energy departed—and at last, even Mabel's faith in her husband vanished. Respect gradually died out, though love still lingered, as the idle gentleman degenerated into the lazy lounging dependant on the kindness which he abused, and the bounty which he mocked. Gradually the society with which he was entitled to associate shunned him, the sturdy farmers in course of time avoided him, and sinking lower and lower in the social scale, he found at last a vulgar pleasure in being hailed as gentleman Waller, by a class who had certainly not the slightest claim to such a title; and the expectant leader of the Circuit sank into the wit of the bar, and the oracle of the tap-room. "*Facilis est descensus.*" We will not go to the end of the proverb. There is no stopping when we run down the hill of life like Arthur Waller. Reproaches—not from Mabel, for she never reproached him—reproaches of his own occasionally awakened better feelings, were drowned in the intoxicating excitement, which at first partial, became more and more confirmed, until at twenty-nine Arthur Waller, gay, generous, high-spirited Arthur Waller, lay on his death bed, awakened but too late to a sense of mispent time and ruined hopes,

and read in the worn face of his weeping Mabel, a fearful comment on the wasted past. Then he, who had been so prodigal of time, asked but one hour, but one short fleeting hour, to tell her how he loved, how he repented—but the lip quivered—the eye glazed—the kiss that told of woman's unchanging love was given, but not returned—and Mabel was a widow.

Do not think, kind reader, because David Brookdale spoke to Geoffrey so freely of his father, that he expressed himself to Mabel as frankly respecting her husband. No. The one thing David loved most fondly was his sister, and strange contradiction as it may seem, he loved her the more that her graceful beauty and gentle bearing were so opposite to his rugged form and somewhat clownish manner; indeed there was such difference in their years, that she was less a sister than a child, and he had watched her almost with a father's care. For her sake he had assisted Arthur, and had been repaid with insult, and for years, long weary years that Mabel lingered, until she rested in peace beside her husband, no word of reproach escaped her brother's lips. Her last look, when speech had left her, was towards her child; her brother's eye answered that appeal, and Mabel died in the assurance that her orphan was not friendless.

With much of his father's talent, or as Geoffrey loved to term it, genius, the son inherited too much of the father's weakness, and the sturdy David deemed it a duty in which he was not deficient, to awaken the child to a sense of the parent's errors.

Geoffrey, despite his uncle's training, detested the

study of agriculture, except in the *Bucolics*, and he longed to sail on that open sea, where his father's hopes had found an early shipwreck. Nor should this be wondered at; Mabel's love for her husband, firm through all trial, and hallowed by death, had caused her to present his character to her son, in all its brightest colors; the books he read—the letters he had written—these were the studies she delighted to encourage in her child, and Geoffrey, apt scholar, learned too soon there was a brilliant world beyond the narrow boundary of Elmstoke, and longed to cast his net into life's waters, and try his future in the troubled stream. Three years had passed since his mother's death,—the first, the only grief Geoffrey had known,—and so ardent was his affection, so keen his sorrow, that a quiet melancholy which succeeded, seemed to have changed his nature and clouded his usually buoyant spirits. Respecting this grief, David allowed the youth to pass his time in the way most agreeable to his feelings, and this indulgence was fatal to the farmer's hopes. Geoffrey's aversion to his uncle's life increased with his studies, and a complimentary notice of some verses which appeared in a local paper, confirmed his distaste. He would long since have requested his uncle's consent to his departure in search of fame, boy Quixote that he was, but for an antagonistic influence in the shape of his cousin Alice, who now filled in honest David's heart, the place so long occupied by his sister.

That Alice was the belle of the village was admitted by all—even by those who were best

qualified to dispute her claims; nay the lord of the manor, at the annual hunting feast, had proposed her health as the prettiest girl in the county, and as Sir Hartington Mowbray was now for the third time a widower, there were not wanting gossips who shook their heads at this, and who hinted that though Sir Hartington was sixty-five and a three-bottle man to boot, Alice Brookdale might, if she liked, become Lady Mowbray. The great charm of her character was her cheerfulness,—I mean by that her earnest desire to cheer; it beamed in her eye—it smiled on her lip—it spoke in her earnest voice, it exercised its influence on all who knew her, but on none so much as cousin Geoffrey, who but for such influence might have sunk into moody despondency, or have degenerated into the excesses of his father. With Alice life was a perpetual spring, and though she might not have found “sermons in stones,” the truthfulness of her own heart, taught her to find “good in everything.” Alice was a true English girl, and with all deference to continental charms, there is a sunny happiness peculiar to English faces as to English scenes which may successfully rival the brilliancy of an Andalusian eye, or the piquant attraction of “un petit nez retroussé.” Honest, hearty, rugged David Brookdale was proud of his girl, and though a plain rough man, of the earth, earthy, yet his heart was a fruitful soil in which grew many a warm affection. A giant in his strength, he had the natural respect that such men ever have for thews and sinews, and seeing around him the happy result of the labour of

his hands, he thought but lightly of the noble efforts of the brain. One book, he said, was enough for him to read. In his eyes every field was an opened page, in which he traced God's goodness to his creatures, and though he did not object to Geoffrey's reading aloud from his favourite author, yet the farmer occasionally indulged in certain quaint criticisms, that would have driven a commentator frantic.

Now I know not how it was, but the book would open at Hamlet, or Romeo and Juliet, on whom the farmer pronounced a rigid judgment. Hamlet he would have sent to the county asylum, and the houses of Capulet and Montague should have been indicted at the quarter sessions,—but his English blood warmed as Geoffrey read of Harry, and of Agincourt, and he even owned to a sneaking kindness for the crook-backed Richard. “A black sheep, lad, but dash it, he's got pluck!” Then Geoffrey, as he read of the hapless love of the Mantuan boy and girl, would look in his cousin's earnest eyes for sympathy, but Alice was wilful, and laughed his hero and heroine to scorn; yet her cheek flushed and her eye kindled as she listened to the declaration of Desdemona—

“Unkindness may do much,
And his unkindness may defeat my life
But never taint my love.”

In truth, sweet Alice would not have wished the stars to bear witness to her constancy, yet would have prayed to heaven to bless her ever with her

husband's love, and have made it the study of her life to merit it.

But the farmer has finished his pipe; Geoffrey's contemplations are ended, and Alice entering the room, finds the fire in the agonies of immediate dissolution. However her skilful hand soon repairs the evil, much to the gratification of farmer David,—and mark me, reader, 'tis no slight advantage to use the poker cunningly. Else, why do we speak of the domestic hearth? Why do the household gods ensconce in the chimney corner? Fair readers, whether now happy in connubial bliss, or but expectants of that blest condition, remember the fire of love may sink with the decaying embers, and when the hearth is cold the Lares and Penates may fly up the chimney.

“The coach leaves at six o'clock in the morning, cousin Geoffrey, and though you've known for a month you were to go to-morrow, you've not packed your portmanteau or—”

“All's well that ends well, Alice, so I'll begin packing directly.” And Geoffrey rises for the purpose. “To foreign climates this old trunk I'll bear.”

“Old trunk, Geff?” said the literal farmer. “I must speak to Tom Saunders about that. I paid him two pounds ten for a new portmanteau.”

“And a new portmanteau it is, father, so you need not speak to Saunders; and packed already, so Geoffrey need not trouble himself; yes, everything's packed—clothes, books, papers, even to the copy of

verses, to the most beautiful of her sex. Why, father, do but look how Geoffrey's blushing!"

Geoffrey indignantly denied the accusation, but it may here be mentioned, that the copy of verses before alluded to, which referred to a recent election triumph, had procured Geoffrey an invitation to a state dinner at Plantagenet Castle, during which festive ceremony the Lady Olivia Beauvale, only daughter of the Earl, had delighted and embarrassed him with her notice, and bending to him gracefully as she quitted the apartment, had completely forgotten that it contained Mr. Geoffrey Waller. He, however, had remembered—which of us would not?—this introduction to the loveliest and most amiable of her sex,—so at least he termed her in Spenserian stanzas and Anacreontic odes. These attentions however in no wise disquieted the peace of Alice, and as they procured no response from the object of his admiration, the little flame but flickered, and died out.

"I wish Geoffrey's hand had been more on the plough, and less on the pen," said David, "then he'd have known on what a fool's errand he's journeying."

"Nay, father," said Alice,—truthful, peace-making Alice,—“why should you expect Geoffrey to see with your eyes or mine? Why, when we ask to live and die at Elmstoke, should we object to his desire for change? Why ask him to abide with us, when he does not press us to be the companions of his journey?"

"I wish you would be," said Geoffrey, quickly.

“Thankye,” said the farmer gruffly. “I’ve had enough of London. I went there five-and-twenty years ago; I’d some extra stock I thought I might sell to advantage, and I did; received my money, and walked off to the banker’s to turn my cheque into notes; I did but stop five minutes to help a poor widow who was fainting, and purse, cheque, watch, vanished in a twinkling; so did the widow when she saw the constable, and I doubt, Geff, when you get to London, whether the nephew will prove wiser than the uncle.”

“Uncle David, I must make the journey. I must start in the great race of life, whether I win or lose. I shall die if I am not allowed the competition. I would rather die in striving to reach the goal, than wither away unnoticed and unknown.”

“Ah, lad, I’ve been to York races many a time, and I’ve seen the best horses don’t always win the cup, and when they do it’s through whip and spur, my boy. You’ll come back to Elmstoke, Geff, in a sorrier plight than you ever left it.” Noting the pain this caused his nephew, David continued, “I see I can’t change you, lad, though I’d fain do so. Well, a bargain’s a bargain. You’ve asked for a six months’ trial, and I’ve given you that. You’ve asked for a hundred pounds, and there it is; and if even now you could but change your mind, there’s nothing you could ask, and I could give, that you shouldn’t have, and freely.”

Now doubtless Geoffrey should have said at once, “Give me Alice and your blessing.” But Alice was

already his, as a cousin, and Geoffrey was as yet no Antony, to sacrifice the world for Cleopatra, so he thanked his uncle, assured him he should succeed, and indeed believed in such assurance, and the supper being spread, he joined his uncle and Alice in their last meal together. I blush to confess it, but Geoffrey made a much heartier supper than ought to have been expected under the circumstances.

Supper ended, Farmer David, a most earnest believer in Sir Walter's herb, reverted to his all-consoling pipe, whilst Alice held anxious converse with her cousin respecting his future prospects. Alice had faith in the genius of her cousin, but much misgiving as to his energy of purpose; perhaps she loved him the better for this weakness, for (shall I confess it?) Alice loved her cousin more ardently than relationship required, although as yet she had never told her love, nor did the worm in the bud, preying on her damask cheek, lead Geoffrey to presume on such a foregone conclusion.

"And you will write to us every week?" Of course he would. "And we shall answer all your letters," said Alice.

"Speak for yourself, Ally," interrupted her father. "I haven't written for twenty years except on business, and that reminds me, Geff, I've a letter for you,—its to my lawyer's London agent,—sharp man I'm told; he'll look over those old agreements, and tell you what Pouncely told you before, that they're only so much waste paper." So saying he handed to Geoffrey a letter directed in a good

substantial hand,—“Perkins Dummer, Esq., Messrs. Dummer and Tugg, Clement’s Inn.”

“I believe,” said Geoffrey, “that I shall establish my right to this property. I know, sir, neither you nor Pouncely have ever entertained such an opinion, but as I’ve now attained my majority I’m determined to try my right to the estate.”

“Estate!” laughed uncle David, “a fifty-acre farm. And you’ll try your right, eh? Why, lad, your hundred pounds will melt away before you’ve opened your campaign, as Captain Bannerol says.”

“Captain Bannerol knows nothing of law, or reason either,” said Geoffrey, tartly, “if he did he wouldn’t have had the presumption to offer himself for a son-in-law, when he’s ten years your elder.”

“Ten years?” said Alice.

“Twenty,” said Geoffrey viciously,—he’s seventy, if he’s a day.”

“Captain Bannerol,” said Alice, coming to the rescue, and perhaps not unwilling to pique her cousin,—“Captain Bannerol is a brave soldier and a worthy man, and though his merits have not been recognized”—

“Nay, nay, Alice,” said Geoffrey, “don’t favor us with a repetition of the captain’s letters to the *Times*. No doubt he won the battle of Waterloo, but as the world by mistake gives the credit to the Duke, we must leave the gallant captain in a glorious minority,—a minority it must be, for he’ll never get a majority.” And satisfied with this very feeble pun, Geoffrey laughed himself into good temper. “As for Captain Bannerol”—

“Here!” said that gallant veteran, entering the room. “Always ready for the roll call. Miss Alice, good evening! Always salute the commanding officer first. Mr. Geoffrey, a pleasant journey to you. Mr. Brookdale, I greet you with the respect due to the head of the commissariat department.”

“Brew for yourself, captain,—brandy—whiskey—hot water—lemons. Storm and take possession.”

The gallant captain waited for no second invitation, but treating the brandy as an enemy who should bear the expenses of the campaign, and the water as a friend whose weakness should be respected, he mixed himself a tumbler of mighty punch. “A cold night,” said the captain,—and he took a draught proportioned to the severity of the weather. “I never knew a colder”—and again he sought to raise the social mercury. “It’s piercing cold without.” And the captain finished his glass, and looked as if he were decidedly warm within.

Alice knew the warrior’s weakness, and whilst he was gazing abstractedly at the fire, she prepared a second mixture of his never failing specific, which she placed within his reach. One eye the captain directed to the glass, the other to the small white hand. Yes, Alice, farmer’s daughter though you be, and not unacquainted with the duties of the dairy, your hand is small and white. Captain Bannerol bent over the small white hand, and muttered—I know not what, for his eye met Geoffrey’s, the glass was raised hurriedly to his lips, and the unfinished sentence died away in the goblet.

“And so,” said the captain, replacing his glass, “we lose you to-morrow for a time.”

“Perhaps for ever,” said Geoffrey.

“For ever?” said Alice.

“And for ever!” said the captain.

Farmer David spoke not, but his vehement puff looked like a cloudy note of interrogation.

“Yes,” said Geoffrey, “I am determined. I do not start with the intention to turn back when my journey is half performed. I have too long taxed the kindness of my friends, and now the time having arrived, and my uncle’s bounty having furnished the opportunity, I will return with honor, or return no more.”

“Right, my young friend, quite right,” said the captain. “A flight would be disgraceful, but a retreat skilfully managed is sometimes equal to a victory. I remember in 1813”—

“Nay, captain,” said Alice, “there is no comparison. In all your trials—and they were no doubt many—you had friends to share your success, and to console your failure, but Geoffrey goes from a home of love to a world of strangers, and leaves a certain present for a doubtful future.”

The captain looked as if he wished cousin Geoffrey already gone, but he murmured, “Never fear, Miss Alice, never fear.”

“I do fear, Captain Bannerol, for I know my cousin. His is that sanguine temper that, counting always on success, provides not for failure, and sinks beneath it. You’ll laugh at my strange notion, but

I sometimes fancy that he should have been the girl and I the boy.”

The captain looked as if he were perfectly satisfied with the present order of things, and indulged in the usual common places,—that young people would be young people,—that a wounded bird always flew to the nest,—that wilful man would have his way, and then, having exhausted his proverbs and his punch, he remembered it was getting late, and prepared for his departure. Alice accompanied him to the door, and as the gallant veteran adjusted his cloak and comforter, he murmured, “Ah, Miss Alice, if I were about to leave Elmstoke, could I dare to hope”—but whether his words fell on an unheeding ear, or that the opening door bore them far away upon the breeze, certain it is that Alice permitted the captain to depart unanswered and unconsolated.

“Well, lad,” said farmer David, as Alice re-entered, “you had better go to bed, if you get no sleep. Digger Joe will be here by five to take your trunk. I shall say good-bye now, for I’m loth to lose thee, and I won’t send thee off in the morning with a heavy heart. Good-bye, Geff, good-bye! God bless thee, lad, for thy own and thy mother’s sake.” And the farmer quitted the room abruptly, as if afraid to prolong his leave-taking.

“And for that mother’s sake, and for ours, cousin Geoffrey, in all your journeyings think of her and us, and come trial—come poverty—come sickness do nothing that shall grieve us, or shame her memory.”

“Let this be my answer, Alice. Let these thoughts

warm from my heart, and the latest effort of my pen assure you I will prove worthy of both her and you. Read them when I am gone, and believe as I now am, I will ever be, come trial, poverty, or sickness."

Then Geoffrey placed the paper in his sweet cousin's hand, kissed her with a true cousinly affection—poor blind Geoffrey, "blind as the bard on Scio's rocky isle" in this, if in nought else, thou may'st rival Homer—and with mutual kind wishes for each other's happiness the cousins said "good-night!"

But calmly as Alice parted with her cousin, her tears fell fast in the privacy of her neat little chamber, as she murmured "good-night, good-night, and when will come the morrow?" Ere she retired to rest, she read again and again her cousin's parting words, and if she could for the nonce have been elected the dictator of the literary world, she would have placed Geoffrey on the pinnacle of fame. But alas! one cannot take the public by the hand—though he's an excellent fellow in the main—and say "my dear public, I've the highest regard for you; pray accept and return my good opinion."

Thus wrote Geoffrey Waller. May the reader judge as kindly as cousin Alice:—

Ev'ry star that gems the azure,
 Ev'ry flower that scents the gale,
 Like a warning spirit teaches,
 Truth shall in the end prevail.
 In the turmoil of the city,
 In the vastness of the waste,

Sounds the trumpet-call to action,
 Pilgrim to the struggle haste.
 All must labour—few can triumph,
 But if thine the laurel crown,
 Be no mocker of the vanquished—
 Strike not when thy foe is down.
 Struggling ever with the foremost,
 In the holy cause of right,
 Turn aside to aid the wounded,
 Sorely stricken in the fight.
 Have no fear though fools may scoff thee,
 Take no heed though pride should scorn,
 Mercy's robe adorns the wearer,
 Whether prince or peasant-born.
 Ask thyself, before thou chidest,
 Whether thou art free from stain ;
 Render good for evil offered,
 Present loss is future gain.
 Grieve not when thou seest the wealthy
 Pass thee by in purple state ;
 Are they free from earth's afflictions ?
 Damocles thy tale relate.
 Judge thou not on slight observance,
 Sterile rocks have veins of gold ;
 Reverence good where'er thou find'st it,
 Rudest shells the pearl may hold.
 Though thy neighbour be not perfect,
 Be thou slow the fault to name ;
 Let not idle rumour guide thee,
 Easy is it to defame.
 Use the present moments wisely,

Who the future hour may know ?
Dreams the idler of Pactolus,
And awakes to want and woe.
Fear no foe if just thy quarrel,
Yet not rashly take offence ;
Overcome with reason's weapons,
Wrathful phrase proves want of sense.
Though thy state be proud or lowly,
Keep this maxim still in view :—
Do thy duty unto others,
Though they fail therein to you.

CHAPTER II.

Long sat Geoffrey Waller by his uncle's hearth, now building gay castles in the air, that vanished ere they could assume completeness—now glancing at the volume that lay at his elbow. The book was one of Geoffrey's prime favorites, not merely for the attractive interest of the story, but because it told of trial endured and conquered—of success struggled for and attained. "Night and morning," said he. "Night and morning,—for Philip the dark night, and the bright morrow—for me?" and his head sank on his breast as he mused upon the future.

He looked around, but he was no longer alone; by his uncle's hearth three strangers sat, and yet, though strange, the faces seemed familiar. The first was a man whose whitened hair and beard spoke of extremest age, but his clear gray eye had all the fire of youth. The second, somewhat he thought resembled his cousin Alice, but the form was slighter, the face paler, and the soft blue eyes were raised heavenward with a look of sweet contentment and holy earnestness. The third was a man of giant mould, with every strong muscle hardened by toil, and his face embrowned by labour. Though the face was hard it was not harsh, and the genial smile that lighted up the features, accorded well with the cheerful voice and honest hearty laugh.

“Young scholar,” said the first, “you need my aid. Without me all human effort will be vain. It was so, and it is, and still shall be. I would be your friend, but use me as a friend, or you may too late repent to find me gone, and know how vain are all your efforts to recal me.”

“And I,” said the gentle girl, “will be your friend; but by the memory of your departed mother, and by the true heart of your cousin Alice, I beseech you bring no stain upon my friendship. Be pure in heart, and what else may betide, my presence ever shall sustain and console you.”

“And I,” roared the honest giant, “will be your friend. Look at this arm; observe this goodly muscle. Am I not a powerful friend to walk beside you—to clear for you a passage through the crowd—to beat down every obstacle in your path? But, hark you! do not sink, do not despond, or I say farewell, and seek for bolder hearts and stouter spirits.”

Geoffrey sprang from his chair to thank his friends, but the hearth was empty—the fire was out—and the church clock striking one, told him he had been for the last two hours in the land of dreams. His eye rested on his book. “Yes, ’tis an omen,” said Geoffrey, “and I accept it. Time, Faith, and Energy, ye are my friends. Oh, Philip! when alone in the streets of Paris, those warning words fell upon your ears, they saved you in your dark night of despair. Time, Faith, and Energy, ye proffer well; I accept, and will be worthy.”

Geoffrey went to his bed, but not to sleep. Long he lay in a happy waking dream, but in all his future Alice was beside him, now in the likeness of his gentle monitress, sustaining him amidst his varied trials,—now as the happy playmate of his youth, sharing and increasing every pleasure. As ever we most prize what we must lose, so on this, the last night of his stay, Alice would reign supreme in every thought. “Sweet Alice, dearest cousin,” said Geoffrey as he slept—slept and dreamt.

Of Alice—no doubt he ought to have dreamt of cousin Alice at the altar foot, plighting her faith to him with beaming eyes, and face suffused with happy maiden blushes,—of uncle David with a tear on his cheek, giving his blessing and a thousand pounds,—of Captain Bannerol discarding all personal considerations, and proposing the health of the newly wedded pair, with a felicitous allusion to Waterloo and the Duke,—of rising himself, amidst thunders of applause, cheering of voices, jingling of glasses, rapping of tables, rap, rap, rap, rap.

Yes, rap, rap! There was no doubt of it. Geoffrey was staring at the ceiling in the most perfect state of wakeful consciousness, but the rapping was continued, until he sprang from his bed, threw open the window, and looking out into the cold dark morning mist, enquired, “who’s there?”

“Who’s there!” said a harsh croaking voice, “I’m there!”

“What is the matter?” said Geoffrey.

“Five o’clock’s the matter,” said the voice, “and a

reg'lar north easter is the matter, and its missing the coach arter paying your fare, that's the matter."

"Ah, Digger Joe," said Geoffrey, "all right;" and he closed the window.

"All right!" said the gentleman thus addressed, "Ah, it may be all right when you're beginning life inside the house, but its all wrong when you're ending it outside, specially such a mornin' as this." "Ah!" said Joe, after a lengthened pause, "d'rectly's a nice word to warm a feller an't it? A reg'lar top coat and a comforter I suppose he thinks it. I'll wake him up,"—and he seized the knocker, with mighty thoughts intent, but Geoffrey opening the door, anticipated the solo he was about to perform on that instrument.

"A bitter morning," said Geoffrey, "come in, old man, there's the trunk;—heavy, eh? Never mind, breakfast will be ready at the inn, and a good cup of tea"—

"Tea!" said Joe, and he said no more, but the tone was expressive of the most profound contempt for the product of the celestial empire. As he spoke he directed so earnest a gaze to the bottles that yet remained on the table that Geoffrey, unable to withstand his eloquent appeal, said "choose for yourself, Joe," and Joe thereupon made an immediate attack on uncle David's cognac.

"Ah!" said Mr. Joseph, "this is the real Bohea, and there's 'conomy in it, mind yer. Why it saves one a sight of money in cream and sugar. Now I'll tell you somethin' as will be for your good, Master

Geoffrey. Never you drink a glass of spirits in the mornin', it's sure to do you harm—two glasses won't ...cause why, the first puts you wrong, and the second puts you right; it's a nateral consequence;" and Mr. Joseph took the consequences accordingly.

Mr. Joseph Harris, had filled the post of assistant sexton for a period almost beyond the memory of man, and had been so long known by his familiar appellation, that it is doubtful whether even HE remembered his original patronymic. He was lean,—so lean, that skin and bone seemed to be the only materials employed in his composition, and it was boldly asserted and believed that he lived purely upon suction. Nay, Brisket, the butcher, often stated at his club, that having bribed Joe to dispel the illusion by eating a substantial steak, that eccentric individual became so seriously indisposed, that he, Brisket, trembled for the consequences, and said he should as soon expect to see a salmon trout in top boots, as for Digger Joe to repeat the undertaking. Joe's two duties in life—his mission as the phrase is—were to dig and drink, and he fulfilled his destiny.

Whilst Mr. Harris is wheeling Geoffrey's trunk to the inn which stands at the further end of the village, Geoffrey himself is taking one last look at the dear old house, wishing, with a natural perversity, he had not been compelled to leave it, placing in safe keeping the little casket that contains the plain gold ring that once encircled the finger of Mabel Waller, and which her son guards with a jealous care. No fairy round—no circle drawn by the enchanter's wand,

shall have a power so potent as this slender hoop, to guard thee, Geoffrey, from the paths of sin and shame. One look, one last look at it, ere he leaves the roof beneath which lived and died that angel mother. What's this? A tress—a long dark silky tress,—and Geoffrey knows that Alice has given this as a proof that one warm heart beats with a love for him, worthy in its purity to blend with that of his departed parent.

His foot is on the threshold to depart, but a light touch stays him, and a cheerful voice breathes in his ear, "God speed!" He turns, and Alice is in his arms—not cousin Alice—not sweet sister Alice, but Alice—his, his only, for weal or woe—while life shall last his Alice. One parting look has told Geoffrey the secret of her heart, and revealed his own, and so a few fond words—a last embrace—and Geoffrey Waller speeds on his way, a proud and happy man.

Happy and proud! The air seemed balmy, though the cold damp fog hung all around, and music seemed to float above him, though even the birds disdained to sing on such a cheerless morning. Geoffrey was wild with joy, frantic with happiness. As if a blind man were suddenly blest with sight, he had acquired a new and subtle sense. An hour ago and Alice was akin to all the world; from all the world she was free to make her choice; and now she was his Alice—his alone. Then the amazement came, that with a look all this should be revealed. "And last night," said Geoffrey, "I was foolish enough to think that Captain Bannerol—Captain Bannerol," and Geoffrey's

merry laugh echoed o'er the moor; he ran—he sang—he shouted in his joy. Oh! happy age! Oh! happy, happy time!

This excitement was anything but agreeable to Digger Joe, whom Geoffrey had by this time overtaken, and who, grumbling when he didn't cough, and coughing when he didn't grumble, was moaning to himself that “there never was such times.”

“Such times!” said Geoffrey, “the best of times, the golden age restored!”

“The golden age!” said Joe. “I thinks they've forgotten to make guineas now-a-days. A sight of one would do me more good than a bottle of eye-water.”

“You shall have one, Joe—one!—you shall have a score!”

Joe coughed inquiringly, and grumbled doubtfully.

“When I return, having made *my* fortune, Joe, I will make *yours*, old grumbler.”

“Ah!” said Joe, “by the time you've made your fortun', all the world won't be able to better mine. And to think of your going to Lunnun, and on sich a mornin', and what for I wonder?”

“In search of fame, Joe.”

“Fame!” said the digger, “that's a short word enough, but it an't in my dixenary. What's fame, I wonder?”

“The approval of the good—the approbation of the great.”

“And how much of it might one buy for a tanner?”

“A tanner! you irreverend old mummy. Fame can’t be bought, it must be acquired.”

“Look here, Master Geff. You write verses, don’t you?”

“Well?” said Geoffrey.

“And you’re going to put ’em in a book, like pigeons in a pie, and sell ’em for as much as you can get. Well,” said Joe, “when you’ve lots of fame you’ll be cheap at half-a-pound,—when you’re out of fame you’ll be dear at a bob! Bless you, I know. I was in the line myself, but I’ve lost the gift of it.”

“The gift of what?”

“That,” said Joe, “fame and poetry. I’d a reg’lar price—two lines was a pint, four lines was a pot. I never went beyond a pot, except once, but that was a stunner; that was two pots. I remember them lines to this day, and as I’ve given up the trade, Master Geff, you can put them in your book and welcome. This was the two pots:—

All flesh is earth, and earth we know
Must be kept moist for things to grow;
Whereby its plain, that every feller
As wants to grow, he must get meller.

“That,” said Joe, “is in the tap room of the ‘Fritch and Bacon’ to this very day.”

“They’re unique,” said Geoffrey.

“No, they’re two pots; leastways,” said the digger with a grin, “the fust edition was, but as you’re in the line you shall have ’em for three pints.”

“You shall have it, Joe, you shall have it; brother poet you shall swim in ale.”

“And what else do you expect to find up there besides fame, Master Geff?”

“Friends, Joe, friends!”

“Friends! Well I’ve heard tell this Lunnun is a large place,—a sight larger,” said Joe, who had no other idea of comparison, “a sight larger than our village an’t it?”

“Village!” said Geoffrey, “as large as the county, Joe.”

“And you’re going to look for friends? You mind when you used to play blind man’s buff.”

“Buff says buff to all his men, and I say buff to him again,” shouted Geoffrey in a mock heroic tone.

“Look here now,” said Joe, “when you was blinded, there was always somebody in partickler as you wanted to catch. Warn’t there now?”

“Solve me the riddle, Joe.”

“It an’t no riddle at all. You’ll break your head against the posts in Lunnun, when you might stop here and catch the best friend you’ve got in all the world.”

“Why what do you mean, old Joe?”

“Mean? Nothing—can’t you see?—then you are blinded, eyes and nose, that’s all.” And Joe would have laughed, or have made his nearest approach thereto, but the fog interfering therewith, he only coughed, and grumbled.

Geoffrey was astounded. Was it possible this living mummy had seen, what *his* eyes had till this morning failed to discover? He was about to

enlighten Joe, but he checked his desire, and exclaimed magnificently, "Joe, you're a fool!"

"In course I am; if I was a wise man I should be in bed this mornin'—a reg'lar four-poster, and half-a-dozen blankets. Anyhow a fool's good enough to wheel a barrow, and I shan't wheel that any more—leastways with this trunk in it. There you are. An't it cold? An't I precious thirsty!"

"Coach won't be up for twenty minutes, Mr. Waller. Nice fire inside," said Mrs. Partlet; "breakfast ready, eggs and ham. Sure to find the eggs fresh, Miss Alice sent them up over night."

"Ha, ha," croaked Joe, "don't yer see? An't you got the ankecher tied jolly tight? Well, I 'spose I may have breakfast too? a pint of old ale and a bit of ginger, and I'll take the chill off myself marm."

Sitting in the breakfast parlour Geoffrey found a gentleman of middle age and vivacious appearance, who was attacking the comestibles as if he purposed victualling himself for the day. "Good morning, sir," said the gentleman. "I say good, as a man always answers, pretty well, when you ask him how he finds himself to-day. Don't wait; eat, drink and be merry; youth's the season made for joy, and for breakfast. Gad, you'll say I must be a very school-boy looking at my present performance. You're a young traveller I see, I'm an old one; you know the song, 'As we travel thro' life, may we live well on the road.' I say, live well and travel afterwards. Coffee or tea? coffee it is—cream—sugar of course—liver-wing—there it is. Ham, eh?—not Vauxhall

slices. Don't be grateful—eat now—thank me afterwards.”

This new acquaintance was about fifty years of age, with sandy hair rapidly turning grey, a clear complexion, small grey eyes, and a good tempered and self-satisfied, not to say important manner. He noticed Geoffrey's progress with much satisfaction, and whilst assisting that young gentleman to a second wing, exclaimed “May good digestion wait on appetite !”

“And health on both,” added Geoffrey.

“Thank you,” said the stranger. “This is an unexpected pleasure. Take another wing, but fly not yet, though 'tis just the hour, for the coach will be up in two minutes.”

“No,” said Geoffrey, “I have finished.”

“Well you've not done amiss, though far short of my performance. You've heard of Titus and his famous saying, 'I have lost a day.' I've ascertained beyond doubt that he always used the expression whenever he made an indifferent breakfast. Your seat taken? Yes,” said the stranger, answering his question, and he bustled out to look after his own.

The “Tantivy” was at the door, with its four neat blood like bays, for as yet the fifth element had not entirely dominated over equine conveyances, and the fog having now passed off, leaving the morning cold but clear, the observers were enabled to regard the whole turn out with admiring satisfaction.

“Mr. Waller booked through. Is Mr. Waller here, mum?” said the coachman.

“Yes, Mr. Trotley,” said Mrs. Partlet, who admired the coach and more particularly the coachman.

“Waller,” said the strange gentleman, “a descendant of the poet?”

“He ain’t no descendant,” said the coachman; “he’s the identical”—

“What, a follower of the muses in propriâ personâ?”

“No, in Elmstoke,” said the coachman, “there away,”—pointing towards the farm.

“And his compositions,” said the stranger, “have they the attic salt?”

“Oh, he ain’t in that line at all,” said the coachman.

“What line?”

“The doctoring line,” said the coachman; “he’s nothing to do with salts and compositions.”

“And as for attics, sir,” said Mrs. Partlet, “this young gentleman *is* a gentleman and as good blood as any in the county.”

“Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest. Chatterton redivivus, eh?”

“Ready?” said the coachman. “Yes sir, the old ‘Tantivy’ always keeps her time. As for chatter, Dickey,” said Mr. Trotley, addressing the guard, “I think the genelman has all the talk to hisself.”

The luggage being safely stowed, Mr. Trotley mounted the box, Geoffrey took his seat beside him, after a suggestion, not whispered, from Digger Joe, to slip off the ankecher; the stranger sat behind Mr. Waller, and the guard blowing his horn, the four bays darted off at the rate of ten miles an hour, guided with one hand by Mr. Trotley, whilst he

gracefully waved the other in affectionate remembrance to Mrs. Partlet.

The coachman was familiar, not to say patronizing to the box seat, and intimated, that although he had never before had the pleasure of driving Mr. Waller, he looked upon him as an old acquaintance, "for," said Mr. Trotley, "our people bought that off leader of your uncle, and a better bit of stuff I never druv;" and thereupon the coachman affectionately flicked the 'bit of stuff' over the right ear; then he informed Mr. Waller in confidence, that although his correct name was William Trotley, he was professionally known as slender Billy, which, as he weighed about twice as much as our hero, might be regarded as a singularly appropriate designation. Likewise that the guard, whose name was Chaunter, preferred being recognized as slippery Dick, but whether such cognomination referred to physical or moral peculiarities, he, Mr. Trotley, omitted to state, and not being partial to metaphysical disquisitions, evaded Geoffrey's enquiries relative thereto.

"Wake 'em up," said the coachman, and they, whoever they might be, were awakened accordingly, by a lively flourish on the key bugle, and the guard repeatedly performed this process throughout the journey, until Geoffrey began to think his sleep dispelling powers must be exhausted; but no, he continued to drink, smoke, and wake 'em up, with unceasing perseverance and unflagging energy.

Geoffrey was amused with all he saw and heard, and particularly with the quaint observations of his

breakfast companion, who, having informed him he had heard his name was Waller, introduced himself as Mr. Charkle.

“A poet, and worthy of your name, Mr. Waller. Sir, I congratulate you.” Geoffrey colored with embarrassment and pleasure, and intimated his desire to know the profession of his new acquaintance.

“Sir,” said Mr. Charkle, “have you ever visited British India?”

Geoffrey replied that he was born in London, but having lived at Elmstoke from an early age,—six weeks as he believed,—he had not made acquaintance with any other locality.

“Because,” said Mr. Charkle, “had you travelled so far, you would have there met, what perhaps you may have read of, the sect called the Assassins.”

Geoffrey intimated that his reading had made him acquainted therewith.

“And your opinion of that sect,” said Mr. Charkle.

Geoffrey expressed his detestation in no measured terms.

“Thank you,” said Mr. Charkle. “Shake hands,—I, sir, am an assassin.” Geoffrey was so astonished that Mr. Trotley was compelled to say, “hold on there.” And Geoffrey held on whilst he stared in bewilderment at his companion.

“I, sir,” repeated Mr. Charkle, “am an assassin. There is scarcely a public man of eminence now living whom I have not killed, in order that I might become his biographer.”

Geoffrey laughed heartily at this explanation, and

again shook the proffered hand of his companion. Well acquainted as he was with books, this was the first time he had met a composer of them, and he gazed with reverence upon Mr. Charkle. That gentleman, in no wise abashed by this evident admiration, comported himself with the dignity proper to the occasion, "You have published?" said Mr. Charkle.

"Not yet," said Geoffrey, "that is only once. Some verses of mine appeared in our county paper."

"Verses are very well," said Mr. Charkle. "I throw off some slight things in that way now and then, and without vanity I may say with more than average success. Of my last effusion, my publisher sold more than twenty thousand copies."

"Twenty thou—" said Geoffrey, turning round, and again receiving an admonitory reproof from slender Billy to "hold on there."

"I have directed my poetical efforts," said Mr. Charkle blandly, "to the exposition of my opinions in reference to British industry; and the pills of Holloway, the garments of Moses, and the blacking of Day and Martin have profited in their turns by my lyrical advocacy."

"Oh, then," said Geoffrey, "you are only a —," and he paused.

"Dixi," said Mr. Charkle.

"What's the matter with it?" said the coachman, looking round at the guard, and narrowly inspecting his visual organ.

"In me," said Mr. Charkle, "you recognize and

respect the practical,—in you I discover and honor the ideal.”

Geoffrey, however, felt his noble art was desecrated, and was as indignant with Mr. Charkle as if he had offered him a personal affront, but his vivacious companion, who had long outlived enthusiasm, if indeed he had ever felt it, talked on unceasingly without noticing Geoffrey’s chagrin, and when they arrived at the metropolis, was relating with much exultation the triumph achieved by his last Pindaric ode, in which he had proved that the decay of the British Constitution, could only be averted by a liberal administration—of Professor Holloway’s pills.

“Thank’e sir,” said Mr. Trotley, as he received Geoffrey’s gratuity. “Stop here, sir; comfortable house—pretty barmaid, sir—landlady’s daughter—she’s engaged and engaging. Tell you in time, sir, to put on the drag, because”—“All right, let ’em go, Tommy”—and off they went, Mr. Trotley, Mr. Charkle, slipper Dick, and all, and Geoffrey was left alone in the wide—wide—Holborn.

“Now you boots, bring in the gentleman’s luggage,” said a sharp quick voice, and Geoffrey, turning, beheld a young lady with a profusion of black ringlets, pert but decidedly pretty.

“You boots” did as he was bid; the voice and ringlets looked rather disdainful when she noted the single trunk, but became gracious on a nearer view of Geoffrey’s really handsome face, and the healthful rustic glow that made it doubly pleasing.

“Will you have a private room, sir, or go into the

commercial?" said an elderly lady, with a face as pert though not so pretty as her daughter's, and ringlets more abundant but far less natural.

"Thank you. I—I'm a stranger in London," said Geoffrey, "and not understanding the custom"—

Ringlets junior here whispered to ringlets senior, and Geoffrey was requested to walk into the bar-parlour, to the evident gratification of the young lady, and the manifest dislike of a gentleman of military, not to say ferocious appearance. A slight passage of arms between the two was quite sufficient to satisfy Geoffrey that the military gentleman would resent any particular attentions offered to the younger ringlets, and he felt grateful to Mr. Trotley for his timely notice.

But whilst pondering on his course of action, he was surprised, not disagreeably, by the entrance of Mr. Charkle, who seizing him by both hands, congratulated him on his arrival in London. "‘Mother of arts and arms.’ And egad! Mrs. Keegles, looking at you and my sweet Lavinia, I may say without flattery you resemble our great metropolis. ‘Mother of arts and arms.’ Mr. Waller, Mrs. Keegles—Miss Keegles—my nephew, Mr. Blobster." Here Geoffrey whispered Mr. Charkle, who replied aloud, "In the army? why not exactly, though Blobster has served, and has made many a fond husband and doting father tremble, when looking through the items of his account, they have at last arrived at the total of the whole."

Mr. Blobster, who was bearded like a pard, and

looked ferocious enough for a field-marshal at Astley's amphitheatre, did not seem over pleased, when his uncle dispelled the illusion as to his real position. Mr. Charkle then proceeded to inform Geoffrey that the young lady was Miss Lavinia Keegles, and quoted the well-known line, "The lovely young Lavinia once was fair." "Once!" said that young lady indignantly, and gave her ringlets such a shake, as her respected mother, having regard to appearances, would never have ventured upon under the greatest provocation.

"You are right, sir," said Mr. Charkle; "you are quite right."

"Right—in what?" said Geoffrey.

"In your opinion," said Mr. Charkle.

"Have I expressed any?" said Geoffrey.

"No, but your eye—your large dark eye—hazel by-the-bye isn't it?—is the index to your thoughts, and I agree with you. Blobster's hair is red."

"Red?" said Mr. Blobster, turning very red indeed, and making his fiery locks more fiery still.

"Talk of the development of ideas, Mr. Waller! it is nothing, sir, to the development of hair, especially red hair; the immortal Goldsmith alludes to it in his 'Deserted Village.'"

"Not that I remember," said Geoffrey, laughing, "and I think I could repeat the poem from beginning to end."

"Allowing," said Mr. Charkle, "for the substitution of a single word, 'Sweet Auburn, loveliest whisker

of the plain.' Neat, eh?—Blobster, my sister's son, I thank you for the suggestion."

Mr. Blobster, who was not blessed with the soft phrase of speech, replied by a grunt, and directed his attention to his cigar.

"They are to be united at the hymeneal altar," said Mr. Charkle, "on which occasion I shall give them my countenance and my blessing; 'I give thee all, I can no more.' I shall probably preside at the wedding breakfast, and if my feelings and the champagne will allow me, I shall do justice in a neat speech to the beauty of the bride, and the virtues of my nephew,—in return for which that amiable individual will rise and reply"—

"Bother!" said Blobster, in a tone which did not speak volumes for Lavinia's future happiness.

"Bother?" said Mr. Charkle, unabashed,—"apt and expressive. The change from single to wedded life—the severing old ties and forming new ones—the thousand little cares entailed upon a man in his present position as husband, and his prospective one as father, could not be better expressed in a single word—but we trifle time. Mr. Waller you require to sup. I'll join you." And he did. And he joined him after supper, in some nice hot punch, which as he said, cheered but not inebriated, and Mr. Blobster having stood upon his dignity until he was tired, came down from his pedestal, and condescended to be cheered. And even the ringlets, old and young, consented after a slight but not physical pressure, to be cheered likewise, and Geoffrey was happy though

away from Alice, and under the influence of the punch, and the persuasions of Mr. Charkle, he recited some of his shorter efforts, which Mr. Charkle declared were Tennysonian, and Miss Lavinia exclaimed "How sweet!" but as she was sipping her punch at the time it is uncertain how the commendation should be applied.

When Mr. Blobster and Mr. Charkle departed arm-in-arm, it is doubtful whether they had not passed that narrow line where cheerfulness ends and inebriety begins. Mr. Charkle had increased in loquacity—Mr. Blobster in ferocity. They had however the delicacy not to interfere with Mr. Waller's request, to be permitted to discharge the cost of the entertainment, and Geoffrey slept his first sleep in London and was blest with happy dreams, not of a pert young lady in long black ringlets, but of gentle, cheerful, loving Alice Brookdale.

CHAPTER III.

Days lengthened into weeks, and weeks flew by, and Geoffrey's portfolio was still unopened. There was so much to be seen—so much worth seeing—as Geoffrey said, he was perfecting his ideas—his plan, if plan he had, was not yet developed—if the seeds of thought were planted in the ground, they had not as yet appeared above the surface, and Geoffrey, in the happy idleness he loved too well, was content to be borne adown the stream of time, gazing dreamily upon the fairy banks of the enchanted world, where all was beautiful and all was new. He was only recalled to the realities of life, and the knowledge that this is indeed a working world, by a suggestion from Mrs. Keegles that perhaps he would like to see his little bill, and thereupon she submitted the ornithological specimen to his inspection. Now Geoffrey Waller had indistinct notions of finance—Wordsworth has said—

“A primrose, by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more—”

But to Geoffrey, a hundred pounds was a hundred pounds, and it was something more; it represented unbounded wealth, it had limitless capacities. At Elmstoke, the circulating medium was almost unnecessary. The farm supplied nearly every want,

and his solitary guinea remained in his purse week after week untouched. But now, when Mrs. Keegles with a smile presented her little bill, big enough, in all conscience for the fabled roc of the Arabian tales, and Geoffrey ignorant of hotel charges, looked at the net, I should say gross amount, he started and turned pale, and was for the moment so confused, that Mrs. Keegles hurried faint and breathless to her child Lavinia.

“Mamma,” said Thomson’s heroine, “what *is* the matter?”

“Number six, my love. Oh, Mr. Charkle, why didn’t you warn me to take care of number six?”

“Because my advice, Mrs. Keegles, is always to take care of number one. But how has this particular half-dozen affected you?”

“A swindler, Mr. Charkle. I’m sure a swindler, and he’s been here a month, a full month Lavinia, and he’s your friend, Mr. Charkle.”

“Have I a friend? His name, Mrs. Keegles, his name.”

“Name, sir?—Mr. Waller, sir.” And thereon turning to her daughter, Mrs. Keegles bemoaned herself, and intimated that from the very first she had thought, &c.

Mr. Charkle turned not pale, but red, “how looked he—frowningly.” Mr. Charkle who resembled the parent of the interesting Grampian hero, in his constant care to increase his store, had called on this particular morning, with the intention of borrowing of Mr. Waller a small sum of money, say five pounds on his I O U. It is a singular fact in connection with

Mr. Charkle, that he was always in want of precisely five pounds; accurate as were his calculations, and abstruse as were his financial studies, he always required the said five pounds to balance the account. If Hopkins had removed the difficulty at half-past ten, Wilkins would be sure to find Mr. Charkle in the same dilemma at a quarter to eleven. I leave it to Chancellors of the Exchequer to solve this monetary enigma; I but record the fact—an advantage I admit accrued therefrom—should the world ever desire to procure the Charkle autograph, it will have no difficulty in gratifying its inclination.

“A swindler?” said Mr. Charkle, and he looked severe, and felt respectable—by contrast. “A swindler, Mrs. Keegles? and he has dined with me for a month.” Mrs. Keegles knew this, and so did Geoffrey by this time, to his cost.

“Console yourself, Mrs. Keegles, justice shall be done, the case shall be fully reported in the morning papers.” And Mr. Charkle in his mind’s eye, had already commenced—“Victimizing extraordinary!” when Geoffrey entering, exclaimed, “Charkle, how are you, old fellow?”

“Charkle—Fellow—Sir,” said Mr. Charkle, with an air of indignant virtue, and immediately seizing Geoffrey by both hands, exclaimed in accents of affectionate emotion, “My dear boy, how are you?”

This sudden change of demeanour, which somewhat astonished Geoffrey, resulted from the production of a roll of notes, which he handed to Mrs. Keegles in settlement of her claim, and after

thanking her for her hospitality, intimated that having gratified his inclinations for sight-seeing, he purposed selecting some quieter abode, where he could give undivided attention to his studies. Mrs. Keegles was delighted and in despair; Miss Keegles echoed the opinions of the head of the family; and Mr. Charkle having mentally calculated Geoffrey's remaining resources, saw the I O U looming in the future and became blandly patriarchal.

"I'm sure, Mr. Waller, we shall miss you sadly," said Mrs. Keegles; "we are all so attached to you, even Mr. Blobster."

Now as Mr. Blobster had little of the Damon and Pythias in his composition, this admission of Mrs. Keegles may be taken as strong evidence in Geoffrey's favour. Miss Keegles spoke not, but she drooped her head, so that the ringlets might be seen to the best advantage, and thought, if he could resist this last appeal, he must be marble. Mr. Charkle seized the opportunity and Geoffrey's hand at the same moment, "Friend of my youth—no of my middle age," said Mr. Charkle, "excuse my emotion. You noticed my strange demeanour when you entered;—'tis an ungrateful world. A man for whom I would have pawned my life—for whom I would have pledged my faith—for whom I have indeed deposited various relics of happier days, redeemable only at enormous interest—but I won't trouble you with my sorrows. The world is now a desert. You want apartments; let us journey into the desert and seek for them. Taking Geoffrey by the arm, Mr. Charkle led him a

little apart—a few hurried words—a shade upon Geoffrey's face—a smile on Mr. Charkle's. The town man of fifty against the country boy of twenty—Mr. Charkle triumphs—pen, ink, and paper,—a hurried scrawl, and Mr. Charkle finds an oasis in the desert, whilst Geoffrey contemplates with awe-struck wonder those mystic vowels, I O U.

Mrs. Keegles cannot allow Mr. Waller to depart without entreating him at all times to make her house his home, and he having done so for the last month, now knows what an expensive luxury is domestic felicity. Miss Keegles entreats that he will favour her with one of his exquisite little effusions for her album, and by way of kindling his poetic fire, introduces to his notice an impromptu, which Mr. Charkle after numberless failures had achieved.—

No hare did ever run from hound,
 Or rabbit from pursuing beagles,
 As I, from that enchanted ground,
 Where dwells the sweet Lavinia Keegles;
 For vainly might I seek to soar
 To yonder clouds, like Alpine eagles,
 As hope, that one in gifts so poor,
 Could win the heart of lovely Keegles.

Mr. Waller promised Mrs. Keegles that he should never forget her,—nor her bill either—he mentally added; assured Miss Keegles, that although not blest with a talent for impromptus, her request should have his immediate consideration; and so, making his adieus, he sallied forth in search of an

abiding place. "The world was all before him where to choose"—that limited sphere at least that comprises all the comforts of a home, with agreeable society in a genteel family, and omnibuses to everywhere at any hour in the day, for the moderate consideration of thirty-five shillings per week,—that being the amount which Mr. Charkle, after a frank confession from Geoffrey of his present resources, had decided he might fairly offer—having due regard to the period that might elapse before any opportunity occurred for increasing his store by the exercise of his pen, and the probability of a second financial crisis at an early date, on the part of Mr. Charkle, which latter consideration that gentleman prudently kept to himself.

Their first effort was a failure. Tempted by external appearances, Mr. Charkle seized the knocker at No. 6, Belinda place, and the door being opened by a nondescript in black stockings, and face to match, Mr. Charkle blandly intimated their desire to view the apartments, whereupon the nondescript aforesaid, keeping a wary eye upon their movements, exclaimed in tones appropriate to its appearance, "Missus, here's two men to look at the lodgins." This intimation being conveyed down the kitchen stairs, to some one in the realms below, was evidently received with an ill grace, for quickly a bony hand and arm appeared, and clutching at the nondescript caused it to disappear at once and for ever from the astonished gaze of Geoffrey and Mr. Charkle. A brief pause ensued. Mr. Charkle whistled, "Di

tanti palpiti," with English variations, and Geoffrey was attempting to solve the problem of the door latch, when the owner of the bony hand and arm presented herself, in the shape of a lady tall and angular, with a severe, not to say, masculine profile, who introduced them into a front parlour, furnished with every view to inconvenience. The sofa was an instrument of torture; it resembled that cage of Louis the Eleventh which allowed no rest to its victim. You could not lie on it—it was too short; sit on it—it was too hard; the artist who stuffed it must have had strong phrenological prejudices, for all its bumps were most powerfully developed. The fire-place had been built under the superintendence of a philosopher who had studied the economy of heat. Talk of a cheerful hearth! Humbug! I am not fond of using strong expressions, but looking at that fire-place,—I pronounce it—humbug. It was bright noon outside, but Geoffrey felt chilled in this cave of Trophonius, and looked with awe upon the presiding priestess. Mr. Charkle communicated their wishes and enquired the terms. The lady replied somewhat evasively—"We are a very genteel family; Mr. Muffell is in the excise." Mr. Charkle pressed Mrs. Muffell to state her terms, but that lady becoming more abstracted only murmured,—“Mr. Muffell’s hours are from ten to four; Mr. Muffell is in the excise;”—and then some affectionate remembrance overcame her, and she burst into tears. Geoffrey, leaving Mr. Charkle to console her, escaped into the street, congratulating himself that his acquaintance

with Mrs. Muffell had so quickly terminated. He was promptly followed by Mr. Charkle, who gravely propounded his opinion as to the lady's weakness, and instanced it as another proof of feminine devotion, "for," said Mr. Charkle, "Mr. Muffell being in the excise, his amiable lady has deemed it her duty to encourage by every means in her power that particular branch of the revenue with which her husband's interests are identified."

They pursued their voyage of discovery, and met with the usual failures. That the north west passage will ever be discovered is deemed a fable; equally mythical is the hope that any single gentleman shall ever meet with apartments, comprising all the comforts of a home. It may be asked what do single gentlemen know of such comforts? I will not provoke discussion. Fortune, however, sometimes favors the bold, for Geoffrey, continuing his search alone (Mr. Charkle having abandoned the pursuit in despair), came at last upon a quiet little street, full of quiet little houses, undisturbed by organ grinders, Jew clothesmen, and Bavarian broom girls. "The happy valley at last," said Geoffrey, and looking around for a *Rasselas* to conduct him, he espied a small man in a well-worn suit of black, with drab gloves and gaiters, who was opening the door at No. 9, with a latch-key. "Pardon me," said Geoffrey, interrupting the small man, "I am looking for apartments; can you tell me whether I shall find them here?"

"You'd better enquire of Mrs. Birt," said the small

man, pointing out to Geoffrey a small door plate whereon was engraved, Mrs. Philip Birt.

“A widow?” said Geoffrey.

“Oh dear, no,—certainly not,” said the small man slowly and hesitatingly. He was a nervous little man, with a downcast look, a twitch of the mouth, and a shy but by no means unfavorable expression. “I’ll call her if you like,” said the small man, and Geoffrey requesting he would do so, Mrs. Birt speedily appeared, and the small man vanished. Now if Geoffrey had been pleased with the appearance of the house, he was still more satisfied with its mistress; she was worthy of the street, she was like the street—small and compact, but in excellent proportion; she had a round little face, with a color like the best side of a summer apple, little bright eyes as black as sloes, and lips and teeth in perfect harmony. There was sunshine in her face, mirth in her voice, and a general air of being cosey, and knowing how to make other people comfortable. “Not a widow,” said Geoffrey to himself—“Mr. Birt’s a happy fellow. I don’t think there would be any difficulty in finding candidates when the vacancy occurs.”

Had Mrs. Birt any apartments? Fortunately Mrs. Birt had just lost her front parlour. Her front parlour had been with her a year and a-half, and excepting a weakness of intellect as regarded latch-keys, and a wild enthusiasm for the trombone, he was in most respects a very exemplary gentleman. Her drawing-rooms had lived with her since she

first came to No. 9, and excepting occasional fits of the gout, when he really turned the house out of windows, he conducted himself with perfect propriety. "But I can manage him," said Mrs. Birt smilingly.

"Mrs. Birt, I believe you could manage any one," said Geoffrey, gallantly, and he then and there engaged the apartments without any enquiry as to terms, assuring her that he had no musical mania, and that she need not fear the disruption of the furniture. Mrs. Birt then advised him of the charge, and Geoffrey was well pleased to find it did not exceed Mr. Charkle's calculations. "Is Mr. Birt," said Geoffrey, "engaged in professional pursuits or independent?" "Independent!" said Mrs. Birt, "not he, poor fellow! he's the most dependent creature that ever lived; he hasn't the spirit of a mouse," said Mrs. Birt, "but he's got the heart of a hangel." I must acquit my printer of any inaccuracy, and admit that Mrs. Birt though a pattern of propriety did occasionally deviate into errors—of pronunciation. Excelsior was her motto, and her energetic efforts of speech were distinguished by their aspirations. "Mr. Birt is in the law," said his little spouse; "he's been in the law all his life, and he'll die in it," she added rather pettishly.

"A good profession," said Geoffrey, "and as I've come to town principally on legal business, I might as well lay my papers before Mr. Birt."

Hereupon Mrs. Birt laughed heartily, which Geoffrey thought exceedingly unprofessional, though particu-

larly pleasant, inasmuch as it displayed Mrs. Birt's dimples to great advantage. "Papers before him!" said Mrs. Birt; "if the best husband in England was made Lord Chancellor to-day, I should be my Lady to-morrow. "Papers, Mr. ——" "Waller," suggested Geoffrey. "Papers," said Mrs. Birt,—“why do you know, Mr. Waller, my Phil went into Dummer and Tugg's office when he was fifteen years old, at twelve shillings a week, and he's kept at that for more than thirty years.”

"Twelve shillings a week for thirty years!" said Geoffrey; "well, I've heard that Dummer and Tugg were sharp practitioners, but really this"—

"I didn't exactly mean that," said Mrs. Birt; "he's had a rise—of course he's had a rise. He had several rises before we were married—he had a rise when little Phil was born, and a rise when Jemima—that is to say, Mr. Waller, I've had a rise, for Birt would never ask for it—so that altogether in this way and that, we've risen now to thirty-five shillings a week; quite a genteel income, Mr. Waller.”

"A genteel income,"—and Geoffrey thought of Mrs. Keegle's bill. "And what rooms," said he, "does the elderly gentleman occupy?"

"We've no other gentlemen," said Mrs. Birt.

"I mean the little gentleman in black who introduced me.”

"Gentleman in black," said Mrs. Birt, and she laughed a most provoking little laugh, "why bless your heart! that's Birt.”

"That!" said Geoffrey.

“Oh he’s not so old,” said Mrs. Birt. “You should see him without his hat; he’s a very fine head and quite the family nose—you must know the Birts are famous for their noses, and little Phil and Jemima take after their father.”

“Their mother I should hope,” said Geoffrey.

“Oh I’ve no nose, Mr. Waller—no nose to speak of; but the Birts, though poor, are proud, especially of the nose; they say it shows the blood; but I should love him as well,” said little Mrs. Birt enthusiastically, “if he was twice as old, and hadn’t half a nose, for he’s the best husband, the fondest father, and the kindest hearted little man in all the world.”

Dropping her husband’s nose, Mrs. Birt made many anxious enquiries relative to Geoffrey’s future comforts, told him she could make all kinds of dishes, hinted that she doctored Phil and Jemima, and that her medical skill was at Geoffrey’s service; promised that Birt should send to the hotel for his luggage, introduced him to the cleanest and snuggest of little bed-rooms, hoped for his health’s sake he didn’t smoke, and trusted if Birt offered his snuff-box, he would not fall into temptation, and wound up by asking him if he would have some tea. Receiving Geoffrey’s assent, she nodded approvingly, told him his predecessor, Mr. Jumble, who was a medical student, invariably ignored that cheering beverage, as preferring Barclay’s stout in its native pewter, and again hoping Geoffrey would feel quite at home, Mrs. Birt, who had never ceased talking, smiling, and arranging the little ornaments, departed to prepare his evening meal.

“Now,” said Geoffrey, “I begin the world in truth. No more delays—no more procrastinations. In this seclusion I commence a career, that whether it lead to failure or success, I will maintain with energy whilst time shall serve and faith shall uphold me;” and Geoffrey’s spirits in their elastic youth soared into the cloud land of roseate hope, until he was recalled to the pleasant realities of tea and toast prepared by Mrs. Birt. “I know you country gentlemen have good appetites,” said Mrs. Birt. “Poor Phil—I wish I could make him eat”—and certainly it would have required a Polyphemus to devour the mighty pile of toast, prepared as a tribute to Geoffrey’s gastronomic powers. However he praised the tea as it deserved, and hearing the children’s voices, he won Mrs. Birt’s heart by requesting an introduction, and soon made himself an especial favorite with shy little Phil, and bashful little Jemima, by artfully-administered bribes of tea and toast, and found to his extreme satisfaction, that however anxious Mrs. Birt might be, as to her husband’s appetite, she need not entertain any fear as to her children’s. Aided by these powerful allies, the mighty edifice of toast sank to its foundation, and Geoffrey having finished his meal, carried out his virtuous resolutions, by informing his little hostess that not having his writing desk, he would take the opportunity of visiting the theatre, and receiving from Mrs. Birt a latch-key and sundry cautions to be more careful of it than Mr. Jumble, Geoffrey and Mrs. Birt for the first time parted, mutually pleased with each other.

CHAPTER IV.

I fear the gentle reader has already discovered that Geoffrey Waller is sadly deficient in all the qualities of a hero. Understand, I do not allude to that monster of perfection, a hero of romance, but that more natural though less interesting character, a hero of this, our working world; a flesh and blood exponent of earnest thoughts, anxious to benefit his fellow-man by the labour of his brain, and who, whilst he knows and regrets his own defects, struggles, as far as in him lies, to soothe, to cheer and to elevate—for we all suffer and seek to be relieved. We are the slaves of thought, and the serfs of passion, and blest indeed is he who is qualified to be the physician of the mind, who, if he cannot pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, can for a time, however brief, steep the sense of suffering in a sweet oblivion.

Geoffrey Waller thought, with the vanity of youth, that the world should seek, should listen, and should applaud; he forgot the ladder of fame has many rounds, and as yet his foot was not upon the lowest. He had read of the poet who woke in the morning, world renowned, and he thought not of the long dark night of anxious labor that preceded such a morrow.

Let Geoffrey however answer for himself. Seated in Mrs. Birt's comfortable little parlor, he determines the world shall no longer be in darkness, and after much anxious communing with himself, a very agreeable consultation by-the-bye, he determines to seek the

favor of the public in the pages of one of the leading magazines, and that evening with a palpitating heart, he drops with hesitating hand his contribution into the publisher's box of the *London Autocrat*.

"A few days," says Geoffrey, as he saunters the following morning through the gayest street in the metropolis, "and how many of these strangers will become acquainted with me! True they will only know the author in his work, but the time may come,"—and he pauses to contemplate the portrait of one of the kings of thought, adorning the fifteenth edition of his collected works, and Geoffrey's heart swells, and his eye flashes, and he would fain startle the quiet observers by exclaiming, "I too am an author." And Geoffrey notices in the window the current number of the magazine that he has distinguished by his selection, and he already feels a vested interest in its welfare. He enters the shop, he makes a purchase, and wonders that the apathetic shopman does not recognize him as one of the initiated; asks some questions about one or two favorite authors; takes down the illustrated work before mentioned, and astonishes the shopman, who is a matter-of-fact man in spectacles, by his enthusiasm; for the shopman's estimate of genius is purely monetary. Arriving at home, Geoffrey is saddened by the number of notices to rejected correspondents, but after reading some pages, he is cheered by the reflection that they must have deserved their expulsion from this paradise of print, for surely, thinks Geoffrey, as he continues to read, "I might do as well as this."

Leaving him to enjoy his opinion, and with the fullest confidence in the impartiality of his criticism, we presume to anticipate the publication of the magazine, and request the reader's opinion of Geoffrey Waller's contribution. One word, and but one, ere you enter the literary jury box; in the words of my lord the judge, "if there be a doubt in your minds, gentlemen (and ladies), the accused is entitled to the benefit of it."

THE LEGEND OF THE OAK.

With cloven shield and broken brand,
 His life-blood ebbing fast away,
 A warrior lay beneath an oak,
 At close of that eventful day,
 When after long and doubtful fight,
 The red rose quail'd before the white.

Alone, the wounded warrior lay,
 Beneath the gnarl'd and wither'd oak;
 Watching the sun's declining ray
 Till night grew on—then faintly spoke;
 "My day is o'er—my sun is set—
 Farewell to life, and Margaret.

Queen of this heart thou reignest still,
 But England's crown is thine no more;
 King-making Warwick lieth low,
 And thou must seek a foreign shore,
 A childless mother—widow'd wife,—
 Or sue to Edward for thy life.

Thou wither'd tree, the howling storm
 Hath laid thy lofty branches low ;
 King of the woods, thy race is run,
 Like me thou yieldest to the foe ;
 And here in solitude and gloom,
 The last De Clifford finds a tomb."

E'en as he spoke, from one green bough
 That flourished yet, like life in death,
 An acorn fell upon his brow ;
 The warrior smil'd—"My latest breath
 Shall not be spent in idle moan ;
 Man lives not for himself alone."

He trac'd an opening in the earth,
 And as he placed the acorn there,
 Brightly the planet of the night
 Beam'd on his face—a fervent pray'r
 He faintly breath'd—"The night grows chill.
 Jesu, forgive me,"—all was still.

A hundred years had passed away,
 And 'neath the branches of a tree,
 That like a monarch rear'd his crest,
 A happy group, in sportive glee,
 Were carolling within the shade,
 Whilst round the trunk fair children play'd.
 An aged man sat in the midst,
 With whitened locks, and kindly face ;
 He joined not in the merry laugh,
 Tears on his cheek had left their trace.
 "Grandsire, you weep!—why on this day
 Should you be sad, when all are gay?"

“ My children, gather round your sire,
 And hear the legend of the tree ;
 Perchance it may your hearts inspire
 With grateful thoughts to know that we,
 Blest in our noble lady’s sway,
 Live not in fear of strife this day.

“ The Lord de Clifford gain’d in France
 The highest fame for knightly grace ;
 ’Twas said he loved in secret one
 So far remov’d in pride of place,
 That never did he dare to tell
 The truth to her he lov’d so well.

“ In ev’ry strife,—and those were days
 When brothers ’gainst their brethren fought,—
 De Clifford in the battle’s front
 The post of danger ever sought ;
 And foes would marvel at his zeal,
 And vow the fiend had charm’d his steel.

“ A lonely life De Clifford led ;
 Wifeless and childless—friendless ? no ;
 The playmate of his happy youth,
 His foster-brother, was the foe
 Whose fatal lance pierc’d Clifford’s shield,
 And smote him down on Barnet field.

“ He bore him from the battle field,
 He laid him down where now ye stand,
 And strove to close the gaping wound,
 But Clifford prest his brother’s hand,
 And faintly murmured—‘ All is vain,
 Haste, Alwyn, to the field again.’ ”

“ Alwyn—our name ! ” “ Yes, children, yes,
 My grandsire dealt the fatal blow
 That slew Queen Margaret’s truest knight ;
 A brother laid a brother low.

But night draws on—the setting sun
 Warns us,—my task is almost done.

“ When Alwyn from the field return’d,
 De Clifford’s eyes were clos’d in death.
 What motive urg’d him to the act
 None knew, but with his latest breath
 He plac’d the acorn in the earth,
 Which gave this forest monarch birth.

“ Year after year did Alwyn watch
 The careful nurture of the tree,
 And when his parting hour drew nigh,
 ‘ Lay me beneath its shade,’ said he ;
 I did so, and he sank to rest,
 His lips unto its foliage prest.”

The old man ceas’d ;—then blushing much
 His fairest grandchild, Edith spoke :—
 “ From humblest efforts good may spring,
 How freshly blooms De Clifford’s oak !
 God grant, that none may strive in vain,
 Who task themselves for others’ gain.”

Another century hath passed ;
 A stately vessel ploughs the wave,
 And on her deck a seaman lies,
 Noble, and wise, and good and brave—
 Who amongst England’s sons dare take
 The foremost place from Robert Blake ?

In danger cool, in triumph calm,
 Peace-loving, yet not fearing strife;
 Careless of self where honor led,
 This was the moral of his life;
 "One duty we to England owe,
 To guard her shores from ev'ry foe."
 Sickness hath bow'd his noble frame;
 The hand of death is on his brow;
 With eager glance he looks around
 In search of England's cliffs—"Now, now!"
 Vain hope, the seaman's eyes no more
 Shall rest upon his sea-girt shore.
 Yet there is triumph in his eye;
 A triumph, sadly mix'd with pain;
 "True heart of oak," the warrior cries,
 "Thou dancest gaily o'er the main;
 Thy deck by foemen's feet unprest,
 Thou bear'st me bravely to my rest."
 "Alwyn,"—a youth kneels by his side—
 " What think'st thou of thy fathers' oak?
 Hath it not well maintained its fame,
 And laugh'd to scorn a foreign yoke?
 Free as in forest pride it grew,
 It proves itself to England true.
 "Boy, keep this maxim in thy heart;
 All things have power for good or ill;
 When duty calls, stand not apart,
 But give thy aid with earnest will;
 'The acorn forms the oak;—the tree
 Becomes the ruler of the sea.'"

Faint grew the seaman's voice—his eye
Still straining towards his mother land;
Then all grew dark—the ship sail'd on,
Whilst thousands waited on the strand
To greet the hero, and their wail
Was borne afar upon the gale.

He died, but ne'er shall die his fame;
The lessons that he taught survive;
And those who never heard his name,
The meanest workers in the hive,
Owe to the hero of the sea
A debt—He fought their sires to free.

CHAPTER V.

Geoffrey having for a time determined to abandon literature for law, selected the necessary documents, and enquiring of Mrs. Birt the nearest way to the offices of Messrs. Dummer and Tugg, was informed that Phil, having finished his breakfast, was on the point of starting, and would willingly bear him company.

Geoffrey thanked Mrs. Birt, but feared he might prove an indifferent companion, and perhaps delay Mr. Birt's progress, "for I turn aside," said he, "at every novelty, and being a mere idler, stray wherever my fancy leads me."

"You'll go straight, Mr. Waller, if you go with Phil. He takes the omnibus in the morning—it's a good distance. and he isn't over strong." Something very like a tear dimmed Mrs. Birt's bright black eye. "It's something with his chest I'm afraid; he sticks at his desk from year's end to year's end, and never has a day to call his own; he says he can't afford it."

Honest Philip! to deny thyself luxuries thou can't not afford. Many of thy betters might stand abashed in thy presence. Labor on in thy vocation, worthy Phil, contented with thy slender pittance, and happily unconscious that thou art teaching a great moral lesson. A hard dull life, poor Phil, but there are forlorn hopes to lead, in peace as well as war.

But here comes Phil, heedless of great coat and

comforter, though 'tis an autumn day, and rude Boreas being in a surly temper, is blowing up everything in general, and dust in particular; but Mrs. Birt darts like a friendly hawk upon her dove, thrusts him into this sleeve, then into that, and converting his long white knitted comforter, the work of her own dexterous hands, into a benevolent boa constrictor, winds it round and round her passive victim.

“I’ve told you over and over again, Phil, you must never go out without your comforter.”

“Then he’ll always have you, Mrs. Birt, for the companion of his journeys,” said Geoffrey.

Now this was poor—very poor and common-place, and probably not original, but the most brilliant sally in the wittiest of comedies could not have been better received by the audience. Mr. Birt declared “he should tell that at his club,” and Mrs. Birt vowed “if he’d only put that in a book, it would be sure to sell.” Having adjusted the comforter to her satisfaction, Mrs. Birt removed her husband’s well worn beaver, apparently with an intention of brushing up the nap,—oh! futile effort—but really that Geoffrey might inspect the classic head, and become familiarly acquainted with the family nose. Then having finished his toilet, she thus dismissed him—“Go along, your dear old trot; you’re late this morning.”

During their short walk to the omnibus, Geoffrey entering into conversation, found beneath the shyness and nervousness of Mr. Birt, a tolerable substratum of common sense, and perfect contentment with his position.

“Thirty-five shillings a week is’nt a fortune to be sure, but Mr. Maggs, who has been all his life with Vellum and Stint, has only thirty-two; so many boys get into the profession now-a-days—why they’re educated for it from their cradles; they teach them to hold a pen before they can hold a spoon, and this,” said Mr. Birt, somewhat feelingly, “is not professional.”

Mr. Birt admitted he had but little leisure, but was free to confess he was tolerably comfortable at the office—that is the outer office, of which by virtue of seniority he was deemed the head. “We’re very sociable together,” said Mr. Birt, “and very cheerful—of course we must be cheerful with such a fellow as Cupples.”

Enquiring as to the mirth-creating Cupples, Geoffrey was informed that gentleman had the honor of being “petty cash,” and that Mr. Waller might probably meet him in the omnibus. “He can do anything—anything in the world,” said Mr. Birt, “but work.”

Arriving at the omnibus, Geoffrey was fortunate in securing an inside place, and still more fortunate in meeting Mr. Cupples, who being a gentleman without anything particularly prepossessing in manners or appearance, would certainly not have attracted Mr. Waller’s attention; and Geoffrey gazing on the gifted individual, who could do anything but work, reflected that the world knows nothing of its greatest men.

“Well, Colonel,” said Mr. Cupples to Mr. Birt, “and

how are we this morning—up to regimental duty, eh?”

Geoffrey, looking somewhat surprised at these military allusions to so distinguished a member of the peace society, Mr. Birt explained that this was a peculiarly brilliant idea of Mr. Cupples, who having the Porsonian faculty of derivation, had converted Phil Birt into nut and thence into kernel,—whence the title.

Mr. Birt then introduced Mr. Waller to Mr. Cupples, who bowed gravely and said, “Samuel of course.”

“If you mean my name, no. Geoffrey—Geoffrey Waller.”

“Waller, I beg pardon. I thought the colonel said Weller, and ’pon my life I took you for the original Sam.” More Mr. Cupples would have said, but Mr. Birt taking him by the collar muttered some words, of which Geoffrey could only distinguish, “client of the firm.”

Forthwith Mr. Cupples became grave and taciturn, and taking a book from his pocket became absorbed in its contents, until Geoffrey having politely enquired, “if it were not rather difficult to comprehend an author’s meaning, when thus inverted,” Mr. Cupples, finding he held the book upside down, first colored, then grinned, and finally hoped Mr. Waller was not angry — “for its only chaff you know,” said Mr. Cupples apologetically.

Mr. Waller graciously accepted his explanation, and intimated he could dispense with the chaff, in favor of the golden grain that no doubt formed the staple commodity of Mr. Cupples’ conversation.

“Oh come, I say—well I never did.” What Mr. Cupples never did, we of course are not in a position to chronicle; what Mr. Cupples did, was to sink into silence and the corner of the omnibus; nor need this be wondered at. Mr. Cupples was one of those brilliant masters of fence who shine only in attack, and are completely powerless when their thrusts are parried.

Arriving at the office, Geoffrey informed Mr. Birt his letter of introduction was addressed to Mr. Dummer, and was told in reply that the head of the firm who resided at Hampstead, seldom arrived before ten o'clock, and was very exclusive in granting audience; so Geoffrey whiled away an hour or more in looking at the Bank and watching the merchant princes, whose words would have been good on 'Change for half-a-million, and whose whole apparel would have been an unprofitable investment to Mr. Moss Abrams at fifteen shillings.

Returning to the legal abode of Messrs. Dummer and Tugg, and entering the outer office, he observed his landlord perched on the highest stool and diligently pursuing his avocation. Mr. Birt looked up, or rather down, scarcely raising his head, or suspending his labors, and made no sign of recognition. To use his own words, it would not have been professional. Mr. Cupples, in a nondescript garment, too short for a coat, too long for a jacket, leapt from his stool and enquired—

“Common law or Chancery?”

Mr. Waller smiled, and handed him his card and letter of introduction.

Mr. Cupples read the card very attentively, and having entered the name in the call book in very distinct characters, returned the card and letter of introduction, merely exclaiming "third on the first," and remounting his stool, devoted his whole attention to his petty cash, in the desperate hope of solving the mystery that involved a deficiency of two and ninepence.

"I don't understand," said Geoffrey. "I want to see Mr. Dummer."

"Third on the first," repeated Mr. Cupples, who entering more deeply into his financial investigation, found the deficiency had swelled to the alarming amount of three and six.

"But what is third on the first?" enquired Geoffrey.

"Cab hire and sealing wax," said Mr. Cupples.

"What!" said Geoffrey.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Cupples; "in one moment, sir. Cab to Sun street and back, two shillings—wax, Mr. Proker, one shilling—string, four—unpaid letter, two—right to a farthing. This way, sir, if you please," said Mr. Cupples, and escorted Geoffrey to the first floor and along a gallery to a room marked No. 3; "third on the first," said he, and then added, "I say, honor bright, you won't tell the governors."

Geoffrey assured him on this point, and confirmed his pardon by accepting his proffered hand, which hand by-the-bye showed a most reckless disregard on

the part of Mr. Cupples of the proper economizing of the office ink. Throwing open the door, "Mr. Waller, to see Mr. Dummer by appointment," said Mr. Cupples, and then disappeared.

"I have the honor," said Geoffrey, bowing to the single occupant of the room, an elderly gentleman in tortoiseshell spectacles, and presenting his letter—

"Hem,—pray be seated sir," said the elderly gentleman, and Mr. Waller took a seat, and the elderly gentleman took snuff, and then took Geoffrey's proffered letter of introduction.

"From Pouncely," said the elderly gentleman, adjusting his spectacles and regarding the address—"private or professional?"

"It relates to a claim," said Geoffrey.

"I see," said the elderly gentleman, and breaking the seal, he read the letter attentively, then turning to a memorandum book he consulted it carefully. "Hem,—some mistake I think; I don't see any entry of appointment, Mr. Waller."

Geoffrey admitted no appointment had been made, nor had he directed Mr. Cupples to say so; "but permit me, Mr. Dummer—"

"Hem," said the elderly gentleman, "one moment," and turning to his book he wrote therein, speaking as he wrote—"Cupples already cautioned—Cupples to leave on the nineteenth."

"I should be sorry, Mr. Dummer—"

"Hem," said the elderly gentleman. "Another slight mistake," refreshing himself, and courteously

offering the box, which Geoffrey declined. "You are not addressing Mr. Dummer, but Mr. Proker."

"Sir," said Geoffrey.

"Mr. Proker, who for many years has had the honor to be confidential clerk to Mr. Dummer."

"And who opens letters," said Geoffrey drily, "addressed to his principal, and marked 'Private.'"

"Professional letters, yes," said Mr. Proker blandly, "you really should try this mixture. Mr. Dummer is so overwhelmed with business that he has no time to read his letters, or write answers thereto, and as to an appointment—but you *shall* see Mr. Dummer. As a client of Pouncely's you're entitled to an appointment. This morning's *Times*—a very slashing leader," and opening a green-baized door Mr. Proker entered the adjoining room.

Utterly indifferent to the slashing leader, Geoffrey looked at Mr. Proker's comfortable apartment, noticed the cheerful fire, the warm Turkey carpet, the well-stocked book shelves, and contrasting them with the dull and dirty outer office, he thought if law and literature could be united, he should not particularly object to open Mr. Dummer's letters.

"As the matter is pressing," said Mr. Proker re-entering, "and as your family are clients, Mr. Waller, Mr. Dummer has requested me to look into your papers, and to make an appointment for him to see you thereon next Friday."

"Next Friday!"

"We have strained a point in your case," said Mr. Proker, ringing the bell. Mr. Cupples answering

the summons, Mr. Proker adjusted his spectacles, and regarded him magisterially. "Mr. Cupples," said he, "we have noticed for some time considerable inattention in your manner of attending to your official duties. Rather, I should say, your inattention in not attending. You introduced this gentleman as calling by appointment."

"Sir—I—"

"Sir—you! Mr. Cupples, this interruption is most irregular. Looking at the whole facts of the case, giving the matter the fullest consideration, and arriving at a calm and deliberate conclusion, I am decidedly of opinion—that is, I think—in short I"—Here Mr. Proker, who had intended to be eloquent and impressive, became confused, and wound up abruptly by saying, "you leave on the 19th, Mr. Cupples."

Then Mr. Cupples immediately became sensible of the enormity of his guilt, and endured such intense mental agony, that Geoffrey felt it his duty to interfere, and take upon himself the entire consequences of the mistake.

"You are pleased to say so, Mr. Waller; you are pleased to say so." Feeling he had failed magisterially, Mr. Proker became paternally anxious for the repentant Cupples. "I forgive the past, Mr. Cupples, in the hope—the anxious hope—that you will be careful for the future. Let me not be deceived in that expectation."

Mr. Cupples murmured his obligations and withdrew. It seemed to Geoffrey, as he passed him in quitting the room, that he uttered the name of an

eminent lexicographer, whence it might be inferred he desired to intimate, that that illustrious authority could alone furnish sufficient words to express his gratitude.

Mr. Proker promised Geoffrey his papers should have the fullest consideration; informed him he remembered his father and grandfather, who were both clients of the house; confidentially communicated to Geoffrey, that he had been connected with the house before it was the house, that is to say, the house of Dummer and Tugg; and impressing on Geoffrey the importance of keeping his appointment to the minute, he shook hands and dismissed him.

At the foot of the stairs Geoffrey encountered Mr. Cupples, whose face exhibited no traces of recent suffering. Taking Geoffrey familiarly by the button, he exclaimed, "wasn't it a jolly lark?"

"Really," said Geoffrey, disengaging himself, "your mode of expressing yourself is so figurative."

"Up stairs," said Mr. Cupples—"old Proker. Well, he sold you beautifully."

"Sold me?" said Geoffrey.

"That's his regular game," said Mr. Cupples. "Old Proker has been so long in the house that he fancies himself as big a wig as the governor. Why he regularly discharges me about twice a month; but he an't a bad one," said Mr. Cupples reflectively—"if he does ride the high horse a little, he's a very good fellow when he gets out of the stirrups."

Mr. Waller not appearing inclined to continue the conversation, Mr. Cupples opened the office door and

bad him good morning. "I don't think much of the colonel's new lodger. I should say he was rather slow,—the sort of man now," said Mr. Cupples, cogitating, "that would put down half-a-crown when he thought he owed eighteen pence, and be ashamed to ask for change. There's Proker's bell; now he means to do the friendly, so I'll give him a hint that there's a new play at the Garden, and perhaps the old boy will stand tickets for two, and oysters and stout to follow."

CHAPTER VI.

My own Alice,

I am most unhappy, and you—you, Alice, are the cause. You say I have written to you but four letters, though I have been nine weeks absent. Do you need such communications to remind you of my existence? Do you intend a sneer, or a reproach? Is Alice changed? Geoffrey can never change. Time and absence can have no effect on my heart, which must ever treasure you as its dearest blessing, and no neglect, even were it intentional, could induce me to say or write anything that could give you one moment's pain. I am not angry, Alice. I am grieved—grieved that for a moment you could suppose you are not my first—my last—my every thought. But I am not to blame—indeed I am not to blame. I have so much to occupy my mind—so many cares, so many anxieties, that when I would seek relief in communicating them to you, my pen refuses its office. You would say, if I have cares I should share them with you. You would ask me who can be so fitting a consoler? Alice, I would have you ever gaze upon a sky without a cloud. I would not tell you of my struggles or my fears, until I could lay my laurel at your feet, and say to you, "My own, my beautiful, to you who first inspired me to the task, I dedicate the wreath that I have won." And now I turn to your last letter, in which you write to me of deeds not

words, and ask me how I am to make a heroine of a farmer's daughter. You, darling Jeanie Deans, you are so matter-of-fact; you have so little sympathy with my imaginings; but you are the best and dearest lassie in the world; and shall I tell you a secret Alice? Though I have been nine long tedious weeks in London, I have not seen a face to compare with the beauty of Elmstoke.

I wait most anxiously for the ensuing month. I hope I shall then have an agreeable surprise for you, and that our friends in Elmstoke will some day be as proud of their boy-poet as—but I am getting egotistical, and can trace the slightest curl of your pretty lip, and can hear you murmuring,—“Deeds, not words.” Well, I am resolved, Alice. I begin to think one must climb the hill of fame; there is no winged horse in these dull days of common place realities, who can soar through the clouds and bear us to the summit. Remember me to all in Elmstoke, most of all to my dear good uncle. To you I need no remembrance.

Ever, ever my own Alice,

POOR COUSIN GEOFFREY.

Does the Captain come as often and drink as hard? I saw Hamlet last night, and thought of Digger Joe in the churchyard scene. Tell uncle David you can't live in London without money and plenty of it,—and that I—Never mind—here's my postscript:—

Sleep no more, be up and stirring,
Wherefore dream thy life away?

Ever planning—still deferring;
 When will dawn the active day?
 When wilt thou shake off the slumber,
 Which hath wrapt thee like a shroud?
 When shall we thy presence number
 With the stirring anxious crowd?
 With the crowd who gather round thee,
 Be not to their greeting dumb;
 Long we sought thee—we have found thee—
 Aid us in our struggles!—Come!
 Heart and brain to thee are given,
 Equal powers with other men;
 Answer plainly, hast thou striven
 Either with the sword or pen?
 Has thy hand the plough-share guided?
 Have thy fingers sought the loom?
 Or hast thou thy task derided,
 Heedless of the hour of doom?
 Whatsoe'er thy rank—thy station—
 Though by thee the field be tilled;
 Though thou'rt called to rule a nation,
 Duty's task must be fulfilled.
 Up at once! the dawn is breaking—
 Up! the sun is in the east;
 With the morrow comes no waking,
 Labor ere you laugh and feast.

I do not profess to be Geoffrey Waller's apologist, and I must admit he commenced this letter in a very ill humor; and I must further admit that more than a week had elapsed since the receipt of the letter

from Alice to which this was an answer; and I am not prepared to deny that he may have been induced to affect indignation, when he should have exhibited penitence; nor can I contradict you, madam,—I assume my questioner is a lady,—if you tell me Geoffrey Waller is dilatory, wayward, purposeless. I can only reply in the language of the elderly spinster, “What else could be expected from a man?”

But I believe in my heart that he loved Alice as dearly as ever Othello loved Desdemona,—the fifth act of course omitted,—and having finished his letter, he proceeded to the bookseller’s before mentioned, to select a present for his cousin, and whilst turning over the volumes and hesitating in his choice between blue and silver, or scarlet and gold, a voice, a well remembered voice, attracted his attention; he turned, and observed Lady Olivia Beauvale, the daughter of the autocrat of Elmstoke, the most high and mighty Earl of Plantagenet, and in one of the gentlemen who accompanied her he recognized that distinguished member of the Upper House. The other gentleman was formed in nature’s smallest mould. He was a fair, slight, handsome boy or man—Geoffrey scarcely knew which—with retiring whiskers and unassuming moustache, and as the Lady Olivia was a Juno in proportions, the contrast was more than a step from the sublime; still more ludicrous did it appear when, in reply to some question from the Earl, Lady Olivia said she wished the Captain to decide.

Geoffrey, remembering the feeble joke perpetrated by Mr. Cupples upon the unoffending Mr. Birt, was

inclined to believe a similar attempt had been made upon the Earl's diminutive companion; but as the Captain merely hummed and hawed, and said that "a fellow really couldn't say," and accordingly did not say, Geoffrey assumed he was the legitimate possessor of his title.

Anxiously but vainly did Mr. Waller hope for some recognition from the Lady Olivia. Feeble-minded Geoffrey! bethink yourself; she saw you but for a few brief hours, and that those hours, so treasured in your remembrance, have no place in her memory.

"At least," thought Geoffrey, "she shall not remain unconscious of my presence. She may remember my name, if my person be forgotten,"—and addressing one of the assistants, he requested the book he had selected might be sent to the residence of Mr. Geoffrey Waller. This was a failure. Lady Olivia made no sign. "Well," thought Geoffrey, "if my name be also forgotten, still some recollection of our meeting may remain. On second thought," said he, "it will be as well to forward it at once to the country. Let it be directed to Miss Alice Brookdale, at Elmstoke; you will remember,—Elmstoke." The assistant "would be sure to remember," but Lady Olivia did not. She turned for a moment on hearing the familiar name, but as she abhorred the country and detested Elmstoke, she evinced no further interest, and continued her selections, aided by the critical taste of the gallant Captain, which was evidenced by his saying "yas, yas," to every suggestion.

On one individual of the party, however, Geoffrey's

ruse had an immediate and powerful effect. "Brookdale—Waller! My dear Mr. Waller," said the mighty Earl, "I'm delighted to meet you," and he shook that young gentleman by the hand with an earnest cordiality that almost overpowered and quite confused him. "Olivia, my love, Mr. Waller—nephew of our excellent friend, Mr. Brookdale, of the Grange. Twelve votes, my dear." (This was aside.) And in obedience to the hint, the fair Olivia was also delighted to renew her acquaintance with Mr. Geoffrey Waller. The Earl meanwhile whispered to the military gentleman, who permitted himself to be introduced, as Captain Yappington Flake, to Mr. Geoffrey Waller, "grandson," said the Earl benignantly, "of my old acquaintance, Colonel Waller, who commanded the very regiment in which my esteemed friend, Captain Flake, has the honor to hold his commission."

Captain Flake and Mr. Waller bowed to each other with the reserve peculiar to English gentlemen, who do not embrace chance acquaintances, and vow eternal friendships. Not that Englishmen, or women (excuse the reversal of precedence,) always reside in the frigid zone of sociality. I will not admit that "the cold in clime are cold in blood." When you have broken through the ice of ceremony, you will find beneath the warm springs of friendship. Demonstrative we are not—sincere we claim to be. What our social fires may lack in flame, they more than compensate in enduring heat. A pause ensued. Mr. Waller was so astonished at the Earl's familiarity

with his paternal ancestor that surprise enchained his tongue, and the gallant Captain having sufficient wit to observe that the Lady Olivia seemed delighted to renew her acquaintance with the interesting stranger, was inclined to be indignant, but thought it wiser to affect indifference, and accordingly performed the popular but very difficult gymnastic feat of retiring within himself.

Now although some of the actors do not understand the plot, the audience must not be kept in the dark, and it is therefore necessary to observe that the Earl of Plantagenet is desirous that his daughter should espouse Captain Yappington Flake, for whom it would seem fate has destined her, inasmuch as the Earl's estate immediately joins that to which the gallant Captain has recently succeeded. The Lady Olivia, having a due regard, not for the Captain, but for the honor of the family, is not insensible to the advantages of the alliance. Captain Yappington Flake, than whom a braver and better little fellow does not exist, having consulted his own full heart and empty head, is perfectly willing to make the Lady Olivia the absolute mistress of his very small person and his very large fortune. The noble Earl, to whom parliamentary influence is the salt of life, is desirous that his intended son-in-law shall represent Elmstoke at the next election, and as he well knows the influence possessed by uncle David, and is prudently doubtful of his own popularity, he adroitly avails himself of the opportunity of cultivating a favorable acquaintance with the nephew. These are

simple election tactics, nothing more; the election over, and Captain Flake returned, the Earl's familiarity will collapse from exhaustion, and will only revive at the next dissolution.

But in justice to little Yappington Flake, I must observe that he was a soldier and a gentleman every inch; indeed, as his inches were so few, I scarcely do him justice. Eton boys still speak with pride of little Yap, and how he thrashed the Bargee in the Brocas. It is on record in the regiment, that during his first engagement under a heavy fire, he called to a comrade,—“Swift bowling, eh, Bertie? I say, old fellow, it wants good play to block the balls, don't it?” And having volunteered on a forlorn hope, little Yap coolly offered to take five to two he wasn't bowled out this over, and saved the lives of bigger but not better men, by throwing a live shell over the parapet ere the deadly missile could perform its work of destruction, with the simple exclamation, “play.”

In addition, little Yap was generous to a fault,—very often to *the* fault of lending his name—which was not much at the time, but three months after became a serious matter, when a bill drawn by Fitzdidler on Flake for £500. would be presented by Mr. Solomon Isaacs, or Mr. Moss Jacobs, as the natural result of the loan aforesaid. Then little Yap was obstinate—most small men are so; somewhat vain of his figure—most small men are so; yet if Lady Olivia is not hostile to billiards, and can overcome a natural antipathy to cigars, she will find in

brave, generous, conceited little Yap, a very affectionate, constant, and submissive little husband.

I say this advisedly, despite the malevolent observations of Mr. Smokerly Fume, who aspired to wit, but only arrived at ill-nature, and who declared it would never be a match, as my Lady was deep blue, and little Yap was most decidedly green.

Now Lady Olivia, as great a tactician as the Earl, especially in domestic politics and matrimonial elections, was very desirous that Captain Flake should declare himself orally as well as ocularly, and should entreat her to confirm his happiness prior to his departure to Newmarket; and for this purpose she considered she might safely use Geoffrey Waller as a conductor to convey the electric spark, without any fear of ulterior consequences. Acting thereon, she became on the instant "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," quoted Tasso and Schiller to the edification of Geoffrey, who was acquainted only with his mother tongue, and to the great consternation of Captain Flake, who had certainly not dipped too many buckets in the pure well of English undefiled. She enquired if Geoffrey had published lately, and without waiting for his reply, asked whether the bookseller had the latest edition of Mr. Waller's works.

Mr. Vollum, reverting to the Cromwellian period, replied that he believed the illustrious poet was out of print.

"Indeed!" said her ladyship with sweet simplicity, "I had no idea you were so much the rage. Mr.

Vollum, we must really have a new edition, and Maclise must illustrate it."

Mr. Vollum looked confused, as well he might, but Geoffrey very frankly came to his aid. "Lady Olivia honors me," said he, "by her recollection of my feeble efforts, of which the subject was the only merit. So far from my being *out* of print, I have never been *in*."

"Then Mr. Vollum must secure the copyright at once; indeed you must, Mr. Vollum, and I shall insist on heading the subscription list."

Mr. Vollum bowed, and endeavoured to look as if he believed her ladyship, but his keen eye contradicted his placid countenance. However, Lady Olivia had great influence, and Lady Olivia must be conciliated, and Mr. Vollum who would have published the statutes at large, with illustrations to each particular act of parliament, provided he could obtain a sufficient number of subscribers, murmured his thanks to her ladyship for the introduction, and trusted Mr. Waller would favor him with a preference.

"Must I climb the hill," thought Geoffrey. "Have I not already soared to the topmost pinnacle?" Happy Geoffrey! Fortunate Waller! introduced to one of London's mightiest men of books, by one of fashion's most brilliant potentates,—distinguished moreover by the friendly greeting of a K.G. and a K.G.C., thy fortune is made—thy fame is established! Thou seest rival publishers contending for thy productions—a fifth edition announced of thy collected works—the press of the day unanimous in thy praise—foreign publishers soliciting the privilege of trans-

lation—and Alice—yes, vain, enthusiastic, honest Geoffrey—Alice is sharer in thy dreams of fame; Alice with her calm loving eyes, looks proudly in thy face, and murmurs in low sweet tones—

“Mr. Waller, will you escort me to the carriage?”

Mr. Waller started, stammered, turned red and pale, and was seeking the proper apology for his abstraction, when her ladyship furnished him with a better excuse than he could have provided. “Genius is ever in the clouds. I fear I have broken the poetic spell, but we can sympathise with your abstraction, can we not, Captain Flake?”

The hero replied not, but contemplated the poet as if his abstraction, bodily as well as mentally, would have afforded him infinite satisfaction.

“I have a reception every Thursday evening, Mr. Waller, and you must come; you really must come; you will encounter kindred spirits, who will comprehend, whilst I can but admire.”

Captain Flake looking by this time sufficiently uncomfortable, her Ladyship with beaming eyes placed her delicately-gloved hand on Mr. Waller’s arm (Oh, Calypso!—Oh, Telemachus!) and was escorted by that elated young gentleman to her carriage. The Earl again shook hands, and hoped he should see him on the morrow, and as the flush of gratified vanity beamed upon Geoffrey’s cheek, the wily politician muttered “Twenty good votes at least. Elmstoke is safe.” Lady Olivia bowed as the carriage drove off, and any acute observer who noticed Geoffrey’s earnest gaze, and the discontented

looks of Captain Flake, would have arrived at a very natural, but most incorrect conclusion. Geoffrey would have been equally elated at the opportunity which Lady Olivia's notice afforded him, had her Ladyship been the mother and not the daughter of the Lord Plantagenet. He was heart-whole, Alice Brookdale excepted, and his mental vanity, for he was entirely free from such personal weakness, was the only feeling that was influenced by the evident admiration of the beautiful and all accomplished Lady Olivia Beauvale. But Captain Flake did not know this. Captain Flake admired the Lady Olivia, and of course it was natural every other man must admire her; but as for her Ladyship admiring any other man—oh, confound it! So waiting until Geoffrey withdrew his earnest gaze from the retiring carriage, Captain Flake concentrated all his powers of expression into a focus, a very small focus, and honored Mr. Waller by a lengthened stare, which he intended to be impertinent, and hoped might be so interpreted.

Geoffrey, however, unconscious of offence, and of Captain Flake, was at the moment deep in the composition of a sonnet which, as the preface to his works, should immortalize the Lady Olivia, and whilst an allusion to her personal charms was puzzling him for a simile, and perplexing him for a rhyme, he, doubting whether he might thus commence, "Oh! whiter than the snowy alpine flake," stood within arm's length of the Captain, his eyes fixed full upon his face; and dubious of the poetical image,

and utterly oblivious of the personal one, repeated—
“flake! flake!”

“Sir,” said the individual thus apostrophized.

“Flake—flake!” said Geoffrey,—“somewhat common-place, I fancy,” and away sauntered the abstracted sonneteer. The Captain was about to follow and demand an explanation, when he was accosted by Bertie Barton of ours, and long Sutton of the fifteenth, and not liking to admit that he had been annoyed by a fellow who writes verses and that sort of thing, you know, he adjourned with them to the club, and endeavoured, by anti-homœopathic doses of sherry and cigars, to relieve himself from his mental indigestion.

CHAPTER VII.

It was a matter of course, as well as of history, that Geoffrey found himself on the following evening wandering in solitary grandeur through the halls of Plantagenet, and could he have noted the compassionate looks of the grave groom of the chambers, he might have felt especially uncomfortable. But Geoffrey, although of dilatory habits, and too prone to postpone to the morrow what ought to be the effort of the day, was as yet but little versed in fashionable chronology, and being highly flattered by Lady Olivia's invitation, deemed it a chivalric duty to be punctual. Being thus early, he had all the field to himself, and wandered therein like a lost sheep—naturally gregarious, and finding no living associates, he sought in self-defence communion with the dead—in other words, feasted his eyes upon the masterpieces that adorned the walls, admired the fine taste that had selected the choicest authors, and wondered whether the thoughts of his brain would ever shine forth glorious in gold and morocco. “The time may come,” thought he, “and quickly too, when the poor and unknown Geoffrey Waller may win a name that, repeated in these lofty halls, shall awaken an echo of admiration,—when the magnates of this land, and the loveliest of its daughters, may do homage to the poet of the heart.” Dreamer, awake!

Descend, Geoffrey Waller, while you may from the clouds in safety, or Icarian that you are, you may chance to tumble. Remember, the times are past when seven cities contended for their Homer; and you, weak pilgrim to the poetic shrine, dream of an ovation, when in these days of railway extensions and metropolitan improvements, we should scarcely pause to bow to another Shakespeare, though he presented himself with the manuscript of a second Hamlet.

Lost in his dream of sweet imaginings, Geoffrey woke from his reverie, to find himself the centre of a group of gentlemen, who were admiring a Corregio of matchless beauty, before which he found himself standing, utterly unconscious of the glowing canvass.

“An enthusiast, or a connoisseur?” said the oldest of the party, addressing Geoffrey; “were you discovering beauties or seeking for defects?”

“I was not thinking of the artist,” said Geoffrey frankly.

“Of course not. Who does think of the artist? When the offspring of the mind solicits our attention, we may fondle the child, but we little heed the parent.”

“And do you complain of neglect?” said another of the party, addressing the last speaker by name,—“you, whom half a century of fame ought surely to have satisfied.”

Geoffrey turned to look on one who had acquired European celebrity, and listened reverently to the oracle.

“Fame, my friend! The fame of a fifteenth edition, and the satisfaction of hearing my commentators discuss my writings, and ascribe to me meanings that I never contemplated. The satisfaction of having lived so long that my friends have more than once been obliged to terminate my existence, whereupon some have praised, others condemned, and I have had the satisfaction of witnessing my own dissection. Why a fellow of some small literary reputation, who is connected with the daily press, one Charkle by name, has had my life and death ready written for the last five years, and complains that I am keeping him out of his property by refusing to afford him an opportunity of publication. I’ll make a barter with you, or rather our young friend here, whose healthy cheeks offer a fairer exchange. What say you, sir? You remember the old lines—‘I take the body, you the mind. Which has the better bargain?’”

“I would give,” said Geoffrey earnestly, “my life, could it double yours, for a tithe of the fame you have acquired.”

“Ah,” said the poet drily, “I was right at first; you are an enthusiast, not a connoisseur. My dear young unknown,—excuse an old man’s familiarity; better be the slave of the lamp, than the slave of the pen. If you be a lawyer, I counsel you hope for the wool-sack; if a merchant, still have faith in the Guildhall; if a soldier, dream you already grasp the baton; but beware in time of giving the reins to fancy. Your Pegasus will surely run away with you—most likely throw you.”

“And who,” said Geoffrey, “would change the dull realities of life?”—

“Cant! my young friend,—cant! The home of poetry is the domestic hearth; there only will you find a generous critic. If you are already seized with the divine mania, take my advice at once, and make a bonfire, or better still, imprison your thoughts as the fisherman did the genie, and twenty years hence, when, thanks to my advice, the dull realities have led to fortune, read what you have written, and you’ll bless me for my counsel.”

And had Geoffrey accepted Lady Olivia’s invitation for this? Had he yearned to meet in person those with whom he had so earnestly communed in spirit, and was this the result? To use a familiar expression, peculiar to the dull realities which Geoffrey had despised, cold water was thrown upon his hopes. Thrown, did I say? His hopes were immersed—quenched—drowned in a Polar sea.

“I wish I were back again at Elmstoke,” groaned Geoffrey in bitterness of spirit—“at Elmstoke and with Alice,”—and with her name came relief. “Yes, he was right,” said Geoffrey—“that poet of the past—that cynic of the present; the home of poetry is the domestic hearth. Alice, I will yet win a name that shall shed a halo round our happy home.”

Lady Olivia was the centre of a magic circle, within which Geoffrey presumed not to intrude, but the Earl recognized and introduced him to some of the older guests as the grandson of Harry Waller, and Geoffrey, though resolved to be the architect of his

own fortune, found there was no disadvantage in having had an ancestor. There is a stir in the room; all eyes are directed to the entrance, and Geoffrey, as he looks on the pale impassive face, is aware that he is gazing upon the man on whom depended the future of a world. His cheek warms with gratified pride as the great commander addresses a few kindly words to the grandson of his Peninsular aid-de-camp, and condescends to remember that Captain Waller led a forlorn hope at Badajoz.

And Geoffrey for a time ignores the farm, and honest David in his heavy riding boots. Ungrateful Geoffrey! remember you have been brought in by the agricultural interest. You may be said to have walked into these splendid saloons in those very boots you so much despise,—and the twenty votes influenced by uncle David, have subdued the proud Earl more than all the forlorn hopes of the last campaign. Be honest, Geoffrey Waller, and admit you have been returned to the seat you fill by Farmer Brookdale, though you may not just now choose him for your colleague.

And now the octogenarian bard accosts him, and introduces him to one whose name has been for years a household word to Geoffrey, and graciously does the great author listen to the old poet's mocking recital of the youth's enthusiasm, and revives Geoffrey's drooping spirits with an apt allusion. "Our friend is like the Athenian Æschylus; he fears a second Sophocles, so he would fain scare all opponents from the lists, although himself affecting to despise

the victor's wreath." Much friendly counsel does the great author give the young aspirant, and warns him not to be misled by first impressions—to work with earnest will and honest heart—and if, like the fainting traveller, he should yield to the deceitful influence of the mirage, and mistake the burning sands for cooling streams, he counsels him not to sink under the disappointment. "Shall I illustrate my position by an anecdote, and relate to you how my first bright vision of the ideal world was marred by what you termed a dull reality?" Geoffrey of course assents, and the great author, in the simplest words—for even great authors are not walking lexicons—tells him, that when a boy he went alone to one of the larger temples of the drama—"the name of the play dwells not in my memory—even the actors in it are forgotten. Alas! for the mimic heroes of the hour!—I was in an upper box above the stage, so that my eyes could range over every part; the last scene was the triumph of the play, where valour was to receive beauty for its prize; the loyal shouts ring around; knights, peers, and dames wait to receive the victor in the tournament; he kneels at his monarch's feet, and whilst the sovereign places his daughter's hand in the warrior's palm, the oriflamme of France waves o'er their heads. I was myself an actor in the scene; gazing upon it, I felt I too could rush into the lists, and dare all dangers for a like reward. But, horror of horrors! what do I behold? Kneeling behind the monarch's throne, I see a roughly clad, unwashed mechanic holding the flag of France in his two

brawny arms. Yes, my young friend, the chief supporter of the royal banner, is not Dunois the brave, but a coatless carpenter."

"The usual fate," said the poet, "of those who would know too much. You are prone to reflection. Evolve a moral from your disappointment."

"The real will ever blend with the ideal; in these, our days of stern realities, the worker with the pen must not ignore the many for the few; there are other flags, besides the mock one of the mimic scene, that may sink in the dust, if they be not upheld by the sinewy hands of the sturdy artizan."

CHAPTER VIII.

Geoffrey, remembering his appointment with Mr. Dummer, was punctual in his attendance, and the stated time found him in the presence of Mr. Proker, who in a few minutes, introduced him to the great legal luminary. Mr. Dummer was a great man physically; even his enemies could not controvert that fact. Mr. Dummer had a large head,—so large, that assuming it to be fully furnished, the amount of intellect must have been something incalculable. Mr. Dummer had an expansive chest, and a profusion of shirt frill that was in itself impressive. Mr. Dummer's voice was sonorous and mellow, perhaps husky, as if some of the crust of his famous ninety-shilling port had effected a settlement in his respiratory tubes. He spoke with such deliberation and emphasis even on the most trivial subjects, that you were led to infer everything was oracular that issued from Dummerian lips. To his intimate associates it was known that Mr. Dummer was somewhat vain of his voice, and he had been heard in moments of convivial intercourse to hint that he had never known anyone similarly gifted,—Mrs. Siddons, as Lady Macbeth, perhaps excepted,—and he said this in a tone of amiable condescension, that intimated how much he honored the great tragedian by this reservation in her favor. Nay, it was whispered that young Lincoln Temple, the rising star of the Surrey Sessions, and

presumed successful suitor of Miss Aurelia Dummer, had been ignominiously expelled from Blackstone Lodge, because he was universally hinted at as the author of an offensive couplet, presumed to be levelled at the head of the firm of Dummer and Tugg.

He will ne'er reach the top of fame's terrible high hill,
Whose claims are but "*vox et preterea nihil.*"

For the rest, Mr. Dummer lived in great state at Blackstone Lodge, had three daughters married to rising barristers, two more in daily expectation of being in like manner called to the bar, and one son who, having been expelled from college, and permitted to sell out of the army, had been recently transported—through the interest of Mr. Dummer, to the newly-acquired colony of Tarandagora, where he smoked cigars, swore at the natives, and performed the other necessary duties of vice-consul. His name was never mentioned at Blackstone Lodge, nor had his appointment ever been called in question, since that eventful night, when the O'Mulligan rose in his place, and inflamed by the wrongs of Ireland, and his own (having been sued by the firm for a paltry fifty pounds due on his promissory note in favor of the O'Toole,) demanded of the right honorable gentleman on the Treasury bench the production of all papers connected with the appointment of Mr. Percy Dummer, together with a list of the duties he performed, and the salary annexed to the appointment, adding, that the eyes of expectant Europe were turned in the direction of this enquiry,—that the wounds of Ireland would bleed afresh if it were not granted,—and that

the impeachment of ministers would probably result from the investigation. Thereupon the O'Mulligan sat down, and the under secretary rose up, and intimated that there were no papers to produce, there were no duties to perform, that no salary was attached to the office, nor was any emolument at present contemplated. Thus the enquiry ended to the intense disgust of the O'Mulligan, who being short of political as well as personal capital, had been long waiting for a friendly breeze, and hoped to have raised the wind on this occasion.

Mr. Dummer being satisfied that none but himself could be his parallel, had wisely abandoned in early life the futile effort of seeking an alter ego for a partner, and indeed had gone into the opposite extreme, when he accorded to Mr. Tugg the enviable distinction of sharing his confidence, his profits, and his door plate. Mr. Tugg was small, active, and wiry—wiry not only in figure but in voice. He did the common law on behalf of the firm, and the bill discounting on behalf of himself. Mr. Tugg had a genius for discounting small bills, and a talent for taking peremptory proceedings thereon. Whereas other men in times of commercial difficulty were always complaining of non-payment, Mr. Tugg ever rejoiced in monetary disappointments. "Three acceptances returned this morning," said Mr. Tugg, and a cold smile would play,—no, work over his frozen features: "Ah! money is very tight," Mr. Tugg would say; but if money were tight, Mr. Tugg was tighter.

Of course the magnificent Dummer knew not of these proceedings. Of course he was utterly unconscious, when the partnership profits were divided, how large a share of them might be attributed to his worthy partner's anxious desire to assist struggling tradesmen who required temporary accommodation. It never occurred to Mr. Dummer to note, as a physical curiosity, how clean were the hands of Mr. Tugg, considering the dirty work in which they were engaged. Observing the scrupulous cleanliness of Mr. Tugg's nether garments, how should his partner dream of the moral gutters in which that worthy gentleman daily walked. It is however on record that a misguided grocer, ignorant of legal progression, and unable to understand the Tuggian rule by which costs of twenty-three pounds had been grafted on to a bill of fifteen, had, in the absence of the watchful Proker, intruded into the presence of Mr. Dummer, and annoyed that gentleman by irrelevant allusions to a wife and five children. Mr. Dummer thereupon felt it his duty to remonstrate with Mr. Tugg, and the grocer having intimated that he had lost his home, that gentleman benevolently provided him with temporary accommodation on the Surrey side of the water.

Mr. Dummer having graciously recognized Mr. Waller, enquired if Mr. Proker had read the papers. Mr. Proker intimated that he had carefully perused them.

"A case requiring the most deliberate enquiry and the most careful investigation I presume, Mr. Proker."

Mr. Proker replied "that during his long and intimate acquaintance with the profession, he had never encountered one so fraught with legal difficulties."

Then Mr. Dummer intimated "that a case must be prepared for the opinion of counsel." This was the Dummerian safety valve—a case for the opinion of counsel. Mr. Dummer never condescended to give his own opinion, but counsel having been consulted, and the advice thereby obtained having been acted upon, Mr. Dummer, if the cause succeeded, appropriated all the merit to himself, and would graciously observe in reference to the aforesaid counsel, "A rising young man sir; I may claim some credit for my introduction." If however the unfortunate client lost his cause, his money, and as would often happen, his temper, Mr. Dummer, preserving his equanimity, like a modern Marius, consoled himself by desiring Mr. Proker to submit no more cases to Mr. Quitam, "in whom" said Mr. Dummer, "I have been mistaken."

Mr. Geoffrey Waller, by way of enlisting the sympathies of Mr. Dummer, informed him that he was entirely dependent on his uncle, and should he fail in establishing his present claim, he was determined not to tax that uncle's kindness further, but to rely upon the labor of his pen.

Mr. Dummer, who was not of an imaginative turn, looked at Mr. Proker, and Mr. Proker looked at Geoffrey. "Have you been articled?" said Mr. Proker.

“Is it necessary?” said Geoffrey, smiling.

“You can’t be admitted without,” said Proker—
“I’ll show you the statute.”

“There is no occasion,” said Geoffrey; “I am but a laborer in the literary vineyard. I merely mention this, because I am anxious to know truly and quickly, what chances I have of succeeding.”

Now had Geoffrey been intimate with the house of Dummer and Tugg, he would have known that they had occasionally purchased the interests of clients, who having instituted suits for the recovery of their rights, had been so terrified by accumulating costs, and so dispirited by the doubts of the intelligent Proker and the sagacious Dummer, that they had occasionally parted with their birth-right for a mess of pottage, and it showed a most extraordinary foresight on the part of the magician Dummer, and his familiar Proker, that in no single instance had the purchase money turned out an unprofitable investment.

Therefore immediately after Geoffrey had so frankly expressed himself, Mr. Dummer began to doubt, and Mr. Proker to hesitate—it was extremely unfortunate that so long a time had elapsed, although luckily Geoffrey had consulted the firm of Dummer and Tugg, because, as Mr. Proker wisely observed, “in a case of such delicacy as the present, you are completely in the hands of your legal advisers. You’re a young man,” said Mr. Proker, “and he shook his head, not angrily—no, a countenance more in sorrow than in anger, “but may grow older, and perhaps grow

wiser, yet take this advice from me—keep out of law if you can, at any sacrifice.”

“Then you advise me,” said Geoffrey, somewhat nettled, “to forego my claim—to abandon—”

“Well,” said Mr. Proker, “we’ll not say abandon,—I think we’ll not say abandon, Mr. Dummer?”

Mr. Dummer said nothing, but he looked volumes—volumes of law and equity.

“As Mr. Dummer has so wisely suggested,” said Mr. Proker, “Counsel’s opinion shall be taken. Remember, Mr. Waller, you’re in the hands of your professional advisers; sleep in the confidence that Mr. Dummer is awake. Pardon the joke if I say he is wide awake.”

Mr. Dummer did not laugh. At school the adolescent Dummer had learnt that the loud laugh bespeaks the vacant mind. The man Dummer resolved to show the world that he, like nature, abhorred a vacuum, and accordingly he never laughed. Geoffrey was too seriously interested to appreciate Mr. Proker’s wit, and the joke might have missed fire had not that gentleman, perfectly satisfied he had said a good thing, repeated it twice or thrice to imprint it on his memory, and having rewarded himself with an extra pinch (of snuff) calmly enjoyed his triumph.

“We’ll prepare a case for the opinion of Mr. —” Proker paused and looked deferentially at Dummer.

“Buncombe,” responded the oracle.

“Opinion of Mr. Buncombe,” said Proker, “and as

I'll mark the papers with an expedition fee, why perhaps in a fortnight—”

“A fortnight!” said Geoffrey, as yet unlearned in the law's delays.

“To oblige our house,” said Mr. Proker, “Mr. Buncombe will give the case his earliest consideration. Our house has made Mr. Buncombe. Correctly speaking, I should say, Mr. Dummer has made Mr. Buncombe.”

The amiable Frankenstein in the expansive frill did not deny having made the Monster Buncombe—but added, “and I would have made Quitam, but Pipkins and Chipps, Mr. Proker”—and Mr. Dummer shook his head, whilst Proker groaned.

Geoffrey, unable to sympathize with the modern Prometheus, rose from his seat. Mr. Proker then took his address, announced that he would communicate with him at the earliest opportunity, and honoring him with a most friendly shake of the hand (Mr. Dummer reserving such demonstrations for heavy mortgages and testamentary directions,) dismissed the ardent young gentleman in a very pleasing state of irritability and uncertainty.

CHAPTER IX.

Geoffrey Waller, referring to his diary was surprised to find that he had been nearly three months in London, and noting the state of his cash account, found his pecuniary resources had so far diminished as to enable him in expressing the total, to dispense with the first letter of those potent initials, £. s. d. He began to ask himself what he had done with his money and his time, and found the usual difficulty in answering those questions. The magazine had appeared, though his contribution had not. This neglect, however, though an evidence of bad taste, he treated with indifference, as he hoped that the influence of Lady Olivia and the Earl, might speedily enable him to attain a position more worthy of his merits and gratifying to his ambition. In truth, his aspiring hopes had already mounted him on that steed with which the proverb has made us so familiar. Far be it from me to say my hero is an absolute pauper as regards intellectual wealth, or that I anticipate he will arrive at the threatened destination. Even now a light breaks in upon his gloom, for the eminent publisher has informed him, that he is preparing for the press the *Superstitions of Sunny Lands*, "a taking title, sir," says Mr. Vollum, "and I should feel honored by enlisting you amongst the contributors to this exquisite work of poetry and romance. I was soliciting Lady Olivia Beauvale's patronage, and I presumed to mention that Mr.

Waller might"—and the eminent publisher becomes silent, and looks eloquent.

Geoffrey, cunning Geoffrey, assuming the great author for the occasion, "is not sure whether he has leisure for the task—possibly amongst his loose papers—" and the eminent publisher, who has read with a glance the volume called Geoffrey Waller, errata and all, bows his acknowledgments, and Geoffrey saunters homewards with the air of a man of careless leisure, and devotes the long winter night to the task, to the great annoyance of his kind little landlady, and the great disgust of the drawing-rooms, who being at this time in a paroxysm of gout, indulges in invocations, very dissimilar to Geoffrey's. Mrs. Birt has a great objection to night work, "people require their natural food and rest, and she never would allow Phil to work over-time, even when they had only one pound per week and the drawing-rooms empty." Geoffrey defends himself upon the ground that that there are moments of inspiration, but Mrs. Birt, who is a mere materialist (very pretty material by the bye,) replies—"stuff and nonsense! there's a time for all things,"—with which logical conclusion she beats him up an egg in his tea, and tells him if he doesn't keep better hours, she shall send for his cousin Alice to keep him in order.

Here I must mention that Geoffrey, who is sadly deficient in that cynicism and abstraction which is held by many to be the true type of the poetical character, has made Mrs. Birt the confidant of his attachment, and he could not have chosen a more

sympathetic monitor. Mrs. Birt is a great advocate for early marriages, and instances her own happiness as a sufficient proof of the soundness of her position. "Don't speak to me," says Mrs. Birt, addressing an imaginary opponent, "of being too poor to marry. Don't talk to me of waiting for better times. Why should we live apart during the summer of our lives, waiting for what may never come, or come too late. Don't tell me love requires money, or that money can bring love. It may buy everything, but it can't buy that. A trouble isn't half a trouble if you've some one to share it, but a joy is a double joy when it brings a smile upon the face you love." And much more in a similar strain argues or asserts sweet tempered, kind-hearted, positive Mrs. Birt, and would maintain her ground without fear of opposition, in the teeth of the staunchest Malthusian in the sternest metropolitan vestry.

Geoffrey reads his poem and is pleased with it, and reads it again and thinks the eminent publisher will be pleased, and as this is to go forth to the world as his legitimate offspring, he takes some credit to himself for having attached only his initials to his magazine contribution. And then Geoffrey, (he has scarcely attained his majority), remembering Molière used to read his scenes to his housekeeper, resolves to take the opinion of Mrs. Birt, which opinion is as favorable as he could wish, though not expressed in strictly critical language, inasmuch as she declares "it makes her creep all over; but how you, Mr. Waller, could sit up all night and have such

dreadful visions, I can't imagine." Geoffrey does not trouble himself to correct Mrs. Birt in respect to visions, but exclaims in his off-hand way—"then you think it will do;" and proceeds to the publisher, to whom, with a beating heart, and perfectly unconcerned manner, he intimates the trifle is entirely at his service. Meanwhile Mrs. Birt, summoned to the assistance of the drawing-rooms, who is by this time in the very extremity of gout, endeavours to relieve his sufferings by repeating what she remembers, which is not much, of Geoffrey's poem, and the drawing-rooms, who has no romance, but a great deal of reality, gout to wit, declares Mr. Waller is a puppy, and that youth and vanity go hand in hand. Patience, thou venerable sufferer! Why always couple youth and vanity? True you have shaken off the one; are you certain you have abandoned the other? Grant that both are offences. If you are wearing sackcloth for your youth, have you yet covered your head with ashes for your vanity?

As it is possible some of my readers may not have been subscribers to the *Superstitions of Sunny Lands*, I place my copy at their disposal, and call their attention to page 65—they will observe the volume of itself, opens at the page.

THE MALEDICTION OF THE ZINGARO.

Thou slave! dar'st seize my bridle rein,
 And check my swift career?
 Thou know'st the Seigneur of Valaine,
 And knowing, thou should'st fear.

Back, outcast knave! nor dare my path
 Thus rashly to impede;
 Back! or beware my kindling wrath!
 Back! back! Nay take thy meed.

Leaps the blade from the sheath, and one pitiless blow
 Hath releas'd the proud knight from the grasp of his
 foe:

The gipsy lies writhing and maim'd on the plain,
But the hand newly sever'd still clings to the rein.

The wrongs my race
 To thee may trace,
 Proud lord, shall tenfold be requited;
 My fainting breath,
 A father's death,
 A sister's fame untimely blighted;
 The blood now spilt
 But adds to guilt,
 Thou shalt atone in shame and sorrow;
 Ride on thy way;
 Be thine the day;

The gipsy waiteth for the morrow.

Once have the knight and the gipsy met,
 And the turf with the outcast's blood is wet.

The winds of the north are all hush'd in sleep,
 As the light bark floats o'er the glassy deep;
 And loud rings the laugh of the gladsome crew,
 As the land of their fathers appears in view:
 The Lord of Valaine and his fair young bride,
 Watch the sparkling waves o'er the vessel's side,
 And closely prest, to his mother's breast,
 Their first-born, their only one, nestles to rest.

Hark! hark! to that shriek of frenzied alarm;
 The infant hath sprung from his mother's arm;
 The sire dares the waters his loved one to save,
 But his child sleeps for ever beneath the wave.
 "Ha! ha! I can laugh. Oh! joy to my soul,
 The waves o'er the corse of thy infant now roll;
 No marble the grave of thy first-born shall mark,
 For the heir to thy honors is food for the shark.
 See the sweat-drops of agony stand on thy brow,
 As *I* tell thee in triumph thou 'rt childless now."
Twice have the knight and the gipsy met;
 Oh when shall proud Valaine such meeting forget!

From a distant land, returns the knight,
 And he seeks the bower of his lady bright,
 But no welcome meets him there;
 And sad is the news that his vassals tell,
 His wife, and the friend he lov'd too well,
 Have left him to despair.
 By turns he raves; by turns he weeps;
 And a shuddering horror o'er him creeps,
 As he smites his burning brow:
 For close by his side is the form so drear
 Of the outcast, who smiles as he shrieks in his ear,
 "*My curse is working now.*"
 "Ha! ha! noble baron, I greet thee again!
 Canst not smile on the herald of sorrow and pain;
 Proud Valaine, from honor to infamy hurl'd,
 Is wifeless, and childless, and lone in the world."
Thrice have the knight and the gipsy met,
 And the outcast's revenge is unsated yet.

The sun hath set on the battle field,
 And the vanquish'd foe is flying;
 And the pale moon gilds the lonely spot,
 Where Valaine's lord is dying.

His batter'd helm is cleft in twain,
 From his breast the blood is welling;
 And now he moans like one in pain,
 And now his beads is telling.

A cowl'd monk beside him stands,
 No prayer he breathes, no counsel utters,
 Shrouded his face, conceal'd his hands,
 As Valaine faintly mutters:—

“Oh! father, great hath been my sin,
 But sad my fall, sincere my sorrow;
 Say, may repentance pardon win?”

“*Thine was the day, but mine the morrow.*”

The cowl is thrown back, and the eye of his foe
 Darkly glares on the knight. “Dost thy confessor
 know?”

“I have wrong'd thee, but pardon. Life, honor, and
 land,

Wife, child, all are lost.” “I forgive,—take my hand;
 Dost refuse it proud baron? Pray, hope, if you dare,
These skeleton fingers shall bid thee despair.

Writhe, writhe as thou ownest thy sentence is just;
 That groan—all is o'er, my oppressor is dust.”
 For the last time the knight and the gipsy have met,
 And the life of the wronger hath paid the debt.

CHAPTER X.

“Are you ill, Mr. Waller?” said his anxious little landlady, a few evenings after Geoffrey had placed in the hands of the publisher his contribution to the *Superstitions of Sunny Lands*.

“Ill, Mrs. Birt? No—I am never ill.”

“Or uncomfortable?” suggested Mrs. Birt.

“Uncomfortable? No; why should you think so?”

“You’re not yourself this evening,” said Mrs. Birt, “and I’m sure I don’t wish you to be anybody else; you haven’t—leastways, I hope you haven’t been quarrelling with anybody—your cousin, now,” said Mrs. Birt, anxiously and interrogatively.

“Quarrel? I never quarrel; and with Alice? I couldn’t if I would. Mrs. Birt, you don’t know her, but you shall, and you’ll find it would be as difficult to quarrel with Alice Brookdale—as—as with you, Mrs. Birt,” said Geoffrey, failing in a simile and winding up with a compliment.

“Then what has altered you this evening—it an’t money—is it?” said Mrs. Birt.

“You remind me of the countryman who questioned the Quaker; you deny the fact, and then propound the query.” Observing Mrs. Birt looked somewhat puzzled, Geoffrey added—“it is money, Mrs. Birt,—money the root of all evil, but with me at this moment a somewhat withered and unproductive root. The truth is I’ve written to my uncle, and I haven’t

received his answer as I expected, and as I think I'm somewhat in your debt"—

Little Mrs. Birt darted out of the room, and called down stairs for Phil. Remembering the anxiety of Mrs. Keegles for a settlement, Geoffrey feared he had committed himself by his frankness, and waited with some anxiety for the appearance of Mr. Birt, who followed his leader into the room, evidently disturbed by this hasty summons.

"Now look me in the face Phil, and speak the truth,—as he always has done Mr. Waller from the day I knew him.—Have you been asking Mr. Waller for money?"

"I!" said Mr. Birt. He said no more, but there were a thousand noes in that I.

"And have I ever said anything to you about Mr. Waller not paying his bill?" "You!" said Mr. Birt;—and the personal pronoun contained a double distilled essence of contradiction.

"Now Mr. Waller, I'm going to speak my mind. I'm sorry for it, but you've put me in this fantigue" (I have failed as yet in tracing the meaning of this mystical expression); "if ever you make yourself uncomfortable about what you owe me"—Mrs. Birt always ignored her husband in connection with No. 9—"I shall take it as a week's warning, and advertise the apartments."

Geoffrey thanked his considerate little hostess, and assured her he would carefully abstain from perilling his present comfortable position, and then ensued a muttered conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Birt, in

which Geoffrey could distinguish—"Do you think ne'd like"—"you ask"—"no, you"—and then Mrs. Birt enquired if he intended going out that evening. Geoffrey replying he had no engagement, Mrs. Birt with some hesitation informed him "Mr. Birt was going to his club, and as Mr. Waller seemed dull, perhaps he'd like—" To which Geoffrey, who had no knowledge of clubs beyond the political old True Blue at Elmstoke, of which Uncle David was chairman, replied "Oh! indeed!"

Hereupon Mr. Birt felt himself bound to state that it was not a club in the ordinary meaning of the word, but rather a gathering together of choice spirits for intellectual entertainment, and that its title of—the Moral, Social, and Political Brotherhood, was a guarantee of the propriety of the objects for which it held its monthly meetings.

Geoffrey, though not much inclined to go, hesitated to offend the amour propre of the worthy couple, and intimated he should feel honored by the introduction of Mr. Birt; and Mrs. Birt thereon assured him that the club was most exemplary in its conduct, and that Phil had never been late but once. Here Mrs. Birt laughed, not very maliciously, whilst Mr. Birt explained that the exception alluded to had been caused by the natural excitability of Mr. Cupples, heightened by alcoholic influences, which had culminated in a violent denunciation of the whole police system, and an anxious desire to try the merits of the question by a combat to the death with Z 999. Geoffrey assuring Mr. Birt that he had the greatest

respect for the constituted authorities, and promising Mrs. Birt that her husband's safety should not be perilled by his companionship, proceeded clubwards with his meek companion.

The night being fine, Geoffrey proposed to walk. He was desirous of studying the character of Mr. Birt, of whom he had seen so little, and to his great surprise he found the reserved little copying clerk of the outer office was a man of extensive reading and cultivated mind. He seemed to have studied as a labor of love the older dramatists and writers of the Elizabethan age, and Geoffrey, who had been recently reading the *Essays of Elia*, could not but admit that some of the little clerk's observations were not unworthy of the kindly heart that preserved its freshness amidst the dusty folios of the South Sea house. Gradually warming in conversation, Philip Birt shook off his timidity, and with it that hesitation in his speech that Geoffrey had imagined was a natural defect. He quoted passage after passage from his much-loved authors, in support of his arguments and illustration of his opinions, and when Geoffrey attempted to refute his assertion that position was not essential to happiness, he replied,—

“And this our life, remote from public haunt,
Finds books in brooks, songs in the running streams,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

“You shake your head, Mr. Waller. Am I not happy? yet the world would say I do not live,—which means to enjoy life—I only exist.”

“The bird that has been reared in a cage,” said

Geoffrey, "has no desire for freedom; besides you have many sources of happiness."

"I know it, and will not embitter the present by any idle dream of the past. But look round you. Observe those noble buildings; they are the palace homes of our merchant princes; the ground on which they stand should have been my heritage."

"Yours?" said Geoffrey.

"Mine," said Mr. Birt, "but my grandfather was a wit, a gambler, and the boon companion of Fox and Sheridan. The wealth he should have bequeathed to his son, he divided amongst his friends at the gaming table. One thing he could not part with, or he would have staked that also on the hazard of the die. But Sir Philip de Birt, with fifteen thousand a year, was still Sir Philip de Birt when he died in the supporting arms of the King's Bench turnkey."

"I pity you," said Geoffrey.

"Don't pity, but commend," said Mr. Birt; "that fatal title was my poor father's rock ahead through life; he clung to it through every vicissitude. Whilst receiving less than the wages of his father's butler, he required from those who commanded his humble services, and laughed at his feeble vanity, the full recognition of his empty title. Well, Mr. Waller, he died in a garret, and I, a boy of fifteen, was left to fight single handed against the world in defence of my mother and myself. She did not long require me to struggle for her, but with her dying lips she entreated me never to forget my Norman lineage. 'Remember, Philip, the De Birts came over

with the Conqueror.' My poor mother! I never disobeyed her but in that. As soon as I stood alone in the world, I tore off this tawdry title as though it had been the Centaur's poisoned shirt, and as plain Philip Birt I have plodded on, unaided and unknown. Will you believe it, Mr. Waller? you scarcely will. My dear little wife, who of course knows my story, indulges in dreams of our rising from our ashes, and she thinks young Phil is to become the modern Phoenix."

"And you," said Geoffrey, "do you never have a wish to mix, if but for an hour, in the circle to which your rank might give you entrance?"

"Often—often; and then, without any announcement from gentleman usher, I find myself the centre of a group you could scarcely match at a royal drawing-room. A touch of my hand, and I sit with Macbeth in the banquet-room, or watch bluff Hal as he whispers Ann Boleyn. But here we are at the club-room."

To Geoffrey's surprise he found himself once more beneath the hospitable roof of Mrs. Keegles, and great was the delight of that lady and the charming Lavinia. Mr. Waller and Mr. Birt were ushered into the sanctum sanctorum, where a cabinet council was being duly held, the members thereof being the fair owner of the dark ringlets, her mamma, and Miss Isabella Blobster, to whom Geoffrey was formally introduced, and the subject under discussion being the most appropriate costumes to be worn on an

occasion of high ceremony which was appointed for the month ensuing.

“For Blobster has insisted that I should name the day,” said Lavinia, blushing, but faintly—faintly. In truth she had communicated this important secret to so many bosom friends, that the stock of blushes she had reserved for the occasion was by this time nearly exhausted.

“Blobster,” observed the more matter-of-fact mamma, “said it must be next month, or else it would interfere with his season, and you know, Mr. Waller, business is business.”

Mr. Waller admitting this proposition, congratulated the “fair fiancée,” and yielded to her urgent request that he would grace the ceremony. Being made happy by his consent, she whispered to Miss Blobster, who in reply playfully slapped her hand, and looked confused, but certainly not displeased.

“Shall we have a strong muster to night?” said Mr. Birt, addressing Mrs. Keegles.

“A good many already, Mr. Birt, and we expect a very full room. Mr. Charkle looked in this morning, and said he hoped he should be able to persuade the great Counsellor Buncombe to come this evening.”

“Buncombe, ah!” said Mr. Birt,—the said ah, in no way deserving a note of admiration.

“Buncombe,” thought Geoffrey, and remembering the case that was to be submitted to counsel, he resolved to watch Mr. Buncombe very narrowly.

To the club room they proceeded, Miss Keegles having previously reminded Mr. Waller of his promised

contribution, and playfully hinted that he might make some allusion to the happy event, "which would be charming, wouldn't it Isabella dear?"

"Isabella dear" thought it would be so nice.

"To hear is to obey," said Geoffrey, as he followed Mr. Birt up stairs. Entering the club room they found several members assembled, by the older of whom Mr. Birt was very graciously received, whilst the younger portion, of whom Mr. Cupples appeared to be the leader, entertained an opinion that old Birt was a "fogey."

"We shall have a great treat to-night," said a benevolent old gentleman, in a very juvenile flaxen wig. "Mr. Charkle has informed the eminent lawyer and philanthropist, Mr. Buncombe, that we propose discussing to-night the best means of ameliorating the sufferings of the laboring classes, and that distinguished advocate has intimated his heart is in the cause, and he will certainly attend if his numerous engagements will permit."

At this moment Mr. Charkle rushed into the room, almost breathless. "He's here! Buncombe's here! give him a reception."

Mr. Buncombe having given his advanced guard ample time to prepare for his entrance, now appeared upon the scene, and immediately there was a considerable clapping of hands, and assaults upon the floor with sticks and umbrellas. The orator and the philanthropist bowed to the assembly, thereby eliciting further approval from all but the refractory few who followed the banner of the Cupples. Indeed

that gentleman caused no little laughter in his own immediate neighbourhood by the irreverent observation of "twig his specs."

Mr. Buncombe heard the remark, and noted the individual. He forthwith photographed Mr. Cupples in his memory, and should he ever have the opportunity of getting that facetious gentleman under cross-examination—well—no matter.

Mr. Shorler, the benevolent individual in the wig, having taken his seat as president of the evening, alluded briefly to the subject appointed for discussion, and informed them Mr. Buncombe had condescended to attend for the purpose of expounding his views on this all-important topic.

Now it is fitting the reader should be enlightened as to the condescension of Mr. Buncombe, and as to his fitness to take the lead in any movement that had for its primary object the amelioration of human suffering. Mr. Buncombe having a fair share of *Nisi Prius* business, was anxious for senatorial distinction, and with a view thereto he would attend any meeting, at any time, and speak upon any given subject. He was especially great in a certain metropolitan vestry, where he was the organ and the idol of a clique of gentlemen with bald heads and corresponding intellects. He was also great in browbeating a witness, and especially happy in so framing his questions as to render it impossible for the most ingenious person to give a direct reply thereto. Then he would fix his eye on the unhappy witness, demand a plain answer, yes or

no, and unmindful of the oath just taken to tell the truth and the whole truth, would exert his utmost ingenuity to make the witness aforesaid render himself liable to an indictment for perjury. Could he but elicit from him, that he had once in his life laid a wager of a new hat on a contested election, or betted a pair of gloves at Epsom, he would become sublime in his indignation when addressing the jury, and would ask them what reliance they could place on the testimony of a professional gambler. As he would use the privilege of his gown to put questions which no gentleman could stoop to ask,—as he would misrepresent evidence in spite of repeated interruptions from the bench,—as he had a stock of low wit, and false sentiment, which had more influence than it deserved with the free and enlightened jurymen, so Mr. Buncombe was extremely popular with the speculative attornies who went for costs, and was in every respect unworthy to be selected as a specimen of that noble profession which gave us an Erskine, and has preserved to us a Brougham.

Mr. Buncombe was at this time great with the philanthropic party, and in his own person furnished an illustration of the proverb, that private feeling should not interfere with public duty; for whereas he was red hot in his zeal for the many, he was lukewarm, not to say cold, in his anxiety for the few, as his respected parent, Mrs. Buncombe, could testify, if visited at her snug retreat in the alms-houses at Laverton.

But Mr. Buncombe on his legs looks proudly round,

and anxious ears wait for the words of wisdom. Mr. Buncombe's attitude has something of the antique; he is fond of designating himself as a moral wrestler, but his style of play would have excluded him from the Olympian contests, for he chiefly excelled in coming unawares on his opponent, and tripping him up. He considered himself a master of fence, but held it no disgrace to thrust at his opponent whilst the latter was making the salute which courtesy has prescribed as preliminary to an encounter.

Mr. Buncombe, big with thoughts too great for utterance, pauses ere he begins, and Mr. Cupples availing himself of a slight ventriloquial faculty, calls out, "go it, Buncombe," and causes the hero of the night to dart an angry glance at our unoffending acquaintance, Mr. Birt. Mr. Buncombe begins—and ends as he begins, as regards his facts, though not as regards his figures, having spoken for a good hour by Shrewsbury clock, and concludes by saying:—"At all times, and in all seasons,—in the face of faction, and in the teeth of oligarchy,—though cowards falter and feebler spirits quail,—my voice shall be raised,—my energies shall be devoted,—my blood shall be poured out, and my life shall be perilled, to redress the wrongs, to protect the liberties, and to ameliorate the sufferings of the people."

The orator concludes and resumes his seat with an air that intimates, "my arguments are unanswerable;" and the general assembly appears to be of his opinion. More applause, fiercer attacks of sticks and umbrellas,

and a defiant crow proceeding from Mr. Cupples, but erroneously attributed to Mr. Birt.

“Will you permit me,” says Geoffrey, and he pauses as the brotherhood fixes its eighty-four eyes upon his face.

Mr. Buncombe graciously inclines his head. Mr. Buncombe is glad of the opportunity. Mr. Buncombe would like to reply on the whole case.

“You appear to me,” said Geoffrey, “to have made many assertions—eloquently I admit—but you have used no arguments; you have stated opinions, but you have adduced no facts; you spoke much of the people, but amidst your invectives against class, I failed to understand from you who are the people.”

Mr. Buncombe rose—rose indignant and defiant. “Assertions and not arguments!” said Mr. Buncombe. “Feeble sophistry! Miserable subterfuge! May it please your lordship—I beg pardon—Mr. President, does the learned—I mean the very young gentleman, meet the case by such a paltry evasion? I repeat it, a paltry evasion! The people,” said Mr. Buncombe, “who are the people?” He paused to concentrate a volume of explanation in a single sentence—“We are the people!”

Mr. Buncombe resumed his seat amidst thunders of applause. The eighty-four hands must have smarted with their exertions. The rash young man was crushed, annihilated,—in trans-atlantic parlance “snuffed out.” No,—the light still glimmered.

“I thank you,” said Geoffrey, “for your explanation; it is candid, if not satisfactory; it shows me

that we are miserable egotists; that in all our assumed anxiety for others, personal laudation or self-advancement is the spring of action. If I go into more important assemblies, I fear if I could test the sincerity of the speakers, it would resolve itself, despite their eloquent denunciations and impassioned advocacy, into the selfish and humiliating confession, 'We are the people.'"

"Utterly unused to debate," said Mr. Buncombe; and he turned to Mr. Charkle, who assured him the young fellow had considerable ability. "Some of his poems—"

"A poet!" said Mr. Buncombe,—"a poet! I thought so. Ha, ha! Let him study the philosophy of nations, and then"—here he broke off abruptly, without indicating where such knowledge was to be acquired, or the probable results to be derived therefrom.

Then Mr. Birt rose slowly, but sat down quickly, overcome by the flattering reception that attended his appearance on the political stage. After a whispered remonstrance from Geoffrey, he again rose, and with some hesitation of voice—and knees—addressed himself to the subject—and his audience.

"I think," said Mr. Birt, "that if the political constitution is so unsound, we ought to call in the doctors. Now pray don't laugh. I never made a joke in all my life, and I never felt more serious than now, and understand, I do mean what I say, which isn't always the case with public speakers. Call in the doctors—the physicians, not the quacks; learn

from them how they seek the home of the pestilence, and the dwelling of the fever, in order that they may trace out the cause, and ascertain the remedy. Doctors of politics, imitate these men; imitate their devotion and their self-denial; go amongst the people,—not to inflame class against class, but to clear up doubt and remove prejudice. Don't tell the poor man he is despised by his wealthy brother. Don't tell the rich man he is shamed by his humble kinsman. Try rather to bring them fairly face to face. The poor man may be rough in speech, rude in manner, coarse in appearance, not pleasant to the eye, except in pictures; he may be a blot on the great page of life, but you cannot scratch him out, and such as he is, my good friend Croesus, you or your forefathers must at some time have been, and when you despise him you show you are ashamed of your own ancestry. Aid him by your advice—if need be, with your purse; but let such aid be the loan to a friend, not the alms to a pauper. Let him start on the road you have travelled to such advantage. Take him by the hand—it may be a rough one, not over clean perhaps, but there are worse stains than the dirt on his horny palm. Tell him your fathers were as poor as his; tell him they rose to wealth by industry;—bid him strive as they have striven;—if he be down you need not keep him down;—help him to rise, point out to him the path, walk a little way with him on the road. If you cannot carry his load you may keep beside him, and when you part, you can wish him God speed upon

his journey. And you, who like myself are at the bottom of the hill, why need you rail against those who are at the top? Have you ever made one effort to reach the summit? 'Tis so high, you say. Have you ever made one step forward? You are kept down. Well, have you striven to rise? If you had grumbled less and labored more, you might have made some advance. Oh but you'll say, 'I shall never live to reach it.' Have you children? Yes. Well, for their sakes make an effort; you may find friendly hands stretched out to aid you, and if you do, don't be ashamed to grasp them. Above all, don't take the gift and revile the giver. One word more and I have done. I should wish, without act of parliament or vestry meeting, that the rich would oftener go amongst the poor,—not always to read us lectures, or preach sermons to us—there may be some homilies that *we* could quote—but to bring the sunshine of kind looks into the humble dwelling, and the music of kind words to the poor man's hearth. You train your horses and you train your dogs; try your skill now and then at training nobler animals, and you may win something better than cups and purses. 'But you pay the poor,' you will answer. I can't deny it. 'Pay them, and that's enough.' Is it enough? Enough in law, but not enough in conscience; enough for man, but not enough for God."

Need I apologize for the intellectual inferiority of the Club, if I confess that the simple and unaffected earnestness of the last speaker, illogical as might be his remarks, produced even a greater effect than the

elaborate and artfully arranged oratory of the professional advocate. Perhaps the sincerest compliment Mr. Birt received was from his fellow-laborer, Mr. Cupples, who, crossing from the opposition benches, shook him cordially by the hand, and assured him "it was all right you know, and I never mean to chaff you again, colonel; and what's more, I mean to stick to the desk, try to climb as you said, and if ever I ask you to stop and finish my work, I hope Dummer and Tugg will find it out and sack me."

Mr. Buncombe joined not in the general approval. In fact he was so in the habit of playing first fiddle, or I might rather say, representing the entire orchestra in his single person, that he looked upon this impromptu performance of Mr. Philip Birt as being sadly out of tune, and accordingly departed abruptly.

And now politics being eschewed for the remainder of the evening, the social element preponderated. Mr. Shorler, in the juvenile flaxen wig, and the thinnest of all thin voices, admitted that "when the wolf in midnight prowl bayed the moon with hideous howl," he was in the habit of committing burglary, accompanied with personal violence. Two younger gentlemen, of diffident manners and uncertain execution, repeatedly informed the company that "All's well," which was very gratifying in respect to the discipline of our defenders, but could scarcely be admitted as regarded the way in which the information was conveyed. Then a gentleman of bibulous appearance, recommended the general company to take a bumper and try, but having already followed

his own prescription too closely, he broke down literally before he could complete his exposition. This was succeeded by an intensely melancholy vocal effort on the part of Mr. Cupples, in what was facetiously termed a comic song, introducing his admired imitations of popular actors. Adopting the ingenious idea of the artist, who wrote under the sign board "this is a lion," Mr. Cupples stationed a friend at his elbow, to make a preliminary announcement of the performers who were thus honored with his notice. If the merit of these exhibitions is to be estimated by the outrageousness of the caricature, then to Mr. Cupples must be awarded the palm of excellence, though the most partial witness would have hesitated to give any evidence as to identity.

And now, as it was approaching to the small hours, Geoffrey suggested to Mr. Birt an immediate adjournment. "Just ten minutes," said Mr. Birt, "Mr. Charkle is trying to persuade the doctor to oblige."

"The doctor," said Geoffrey; "now I understand the allusion in the opening of your address."

Mr. Birt laughed. "You're not so far wrong as it might appear, for although our doctor never wrote a prescription in the medical, he has penned thousands in the political acceptance. He is the editor of an evening paper, and if he had chosen, could have demolished Buncombe in five minutes, but he hates talking shop as he calls it, and for a song in what language you will—Greek, Latin, French, or Irish,—

I mean the genuine Milesian—none in this room and few out of it can equal him.”

Mr. Birt then pointed out the doctor to Geoffrey, who looked with reverence on the wielder of the mighty “We,” and noticing the number of the empty glasses that stood before him, (it was occasionally a whim of the doctor’s to forbid the waiters removing the bodies of the slain,) he responded assentingly to an observation of Mr. Birt, that the doctor was famous for his spirited articles.

“All right,” said Mr. Birt, “the doctor has ordered another glass,” and the legal sequence being in this case reversed by the waiter executing the order, and the doctor afterwards passing judgment thereon, Mr. Charkle announced that his illustrious friend would oblige them with an original effusion.

“Boys,” said the doctor, “for its boys we are, in our healthy love of innocent enjoyment, and our hearty appreciation of what conduces to our comforts,”—here he winked at his nine empty glasses,—“Boys, we have heard much from a gentleman who I’m pleased to say is present, and too much from another gentleman, who I’m equally pleased to say is not present, on the subject of ameliorating—that’s a long word for the short hours—the sufferings of humanity. Don’t be alarmed, I’m not going to be political. Some people tell you time is the great consoler; others insist that money is the universal comforter. As regards the first, I’ve found it heavy on my hands; as regards the second, I’ve found it light in my pockets; but I maintain that love, if

taken like whiskey, warm and sweet, is the hope of youth,—Your health, Mr. Waller;—the joy of manhood,—Charkle, you miserable batchelor, repent and be happy;—and the consolation of our declining years,—Shorler, my boy, may you soon enter into a third partnership. Therefore, gentlemen—boys I mean,—requesting your indulgence for this brief exordium, I proceed to illustrate my position.”

SONG (*unaccompanied*), “THE IRISH CUPID.”

The poets we're told, in the days of old,
 Wrote tales about Mister Cupid, oh!
 But the Romans and Greeks, in describing his freaks,
 Only proved themselves mightily stupid, oh!—
 For they said the dear boy, who's the ladies' own joy,
 When preaching his delicate sarments, oh!
 Walked about, pray take note, with no sign of a coat,
 And was scantily furnished with garments, oh!
 Oh tunder an' ouns, oh grimaces and frowns,
 Sure each haythen's a mighty detracter, oh!
 And it makes a man blush, and a lady cry hush,
 When they take away Cupid's charāther, oh!

There's one Ovid who sings, that young Cupid has
 wings,
 With a quiver strapped on to his shoulder, oh!
 And he aims at the hearts of the folks in all parts,
 Whether young, middle aged, or much older, oh!
 But the rale God of love, is such nonsense above,
 Sure he's drest Galway fashion quite gaily, oh!
 In a full suit of green, wid a natty caubeen,
 And a tight little sprig of shillaly, oh!

Oh tunder an' ouns, oh grimaces and frowns,
 Sure his dad, mind it's truth that's between
 us, oh!
 Was a bould Munster man, Mister Paddy Vulcan,
 And his mother Miss Judy Venus, oh!

If the truth ye would know, he's no arrow nor bow,
 At the ribs of poor folks to be glancing, oh!
 But in each hand I'm told, he's a full purse of gold,
 Which he chinks to keep tune to his dancing, oh!
 That he lives upon sighs, is a parcel of lies,
 Sure he'd get on such diet quite slender, oh!
 But he finds much relief, in veal, mutton, and beef,
 And sips punch with his feet on the fender, oh!
 Oh tunder an' ouns, oh grimaces and frowns,
 What they meant I could never conjecture, oh!
 Widout vittles and drink, to a mummy he'd
 shrink,
 And they'd make little Cupid a spectre, oh!

No rosy deck'd bowers, all embedded in flowers,
 Are fitted for love's habitation, oh!
 But a mansion of brick, where the timber is thick,
 And fox hunting affords relaxation, oh!
 Where there's shooting good store, and of fishing
 galore,
 Love prefers taking up his snug quarters, oh!
 There he sits and he smokes, and he drinks and he
 jokes,
 With a dozen or more sons and daughters, oh!
 Oh tunder an' ouns, oh grimaces and frowns,
 Sure an Irishman's love is substantial, oh!
 'Tis always well drest, and it lives on the best,
 And it doesn't despise things financial, oh!

As they returned homeward, Geoffrey's respect for his contented little landlord increased. He found a man with information far beyond his own, with extended views and varied acquirements, satisfied to plod on through life, not merely without repining, but contented, and for not much more than a day-laborer's reward; he found that this man for full thirty years, and those the best years of life, had performed a task little less monotonous than the labor of a mill horse, and yet such labor had not narrowed his mind, nor frozen his heart; that without regretting the lost glories of the past, he could rejoice in the happiness of the present. "Yes, Mr. Waller," said the little man as they reached their home, "I have my treasures still. You remember the Roman matron when asked for her gems, produced her children. Sir, I am happier than that Roman mother. You ask for my jewels. Here's the brightest of them—Mrs. Birt."

And Mrs. Birt, as she made all fast for the night, (there was little to secure, but she was a careful housewife), hoped that their evening had been a pleasant one, and when Geoffrey assured her that Mr. Birt had achieved the triumph of the night, and Mr. Birt said "Nonsense, I indeed!" the tears of joy actually stood in her bright black eyes, and with an affectionate earnestness that redeemed the inconsistency of her remark, the proud little woman, placing her plump little hands on her husband's shoulders, and looking lovingly in that husband's face (not such an old one now you're used to it Mr. Waller,) exclaimed, "You dear old man, I'm sure you're the very best boy in all the world."

CHAPTER XI.

And now there was excitement in Belgravia, and anxiety in Regent Street. It had occurred to Mr. Vollum, far-seeing and disinterested Mr. Vollum, that the *Superstitions of Sunny Lands*, now on the eve of publication, might be followed, advantageously to the public—of course the public—by a selection of original compositions in verse and prose, contributed by the most eminent authors of the day, Mr. Waller included, (happy Geoffrey!) and edited by the Lady Olivia Beauvale. Mr. Vollum knew from long experience how fleeting is woman's love—for literary lions—and he determined to play off his great card, Mr. Waller, before it could be trumped by some newer rival in her ladyship's critical affections.

Mr. Vollum had an interview with Lady Olivia. Her ladyship was charmed. Lord Plantagenet did not object;—he relied on the discretion of Mr. Vollum, his known attachment to those principles which, &c. Mr. Vollum bowed to his lordship's judgment. The book he promised should be worthy of such distinguished patronage.

“Then for the title,” said her ladyship; “the title's everything, Mr. Vollum.”

Mr. Vollum, with his eye directed to the Earl, murmured his assent. “I've sketched a few for your

ladyship's consideration," said the publisher. "Buds of Belgravia."

"Sweetly pretty, Mr. Vollum, but perhaps too local. Besides the alliteration so much resembles *Book of Beauty*."

"It would in fact be identical," said the polite publisher, "if illustrated with a portrait of the editress."

Lady Olivia looked not displeased. The Earl, who was the most courteous of gentlemen and the most honorable of noblemen, but who in person resembled a small mechanic in uneasy circumstances, objected to portraits in a work of this description. "He would not himself like to appear in such a book; it would be out of place."

"Decidedly out of place," echoed Mr. Vollum. "Summer Flowers and Autumn Fruits," said the publisher.

"I detest botany," said her ladyship, "and I hate autumn; one always goes out of town in the autumn."

"The Lottery of the Muses," said Mr. Vollum.

"Charming," said Lady Olivia; there's something so delightfully uncertain in a lottery."

"Exactly my idea," said the publisher. "Here are the names of some of the authors for whom I publish; they have the honor of being known to your ladyship, and your commands I am sure"—

"Precisely," said Lady Olivia.

"I have included Mr. Waller," said the publisher, "and this is the suggestion I would presume to

offer. We must have originality; how to secure it is the question;—thus;—your ladyship shall request your friends to write on slips of paper any words they please. Such slips shall then be drawn by chance, and the subjects written thereon must be illustrated, either in prose or verse as the author may determine, within one week from the lottery, under pain of your ladyship's displeasure."

"An admirable thought," said Lady Olivia. "I receive this evening, and will put it into practice. Will you be a contributor, papa?"

Papa, who was at sea in a blue book of statistics, and was gradually drifting out of sight of land, said, "I contribute to a volume of light literature? How absurd, Olivia!" It was absurd; his daughter ought to have known it; his brother peers knew it; his arguments were weighty,—still more ponderous were the words in which he enforced them. His lordship's rising to address the house operated as a tonic; Members suddenly remembered they had lunched imperfectly. Did Demosthenes thus affect his Athenian hearers? I pause for the historian's reply.

Her ladyship had a very full assembly that evening; perhaps a number of exquisite little highly-scented pink notes had contributed to increase the number of her guests. The publisher's suggestion met with general approval. Who could object to such an announcement from so lovely an editress?

"Mr. Mordaunt, Mr. Waller, Captain Flake, you will all I am sure?"

"I?" said Captain Flake, looking more confused than he had ever appeared in the trenches.

"Yes," said Lady Olivia, "it is my command; if not actually a contributor, you must provide a substitute."

"I'd be your man," said the doctor, who was a great favorite with the Earl, "but unfortunately there are five and twenty objections, and every one of them is twelve months old. Never mind, my boy, you've led a forlorn hope before."

"But hang it!" said the Captain in an undertone, "I never wrote anything but letters, and never wrote them but when I wanted tin."

"Necessity is the mother of invention," said the doctor. "I have only written myself because I've always been in that predicament."

"Should we not rather call invention the mother of necessity?" said Mordaunt. "We create our wants."

"And require others to satisfy them," said the doctor. "Man cannot live alone; that illustrates, Mr. Waller, the position I advanced at our last agreeable meeting."

Lady Olivia having by this time selected her contributors, issued her further commands in accordance with Mr. Vollum's suggestions. Painful was it to behold the gallant Captain; he resembled the tiger in Ingoldsby's famous legend.

"Tim looked up, and Tim looked down,
He twirled round his hat and he peep'd in the crown."

Unfortunately the gallant captain had not that resource. "He looked at the ceiling—he scratched his

head." This the Captain continued to do, to the manifest derangement of his usually well organized curls, until Bertie Barton, who had just entered, and was unacquainted with the proceedings, tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Making up your book on the Oaks, old fellow? What odds against the favorite?" "By Jove," said the Captain, and his eye beamed with inspiration—it was done—he did not shout Eureka; Captain Flake was not on sufficiently familiar terms with Archimedes to quote him, but observing that the doctor, who had been in conversation with the Earl, was about to hand in his contribution to the general fund, he adroitly anticipated him, and exclaimed exultingly, "Won by a neck."

"The titles," said Lady Olivia, "shall I read the titles?"

"By all means confer the titles upon us," said the doctor.

"On the promise," said her ladyship, "that after the drawing of the lottery, no disclosures shall be made by any of my contributors; that next Thursday be appointed for the first reading, free criticism be permitted, and that no communications of authorship shall be made until the readings are completed."

"Anatomically speaking," said the doctor, "I'm placed in a very peculiar position. In connection with the press I may feel it my duty to review the forthcoming volume, and however merciful I may be to others, depend upon it I won't miss the opportunity of cutting myself up."

“You must have had nine lives,” said Mr. Smokerly Fume, “to have survived your repeated dissections.”

“A pity, my dear boy, that I couldn’t infuse my excess of vitality into your compositions; however there’s a chance now of your arriving at the honor of a second edition.”

“Ha!” said Mr. Fume.

“Fact, my boy. The world is demanding the republication of the *Curiosities of Literature*, and the work wouldn’t be complete without you.”

More of Mr. Fume anon. “Mr. Waller,” says Lady Olivia, “will you oblige me.” The Captain glares upon the unoffending Geoffrey, but his anger is for the moment diverted by Bertie Barton whispering—“five to two—take it?”

Mr. Waller, obedient to commands, reads the titles and speculates upon the subject he may be required to illustrate.

A LEGEND OF THE SOUTH.

ANCIENT CHIVALRY.

MODERN CHIVALRY.

ON THE ICE.

THREE QUESTIONS.

YOU THEN ARE.

ORANGE AND GREEN.

AN UNWRITTEN PAGE OF HISTORY.

AN EPITAPH.

THE GIAOUR.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

A FAINT COPY OF AN OLD MASTER.

LADY EVELYN.

“What an advertising tradesman would call a very pretty assortment,” said the doctor. “I only trust I won’t get ‘On the Ice.’”

“’Twould be some relief I should imagine,” said Mr. Fume, “after being so continually in hot water.”

“Be quiet, you peripatetic refrigerator.” “Mordaunt,” said the doctor, “you combine philosophy with poetry. If you have to undertake the ‘Three Questions,’ here’s a fair subject for metaphysical disquisition,—Who is Fume? What is Fume? Why is Fume?”

“‘Ancient Chivalry,’” said the old poet, “that’s Lord Plantagenet. ‘Modern Chivalry’—that’s Yappington Flake.”

“And ‘The Epitaph,’” said Smokerly Fume,—“do you propose to write that on yourself?”

“The dying should not take precedence of the dead. If I am honored with the task, I’ll pay a graceful tribute, Mr. Fume, to your literary fame.”

Mr. Fume was not a general favorite. He was in fact a literary Ishmaelite; his hand, with a pen in it, had been against every man and woman who had dared to appear in print. When therefore the critic ventured into authorship, it is no wonder that those whom he had assailed should have rejoiced in his discomfiture; his bark went down, and no one strove to save him. Then he became a satirist; ultimately a libeller. He persuaded a weak-minded printer to embark his earnings in a daily publication of limited size and still more limited circulation, which happened at the time to be in the throes of

dissolution, and by way of increasing its vitality, he accorded the place of honor in the largest type to the following loyal effusion:—

In Strasbourg town, they cram their geese;
 Why? That their livers may increase;
 To full fed George, can they impart
 Their system, and enlarge his heart.

The sale not being in proportion to the author's opinion of the merits of this epigrammatic effort, he drew more particular attention to his capability for guiding the public taste, and improving the public morals, by a more direct and more lengthened reference to the previous question:—

When German cooks cram Strasbourg geese,
 Their livers swell, their forms decrease;
 Our English cooks a change produce
 More startling in our royal goose;
 As swells his form, so shrinks his heart,
 Until, enlarged in every part
 To more than Falstaff's monstrous round,
 No semblance of a heart is found.

Were we to continue our extracts, we should perhaps be extending to the writer the publicity he sought, but failed to obtain. These and similar efforts however had the desired effect; not however the effect desired by Mr. Fume, but by all true lovers of the freedom of the press, who hold that liberty should not degenerate into licentiousness, and that whilst the fullest discussion is permitted of opinions, criticism should not be degraded into personalities.

Mr. Fume deemed it advisable to retire into private life, and he disappeared no one knew whither. "The public," said he to his partner, "are unjust to the patriot, but I have a lasting consolation; I have done my duty." "You have done me," said the printer, and he went into the Gazette.

Years passed by, and the name of Fume was forgotten, but the death of a distant relative enabled him to return from a long exile, and take possession of a small estate. Unhappy man! he returned to public life when the throne was an example to the people, and the sly inuendo and the unclean hint found no place in the organs of public opinion; so he drivelled in the club-room, spoke of his sacrifices for the people, and declared that he was prepared to give his last shilling to assist in promoting the welfare of his fellow-men. "I believe him," said the doctor;—I fervently believe him. He would give his last shilling—that—and no other."

Why did Mr. Smokerly Fume find an entrance into the halls of the Plantagenets? Painful is it to expose the weakness of a great man, but it must be done. Territorial influence was the ambition of the Earl, and running like a snake through the centre of the broad acres of his lordly domain, was a worthless patch of ground, the property of Mr. Fume, which had an ophthalmic effect on the eyes of the Plantagenet. His lordship could not condescend to express his desire to purchase, but he requested the family solicitor, Mr. Lucas, to sound the owner. Lady Olivia was instructed by the Earl to admit

Mr. Fume to her receptions, and when one of the most honored guests expressed his wonder, in the doctor's presence, that such a man could be found in such a place,—“My dear sir,” said the doctor, “Lady Olivia is forming a collection in natural history; all classes must be included, even to the lowest. Smokerly Fume represents the reptile kingdom.”

The lottery has been drawn under the direction of her ladyship. Some of the contributors make wry faces as they read the titles that are to be immortalized by their genius. Yappington Flake, who has been pressed into the service, mutters “‘Orange and Green!’ whose colors are ‘Orange and Green?’” Bertie Barton consults a small volume which he always carries with him, but fails to obtain the desired information, and the Captain turns to the doctor, who knowing everything from the Virgilian contest of Entellus and Dares, down to the last *Bell's Life* report of the champion fight between Slogger and Slasher, relieves his difficulty, and kindly makes a suggestion to little Flake, which causes that gallant but unimaginative officer to exclaim, “By Jove you are a friend, and if you want to pot anything for the Derby”—the rest is a whisper, and we are therefore unable to state what information was afforded by the Captain, or whether the doctor profited thereby.

CHAPTER XII.

I am not blind to the faults of Geoffrey Waller. In parliamentary phrase, I am free to confess that he is enthusiastic, but uncertain; earnest in aspiration, but dilatory in performance; desirous of winning a position in the intellectual tournament, yet fearful that he may be unhorsed in the first encounter; but withal, I know him to be gentle in mind and heart, truthful and affectionate; and knowing this, and knowing he loved his bright-eyed Alice as a man should love the maid he hopes to wed, yet I question if he had ever felt a thrill of rapture equal to that which caused his heart to throb, when on entering the halls of the Plantagenet the day after the publication of the *Superstitions of Sunny Lands*, he found the book the subject of conversation, and was flattered by the encomiums of the Lady Olivia, and the wits and beauties who comprised her court.

“You have grown famous in an hour, Mr. Waller. All my friends are dying to know the author of ‘The Zingaro.’ Mr. Vollum must give us a second edition, and your portrait by Maclise must illustrate it.”

Much more of such discriminating criticism did Geoffrey fondly listen to and believe; fortunately ere the infection could spread too far, he was accosted by Mordaunt.

“Believe in the sincerity of these friendly critics so long as you limit your ambition to this scene of gaiety; be happy for a night, for a whole night, in your pleasing delusion. Amidst this blaze of light and pomp of wealth, heed not the howling storm and crouching poverty without; but as you turn homewards, and face the keen east wind, and are waylaid by the clamorous mendicant, you will know there is a world beyond these walls; and it is from that world, that earnest anxious world, that builds its unions for the poor beside the palaces for the rich,—that quotes the fall of stocks and the rise of genius,—that you must be tried, and abide the verdict. Believe not in the entire truth of the old maxim, “*Poeta nascitur non fit.*” As the child must grow into the man, so time must ripen into flower the germ of genius. If you doubt me, take the master-spirit of the world. Compare the first draught of Hamlet with the finished poem. Read them, and believe if you can in Voltaire’s fable of the inspired barbarian. Would I discourage you? No. If I did not feel interested I should be silent. Is the mere colorist a painter? Does simple bravery constitute a leader? Well then, you will admit there is something yet to learn. You do not give full credence to these friends of the hour. You will not be a mere moth of fashion, fluttering round this aristocratic candle, till the poor insect burns its wings and dies. Labor is man’s vocation, and if art be with you the plaything of the hour, the toy that is simply to make you forget life’s duties, play if you will with your puppet till it breaks,

but do not expect the world will weep with you over your shattered bauble."

"'Enough, oh Imlac,'" said Geoffrey; "'thou hast convinced me it is impossible to become a poet;'" and the shade was on his brow.

"We do not cross the moor to guide the stranger through the gloom, unless we desire he should reach his destination. Literature, my friend, is a jealous mistress. I know not, nor do I seek to know your prospects; if they allow you facilities for study, pursue the path to which your choice directs you, but remember, for great successes you must risk great failures,—and should you fail, you may term the world unjust, but the world will pass on heedless of your moan, and the drowning mariner in the sea of ink will find no plank whereon he may drift to land."

"But your success," said Geoffrey.

"I may tell you this. No miner ever toiled in search of gold, more earnestly than I have labored in the caves of thought. Every flower that has grown up in the garden of my fancy, has been carefully watched and tended day by day. And herein I fear for your success. You would be great; 'art not without ambition,' but without the patience to endure, and the resolution to overcome. Again, I say, I do not seek to discourage. Our aged bard counselled you to shun the contest. I only warn you to don your armour and see there is no flaw in your coat of mail. If my words contribute to your success, believe me I shall rejoice in the result; but remember this,—the public, ever kind to the new actor on his first

essay, will make no allowance for stage fright at his next appearance. Say you succeed,—they compare you with your rivals and you stand the test;—then comes the harder trial. In your second effort they compare you with yourself.”

Geoffrey took this advice in good part, yet as we cannot avoid making wry faces when we swallow the salutary but bitter draught upon which health depends, so his expressive countenance betrayed the keenness of his feelings. The kindly words sounded like a reproach, for he felt he deserved the unintended reproof. Yet, he thought, “I will deserve even your approval; if I cannot rival your fame, I will emulate your energy.” Then addressing his new friend—“Pardon me,” said he, “if I ask your advice in a graver matter. I am of no profession—and you have shown me such difficulties in the path I hoped to tread, that I have scarcely courage for the journey,—certainly not courage to risk the happiness of a life on such a doubtful issue; yet there are pursuits where industry alone leads to success—the study of the law for instance.”

“A noble profession,—the noblest, saving the pulpit and the surgery; but it needs no common intellect to sway the minds of men, and obtain their verdicts.”

“My ambition does not soar so high. I should be content to be the pioneer in the legal warfare. Assuming that I passed the necessary probation in the office of the solicitor, would my duties be so engrossing as to interfere with the cultivation of that

garden of the mind, if I may use the phrase, wherein, if I had my choice, I would disport for ever?"

"I do not know a pursuit in which you could earn more respect. I do not understand how a man can kneel to an erring creature like himself, and confess his sins and ask for pardon, but there is a noble opportunity which the legal profession will afford you, of being a sagacious counsellor and a trusted friend."

"And for the rest," said Geoffrey.

"Oh do not fear that your laurel wreath will wither; the two professions are not incompatible, only see that they relieve and do not oppose each other. Burns was an exciseman, Wordsworth a stamp distributor. Be satisfied if you can equal 'The Excursion,' or rival 'Tam O'Shanter.' Or, to come nearer to the purpose,—are the Halls of Westminster prouder of their gifted brother, than we of the pure spirit that has drawn the immortal portraits of the fated Adrastus and the devoted Ion?"

And now was heard the summons of Juno to Apollo; in plain English, the Lady Olivia commanded Geoffrey Waller to her presence to commence the business of the evening. Her ladyship sat on her editorial throne, and her submissive satellites composed themselves to listen and to criticize as Geoffrey at first in a faltering, but soon in a firmer voice, proceeded to read

A LEGEND OF THE SOUTH.

A crowd of eager, noisy, impulsive, yet withal good-tempered students were assembled in the great hall of justice at Marseilles, and conspicuous amongst them was one fair-haired youth, with the dark brow and brilliant eye of Southern France, around whom the scholars gathered, and to whom, despite their noisy differences and wordy quarrels, they joined in showing an affectionate regard. Three seats, placed on a dais covered with crimson cloth, were now vacant, but it was evident from the exclamations of the scholars, and the anxiety displayed by the townsmen and other spectators, that some event of absorbing interest had drawn together so large and goodly an assemblage.

“Charlemagne takes the prize,” said a small active student, raising himself to an artificial elevation by springing on the shoulders of a more robust companion. My half-year’s allowance to a flask of wine, eh, Blasois?”

“Habet,” said the tall student, “but I am no bear, Marcel, that you should play the ape upon my shoulders.”

“Gondibert,” said the small student, addressing the fair-haired youth, “your eyes are turned towards the provost for his approval, or say, is it not the provost’s pretty daughter? Now fancy yourself a warrior in the lists about to receive the prize from the queen of beauty.”

“I knew not,” said the handsome scholar, addressed as Gondibert, “that you watched my eyes so closely; nor would I counsel you, Marcel, to play the spy. As for prizes, my little friend, how know I my good fortune may bring me one?”

“Why, hark you, Charlemagne,” said Marcel.

“Nay, call me Gondibert. I am a poor student, not a mighty conqueror.”

“Well, Charlemagne or Gondibert, it matters not. The student takes the prize.” “Foxes to your holes,” said the small scholar, turning defiantly towards the townsmen. “Burrow ye rabbits,—the eagle is in the air!” And more he might have said, but the stout Blasois, by a dexterous twist of the shoulders, dislodged him from his perch, and the pigmy scholar came to the ground, amidst a roar of laughter from the townsmen.

A gentleman richly dressed, who wore his plumed hat low upon his brow, and his cloak so raised as to conceal his face, touching the discomfited scholar on the arm, accosted him.

“Excuse,” said he, “a stranger’s ignorance, but I am newly arrived in Marseilles—within these two hours—and would know the meaning of this gathering.”

“’Tis the feast of Chilperic,” said the pigmy, “and a prize of a jewelled sword has been offered for the best poem in honor of the Queen of the South,—so our good city of Marseilles is called,—and Charlemagne, that is Gondibert—you understand.”

“Pardon me. Not clearly.”

“Why Gondibert de Morle, that handsome fellow with the long fair hair—see he looks this way—hath entered the lists, and if he win—if—he must—he shall—or pretty Valerie will be in small humour for the dance this evening.”

“But you do not explain to me”—

“Peste, the judges are returning. Well in plain prose—for I’m no poet like handsome Gondibert—each candidate had to assume some name for the occasion, so that no favor should be shown, but now the very hour has arrived, I may tell you Gondibert, who very properly called himself Charlemagne, is as sure of the sword as if it were belted to his side. But the judges! the judges! silence for the judges!” and by way of enforcing the necessary attention, little Marcel proceeded to shout at the topmost note of his sharp shrill voice, until Blasois clapt a mighty hand upon his mouth, and reduced him to silence.

The three judges, who had taken their seats with a gravity suited to the occasion, and who had waited until the roar of voices was lulled into a respectful calmness, now rose and advanced a step.

“Etienne Durand,” said the chief of the judges, Monsieur Henri de Lignerolles, mayor of the good city of Marseilles.

A shout arose from the citizens as Etienne Durand, the only child of their richest merchant, and as rumour had it, the intended husband of Mademoiselle Valerie, advanced to the place of honor.

“Charlemagne,” murmured Marcel. “Poor Charle-

magne!" But Gondibert's eyes were turned—whither?

"Amidst many competitors but one hath been found more worthy," said Monsieur Henri.

"Charlemagne! Charlemagne!" said little Marcel, and was forthwith almost choked by sturdy Blasois.

"To you, Etienne Durand, I present this golden cross. May you, ever remembering the occasion on which you gained it, do nought that shall bring scandal on our holy religion, or shame on our good city of Marseilles!"

The bright eyes of Etienne flashed as he grasped his prize, but ere he replied he glanced around to Valerie. She answered not his gaze, and the brow of Etienne Durand grew dark, and his look was troubled even in his hour of triumph.

"May Heaven and the Lady of the South ever find me worthy," said Etienne, and he said no more, much to the disappointment of his worthy parents, who knew their son had labored for a week to prepare an oration fitted to the occasion.

"Gondibert de Morle," said Monsieur Henri, and then from the students arose shouts upon shouts of triumphant acclamation. "Foxes," — "rabbits," — "eagles," and "Charlemagne," burst in confused accents again and again from the lips of the excited little Marcel, until Blasois lifting him up bodily, dropped him, despite his struggles, from the nearest window.

As Gondibert stepped forth, his eyes, more fortunate than those of Etienne Durand, sought the fair face of

Valerie, and the flush that mantled even to her temples answered the eager look of the ambitious student.

“Thine, Gondibert de Morle, is the chief prize, and to thee I gladly give this goodly weapon. With thy sword, as with thy pen, be thou ever ready to defend the honor of the Lady of the South.”

And now amidst the joyous shout, is the hand of Gondibert stretched forth, but a light touch on his arm causes him to look around, and with a cheek blanched to the paleness of the grave, he gazes on the stern face, the cold, stern, pitiless face, that now regards him with such eager scrutiny.

“Shall I speak for you?” said the stranger.

The lips of the student moved but no sound was heard.

“The scholar Gondibert de Morle,” said the stranger, “being a man of peace, resigns this goodly weapon, and leaves to your wisdom to decide in what way you will bestow it. Through me, he says for ever farewell to the sweet Lady of the South, and the best kindness he asks from all is, to be forgotten.”

Then turning to leave the hall, he motioned to Gondibert to follow him. Mechanically the student obeyed, amidst the silent consternation of all assembled, but one word recalled him from his lethargy of suffering.

“Gondibert!”

“Valerie!”—and he would have rushed to her side, but the stranger’s hand detained him.

“Follow me, madman,—or I speak.”

And Gondibert obeyed; but now murmurs arose amongst the students, and the sturdy Blasois standing directly in their path, barred their passage. "What jugglery is this?" said he. "What spell have you wrought, that has enchained his senses?" and he put forth his hand.

"Fool!" said the stranger, "beware what you do. Attempt no dishonor to me, or your whole life will be too short for reparation. See! I use no influence. I exert no force. Speak to your companion,—ask if I coerce him. Say, Gondibert de Morle, do you not follow of your own free will?"

A moment the student paused ere he replied. One glance he cast at Valerie, and those who pressed around with anxious faces declared it was such a look as one about to meet the headsman's axe might give in his last despairing agony. Then he murmured—"of mine own free will!" and so he past from the hall, and was seen no more.



"Mine ancient friend,—my tutor in the mimic joust,—my guide to fields of honor,—Welcome! Welcome!"

"My Lord of Condé, I have hastened hither with what speed I could, for I heard you had been wounded nigh to death."

"Tut, tut, de Charlemont; a scratch, healed with a piece of lint, but it might have fared hardly with me, had not my noble Gontran, who spurred before me when I was beaten down, struck to the earth two

of my assailants, and received in his own breast the spear that was aimed at mine."

"Gontran,—is he known to me?"

"He shall be, and within the hour. Known did I say?—that's more than I may promise; save that he is called Gontran de Brissac, and that our camp boasts no better soldier, naught else is known of him. The comrade with whom he most consorts has named him in sport the knight of the rueful visage, for during the three years that he has followed our banner, no jest hath escaped his lips, no smile hath banished his perpetual gloom."

"Ha," said de Charlemont, "hath the blind god's arrow rankled in his heart, or is he but a surly misanthrope?"

"No, said the prince; his comrades report him ever kind, though sad; but gay or sad, he is another Dunois in the field, and now our leech hath pronounced him out of danger, I have determined, unknown though he be, to give him a rank worthy of his merits, and knighthood from Condé's sword, if it fail to bring a smile to his sallow cheek, shall give him the right to wear the spurs so nobly won."

"I would see this knight, sans peur et sans reproche."

"He is here," said Condé, as the curtains of his pavilion were parted, and four men-at-arms entered, bearing a couch whereon rested the wasted figure of a man of some five and twenty years of age. The Count de Charlemont stood aside, but scrutinized narrowly the features of the wounded soldier.

“Gontran de Brissac—true and noble heart!” said the prince, “preserver of my life, be known hereafter as the friend of Condé. This sword, which but for thee had never more been grasped by Condé’s hand, shall repay my heavy debt of gratitude.”

“My prince, my leader, would that I had died!”

“No, live brave Gontran! Live to reap greener laurels in honor’s field. The knight shall be more than a match for the man-at-arms; thy sword shall be belted by the hands of Condé; thy golden spurs shall be buckled by Condé’s earliest friend, the noble Count de Charlemont.”

A groan burst from the lips of the wounded soldier. Could such a groan be wrung from the heart by the mere body’s pain?

“Charlemont, my friend,” said Condé.

“I am here, my prince. ’Tis well that I am here. As the sword of Condé cannot revive the dead, so cannot Condé’s sword bid honor live, where foulest dishonor finds abiding place. Gontran de Brissac, if so you would be called, speak when I question. Dare you deny that guilt of the blackest dye hath stained your soul,—such guilt as no atonement can efface in the eye of man, howe’er repentance may secure the grace of heaven?”

The wounded soldier writhed on his bed of pain, and clutched at his cloak, as if he sought to hide from his prince’s gaze.

“Speak,” said the Count. “Am I unjust? Dare you deny your guilt?”

"I may not deny it," murmured the miserable Gontran.

"My lips are sealed," said the Count. "Go, erring man, seek in the cloistered cell for a short repose; there pray for pardon and a quick release. Thou art brave, wise, and comely to the view, but the goodly fruit is rotten at the core. May the cloister yield thee peace, and win thee pardon."

Did Gontran make no appeal to the prince whose life he had preserved? Did he not speak one word? Yes, one—but one. As the soldiers bore him from the tent, his eye met Condé's glance. Pity, not reproach, was in that princely look. Gontran's white lips quivered, and the hot tears gushed from his burning eyes, but one thought only possessed his heart at that moment of blighted hope and ruined honor. One word he spoke—one only—"Valerie."

"De Charlemont, my friend, my father, thou soul of honor, thy clear brain cannot have been misled by evil tongues; thy noble heart could not countenance deceit, and I must perforce believe thee. Yet trust me, I would rather have lost a battle, than have found this man unworthy of my friendship."

"Forget him," said the Count. "We have both known flowers as fair, with cankered hearts. Forget him."

In the darkness of the night, a man in the simple garb of a trooper sought the tent of the wounded Gontran, but de Brissac was gone; his good sword, broken in twain, lay in his tent, and he who had used it so often and so well was gone—gone.

As the trooper turned away with a saddened brow, he met the Count de Charlemont.

“Grieve not, my Condé, for his departure, nor reproach yourself that I have penetrated your disguise. If the action be not politic in the prince, 'tis noble and generous in the soldier.”

“Hear me speak, Master Pierre. He is a wizard. My oath on't he is a wizard, and this pestilence that plagues us so sorely is the work of him and such as he consorts with.”

“But look you,” said Pierre Dumareille, the sturdy blacksmith, and the strongest arm in Valois, “when my little Pierre was drowning in the torrent, he plucked him from the stream, and stayed not for thanks or reward.”

“A sure proof,” said Simon, the tall carpenter, “that surly knave though he be, he is no wizard; neither witch nor wizard can cross a running stream—no nor the master they are sworn to serve.”

“And did not thy child,” said, or rather shrieked Michel Ponpon, the dwarf tailor and self-elected orator of the mob of Valois, “did not thy child the next day sicken of the pestilence, and lies he not now in his pallet worn to a skeleton?”

“True, true,” said thick-witted Pierre Dumareille, and “True, true,” chorussed the mob of listeners.

“Have you not read, sturdy Pierre? But no,” said the dwarf, with conscious superiority, “thou canst not read. Good blows canst thou strike on thy

anvil, and fell an ox with thy sturdy arm, but knowledge is denied thee."

"Well, scholar Michel, what comes of it?" said the blacksmith.

"What comes of it, gossip? This. The wizard had no power to work by water, which is an element. Mark you, neighbours,—an element; so he plucked thy child from the stream, in order that he might bring the plague spot on him."

"Hear Michel,—hear Ponpon," said the grumblers. "There's reason in dwarf Michel."

"And I tell you, neighbours," said the tailor, springing on a horseblock, and rising in popular estimation, "Valois will not be freed from this sore affliction, until we have rooted out the cause; and I say, moreover, this wizard is the cause. And how shall we root him out, by cord or fire?"

"The fagot,—the fagot!" cried the foremost of the rabble.

At this time Valois was suffering from a malady beyond the skill of the physician's art, and scores were daily added to the list of those who were smitten and died; for so deadly was the pestilence, that to be attacked therewith was almost certain death. A strange, lonely man, living in a wretched hovel, who dwelt alone, and consorted not with the outcasts of society, of whom he seemed the fit companion, had been for some time regarded with disfavor; and the mob, slow to reason, but eager to condemn, had in their ignorance associated him with

the scourge under which they groaned, and sullen murmurs quickly grew into fierce revilings.

The hermit, for so he might be called, gained a precarious subsistence by copying illuminated manuscripts, and as education was the peculiar gift of the higher classes, this accomplishment in one so mean was held to be strong evidence against him; yet some of his neighbours, and the giant blacksmith in particular, were inclined to judge less harshly of him.

“Harkye, friends,” said Pierre. “Do nothing rashly. Let us question the man, and if he clear not himself do your will; but though he’s a rough knave we won’t hang him for his looks. My hound, Larel, is as grim a beast as ever coursed a deer, but a stauncher brute is not in the king’s pack; and so I say, judge no one by his looks.”

“Well said, smith,” cried Simon the carpenter. “We’ll unearth the fox, and put him to the proof.” So saying, the carpenter led the way to the hut of the recluse, and demanded an admittance. Failing to receive any reply, he endeavoured to gain an entrance, and finding the door was barred, the crowd determined to force it. This was soon done. A few heavy blows from the sturdy smith, and the door gave way; then the mob rushed in, and finding the hut unoccupied, they determined to wreak their vengeance on the hovel, since its tenant had escaped them. “Torches! torches!” was the cry, and the smith, forgetful of his former good advice, was the first to assert the right of the rabble to judge and punish, and he shouted, as the fierce flames curled

round the rafters—"huzza boys; if the vermin be here, we'll smoke him out."

But now, dashing the mob right and left, as he hurried through the throng, the man whom they sought appeared, and confronting the blacksmith, he exclaimed, "Are ye drunken or crazed, that ye celebrate this devil's jubilee?"

"The sorcerer! the sorcerer!" screamed the dwarf tailor.

The blacksmith's sturdy grasp was on the throat of the recluse, but the next moment the champion wrestler of Valois was hurled to the ground, where he lay bleeding—senseless. Then the rage of the mob became madness, and the many rushing on the one, beat him to the earth, whence he rose again, panting, breathless, blood-stained, but defiant. Again he was beaten down—and rose—and fell—helpless, yet glaring tiger-like on his assailants.

"To the tree!—to the tree!"—roared the mob.

"Confess, sorcerer," said Michel Ponpon, "confess thy witchcraft, and beg thy life."

"Life!" laughed the recluse; "life!—oh fools, as well as cowards!"

"The rope!—the rope!" shouted the rabble.

"No, the fire and the fagot," cried the dwarf. "If you hang him to-night, you will find the gibbet empty on the morrow; but the flame does its work and surely." And yielding to this horrible suggestion, the mob would have cast the wretched man into the roaring furnace, but now was heard the tramp of steeds, and a gallant knight followed by his men-at-

arms, dashed into the midst, scattering the mob like sheep, and the leader springing from his saddle, clasped the almost lifeless form in his arms, and murmured—"Gondibert, forgive, forgive!"

"Philip!—my cousin—Valerie!" and he fainted.

"Quick, ye knaves! a litter," said the knight; "if he die, not one of ye but shall hang for it."

Whilst the men-at-arms made arrangements to bear the wounded man to a place of safety, the young knight supported him in his arms, and watched him as tenderly as a mother might regard her first born.

And now the sturdy smith, awakening from his swoon, became aware from the standers by of what had chanced, and blinded by his passion, and smarting from his bruises, he yelled with rage as he saw his victim would escape him; drawing his sharp knife from its sheath, he vowed with a fearful imprecation that the sorcerer should meet his doom, and rushing to the litter on which by this time the soldiers had placed the insensible Gondibert, he aimed a blow that would have been fatal, had not Philip parried the thrust with his sword, and the next moment the weapon was buried to the hilt in the breast of the assailant. The giant reeled, but his hand still grasped the knife, and ere the men-at-arms could interfere, the young knight fell stricken to the heart. A dozen blades avenged their leader's fall, but they struck at lifeless clay, for soldier and assassin were both gone to their last account.

Again it is the feast of Chilperic; again the judges

are assembled. Students and knights and lovely dames are there; brave soldiers, learned clerks, and wealthy burghers; for it is rumoured Condé will be present, and all are eager to behold the warrior prince, the safeguard of the throne, the idol of the people.

And Blasois is there, but the student is not alone, for Madame Blasois hangs lovingly on the arm of her gentle giant, and Marcel too hath taken to himself a spouse, but as love doth ever delight in opposites, so a very sylph, a pale slight girl clings to her Titan for protection; whilst Madame Marcel, tall, severe, erect, watches with jealous eyes her pigmy lord.

And now the judges take the seats of honor. Then there is a pause—a hush of expectation—and then the great hall rings, as shout on shout announces the presence of the Condé. In his train come many noble peers and gallant knights, amongst them the Count de Charlemont. The Condé hath a flush upon his cheek, but the Count's face hath the paleness of the grave, and in his hand he bears a funeral urn.

“Wrong hath been done,” said the noble Count de Charlemont, “such wrong as no repentance can atone, though he who hath been wronged exacts no penance, and in his nobleness would forget the past. This may not be. 'Tis seven years since in this very hall the youth called Gondibert de Morle was adjudged most worthy of the prize of honor, and but for me, would have received his guerdon. I here proclaim

him pure in thought and deed, and as I here did him such grievous wrong, lo, here I make atonement."

And then the Count led forth Gondibert de Morle, and though they had shouted heartily for the Condé, it was but a whisper to the greeting they gave the student; the Count de Charlemont would have bent his knee to him, but the noble Gondibert raised and embraced him.

"Behold in Gondibert," said the Count, "my sister's son, and the heir to all my honors; I have now no other link to life. Oh, Philip,—Philip,"—and the old man's tears fell like rain upon the urn that contained the ashes of the much beloved.

"And I," said Condé, "present to you the preserver of my life, and though no title can increase his worth, yet hath he won his spurs on honor's field, and Condé dubs him knight."

Then kneeling, Gondibert was enlisted in honor's ranks, and then the venerable judge presented him with the good blade won in his boyhood's days; and again the cheering peals rang through the hall.

"Charlemagne! Charlemagne!" shrieked a small shrill voice. Vainly did Madame Marcel bid him cease. For the first—the only time—did the small man dare to rebel. Again and again his pigmy voice rang out, until he sank exhausted in the arms of his gentle partner. Pause we not to enquire how, in the solitude of the chamber, insulted beauty vindicated her supremacy.

At the banquet Gondibert held the place of honor, and of love, for Condé sat on his right hand, and on

his left was Valerie, pale—but lovely still—“fairer,” said Gondibert, “than in those happy hours when the rose was ever the tenant of thy cheek;” and as he spoke the paleness vanished, and the dove-like eyes assured him that time and absence had wrought no change. This was his hour of triumph and requital. Valerie was his—and ere the week had passed, the church had made them one, in heart and hoped united, and for ever.

Not even to his beloved Valerie did Gondibert disclose the fearful mystery of the past, nor by word or act ever allude thereto, save that he took this couplet for his motto:—

*“Unto man the act is shown,
Unto God the motive’s known.”*

But on his death bed the Count de Charlemont made the confession which Gondibert had forbidden him to reveal in the justice hall of Marseilles, and thus it ran:—

Two beings shared my heart,—each so dearly loved that I might not say which was nearer to me—my son Philip—my nephew Gondibert. Playmates from their childhood, their studies, their pleasures were in common, and till their eighteenth year, I had no cause to doubt of their affection; then I perceived a change in Gondibert; he was moody,—abstracted,—he shunned my society, yet often seemed as if he wished to confide in me. One night I had retired to rest, but not to sleep, and lay long musing upon this change in my sister’s child. What could be the

cause, I asked, but vain was my self-questioning. It chanced I had this day received a large sum in gold from my steward, and as I turned on my uneasy couch, it occurred to me I had not secured the cabinet in which I had placed the money; I determined to assure myself, and rose for the purpose; I could not find my taper, but bethought myself I could make my way without it, and proceeded to my study. The door was open, and bending over the cabinet I beheld my nephew; his face was turned from me, but I could not be mistaken,—the very cloak he wore I had that day given him; his hand was on the gold. I could not suppress an exclamation of surprise; in a moment the light he bore was extinguished, and he strove to pass me. I grappled with him; uttering a cry of rage or despair, he struggled furiously but vainly to escape me. I called for help; the servants heard my cries; I saw the gleam of their torches in the distance; then despair seemed to have conquered reason, and he struck at me with his dagger; the blow was slight, but it served his purpose; I relaxed my hold and he fled. I pursued him to his chamber; the door was barred; I demanded admittance; he answered not, until I vowed I would call the city guard, if he yielded not to my summons. In a few moments the door was unbarred. I taxed him with his guilt; he did not deny it. I asked him to explain his vile ingratitude; he made no answer; I bade him quit me and for ever; I warned him to seek the silence of the cloister, and in solitude repent and pray for pardon, but I also warned him that if he failed to

do so, I should follow him like an avenging spirit,—that I should trace him through every path, and wherever I met, I would denounce him.

Yes, I, a frail and erring man, constituted myself the unrelenting judge from whom there was no appeal. Now mark the issue.

At Marseilles I tore from his grasp the well-won prize. In Condé's tent I was the fearful shadow that came between him and his hopes of honor. Bitterly, bitterly do I now repent me.

My boy—my Philip, avoided me from the hour I had banished his cousin. I waited awhile, hoping time would sooth his grief, and restore him to his father's heart; that time never came. 'Tis true I saw him, but at long intervals, and the tie of parent and of child was broken. Philip won honor in the wars, but seldom sought his father's hearth, nor ever asked his counsel. He died in preserving his cousin from a fate to which not even my cruelty would have doomed him; then, and too late, I learned the fearful secret; a packet taken from his dead body told me all. Philip was a gambler, and if his losses were unpaid he would be dishonored. Then came temptation, and he determined with his father's gold to buy his escape from the thralls that surrounded him. 'Twas Philip, not Gondibert, that I saw on that night of shame, and when he fled to his cousin's chamber and owned to him the truth, he made him swear by every hope of mercy never to reveal it.—How well did my noble Gondibert keep that oath!

I am childless now. Would I be again a father?—
No.

Lady Olivia, when the reading was concluded, and Mr. Waller was duly complimented, looked round the circle, but no particular anxiety betrayed the author. She collected the suffrages, which being favorable, it was decided the legend should be deemed a prize in the *Lottery of the Muses*. Captain Flake declared he was sorry he hadn't known young—he never could remember names—because he could have given him a lesson or two in the sword exercise; and Bertie Barton whispered to long Sutton, that if the noble art of self-defence had been taught in France, as the most necessary part of a classical education, why then the Captain would have given the blacksmith one, two, as he made his rush, and have taken all the nonsense out of him.

Lord Plantagenet was proceeding to point out in measured sentences the advantages to be derived from funding our surplus capital, and the impropriety of keeping large sums of money in places of insufficient security, when Lady Olivia interrupted him with this unanswerable rejoinder—"It must have been right, papa, to leave the money there, because without that we shouldn't have had the story."

An elderly gentleman, with weak eyes and uniform expression, who had not previously spoken, here said, "I wish to observe."

"By all means," said the doctor. Mr. Fume, pray sit down;—don't you perceive that Sir Paul's powers of observation are limited?"

Sir Paul Peahen looked as earnestly at the doctor as his weak eyes would permit; he doubted whether he should ask for an explanation. Had the doctor's remark any meaning? Had it no meaning? Had it a double meaning? We will leave the Baronet on the triple horn of this dilemma, whilst Geoffrey Waller announces that it is the pleasure of Lady Olivia that the two papers, "Ancient Chivalry," and "Modern Chivalry," shall be taken in connection, and despite the assertion of the old poet that Lady Olivia must have a natural antipathy for everything ancient, and a polite and exceptional disclaimer from her ladyship, the reader commences with—

ANCIENT CHIVALRY.

Shone bright the sun on Ashby's towers,
 And Ashby's forests wide,
 As John the Lackland through the lists
 In royal state did ride ;
 With Front de Bœuf, and Malvoisin,
 And Bracy by his side.

And brightly beamed the lustrous eyes
 Of England's daughters fair ;
 But queen of beauty and of grace,
 Rowena triumphed there ;
 The noblest dames of Normandy
 Might not with her compare.

The reckless prince hath marked her form,
 His eye hath scanned her face,
 Needs not the wisdom of my *first*
 To prove him void of grace,
 And argue that his sullen brow
 Plots treasons foul and base.

The yeomen clamour round the lists,
 Impatient for the strife ;
 The thrifty trader presseth in
 With buxom maid or wife ;
 The bearded Hebrew peers around,
 With thoughts of profit rife.

Both mailēd knight and stalwart knave
 Upbraid him with a curse ;
 He bears it calmly, whilst his hand
 Is clenched upon his purse ;
 Meekly he passes on his way
 To deeds of strife averse.

Active, untiring as my *next*,
 He addeth to his store ;
 And though his coffers groan with wealth,
 Still craveth he for more,
 And dares to call on Jacob's god
 To witness he is poor.

Hark to the trumpet's pealing note,
 Hark to the herald's cry ;
 "Haste to the tourney valiant knights,
 In feats of honor vie ;
 Bright eyes shall smile on those who live,
 And weep for those who die."

Pause we awhile ere we relate
 How sped the desperate fray,
 Or who amid the valiant band
 On that eventful day,
 Best proved himself to be my *whole*,
 Rowena, thou must say.

Five chosen warriors issue forth
 With pennons gay unfurled ;
 With helm on brow and lance in rest,
 And bold defiance hurled
 Against the pride of chivalry ;
 A challenge to the world.

The best and bravest of the band
 Is called the Templar knight ;
 Well hath Bois-Guilbert earned his fame
 In many a stirring fight ;
 But deadly as my *first* his hate,
 And dark his brow as night.

The Hospitallers of Saint John,
 The warriors of the west,
 The bold crusaders dare the strife,
 Of knightly fame in quest ;
 But vain the task, Bois-Guilbert's lance
 Brings down the haughtiest crest.
 "Now by my faith," the Lackland cried,
 "'Tis time the sport should end ;
 Lives not the knight in England's breadth,
 With Brian can contend."
 Vainly the Saxon Cedric strives
 To urge his sluggish friend.

But now a knight with vizor closed
 Appears upon the field ;
 And with his spear's sharp point doth strike
 Upon Sir Brian's shield.
 My *second* flush'd the Templar's brow,
 "Thou diest unaneled."

So Brian spake ; now spear in rest
 With lightning shock they meet ;
 Full at the helm the stranger aims,
 And hurls him from his seat ;
 Oh who shall paint the Templar's rage,
 Writhing beneath defeat ?

Grimly the Saxon Cedric laughed ;
 "Now by my faith," quoth he,
 "It likes me well to see yon knight,
 Thus brought unto his knee :
 May ev'ry Norman tyrant's seat,
 Full soon as lowly be."

Joy to the brave—In honor's cause
 The watchword be my *whole*.
 May each brave knight, maintain his right,
 Joy to the brave of soul.
 But for the reckless hand and heart,
 Dishonor, shame, and dole.

Again the bright sun shines upon
 Old Ashby's lofty towers ;
 The warriors leave their tents, the dames
 Forsake their peaceful bowers ;
 And fierce Sir Brian mounts his steed,
 Darkly his visage lowers.

Beside him ride stern Front de Bœuf,
 And Saxon Athelstane ;
 And many a knight of high renown
 Doth swell the Templar's train ;
 To prove his prowess in the lists,
 And honor's crown to gain.

The Templar and the stranger knight,
 With sword, and spear, and shield,
 Each boldly leading on my *first*,
 Now hasten to the field ;
 Eager to win the prize, they vow
 To die, or e'er they yield.

In deadly charge the warriors meet,
 Fall blows as thick as hail;
 The unknown knight succeeds, and now
 The Templar doth prevail;
 Ah, piteous sight! can Christian men
 Their brethren thus assail?

So deem we now, but bright eyes then
 Looked gladly on the fray;
 And those who bent beneath my *next*,
 Would shake their heads and say,
 "Methinks they strike not such good blows
 As dealt we in our day."

Loud ring the war cries o'er the field,
 Loud is the herald's cry;
 "Fight on bold knights, for honor lives,
 Though mortal man must die;
 And may your deeds with Lancelot
 And matchless Tristram vie."

With helm and shield, both cleft in twain,
 Hurl'd from his wounded steed,
 Full many a knight lies on the sward,
 And to the death doth bleed;
 Yet still the herald's cry rings out
 "Fight on brave knights.—God speed!"

Haste, ere upon the blood-stain'd field
 The life shall pass away;
 Bring ye my *whole* ere death can claim
 The warrior for his prey;
 Come skilful leech, come gentle dame,
 Your healing powers display.

Thinned are the ranks on either side,
 Sunk is the conflict's rage;
 Whilst Front de Bœuf and Athelstane
 Unequal contest wage
 Against the stranger knight, with whom
 Bois Guilbert doth engage.
 A stalwart knight in sable steel
 Observeth the affray,
 So calmly hath he borne himself
 That gibing yeomen say,
 "Behold the sluggish knight,"—my *first*
 Is all he doth the day.

But see, the brave unknown sore spent,
 Retreateth from his foes;
 Then from the sluggish knight, a shout
 Like trumpet call arose;
 And Front de Bœuf and Athelstane
 Lie low beneath his blows.
 This done, unmindful of the praise
 He calmly wends his way,
 And with his good steed through my *next*
 He rides at close of day;
 And leaves the unknown knight, to end
 With Bois Guilbert the fray.

Presses the knight the Templar hard,
 And leaping from his seat,
 In deadly strife with flashing blade
 The rival warriors meet;
 And lo! Sir Brian wounded sore
 Lies at the victor's feet.

The prize is won. To beauty's queen,
 The warrior's footsteps guide;
 He faints—he falls—the heralds pluck
 The spear-head from his side;
 "Unlace his helm—quick—bring my *third*,"
 The noble maiden cried.

Vainly he strove to stay their hands
 His helm was cast away;
 Proud was the maid as she beheld
 The hero of the day;
 Her Ivanhoe—her own true knight
 Was victor in the fray.

My task is done. Perchance too long
 Hath been the minstrel's strain;
 But those who do not deem the muse
 Hath been invoked in vain,
 Will joy to learn, full soon the knight,
 Became my *whole* again.

With the exception of a random shot from Bertie Barton, who thought the solution of the opening part might be first favorite—"prove himself to be my whole you see,"—and a wild supposition from Yappington Flake that "bring my third" meant soda and brandy—"for nothing keeps a fellow up like it"—the guests seemed contented to wait for the solutions; but no small annoyance, not to say indignation, was exhibited by the fairer portion of the assembly, when Geoffrey announced that the author desired to state that the solution to each part was a

single word, and that such solutions would appear in the fifteenth edition.

Lord Plantagenet, who availed himself of every opportunity of being instructive—irreverent listeners would occasionally murmur that the schoolmaster was abroad—here commenced what promised to be an elaborate lecture upon the position occupied by the Jews at the time of the Crusades, and on the usurious interest demanded by these industrious money lenders; but when, in answer to a question from Captain Flake, his Lordship replied that they sometimes charged as much as twenty per cent.—“By Jove! Bertie,” said the Captain, “twenty per cent.—why Moss Abrams made me pay on that little affair of yours.” How much this descendant of Isaac of York extorted, must remain a secret, as Bertie Barton requested his dear friend Yappington not to make a fool of himself, and prefaced the substantive with a short but expressive adjective.

In accordance with the previous commands of the fair editress, Mr. Waller—“you are not tired, Mr. Waller.” This from Lady Olivia. “Tired! could any task imposed by such authority be a burden?” If Geoffrey does not exactly say this, he certainly looks it, as he proceeds to read—

MODERN CHIVALRY.

Methought the soul of chivalry,
 Had passed for many a day ;
 That when Don Quixote breathed his last,
 It fled from earth away.
 And as I mournēd o'er the past,
 I 'gan like one asleep,
 To wander up the hill of Lud,
 And down the vale of Chepe ;
 And as in pensive sort I roam'd,
 Loud shouts rang through the air,
 And comely dames and sturdy swains
 To Bow-bell did repair.
 Pert 'prentices and saucy clerks,
 And yeomen tall and stout ;
 And aged crones, and giggling maids,
 A most unseemly rout ;
 And one and all, both short and tall,
 Fat, lean, and weak and strong,
 Did push, and squeeze, and thrust, and twist,
 In that disturbēd throng.
 And while the stalwart Cockney blades
 In foul phrase did dispute,
 The aged crones, in sharper tones,
 Did cry—"you wretch,"—"you brute."

 But lo ! the trumpet's martial tones
 Do echo clear and shrill,
 And guardians of the peace do bid,
 The troublēd mob be still.

The troubled mob like beasts do roar,
 And some do hiss like geese ;
 And one ferocious tailor cries,
 “Down with the new police.”
 The new policeman waxeth wroth,
 And taketh by the coat
 That knave who stitcheth pantaloons,
 And bids him change his note.
 And still the trumpet's notes are heard—
 The band doth onward come ;
 And some do blow the ophicleide—
 And some do beat the drum.
 The standards flout, the mob doth shout,
 Triumphant cars roll by,
 Containing men of goodly bulk—
 Ycleped the Liv-ē-ry ;
 Bold watermen march three-and-three—
 Brave vintners clear the course,
 Then followeth the Marshal bold,
 Upon his trainēd horse.

The band doth play, the banners wave,
 On wends the gallant show ;
 Of riders bold, a seemly troop—
 Of cars a goodly row.
 The band doth play, the banners wave,
 I hear the roll of drums,
 And screeching notes from cockney throats,
 Proclaim—“he comes ! he comes !”
 On come the gallant knights in steel,—
 On on they come in brass ;

I feel the age of Chivalry
 Reviving as they pass ;
 Those gallant knights on chargers bold,
 All armēd cap-a-pie,
 With haughty crest, and lance in rest,
 Full proud I ween they be.
 But yet they smile,—and by my side,
 A knave who pokes my ribs,
 And laugheth out facetiously,
 Cries “him in brass is Dibs.”
 And Dibs reproveth not his speech,
 But pranceth on his way ;
 Oh proud must be the gallant Dibs
 On such a glorious day.

The band doth play, the banners wave,
 In car of glorious state
 There passeth by a ladye fair,
 Her looks with pride elate.
 The band doth play, the banners wave,
 More armēd knights prance by,
 And lo! a gorgeous vehicle
 Doth meet my wondering eye ;
 It is a noble vehicle,
 Well fitted to contain
 The haughty monarch who presides
 O'er all this goodly train.
 Attendants two it likewise bears,
 With grave and solemn face ;
 And one doth wield a trenchant sword,
 And one a pond'rous mace.

And well I ween, should shout arise
 Offensive to the ear
 Of that proud monarch, blood would flow,
 And men would quake with fear;
 That pond'rous mace would crack the crown
 Of each offending knave;
 That trenchant sword, from Cockney neck,
 The unwashed head would shave.
 The band doth play, the banners wave,
 But fainter is the sound,
 And now the goodly train hath passed,
 Deserted is the ground.
 I marvel on what high emprise
 That gallant band is bent;
 Or go they to the deadly strife,
 Or peaceful tournament?
 There standeth by a stalwart knave,
 In most unseemly gear;
 Unwashed his face, unwashed his hands,
 And much he smells of beer.
 "Sir knave I pray thee tell to me
 What may this pageant mean,"
 That knave he chuckleth in my face,
 And asks "if I be green."
 "Green be I not, sir knave," quoth I,
 "But I would know full fain
 On what high feat of chivalry
 Is bent that goodly train."
 That unwashed knave laugh'd louder still,
 And answered "here's a go.
 This here's the ninth of November,—
 And that there Lord Mayor's show."

“Abominable!” said the old poet. “All other customs are assailable, but civic privileges are sacred.”

“My dear friend,” said the doctor, “the reverence for our ancient institutions is passing away. I saw yesterday an unkempt urchin of scarcely nine years, a son probably of the unwashed hero of the legend, who was positively defying a beadle; indulging in that piece of contemptuous vulgarity which is as old as the Romans, and consists in bringing the thumb of the right hand in immediate connection with what has been happily termed the rudder of the countenance. ‘Ah,’ said I, ‘the faith in beadles is departing. How long will there remain any respect for our leaders?’”

“Newspaper leaders?” said Mr. Fume.

“Precisely my meaning,” said the doctor. “When the people resolve to think for themselves, then it will become us, like Cæsar, to die with dignity.”

“How many subscribers have you, doctor?” said the poet.

“I never talk shop,” said the doctor, “but I don’t mind admitting, if you want to found a remark upon it, that we have over five thousand.”

“And you think for them all,” said the poet. “Speaking commercially, my friend, you trade upon a very small capital. As a representative, not of Parnassus, but of Lombard Street, I must express my opinion that you are in a state of insolvency, and that accounts for your so often issuing counterfeit coin when you are short of the true currency.”

“My dear friend,” said the doctor, “our positions

are different. As a banker, your success depends upon the confidence of your customers; mine depends upon my confidence in myself. You may forfeit the one, but there's no fear of my losing the other."

"Are there any bounds," said Fume, "to an Irishman's assurance?"

"None, my dear sir; I illustrate it in my own proper person. I once undertook to write an epilogue to your tragedy."

"What sublime devotion!" said Mordaunt.

"What admirable calculation!" said the banker poet. "The doctor knew the necessity for the epilogue depended on the happy termination of the tragedy."

"You're right," said the doctor, "and as the precedent condition was impossible, I never troubled myself to compose a line of the epilogue."

Lady Olivia here announced, that another reading would terminate Mr. Waller's duties for that evening, and Geoffrey trusted his friends would not object to accompany him in an excursion he was about to take

ON THE ICE.

THE COUNTESS DE FONTANGES.

JULES D'ARTOIS.

SCENE.

An apartment in the Mansion of the Countess overlooking the Seine.

Countess (seated, and reading a letter which she is copying.) "Our partisans in La Vendée are more than sanguine,—they are assured. In Lyons, as I hear and can believe, our friends increase. The Catalans of Marseilles are with us to a man, and if I am not misled, there is a powerful influence at work in the very heart of France. Foremost in the good work—as she is always foremost in every noble cause—is the lovely, the amiable, the all-accomplished Countess de Fontanges." No, indeed—indeed—Monsieur de Lecaille, I cannot sound my own praises thus; I have too small a mouth to blow so large a trumpet; yet I am earnest—earnest in life—earnest to death—aye earnest to the death—for that may be the end—and if it be I care not how soon it comes. For this cause I have lived—for this cause I am prepared to die. Life has strewn but few roses in my path, and those I plucked are withered—withered—withered! (*a knock.*) I told Cecile I desired to be alone. Why does she disobey me? (*knock.*) Cecile I cannot, I will not see anyone (*enter Jules D'Artois.*) Sir, this intrusion is—

D'Artois. Do not pause, Madam; it is whatever you please to call it.

Countess. I gave orders to Cecile—

D'Artois. Which she disobeyed. Cecile is a prudent woman.

Countess. She shall quit my service for such disobedience.

D'Artois. No, madam, she will not quit it.

Countess. Who, sir, are you, that bandy words with me?

D'Artois. I, madam? Nothing.

Countess. And your business here?

D'Artois. Is to you, madam, everything.

Countess. Do you hope to alarm me?

D'Artois. On the contrary—to remove alarm. Do not disturb your papers, madam; the ink is not yet dry. If your letter is not yet finished, I can wait—I can wait.

Countess. Cecile!—Antoine!

D'Artois. Cecile will not come. Antoine dare not.

Countess. Will not!—dare not! I will direct my servants to remove you.

D'Artois. Direct them, madam.

Countess. I will summon the police.

D'Artois. No, madam, you will not summon the police.

Countess. I am known to Monsieur Talleyrand.

D'Artois. Ha!

Countess. I am not unknown to the empress.

D'Artois. Ha, ha!

Countess. Are you mad, sir?—or has the wine cup—

D'Artois. I am, I believe, sane madam, and my drink is water.

Countess. Who then are you, who dare to mock the name of the minister, and sneer at the first lady in France?

D'Artois. Personally, nothing; but I am for the time armed with an authority before which ministers, empresses, nay even emperors tremble. I am the open ear that receives every whisper,—the closed mouth that never divulges a secret. I am the confidential agent of Joseph Fouché, minister of police.

Countess. A spy!

D'Artois. Whatever you please to call me.

Countess. A trader in false plots and sham conspiracies.

D'Artois. Do not pause, madam.

Countess. A shadow in every house—a spectre at every table.

D'Artois. Madam is eloquent.

Countess. And why are you here? How dare your infamous employer presume—

D'Artois. Madam was writing—madam has not finished her letter—the mail will depart for Languedoc in a few minutes; if it is important that madam's letter should be dispatched I can wait; I can wait.

Countess. It is an impertinence to assume that I am writing, and an effrontery to suggest that I have communications with Languedoc.

D'Artois. Then I am mistaken. Madame is not the Countess de Fontanges, whose estates are in that

province. My mission is ended. I tender my apology, and I go.

Countess (aside). Dare I offend this man? I am of Languedoc; there is no other lady of the name whose estates are in that department.

D'Artois. Then I am right, and I remain. Madam is not anxious to finish her letter;—then I may make known my errand. “The Minister of Police” (I am speaking his words, not my own, madam) “having been informed,”—it is unnecessary to say how or by whom—

Countess. Quite unnecessary.

D'Artois. A figure of speech, madam. If it were necessary, we should not say how or by whom—“having been informed that certain misguided persons in various parts of the empire are induced by emissaries of the exiled Bourbon family to concert plots against the government, and feeling assured that such plots are not known to, or approved by, the owners of the estates to which such misguided persons are attached, he, the Minister of Police, has deemed it advisable that it should be known that there are secret interviews, midnight meetings, which the said owners thus advised, will deem it necessary for their own protection, and in proof of their loyalty, to suppress.” I see it is unnecessary to warn the Countess de Fontanges, because she has no doubt heard of these meetings, and is writing to her steward to take the necessary precautions to ensure the safety of her tenantry and herself.

Countess. And was this your only errand?

D'Artois. What other, madam?

Countess. I fear I have been unjust. I may have said—

D'Artois. Madam chooses her words; I do not presume to criticize.

Countess. But, one moment—do not go yet. I request you to remain.

D'Artois. It is too much honor,—but if madam commands—

Countess. I have done you wrong. I am assured I have done you wrong.

D'Artois. Madam is too gracious. When the rain falls I do not blame the rain;—I wrap my cloak closer around me. When harsh words fall from angry lips, I turn a deaf ear to reproaches which are even less hurtful than the rain drops.

Countess. Yet I have heard that Fouché, so stern in his vengeance, so un pitying in his hostility—

D'Artois. Madam will not compel me to listen to remarks unfavorable to him I serve.

Countess. Can I—dare I trust you?

D'Artois. I have travelled in the east. The Nile is renowned for its allegories. There were in a garden two trees; one was straight and tall, had green leaves and perfumed blossoms, but its fruit brought death to those who feasted on it; the other tree was gnarled and twisted, but on it there grew fruit—not fair to the sight, not sweet to the taste, yet prized by the skilful leech when he fought against death over the couch of the dying.

Countess. Then you mean—

D'Artois. Madam must apply the meaning.

Countess. But you think?—

D'Artois. I never think—I act. Madam will permit me to make my adieus to her.

Countess. I hope—I am sure you are a friend. I know not why, but the tone of your voice is that of—

D'Artois. A spy.

Countess. Forgive me; you will forgive me (*offers her hand*).

D'Artois (*presenting his left hand*). Madam is too gracious. She cannot offend; there is nothing to forgive.

Countess. You offer your left hand. Is that an Eastern custom?

D'Artois. I have been a soldier, madam; I gave one hand to my country. I can only offer the other to the Countess de Fontanges.

Countess. A soldier! and now—do you need a friend—a friend who might aid you in some honorable career?—a friend who—

D'Artois. I ask nothing; I need nothing. For me there is neither joy in the past, nor hope in the future.

Countess. Yet in your present life there must be many hazards, much danger.

D'Artois. What path is free from danger? Whose foot is not upon the ice? Speaking of ice, madam, from this window you look upon the Seine; the lights gleaming yonder are in the Place Vendome; that corner house is the abode of Monsieur de Lecaille. The Seine is now frozen—frozen hard; in five minutes you might reach that house, but to do so you would

have to cross the ice, and there are murmurs in the air, and moanings amidst the trees, that indicate an approaching storm. Avoid that path, madam; avoid it I say, or you may too late remember my warning words, and amidst the crash of elements, you may cry in hopeless anguish—I am on the ice—I am on the ice (*exit*).

Countess. Lecaille!—he knows—he must know! or does the mere mention of a name alarm me? And if he should know,—shall I forego my purpose? No. I will at once summon Lecaille to my presence. If our enemies are on our track the greater need to be prompt in our designs—daring in our resolve (*writes*). “Come to me at once. A messenger from the odious Fouché has just left me; a strange blending of the cynic and the prophet. I could almost believe he came to warn me, had he not too frankly informed me who was his employer. Lose not a moment. Come” (*rings—servant enters*). This letter is to be delivered immediately (*servant retires*). On the ice!—on the ice! Well, let it break and engulf me; with my last breath will I cry “Vive le Bourbon.”

D'Artois (entering). A dangerous cry, madam, at any time, and doubly dangerous in such a place.

Countess. Sir, I protest against this intrusion.

D'Artois. So does the patient, madam, when the physician presents himself unsummoned, but the patient may die if the surgeon do not aid him.

Countess. And I, sir, am I in such peril?

D'Artois. Judge for yourself, madam (*produces her letter to Lecaille*).

Countess. My letter!—and in your hands!

D'Artois. Unopened as you perceive; let me restore it to you. I need not ask the contents, but if you think my warning has any value, do not correspond with Monsieur Lecaille; and above all things be discreet in the choice of your messengers.

Countess. Cecile, who has been in my service from a child! Antoine, whom I could trust with my life!

D'Artois. You do trust him—with your life. Nay, be seated, madam. I will be frank with you. Allow me to close the door. First let me tell you of your own peril; next let me explain the motive of my interference; lastly, let me learn if you are inclined to profit by my suggestions, and if so, I do not say trust—but command me.

Countess. I am so amazed! Cecile! Antoine!

D'Artois. Permit me, madam (*refers to a book*). J. K. L. "Cecile Lefrage, age twenty-three, maid to a lovely young widow, the Countess de Fontanges." Officially we should simply describe you as a young widow, but Cecile, probably as some slight atonement for her treachery, described you as lovely, and it is so entered.

Countess. Her treachery!

D'Artois. Treachery to you, but loyalty to the state. Mademoiselle Cecile informs us that you were married at seventeen to the Count de Fontanges, aged sixty-four,—yes sixty-four. She does not state if it was a marriage of mutual affection.

Countess. Sir, this license of speech—

D'Artois. Pray understand, madam, that I am

reading from official records, which are not of my compiling, and for which I am in no way answerable. "Married at seventeen; the Count sixty-four; the Count died two years after the marriage; frequently heard to reproach the Countess; angry allusions to some former attachment."

Countess. I insist, sir.

D'Artois. I need not continue this portion of the narrative. Mademoiselle Cecile speaks of visits to her mistress by Monsieur Lecaille, and many of the disaffected; of letters posted to England; and in short, gives such valuable information, that we esteem her services at the rate of twenty francs a month.

Countess. And for this pittance she would betray—

D'Artois. Her whole family, madam, so that she could gratify her vanity. She is weak enough to sin, yet not wicked enough to repent. C. D.—Durand. Antoine Durand testifies to bearing several letters to Monsieur Lecaille. He is as communicative as Cecile, but not equally observant, so we pay him only ten francs a month.

Countess. Whom can I trust?

D'Artois. No one.

Countess. And Lecaille—the brave, earnest, devoted Lecaille—have I involved him in my ruin?

D'Artois. Lecaille!—ha, ha!

Countess. Laugh, mocker, if you will. You who never knew one fond emotion, one generous sympathy,—you cannot know how he and I have dared and suffered in a failing cause.

D'Artois. Madam, I know all,—how he has dared, and you have suffered.

Countess. And he too must be the victim.

D'Artois. Permit me, madam, to enlighten you: *You* have suffered,—suffered as a pure and noble woman must suffer, who perils life and liberty in a hopeless effort; but Monsieur Lecaille who has plotted—plotted—plotted—will receive the reward of his plotting, not from the hand of the Bourbon, but from the pocket of Joseph Fouché.

Countess. Lecaille!

D'Artois. D. H. L.—Lecaille,—well I really dare not tell you what we pay him, madam, he is such an accomplished scoundrel.

Countess. Lost! lost!

D'Artois. No madam, you are saved; you were on the ice, but a firm hand has grasped and dragged you to the shore. Now for the second part of my story. Why do I interfere to save you from the consequences of your folly. I do not ask you to excuse the word. Your conduct has been sublime—magnanimous—devoted. The Roman Curtius leapt into the gulf. Well, he was a sacrifice,—and you are—

Countess. A victim.

D'Artois. No madam, a lovely widow. I am now quoting Cecile. To continue my story, I must continue to quote her, and must return for a moment to those unfortunate misunderstandings between yourself and the Count de Fontanges, aged 64, in which

he referred, I do not say correctly, to a former attachment.

Countess. I am in your power, and you can presume. Yet if you knew all the circumstances of that unhappy marriage—

D'Artois. Something I have heard; we hear so much in my department that I may presume to refer to a few facts—or fictions—correct me if the latter—which have come under my notice:—Fifteen years since there lived in Languedoc a wealthy gentleman, named Gasparin de Contillard; he had one child—a daughter. Only one child. So far am I correct?

Countess. But one—myself.

D'Artois. The lodge of the chateau was occupied by a veteran soldier, called—how was that soldier called? (*referring to his book*).

Countess. Hercule de Montroi.

D'Artois. I see. Hercule de Montroi. He had an only child—boy or girl? let me see.

Countess. Hercule de Montroi had a son. You who know so much, know well he had a son.

D'Artois. I but affected a doubt, madam, to test your memory; you have a good memory. Hercule de Montroi had a son, and it was said, and with some truth, that if right were done that son should have ruled in the lordly chateau, whilst Monsieur Gasparin de Contillard might have found a home in the lodge which his forefathers occupied before the revolution made all men equal.

Countess. Do you dare to assert—

D'Artois. Do you not know? Pardon me, madam,

I really thought you knew. It seems then your respected parent did not think the communication was necessary to complete his daughter's education. The grandsire of the young De Montroi wasted his fortune at the gaming table. Money, lands, chateau, all were lost,—and to whom? Well, madam, the world is censorious. Envious people said Gasparin de Contillard always held good cards, and could command the dice. The loser lost all, became an exile,—a widowed exile. In a distant part of the province he found a home for the short time that he required it. He died, leaving his little daughter to the care of an humble friend, and charged him never to make known to her the loss of fortune and of station. That friend kept his promise. When the girl grew to womanhood, he asked her to make choice amongst her acquaintance of a husband, and the girl, a simple gentle loving creature, made choice of her guardian, though he was twenty years her senior, and had nothing to recommend him but love and truth.

Countess. I pray you continue—

D'Artois. I fear my extracts from our secret correspondence may weary you. Well, the husband kept the promise made to the father, and the girl, who never knew the station to which she might have aspired, lived humbly, lived happily, but died too soon for the happiness of her husband. With her death the husband thought the tie that was imposed upon him, had been removed, and a strange yearning grew up in his heart to see the child of his Louise

occupy the home of his fathers. Simple man! he had no idea how this could be accomplished, but he thought if they were in the neighbourhood, something might chance; so, full of hope but with no fixed resolve, he and his boy journeyed thither. The lad was then fifteen, tall for his age—

Countess. Free in speech, proud in bearing, he looked what you describe him—born to govern.

D'Artois. My notes make no mention of his person;—we deal only with facts—not with appearances—save for identification. Soon after their arrival the lodge-keeper died, and as your father required a brave and trusty servant—there were rude characters, poachers and others in the neighbourhood—when the elder De Montroi, who had served with honor, produced his testimonials, he was at once accepted.

Countess. Brave soldier!—faithful servant!—he received his death wound in saving my father's life.

D'Artois. And with his dying breath he revealed to him the truth.

Countess. No, no!

D'Artois. Madam, I am not permitted to reveal the sources of our information, but my statement is correct. Whether the young De Montroi, emboldened by the knowledge of his birth, presumed to look with eyes of affection on the young heiress;—whether the foolish boy presumed to whisper in her ear his dreams of happiness, I cannot say—I have no record of it,—but this I may say, for of this there is the proof, the young De Montroi soon after his father's death was

drawn for the conscription. Whether it was deemed necessary to hasten his departure,—whether Monsieur Gasparin de Contillard dreaded that his presence, like some spectre of the past, would haunt the old chateau,—whether he feared his daughter had deigned to listen to the ambitious stripling, it matters not; certainly De Montroi was sent to seek a soldier's grave or a marshal's baton on the other side the Alps, and certainly the lady soon forgot her weakness, if ever she had been weak, and became the happy bride of the Count de Fontanges.

Countess. The happy bride!

D'Artois. A figure of speech, madam. We do not record the joys or miseries of the married state. As I said before, we deal with facts. The marriage is the fact, and the happiness—

Countess. A fiction.

D'Artois. I told you I had served. For a time De Montroi was my comrade.

Countess. Your comrade! Tell me of him. Did he reap the reward of his valour—for he was brave—brave even to rashness. Did he escape? Is he—

D'Artois. Living or dead? Ah, there our information is imperfect. My records contain no further mention of him.

Countess. But you were his friend—his comrade.

D'Artois. His comrade? Yes. His friend? No. I have no friends. Did I not tell you, madam, I have no past—no future.

Countess. But this interest in the fortunes of De Montroi—

D'Artois. You misunderstand me, madam.

Countess. Your friendly caution to myself.

D'Artois. Again you misunderstand me. I would save you, I hope I have saved you, from your peril, for a purpose; to explain that purpose it was necessary to refer to some portions of your history; but I am neither the friend of the dead De Montroi—

Countess. The dead De Montroi?

D'Artois. Dead to you—dead to me—whether he lies beneath Italian earth, or still vainly seeks the bauble—glory, and resolves to forget the past.

Countess. The past!—the past!—he will not forget the past.

D'Artois. You have forgotten, Madam; why not he?

Countess. Because he gave away his frank young heart ere he could know or hope.

D'Artois. True, madam, he was a spendthrift; but this is a digression. You begin to see my purpose.

Countess. No, I see nothing.

D'Artois. Nothing?

Countess. Nothing but a gloomy past—a dreary future. Girlhood uncheered by love and hope; womanhood frustrated in its ambition.

D'Artois. Then we are agreed. For us there is no past—no future. Let the present be our own. I have no ambition to gratify—no love to offer. I seek only for life in the present—rest for the heart—repose for the brain. I seek the quiet of that home in Languedoc to which you can invite me—of which you can make me master.

Countess. Dare you presume!

D'Artois. No, madam, I do not presume. I offer you freedom—life. Will you not offer me a share of that life and freedom?

Countess. Hypocrite! Traitor!

D'Artois. When the rain falls I wrap my cloak around me.

Countess. Go! denounce me! Earn the prize for which you have sold yourself.

D'Artois. I will receive it in Languedoc. Will you pay it?

Countess. Never.

D'Artois. Remember what you risk if you refuse my offer.

Countess. A life. Take it.

D'Artois. Is the load so heavy that you can lay it down so lightly? Why even I desire to live, I who have never known love, or sought for glory.

Countess. True,—hireling,—true! You said you were a soldier. Your symbol of the marshal's baton was the purse filched from the dead or dying. You called yourself the comrade of De Montroi. You insult the memory of a gallant gentleman.

D'Artois. Have you respected it?

Countess. Yes,—in my heart of hearts. If he yet live, he may weep for the woman that he loved, but he shall not blush for her.

D'Artois. If he be wise he will neither blush nor weep. He was a reckless gambler, who staked his all where he was sure to lose.

Countess. Do you denounce me. And if De Montroi

live—and he does live—you know it—aye you know it—my dying lips shall proclaim the secret of my life;—I love—I have ever loved him.

D'Artois. Madam, I shall respect your feelings. Retain your love for De Montroi or his memory—give to him your thoughts, but yield to me your hand.

Countess. Go, you are answered.

D'Artois. Reflect yet a moment. Should I leave your presence, without your assent to my request, I swear I return no more. You weep, madam. I ask not tears but words—yet something more. What if I say again I have no future and no past?—What if again I say I have neither known love, nor felt ambition?—What if I own the one feeling of my heart is self—hatred of others—love only of myself—and of that hatred, the feeling most intense is towards De Montroi?

Countess. At last! the truth at last! said I not he lived?

D'Artois. Lives, but not for you. With me life—without me death!

Countess. With thee to mourn in life—for De Montroi to rejoice in death. My choice is made.

D'Artois. Life!

Countess. No, death!

D'Artois. Again I tell thee, life!

Countess. I answer—death!

D'Artois. Life!—life!—and with De Montroi (*removes his disguise*).

Countess. Said I not he lived?

De Montroi. Yes, Heloise, spite of Austrian sabre

and Cossack lance, your poor bronzed maimed soldier has returned to ask if the dream of the boy is to become the life-long happiness of the man. Or is he again to say, for me there is no past—there is no future?

Countess. Do not wake from that dream,—if it be of love and hope, let it last your life. But this disguise, De Montroi, and your strange words—

De Montroi. Require full explanation. You shall have it. First, then, I have but assumed a character which has been thrust upon me, in which there is not one particle of truth, but this (*pointing to his empty sleeve*).

Countess. My soldier,—yet you knew of my correspondence with Lecaille. Ah, De Montroi, there is peril in my fortunes. Do not you seek to share them. Go, go!

De Montroi. We soldiers love peril. The greater danger, the more honor. Listen! This conspiracy of yours has been known to the government for some days. Lecaille has betrayed you.

Countess. And Cecile? Antoine?

De Montroi. Faithful creatures! I have done them wrong; but as they will never know the treachery of which I have accused them, we will let that pass. I was with the Emperor when Monsieur Fouché submitted to him the list of persons whose names Lecaille had furnished. The Emperor was in a very bad humour; a quarrel, I think, with Josephine. “De Fontanges?” said the Emperor, “who is this Fontanges?” “Sire,” said I, “she is the most

charming woman in France." "She is a conspirator," said Fouché. "She is a dupe," said I.

Countess. No, I glory in the cause.

De Montroi. Silence, Countess, or De Montroi will disappear, and leave you to contend with the police spy, Jules D'Artois. "A conspirator!" said the Emperor. "Are we to be dethroned by an army of petticoats?" This, with a side look at Josephine. "Sire," said I, "let me answer for the lady." "With your head?" said Fouché. "With your heart?" said Josephine. "Aye, madam, with head and heart." In few words—for the Emperor hates long stories—I told him of my boyhood's hopes—of my years of suffering. He still seemed unmoved. Then Josephine—that woman is an angel—rose, and pointing to this empty sleeve, exclaimed, "Sire, you owe De Montroi a life, for the life he saved. He has your promise. Keep it."

Countess. The life he saved!

De Montroi. Yes Heloise, it was at Arcola—the Emperor was in the midst of the enemy—psha!—I hate long stories as much as he does—the blow aimed at him was received by me; the empty sleeve of a poor captain of infantry may perhaps have prevented the return of your friends, the Bourbons.

Countess. My brave De Montroi!

De Montroi. Yet 'twas unfortunate. If the Bourbons had returned?

Countess. Ah, De Montroi, I fear misery, not loyalty, made me a conspirator. The Countess de Fontanges might plot and plan, but Heloise—

De Montroi. Abandons politics and will be guided by her husband. So I told the Emperor. So said the Empress. Fouché raved. The Emperor doubted; but he has a noble heart. This empty sleeve was more eloquent than words. “Colonel de Montroi,” said he—

Countess. Colonel de Montroi?

De Montroi. “I will not pardon the Countess de Fontanges.” Do not be alarmed, Heloise. “But if you present your wife at the Tuilleries to-morrow and answer for her loyalty, there will be one name the less on the list of our friend Fouché.”

Countess. To-morrow!

De Montroi. ’Tis very sudden, but we dare not contradict an Emperor—certainly not our Emperor. I was leaving the presence with a confident smile on my face, when Josephine—a charming woman, but full of romantic notions—laid this task upon me—“Colonel de Montroi, the Countess de Fontanges deserves some panishment. Thirteen years you have nourished a hopeless passion—”

Countess. Not hopeless, De Montroi.

De Montroi. Not hopeless now. “Promise me, as a soldier, you will not wed this lady until she confesses her affection for you. Promise,—or the Emperor shall revoke his pardon.” “Madam,—Sire!” I exclaimed. “Right, right,” said the Emperor; “the fortress that has stood out for thirteen years must now surrender without any conditions.” Then he laughed, and took as much snuff as—I promised. You know the rest.

Countess. And Josephine has succeeded. But is all the fault mine? Should the burden fall ever on the weaker?

De Montroi. I deserve the reproof. Year by year I waited,—hoped,—and yet delayed—until the resolution of years and the hopes of a life depend at last upon a royal whim. To-morrow I present to the Emperor the bride whom I have earned the right to claim by thirteen years of suffering and strife. True, the eager happy boy is now the care-worn man,—true, honors decorate my breast, yet, Heloise, I have but one arm to sustain thee.

Countess. But that arm shall ever guide—shall ever support me. Leaning on it, De Montroi—my husband—I shall have but one hope, one aim—your happiness. Sustained by your arm, and guided by your counsels, I shall walk securely—

De Montroi. Even—ON THE ICE.

“We must play it, Lady Olivia,” said Bertha MacIvor, a blue belle of Scotland; “you would represent the Countess charmingly, and Mr. Waller reads with so much spirit, that he would play his part admirably. Don’t you think so, Captain Flake?”

The gallant captain, who was in earnest colloquy with Bertie Barton, here observed, “Can’t carry the weight.”

“You have such droll expressions, Captain. I see what you mean. You think the part too serious for Mr. Waller. Perhaps Sir Paul—”

“Only half bred,” said the Captain.

“Sir,” said Sir Paul Peahen, who on one side was the grandson of a marquis, and on the other of a miller.

“That’s true,” said Bertie Barton, “but he always answers to the whip.”

“Sir,” again said Sir Paul, who was strongly suspected of submissive obedience to Lady Peahen.

“Captain Flake, you don’t hear one word,” said Miss MacIvor.

Captain Flake apologized—“Really hadn’t heard; Bertie and he had a book between them; it was a bad book.”

Miss MacIvor blushed. “Captain Flake!”

Bertie Barton explained. “Book on the Derby; betting book. A bad book meant when they must lose a small sum, and might lose a large one.”

“Oh, indeed!” said Miss MacIvor much relieved. “I never bet anything but gloves.”

“And never pay when you lose,” said Mr. Fume, who could not be civil even to so pleasant an importation from the land of cakes as Bertha MacIvor.

Bertha expressed her opinion “that he was an old fright,” and Bertie Barton, who had eyes for other things besides his betting book, offered, “if it would be agreeable to Miss MacIvor, to invite Smokerly Fume to the mess table and sew him up.”

“Horrible!” exclaimed Miss MacIvor. Hereupon ensued a whispered explanation, that the operation did not resemble that, occasionally practised on the Bosphorus, accompanied with total forgetfulness for a time, on the part of Bertie Barton, of the bad book and all relating thereto.

CHAPTER XIII.

“Mr. Waller,” said the Earl on the following Monday evening, which had been appointed by express desire for the continuation of the readings, “have you heard from your uncle?”

“Not yet, my lord, although I wrote to him very fully and earnestly, upon the subject you did me the honor to mention.”

“And I too have written to him,” said Lord Plantagenet. “These are times, Mr. Waller, when every man who respects our ancient institutions should use his best exertions to maintain inviolate the privileges bequeathed to him by his ancestors. Those privileges, purchased by their blood, and sanctified by ages.” This was a favorite phrase with his lordship, and often quoted by him at the Quarter Sessions, where he was wont to give full exercise to his oratorical powers, as some compensation for his occasional discomfiture in another place. His lordship had never defined what these privileges were, nor had his admiring colleagues on the magisterial bench enquired; sufficient for them, to hear and to approve. “Mr. Waller, you will communicate with me immediately, should you hear from your uncle.”

“Immediately,” echoed Geoffrey.

“Though as I have written to your uncle that can scarcely be necessary.” Lord Plantagenet, proudest of peers, could not understand how his missive should remain unanswered. “I could not have thought Mr.

Brookdale would be so remiss," and Lord Plantagenet looked somewhat hurt, and seemed much inclined to cherish a grievance.

"I am concerned that your lordship should feel annoyed," said Geoffrey.

"Annoyed, Mr. Waller? You entirely mistake my feelings. This is no personal matter. These are times, Mr. Waller, when every man"—the reader will excuse the rest of the sentence—"My only anxiety, Mr. Waller, is for my country—for my country." And as the Earl walked away in his usual dignified manner, Geoffrey could not avoid comparing great things with small, and in his mind's eye beheld Mr. Buncombe terminating his address with, "we are the people."

But politics quickly lost their influence, as literature under the command of Lady Olivia, summoned him to his appointed duties. Geoffrey felt he was becoming a celebrity—an attraction—and the voice that at first had faltered was now round and full, and even the Earl admitted that if Geoffrey could be as impressive on the hustings as in the drawing room, he would make an admirable seconder of Captain Yappington Flake, who was to be brought in for Elmstoke by a triumphant majority—provided,—and the Earl sat down to calculate the chances of returning his candidate—and was considering what enquiries might be made of the gallant Captain as to his political creed, when Geoffrey Waller, in a tone that Lord Plantagenet thought had a peculiar significance, intimated he was about to ask—

THREE QUESTIONS.

King Harry the Eighth arose one morn,
 At the joyful sound of the bugle horn ;
 From under the clothes, he popt his nose,
 He jumped out of bed, and he stood on his toes ;
 He buttoned his doublet, he pulled up his hose,
 And then said his majesty gaily, " Here goes
 For a royal battue with the bucks and the roes."
 King Harry the Eighth rode out to the chase
 With his huntsmen and hounds, and in *Bell's Life*
 you'll trace
 (Hunting column to wit) an account of his luck,
 For there fell to his cross-bow full many a buck.
 But he found in the forest, which pleased him much
 more,
 What we most of us like to avoid, a great bore.
 Query boar—take your choice—which he followed so
 fast,
 That he outrode his train, missed his prey, and at
 last
 Found himself in this plight, on a very cold night,
 Alone in a wood, with no dwelling in sight ;
 His horse quite knock'd up, and of wine not a stoup, or
 A morsel to eat, so he swore like a trooper.
 At last, through the trees, a faint twinkle he sees,
 And he followed the light, till he gladdened his sight
 With the view of an abbey,—he knocked at the gate,
 Which the porter, a lean looking monk, open'd straight.

He asked for relief, and they gave him some beef,
 With bread and strong ale, but he kept his *incog*,
 Whilst he drained the black-jack, and demolished the
 prog.

For king Harry, you know, was a terrible foe
 To the monks, *vide* Goldsmith or Hume, long ago.
 “By the mass,” said the abbot, “I’d gladly be bound
 To pay to the tyrant a clear thousand pound,
 If a manchet of bread I like you could demolish,
 And a shin bone of beef could so cleverly polish.”
 Quoth the king, “much relief I have found from your
 beef,
 And if ever bluff Hal and I happen to meet,
 I’ll repeat what you say, and he’ll soon make you eat.”
 “Ha, ha!” laughed the abbot. “Ho! ho!” thought
 king Hal,
 “A thousand you’re willing to pay—well you shall.”

Next day as the abbot was sipping his soup,—
 ’Twas Mulligatawny I think—came a troop
 Of horse to the gate, who declining to wait,
 Carried off my lord abbot in pitiful state.
 He was lodged in the tower, and for many an hour
 He moaned and bewailed his unhappy condition,
 Asked for pen, ink, and paper, to write a petition,
 Which being refused, he resolved on starvation,
 And for twenty-four hours never tasted a ration;
 But the next day, good sense and stern hunger
 prevailing,
 The beef, bread, and beer, he could not help assailing,
 And when he had finished he murmured, “by jingo,

I've dined like a king on bread, buttock and stingo."
 "Ha, ha!" laughed king Hal.—"Master abbot, you've
 found

Your appetite quickly; that same thousand pound
 Fork out in a trice—since your meal was so nice,
 I can sell you a lot at reduction in price."

The abbot turned pale, and the abbot turned red,
 He dropped on his knees, sighed and wept, and he
 said,

"If you skin me alive, I can never contrive
 To raise half the money. My right royal master,
 Do pity my grief,—don't increase my disaster."

"Up, up!" quoth the king, "I will give you one week
 Three questions to answer, and truth if you speak,
 The debt I'll forgive, but if tripping you're found,
 On a gibbet you'll hang fifty feet from the ground.
 You shall answer me first,—What's the depth of the
 sea;

Next, how long round the world I might travelling be;
 And the third, which I fancy you'll find quite a poser,
 What I think at the moment you truly must show, sir."

The abbot went home, and he went to bed;
 They blistered him, bled him, and shaved his head.
 All night and all day he cried, "I'm in a pickle as
 Bad as Saint Anthony. Say, brother Nicholas,
 How shall I answer each different question?
 Cannot one of you all make the slightest suggestion?"
 Now it chanced that the cook, who'd a comical look,
 And was full of odd fancies, the liberty took

Of telling the abbot, although no great scholar,
 He could pull him straight through, if his counsels
 he'd foller.

Men-cooks in those days did not study at college,
 And seldom attended the lectures on knowledge.
 Greek is well in its place, but not good in a stew,
 And Latin's not needed to make a ragout ;
 And first to acquire what befits each man's station
 Is a high, and Lowe view of correct education.

Said the cook to the abbot, said he, "you must know,"
 But wait—what he told him we'll presently show.

The king sat in his royal chair,
 Ladies, and knights, and nobles were there,
 And at his feet a figure was kneeling
 The monkish hood his features concealing.
 "Now listen, lords and ladies gay,
 And note well the words our abbot shall say,
 For if he shall fail to answer aright,
 A perilous leap shall he take ere the night.
 And first thou shalt tell me the depth of the sea."
 "A stone's throw, my liege, as near as may be,
 For cast you one in, and though rapid the tide,
 'Twill sink to the bottom and there 'twill bide."
 "Well spoke," quoth the king. "Now this riddle
 unravel :
 How long will it take round this great globe to travel?"
 "One day, my great liege, if you rise with the sun,
 And keep pace with him till your journey be done."

“Gramercy, sir abbot, ’tis marvellous wit,
 The gold in the target each time hast thou hit.
 Ponder well on my third, for thy life is at stake.
 What now is my thought? Ha! ha! dost thou quake?”
 “I quake, my good lord, since the truth I must tell,
 Though you’ll find it what rude little boys call a sell.
 You think I’m the abbot, but if you will look
 On my face, you will see I’m John Thomas the cook.”
 He threw off his hood, and the king started back,
 Then he laughed till his fat sides seemed likely to
 crack.
 “By the mass thou hast saved him; but shame must
 it be
 So witty a knave in a kitchen to see.
 I name thee my jester, and now lords, we’ll dine,
 And John Thomas shall cheer us whilst quaffing our
 wine.”

“The anecdote is not original,” said Smokerly
 Fume.

“But the treatment is,” said the Doctor.

“I want originality,” said Mr. Fume.

“And you’ve got it. None but yourself can be
 your parallel.”

“Ah,” said Bertie Barton to Bertha MacIvor—
 “‘Three Questions.’ I wish I had the right to require
 an answer to one.”

“Do you want to know the winner of the next
 race?” said Bertha.

“That’s it,” said Bertie—“the race of life—the
 race in which I hope to run side by side”—Here the

conversation became inaudible—if conversation it could be called, in which all the talking was on the side of Bertie, and the blushing and fan-flirting on the side of Bertha.

“There is one question I should like to ask you, Doctor,” said Sir Paul, somewhat hesitatingly. “You said last evening my powers of observation were limited.”

“Physically, Sir Paul, physically, by the intervention of an opaque object. You were prevented from seeing Mr. Waller, by the intervention of Fume, so that speaking metaphorically, your eyes were filled with smoke.”

Sir Paul did not appear to see clearly through the smoke, but as it took him a long time to form an idea, and much longer to develop it in words, he was still engaged in mental incubation when Geoffrey, who seemed to be at the moment intently looking at him, effectually disturbed his train of thought by exclaiming—

YOU THEN ARE——?

Again I have met him.

Him! whom? that is the mystery of my life.

Will it ever be solved? who shall answer?

Wait, teaches the philosopher. Hope, sings the poet.

Wait? I have waited, till the scythe of time has rusted.

Hope? I have hoped, till hope became despair.

We met—but I anticipate. First of myself; who am I? that question I am permitted to answer. But who is he? I pause for a reply.

Although in France, I am not a native of that joyous land. I mention this in the outset, because my gay vivacity of manner, my perfect pronunciation of the language, might lead you to suppose—No, I am not egotistical. Did not Eulalie herself declare?—Who is Eulalie? you ask; Wait—you can wait; and hope—yes, to you it is permitted to hope.

I am of Manchester, the great centre of civilization and cotton. My father, I am proud to say, is a Manchester man. Your ignorance excuses that sneer. Are you not proud to call yourself a man of Kent? Equally proud am I to be known as a man of Manchester. My name is Poppleton—Peter Paul Poppleton. Whence Poppleton? from my sire. Whence Peter Paul? from Antwerp. On her wed-

ding tour my mother had seen and admired the Chapeau de Paille of the immortal Rubens ; my father declared it was the image of herself. In compliment to the artist I bear his name. Candour compels me to state, that having frequently seen the portrait, engraved, I do not recognize the likeness. Equally does candour compel me to remark, that I have no recollection of ever hearing my respected father allude to the resemblance.

This is a digression. Roll on ye golden hours of scholastic life. Candour again compels me to remark, it was an age of copper. Behold me now of age ; I am one and twenty ; I am admitted into the firm, a partner—yes, a junior partner, a very junior partner—my age precisely expresses our shares in the profits ; I represent the one, and my respected sire the twenty. Why do I indulge in these details ? I indulge not—they are wrung from me, they are necessary to my story, my strange eventful story, in which he,—but again I anticipate.

Our house had a correspondent in Paris ; that correspondent's communications, particularly in the shape of remittances, became irregular. My father determined on a personal investigation of the accounts. He was a man of considerable energy and determination. "If I find anything wrong in the accounts, I'll kick the fellow to——." How far he may have kicked our agent is uncertain ; suiting the action to the word, he brought his toe in connection with the leg of our dining table. A violent attack of the hereditary enemy of our race was the result. My father

was laid up with his usual three weeks' attack of the gout, and I—fatality!—went to Paris as his representative.

“You'll be in London on Thursday,” said my father, “at Dover on Friday, and in Paris on Monday; write to me from Paris of your safe arrival; here are full instructions, act up to them. Remember you are my son—a partner—and a Poppleton.”

“And a Peter Paul,” sighed my mother, looking foudly at a copy of the Rubens.

As arranged, I was in London on the Thursday, but I was not at Dover on the Friday. Excuse the wild imaginings of youth, oh ye who at fifty-five have outlived the romantic enthusiasm of your earlier days. My father had supplied me with ample funds for my expenses; my mother had freely opened the strings of her private purse; my own exchequer was not barren. I found that by posting, instead of travelling by the mail and diligence, I might enjoy two happy days in London, and I did—two bright days of dearly purchased happiness—emphatically and financially, dearly bought.

Liberal fees to the post-boys brought me in good time to Dover. Of the passage to Calais I dare not trust myself to speak. Enough that Britannia did not rule the waves. By comparison, my respected parent writhing with the gout, appeared to me to be reposing on a bed of roses. I am on the land of the Gaul; I do not tread it with the foot of a conqueror. I admit that I am despondent in mind, and probably limp in body, but the attentions of the hostess of the

Grande Monarque, and the bright eyes of a certain Fanchette—forgive, Eulalie, this slight deviation.

Post horses are ready for Milord Anglais. Ho! la! Vite, vite—away we whirl at the maddening pace of seven miles an hour. Much dust, more exclamation, but scarcely sufficient progress. I consult my watch; we shall be in time, I shall arrive in Paris, and despatch my letter to my paternal ancestor advising him of my safe arrival.

On, on, on, we are within three stages of Paris. “Horror! what is it you say? No horses till the morning.” “Not if I were the king himself.” “Absurd! I can pay.” “Pay, ha, ha! Monsieur had better put four legs to his purse and ride to Paris on it.” “Cannot the horses,” I enquire of the post-boys, “continue their journey?” “Alas! one is lame, the other has lost a shoe.” “Monsieur,” says a second edition of Fanchette, “we can make you very comfortable.” “Comfortable, ha, ha! do you know the elder Poppleton?”

A second carriage arrives; from it descends a single occupant. He enters the inn, he calls in a calm voice for a bottle of Clicquot; with equal calmness he orders post horses. I groan in spirit, yet I rejoice, for here is a second victim. The landlord brings the wine—he is about to draw the cork; “Clicquot,” says the stranger. The landlord swears. “Clicquot,” says the stranger more impressively. The landlord trembles, he turns pale, he disappears. Promptly he returns with a second bottle; the stranger smiles graciously,—he permits him to draw the cork. I am

in the further corner of the apartment, shrouded in gloom. I think the stranger has not observed me; he approaches, glass in hand. "Monsieur," he exclaims, "if our light wine is not too cold for an English palate, will you oblige me?" I start. "English!" I exclaim, I have not spoken; how could you know?" "It is my business," he says with a smile, "to know everything." We drink together. "Now, mon ami," he addresses the landlord, "the post-horses, and in ten minutes; I must be in Paris before sunset." "He has none," I exclaim, "I have offered him any price." "Ah!" says the stranger. "Monsieur," cries the landlord, "if you were the king himself—" "Bah!" says the stranger, "the king, indeed; I need them. Do you hear? I,"—and he whispers to the landlord. The landlord's hair, if it were natural, would stand on end. "It will ruin me," he exclaims; "the only pair in my stable have been engaged and paid for this ten days for the Count de Montreuil, who is on his wedding tour." "Bah! for your Count," says the stranger; "the horses, and in five minutes, do you hear?" "It shall be done," says the miserable landlord, as he crawls from the room. Who is this mysterious being who is more powerful than a monarch? I will accost him. "Sir," I exclaim—"Monsieur Poppleton." "Ha! you know me." "I know everybody. You wish to be in Paris this afternoon; I offer you a seat in my carriage. Are you ready? so are the horses. Come."

He was right, that stranger was right; the horses were ready, the landlord stood bowing by the door.

I offered my purse. "No," said the stranger emphatically, "we are his guests." Away we whirl; the next stage, and the next were the same; we arrive in Paris. "Have you selected your hotel?" he enquires. I answer in the negative. He gives a direction to the postboy; the carriage dashes up to a handsome hotel. "Here," says the stranger, "you will find good accommodation; somewhat high in their charges, but money is no object to a milord from Manchester. Opposite to you is the Post-office; you have a clear hour before the mail departs. Adieu!" "Whom," I enquire anxiously, nervously, "whom have I to thank?" "No one, adieu! if you prefer it, Au revoir!"

He was gone; the unknown was gone.

Who was, who is he? Time alone can determine. Will it ever reveal the mystery?

I have been three days in Paris. My father's agent has gone to Lyons on important private business, and will not return for ten days. I have written fully to my respected ancestor—when I say fully I do not mean that I have entered into trivial details; I have not felt it necessary to allude to my two days stay in London. Paris pleases me; pleases me even more than London. By comparison, as London is to Manchester so is Paris to London. A bright idea suggests itself; should it become advisable to break off all relations with our agent, could not I supply his place? Admitting that it would necessitate my absence from Manchester, ought I to hesitate at any sacrifice when the interests of the firm are involved?

I will submit it to my father ; I will even urge it to him.

I am sauntering slowly through the Boulevards ; I become aware of the increasing crowd ; they are hurrying forward ; I follow them. And, hark ! the sound of martial music. On come the mighty warriors of modern Gaul. My form dilates, my eye flashes ; I feel that I am no unworthy descendant of a hero. Perhaps I should here explain. My respected ancestor was drawn for the militia ; he found a substitute ; that substitute volunteered into the regular army, and sleeps at Waterloo. We are not vain-glorious, but our family feels a pardonable pride in relating this touching incident. Warmed, inspired by the clang of instruments, the trumpet's bray, I feel every inch a patriot, and I shout lustily, "Rule Britannia," and resolve repeatedly I will never be a slave. There are looks of amazement from the crowd ; sounds that resemble "Bête"—"Cochon" are heard. I deem it advisable to withdraw somewhat hurriedly from these uncivilized individuals, and presently find myself standing near the loveliest and most charming of her sex—Eulalie, Eulalie. I strive to catch her eye, to attract her notice, but three men, evidently of superior station, are between me and the object of my admiration, and one of them presses closely to her side, and annoys her with impertinent attentions. I feel that she rejects them ; I think she turns appealingly to me. Yes, sweet girl ! I exclaim mentally, though they are three to one, I will protect thee—"Britons never shall be slaves." "Sir !" I exclaim, touching

the tallest stranger on the arm, "can you not see that Mademoiselle is annoyed by your attentions?"

"Retire, small man!" he answers, laughing offensively, and his two tall companions echo the laugh.

"Vile aristocrat!" I reply. I do not know why I use that term. I think I heard it on one of those delightful evenings in London when—no matter. "Vile aristocrat! dare you insult a son of freedom."

"A bas les Anglais!" he exclaims, and laughs again. The crowd laughs; with his cane he taps me on the head—I mean the hat. I am almost blinded by the blow, in consequence of the hat descending nearly to my nose. I replace the hat on my head, and concentrating all the energy of my manly nature in one vigorous blow, I level my opponent with the dust.

A regard for truth compels me to admit that I should have levelled him had not the blow failed to reach its destination.

Then the three—cowards, cowards—rush upon me. Their combined hate and rage is about to work my destruction, when a light touch on the shoulder of my nearest assailant causes him to look round. Horror is in his face; horror and despair. He turns and flies—not literally—what I mean to state is, that he runs away with inconceivable rapidity; his two companions follow his example, and himself—I look round for an explanation, and I behold him—whom?—the man of the post-horses; the mysterious one who preserved my reputation, who now perhaps has preserved my life. I rush forward to thank him, as

he coolly and composedly walks away ; but the crowd get in my way and I lose sight of him. I turn to look for her—equally mysterious, but more beautiful—both, both, are gone !

Ever does the sublime blend with the ridiculous. He, she, are gone—so is my watch, my purse.

Wait, says the philosopher. Hope, says the poet. Mockery, delusion, despair !

I have found—him—no—her—yes. Eulalie, my Eulalie ! Judge her not harshly ; she did not give me the right of calling her my Eulalie immediately on my finding her ; but she proved to be an old though unknown acquaintance ; she is the daughter of my father's correspondent. He is still detained at Lyons ; I have been now a fortnight in Paris, and he is still detained. Eulalie has heard her father speak in the most ardent terms of his dear friends at Manshees—tare, so she sweetly pronounced it ; of the noble Poppleton, pere and fils ; her father blesses them as his benefactors, and has taught her to regard the old Poppleton as an uncle, and his son as a cousin. Eulalie could kiss that old Poppleton pere.

“And why not Poppleton fils ?”

Eulalie does not answer ; but her blush—Oh ! rapture.

My father writes angry letters ; he determines, spite of the gout, to come to Paris ; he intimates that he has heard strange stories of our correspondent. I reply that he must be mistaken ; Eulalie assures me that her father is the soul of honour ; can I doubt her ?

Am I happy? Yes. Am I happy? No. What means this contradiction? Do I love Eulalie? Madly, permanently. Does she love me? I should tear my hair, reckless of the pain of losing, and regardless of the expense of restoring it; I should tear my hair out by the roots if I thought otherwise; but there is a certain Count Tête de Veau ever by her side. Do I fear him? No. Do I hate him? Yes. He is taller than myself; he is probably six inches taller. Certainly he is not less than five feet nine; but does he stand higher in the estimation of Eulalie? If I thought that, his life or mine—ha! ha!

Jealous of the Count, angry with myself, and detesting the hollow fopperies of society, I drank more freely than was my custom; and yielding readily, too readily, to the suggestions of one of my hotel companions, I accompanied him to a gambling house in the Rue D'Ecrevisse. At first I played cautiously, despite the wine I had so freely taken, and the jealousy I had so freely imbibed. I won, and continued to win, and as my gains increased I became less and less cautious; played recklessly, madly, and still the heap increased. The time arrived for closing play for the night. My young companion, who had been so anxious to play, was now eager to depart; but I was deaf to reason, mad with wine, madder with desire for gold, and as I drained draught after draught, I shouted, "Play, play!"

There was a consultation amongst the proprietors of the table, who informed me the rules of the house were rigid, and that the bank was closed for the

night, but if any gentlemen were inclined to stake against me —.

“Play!” I exclaimed, “Play! one or all. Ha! Tête de Veau, would I had thee here, with every coin in thy possession staked upon a single throw.”

“A vous, Monsieur,” replied the Count, who unperceived by me had been watching my mad career.

“For one hour only,” said one of the proprietors.

“One hour will suffice,” said the Count.

“One hour! one minute!” I exclaimed, seizing the dice box. “A single throw. Come!” He hesitated. “Are Frenchmen cowards?” I shouted.

Then came hot and angry exclamations. A dozen voices uttered a defiance.

“Be calm, be calm, gentlemen,” said the Count, “I am sufficient match for this gentleman in love or in war, eh, Monsieur?”

“Coward” I shouted, “coward!” I was wild—mad.

“Gentlemen,” said the Count, “let us not mar the enjoyment of the present by any anticipation of the future. Come, sir,” said he, “let me know the amount of your stake and I will cover it.”

I was quite incapable of counting my gains, but my companion did this for me, and finding there were upwards of three thousand louis, he said, “No, no, I cannot permit it.”

The Count sneered. “Since your schoolmaster will not permit—”

“I allow no man to school me,” said I. “Play.”

“Vive la guerre,” said the Count, handing me the

box. By this time I could scarcely see the marks on the dice, but I dashed them out, and my companion shouted "Nine."

"Nine!" I fixed my eyes on the Count. I thought he looked pale, and played nervously with the diamond studs in his sleeves.

"Nine!" said my companion. "Peter, old fellow, if we are ever to continue friends, promise, swear, if you win this time—and you will win—promise you will not play again—to-night, at least."

"I swear," said I. "By Jupiter, I swear!"

"By Jupiter," said the Count; "I think that was Pompey's watch word. Cæsar chose Venus the victorious. For Venus, let me substitute Eulalie."

I sprung from my seat, but Vernon held me down, and at that moment the Count threw the dice.

"Ten!"

"Done, by jingo," said the plain-spoken Vernon.

"Lost!" I exclaimed, "lost!"

The Count smiled blandly. "Do we continue our play? No. Then the stake is mine—always," he exclaimed, "the stake is mine."

"Not always," said a calm voice. It was the voice of him. I was sobered in a moment, but the effect on the Count was remarkable; his outstretched hand was hovering over the gold pieces, his face was livid, and fear and rage contended for the mastery, whilst his trembling lip, that would have curled with scorn, quivered with anxiety.

"Not always, Count. Young gentleman," addressing Vernon, "gather up your money, take away

your companion. No, gentlemen," he continued to the bystanders, "there is no occasion for a scene; I am well known to these gentlemen."

"We have that honour," said the proprietors, bowing.

"And they will bear witness that the Count"—there seemed a strange emphasis on the word—"meant this challenge merely as a joke—it could only be a joke—for all play is strictly prohibited after midnight."

"A joke only," said the proprietors, evidently ill at ease; and "a joke," said the Count, with a ghastly attempt at mirth. "Had it been earlier, and my young friend less excited—"

"You have said enough; perhaps more than enough. So you have collected the coins. I'll walk with you a little. Adieu, gentlemen! Be cautious!"

No one attempted to follow us as we quitted the gaming house. The stranger accompanied us to the hotel. As we passed over the Pont Neuf, he exclaimed, "I do not know why I should take any interest in your future, except that as strangers you are entitled to warning and protection, but I ask you to promise that you will never again visit a gaming table."

Each, now thoroughly sobered, gave a promise.

"Adieu, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "you are now in safety."

"Mysterious man!" I exclaimed.

"Precisely so," said the stranger, with a laugh; and he disappeared round an angle of the Boulevard.

Disappeared—and for ever! Who can say? Wait and hope. Wait? Yes. Hope? No.

“Joy! Joy! Joy! she has consented; Eulalie has consented. She will be mine to day; she will brave a father’s anger, though she fears he may in his rage punish her disobedience, and send her a beggar to a husband’s arms. I tell her she need not fear; I am rich. So I tell her, though I am not without doubts that my respected ancestor, when he hears of one partnership, may dissolve the other; but I conceal my fears. We are to be wedded privately; even Vernon is not to know; the Count, who has made an ample apology for his affront, is to be the only witness of the ceremony. Immediately after the marriage I am to return to England to reveal all to my father; to ask his forgiveness as essential to my happiness, and an increased share of the partnership profits as necessary to our comforts. It is the hour; all is arranged. The Count has made all the necessary preparations; Eulalie looking more lovely than ever stands by my side. Another moment will make us one—when—”

On the sixteenth instant, at Manchester, Mary Jane, only daughter and heiress of the late Samuel Sumpkins, Esq., of Barnsley, to Peter Paul Poppleton, only son of Josiah John Poppleton, of Eccleton Mills, and of Grange House, Everton.

Let it not be imagined that I have made myself

amenable to the outraged laws of my country by taking one wife in France, oh Eulalie, and another in England, oh Mary Jane. Some explanation is needed, and here it is.

Another moment would have made us one—another moment left us two. Who dared to interrupt the happy pair? The unknown and mysterious stranger; the well-known and by no means mysterious paternal ancestor. I was speechless. Eulalie was silent. Tête de Veau was dumb. A word was whispered by the stranger to the priest, who closed his book and left us. Tête de Veau was about to follow, when the stranger said “Not that way, Count; some friends of mine request an interview. Gentlemen,” said he, opening another door, “the Count attends you.” Without a word or look the Count departed. “And now, sir,” said the stranger, addressing my father, “what are we to do with the lady?”

“She is mine—mine,” I exclaimed, “in life and death; touch her at your peril.”

“Hold your tongue, booby, or I’ll knock you down,” said my indignant ancestor. “Ma’m selle,” he continued, “you know this blockhead is my son.”

“Image of his beloved papa,” murmured Eulalie.

“And as such, dependant on me for every shilling he possesses. Now, Ma’m selle, my respect for you and for your worthy father is such, that the moment my son takes you for his wife, I discard him. Do you hear? I disinherit him.”

“Monster!” murmured Eulalie.

“Anything you please, Ma’m selle. Your father

has had a good twelve thousand pounds of my money, but I don't intend his daughter shall have one penny."

"Barbarian!" exclaimed Eulalie.

"Now, Ma'mselle, you've heard my determination; shall we call the parson and finish the ceremony?"

"No, no, no!" exclaimed Eulalie, almost frantically, "I will not sacrifice my Petare. Adieu!" she murmured. "I go to join my papa, who is detained at Lyons by important business."

"Very important," said the stranger. "You'll find the respected gentleman in Cell 45, on the double charge of forgery and conspiracy."

Then the eyes of Eulalie flashed fire. "Idiot!" she said, addressing me, "is it for you I have sacrificed a father? Go! return to your smoky Man—shees—tare; marry a pale English girl as vulgar as yourself! You are ugly—you are small—you are poor! I hate—I despise!" and Eulalie rushed from the room, and was lost to me for ever.

"Well, Peter," said my respected ancestor, "this is a bad business, but it might have been worse. I can go home without the twelve thousand pounds, but I could'nt go home with such a daughter. Take my advice; come back to Manchester."

"And marry a pale English girl," said the stranger, "rather than a Parisian coquette."

"Mysterious man!" said I, "ere I quit Paris, and in all probability return to it no more, answer me one question."

"As many as you please," said the stranger.

"Tell me, then, how you have acquired the won-

drous influence you have exerted, and why you have employed it to my advantage.”

“Five minutes will suffice. A communication from England reached my hands respecting certain transactions connected with the agent of your firm. As I entered the inn where I first met you, a glance at your trunk revealed the name of Poppleton; that told me your history.

“But the post-horses which the landlord would not part with to the king—”

“He supplied to me. The landlord, an excellent man, once in his life made a slight mistake. A word in his ear reminded him of his trifling error, and of my connection with the transaction.”

“But the outrage in the streets! How could your presence, unarmed, unattended, put to flight three men, each of whom was more than your match in strength, and more than your equal in position?”

“Those three well-dressed gentlemen had recently returned from a somewhat lengthened retirement at Toulon, and with a happy forgetfulness of the past, were qualifying themselves for another visit to the galleys, when my presence disturbed them.”

“But the gaming table. Why did the Count—?”

“My friend, it seems you are not intimately acquainted with our French aristocracy. The Count, whose only title to nobility is of his own conferring, is the cousin of the adorable Eulalie; the partner in fraud of the man who has cheated your father. He is a gambler who plays with loaded dice, and the confederate of the men at whose house you met him.”

“But why was I allowed to win in the first instance?”

“Simply,” said the stranger, “because others lost, and ’tis the policy of the proprietors to encourage young beginners.”

“Peter,” said my father, “not one penny of that money shall you take back to Manchester. Give it away in charity—throw it in the Seine—but not one farthing of it shall contaminate my honest English earnings.”

I turned to quit the house with my father, who thanked the stranger very earnestly for his assistance, and then pressed into his hands a pocket-book, and whispered a few words to him, of which I only heard, “Foolish boy—kind hearted—my only child—no occasion to make public—you will arrange.”

“Rely on me,” said the stranger.

“One last question I must ask. Your presence has dispelled a fond illusion, though I doubt whether I can ever forget—”

“Wait and hope,” said the stranger.

“Ah,” said I, “you are a philosopher or a poet.”

“No, Monsieur, I am only a thief taker.”

“You then are—?”

“VIDOCQ.”

“I remember Monsieur Vidocq,” said the Doctor, “and a very obliging and intelligent functionary I found him.”

“Were you in his custody?” said Fume.

“My dear boy, yes, on the absurd and improbable

charge of having stolen an idea from yourself; but the case was dismissed without investigation, on the ground that a man couldn't be robbed of what he never possessed."

"You then are," said Bertie.

"What am I?" said Bertha.

"A coquette."

"I?"

"You. For six months I've given up everything for you."

"Everything—but the races."

"Even that sacrifice I'm prepared to make."

"When?"

"The day you allow me to proclaim myself the winner of the blue ribband."

"And is that your favorite colour?"

"True blue; speak! shall I burn my betting book?"

"I don't know. I shan't answer you now. I must consult my aunt. Be quiet; Mr. Waller is going to read. You admire blue to-night; well, perhaps I wear it because I heard you say so. Another time you may fix your admiration on—"

ORANGE AND GREEN.

In Cadiz reposing,
 Whilst daylight was closing,
 I watched the last tints of the sun's golden sheen ;
 And I thought of the plain,
 Far away o'er the main,
 When I wandered with Eily in Ballyporeen.
 But whilst I reflected,
 I sighed, quite dejected,
 To think of the fearful commotions I'd seen
 In the land of my birth,
 And the gem of the earth, [Green.
 'Twixt the factions that fought for the Orange and
 But whilst thus lamenting,
 And reasons inventing,
 To show that both parties in error had been ;
 Through the gold laden trees,
 Came the soft summer breeze,
 Like a sigh from my darling in Ballyporeen.
 The young buds just peeping,
 Flow'rs gracefully creeping,
 With full ripened fruit in profusion were seen ;
 The leaves cluster'd round them,
 The foliage bound them,
 And lovingly blended were Orange and Green.
 From this simple story,
 Let Whig, Rad, and Tory,
 A lesson that's worth their remembering glean :
 Like brother by brother,
 When Erin their mother,

Shall call for their aid, may her children be seen.
 For me 'tis a lesson,
 And soon with new dress on,
 Sweet Eily shall blush, as I look quite serene ;
 When the priest says for life,
 Will you cling to your wife ?
 " Will I? won't I?" says I, like the Orange and Green.
 Together whilst striving,
 By industry thriving,
 A pattern we'll set to all Ballyporeen ;
 And healthy and able,
 Shall crowd round our table,
 Our dear boys and girls—may be ten or fifteen.
 Perhaps I'll be knighted,
 To Court be invited,
 With Eily—my lady—to wait on the Queen ;
 Who may say, " God bless her !
 An elegant dresser,
 Is the lady from Ireland, in Orange and Green."

 Some fair Saxon beauty,
 All dimples and duty,
 With heart full of hope, at sweet smiling eighteen ;
 May think there's no sinning,
 My first born in winning,
 What a welcome we'll give her in Ballyporeen !
 Who'd talk of repealing
 The union, when feeling,
 Inspired by respect, make's life future serene ?
 Sweet rosebud, come hither,
 And fear not you'll wither,
 Transplanted you'll thrive with the Orange and Green.

One last word, then finis,
 A loyal heart mine is ;
 No treason can flourish in Ballyporeen ;—
 There may be some few men,
 We cannot call true men,
 But thousands will rise at the call of our Queen.
 We'll show that we merit
 His fame to inherit,
 Who drove from our county all reptiles unclean ;
 Ye toads of vile praters,
 Ye serpents of traitors,
 We'll banish you all, whether Orange or Green.

“By Jove, Doctor, that's good,” said Yappington Flake.

“Oh, be quiet now,” said the Doctor. “What a Cabinet Minister you'd make ! you'd betray all the state secrets.”

“It wanted no avowal, Doctor,” said Mordaunt.

“Well, I'm always candid when secrecy won't serve me. The Captain owned he was in a dilemma. His commanding officer had ordered him to advance, and as he couldn't get his forces into line—the poetic line—I thought it was only charitable on my part to find suitable clothing for a child of my own christening.”

“No one else could have done it,” said Mr. Fume.

“I accept your observation, whether it's a compliment or a criticism.”

nis. "Take it as the former, and give me an invitation to the groves of Blarney."

men;— "I never refuse my hospitality; but you see there's an insuperable difficulty. When Saint Patrick banished your ancestors, he rendered it impossible for them ever to revisit the country."

our Queen "My ancestors!" said Mr. Fume, "I haven't a drop of Irish blood in my veins."

unclean; "I'll go bail you haven't," said the Doctor.

"Then I can't understand—"

reen. "Oh, be quiet now! Mr. Waller's about to resume;" and the Doctor hummed, sotto voce—

"He gave the frogs and toads a twist,
And banished all the sarpints."

ington "I shall request you, Doctor," said Sir Paul, "to look over a metrical composition of mine; it is unlike anything you have ever read."

hat a "I fully believe it, Sir Paul."

'the "Yes, Doctor; the subject is perfectly original, and treated in an original manner; I trace our house from its foundation."

it "Marquis or miller?" said Mr. Lucas, aside, to the Doctor. Mr. Lucas was a great authority in genealogies.

"The subject is most interesting," said Sir Paul, "and the treatment I believe to be masterly."

"Sir Paul, I think Mr. Waller—"

"But although I have submitted the poem to several eminent publishers, the record of our house still remains—"

AN UNWRITTEN PAGE OF HISTORY.

“A fearful crime, my son! Repent—repent!”

“Father, no. I do not and I cannot repent of this—crime do you call it? No, it was but justice—justice stern and inexorable, though long delayed. Think of my twenty years of wasted life; of life prolonged in misery and despair—prolonged by Heaven to do this goodly deed. I triumph even now, on this my bed of lingering pain and death, to think this feeble arm struck down the mighty instrument of tyranny.”

“My son, with thoughts like this how dar’st thou hope?—”

“Father, of all else I have confessed to thee, I do repent me as a dying sinner should,—but this—no—no. Even now methinks I see again the eager thousands that filled that stirring scene—before me kneels the haughtiest of a line of kings; at yonder window I discern the rugged features of England’s future ruler; the prayer for pardon is addressed to Heaven—there is a hush—a stillness like to death—then falls the axe—”

“My son, ere yet too late—”

“Hush, father, hush, why do I talk of this? Land of the stormy north you fade away, and I am once more in the sunny south—once more with thee, Carlita. Oh my sister! ’tis Guido still, though worn,

and old, and bowed with suffering. Carlita! Oh my sister!"

"Such worldly thoughts, my son—"

"My sister calls. Carlita, I will join thee; do not hold me down. Father, your arm. Carlita,—my Carlita!" The dying man strove to rise from his bed of death, but the red stream poured from his whitened, wasted lips, and the erring spirit passed to its account.

I, father Dominic de Selva, found in the cell of him whose parting hour I have now described, certain writings which will explain his dying words. The world perchance will never know of his sad story, but should these pages see the light at some later day, let those who condemn his crime think also of his sufferings. Whether they be true catholic or heretic, let them pray to be preserved from like sorrow and temptation.

George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, having induced the Prince Charles Stuart to undertake a romantic journey to Madrid, for the purpose of seeking from King Philip the hand of his daughter for the heir to the crown of England, frequently indulged his love of adventure, by roaming disguised in the suburbs of the capital, and one evening whilst attired in the simple costume of a Biscayan peasant, he wandered through the meanest part of the city in search of any excitement that might offer. 'Tis

said the fiend always finds an opportunity for mischief, and the Duke, slowly passing down a narrow lane, stopped before a small and humble cottage, at the door of which were seated three persons—a blind old woman, a youth approaching manhood, and a beautiful girl, whose strong resemblance to him indicated a relationship, and a near one.

“Guido, Guido,” said the old woman, “thy hasty temper will bring nought but evil on thee; though thou didst never look upon thy sire, thou hast his haughty tone, his restless purpose, and could I see my grandchild’s face, I doubt not I should mark the flashing eye and quivering lip of my poor son.”

“Mother,” said the boy, “I am no stock or stone, and I will speak although it were in the presence of King Philip. He looked on Carlita in a way I like not, and had it not been for my silly sister’s whims, I would have dragged him from his horse, Count though he be, in spite of his flaunting lackeys.”

“You are so hasty, Guido,” said his sister.

“Death!” said the boy, “he is but clay like myself; stript of his borrowed plumes, he is no better than the meanest peasant.”

“But he meant no offence.”

“Leave me to judge. I will endure such gaze from no man’s eye, whilst I have a knife in my belt, and strength in my right arm to strike a blow.”

“So like his father,—evil must come of it,” murmured the old woman.

“Evil must come of it; well let it come. I am no coward, mother. So like my father, say you. He

was a soldier—a brave one I'll be sworn—and died as a soldier should—a death of honor.”

“A death of shame; a death upon the scaffold.”

“Grandam, 'tis false!” exclaimed the boy in a savage tone; his face flushed with anger. “A death of shame?—my father—your own son!—Oh, can you speak such words of your only child?”

“Alas, alas,” said the old woman, “do you not think that these are bitter tears that fall from these sightless eyes. Oh Guido, Guido! he was my child, my only child, and he died a fearful death in a distant land.”

“Tell me of it, mother; let me know the truth. Carlita and myself have no friend but you. Tell us how died our father.”

“You shall know, Guido—it is fit you should. For eighteen years I have pondered on the past; for eighteen years I have listened to your voice, though Heaven has denied me the joy of looking on your face; yet every tone reminds me of my son. Where is Carlita?”

The young girl, in a voice of gentle music, said, “Here, dear mother,” and pressed her lips to the blind woman's withered cheek.

“Listen, twin children of my only child, and may Heaven in its mercy avert from you, the evil destiny of your father.”

“My son was a soldier and a gallant one, but there was ever care on his brow, and sadness in his voice. He loved to muse by himself—to live apart; not that he was an unkindly man, though stern; all owned

that Guido Davila had an open purse and ready hand, but strange fits often came upon him. He ever spoke of himself as a man foredoomed, and yet he seemed to bear a charmed life, for though he exposed himself in every contest, he still escaped unscathed. I had not seen my son for many years, when one evening he appeared before me. ‘Mother,’ said he, ‘will you give a wanderer welcome?’ ‘Bless you, my son,’ I exclaimed. ‘Bless these,’ said he, ‘and be a mother to them,’ and he placed two infants in my arms. ‘They have no mother; soon they may want a father. Be kind to them for my sake,’ he exclaimed, and he was about to turn and leave me. ‘Stay, my son, stay,’ I implored him. ‘There is a darker cloud upon your brow, and your cheek is thinner, paler, and more care-worn; you have endured some heavy misery.’ Oh, Carlita—Guido—could you have heard his bitter laugh, you would have shuddered as I did. ‘Did I not tell you, mother, I was doomed? There is the brand of Cain upon my brow. Naught that I love can live. The mother of these babes was fair and true. A twelvemonth since I led her to the altar, and now the grave is her resting place, and you must be a parent to these orphans. Bless you, my mother, if my blessing be not a curse.’ He left the cottage, and I never saw him again.”

“But you heard his fate,” said Guido. “Let us know it.”

The aged woman pressed the hands of her grandchildren and continued:—

“From time to time I received letters from him;

he was in Flanders. In one of his dark hours he quarrelled and fought with his superior officer; the duel was a fatal one, and the friends of his opponent were rich and powerful. My son was deprived of his rank and thrown into prison, and when released, he endured bitter privation. Still he wrote to me, and always kindly, but there were strange hints in his letters that alarmed me much. He had changed his name, and spoke of a fearful deed to be accomplished, for which he felt that he had been appointed. The next letter, and the last, informed me that he was in England. These were his words. I have never forgotten them. 'My mother, God will no longer permit the triumph of injustice—the cause of our holy religion shall succeed. A fearful blow will be struck—a deed of death be done, and when the desolating angel hath passed on his way, a brighter sun shall dawn upon this land of heresy. My hand alone can free this captive country—my hand alone shall fire the train!' That letter bore the date of the fifth day of November. On that day a terrible plot was brought to light; your father was seized by the servants of the English king, was tortured to confess who had employed him, was condemned, and suffered a death of shame. Oh Guido!—oh my daughter! in a distant land your father met his doom, and tens of thousands still curse his memory—the memory of the fearful Guido Faux."

"Guido Faux," shouted the boy,—“the gallant Guido Faux. By Saint Dominic I may be proud of my parentage. The bold and reckless spirit that

soared so high—the ready hand and determined heart that prompted him to such a deed of daring, shall own no craven for a son. Let them praise or curse him as they will, his was no common mind to plan the deed, no common hand that dared to execute it.”

Buckingham passed upon his way unobserved. “A rare romance!” said he. “There is a devil in young Guido’s face that will establish him legitimate. But then the girl;—those large, dark, eloquent eyes;—that mouth, where love seems to erect his throne; those blushing cheeks—faith, my little regicide, you have caused as much commotion in my heart as your grim sire was like to have made amongst the sleepy commons. Thanks to my dad and gossip, for the only wise thing he ever did in his life; the plot of Father Garnet was detected, or plain George Villiers had never been a duke.”

The next evening saw Buckingham, still disguised, watching the inmates of the cottage, who occupied the same position in the garden, though they now spoke of other matters.

“Carlita is almost eighteen,” said the grandam. “Eighteen is a fitting age to choose a husband; nay, for myself, I had been some two years married before I reached it.”

Carlita blushed.

“She hath not made her choice,” said the youth called Guido. “Whom should she choose? Amongst our neighbours, there is not a clown who is worthy to call her wife.”

“There are rich traders,” said the blind woman.

“Who have no thoughts beyond their money lays.”

“And brave signors.”

“Who think it an honor to scatter the mud from their horses' hoofs upon us. What can they offer my sister but dishonor?”

Again Carlita blushed.

“No, she must journey singly through the world, with no better protector than her mad brother Guido.”

Carlita looked with loving trust in her brother's face.

“Unless she consents to mate with the stern islander who saved her from being trampled beneath the carriages, when her curiosity led her to risk being crushed to death, that she might see the English Prince who seeks to rob our good King of his daughter.”

“The signor Felton?” said Carlita, with a merry laugh. “He is so cold—so stern.”

“He's plain and honest,” said her brother. “Not that I have any love for these northern churls, after our mother's story of last night. But he did you good service.”

“And made me lose the sight I wished to see. Besides, he's so much older,” said the girl.

“Some eight or ten years only,” replied her brother.

“Older in thought—graver in temper. I think it must be the fault of his cold climate. I could not love him, Guido. No, my brother, I could not wed the Signor Felton.”

Again Buckingham went upon his way. “Felton,

humph! He is in truth no spouse for thee, my sweet Carlita;" and the Duke gave directions to enquire who was the Signor Felton.

He was informed that Master John Felton was a lieutenant in the English service, who having leave of absence, had journeyed to the Low Countries, and thence to Madrid, to renew acquaintance with some early comrades. The Duke ordered him to his presence, and having questioned him, he entrusted him with despatches to the English Court, which he ordered him to present without delay, and intimated his speed might ensure promotion.

Flattered by the notice of the all-powerful favorite, John Felton paid a last visit to the cottage, hoping to gain some promise from Carlita that might induce him to make a quick return to Spain. He found the welcome of a friend, and the assurance from Carlita that she should ever remember her preserver. He asked for love, not friendship, and Carlita turned away without reply. Then Felton taxed her with preference for another. Carlita denied it, but jealousy triumphed over reason, and Felton vowed he would discover the rival who had supplanted him. Again Carlita assured him of his error, but the Signor Felton would not be convinced; he accused her of ingratitude. Again and again he pressed her for a favorable reply, and left her in anger, muttering threats against his unknown but hated rival.

The following night George Villiers sought the cottage. Felton was on his way, and Buckingham had prepared his plan of operation. Carlita and the

old dame were alone in the garden. This pleased him well. He introduced himself as one Rupert Dalton, a friend of Master John Felton; the latter had commissioned him to be the bearer of a parting token. It was not likely he would return to Spain, and he wished his kind friends to have some remembrance of him. Once introduced, and kindly welcomed by Carlita, Buckingham lost no opportunity of ingratiating himself with the innocent girl. Night after night beheld him at the cottage; day after day he pressed his suit. Guido was often absent; the aged grandam's loss of sight prevented any keen observance, and ere a fortnight had elapsed, Carlita's faltering words and blushing cheek revealed the truth—she loved the English stranger.

One evening—one eventful evening—Villiers was seated at Carlita's feet—pouring his passionate love into no unwilling ear—describing to her the home to which he would lead her, and painting in the brightest colors the happiness that should henceforth constitute her life. Her heaving breast and sparkling eye proclaimed the magic influence of his tongue; their hands were clasped together, her head was bent upon his breast, when Guido rushed into the garden, tore his sister from the grasp of Buckingham, and stood glaring upon him, panting with rage, the white foam gathering upon his bloodless lips.

“Traitor! liar!” said the furious youth. “Thou falsest knave amongst those who are ever false!”

“Dear Guido!” said his sister.

“Peace, Carlita!—in, to the cottage. Let me deal with him!”

Carlita looked on Villiers, whose brow was dark with passion, and whose hand was on the hilt of his weapon.

“Dear Rupert!” she exclaimed; appealing to the Duke.

The furious Guido thrust her into the cottage. “Hence! hence!” said he, “ere it be too late. If you are not corrupted by his arts—if you be not already polluted in mind and body—in!” and he closed the door upon her.

Carlita heard her brother’s angry voice; she heard, too, the haughty defiance of her lover, and then the clash of steel. She heard a heavy fall—a cry of pain—and when, unable to restrain herself, she rushed into the garden, Villiers was gone, and her brother lay bleeding at her feet.

She shrieked for aid, and the neighbours came to her assistance; they raised the senseless form, and bore the bleeding Guido into the cottage. His wound was examined, and proved severe, but not dangerous. Carlita watched and prayed during the night beside her brother’s bed. When consciousness returned, he informed his unhappy sister of the deception practised by the designing Villiers. The wretched Carlita sank under the blow.

For many days she was bereft of reason. When she recovered she found her aged relative weeping beside her; her brother gone, alas! they knew not whither. He had been seized by the officers of the Inquisition, that fearful tribunal that renders no account of its many victims. Carlita learned also that

Prince Charles and his favorite had left Madrid, and that all enquiry respecting her brother had been fruitless. Despite the counsels of the leech, who vowed it would cause her death, Carlita rose from her couch, hastened to the palace, and throwing herself at the feet of the sovereign, implored with streaming eyes her brother's pardon. The good King promised her his protection, but all was vain; she never more heard of the hapless Guido, nor knew she whether he fell by the assassin's knife, or lingered in the vaults of the Inquisition.

Carlita recovered not from the fearful shock; day by day she grew paler and paler; day by day the dark cloud grew darker. One night—it was the night before she died—she heard a heavy sob at her bedside; she turned, and saw John Felton.

“I have returned,” said he, “returned to see you die. If it may bring aught of comfort to you, know that I have learnt the truth, and be sure the villain who hath wrought this wrong shall dearly rue it. Even in the brightest hour of his triumph shall he meet the retribution.”

Carlita welcomed him with kind words and gentle looks, but entreated him to abandon his purpose. “I have forgiven him, and so must you. May Heaven also forgive him!”

Her latest hour was unsaddened by remembrance; she deemed she was once more in Rupert's presence; her brother, too, was there. “We shall be very happy now—Rupert and you are friends. This is Rupert's home; do not grieve, Guido, for our brighter

land. Your home must ever be with me and Rupert. May our mother guard you both." And so she died.

Fearful was the oath John Felton swore in the presence of the dead, and fearfully did he keep that oath. George Villiers, in his hour of topmost pride, was struck down by one who gloried in his deed, and John Felton, with calm heart and unblenching cheek, met death upon the scaffold.

Years followed years, and the actors in this sad story became but shadows of a dimly-remembered past. On the night of the twenty-ninth day of January, 1649, Oliver Cromwell sat alone in his cabinet. What dreams of empire mingled with the thoughts of the morrow, who shall say? His reverie was disturbed by a messenger, who handed him a letter, and at the same time informed him a stranger craved earnestly to see him.

"Admit him," said the man of the people, opening the letter.

"It were well I remained within call, General; the man hath a look—"

"Peace, fool! I do not fear an assassin. The Lord will protect him whom He hath chosen. This falls out ill," said the General, when he had finished his letter. "Admit the stranger, and send a messenger to Colonel Ireton."

The soldier introduced the stranger, and closely did Cromwell scan the features of the unknown; then, ere he motioned him to a seat, he drew the handle of his sword within his grasp, and demanded his business.

“A great deed,” said the stranger, “is to be done to-morrow, but the humble hand that should complete the task is unfit for the office. One only is appointed for the deed, and he is here.”

“Thine is no English face or English tongue,” said Cromwell. “Who art thou, and what is thy motive?”

“Call me Cain, if you will, with the brand upon my brow. What matters it to thee, so I do thy bidding?”

“Knave!” said the General, “we celebrate a sacrifice, we do not commit a murder. We need the knife of the priest, not the steel of the assassin. Speak who and what thou art, or go thy ways. I shall find a hand, even though it be mine own, to bind the victim to the horns of the altar.”

“My father,” said the stranger, “strove to free England from a darker tyranny than this under which she groans; he strove and failed, and died. I owe to Charles Stuart twenty years of such bitter misery, as tongue cannot speak, nor could you believe, should I relate it. To please his unworthy favorite, who broke the heart of her whom he would have dishonored, Charles Stuart spoke the word that doomed me for twenty years to a living death. For twenty years I have groaned in such despair, that I deemed myself forgotten by man—abandoned by Heaven. My father, misled by the proffered clemency of a king, was betrayed by his belief in a royal word. Let the son avenge the sire. Let the son of James Stuart die by the hand of the son of Guido Faux.”

“The son of Guido Faux!” said the general.

“Yes, it is I who have lived through twenty years of hopeless misery to do this deed—who have braved the desert and the storm to be here this night—who have no hope of the future, no sense of the present but for this. Think not that I shall quail. See!” and he bared his arm, and held it within the flame, until the flesh burned to the bone, without one sigh to betray his sense of suffering.

“Thou hast indeed as firm a resolve as the bravest of my Ironsides, and I may well believe that coming as thou dost at so apt a time, thou art appointed to this goodly work. As for thy reward—”

“Give me only safe conduct to the shores of Spain, and there within the seclusion of the cloister, if I find not peace, I may prepare for death. This only do I ask;—reveal not now, or hereafter, what I have told thee.”

The general gave his promise, and having communicated to Ireton on his arrival, the offer of the stranger, it was resolved that he should remain during the night, as he desired, alone and unobserved.

Nor food nor drink passed Guido’s lips during that long and lonely vigil. The morrow came. Who knows not of that morrow? Martyr or criminal, Charles Stuart died by the hand of Guido Davila, and the son quailed not as he struck the avenging blow, for he deemed his sire looked on and approved the deed.

“Lucas,” said the Doctor, “be grateful that George

Villiers has no representative amongst our hereditary legislators, or we might have you on your knees at the bar of the house. What a slashing leader you should have my boy; and what a speech Lord Plantagenet might make—if they would but hear him.

“I assure you, Doctor—”

“Don’t tell me. Are you ever so happy as when you’re up to your eyes in ancestral dust? If you didn’t actually compose the libel, I’ll lay my reputation—don’t object to the smallness of the stake—that you suggested the inuendo. Mordaunt, I know he’s your professional adviser. Confess; couldn’t he make a meal on a family tree?”

“If he did, he’d wash it down with the true Falernian. No man has a better taste in claret than our friend Lucas.”

“Happy man be his dole. I’ve known some of his kidney in Connaught, who’ve been obliged to eat the writs they came to serve, with nothing better to moisten the meal than a sip from their own ink bottle.”

“If some of your opponents are to be believed, Doctor, you’ve sometimes put your ink bottle to less harmless purposes.”

“Aye, there I own you had me plump—as Liston used to sing in the burlesque. Well, I suppose the readings are concluded for the evening, Mr. Waller. No; one more last word, and you conclude appropriately with—

AN EPITAPH.

“ When I take my last ride in the funeral hearse,
 On my grave drop no tear;—on my tomb carve no verse;
 I ask not such tributes to weakness and pride;
 Be my epitaph only—‘ He lived—loved—and died.’ ”

So spoke the true-hearted, serene on the bed
 Of feverish pain, as when squadrons he led;
 And the hand that once showed giant strength in its grasp,
 Scarcely yielded a pulse to affection’s warm clasp.

Death’s damp on his brow, but life’s light in his eye,
 How calmly he watched the last beam in the sky;
 As the sun slowly sinking, declined in the west,
 So he passed from life’s cares to the haven of rest.

How he lived, ask the friends who from light-hearted youth
 To life’s closing hour, never doubted his truth;
 Who, when false tongues assailed, closer clung to his side,
 And trusting and trusted, believed and defied.

How he loved, ask of her who alone can reply;
 Whose name left his lips with his life’s latest sigh;
 Who shared all his hopes, more than shared all his fears,
 How he loved and was loved, let her answer with tears.

How he died who can say?—the heart’s secrets alone
 To the Giver of good in their fulness are known.
 But if lips can speak truth, let this truth be confest,
 He clung to the cross—prayed for her—was at rest.

“Lived—loved—and died, Bertha. Well, do you know, I think you’re right. I ought not to waste time, health, and money. Very well for Yappington Flake, who’s a millionaire; but when a fellow has only twelve hundred a-year, and gets hit over a Derby, he begins to think, what a fool I am! why don’t I settle down? No, I can’t settle; so I think I shall exchange into the line—go abroad for a few years. What’s that you say? Why do I think of going?—who wants me to stay?—you think you know some one. Well, but then only twelve hundred a-year, and that’s dipped a little. Any one ought to be happy on twelve hundred a-year, you think? No—one can’t—two might. You advise me to try. Then you mean—Well, but now look here, Bertha!—yes or no.”

“Neither yes nor no,” said Bertha; give me time to think. Like Victorine, in the play we saw last week, I’ll sleep on it.”

“Aye,” said Bertie, “she went to sleep, and went to grief.”

“And woke to joy,” said Bertha. “Now don’t be absurd. You’ll be here to-morrow evening. Lady Olivia says the readings finish to-morrow; you’ll be here?”

“Shall you?”

“Yes, and if I wear the blue ribands to-morrow—”

“It means—”

“That two may live very happily on twelve hundred a-year.”

Mordaunt had departed. Lady Olivia and her

guests were discussing the merits of the rival prima donnas, and Geoffrey not having heard either, declined giving an opinion. Had he been older, he might not have allowed himself to be deterred by so trifling an impediment. The Earl was deep in conversation with some political friends—men who were satisfied the country was ruined. The reflection seemed to cheer them—they discussed the matter so complacently; and the Earl, as he looked round his brilliant saloon, appeared a very contented Marius in a very satisfactory Carthage. Geoffrey, after being assured that these were times when &c.—departed homeward, and pondered on the advice of Mordaunt.

But his dreams that night were of a troubled character. Law in the shape of a gaunt and ravenous wolf, was chasing the timid lamb, poetry, who fled for refuge to the arms of cousin Alice, and then the wolf seemed to assume the likeness of his uncle, and the lamb became a very venerable sheep, and seemed to bleat out,—“These are times, Mr. Waller”—and grievously did the sturdy farmer belabour the unoffending peer. And then dimly shadowed on the scene, appeared those friends whose aid he had invoked, but Time looked feebler than of yore, and Energy had lost his ruddy glow, and Faith was pale, but still her look was kind; yet pity more than hope was in the look. And now—they fade—and fade. Time wastes away; Energy disappears; yet Faith still lingers, but the face is changed, and Alice, ever trusting cousin Alice, smiles on the sleeper.

CHAPTER XIV.

Dear Geff,

Don't you trouble yourself about election matters. If the Earl wants me, let him come to me, though I think he'd better keep away, and so I shall tell him. We don't want him, and we don't want his man, and what's more we won't have either. Sir Hartington Mowbray is the man for us; hunts the county, lives like a prince, and comforts all the old people at Christmas. Why, would you believe it Geff? when our county infirmary wanted enlarging, he gave us a hundred guineas, with a kind letter that was worth all the money. And my lord—a pretty fellow for a lord—only sent us ten—a cheque for ten pounds in a blank envelope. The old true blue to vote for his man—if they do I'm—Now that blot is Alice. She's looking over my shoulder, and has just whipt the pen out of my hand. I was only going to say—no, to write—that's more proper, eh?—if they do, I'm an old true blue no longer.

Your affectionate uncle,

DAVID BROOKDALE.

P.S. Money indeed! I shan't send you any.

Yes he will. ALICE.

And enclosed was an order on his banker's agents for a hundred pounds.

His uncle then went on to speak of personal mat-

ters to which Geoffrey paid little attention, and his breakfast remained untasted, as he thought of the effect which his uncle's letter would have upon the Earl's temper and his own future prospects. And he pondered—and doubted—and hoped—and finally, like Rasselas, came to a conclusion where nothing was concluded. "Perhaps my uncle has not yet written. Perhaps he won't write. I shall see Lord Plantagenet in the evening, and in the meantime—" Here he resigned himself to fate—and his breakfast.

Having taken rather a practical than a poetical view of that very useful institution, to which his uncle's remittance imparted additional relish, Geoffrey proceeded to test the commercial stability of his uncle's bankers, and being fully satisfied thereon, he resolved to turn his recruited resources to good account, by purchasing some token of affectionate remembrance for Alice, and some little trinket as an acknowledgment to Mrs. Birt, and it was whilst contemplating the wealth displayed in a jeweller's window, and doubting whether a locket for Alice and a brooch for Mrs. Birt would be the most appropriate presents, that a chorus of voices exclaiming "Mr. Waller, Mr. Waller," caused him to look round, and he beheld alighting from a hackney carriage Mrs. Keegles, Miss Lavinia Keegles, Miss Isabella Blobster—and—no—yes—impossible—it must be—it is—my long-lost Charkle.

Now why have I adopted that style of recognition, peculiar to transpontine theatres, where only the right individual always appears at the right moment,

and why should Geoffrey be so astonished at the appearance of Mr. Charkle? What more natural, than that Mr. Charkle, being a man of refined taste, should be acting as a squire of dames? Natural indeed! laudable; but it was the appearance and not presence of Charkle that so surprised Geoffrey Waller. For whereas the Charkle whom he had known was wont to encase himself in sober black and kerchief of snowy white, and might have been taken or mistaken for a rural dean—this Charkle wore the blue and buff that the Whigs of Fox and Sheridan so much delighted in. And the legs, the well-turned legs, that had for years been hidden in pantaloons, now shone resplendent in white cord smalls and the neatest of top boots. A white hat, of ample brim, placed jauntily on his head, and well-tied kerchief of the bird's-eye blue, completed his attire.

“Oh! what Mr. Waller; what do you think?” said the two young ladies making a race together.

“Mrs. Keegles,” said Isabella dear, “is—”

“Going to be married,” said sweet Lavinia, winning the race by a rush.

“Married!” said Geoffrey; “to whom?”

“To me,” said Charkle. “You remember Buncombe the other night—‘we are the people.’ Well, sir, I am the man! Sir, in me you behold the future landlord; and I ask you frankly, ‘don’t I look like the Goat in Boots?’”

“I congratulate you,” said Geoffrey, “most cordially. This accounts for your change of costume; I thought you were going to a masquerade.”

“Well,” said Charkle, “I never looked on marriage in that light; but perhaps you’re right. No doubt, many of the performers at both ceremonies appear in assumed characters, but Mrs. Keegles and I are very old acquaintances.”

“Old, Mr. Charkle!” said Mrs. Keegles.

“Old as acquaintances; young, ever young, in love. I may mention to you in confidence, Mr. Waller, that Mr. Keegles was a mistake. I was in early life the accepted suitor of this lady; but a very natural civility on my part, in escorting home a young milliner who had the misfortune to be very pretty, led to a misunderstanding, and the misunderstanding led to a rupture, and the rupture led to Keegles.”

“And your present business,” said Geoffrey, as they entered the goldsmith’s shop.

“To choose the ring,” said Charkle, “the little magic ring. ‘With this ring I thee wed—with my goods—’ I don’t exactly remember what follows, but it’s not likely that my acquaintance with that part will be called in question.”

Then ensued the usual difficulty in pleasing the ladies; and Mrs. Keegles and Miss Lavinia having made their selection, the goldsmith looked enquiringly at Geoffrey and Isabella dear. And Isabella dear, who was really very pretty, blushed and looked so charmingly confused, that had Geoffrey been possessed of a heart to give, I don’t know what rash act he might have been tempted to commit—I don’t indeed.

But he extricated himself gallantly; and having

selected a little keepsake for his former hostess and the fair Lavinia, he claimed the privilege of acquaintanceship to place a little guard on Miss Blobster's pretty finger, with a little speech relative to the happy time when some more intimate friend should make a more important selection, which had such an effect on the too susceptible heart of Isabella dear, that as she returned to the Goat in Boots in company with Lavinia, she informed that young lady in confidence, that she felt he was her fate.

"Oh! Isabella dear," said Lavinia, "what would Mr. Cupples say?"

"Name him not," said Isabella dear; "at least, not now." And she leant back in the carriage and concealed her emotions in her kerchief. Woe—woe—for Cupples.

CHAPTER XV.

Previously to commencing the final readings of the contributions to the *Lottery of the Muses*, Mr. Waller was requested by Lady Olivia to read an explanatory and apologetic letter from the author—name unknown—of “The Giaour.” It ran thus:—

“Dear Lady Olivia,—For a whole week I have neither tasted food nor slept, save in a slight degree. I have limited myself to five meals a day, and ten hours repose. I have read Lamartine and Byron—the latter most attentively—in order that I might avoid an unconscious imitation. I can repeat his ‘Giaour,’ but I failed to produce my own. I tried Turkish baths—the heat was intense—but speaking poetically, I failed to get up the steam. I had hoped to immortalize myself, Mr. Vollum and your Ladyship, but it is not to be. Kismet—it is written—as the Orientals have it. Ha! a ray of light—an inspiration! A new mode of dealing with a popular subject dawns upon me. Encouraged by the approval with which ‘Ancient Chivalry’ was received, I have ventured to make that, which is a puzzle to myself, a charade to others; and I am proud to say my ‘Giaour’ is entirely unlike anything that has previously appeared in Eastern costume. Hoping my friend, Mr. Waller, will recount my adventures with the stately gravity peculiar to the East, and worthy of the stirring incidents I have recorded, I remain, dear Lady Olivia, the humblest of your slaves.”

THE GLAOUR.

(From an anti-BYRONIC point of view.)

I had a dream, that was not all
 A dream. But hold! if I remember
 Aright, these opening words recall
 The bard who in a cold December—
 It might be May—essay'd the stream
 With more success than poor Leander;
 Ah! Hero, little did'st thou dream—
 But stay—Boz warns me—don't meander.

And yet through life, my path hath been
 Like to some ever-winding river;
 Now gliding on through meadows green,
 Now rushing where the aspens quiver;
 A restless spirit bids me roam,
 And though my *first*—I choose the spelling
 Of former days—may prate of home,
 I scorn the calm and peaceful dwelling.

Somewhat do I resemble gin
 And water, for which waiters shout;
 For though volcano-like within,
 'Tis certain I am "cold without."
 I loathe the herd. I love to stray,
 Like Rajah Brooke, who rules Labuan;
 First cab there, ho! away, away!
 To rove like Lara, or Don Juan.

The varied scenes that I have view'd,
 The sparkling eyes that I have sigh'd for,
 The tender blondes to whom I sued,
 The arch brunettes I would have died for ;
 Of these I now essay to sing
 In Byron's strains. I have been reckon'd
 Like him in form ; on fancy's wing
 I soar ; his rival in my *second*.

Drive, cabman, drive, the shrieks I scorn
 Of screaming babes and startled nurses ;
 Drive, cabman, drive, I was not born
 To quail at yon conductor's curses.
 Drive, cabman, drive, as if thy steed
 Were bearing thee from duns and bailiffs ;
 Three bob—there's four—away I speed,
 To view the mansions of the Caliphs.

Speeds on the train—twelve-ten. “ Adieu !
 Adieu ! my native land.” 'Tis windy ;
 We get up steam. I sadly view
 The sinking cliffs. A precious shindy
 Old Neptune makes. Now fades my *whole*.
 Its snug hotels—its waiters handy ;
 Britannia rules—be calm, my soul ;
 Byron—all bosh ! Here, steward—Brandy !

From all that ever I could hear,
 Could learn, or ever did suppose—
 Mem ! Shakespeare—in this mundane sphere
 Each mortal hath his share of woes ;

And whether Cupid lead astray,
 Or we diverge by aid of Bacchus,
 Relentless fate will have her way,
 And make our faults the scourge to whack us.

Critics, avaunt! the true sublime
 Deems not such graphic words are treason;
 And I am speaking of a time
 When passion had o'ermastered reason.

“Zuleika, for thy love I thirst,
 Mine thou shalt be, despite of danger;
 Despite yon follower of my *first*,
 Who hates the Giaour, yet fears the stranger.”

“Guards, seize the infidel! and bear
 To instant death frail Georgia's daughter;
 Weep not for him—his life I spare—
 My purpose is revenge, not slaughter!
 His groans shall yield my spirit joy,
 As hour by hour I watch him suffer;
 New torture shall each thought employ :”
 Thus, I reply—“Deluded buffer!”

“My home is on the hill of Lud;
 I am a subject of the Guelph;
 Thinkest thou that I shall quail? The blood
 Of Popkins can protect itself.
 What though my person be but small,
 Of giant soul I have been reckoned;
 If at thy feet I cringe and crawl,
 Well may'st thou deem my prayers—my *second*.”

Chained in a dungeon's gloom I lie,
 And ask myself, "Oh, Popkins! why did
 You leave your peaceful home? Oh! why
 Were Aunt Jemima's hints derided;
 And Uncle Spinks, who said he know'd?"—
 He never cared for grammar. "Popkins!"
 "Ha! my Zuleika." "She be blow'd!
 It's me, your old chum, Charley Hopkins."
 "Tell me the worst"—"the best you mean.
 You see I'm in the Turkish navy;
 But, bless you! it an't all serene,
 I miss the English beef and gravy.
 I've got my pay and six weeks' leave,
 A vessel leaves the port to-night, boy,
 Bound for my *whole*." "Zu" "pshaw! don't grieve,
 When out at sea you'll be all right, boy."

Land of the Cid—thy glorious past,
 Like some bright dream my soul entrances;
 Ah! Popkins, had thy lot been cast,
 'Midst cloven helms and splintered lances!
 Though fate, my still remorseless foe,
 Doomed me to herd with haberdashers,
 My grandsire was an aged Yeo-
 Man, in the famous Suffolk slashers.

To rush into the deadly strife,
 To seize the spangled Moorish banner;
 Nor deem the wretched thing called life,
 Worth what the vulgar term a tanner.

Or in the joust to gain the prize,
 And hear the queen of love and beauty,
 Fair as my *first*, with downcast eyes,
 Proclaim her knight has done his duty.

Vain, vain my hopes! beats not for me
 The rolling drum, nor peals the trumpet;
 Condemn'd to quaff the mild Bohea,
 And taste the pale insipid crumpet.
 Instead of Andalusian steed,
 To mount the bus, or ride, which worse is,
 Sixteen inside—squeez'd, elbow'd, knee'd,
 By crinolines and Gampish nurses.

Yet there are tokens in my hair,
 Don't drop the "H;" and in my features,
 Pale but expressive, which declare
 I am not like my fellow-creatures.
 I feel that I should grace a throne,
 If to such lofty station beckoned;
 There I could shine—unmatch'd—alone—
 To all superior for my *second*.

Why rave I thus? To ease a heart
 That loved again—again was blighted;
 Know? No! I will not now impart,
 When—where—or why my vows were plighted.
 "Inis, no cloud shall ere eclipse
 Thy sun of joy. Thou lov'st me?" "Rather."
 Oh joy!—one kiss from Inis' lips,
 Oh shame!—three kicks from Inis' father.

Yes, haughty Guzman, thou could'st mar
 My hopes when at their elevation ;
 I stood amaz'd—she shriek'd, " Papa !"
 He used a word that ends in " nation."
 Spurn'd from his roof, opprest in soul,
 I wander near the home of Inis,
 Yet ne'er again shall pass my *whole*,
 For fate to all my hopes puts *finis*.

Borne on thy breast, thou lordly Rhine,
 Imbibing Hock and Seltzer water,
 Again I feel a joy divine,
 Whilst gazing on Von Hoffman's daughter.
 Zuleika. Ha ! 'twas but a dream,
 Like Richard's ghost, my conscience pricking ;
 Inis, no fiction dare I deem,
 The kiss was fact—stern fact the kicking.

Why does young Steinmetz frown ? why use
 Such words of scorn ? she deems them harsh, oh !
 I seek the Fraulein to amuse,
 He curls his lip and his moustachio.
 I hate my foe—for blood I thirst ;
 What's this, a challenge ? Oh, confound it !
 To meet him when we reach my *first*,
 In sporting phrase, I'm sold—I'll pound it.

Von Hoffman's daughter has green eyes ;
 Why have they lured me to my ruin ?
 Her nose is pug—and then its size—
 Oh, Popkins, what a plight are you in !

What's this Von Hoffman says : "Mein friend,
 Don't joke young Steinmetz ; do not slight him ;
 Nine times he fought—you don't attend—
 And each time killed his man ; don't fight him."

What cause had I to seek the Rhine ?
 Why jok'd I with that fat man's daughter ?
 Why must I drink Hochheimer wine,
 Instead of wholesome rum and water ?
 I answer in a pleasant way,
 "I hear a crack shot he is reckoned."
 "Crack shot, mein friend ; don't mock him, pray,
 Unless you're anxious for my *second*."

I do not fear Von Steinmetz. No !
 I am not drunk, though I've been drinking ;
 Don't walk so fast ; be firm, but slow.
 What's that you say ? Of course, no shrinking.
 Right through my lungs I feel the ball ;
 The Fraulein here—deceitful gipsy ;
 Von Hoffman too. A surgeon call ;
 What's that ? not wounded, only tipsy.

Sir, I'm all right, don't interfere ;
 Pistols for two. You won't ? that's cruel ;
 Well, if my whole commands, 'tis clear
 We must at least postpone our duel.
 Fraulein, adieu ! No more I'll roam ;
 Young Steinmetz, I shall ne'er meet you, man ;
 But take in quietude at home,
 My chop and pint of Meux or Truman.

Much approval from the gentlemen; severe criticism from the ladies. Yappington Flake thought it was very jolly going about in that way, you know—would like to know a Greek girl himself. Being gently reminded by the Doctor of his approaching happiness, and the probability that Lady Olivia might not be inclined to place Zuleika on her visiting list, the Captain referred to Bertie Barton who had been on a yachting cruise last year in the Mediterranean—had lots of adventures—climbing up walls—sliding down ladders. “I say Bertie, tell the Doctor that story of yours about—” Here Bertie, who did not seem in the humor for joking, requested his dear friend Yappington Flake, not to convert himself into an equine quadruped of the lowest order.

“Ah,” said the Doctor, “I remember passing some happy days in the Mediterranean. Not a ripple on the water—not a cloud in the sky. As my friend Barry Cornwall, says—‘the blue above, and the blue below.’”

“Blue—blue,” said Bertie Barton. “I knew it would be blue.”

Was he referring to the past memories of the Doctor, or his own future hopes?

Let Bertha MacIvor, who has just entered, answer that question.

“Ah, Mordaunt,” said the Doctor, “these readings are fatal to my peace of mind.”

“Have you been excluded from competition?”

“In a certain sense, yes. Look there my friend. What is wealth, what is power, what is fame, com-

pared to the fresh, warm feelings of the heart, and the hopes that made our pulses beat quickly?"—

"Before experience passed its reform bill, and put our follies and our passions into schedule A."

"Ah! Mordaunt, time deals more sternly with our vested interests than the House of Commons. They only disfranchise one borough, to create another; but old 'edax rerum' robs us of our youth and yields us no compensation. I'll be horribly revenged"—

"On Bertie Barton?"

"No, on the Ministry. When I feel disgusted with the world, I don't retire, like Diogenes, to my tub, but I put all my venom into my pen, and bark myself into a state of satisfaction with society."

"Without any consideration for the unhappy individuals, who are compelled to hold office, for the express purpose of receiving your castigation—I pity them."

"Envy them, my boy; abuse to a Minister is as necessary as a fire to an Insurance Office. When the Opposition ceases to attack, their own friends will cease to have faith in them. Hang politics"—

"And politicians?"

"Well, the world would be the gainer. But we were talking of the past."

"And Mr. Waller is about to illustrate it."

"The title, Mr. Waller, is—"

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

"Thanks, lady, for your willing aid,
 Thanks for each kindly word and smile;
 More than the wine-cup they have made
 This old heart lighter. Many a mile
 These weary feet, this care-worn heart,
 Must journey to my resting place.
 I go, yet I am loth to part,
 For gazing on your fair young face
 Old memories of the past return;
 I seem to think—psha!—I am old,
 The fires of life but dimly burn.
 What's this? Oh lady take your gold;
 I am no beggar. Every son
 Of France, who for his fatherland
 Has shed his blood, the right has won
 To claim as from a sister's hand
 A draught to cheer him on his way;
 He asks not, and he needs not—pay.
 Forgive me,—I am rough and rude;
 We soldiers can't forget the camp;
 The night draws on. Dare I intrude?
 A truss of straw, a little lamp
 To light my pipe—I seldom sleep,
 And in the long and weary night
 With this old friend my watch I keep,
 And find a comrade in the light;
 This cross, HE placed upon my breast
 Proves I'm no coward, but I seem

When all the world should be at rest
 To see old faces—do I dream?
 It may be.”

“Michel—husband, come,
 ’Tis an old soldier who has heard
 On many a battle field the drum;
 He’s wounded, weary. On my word
 One would not think two years had past,
 Since you and I—”

“It can’t be true;
 Louise the time has sped so fast,
 ’Tis scarce two months.”

“Be quiet, do.
 Think of our guest. A father’s will
 Gives him the right our aid to claim.”
 “Serjeant, let’s in—the night grows chill;
 See through the door the cheering flame
 Invites us, you shall be our guest,
 We’ve wine to warm a soldier’s heart,
 A bed on which a king might rest;
 But ere you sleep you shall impart
 Some story of the wars. Louise
 Was born a soldier’s child—for me,
 Though I have never serv’d, ’twill please
 Your comrade for a night to be,
 To join you in the march.”

“You shall.”

“To charge the foe”

“Mon enfant true,”

“Shout, vive le petit caporal”

“Mon Empereur, Adieu,—Adieu!”

Faith! we're well housed—'twill be a night
 Of storm. Louise—Vivandiere,
 Fill up my comrade's glass—that's right;
 Serjeant, perhaps you'd like to hear
 A song I wrote—Louise, don't laugh,
 A man must use the sword or pen.
 Comrade, your hand—a bumper quaff
 To Arcola and Lodi; then
 Spite of Louise, we'll have our song;
 You will not find it over long."

With tear dimm'd eyes and sinking hearts,
 Within the court-yard stand,
 The bravest of the sons of France,
 Survivors of the band,
 Who fought at Arcole, Austerlitz,
 Subdued a world of foes,
 And conquer'd all that men may quell,
 But sunk 'neath Russian snows.
 There fell the undefeated brave,
 Who Europe's swords defied,
 And stretched on Moscow's icy plain,
 The sons of honor died.
 Benumb'd with cold, opprest with ills
 They only could endure,
 The bold survivors struggled on,
 And cried "Vive l'Empereur!"

The sun hath set of him they serv'd,
 And forth he comes in grief;
 One eager shout arose to greet
 Their Monarch and their Chief.

"Belovēd Eagle! let me once
 Enfold thee to my heart,
 Oh better far than losing thee,
 Had been with life to part;
 I cannot bid ye all adieu,
 Your leaders I embrace."
 Then sobs burst forth, and tears cours'd down
 Each veteran's sunburnt face.
 Farewell to France, the Bourbons rule,
 No more each soldier shall,
 When war is o'er, in full cup pledge
 "Le petit Caporal."

What stranger comes with daring hand,
 To pluck the crown away,
 So lately plac'd on Bourbon head,
 And worn but for a day?
 'Tis he, "Le petit Caporal,"
 The idol of the brave,
 Returns from Elba's sea-girt home,
 And boldly dares the wave.
 With hurried step he rushes on;
 See, see, the bold array,
 Of gallant hearts that gather round,
 Each eager for the fray.
 How gladly do they greet the chief
 Whom strangers would immure,
 And leave the Bourbon, at his call,
 To shout "Vive l'Empereur!"
 Alas, 'tis done! the fight is o'er,
 The noblest and the best,

Of those who faithful still remained,
 Have earn'd a soldier's rest.
 The heroes of a hundred fights,
 The bravest of the brave,
 At Ligny, Quatre Bras, Waterloo,
 Have found a nameless grave.
 Farewell to France ! my child, adieu !
 Hēlēna's barren rock
 Must be the home and grave of him,
 Whom now they dare to mock.
 Yet kings have fawn'd and kaisers cringed,
 His favor to secure ;
 And yet may dawn the day when France
 Shall cry "Vive l'Empereur !"

"Comrade, the tears are on your cheek ;
 I love such witnesses to view ;
 Let cowards sneer, and deem you weak,
 They tell me you are brave and true.
 And now, no longer forced to roam,
 With honor's guerdon on your breast,
 You seek your friends, your wife, your home ;
 And claim an honorable rest."

"No friend, no wife, no home for me ;
 I stand alone. Am I unjust ?
 I have one hope that there may be
 Yet living one whom I can trust ;
 But twenty years have past away,
 Do either live ?"

"You spoke of one."

"Of one in heart and hope. I pray

That ere my waning course is run
 This hand may meet De Clairville's grasp,
 And Marie's trembling fingers clasp."

"De Clairville?"

"Hush, Louise; some friend
 Of early days. I love to hear
 These old-world stories. Wife, attend;
 See that our guest lacks naught to cheer.
 'Tis storm without, but peace within;
 Speak as if friends were by your side;
 Let me De Clairville's title win,
 And my Louise shall be his bride."

De Clairville's sire was rich and stern,
 De Clairville's self was brave and true,
 Why did I hate him? You shall learn
 How my dislike took root and grew.
 There was a fair young girl—so fair,
 She seem'd too sweet a flow'r for earth;
 An orphan child, with mind as rare,
 And yet she was of lowly birth.
 Is that so strange? May not the field
 As fair flowers as the garden yield?
 I was a farmer's son—the pride
 Of all the village for my strength,
 And many a rival vainly tried
 To pluck my laurels, till at length
 I grew so proud, that I could bear
 No opposition to my will;
 And when I said the girl was fair,
 And should be mine, all tongues were still.

Rough as I was, I lov'd her. Yes ;
 I love her still. They did not know
 How well I loved. You cannot guess—
 Your passion has not been your foe.
 And yet 'tis strange—I seem to trace
 Something in her of Marie's face.
 Well, as I said, I lov'd, and then
 I spoke to Marie, and she dar'd
 To say she lov'd me not ; and when
 I vow'd her senses had been snar'd
 By some foul spell, and I would trace
 And bring the wronger to disgrace,
 She bade me quit her presence—ne'er
 Insult her by such words of shame.
 Queen-like she did it ; you may stare—
 This girl with neither gold nor name,
 Spurn'd me as though I were a slave,
 An outcast. How did I behave ?
 I slunk away ; I could not speak ;
 But in my heart was raging hate ;
 Not against her—but I would wreak
 On him—on whom ? I curs'd my fate.
 Night after night I watch'd ; at last
 I learnt the truth—De Clairville, he
 O'er all my hopes a blight had cast,
 And, torture upon torture !—she
 Lov'd him—the wronger. Should he live
 To cloud her life and mine ? not so.
 Oh, double wrong ! thou can'st not give
 My Marie back to me, my foe ;

But at the sword's point I will seek
 To wash away the guilty stain.
 I sought—I found him. Need I speak
 What fierce words past between us twain?
 Enough! we fought. Enough! I fell;
 Then came his triumph—"Hear me tell,
 Thou meddling fool, unto thy shame,
 And with my secret take thy life;
 Marie is pure, she bears my name,
 The husband hath aveng'd the wife;
 Go, work our ruin if you will;
 Speak to my father all you know;
 He may discard—disown me—still
 He cannot bid me stoop so low,
 Or make me feel as base as thou.
 Whate'er the end, I triumph now."

I said his sire was rich and stern;
 I knew he wish'd his son to mate
 With one of birth; if he should learn
 The truth, his love would change to hate;
 But should he learn the truth from me?
 Would that not prove I fear'd my foe?
 I paus'd—I ponder'd—could there be
 No other way to lay him low?
 Whilst thus I doubted, came the end,
 When least expected, and the sire
 Learnt the son's secret from a friend,
 Who for some fancied wrong, in ire
 Betray'd his trust. The old man swore
 So long as Marie liv'd, his son

And he were strangers. From his door
 He drove him forth. "No word—not one—
 I will not hear. Your choice is made ;
 Boy, we are strangers. Purse and heart
 Are clos'd against you ; I have said :
 From now till death we live apart."

Unus'd to toil, De Clairville sought
 In vain for aid ; his friends were few,
 And they by worldly wisdom taught,
 Clung to the sire. "'Twas wrong, they knew,
 To disobey a father's will,
 To wed so far beneath his state,
 They hoped yet feared that time"—and still
 They crowded to the old man's gate,
 And sought to show how they could be
 Obedient to his decree.

The cry of war arose ; for France
 Her sons were summon'd to the field.
 De Clairville heard that cry ; one chance
 For life it offer'd. "I may wield
 The Marshal's baton yet ; don't weep
 My Marie. You, a soldier's bride,
 Should bid me spurn inglorious sleep ;
 Buckle the sabre to my side,
 And cry, ' for France—my husband go ;
 God guard thee, Henri, 'gainst the foe !'"
 He join'd the ranks, and I was there ;
 I walk'd beside him like his fate.
 Hope was his leader ; mine despair ;
 Love was his guide, and mine was hate.

Where death was busy, there I sought
 To meet it, and I mock'd him. "Come ;
 Are you afraid ? You were not thought
 A coward ; onward !" When the drum
 Beat the recall, I looked around,
 Wounded and faint, yet hop'd to see
 There, maim'd and bleeding on the ground,
 My rival ; no ! " Who sav'd me ? He."
 I curs'd the chance that made my life
 His gift, and added to my hate.
 He won fresh honors in the strife ;
 I passed unnoticed. Well, I wait.

It comes, my triumph comes, and see,
 They weep together. They must part.
 Far o'er the deep his path must be ;
 And she—his wife—with beating heart,
 Must watch the vessel o'er the wave
 That bears her husband, whilst her fears
 Convert it to a living grave ;
 Yet still she strives to smile through tears,
 And bids him hope. Again the call ;
 He must away. " One moment yet ;
 Marie—our child—if I should fall,
 Speak of me ; bid her not forget
 She had a father. Now farewell !
 God guard and guide thee, dear one ! See—
 She faints—support her. You will tell
 All I would say. I trust you." " Me ?"
 " Yes, we are foes ; but who would dare
 To mock my love and her despair ?"

One kiss ; he's gone ! She does not know,
 Another's arm supports her now.
 At length I triumph o'er my foe ;
 What thought is this, that to my brow
 Brings the hot blood, and makes my heart
 Beat as 'twould burst ? I can—I will.
 “ So, lay her down, and stand apart,
 She'll soon revive.” Swift down the hill
 I speed, and gain the beach ; the boat
 Is ready for its final trip ;
 And in the well-worn redingote,
 With eyes directed towards the ship,
 I hear Le Caporal exclaim,
 “ Welcome the Pyramids and fame !”
 “ Two words.” “ Not one.” “ I have the right ;
 At Arcola I sav'd your life ;
 'Twas in the thickest of the fight.”
 “ Yes, yes !” “ De Clairville has a wife ;
 I've none.”—“ You're lucky :”—“ and I claim”—
 “ Claim ?” “ Yes,—you said that I might use
 That word—to substitute my name
 Upon the roll for his.” “ You choose
 To go that he might stay ?” “ That's so.”
 “ Granted. You're equal 'gainst a foe.”
 From out the boat De Clairville leapt ;
 One grasp assur'd us we were friends.
 'Tis twenty years since Marie wept
 Upon that morn. The present blends
 So strangely with the past, I deem
 The twenty years have been a dream ;

And gazing there, I seem to trace
That lov'd, that ne'er forgotten face.

It is no dream, though never more
 May you their hands in friendship grasp ;
For those who stood upon that shore
 Have past away. Don't weep ; you clasp
Their daughter's hand in yours. They taught
 Their child her duty. Year by year
They vainly hoped and vainly sought ;
 They live in her, and you are here.
Here with their child and yours ; and he,
 My husband, has no wish but mine ;
Your future life our care shall be,
 And often, as the days decline,
You'll fight your battles o'er again ;
 Tell us how victories were won ;
With you we'll journey o'er life's plain,
 And murmur, at the set of sun,
The debt for twenty years delay'd,
Has, in the end, been fully paid.

“Twenty years!” said the Doctor, when the reading was concluded. “An hour of remembrance—a life of anticipation. Here the memory—there,” pointing to Bertie and Bertha, who appeared to be studying the abstract sciences—“there the hope. Take me away, Mordaunt ; I'm miserable.”

“You,” said Mordaunt, “You! with the smile on your lip”—

“And the tear in my eye. What right have

these young hearts to parade their rich stores of prospective happiness before me—I, who have outlived my hopes and exhausted my expectations?”

“Don’t attempt to play the melancholy Jaques, Doctor; ’tis not in your line. Granted, that youth has hopes; we have remembrances. Look around you—on one side Love and Youth; on the other Age and Envy. Would you risk the chance of being Bertie Barton, for the possibility of becoming Smokerly Fume?”

“My dear Mordaunt, you always inculcate philosophy.”

“I endeavour to talk common sense. There is much truth in the happy medium. Icarus soared too high—Proserpine sank too low.”

“Certainly she went to a strange place to choose a husband. Some of my acquaintances send their wives there daily. Well, young Barton is not the worst amongst the bad, and his lady love—”

“Is one of the best amongst the good. But Waller is going to read, and I’m rather interested in this.”

“What is it called?”

A FAINT COPY OF AN OLD MASTER.

LEONATO.

BIANCA.

B. My lord is faint.

L. I did too far extend
My noontide walk; the over bounteous sun
Pour'd his full beams upon me. Wine, my girl.

B. Never had Hebe prouder task than mine;
But father Jupiter, 'tis not fatigue
That bids you seek so willingly your seat;
Care hangs upon the eyelids of my lord,
That are not wont to droop so near the morn.

L. A keen observer.

B. In your face I read
My way of life, as seamen watch the stars,
To know the course befits them they should steer.
Say that you smile, I carol like the lark;
Say you are sad, I stand like Niobe,
And feel my life-warm heart congeal to stone.
I have no will but yours; no wish, no hope,
That is not born of the desire to please.

L. A glorious gift is speech.

B. From honest lips.

L. Are not all women honest?

B. If not so,
They lack the noblest part of womanhood,
And taint the goodly name they should adorn.

L. I thought thy lips could never frame deceit.

B. You thought, and think.

- L.* I know not what to think.
- B.* You were too sorely tried in the late wars.
Where, though you reap'd much honor, you
 lack'd strength
To keep pace with your days of stirring strife,
Your nights of anxious counsel; that is o'er.
The war is ended, and your wreath of fame
May hang for life beside your sword, ne'er used
But in the cause of honor.
- L.* Is that sure?
- B.* Most certain; if the cause itself were base,
Your presence, like the purifying stream,
Would wash away all stain.
- L.* There may be sins,
That all the goodly waters of the earth,
Nay, all the tears repentant women shed,
Can never cleanse.
- B.* My wisdom is too weak
To read your meaning, though it needs small wit
To own there are such sins.
- L.* And such a sin
Is woman's want of truth, what time she swears
To him who seeks her partnership for life,
Hand locked in hand, and heart exchanged for
 heart,
No rival suitor lives, to claim a share
In the full banquet of his happiness.
- B.* Who could forswear herself at such a time?
- L.* What if the world named thee?
- B.* Thou art my world,
Thou wilt not say so.

- L.* It is said.
- B.* By thee?
Then for the first time in our happy lives,
Thy lip is not the echo of thy heart.
- L.* My heart approves my speech.
- B.* You should not say so.
No other dares to say so. If a word
Untrue to thee, unworthy of our love,
My tongue could speak, I'd pluck my tongue
away.
Nay, if a thought injurious to thy worth
Could bring a blush on my unfaithful cheek,
I'd mar my beauty, ere it should remain
To witness to my shame.
- L.* Shall I repeat
The simple words with which I press'd my suit?
"I have small gift of speech; my acts must show
If I am worthy of the prize I seek.
My twenty years of service to the state
Have somewhat bronzed my cheek, and on my
brow
The grey locks thickly mingle with the brown;
Yet let the earnest passion of my soul,
Faintly express'd in words, find no reproof
Save in thy silence, if my suit offend.
If sweet approval may confirm my hopes,
Place thy young hand in this embrowned palm,
And say, as freely as I give this hand
I give the heart that owns not, ne'er shall own,
A rival to thy love."
- B.* I gave my hand.

- L.* And thy heart with it?
- B.* Until now, no doubt
Hath clouded the bright heaven of our bliss.
- L.* And now a cloud—a dark and storm-charg'd
cloud,
Shades all the blue serene, and blown about
By jealous winds, assumes fantastic shape;
And suddenly resolves into the form
Of Guido Reni.
- B.* Ha!
- L.* The man you lov'd;
Love still.
- B.* The man I lov'd!
- L.* You echo me.
Comes no denial to your ready lip?
That's well—that's very well. Some faint regret
Pleads in my favor, and you dare not hope
To cozen me again.
- B.* My most dear lord—
- L.* Call you on Guido?
- B.* May Bianca speak?
- L.* The truth.
- B.* Or never may I speak again.
- L.* Speak, if thou dar'st the peril.
- B.* When my lord,
Bent from his high estate, to seek a maid
Whose only claims were innocence and youth,
He asked not if her heart had ever known,
Amongst the many suitors to her sire,
For leave to woo his daughter, one whose claims
Found favor in her sight. My lord remembers!

L. Could'st thou continue in so clear a strain,
All doubt would flee—suspicion would be dumb.

B. “Why should I ask?” so spoke my noble lord,
“What words have pleas'd thine ear—what voice
hath charm'd?

What girlish fancy, deem'd a bond for life,
An hour hath snapt, and shown how light the
chain.

If thy full heart of woman, yields no place
To aught but him who seeks to be its lord,
Without a living rival, crown my hopes,
And say, dear husband, I am wholly thine.”

L. And Guido Reni liv'd, and yet you said,
“Thou hast no rival, I am wholly thine.”

B. The Guido Reni, who, my girlhood dreamt
Should be my guide through life, was honor's son;
Noble, and frank, and true. How great his fall
From that proud height, it needs not I should say;
'Tis chronicled upon his country's page.

Yet, though struck off from knighthood's goodly
roll,

He still maintain'd his place within my heart,
That mourn'd his fall, and wept, but ne'er
reproach'd.

Obedient to a father's will, I bound
Myself by solemn promise, to renounce
All further converse with him. How he stole
At nightfall to my side, and vow'd his foes
Had slander'd his fair fame; that time would prove
Their plots—his truth—it needs not now to say.
How he entreated I would fly with him,

And when entreaty fail'd, how he declar'd
 The knowledge of his visit would bring doubt
 On my unsullied name, and I perforce
 To save myself must yield, I dare not trust
 E'en at this lapse of time my tongue to speak.
 Then chang'd my love to hate—nay—to contempt,
 Loathing and scorn. "Oh coward!" I exclaimed,
 "Traitor alike to honor and to love:
 I hop'd the Guido I had known, might live
 Enshrin'd within my heart, and might console
 My lonely hours and life-long widowhood.
 He lives no more—the man I lov'd is dead,
 Slain by his own dishonor. Trickster, hence!
 Lest I alarm the household, and my sire
 Claim, like the olden patriarchs, the right
 To be the judge and executioner."

L. Forgive me.

B. That you doubted.

L. That I tried

Your recollection of the past. No doubt
 Existed—can exist; your watchful love
 Observed the care that somewhat clouded me
 Upon my entrance; sit you at my feet,
 And in few words I will the cause relate.
 It reach'd my ears that Reni had returned;
 Some early friends had pleaded in his cause.
 He has a father; is the only son
 Left to the old man; of his brethren, three
 Died for their country; would so fair an end
 Had been permitted him! He has returned,
 And naught repenting of his past offence,

He herds with some who like himself have sunk
 So low, they neither have a past regret,
 Nor future hope; by one of these 'twas buzzed
 Within my hearing, that he dar'd to speak
 Lightly of thee. Be calm. Thou may'st be sure,
 The sword that in my country's cause has leapt
 So often from its scabbard, would not rust
 Inglorious in its sheath, when thy pure name
 Was made a bye-word for his ribald lips.
 I sought and found him.

B. And you questioned him!

L. Thou know'st, as I have said, my words are few,
 My actions many. "Signor Guido Reni,
 Though somewhat fallen from your former state,
 I am about to lift you to a height
 From which your judges have degraded you.
 Lest it be deem'd presumption on your part
 To draw your weapon on an honest man,
 Lo! the excuse;" and with my flattened blade
 I struck him.

B. And he bore it!

L. Nay, a cur
 Fights for a bone; he was not slow to draw.
 "I waited for this opportunity."
 He hissed between his teeth—"Come to the
 death."

On his side fought revenge, disgrace, despair,
 On mine were love and faith. I had the vantage.

B. And he is dead.

L. He is unfit to die.
 I could not be his executioner;

But with my sword's point at his throat, he own'd
 Life still was sweet. Can life be sweet to him?
 He own'd he had malign'd you; then he curs'd
 His wayward fortune. "Signor Guido Reni,
 Men make or mar their fortunes. You may rise;
 I could have had your life; I bid you live,
 To show how lightly I esteem your words.
 And for the fools who listen to the tales
 Spoken by knavish tongues, of those whose
 worth
 Should make them mourn their own unworthi-
 ness,

I do not stoop to hate; I but despise."

B. My husband and my hero! Let me kiss
 The honest sword, that champion'd woman's
 fame.

'Tis fix'd within the scabbard; my weak arm
 Essays in vain to draw it.

L. Hail the omen.
 Our wars are ended—may our joys increase,
 And in our happy home reign love and peace.

Whether Geoffrey Waller gave greater expression to his interpretation of the author's meaning, or whether the subject harmonized with his feelings, I know not, but he was very warmly applauded, and by no one more earnestly than Mordaunt.

"A good old Greek custom that, of the poets de-
 claiming their own verses."

"How did you know?"—

“By the flush on your cheek and the light in your eye. You would make an excellent actor on the mimic stage—you display your emotions so earnestly; but on that larger stage, the world, you will have occasion to conceal your feelings.”

“I suppose,” said Bertie, “that all women are like that Spanish girl—or Italian—which?”

“How so?”

“They all have a first love. By Jove, if I thought”—

“Thought what!” said the lady in blue.

“That any fellow had dared”—

“To find out at a glance what it took Captain Barton a year to discover, that Bertha MacIvor was not decidedly plain, nor positively disagreeable.”

“Now, look here, Bertha. I’ve followed you like your shadow. I’ve given up everything for you.”

“Racing excepted.”

“I’ve been miserable”—

“At Ascot.”

“Wretched”—

“At Newmarket.”

“Made myself quite ridiculous.”

“I must admit that,” said Bertha, smiling.

“And now you tell me, if your aunt don’t object—
Hang your aunt!”

“What! before you prove her guilty?”

“I detest aunts—on principle I detest them. I shouldn’t object to an uncle—two uncles—but an aunt-in-law is worse than a mother-in-law. She

hasn't half the right, and she claims double the privileges."

"But suppose my aunt has already consented?"

"Dear old lady!"

"Old, Bertie? she's only forty-two."

"Forty-two! I shall be charmed with her. I know a fellow in the forty-second—Scotch, like you, Bertha—and a capital fellow he is."

"Yes, Bertie, she has a very good opinion of you; she knows you through some friends. 'He's a little wild,' aunt said, 'but he's too foolish to be very wicked.'"

"Now, Bertha, if your aunt said that, she's a very stupid old woman."

"Stupid, indeed! aunt has two thousand a-year."

"What a clever woman she is!"

"And I'm her only niece."

"What a clever woman you are!"

"Not so loud. Lady Olivia is looking at us."

"Jealous, eh? I think if I had wished"—

"Impudent!"

"But these blue ribbands."

"Hush!"

Lady Olivia, in her editorial capacity, announced that the readings, with one exception, had concluded. She felt her responsibility in undertaking so arduous a task (hear, hear, from the gentlemen), but she would not shrink from it. General approval, and Lord Plantagenet murmured to Sir Paul, "these are times when," &c. If the public received the work as favorably as her kind friends, she would be more

than repaid. (Doctor, aside to Mordaunt, "Vollum will echo that sentiment.") She would now request Mr. Waller to read the tale called "Lady Evelyn."

"Stop, stop," said Yappington Flake. "By Jove, a fellow feels quite nervous; it's the first time I ever did anything of this sort, and you know"—

"You, Captain!" said twenty voices in chorus—female voices—semi-chorus of males—"Flake, my boy!" "What, old fellow!" "Bravo! Yappy," &c., &c.

"Fact, I assure you," said the Captain. "I was bothering my brains"—

"Brains, Yap," said Bertie Barton.

"Keep him quiet, Miss MacIvor." Then there was a laugh at Bertie's expense.

"Well hit," said the Doctor.

"Yes, I assure you—wondering what I should write down—just then, Bertie—thank you for it, old fellow—came up to me and said—'What odds against the favorite for the Oaks?' Well, the favorite's name is Lady Evelyn—pretty name, isn't it? Lady Evelyn—so I wrote that down—and there it is."

"Well, Captain," said Geoffrey.

"There it is. You've got it. Lady Olivia said Lady Evelyn, and that's all about it."

"But you didn't write the tale as well as furnish the title," said Geoffrey, looking across at Mordaunt, who was turning over the leaves of the "Superstitions of Sunny Lands," and failed to notice Geoffrey's mute appeal.

"Write the tale! No; anybody could do that.

Why Bertie could write a tale; couldn't he, Miss MacIvor?" This made Bertha blush, and gave Bertie an opportunity of whispering that pink and blue harmonized well together.

"I remember," said Sir Paul, "my grandfather had a horse that could carry any weight"—

"Of flour," said Lucas, irreverently, in an under tone to the Doctor.

"And he could have won the Derby"—but he didn't.

"Bolted," said Captain Flake.

"Broke down," said Bertie Barton.

"The equine celebrity," said Mordaunt, "has too many imitators. How many great reputations have failed to stand the test. The double first of Oxford, led astray by the temptations of society, has yielded to the influence of passion, and has 'Bolted.' The Senior Wrangler of Cambridge, who braved the examination of the College, has succumbed to the criticism of the Senate, and has 'Broken down.'"

"Each was ruined by his reputation," said the Doctor. "How much wiser to start in life, like Mr. Fume, without such an incumbrance."

"You started as a wit," said Smokerly Fume.

"And took you into partnership," continued the Doctor; "but I was soon obliged to have the dissolution gazetted."

"On what ground?" said Mordaunt.

"Want of capital in my partner," replied the Doctor.

This little interruption at an end, Geoffrey Waller gave a preparatory hem, to bespeak the attention of his hearers, and commenced the reading of—

LADY EVELYN.

“Half-past nine; well, I’m sure, Mr. Larkins.”

The speaker was Mrs. Larkins; and the observation was addressed to her husband; at him would be more correct, since the absence of Mr. Larkins was the cause of the remark. What was the cause of the absence Mrs. Larkins was unable to determine. That he—Larkins—attorney-at-law and solicitor in Chancery, having offices at 153, Lincolns Inn Fields, and a semi-detached villa at Clapham; a wife whom he loved and obeyed, as a husband should obey, and two daughters whom he spoiled, as papas should spoil such blessings; that he should be absent from home at half-past nine — “shameful!” said Mrs. Larkins, with marked expression. That he—Larkins—who was method personified; hot water at half-past seven; breakfast at eight; Clapham coach at twenty minutes to nine; Clapham coach again at half-past five; dinner at seven; after-dinner doze at a quarter-past eight; dinner admitted, doze persistently denied by Larkins; full tumbler of Hollands at half-past ten; wine glasses of ditto participated in by the ladies, simply to please papa, who was so droll; bed at eleven; sleep immediately following, if not occasionally postponed by observations of Mrs. Larkins, invariably depreciatory of the merits of Mr. Larkins, and laudatory of her own exertions, which were wearing her to a shadow—Mrs. Larkins, by-the-

bye, reminding one of Rembrandt; great breadth of shadow—Mr. Larkins, wise from experience, quietly remarking, “My dear Jemima, I’ll wait, if you please, for the hot water till half-past seven;”—and that he should be absent from home at half-past nine. “Abominable!” said Mrs. Larkins, as she imparted a substantive force to her adjective. That on this night, this particular night, when he had promised to accompany his wife and daughters to a Shakspearian reading—the Larkins family did not patronize the theatre now, in consequence of the elder Olive Branch having accepted the addresses of the senior curate, an extremely amiable, but particularly short-sighted, Oxonian. Envious female acquaintances had been heard to say that the exemplary young gentleman must have left his spectacles at home when he proposed to Miss Amelia Ann Larkins; but as these young ladies had been for two years working fancy slippers with the most disinterested motives, too much weight must not be attached to their observations.

“Half-past nine! Well, I’m sure, pa!”

This was Amelia Ann, echoing mamma.

“Perhaps,” said the younger Miss Larkins—she was not engaged to a curate, and was, besides, four years younger than her sister; any one could see she was four years younger; this was the private and confidential opinion of Mr. Kennington Lane, articled clerk to Mr. Larkins. “Perhaps,” said Miss Fanny Larkins, “Papa may have gone to dine at Greenwich.”

“At Greenwich!” screamed Mrs. Larkins.

“At Greenwich!” shrieked Amelia Ann.

“What fun it would be, mamma, if papa should come home after taking too much”—

“Fanny!” said Mrs. Larkins.

“Salmon, mamma. Mr. Lane often dines there, and he says it always is the salmon. No other fish has the same effect. Kennington”—

“Fanny!”

“Mr. Lane, mamma, says he has studied the subject carefully, and he’s convinced there’s something in the lobster sauce. He wants to persuade Mr. Baxter” (this was the senior curate) “to dine with him some day and explain the cause and effect.”

“Fanny,” said the elder, decidedly the elder Miss Larkins.

What more she might have said must remain a mystery. Her remark was cut short by the entrance of her papa, who, judging by his figure, appeared himself to have been cut short in early life. Mrs. Larkins assumed her most magisterial air to receive the culprit, but despite the magisterial air and the midnight lectures, there was much regard for little Mr. Larkins hidden behind her apparent coldness, and the agitation, the anxiety visible in his face, caused her to hasten towards him, exclaiming, “You are ill, Anthony; you are ill!”

“In mind only, Jemima. Don’t speak of it just now. Sorry to disappoint you, girls; you might have gone without me.”

“Without you, papa? think of the impropriety!”

“We shouldn’t have enjoyed the reading without you, papa,” said Fanny; being so much the younger, she hadn’t had any opportunity of studying the proprieties under the tutelage of a senior curate.

Little Mr. Larkins patted his younger daughter’s cheek. “Some good in women after all,” said he.

“Mr. Larkins, this is a lightness of speech”—

“And a heaviness of heart my dear. Let me have my usual mixture—stronger than usual, if you please, and decidedly sweeter. Nothing to eat. No, don’t talk of eating.”

“Is it the salmon, papa?”

Mrs. Larkins frowned her daughter into silence, gave the necessary directions, and Mr. Larkins having like a sensible patient, taken his mixture without a murmur, began to cheer up a little, and said, “Well old lady”—a toss of the head from Mrs. Larkins—“Well girls, would you like to know what has detained me this evening? I don’t think I am disregarding professional confidence in telling you; its sure to be in the papers.”

“Anthony!” said Mrs. Larkins majestically, “if anything has occurred to affect our position here”—

“In the eyes of the rector,” said Amelia Ann.

“Or the senior curate,” laughed Fanny.

“Don’t be absurd,” said the small husband and papa to his well developed wife and daughters; “it simply comes to this,”—and this is what it came to.

“I was about leaving the office, in fact I had left it, when I turned back to give a little wholesome advice to young Kennington Lane. That young man

will never make a lawyer; he's too fond of dining at Greenwich and boating at Richmond, and so I gave him my opinion fully and fairly."

"I hope my dear," said Mrs. Larkins in her best Juno manner, "I hope it had the desired effect."

"Quite the contrary; he said—'You've offered me your advice sir, and I fear I haven't taken it. If you'll offer me your daughter'"—

"Mr. Larkins!"

"Papa!" said Amelia Ann.

"Not you, my dear. Mr. Lane has too much respect for Mr. Baxter; but never mind Kennington Lane; I said, Fanny, never mind Kennington Lane—now don't interrupt me again, or I'll go to bed, though I'm sure I shan't sleep all night. I was talking to Kennington Lane, when a note was put into my hand; here it is:—'My dear Larkins,—If you haven't forgotten an old friend, will you come to me at once. You said five years ago, after giving me sound advice, which I have never forgotten, and never followed, 'Some day you may want me; if you do, send for me.' I do want you. I have sent for you. Will you come? Do. VANE PAULET.

'If you have forgotten the name you will remember Winchester.'

"Nothing to show why he wanted me; no intimation where he wanted me. Even the name would have been no guide, had not the postscript. 'Boy,' said I to the messenger, 'where is the gentleman who wrote this letter?' 'Gentleman!' said the dirty urchin with a grin—'Cove in quod.'"

“What, papa!” said the two Miss Larkins in a breath.

“Technical expression, my dears, of the lower orders, signifying the writer was in custody. Yes, my dears. Paulet Trevanion—for it was he—the kind-hearted generous Trevanion—the crack scholar of Winchester, had sunk at last to be the tenant of a cell at Bow Street.”

“Surely, Mr. Larkins, you didn’t degrade yourself—”

“Oh papa, what contamination! If Mr. Baxter”—and Amelia Ann shuddered.

“You went of course, papa.”

“Of course I did, Fanny. Now once and for all, if you interrupt me again I’m off—not to Bow Street, but to bed. I went of course, as Fanny says. I saw my old acquaintance—why not say friend? I shouldn’t have known him, he was such a wreck—in person only—the mind was as clear—the bearing was as haughty as in his brightest days; but the man was dying, it was plain that he was dying; he was glad to see me, I think he was very glad. ‘Larkins, old friend, I knew that you would come. This is a strange place to meet in, and a strange business brings me here.’”

“What is the charge?” said I. “Bailable of course.”

“I fear not,” he answered. “They tell me—and I believe they tell the truth—that I have endeavoured to pass a forged note.”

“Forgery!” I was aghast. “Forgery—a capital offence!”

“And unfortunately I appear to have had in my possession three other notes, all of which are forged.”

“But you know”—I said this hesitatingly—“I hope you know from whom you have received them.”

“Oh yes,” said he, “I know from whom I received them.”

“Then,” said I brightning, “there’s an end of the case.”

“I am afraid not. I cannot disclose—nothing can induce me to disclose from whom I received them.”

“Do you suppose that person knew the notes were forged?”

“No. I would swear it—lay down my life upon it.”

“Trevanion, let us talk seriously. Do you know that the crime of which you are accused places your life in peril?”

“I know it.”

“That every session—I must speak plainly—men are executed for this offence.”

“I know it.”

“And you can for one moment, knowing this, hesitate to make the necessary disclosure?”

“I do not hesitate. Whether I walk from this cell to the felon’s dock, and from the dock to the scaffold I do not know—I might say I scarcely care,—but no words shall pass my lips to implicate”—

“Whom?”

“That is my secret. If your professional skill, despite this reservation, can serve me, I think I may command it. If you say that nothing can be done,

why shake hands once more, and forget me and my troubles.”

“If you have made any promise of secrecy, circumstances will justify you”—

“Don’t misunderstand me. I am free to speak if I choose to do so; it is my own resolution to be silent alone that binds me. Now, old friend, now professional adviser, if you can suggest anything to the magistrate to-morrow, or it may be to the judge some month hence, that can induce him to direct my acquittal, you will serve him and me. I shall not suffer for a crime I never contemplated, and he will not condemn as a felon, one whom suffering will elevate to martyrdom.”

“I promised Paulet Trevanion, or Vane Paulet, by which name he informed me he had for some years been known, that he should have the benefit of such services as I could render, and I left him, looking more contented than I should be under such circumstances. But what can I do? What can any one do? I am quite unused to this branch of the profession, and besides, Trevanion by his conduct convicts himself. I shall to-morrow morning see Mr. Garrow, who generally leads for me in the King’s Bench. Some years since he had a large practice in criminal cases, and perhaps he may advise. ‘Pon my life its very awkward,” said Mr. Larkins, as he rose to retire to rest.

“It would be very prejudicial to our position, Mr. Larkins, if it were known this person was one of your intimate acquaintances.”

“I don’t believe,” said Amelia Ann, “that there’s any truth in his saying that the notes were given to him.”

“I do,” said Fanny, “I think there’s a lady in it. If so, he’s quite right not to speak. I’m sure if mamma gave papa any forged notes, he’d rather die than get mamma into trouble.”

“Humph!” said Mr. Larkins in a more than doubtful tone, as he led the way to his bed-room.

Mr. Larkins saw Mr. Garrow the next morning. That consummate advocate immediately decided, that the assumption of secrecy was a desperate endeavour on the part of a guilty man to create an impression in his favor, as any disclosures he might make would only confirm his guilt. Mr. Larkins clung to the memory of early friendship, and feebly intimated a contrary opinion. “Well,” said the advocate, “under any circumstances, it is hardly a case, Larkins, for you to handle; but there’s a man who, if anything is concealed, will bring it to light sooner than all the bar, backed by all the attornies in the profession. You’re going to Bow Street; ask for Tom Morris; if he’s not already engaged, he’s your man.”

“Who’s Tom Morris?” asked Mr. Larkins.

“Who is he? See him and ask him yourself. You won’t find Mr. Morris troubled with any particular reserve, like your friend—what’s his name?”

“In confidence, Paulet Trevanion—known now by the name of Vane Paulet.”

“An assumed name; doubly suspicious. Well, I don’t remember to have ever had him under cross-examination. Blubber and Whale on. Good morning, Larkins. I lead for the plaintiff. See Tom Morris. As Polonius says, ‘he’s your only man.’”

To Bow Street went Mr. Larkins with a heavy heart; he enquired for Mr. Thomas Morris, whereat the Usher of the Court laughed. “Tom Morris?” said he. “Never heard him called Mr. Morris—don’t think he’d answer to the name. There he is—him in the top boots. Not that one—the stout man wiping his face with the red ankecher—that’s Tom Morris.”

“There’s a gentleman—a person,” said Mr. Larkins, remembering his failure, “who is charged with uttering a forged note—his name is Vane Paulet. Is Mr.—I mean Tom Morris—engaged in that case?”

“No,” said the official, “that’s Prodder’s case; but here comes Morris, ask him yourself. Tom, this gent’s asking if you’re in that case of the flash screens.”

“Screens,” said Mr. Larkins. “No, indeed! I”—

“All right, sir,” said Tom Morris. “The forged notes. You haven’t wound up your education yet. No, sir; that’s Prodder’s case. I don’t take such things. My line is the burglaries and the shocking murders;” and Tom Morris smiled complacently.

Mr. Larkins thereon informed Tom Morris that he was an attorney of many years standing, but in no

way connected with criminal business, and that he was extremely anxious—he dared not say for old acquaintance sake, for the fear of Clapham was strong upon him—to establish the innocence of the prisoner, and he communicated all the facts in his possession to Mr. Morris.

“Can’t show where he got the notes,” said the officer, “that’s the usual gag.”

“On the contrary; he admits that he knows from whom he got them, but he resolutely refuses to say.”

“Won’t queer the beak that way,” said Tom Morris.

“Excuse me, Mr.—Tom Morris,”—said Mr. Larkins, “but you and your friends, down to the little ruffian who brought me the note, have a mode of expression that may be ingenious, but is almost unintelligible.”

“I’m sure,” said Tom Morris, “I don’t use any parly-voo—plain wholesome English.”

“Plain to you, but not to me—how am I to interpret queer the beak?”

“Queer the beak,” said Tom Morris, “why queer the beak means queer the beak. If you like to go round about and say—the prisoner wants to lead his worship astray by making a statement to mislead him—why you can do so, but to my thinking it a’nt half so expressive, nor it a’nt even half so elegant, as queer the beak.”

“If you can be of any service to me in this unfortunate matter, you may use your own words and command my purse;” and Mr. Larkins took Tom

Morris aside, and long and earnest was their conference.

There was a little stir in the Court as the next case was called on, and Vane Paulet was placed at the bar, and the charge was gone into.

Mark Semple, keeper of a tavern, stated the prisoner dined at his house on the previous day; had only a chop and a pint of wine; he tendered the note produced in payment. Witness would have changed it, having no suspicion, but a gentleman who sat in the same box, and had some dispute with the prisoner, something about politics he believed, left the box and asked who he was. Witness said he was a perfect gentleman, and showed him the note. The other gentleman, who was a clerk in the Bank, looked at it and said it was forged; witness then sent for a constable and gave the prisoner into custody.

John Prodder proved taking the prisoner into custody. On searching him found three other notes in his possession; they were for five pounds each.

Samuel Stock said he was a clerk in the Bank of England. The four notes produced were all forged.

Prodder re-called, stated the prisoner made no resistance. Gave the name of Vane Paulet, but declined to give any account of himself. Said he was of no occupation; had no friends.

“Does any one appear for the prisoner?”

Mr. Larkins was about to address the Court, when Tom Morris touched him on the arm. “Ask for a remand,” said Morris.

“I shall feel obliged by your worship remanding

the prisoner for a week—I think—I hope—by that time I shall be prepared with evidence.”

“You will have no evidence,” said Trevanion.

“Prisoner,” said the magistrate, “do you wish to withdraw the case from the hands of your professional adviser?”

“I cannot leave the case in better hands,” said Trevanion.

“Very well,” said the magistrate. “Remanded for a week;” and the prisoner was removed. Mr. Tom Morris, who appeared to be more than usually excited, took the opportunity, as the prisoner passed him, of exclaiming, “All right old fellow, keep your pecker up.”

Trevanion thanked his little friend Larkins very earnestly, but did not reply to Mr. Tom Morris; perhaps he did not hear, probably he did not understand him.

“This way, sir,” said Mr. Tom Morris, crossing Bow Street, and entering a tavern. “The little bar parlor, Bessy; is it quite empty?”—this to a cherry-cheeked damsel, with cap ribbons to match. “All right—this way, sir. Order what you like for yourself, and a stiff glass of brandy cold for me. Make it stiff enough, Bessy, for the spoon to stand upright.” Mr. Larkins, to the disgust of Mr. Morris, ordered some lemonade. Mr. Morris closed the door; took a gulp of the brandy—another—finished the glass—left the room with it, to the surprise of Mr. Larkins, and returned with it, fuller, and if possible, stiffer than before. He took a gentle sip to test its quality—

was satisfied with the investigation—threw himself back in his chair, and exclaimed, “Innocent—I’ll pound it.”

“I was sure you’d think so,” said Mr. Larkins, “although the facts”—

“Enough to hang any other man but him—will hang him if I can’t stall them off; but he’s innocent—Paulet Trevanion’s innocent.”

“Hush!” said Mr. Larkins; “how could you know his name?”

“How could I know! look at me.”

Mr. Larkins looked at him as desired, but there was no recognition of Mr. Tom Morris’s peculiar faculty for discovery.

“Who am I, old fellow? don’t you know me?”

“No,” said Mr. Larkins, “I don’t think I”—

“Yes you do. Butcher.”

“Really, Mr. Butcher—I mean Morris”—

“Here’s a lark! don’t know me? Go back a bit—a goodish bit—say ten years ago—go to Winchester—now you’re there, stop a bit—don’t be in a hurry to get out of school. Who was the crack scholar ten years ago?”

“Paulet Trevanion,” said little Larkins, getting excited.

“Who was picked out to fight the slashing Butcher Boy as weighed nine-stun-ten, and said he’d give a stun to any Winchester boy and lick him arterwards?”

“Paulet Trevanion,” said little Larkins, “and he licked, as you call it, the slashing Butcher Boy.”

“So he did,” said Tom Morris, “in one hour and

twenty-five minutes—the gamest fight on record. Give us your hand, old fellow ; I'm the Butcher Boy.”

Mr. Larkins gave him his hand. Nay, more, he drank his health—and that, not in his own lemonade, but in the Butcher Boy's own brandy—and he drank so heartily, and the brandy was so stiff, that it produced a violent fit of coughing, which was not improved by the Butcher Boy patting him on the back with some of his early vigour.

“Oh!” said Mr. Larkins, when he had somewhat recovered, “what a ripe scholar he was. How he went in for the Greek and Latin epigrams.”

“How he went in,” said Mr. Tom Morris, “in the fifteenth round, when everybody thought he was knocked out of time, and they were laying fifteen bob to two on Butcher.”

“Then, after he'd been six weeks laid up with fever, how he read up for his examination; and when everybody said it couldn't be done, he went in and floored his paper.”

“Knocked Butcher out of time by a clean left-hander on the jugular!”

“Oh! what a career his would have been if he had only been steady and gone to the Bar.”

“The bar,” said Mr. Morris, rising in his eloquent admiration, “I think I see him in it.”

“Charming the senses, and swaying the minds of the jury.”

“Doing fifteen butts a month, at the very least.”

“Complimented by my lord on his lucid exposition of the law, as applied to the case.”

“Two lords and a markis smoking in the little back parlor.”

“Ultimately obtaining the distinguished position of Solicitor-General.”

“Having a sparring room, with lots of talent, patronized by all the nobs in the neighborhood.”

“Closing a brilliant career by taking his seat on the bench.”

“And winding up with the champion of the light-weights, amidst thunders of applause.”

“Ah!” said Mr. Larkins.

“Ah!” said Mr. Tom Morris.

A pause ensued, broken by Mr. Morris. “Lawyer,” said he, “this is a case after my own heart—it may take some time—leave that to me—and it may take some money—”

“Leave that to me,” said Larkins.

“Between now and this day week you’ll hear something further.” Mr. Larkins took out his purse. “Not unless you particularly wish it, lawyer.” Mr. Larkins did particularly wish it; probably so did Mr. Tom Morris. “A tenner,” said he admiringly, “and as right as ninepence. Before the week’s out you’ll hear of something. He knocked me off my pins when I was young and vigorous, and I mean to put him on his legs again, now the law’s given him a floorer.”

The Wednesday to which Paulet Trevanion was remanded came round in due course — Mr. Tom

Morris did not—but in the morning Mr. Larkins received a note, simply containing four words—“On the scent—Butcher.” Mr. Larkins attended the court. Trevanion appeared much thinner, and paler if that were possible, but he stood up boldly, manfully, and confronted the gaze of the crowd. No new evidence was adduced; but when Mr. Larkins requested permission to address the Court on the prisoner’s behalf, and intimated that from a feeling of honor—a mistaken feeling, no doubt—the prisoner declined to make any disclosure that might involve other parties, the sitting magistrate, who had as much romance in his composition as a rhinoceros, muttered, “Honor! Fiddle-de-dee. Prisoner, you stand committed to take your trial at the forthcoming Sessions at the Old Bailey.”

Mr. Larkins, still attempting to make himself heard, the magistrate abruptly stopped his flow of eloquence by the simple words, “Next case; remove the prisoner.” And the prisoner was removed accordingly. Mr. Larkins, somewhat indignantly, was about to protest, but was advised by an elderly gentleman of clerical appearance, who had watched the case with great interest, to withdraw. He acted on this advice, and leaving the court, thanked the stranger for his timely suggestion.

“For,” said Mr. Larkins, “the case looks black enough already without creating any further prejudice.”

“Yes,” said the clerical looking gentleman with a groan, “it does look black indeed.”

“I perceived,” said Mr. Larkins, “you were much interested; you know the prisoner, perhaps. Can you give me any clue?”

“On the scent,” said the stranger.

“Sir!” said Mr. Larkins—

“Butcher—all right, lawyer.”

“Mr. Morris, you amaze me!”

“I’ve amazed a good many in my time, lawyer. Now and then I’ve been amazed myself. Once, in partickler, in the fifteenth round.”

“But at present, Mr. Morris—

“At present, sir, it looks as if he’s knocked off his pins, but he’ll come up smiling. I’m working the telescope, and I think I’ve got the focus. The Sessions won’t be on for three weeks—I don’t ask you for another tenner—well, if you insist.”

Mr. Larkins did, and Mr. Tom Morris was too well acquainted with the courtesies of polite society to distress Mr. Larkins by any frivolous objections.

On the following Wednesday, a respectable elderly individual, as the police reports say, in a suit of sober drab, presented himself at Mr. Larkins’ offices, and requested to speak with the principal. Giving the name of Butcher, in reply to the clerk’s enquiry, he was promptly admitted. “Fine growing weather, sir,” said the drab individual, as the clerk closed the door. Then he approached the door softly—opened it quickly, and closed it gently, with a grin—the true Tom Morris grin—and resumed his seat. “Fine growing weather, lawyer.”

“Does that explain your change of costume?”

“That’s about the size of it, lawyer. Last week I was an afflicted uncle from Suffolk called to town by the troubles of my dear nephew, Mr. Vane Paulet; and to-day I’m a highly respectable publisher in the serious and sentimental line of business. Don’t you twig?”

“Mr. Morris, if you would only be intelligible—”

“Easy, lawyer, easy. Let me tell my story my own way, and you can put it into lawyer’s lingo afterwards. The information is coming up rapidly, and that’s what I mean by fine growing weather.”

Before rendering into English the statement of Mr. Tom Morris to his anxious employer, some particulars of the early career of Paulet Trevanion will not be out of place, and here they are:—

Paulet Trevanion, the only son of a widowed mother, was placed at Winchester by his father’s executor, Mr. Anthony Larkins. His school career was a continued success, and he went with a reputation that preceded him, to Cambridge, where sanguine hopes were entertained that he would come out high in honors—and, perhaps—what honor for Winchester, be even senior wrangler. Latin Epigram—English Essay—Prize Poem—all were adjudged to Paulet; yet he was no mere book-worm. He was already talked of as a crack man on the river, and withal he found time to write letters—such letters as can only be written when the heart is young, and the hopes are high, to the prettiest girl in Hampshire. Yes, Evelyn Lacy was the belle of the good old cathedral city—so Paulet swore, and though now a man and

forgetful of boyish follies, he would have fought a dozen butchers, had they presumed to question it. There had been no formal declaration on his part, but there was a quiet assumption, a magnificent composure, that kept other suitors at a distance; and it began to be said that Paulet Trevanion, when he had won a position at the bar, was to have his brief for life marked, "With you, Miss Evelyn Lacy."

During the Long Vacation that preceded the examination for honors, Paulet had determined on a walking tour in Germany, to be preceded by a fortnight's stay in Winchester; and in the good city he arrived, accompanied by the companion of his tour, Mr. Aubrey Leslie, a young gentleman, perhaps a year older than himself, of no particular merit, save that of being the chosen friend—chum, he called himself—of Paulet; having a very agreeable person and manner, a tolerable allowance from his father, who was the second cousin of an earl, and the prospect—rather remote, if some intervening uncles and cousins would die off—of one day adorning the British peerage. Mr. Aubrey Leslie was charmed with Paulet's choice. "Just the girl for you, Trevanion; not in my style exactly, but a lovely girl; will make a more lovely woman." Paulet was pleased. What man would not be pleased with such admiration? it was due to Evelyn; it was complimentary to himself. He gratefully acknowledged it by holding up Aubrey as the perfection of man at two and twenty. True, Aubrey had not done anything yet—in College or on the river—but he was

equal to anything. "Besides," laughed Paulet, "he has no occasion to work; he'll be an earl some day, won't you, Aubrey? and lords need not labour like humble commoners."

"Yes," said Aubrey, "if life were a melodrama, and I could hire a couple of convenient cut-throats, I might kill off my tough uncles and healthy cousins, and endow Winchester nobly, when time or the gout brought remorse."

Noble girl and true, as was Evelyn Lacy, there were not in all Winchester two such tuft-hunters as her uncle and aunt. She had no parents; she had never known their care; and as she was of a very loving and relying temper, she gave to her relations the duty and affection of a child. Sensitive she was—too sensitive, perhaps—of the slightest indifference, the least coldness; but although prompt to take offence, she was still more ready to forgive. The uncle and aunt, particularly the latter, had for some time speculated on the possibility of Evelyn making a good match; in other words, of allying herself with one who would have sufficient position in the world, to lift his wife's friends, as was no doubt his duty, into a sphere more proportionate to their merits than the calm obscurity of a cathedral town. The brilliant scholastic reputation of Paulet Trevanion had induced them to think the successful barrister—the judge in futuro—might lead to these results; but the cousin of an earl, however far removed—

What conversation passed between Mr. and Mrs. Lacy in the privacy of their chamber, who can say?

but the idea once presented, grew and grew until it assumed a tangible shape. Uncle to an earl! Mr. Lacy whispered it to himself by the river side—he was partial to angling—he would like to catch a peer. Why not, if the hook were baited with Evelyn Lacy? Mrs. Lacy remarked to her niece, audibly—she had often before, so she said, remarked it to herself—that Paulet Trevanion had not improved at college; there was a freedom—she would not call it coarseness—that reminded her of the tales that she had read of the wild free life of German students, and she was surprised—she could not but be surprised—that the association with a person of such refined manners as Mr. Aubrey Leslie, had not had the effect so much to be desired.

“Mr. Leslie!” said Evelyn, with as much of a sneer as it was possible for so sweet a voice and so pretty a mouth to convey.

“I quite agree with you, Mr. Lacy,” said the aunt, turning to the uncle who had not spoken; “the old blood will show itself—you cannot mistake it—and for my part, I prefer the calm repose of conscious dignity to the wild excitement of over-rated genius.”

Mr. Lacy, who certainly was not dignified, and decidedly not a genius, simply said, “I agree with you, my dear.” It may be here observed, that the oldest acquaintance of the happy pair had never heard him say, “I disagree with you, my dear.”

“I don’t know what you mean, aunt, by over-rated genius. Paulet has taken every prize his College offered; and as for excitement, he is so full

of hope, and life, and courage—so generous and so brave.”

“Brave? yes, with butcher boys,” simpered Aunt Lacy.

Evelyn threw down her knitting and walked out of the room. “I wish,” she said, “that odious Mr. Leslie had never set foot in Winchester.”

He was soon to leave it; the day had arrived for their departure.

“Was ever anything so confoundedly unfortunate!” so said Aubrey Leslie. There was a letter from home on most important matters—his trip must be put off for a few days. “Now don’t let me detain you, old fellow—you’ll be in Munich in a fortnight—I don’t care for Paris—I’ve done it before; I’ll come straight through and join you there. Now I know what you’re going to say—you’ll postpone the tour—for my sake. Certainly not.”

So Aubrey Leslie made his adieus to his friend’s friends, and went off to London by the Highflyer. Paulet was to make his way to Bristol, and thence by sailing vessel to Antwerp, and although when he parted with Evelyn there was no formal declaration of attachment, he felt he possessed her heart, and had but to ask and receive her hand.

The particular business which called Aubrey Leslie to town was connected with some family matters, which rendered his return to Winchester necessary. This business also was of so pressing a nature, that it compelled him to give up his projected tour, and he wrote to Paulet, from London, regretting the

disappointment, and hoping his old friend would meet with a congenial companion. He did not allude to his probable return to Winchester—perhaps he did not think it necessary—but he did think it necessary to proceed there with all speed, and the peculiar nature of his family duties compelled him to have many interviews with Mr. Lacy—nay, for that matter, with Mrs. Lacy.

“Something,” Aubrey said—but he was not very clear on this subject to Evelyn—“something connected with a title that had been in abeyance. It was a matter, he said, that required the closest attention;” and so it would appear did Miss Evelyn Lacy, for Aubrey was rarely absent from the house, and gradually, but very unwillingly on his part, Mr. and Mrs. Lacy elicited from him, “that he was not sorry his trip with Paulet had been prevented. He has a heart of gold, Mr. Lacy—a prince of a man—but my weak nerves can’t stand the excitement, the dissipation”—

“Dissipation!” said Evelyn.

“Well, not exactly that,” said Aubrey; “nothing bad, you know, but boating men don’t think much of these things—they don’t stop at trifles; if you row all day, you must drink at night; then comes play—and.— Now, for my part, I like a quiet life—a calm quiet life of domestic happiness; it suits my temper, and it suits my constitution;” and Aubrey Leslie tried to look interestingly consumptive.

Paulet wrote frequently to Evelyn, and always in the same tone of assured happiness. By a singular

perversity, this charming girl began to contrast his frank boldness with the subdued calmness, the retiring diffidence of his friend Aubrey. She wished that Paulet would express a hope that she remembered him—that although absent he might still be dear. Ought he to be so very happy away from her? If he were so perfectly contented, could he need her love to increase his happiness? His confidence in her truth—his assured consciousness that she could not doubt, was the rock of security on which he stood, and this security betrayed him.

Miss Evelyn Lacy was no heroine, she was simply a warm-hearted impulsive girl, imperfectly educated, with a slight touch of romance derived from her reading, preferring rather a Romeo to sigh under her balcony, than a knight errant who should ride abroad for her love on feats of daring; and constantly hearing remarks from her aunt, echoed by her uncle, to the disparagement of Paulet and the glorification of Aubrey, she began to think, hesitatingly at first, but more decidedly as time wore on, that if she were worth the having, she was worth the wooing.

And now two formidable allies came into the field to fight on the side of Aubrey Leslie. Two months—eight weeks passed without one line from Paulet to Evelyn, but to Aubrey Leslie came missive after missive, and soon the disclosure was made to Evelyn and her friends. A yacht had gone down in the Mediterranean, a father and three goodly sons were drowned, and one old man—a childless one—stood

only now between the father of Aubrey and the earldom of Tarlington.

That night Aubrey Leslie spoke plainly to Evelyn Lacy. "So long as my position was not worthy of you I was silent, but now I ask you to accept my hand; I ask you to adorn a station of which you are worthy. I know what you would say,—you love Paulet Trevanion—if he deserved your love I would be silent—but there can be no love without truth, and Paulet Trevanion is not true to Evelyn Lacy.

"If I thought that," said Evelyn.

"If I prove it."

"This is a trick to try me," said Evelyn. "It is unworthy of you to speak, and of me to listen to anything affecting his honor. You his friend"—

"There are many men who are our friends in the world, but not in our homes—not in such a home as you would grace. If I prove him unworthy you will reject him."

"Yes."

"And you will accept—"

"I cannot answer you."

"You must. This is a painful task I set myself, and I must have my reward. If Paulet Trevanion is proved unworthy, will you become the wife of Aubrey Leslie?"

"I will wait for your proof—you must wait for my reply."

It is very easy to accumulate evidence in the absence of the party accused, particularly when such evidence is sure not to be severely tested. Wounded

love and insulted pride are the assessors of the judge who hears the cause, and the decision may be anticipated. Confirming the statements circulated to the injury of Paulet, was his continued silence: ten weeks had now elapsed—ten weeks; in that time Evelyn should have received half-a-score of letters. This neglect touched her pride, and she was very proud, and the letters produced by Aubrey from his informant at Cambridge convinced Evelyn that the man to whom she had given her young heart, pure in its first affection, had been a deliberate betrayer. Why pursue the painful investigation further? “I have written to him,” said Evelyn; “I have concealed nothing from him. I have asked for a full explanation, and if it should not come, now and for ever, he and I must be strangers.” The explanation did not come. Another week went by—Aubrey Leslie pressed Evelyn for her answer, and she gave it. That answer was the death blow to the future prospects, to the life’s happiness of Paulet Trevanion. It may be said this could not be—that if she truly loved him, that very love would prevent the possibility of doubt; that although the world might condemn, she would but cling the closer to the belief in his honor. Poets have so sung—novelists have so written. Evelyn, I have said, was no heroine; her loving but impulsive nature resented the insult to her love, and she wrecked her own happiness—and his.

It was arranged that the marriage should be celebrated in the old cathedral city without display. The decease of the aged relative who was now Earl

of Tarlington was hourly expected, and good taste, forbad any particular demonstrations. The morning arrived, a bright smiling morning—"a happy omen," said the jubilant Aunt Lacy, who was glorious in attire suited to the occasion, and who comported herself with the dignity pertaining to the aunt of an Earl expectant; the two bridesmaids were there; Captain Hawkington who was to act as best man to his friend Leslie—the Captain had been the chief witness to the misdoings of Paulet Trevanion—and—yes—are we all ready? now.

"Stop," said Mr. Lacy, "we must stop for Potterton; he's always a little late, but we must stop for Potterton—he's Evelyn's god-father, and if we didn't wait for him"—A step on the stairs—here he is—the door opens—enter Potterton—no—Paulet Trevanion.

It is the privilege of high birth to be self-possessed under all circumstances, but certainly both Aunt and Uncle Lacy forfeited their claim on this occasion; the bridesmaids looked confused—Captain Hawkington looked contemptible—Aubrey Leslie, usually so impassive, flushed scarlet,—but Evelyn, beautiful perverse Evelyn, looked scornfully defiant, though a keen observer might have seen the tear trembling in her eye. But how looked Paulet? He was evidently under the influence of some strong excitement, and there was a forced attempt at hilarity that was almost ghastly in its assumed merriment.

"But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in peace, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Helen of young Lochinvar."

So said or shouted Paulet, with a wild light in his eye, and a hectic flush on his cheek.

"I assure you, Trevanion," faltered Aubrey Leslie.

"You do come too late," said Evelyn, stepping proudly forward. "Too late to mar the happiness you would have wrecked; it needed only this," she added somewhat bitterly, "to remove any lingering doubt, any former weakness."

Paulet, clutching at the table, swayed to and fro. His quivering lip, on which a blood streak might be traced, showed that though he strove to bear it lightly, some powerful emotion was convulsing him.

"A touch of her hand, and a word in her ear."

"Oh, Evelyn, there is no charger at the hall door to bear you to freedom; there is no world beyond for you and me."

"There is no world for us," said Evelyn. "We must now be strangers. The man that could be false to one woman, could never be true to another."

"False! false!"

"Your arm, Mr. Leslie," said Evelyn. She stepped proudly past Paulet; then the better nature of the girl displayed itself. "Oh, Paulet," she cried, taking him by the hand, "why have you forced this on me? May Heaven forgive us both!" Then she released his hand, which fell nerveless by his side.

"Paulet, old fellow," said Leslie, encouraged by his apathy; "you won't bear malice." Then he almost whispered in Trevanion's ear, "there's no disgrace, old boy, in being beaten by a better man."

A savage cry of pain—a howl, as if from the throat

of some animal—and Paulet Trevanion threw himself on Aubrey Leslie. The struggle was but for a single moment; the wonderful muscular energy of Paulet, doubled as it seemed by rage, rendered Aubrey a child in his strong grasp; he flung him across the room, and Aubrey fell, bleeding from a severe wound in the forehead, from a projecting cornice. There was a movement to protect him from further violence, but it was needless; with a faint cry of pain or exhaustion, Paulet Trevanion sank to the ground, and lay there apparently as insensible as his rival.

The course of true love never did run smooth—and in Paulet's case every circumstance tended to bear the bark of his rival triumphantly on its course. The blood was soon staunched, a slight plaster concealed the wound, and Evelyn decided that the marriage ceremony should not be delayed. A short hour had made them one; another hour saw Evelyn's first departure from her home, whilst Paulet Trevanion lay on his bed of pain, feeble in body, still more feeble in mind—a helpless lunatic.

A few words would have cleared the honor, and have preserved the happiness of Paulet Trevanion, but those words remained unspoken. Too late for her own repose, Evelyn learnt the truth—Aubrey Leslie was a cold-hearted unprincipled gamester; to win a cup on a horse race he would have jockeyed his own father; to win the hand of the loveliest woman he had ever seen, he did not scruple to sacrifice the happiness of the friend he maligned, and the woman he betrayed. Yet he was too cunning to

act openly in the matter. He merely hinted doubts—spoke not of his own knowledge; he had heard, he said; and at a fitting time he produced in evidence the testimony of Captain Hawkington, an adventurer on the turf, who had been black-balled in clubs, horse-whipped on race courses, was known to bribe jockies, suspected of dosing horses, and was the intimate associate of disreputable billiard markers. This worthy, acting upon the suggestions of his employer, did not hesitate to make statements that might have deceived even keener observers than Evelyn Lacy, and the continued silence of Paulet—Ah that silence! Could Evelyn but have known that for ten long weeks, Paulet, her own brave Paulet, lay in a fever fit, from a wound received from a reckless student, who had dared to speak lightly of a woman's fame! The very duel for which Evelyn would have gladly buckled on his sword, led to his overthrow in that tournament where the victor's guerdon was to be a life-long happiness. Under the direction of the surgeon, who enjoined the strictest caution upon his nurse, all communications from home were kept from his knowledge, and it was only after a lapse of three weary months that Paulet, enfeebled in body and mind from long suffering, read the complaining and then reproachful letters of Evelyn, learnt that Aubrey Leslie was a traitor to friendship and no true man to love, and then, with the true Saxon courage of his race, he concealed his sufferings, feigned convalescence, and having blinded his kind surgeon and attentive nurse, he posted across the continent,

reached England, and arrived in Winchester in a state of brain fever bordering on insanity.

A second and more severe attack again prostrated Paulet Trevanion, and weeks before his recovery, not to health—for the champion of Winchester rose from his bed a wreck in body, if not in mind—but weeks before he was permitted to leave the sick-room, Evelyn Leslie—how she hated the name! Lady Evelyn—how she loathed the title!—found she had been deceived, that her gambler husband had won her by false play, that she had staked her own happiness, and the happiness of Paulet Trevanion with a trickster and a cheat, and that it was now too late to hope—too late even to repent.

From that bed of sickness rose Trevanion, changed in mind and form. He returned no more to college; he abandoned all his bright prospects; Winchester lamented, and Cambridge mourned; old college friends sought for him in vain; even to his widowed mother he became a stranger; at rare intervals she saw him, sometimes only for an hour, and when she urged him to seek restored health in the calm retirement of his old home, Paulet replied kindly but firmly—“Quiet? no mother, it is only in action that I live. Were I to seek for rest even here, I should go mad, if I be not mad already. No, mother—time, the great restorer, must do his work.”

“Yes, my son, my dear son,” replied one who would not have doubted, though a thousand Aubreys had testified against him—“time brings peace.”

“And the grave forgetfulness!”

How he lived was a mystery. He scrupulously refrained from taxing the resources of the widow. "Why should a great strong fellow," said he, with something of his old humour, "be a burden to such weak arms as yours?" And the next moment he would sink into a chair, and the cough of consumption would mock the speaker. Friends who occasionally met him, and whom he would have avoided, but could not, hinted that a Fellowship was still open to him; that a few months at Nice or Madeira would make a man of him. They saw only the flush on the cheek; they knew not of the worm at the heart. With some excuse, such as "He should be there next Term—he meant to take pupils;" Paulet would turn away, avoiding companionship—friendship? Psha!

Taxing neither mother nor friends—living a hermit's life in the crowded city—changing his name the better to avoid observance—probably he depended upon his pen for support. He was a ripe scholar, had a facility for translating an ode or an epigram; and there are hundreds of unknown adventurers in the fields of literature, who, if they fail to obtain fame, find bread. Bitter was the bread now eaten by Paulet Trevanion. Whatever might have escaped him, during the long dark night when his reason slumbered, no reproaches, no allusions even, to Evelyn or her husband escaped his lips. When one or two of his acquaintances, in their chance meetings, made any reference to the past—such as, "thought it was to have been a match between you and that pretty

Winchester girl, Edith—Evelyn—eh?” Paulet would mutter, “yes, it was thought so.” “Married a Trinity man, eh? son of an earl—caught by the coronet, eh?” Then the light-hearted speaker would laugh, and Paulet would echo him, but in such a hollow tone, that his friend would grow grave, and with a kind good bye, and a hope for his better health, would go on his way with some such self rebuke as, “What an ass I was to talk about the girl who jilted him! What does the black fellow say in the play—‘Frailty, thy name is woman.’ By Jove, how it has pulled him down!”

“Lawyer,” said Tom Morris, “you’ve a niceish bit of a garden at your willa at Clapham.”

“A very good garden, Mr. Morris, especially for fruit.”

“Specially for fruit, lawyer, as I was going to observe—specially apples. Now don’t you interrupt, but answer my questions. Supposing at the very top of your tallest apple tree, you could see a jolly big apple, the jolliest and the biggest you ever see, I suppose you’d manage to get it down somehow, lawyer.”

“I suppose I should, Mr. Morris, yet I can’t see”—

“No you can’t see, though your glasses are gold rimmed, patent pebbles; but wait till I fit you with a pair of spectacles. I told you I was on the scent, and look here, lawyer; it’s a jolly great apple we’ve

got to pluck from a fine old family tree, before we can persuade them twelve enlightened grocers and cheesemongers to find Mr. Paulet Trevanion, not guilty."

"You know my anxiety, Mr. Morris."

"You can't help showing it, lawyer. You look like a benevolent uncle at the Adelphi Theātre. Well look here. From information I have received—no, I won't come the professional dodge with you—first and foremost, I come out in the benevolent uncle line myself. Find out where Mr. Trevanion lived—twasn't a willa with a garden back and front—never mind that—I quite win the heart of the old woman in Gray's Inn Road, with my lamentations about my dear nephew—which we brought him up from a baby—asked to look at any papers he'd got, and turned over a lot of verses and such stuff—not a sporting article in the whole heap; and at last I came across this bit of paper—pretty paper, an't it? and pretty writing too—Paulet Trevanion, Esquire. There's a discovery!"

"Where?" said Mr. Larkins, feebly.

"Where?" said Tom Morris, almost contemptuously, "why, there!"

Mr. Larkins adjusted his spectacles, shook his head, and repeated, "Where?"

"Now I'm going to fit on *my* spectacles. Look here, lawyer. There's a postmark—Duddleton. Where's Duddleton? ten miles from Winchester. Who lives at Duddleton? Mrs. Trevanion. Who calls on Mrs. Trevanion with a message from her son?"

why a venerable gentleman in a white choker—says he's in the publishing line—gives her his opinion of her son's performances—tells he beats Lord Byron by chalks—quite pleases the old lady—hasn't heard her son is in trouble—reads the paper, of course, once a week, but ha'nt no idea that Vane Paulet spells Paulet Trevanion. Publishing gentleman don't enlighten her—certainly not—tells her he's got an idea of publishing a lot of her son's poems, with a life of the author, and a fancy portrait—book in one hand, white ankercher in the other; looking straight forward at nothing in general, and everthing in partickler. Old lady lets out all about her son's life and times—didn't mention the great fight, which was rather disappointing—gave all the pedigree of his disappointment in love, and instead of walking into the young lady, as was quite right and proper, she bursts out crying like a baby."

"Cheer up," said I; "don't take on so, it's what we must all come to if we live long enough; think of her being married to a lord, with I don't know how many thousands a year, whilst your son might be wanting a sixpence, for what she knows or cares."

"Ah," said the old lady, gushing again, "you don't know my Evelyn. Oh, how I wish I could say his Evelyn! It was all a mistake, a cruel mistake—but she's got a heart of gold."

"Pity she can't coin a piece of it into guineas," said I.

"And so she would if she could serve— I think

I may trust you," said the old lady, "you look so venerable."

Thinks I, I'll forgive her for not mentioning the fight.

"Why, it is but three weeks since she came to my little cottage, made me put four beautiful clean white notes into a letter, and send them to my dear boy, as if it was a gift from his mother; and because he's so proud, and would never take money from me, she made me write—and, pretty dear! she laughed in her old pleasant way, while I did it—she made me write, that he needn't be too proud to take it, because I'd had a legacy left me."

"Ah," says I, quite indifferent. "Four notes. Now, do you know, ma'am, I have hundreds of letters from ladies—in the way of trade, of course—and I never knew one of them take the number of a note."

"Indeed then, Mr.—" Here she looked at me rather inquisitive.

"I was going to say Butcher, but I thought she might be fly, so I said, 'Brown, ma'am; Mr. Brown, of the City.'"

"Indeed, then, Mr. Brown, you must know I'm quite a woman of business. I often think some of my son's letters must be lost by the way, I get so few; so I'm very particular when I write to him, and I took a copy of the numbers."

"Well," said I, "that's a thing I never saw a woman do before, and I don't think I could believe it, unless I saw it." We were getting quite friendly now.

Then the old lady takes a paper from her desk—shows me the numbers—the numbers, lawyer—and here they are, 15204, 15205, 15206, 15207. The identical numbers of the identical notes. Talk of being a publisher, lawyer! an't I the man to bring out a novel in penny numbers, with lots of interest.”

“There's an end of the case,” said Mr. Larkins.

“There's a beginning of it, lawyer. Next question is, where did my lady get the notes from?”

“Where did she get them?”

“That's where it's coming to, lawyer. Now you're beginning to understand about the tip top apple. Think of an Earl's daughter standing in the dock; think of the immense sensation.”

“Absurd!”

“Very exciting, lawyer. Now, look here; my lady gets the notes from my lord—that's only natural. My lord done Mr. Trevanion a good turn once, and wants to do him another. It's a plant, lawyer; it's a plant.”

“It's monstrous! impossible!”

“That's what makes it so likely. You can send for my lord—have it out quietly if you can; if not, leave him to me, but out it must come, and before the day's over.”

“But to suspect the son of an Earl!”

“What's an Earl to me,” said Tom Morris. “Lend me a tenner, and I'll fight him for the money in this very room, and you shall see fair play and pick us up.”

“Are you serious, Mr. Morris?”

“Serious!” said the now excited Tom; “make it twenty to ten, and I’ll lick the Earl into the bargain. Serious! We must have it out to-night before we sleep—I don’t mean the fight, but the cross-examination.”

Mr. Larkins thereon dispatched a clerk with a letter, addressed to Lord Aubrey Leslie, stating a matter of the greatest moment—literally a matter of life and death, required—might he be permitted to say, demanded, an interview. Would his lordship favor him with a call at his offices, or name any time before six o’clock when he might wait upon him.

Mr. Tom Morris, whilst waiting impatiently for the answer, expressed very frankly his opinion of Mr. Larkins’ powers of composition. It was not favorable. “Might he be permitted? Now, look here, lawyer; I like a fair fight; always shake hands before you begin—that’s when I have to stand up against a good man; but when I’ve got a mace cove to look after, I trip him up and slip on the darbies, without saying, ‘May I be permitted?’”

“As I haven’t got the latest edition of the slang dictionary on my book shelves, Mr. Morris, I’m unable to dispute your proposition, and as I’ve other letters to write, oblige me by looking over the *Times* until my clerk returns.”

Thereupon Mr. Morris devoted his energies to an inspection of the paper, in the hope of finding some allusions to the road or the ring. The clerk soon returned from St. James’s Square. Lord Aubrey had read the note, which he was unable to comprehend;

his horses were at the door, and he would ride round to Lincoln's Inn. And almost as the clerk spoke, his lordship was announced.

Aubrey Leslie was the same quiet impassive individual—he was not surprised—Aubrey Leslie was never surprised, but he requested Mr. Larkins would explain—and he slightly elevated his eyebrows as he looked at Mr. Tom Morris, as if enquiring whether that gentleman's presence was necessary at the interview.

“Fine morning, my lord,” said the unabashed Tom; “almost as fine a morning as it was last Spring Meeting, when your lordship won such a pot of money through your filly losing the Handicap.”

“Mr.”—

“Morris, my lord—Tom Morris—uncle by the father's side of little Sam Morris, the feather-weight jockey that rode the filly. Now we all know one another, fire away, Mr. Larkins.”

With an occasional interruption from the irrepressible Tom, Mr. Larkins made the all-important communication to Aubrey Leslie, who exhibited such genuine surprise that even Tom Morris was compelled to admit he knew his lordship was a cool hand; but if he was acting this time, the Adelphi Theatre couldn't hold a candle to him.

“Lady Evelyn has no other banker than myself. It is impossible that I should have a forged note in my possession; and without expressing any opinion as to the truth of the strange statement you have made”—

“He had that from me,” said Tom Morris, “so you may take your oath to the truth of it. I don’t bet one way and advise my friends to lay another.”

Aubrey Leslie might have heard, but he did not notice the interruption.

“Whatever may be the consequence, my name, Lady Evelyn’s name, must not be made public.”

“But the critical position in which Mr. Trevanion is placed?”—

“Cannot be removed by implicating her or me—the absurdity is too apparent. If Mr. Trevanion, forgetful of his early position, has been tempted”—

“Now, look here,” said Tom Morris; “some people may tell you that Tom Morris may be squared for a fiver—don’t try it on. I’ll have you and my lady in the witness box, and”—

“Mr. Morris!” said the lawyer.

“Insolent scoundrel!” said Aubrey Leslie.

“I’ve stood hard blows and I don’t mind hard words. If you choose to fight, let it be rough and tumble; but you won’t fight, and you shan’t run. Now, look here; where did these forged notes come from? I don’t say you planted them—I thought you did, but I don’t. Your lordship gets money in so many ways that you can’t well tell where it all comes from; but try and help us—try and help yourself.”

“Is there no way,” said Aubrey.

“My lord,” said Mr. Larkins, “this man speaks plainly.”

“Thankye, Mr. Larkins.”

“Too plainly, perhaps; but place yourself in the position of Mr. Trevanion.”

“He did once,” said Tom Morris, “I wish he could do it now.”

“His innocence must be established. No one will for a moment suppose that Lady Evelyn or your lordship”—

“But the disgrace, Mr. Larkins; the disgrace.”

“As Mr. Trevanion’s professional adviser, I must not, I dare not hesitate.”

“If it be asked why Lady Evelyn—mind, I do not for one moment admit that she did—but if it be asked, why she sent the money to Mr. Trevanion, what must be her reply?”

“The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; that’s about the size of it, lawyer.”

“But it may not be necessary, my lord. By looking to your cheque book, by enquiry of your bankers, you may ascertain what notes you have received, and you may trace to whom you have paid them. You may have taken them in exchange.”

“Won them over the filly,” said Tom Morris.

“In short, my lord,” said Mr. Larkins, who had been very nervous at first, but was getting firmer, “for your own sake you must do all you can to clear this mystery.”

“In the interests of justice, Mr. Larkins, I will do all I can to assist you. I will endeavour to see you in a day or two, and in the mean time, though as I before said, I cannot allow Lady Evelyn’s name to be

called in question, I will make every possible enquiry. Good morning, Mr. Larkins."

"Good morning, my lord."

"Ta, ta, my lord. Kind regards to little Sammy."

"Mr. Morris," said the lawyer, as his lordship left the room, "you are incorrigible—your behaviour to a gentleman—"

"Did I ever forget myself to you, lawyer?"

"I did not say that, but your conduct to his lordship—"

"Don't I know a gentleman when I see him? You're one, Mr. Larkins, every inch; if a man grewed with his gentility, you'd be big enough, sir, to be shewed in a carawan; but my lord there—why Mr. Larkins, you don't know that I'm behind the scenes; I look into what I call the dustholes. Who got up the sell for the champion fight? why my lord there. Who's got a finger in all the roping matches at Newmarket? why my lord there. Well now, lawyer, if you want a pleasant afternoon, come with me into the Strand, and Billy Hawkington, the billiard marker, who was once a captain and a friend of my lord, will tell you such tales about him, as would make your hair stand so straight on end, that Mrs. Larkins would never be able to smooth it down again."

Three days after the interview with Aubrey Leslie, little Mr. Larkins, who had sadly neglected a

mortgage, and a marriage settlement, to the great annoyance of a young gentleman, who was anxious for money, and the still greater annoyance of an elderly gentleman, who was anxious for matrimony, was pondering gravely on the question of a sufficiency of title, not in the husband, but the borrower, when his chief clerk informed him a lady wished to see him—"Name, Mr. Cholly." "Didn't give any name, sir, but is quite the lady." Mr. Larkins looked anxiously at the draught of the marriage settlement. "An impatient bride," he muttered. "Let the lady come in, Cholly." Mr. Cholly placed a chair, requested the lady to enter, turned with a graceful wave of the hand to Mr. Larkins, like a legal master of the ceremonies, and withdrew with the slow and quiet step peculiar to the profession.

The lady raising her thick veil, disclosed a very beautiful but very pale face—grave—perhaps sad. "Not a very encouraging omen for the bridegroom," thought the lawyer.

"Mr. Larkins."

"Yes, madam."

"You remember me." Mr. Larkins hesitated as he turned over the draft settlement.

"Or rather you remember Evelyn Lacy."

"Good heavens! Lady Evelyn Leslie."

"Not to you, Mr. Larkins—not to you; remember me, I entreat you, as simple Evelyn Lacy. Let the years that have passed since our last meeting be a blank in your memory as I wish they could be in mine, and tell me as an old friend—tell me as a father

speaking to a child, what is the truth of this horrid story."

"Of Mr. Trevanion?"

"Yes, of Paulet Trevanion. Lord Aubrey had an interview with you, as I understood from him—something referring to a forgery, and Mr. Trevanion is seriously implicated. Lord Aubrey reproached me with bringing dishonor on his name. I think he must have gone to his club after leaving you and have dined there, for I never saw him so excited; he vowed that he would leave England, and that I and my confederate—so he dared to speak of Mr. Trevanion—might stand in the felon's dock together, and meet the consequences."

"I was compelled, Lady Evelyn, to speak plainly to his lordship—as plainly as I now speak to you"; and as briefly as he could, Mr. Larkins made his statement. "It is a mystery, Lady Evelyn, but I am bound to give Mr. Trevanion the benefit of any explanation that can be afforded, and if we can satisfy my lord and the jury that the notes in question passed to Trevanion from the hands of yourself, or any other person who is beyond suspicion, the charge against him is answered."

"Now I see more clearly," said Lady Evelyn. "Let there be no hesitation, Mr. Larkins. I am prepared to stand forward, to incur the reproach, the shame, if there be any, in having acted in this matter without the sanction or knowledge of my husband. My heart, my conscience, does not reprove me; and the world will not long"—

She paused. Mr. Larkins continued; "You are certain you received these notes from your husband?"

"Of that there cannot be a doubt. I was on a visit to my old friend, Mr. Potterton, at Winchester; his lordship was at Newmarket. I drove to Duddleton to see his—Mr. Trevanion's mother, and I learnt from her that her son had been very ill. She read me a letter from him; he was hard at work, he said, on *Horace*; he wanted money, not for himself, but for his kind doctor, who was a poor man in a poor neighborhood, and he feared had more children than patients."

"And you kindly, but most unfortunately, decided on the little plot that has now assumed such a serious appearance. But where could the notes have come from?"

"From my husband. I wrote to him for money, and he sent me twenty pounds.

"No other notes?"

"No others."

"That's unfortunate. If you had one in your own possession, it might have confirmed— But where could his lordship get them?"

"Mr. Larkins, I may be frank with you. Lord Aubrey is fond of the excitement of play, and at the gaming table he may associate with men"—

"I see, I see! That only complicates it; and, unfortunately, his lordship may not be able—he may not be willing"—

"But I, Mr. Larkins, have no scruples. When and where you please, I will come forward, and speak the

truth in the face of the world. Besides," and her eyes sparkled with a bright thought that restored her girl's look for a moment, "besides, his mother copied the numbers of the notes, dear old soul—that is conclusive."

"To us, Lady Evelyn, yes; but for a court of justice, no; they might say it was the act of the mother to screen her son."

"But my evidence"—

"Pardon me, dear Lady Evelyn—you are not a disinterested witness. Counsel might say—excuse me if I distress you—they might say, Lady Evelyn owed some reparation to Paulet Trevanion, and came forward to aid him in his hour of trouble."

The transient color faded from her cheek, leaving her paler than before. "Is there no hope?"

"There is every hope, but the evidence of Lord Aubrey might make it certainty. He is not—he cannot be the friend of the man he wronged—and he may throw a doubt by his statement even upon your testimony."

"Ah!" said Lady Evelyn, sadly, "the crime carries ever its punishment with it. The first, the only time I dared to think of him, to strive to serve him, I bring down ruin upon him—I peril the life that I have already blighted! Can it be possible that he, my husband!"—

"Dismiss the thought. How could he know for what purpose you required the money? It is probable, as you conjectured, that at the gaming table, or in the betting ring, some unprincipled person has passed

the notes to him, thinking, in the excitement of the moment, they would not be observed too closely."

"But Mr. Trevanion's safety must be assured. Good heavens, Mr. Larkins! he's in a prison; he has been there for more than three weeks"—and she shuddered.

Mr. Larkins tried to treat the matter lightly. "My old friend Trevanion is a philosopher—he will think of the old song. 'Steel bars do not a prison make.'"

"Mr. Larkins, pray advise me for the best. Does he know—does he suspect—that I sent him the money?"

"I think not; he is persistently silent on the subject."

"Would it be a consolation to him—would there be any impropriety in my seeing him—in my assuring him that I could prove—that I would prove?"—

"If you ask me, Lady Evelyn, as a friend, I should say, go. If you ask me as a lawyer, I should say, do not go. You must for the present allow the lawyer to prevail over the friend."

"I have not seen him, Mr. Larkins, for six years. Is he much changed?"

"Much changed."

"As much as I am?"

"You changed! why I never"—

"Do not mock me. You did not know me when I raised my veil."

"I was so little prepared."

"Mr. Larkins," said Lady Evelyn, "is Paulet Trevanion as near to death as I am?"

“Come, come, Lady Evelyn,” said little Mr. Larkins, jumping up; “you must not talk so; you must not think—this sad event depresses us all, but we shall come clear out of it; and a trip to Madeira for Paulet, and a visit to Nice for you, Evelyn”—She stretched out her hands to him. “And—and, I hope”—and then poor little Larkins broke down, and sobbed in a way that his elder daughter would have deemed exceedingly improper, and the senior curate might have rebuked as a lamentable expression of human weakness.

It had one good effect, however; Lady Evelyn became the consoler. She spoke to him of his family; asked if either of his girls were married yet; and said, when all was cleared up, she would come and spend a long morning at Clapham. Then she rose to go.

“You will keep me advised of all that passes; you will write to me if—”

Mr. Larkins pressed her hand, led her to her carriage, and returned slowly and sadly to the consideration of the marriage settlement.

“By Jove, a splendid figure,” said Kennington Lane; “I wish I could see her face. How carefully the old boy put her into the carriage.”

Perhaps it was fortunate for the impressible articulated clerk that neither Fanny nor Fanny’s papa were witnesses of Mr. Kennington Lane’s admiration.

The following day Lord Aubrey Leslie called on

Mr. Larkins. He was evidently unacquainted with Lady Evelyn's visit, and Mr. Larkins did not think it necessary to allude to it. His lordship had taken some trouble in the matter, but whether from regard for himself, or for Paulet Trevanion, it is unnecessary to enquire. "It's the most singular thing that I ever knew," said he. "I cashed a cheque at Coutts's for £200.; here are the particulars—two fifties, three twenties, two tens, four fives—exactly two hundred pounds. Now the four fives are not the numbers of the notes found in the possession of Trevanion. I received £130. at Tattersall's, and I've seen the men who paid me, and they know the notes they gave me—there wasn't a five amongst them."

"At your club?" said Mr. Larkins.

"I've no objection to make a clean breast—I drew cheques and received rouleaus—all the money that passed was in gold—the only five pound notes that I could have sent to Lady Evelyn were those I got from Coutts's people, and here are the numbers—they do not correspond—what do you think?"

"I don't know what to think. The farther we attempt to wade through it the deeper the stream becomes."

"I don't wish to think harshly of Mr. Trevanion; perhaps I owe him some reparation. I don't profess to be a moralist, but I'm heartily sorry for his present difficulty. Do you think this is possible—allowing that Mrs. Trevanion is right as regards the numbers, could the notes have been changed on the way?"

"Who posted the letter to Lady Evelyn?"

“Myself.”

“You think that the letter might have been opened at the Post-office?”

“Yes.”

“And the forged notes substituted?”

“Yes.”

“It might be, but how prove it? It only wants a week to the sessions. If by that time any one of the notes you received from your bankers were to turn up, there might be some clue.”

“You do not think that Trevanion—”

“I should sooner suspect your lordship.”

“Not complimentary, Mr. Larkins, but I agree with you. Poor Trevanion! Good morning, Mr. Larkins.”

“I have had an interview with Lord Aubrey Leslie, and I think it is clear that in some way—neither he nor I can imagine how—the four five pound notes he received from his bankers, numbered as under, and which he sent to Lady Evelyn, were changed for those enclosed by Mrs. Trevanion to her son. This is a clue; follow it up. There is no time to spare—don’t spare money.

“Yours, ANTHONY LARKINS.

“To Mr. T. Morris, Bow Court, Bow Street.”

“You’ll miss the coach,” said Kennington Lane, looking in, “if you stay five minutes longer.”

“Thank you. Oh, by-the-bye, have you any particular engagement this evening?”

“No sir,” said Kennington, brightly, “I can go with you to Clapham.”

"Thank you," said Mr. Larkins, drily, "I want you to go to Bow Street by yourself."

"Bow Street!" said Kennington, sulkily. "I've a ticket for Covent Garden."

"All in your way—it's an important matter—we've a clue to that terrible affair of poor Trevanion. Read that note—you'll see its importance—don't go to the theatre till you've found Mr. Morris. You see Lord Aubrey Leslie"—

"That was his lordship?" said Kennington Lane.

"Yes," said Mr. Larkins, buttoning his great coat.

"And the lady in the carriage—"

"Was Lady Evelyn."

"Lucky dog! splendid woman!"

"Mr. Lane, I'm astonished," said Mr. Larkins as he walked out of the office.

"So am I," said Kennington Lane, as he sat down in the governor's chair—"that a fellow like that should own such a splendid creature. Why there are men,"—and Mr. Lane, looking in the glass, became impressed with the opinion that in figure he surpassed, and in whiskers eclipsed his lordship; then he proceeded to read Mr. Larkins' note—"Numbered as under,—12345, 12346, 12347, 12348." Was there any fascination in these numbers that Mr. Kennington Lane continued to repeat them? Apparently so, for he sat for some ten minutes with his eyes fixed upon them, and his lips repeating them, and then without taking his eyes from the letter, he took out his purse, opened it, took therefrom a folded piece of paper, smoothed it out, placed it alongside the note and repeated—"12347—Oh! Fanny!"

What connection could there be between the numbers and the lady?

“Coach!” shouted Mr. Kennington Lane.

“Where to, sir?”

“The Earl of Tarlington’s, 97, St. James’s Square.”

The jarvey drove with a rapidity and a dignity worthy of the occasion.

“Lord Aubrey Leslie at home?”

“His lordship was at home, but particularly engaged.”

“No matter—he will see me—Mr. Kennington Lane.”

Magnificent flunkey disappears with card, and returns forthwith. “His lordship has not the honor of knowing Mr. Lane.”

Articled clerk repulsed, but not defeated, introduces an argument into the hand of abstracted individual in plush, “Say a gentleman from the office of Mr. Larkins, in Lincoln’s Inn.”

Flunkey, restored to consciousness, will communicate with his lordship. “His lordship will be pleased to see the gentleman from Lincoln’s Inn.”

His lordship does see him. Very long conference with said gentleman—second dinner bell remains unnoticed—amazement of flunkey. Gentleman from Lincoln’s Inn is accompanied by his lordship to the hall door. “Yes,” says his lordship, in reply to an observation; “Mr. Morris, by all means.” His lordship shakes hands with the gentleman from Lincoln’s Inn—surprise of magnificent flunkey—gentleman from Lincoln’s Inn enters his hackney chariot—

individual in plush condescends to inquire "where to?"—gentleman from Lincoln's Inn replies, "Bow Street." Intense disgust of magnificent flunkey.

Jarvey drove in an undignified manner to Bow Street. He probably felt humiliated by the sudden descent from St. James's Square. Mr. Kennington Lane did not find Mr. Tom Morris in Bow Court—he was probably at the "Wrekin"—no, he was not at the "Wrekin"—or at the "Mitre." This appeal to ecclesiastical authority was successful. On a small table stood a glass of cold without; projecting over the said table was a yard of clay pipe, and attached thereto was Mr. Tom Morris. An introduction of himself by Mr. Kennington Lane—a short, and as it would seem, a most interesting communication from that gentleman—much vigorous expulsion of tobacco smoke from the mouth of Mr. Tom Morris—continued whispering, with energetic but appropriate action, from Mr. Kennington Lane, culminating in the remark from the lips of Mr. Tom Morris—"By jingo!"

Mr. Tom Morris suggested a ramble by moonlight. Kennington Lane, nothing loth, assented. Mr. Tom Morris's taste did not incline to "fresh fields and pastures new." Caring little to see the young lambs frisking on the green sward, he liked to notice the billiard balls canoning on the green cloth. They entered a noted room in the immediate vicinity of Temple Bar. A gentleman with great length of limb, and corresponding length of cue, made a magnificent hazard as Mr. Tom Morris and his new acquaintance entered.

“Come to give me my revenge to-night?” said the lengthy gentleman.

“Not to-night,” said the articed clerk; “but here’s a friend of mine from the country, who would like a game.”

“With pleasure” said the gentleman with the cue; “anything your friend likes; from half-a-crown to a fiver.”

“A fiver, by all means,” says Mr. Tom Morris.

“Shall we stake?” enquires the lengthy gentleman.

“Well,” says Mr. Tom Morris, “I think it’s best amongst strangers.”

Lengthy gentleman produces a five pound note, and Mr. Tom Morris produces—not a corresponding fiver, but a very neat pair of handcuffs, which, with a dexterity only to be acquired by years of practice, he promptly fixes on the wrists of the lengthy gentleman.”

The Old Bailey Sessions are on. There is considerable excitement in court, for it is rumored that certain interesting disclosures, affecting some of the members of the aristocracy, are likely to be made in connection with the trial of a distinguished member of the literary world, who has been indicted on a charge of forgery. To the intense disappointment of the spectators, on the prisoner, Paulet Trevanion, indicted as Vane Paulet, being placed at the bar, the counsel for the prosecution, Mr. Serjeant Coifley, rose

and said: "May it please your lordship, it is not my intention to produce any evidence against the prisoner; and, therefore, under the direction of your lordship, the jury will return a verdict of acquittal. Certain notes were found on the person of the prisoner, which were undoubtedly forged; such notes were previously in the possession of a fellow collegian and friend of the prisoner, as I must continue to call him. (Here a keen observer might have noticed a singular expression on the face of Paulet Trevanion.) Such notes were substituted by a confidential servant for genuine notes of the same amount, which he appropriated to his own use. With your lordship's permission, I will read the official report of proceedings this day in another court, and which have resulted in the conviction of the offender."

"Bryan O'Byrne, aged 26, was indicted for stealing four notes of the value of five pounds each, the property of his master, the Honorable Aubrey Leslie, commonly called Lord Aubrey Leslie.

"The prosecutor proved that he received the notes in part payment of a cheque from his bankers.

"James Ellis, clerk to Messrs. Coutts, proved that he gave the said notes to the prosecutor in part payment of a cheque for £200.

"Kennington Lane, articled clerk to Mr. Larkins, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, proved that he had received the note, numbered 12347, from the prisoner, being the amount won by him at billiards.

"His lordship advised the witness, if he wished to attain any eminence in his profession, to abandon

black legs for Blackstone (a laugh). He complimented the witness on the activity he had shown in giving the information which had led to this investigation; and, referring to his height (the witness being over six feet), he trusted he would not be obliged to say, it's a long lane that has no turning (great laughter).

“Mr. Kennington Lane, who appeared much confused whilst his lordship was addressing him, quitted the box with great promptitude.

“Thomas Morris deposed that he took the prisoner into custody at a billiard room in the Strand; found on him one of the missing notes identified by the prosecutor.

“The prisoner, who was undefended, made the following statement: He had unfortunately become acquainted with some betting men, and had lost considerably. At the last Ascot meeting he had won some money, and had received from a man, whose name he did not know, but whom he could identify, four notes, which he found were forgeries. Having a letter to deliver to his master (the prosecutor), he went into his bed room, and saw a pile of notes lying on the table. His master being at the time in his bath room, he was tempted to substitute the notes. It was his first offence; and he threw himself on the merciful consideration of the Court.

“The jury having returned a verdict of guilty, his lordship, addressing the prisoner, said he had a doubt whether he ought not to direct a second indictment to be preferred against him, charging him with uttering the forged notes. As, however, the

counsel for the prosecution had not pressed that point, the sentence of the Court upon the prisoner would be, that he be transported for fourteen years. The prisoner had placed the life of a gentleman of irreproachable character in great peril, and but for the commendable vigilance and activity of the witnesses, Lane and Morris, the consequences might have been lamentable indeed."

"I apologise," said Mr. Serjeant Coifley, "to your lordship and the jury for this lengthened statement, but it is due to Mr. Trevanion, that the explanation should be clear and ample."

His lordship, in addressing Mr. Trevanion, said: "I regret that this unfounded charge has had so serious an effect upon your health. I trust, the attentive care of your friends will quickly enable you to resume those studies, in which you have already attained so much distinction. It is unnecessary for me to say that you leave this court without a stain upon your character."

A great number of gentlemen from the University of Cambridge, of the highest position, were in attendance to speak, had it been necessary, to the character of Mr. Trevanion.

Mr. Trevanion, who was evidently in very delicate health, bowed to his lordship and left the court, accompanied by his friends. Some amusement was caused by the witness, Thomas Morris, forcing his way through the crowd, shaking Mr. Trevanion by the hand, and exclaiming, "Licked them again, my boy, as you did the Butcher."

Mr. Larkins had a carriage at the door. As Trevanion left the court Aubrey Leslie approached. "Trevanion," he said, "I don't ask you to forget what's past. I shouldn't forgive you, if you were in my place, and I don't ask you to forgive me. Believe me when I say, if the race were to be run over again, I think I would run it differently."

They drove to Lincoln's Inn. On their way Mr. Larkins talked unceasingly. Trevanion was silent. "We shall leave town to-night," said the lawyer, "but there are two friends you must see before your departure."

"Friends!" said Trevanion bitterly; "forgive me, I am ungrateful. It was worth this trial to prove I had so many."

Mr. Larkins led the way to the private room. In the outer office he introduced Trevanion to Kennington Lane. A friendly grasp of the hand spoke more eloquently than the lip, Paulet's thanks for his services. In the private room, which Mr. Larkins did not enter, Trevanion found his mother and Evelyn.

What forgiveness of the past, what bright hopes of the future, gladdened that meeting, sanctified by the presence of a parent! Trevanion seemed to recover from the torpor that had for so many years paralyzed his hopes and blighted his prospects. He spoke of work to be done, position to be attained. "If the scholar fail to find a place in the temple of happiness, he may yet plant his foot upon the hill of fame. You shall be proud of your son yet, my mother; and

even you, Evelyn—my Evelyn”—there is a pause, a shriek. Mr. Larkins hastens into the room. “Mr. Trevanion has fainted,” says Lady Evelyn. The more experienced mother cries, “My boy is dying.” Raise him gently—so—Not Guilty! May that plea be recorded at the bar where Paulet Trevanion now waits for judgment!

There was rejoicing in Clapham, and mighty preparation at Eldon Villa. Six months had passed since Kennington Lane had established the innocence of Paulet Trevanion; and after many remonstrances, repeated lectures, abundant promises on the part of Kennington, and more abundant weeping on the part of Fanny, it was agreed that Mr. Lane should be taken into partnership by the father and daughter. Billiards were banished; salmon (at Greenwich) was ostracized; small dinners at Richmond became things of the past; and a high trotting horse, on which Kennington had displayed his equestrian abilities, to the delight of Fanny and the despair of her pedestrian admirers, was sold at an alarming sacrifice. Cigars, after a lengthened and slightly personal argument, were conceded, despite an ineffectual veto from Mrs. Larkins, and consequent on a solemn promise to Amelia Ann that he would not introduce them into the home of the Baxters.

The wedding of the two daughters of the eminent solicitor, Anthony Larkins, Esquire, of Eldon Villa,

was celebrated with the usual formalities. The characteristics of the principal performers were painful timidity and decided self-abnegation on the part of the Reverend Robert James Baxter; dignified composure on the part of Amelia Ann; aristocratic elegance on the part of Kennington Lane, to use the words of the shortest bridesmaid, who with the usual perversity of her sex, had a passion for elongated guardsmen; and April showers and sunshine from charming Fanny. There was the usual breakfast, where, as usual, Gunter surpassed himself; there was a sufficient supply of good wine—perhaps more than a sufficient supply of bad speeches—but there was great kindness, much hilarity, and even an attempt at a joke—born of champagne and nurtured on sparkling hock—by the Reverend Robert James; it was feeble, very feeble, but respectable, as a first and final effort, and as such deserves to be chronicled, if it could be remembered.

Mr. and Mrs. Baxter departed for Cheltenham, where mamma (Mrs. Larkins) at the end of the week, was to join them. Mr. and Mrs. Kennington Lane selected Brighton, where papa (Mr. Larkins) was to be their visitor. Mr. Baxter, at the suggestion of Amelia Ann, had proposed that they should make their tour together; Mr. Kennington Lane, at the suggestion of his wife, courteously but promptly declined the invitation.

A banquet on an equal scale of liberality, but which unfortunately was confined to the inferior sex, was on the same day celebrated at an hostelry much

affected by the legal profession, called the "Cheshire Cheese." The table groaned with delicacies, which if less elegant, were more substantial than the wedding breakfast, and although the lighter wines were not in much request, the vintages of Cadiz and Oporto were in great demand; even these, as the night drew on, gave place to the comprehensive variety of drinks expressed in the simple word, "grogs." The chair was occupied by Mr. Cholly, the active and intelligent managing clerk (hear, hear) of Anthony Larkins, Esquire; several gentlemen of similar position were amongst the guests; an eminent bookbinder, who had had much experience in law calf; and a highly respectable trader in red tape, parchment, and faint-lined foolscap; two officers, high in the service, of the Sheriff of Middlesex; and, by particular desire of Mr. Larkins himself, Mr. Thomas Morris, of Bow Street.

At a late—a very late hour of the evening—Mr. Cholly rose. It is due to that gentleman to state that he rose, without assistance; it is due to him to state this, because a certain malevolent and misguided individual, whose position as copying clerk did not entitle him to an invitation, has presumed to state—no—we despise the individual too much to quote him. "Gentlemen," said Mr. Cholly, "I have a toast to propose—shall I say *the* toast to propose? Gentlemen, fill your glasses. There is an individual present—he is present," said Mr. Cholly, looking hazily round the room, "who is a man and a brother (hear, hear). Gentlemen, I am proud to take him by

the hand ; and I hope that individual will never take me by the collar (bravo, Cholly). I propose the health of Mr. Thomas Morris (no, no, from that gentleman). I ask you to drink the health of Tom Morris (much cheering). In the words of the immortal poet, we shall never look upon his like again ; and whenever he dies, which I hope he never will, England will be disgraced if he's not buried in Westminster Abbey."

Much cheering, followed by vocal assurances from the company, in every variety of tune, and in no tune at all, that Mr. Tom Morris was a jolly good fellow.

Mr. Tom Morris rose and said :—"May it please your Worship (order, order). Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I am proud to meet you on this occasion. I wish Mr. Larkins had a dozen more daughters, that I might meet you on similar occasions. I am very partial to weddings—other people's weddings. I keep single on purpose that I may go to weddings. Mr. Larkins is a gentleman every inch ; if there was more of him, he'd be too genteel for society, and we should have to put him amongst the curiosities in the British Museum. May he ne'er want a friend, nor a bottle to give him. Here's the friend—where's the bottle?" Mr. Tom Morris being satisfied on this point, proceeded : "Gentlemen, it is not necessary to allude to the business which brought me and Mr. Larkins together, but this I will say, there was an individual—(here Tom Morris was evidently affected)—the only individual that ever licked Tom Morris on

the field of glory. What then, gentlemen? we can't all win, we can only try to win—(bravo, old Tom)—and it's my opinion if that individual had been fairly done by, he'd have walked into Westminster Hall, and he'd have walked into Parliament, and in the words of the immortal poet, he'd have licked the lot."

Suiting, as Demosthenes recommended, the action to the word, Mr. Tom Morris lunged out with his left; the head of one of the officers of the sheriff happened very absurdly to be in the way; down went the sheriff's officer—down went Mr. Tom Morris—there was some derangement of chairs and tables, and a necessity for cold water applications to the nose of the offending officer. A general break up, with an occasional break down. An intimation from some of the company that they would not go home till morning, which, as it was now half-past three, possessed the force of demonstration. A want of reverence for the venerable guardians of the night, or morning, coupled with a familiar use of their supposed Christian names—a great deal of leave-taking and hand-shaking, blended with vows of eternal friendship, and offers of unlimited pecuniary assistance; an uncertainty in the minds and hands of most of the convivial party as to the properties of latch keys, and an insane desire on the part of Mr. Tom Morris to take himself to Bow Street as an old offender whom he had long been looking after. Ultimately that gentleman found himself at home, and after several feeble and unsuccessful attempts to remove his boots, found himself in bed, and was heard by the

attentive elderly female, who for a weekly consideration ministered to his comforts, and who deemed it her duty to remove his candle, to murmur gently, as he sank to rest, "Words of immortal what's-his-name—licked the lot."

There was desolation in Eldon Villa, for Mrs. Larkins had departed for Cheltenham; Mr. Larkins had departed to his office, taking with him his travelling bag and the *Morning Post*, which contained a glowing account of the wedding. Mr. Larkins found himself illustrious in print, and admitted it was a satisfactory thing to be the founder of a family. Mr. Larkins was to open his letters at his office, give the necessary directions to Mr. Cholly, and then proceed to Brighton for his week's holiday. When he reached the office he remarked that Cholly looked grave. "Post in?" said Mr. Larkins. "Yes sir," said his attentive clerk. "Letters in my room?" "Yes, sir." "Don't look so glum, Cholly; you'll get on very well without me." A letter, with deep black border and a foreign post mark, lay on the top of the little pile. "You can go, Cholly," said Mr. Larkins. He hesitated to open the letter; he felt sure of the contents, yet he hesitated to open it; he went through all his other letters, carefully made his notes thereon, turned to the *Morning Post*—Births, Marriages, Deaths. "Deaths!" said Mr. Larkins; "deaths following so closely after marriages! I must open the letter."

Mr. Cholly, entering the room some half hour after, found Mr. Larkins gazing on an unopened letter. "The coach is at the door," said Cholly; "if you meet any stoppages, you won't reach the booking office in time."

Mr. Larkins looked up much relieved; he was pondering how he could postpone what he knew must come. Having for the moment got out of his difficulty, he got into his great coat, and then into the hackney carriage; the attentive Cholly closing the door, observed almost reproachfully, "I've done everything for twenty-five years, and now Mr. Lane"—

"Don't be alarmed, Cholly; Mr. Lane respects the rights of labor; you'll have more to do than ever."

"Thank you, sir," said Cholly, "I knew you would manage it. Good bye, sir."

"Good bye, Cholly."

Mr. Larkins, who did not think it professional to ride outside, found three very agreeable companions, and of course had no opportunity—but they left him within five miles of Brighton, and then, finding he could delay no longer, whilst the sun shone upon land and sea, and the glorious face of nature seemed to wear a living smile, he read the letter with the foreign post mark and the deep black border:—

"Dear Mr. Larkins,

"You will not be surprised, you will scarcely be grieved, to hear that I have lost my dear child. She died on the 25th instant." Mr. Larkins turned with a shudder to the *Morning Post*—

at the very time he had sat at the wedding feast, death had claimed her. "I do not think she suffered much; certainly she never complained; but who ever heard Evelyn murmur? A short time, a very short time before her death, she asked me for her jewel case. She made some selections, and her friends at Clapham have not been forgotten. 'Mamma,' she said, 'this is a little ring that Paulet gave me. I have never worn it since my marriage—I have not thought it right to do so. Would it be very wrong if'—I knew what she meant to say, but I waited—'would it be very wrong if you put it on my finger? it could be removed afterwards.' I don't know what I ought to have done, but I hadn't the heart to refuse her. Oh my children, my dear children, how sad has been your lot! How happy I hoped it would have been. I put the ring on the poor wasted finger, and it seemed as if she had only waited for that to be at peace.

"I shall write again in a few days, and shall return to England at the earliest opportunity.

"Believe me,

"Yours very sincerely,

"MARGARET TREVANION.

"A delay in the post enables me to add to my letter. Our dear Evelyn was buried this evening. What I write to you is, and I am sure will always be, a secret between us. Heaven forgive me if I have erred. I had not the courage to remove the ring. *The gift of the dead remains upon the finger of the dead!*"

CHAPTER XVI.

Though the readings had terminated, Mr. Geoffrey Waller considered it his duty, his pleasing duty, to call on the following morning at the mansion of the Plantagenets. His lordship would doubtless wish to explain; Lady Olivia would be anxious to consult.

His lordship could not be seen. Lady Olivia was not visible. His lordship had left a communication, directed "Geoffrey Waller, Esquire. Private;" and Geoffrey Waller, receiving it with a heavy heart, departed from the lordly halls like a second Adam, and wandered on, careless whither he went, till he found himself rambling through St. James's Park, an object of especial interest to the pretty nursemaids and their attentive military cousins.

Throwing himself into a vacant seat, he tore open the packet, and found therein a letter from the Earl, short but decisive:—

The Earl of Plantagenet presents his compliments to Mr. Geoffrey Waller, and encloses for his perusal a letter received this morning from Mr. David Brookdale. The Earl of Plantagenet regrets the termination of an acquaintance, which he had hoped would have been as advantageous to Mr. Waller, as it promised to be agreeable to himself.

And then Geoffrey read Mr. David Brookdale's letter to the Earl:—

My Lord,

I thank your lordship for your kindness to my

nephew, of which I have heard from him, though you do not mention it. I am proud to think he is more deserving than his uncle, because this is the first time I was ever favored with your lordship's notice. When your lordship sent me the ten guineas for the Infirmary, you had no time to send me a line for myself, but Sir Hartington Mowbray sent me a hundred for the poor sick people, and a friendly letter into the bargain. Now to your lordship's letter. I don't know Captain Flake, and I do know Sir Hartington; he lives in the county, and the Captain don't; he spends fifteen thousand a-year in the county, and the Captain never spent a shilling; he's the Old True Blue, and the Captain is—well, I don't know what—but he can't be bluer than Sir Hartington; so I shall give my vote to the man I do know, in preference to the man I don't.

Your lordship's very obedient servant,

DAVID BROOKDALE.

Your lordship's quite right about respecting ancient institutions and maintaining our privileges. My privileges are the Old True Blue, and I will maintain them. I've just left the Club; the members were all there—twenty-six, including myself. We were unanimous. Mowbray for ever, and the Old True Blue.

There was besides an exquisitely scented little pink note:—

The Lady Olivia Beauvale regrets to learn that political differences have terminated for the present the Earl of Plantagenet's acquaintance with Mr.

Waller. She requests his acceptance of this little volume, and hopes his future career will realize the promise that it contains.

“And this is the end of my dream!” said Geoffrey, as he listlessly turned over the leaves of the *Superstitions of Sunny Lands*. “Mordaunt was right. The moth has fluttered in the flame, till he has destroyed himself. And this book, that alone identifies me with the world of her creating, could not be permitted to remind her of the existence of Geoffrey Waller.”

Long he sat—he knew not how long—angry with the Earl—still more angry with his uncle. He would not return to Elmstoke—he would not be dependent upon charity—he would do—what—he knew not. He was alone in the world—without a friend, without an adviser.

“I have been watching you for nearly half an hour,” said a kindly voice. Geoffrey turned. Mordaunt sat beside him. “You have already acquired the habit of contemplation—you’ll find it valuable in your new profession.”

“I have no profession—no prospect,” said Geoffrey bitterly; “read, and tell me if I am not to be pitied.”

“Envied,” said Mordaunt, after carefully reading the letter. “Envied, not pitied. Telemachus found it difficult to escape from the enchanted isle; your Calypso has granted you free passage. My young friend, you were leaning on a broken reed; be thankful you have had no serious fall. I should not have read this letter had I known to what it referred, for I have no right thus to acquaint myself with Lord Plantage-

net's political movements; but I am pleased to find you are so quickly emancipated. And now, as I have but a few minutes to spare, we will speak of yourself. Are you decided in your choice of a profession?"

"Um—yes."

"That is a very doubtful affirmative. Will you guide the plough or the pen?—agriculture and law, two of the most ancient callings. Will you breed sheep for their wool, or confine your acquaintance to their skins? Town or country—which?"

"I hate farming," said Geoffrey.

"And love law. Wisely resolved. Are you acquainted with any firm with which you could make arrangements?"

Geoffrey mentioned Messrs. Dummer and Tugg.

"Ha!" said Mordaunt, "Dummer and Tugg. No doubt you would learn many things in their offices, but the great difficulty in life is not to learn, but to unlearn; and I question whether five years spent with Dummer and Tugg would not render the difficulty an impossibility. Let me see. What engagement have you for this evening? say five o'clock."

Geoffrey did not need to consult his tablets, to assure Mordaunt he was quite disengaged.

"Then dine with me, and you will meet my friend and legal adviser, Mr. Lucas. Ah! here come the Earl and his future son-in-law. Don't turn aside. You feel disappointment—be thankful it is not shame."

As Geoffrey had not lived long enough in the world—that is the London world—to feign an indifference that he did not feel, he colored highly as the

Earl passed stiffly by, accompanied by Captain Yappington Flake. That gentleman, who was somewhat near-sighted, had not noticed Mr. Waller, but the Earl having directed his attention, he immediately quitted his prospective parent, and advanced to Geoffrey, who rose at his approach.

“Mr. Waller,” said Captain Flake, “Lord Plantagenet has mentioned to me a letter from your uncle, which has ended your acquaintance, as well as my chance of a seat in Parliament. Now I don’t care for the seat, not a fig. I can’t make speeches, and I hate committees, so I’m rather obliged to your uncle you see; but I don’t like your being annoyed by this business, and I wished to tell you I’m no party to it.”

“I assure you,” said Geoffrey—

“That’s right,” said the Captain. “Shake hands.” And they shook hands accordingly.

“Let your uncle and the Earl fight their own battles—we needn’t quarrel. I say, come to my rooms some evening and have a cigar. I don’t know many things, but I do know a good cigar. Hudson says I’m the best judge in London. You will come, eh? Well now, come soon, because,—” and the little Captain nodded, and laughed, and joined his relative presumptive.

“Good and evil,” said Mordaunt, “are ever blended. “The House of Commons will not know Yappington Flake, and the house of Plantagenet will not know Geoffrey Waller. I think the House of Commons is the gainer.”

Promising that Mr. Lucas should fully advise him

as to his legal prospects, Mordaunt bade him good day, and Geoffrey, quitting the park with a lighter heart, turned into the busy, bustling, ever-crowded Strand, and as he walked homewards and watched the faces of the eager, anxious, never-ending throng, he peopled his office with clients, of whom at some future day he was to be, in the words of Mordaunt, the sagacious counsellor and trusted friend.

Referring to his uncle's letter in a calmer mood, Geoffrey found it contained some instructions for purchases which he wished to have made in London, and referred to an increase which he desired to effect in his insurance. I find myself richer than I thought, Geff, and the agent whom I pay at Elmstoke has no authority to make the required alteration." The letter ended by saying, "Alice tells me I began roughly, but if I did I'll end kindly. Take my advice Geff. Come back at once. I miss your pleasant face, and so does Alice."

"Yes," said Geoffrey, "I will return to the farm, but not as I left it; the dreaming boy shall become the earnest man, and Alice shall honor him whom she owns she loves. Well, these few weeks have not been entirely wasted. I begin to know myself; it is in the crowd, not the desert, that we learn our true value. Let me think. I'm only twenty-two; five years will make me twenty-seven; that's not so old. Alice will wait five years."

And Geoffrey stretched at length upon his sofa, lazily dreamt away the next five years, and might have dreamt still longer, had not the clock reminded

him of his appointment. When he arrived he found Mordaunt in conversation with Mr. Lucas; they were evidently speaking of him.

Mr. Lucas was the impersonation of humorous gravity. His flexible countenance had been trained by severe discipline to composure, but his keen grey eye read your meaning on the instant, and his expressive lip silently commented thereon, though his courtesy would not permit him to interrupt. His words were few, but terribly to the purpose, and a pointed satire on the wordy nothings to which it was too often his hard fate to be exposed in listening to his client's grievances. Mr. Lucas was sincerity itself, and often offended those who sought his counsel, by deprecating useless litigation. "Law," said he, "is like physic—and will kill, not cure, if administered unwisely."

He listened with much attention to Mordaunt's statement; slightly elevated his eyebrows at the mention of Dummer and Tugg,—smiled as Mordaunt alluded kindly to Geoffrey's literary inclinations, and expressed his willingness to become his legal instructor.

"You will have to work," said he, "but do not be deterred by that. A little drudgery at first—a close attention to the routine of the office, and you will soon take some interest in a profession, that has more of variety, and I may say of excitement, than you would ever find in the pursuits you have relinquished."

"Postponed," said Mordaunt, "for his leisure hours."

“A long postponement that,” said the lawyer drily.

“Pooh!” said Mordaunt. Talfourd wrote *Ion*, and yet he led his circuit. And now, Waller, let me tell you I have assumed the privilege of a friend, and have written to your uncle, and have requested his permission to make arrangements, I mean such monetary arrangements as Mr. Lucas may suggest.

“I have already,” said Geoffrey, “overtaxed your friendship and my uncle’s kindness, and I am now resolved, humble laborer as I am in the field of literature—”

“Abandon for the present,” said Mordaunt, “the ideal for the practical. My friend Lucas, who is actuality personified, will tell you that a good mortgage is the very best security, but in your case, there is no occasion to create a rent-charge on your Mount Parnassus.”

“Mr. Waller,” said Lucas, “will find in our office admirable discipline for his imaginative faculties, which are somewhat apt at his age to run riot. He will learn to call things by their right names, to estimate them at their true value, and will gradually arrive at the conclusion that when judgment is opposed to passion, the verdict should be returned for the plaintiff.”

“So, you’ve received your first lesson, Waller,” said Mordaunt, “and I presume next Monday you could enter on your novitiate.”

“Yes,” said Lucas, “we may as well commence forthwith. Once begun is half done, as they say in my county.”

Geoffrey remembering his engagement, informed Mr. Lucas of Mr. Charkle's forthcoming happiness, as an apology for postponing his embarkation on board the good ship *Law*, until the following day.

"So Charkle takes a wife, and you embrace a profession," said Mordaunt, "both good in their way, if they meet with due attention."

In one of the many legal anecdotes, admirably told by Lucas, he introduced the names of Dummer and Tugg, and Geoffrey mentioned his interview with the illustrious head of the firm, and exhibited an amount of unbelief in the oracle, that might have amused the frivolous Cupples, but would have startled the devoted Proker.

"Well," said Lucas, "we must recognize professional etiquette; wait for Mr. Buncombe's opinion, though we are not concluded thereby, and if necessary we can change the venue. They say a man who is his own lawyer, has a fool for his client, but we'll set the proverb at naught, and to stimulate your zeal for your profession, you shall commence your studies by reading up all the authorities bearing on the case, until you are enabled to form an impartial opinion."

"Let us dine," said Mordaunt, "ere you start our young friend on this journey without an end."

The wit of Lucas, and the fancy of Mordaunt, made the evening pass quickly and pleasantly, and Geoffrey indulged in a hundred sallies which his older friends encouraged, and applauded to the echo.

A consultation rendering Lucas's departure necessary, he kindly took leave of Geoffrey. "Let litera-

ture," said he, "be the relief to law, and not the rival. Under my instructions you shall woo the one, and the counsels of Mordaunt shall qualify you to court the other."

"The rival," said Geoffrey, "fear not; my literary vanity has died an early death."

"Pooh! pooh!" said Lucas, "vanity is an evergreen, and will grow in the poorest soil. Mordaunt, you're fond of anecdotes of real life; here is an illustration. My friend Farquharson—you don't know him, Waller, but you'll some day make his acquaintance in Lincoln's Inn—is the chairman of one of our public boards, and has to preside over the most refractory colleagues that ever tried the patience of a political Job. Farquharson and I, one bitter day in November last, were crossing the open space in Charing Cross, when that surly gentleman, the wind, as if to reprove us for our want of courtesy, lifted our hats for us, and carried them towards the Admiralty. I am no skeleton, and Farquharson is a modern Falstaff; you may imagine how we were jeered by the small boys, and smaller men, as we scudded along under bare polls. However, our hats were recovered, chiefly through the assistance of a miserable specimen of humanity, who was encased between two advertising boards; a human sandwich, as a witty writer has described him, though such description could hardly apply in this case, for the poor wretch had hardly meat enough on his bones to justify the appellation. Farquharson, the kindest of men, thanked and rewarded him, and observing the

poor fellow was blue with cold, asked him why he didn't obtain some better occupation—more healthful and less contemptible. Would you believe it, Mordaunt! there was actually vanity, wretchedly bound in boards! 'It an't every one, sir, as is fit for this here work; just try it yourself, you'll find it precious orkerd; 'tan't so easy as you think to manage a board.' Conviction flashed on the mind of Farquharson; he slipped a half-crown into the shivering palm, and muttered as he strode away, "'Tan't so easy as you think to manage a Board; 'pon my life, Lucas, I believe the fellow knows me.'"

After the lawyer's departure, the conversation assumed a still more friendly tone. Mordaunt spoke of his own early struggles; of his many disappointments; of rejection followed by rejection, and of his determination to gain the verdict of approval. "Observe that portrait; you have already done so. I noticed your earnest gaze more than once directed to it."

"Yes," said Geoffrey, there is a fascination in it; the face is a riddle that I cannot solve; it wants neither beauty, nor intelligence, and yet—"

"I was but a schoolboy when my father purchased it, and hour after hour I have looked upon that face, and asked myself, what sin could have marred so much of manly beauty. You observe the eye is bright and clear, the lip is red and full, the lofty brow is worthy of a Cæsar, and yet withal, it would seem as if some fiend had entered there, to mock Heaven's noblest work. Well, Waller, my earliest ambition

was to become the biographer of this glowing canvas, but as all my enquiries failed to trace the original of the portrait, I sought in fancy, what history had denied me. It may encourage you, whilst reading this first effort, to remember, that though rejected by rival publishers, it gave birth to the family of successes, with which the world in its indulgence has associated me.

THE STORY OF THE PICTURE.

To inform you where I was born, or reveal my name, might cause unhappiness to some friends of mine who bow to the opinions of the world; I regret such weakness but respect their feelings. Let me say then, that some thirty years have past since I made my appearance on the busy scene, and found I had to play the inferior part; in other words, I had an elder brother. Have you to grieve for like impediment? Does one, and only one, stand between you and your rich inheritance? You must wait as I did; the whirligig of time brings on its revenges. I pass by school days and their miseries; you mock like me, at the old-world fable, that youth and joy were wedded; or grant 'twas so, they were true man and wife, and seldom seen together. Well, suppose me eighteen years of age, tall as you see me now, strong, self-willed, eager, haughty as sin, and reckless as despair. There was a girl with eyes—dark lustrous eyes—the eye of Spain—you have not been in Spain? well, if you're a scholar you should know the Spaniards peopled Ireland, and from our mother land, we dwellers by the Shannon and the Boyne, inherit the hot blood and the melting glance. Imagine the strong passion of eighteen, the first affection I had ever felt. Had I not parents? No; they had a son, a first-born, who inherited estate—love—all—even to my hate. But I'll go on. Though

I have never seen Etna, 'tis no fable, for the volcano in my breast was fierce, and my hot blood coursed through my veins like lava. I would have yielded for her, life—hope—happiness. Excuse such folly; I was then eighteen—a boy—a fool! I told her of my passion and she laughed—laughed in my face—called me a foolish child—a wayward boy—she mocked my love—did more—she galled my pride. You know the Spartan boy concealed his pangs, even when the fox was preying on his vitals; I trusted to my pride and it sustained me; I laughed with her, I gave her jest for jest; we parted friends, and as I prest my lip upon her hand, I breathed my curse on her and him she loved.

And who was he? who could he be but the shadow of my life, who had taken all—name, wealth and love—my brother, my most excellent *elder* brother. We used to study philosophy at school, and our purblind teachers would lecture on the stoics. Now I can endure the pain of body as firmly as the best. I have staked my last coin on a card—have seen my all pass into another's hand, and have hummed a tune and walked away with a merry smile. But do you think there ever was a man who could live on uncomplainingly from day to day—live—do you mark—for the true test of courage is to live, and not to die; can you believe *that* man has lived, who could meet rejection calmly? Could calmly see the being he only loved on earth give herself to another? Could see—endure—and make no effort? Could nurse his own grief in silence, and look on that

other's happiness with calm content? Do you now believe in the stoics? No, nor I.

Well, we won't pause to discuss philosophy. Now I am calm enough, but then, Mia Madonna, as the Italian hath it, I was a raging fire, but calm, quite calm—like the volcano—flame in its centre, snow upon its crest. I told my brother of my foolish suit, and we laughed together—assured him it was done to test her love—congratulated him on his success—and this pigmy brother—this dwarf in frame—this giant in all else—believed; and told me all. I became the friend who passed between the two. Well this went on, and the marriage day was fixed. How are our brightest joys marred at the very moment of fulfilment! The very day before my brother's wedding we went to shoot together; we were in opposite parts of the preserve—a pheasant rose—I fired—'twas a most unlucky shot—my brother fell, and died within the hour. You murdered him? Oh no, I missed my mark, something like Walter Tyrrell and King Rufus. I was much grieved. You know at nineteen the heart is tender, and the tears will flow. I and the keeper bore my brother to the house; he lived just long enough to acquit me of all blame; it was his fault, he said, and then he spoke of her—and then—he died. The keeper swore I took a deliberate aim; and what became of this tough conscienced keeper? Oh, I should tell you he was my brother's foster sire—his wife had nursed the boy, and he would talk—called me a murderer—muttered threats of vengeance. Of course the honor

of a noble family could not be impugned, so the keeper was dismissed. One night—a moonlight night—a shot from behind the hedge brought me to the ground. The keeper (for it was he who did me that kind office) thought he had avenged the death of his foster child, for I heard him say as he bent over me, “You slew him—life for life—you slew my boy.” I recovered, and they caught and hanged the keeper. It was the law, and of course they hanged the keeper.

Perhaps you think the lady died for love. Ah! that is the poet’s dream. No, sir, she lived; she grieved, of course; she was a very Niobe of grief, but she did not turn to stone. After a time the drooping lily lifted up its head—perhaps those copious showers revived it. Again I pressed my suit, and with success. She owned with sweet simplicity she could not love me as she had loved my brother, and then she wept again; she owned that I had claims—of course I had—was not I now the heir? And to make an end on’t, the day I became of age, those lustrous eyes—those large and lustrous eyes—looked lovingly on me, their lord and master.

I suppose I was unworthy of the blessing, for ere a twelvemonth passed she was taken from me. Some said I was not kind; I’m sure the funeral was magnificent—I spent the income of a year upon it. She was often seen in tears. Well, what of that? women will weep—it is their privilege. There always are some fools who love to prate, and something reached the ears of my wife’s brother—a hot-brained fellow;

I told you we in Ireland are warm blooded. He waited on me and demanded — think of that! demanded. Your vocation may be peace, but if a man demanded—well, what followed? We called in two keen friends to decide between us, and the result?—this ugly gash you see upon my cheek, and a resting place for the brother by his sister.

This checked my foes, but did not gain me friends. The world grew shy; my rapier was still ready for all comers, but I couldn't run a muck against the world, or fight every man who refused to dine at my table. Yet I braved the world and sought for newer friends; they flocked around; the wine cup and the dice made the hours fly, and as the minutes passed my coins went with them. Then I turned alchymist, transmuted my broad acres into gold, played, drank, and laughed—and found myself at five and twenty—beggared. Learnt I had been a dupe, and took my revenge. A stranger lords it in my father's halls—that was my work. Observe him narrowly, and you shall note his ears are cropt—that also was my work.

“When house and land are gone and spent,
Then learning is most excellent.”

I somewhat doubt the wisdom of the distich; the true knowledge should enable us to preserve; but let that pass. I sought a foreign home; visited France and Spain, where I lost some blood and gained but little wealth. Then I heard that men were calling names in England—that logicians were wanted who argued with their swords. I came to

England, and met with one with whom in brighter days I had been familiar. He was raising a troop for King Charles, and offered me a commission. This second gash on my brow—a deep one too—is a gift from General Cromwell. Yes; I have crossed blades with the brewer of Huntingdon; if you deem it an honor you are welcome to it.

I was mistaken in my new commander—I knew this Dudley Blake was poor, and lived above his station; I thought, as he was poor, he might be useful. By fraud I had lost all—by fraud methought I would gain back my inheritance. Some useful knowledge, unknown to the ancients, I had acquired in France might win me the game, if I had but a confederate—but it must be one whose rank would blind suspicion. I was deceived in the man I would have trusted. He spurned my offer; he threatened to denounce me as a cheat; and when I laid my hand upon my sword, told me I was no mate for honest men. Again I was on the world, and not improved in fortune or reputation. That's nothing; fortune may always be won by a bold wooer—reputation is but the breath of the world's mouth—but I was losing time, which naught can buy. Well, the end on't was, that I became a pirate—what you might term a land buccaneer—granted myself letters of marque, and under my black flag cruised upon Hounslow Heath.

One night, some two years since, I met a single traveller on the road, saluted him with the utmost courtesy, and asked him for a temporary loan. He

spurred on his horse and answered not a word. I thought he feared an encounter, and I followed—I bade him stay—no answer—and I fired. A curse upon the ball! I missed my aim. He fired with better luck, and my sword arm dropt by my side, shattered at the elbow. As he turned, I beheld the face of Dudley Blake. Cheat! robber! assassin! he exclaimed; behold the future! He was gone as he spoke, and above my head creaked in the midnight storm, the gibbet with its burden!

I am now the spy of Cromwell. Crippled in limb, but subtle in the brain: the world may rail; why should I heed the world?—blighted in prospect, beggared and dishonored, I relish still the wine upon the lip; I heed not the past, I reckon not of the future. If love hath been denied me, revenge, the sweeter passion, hath been mine. If I have played and lost, let those who have won exult, if they can, in the triumph. That death will come I know; I reckon not whether by the sword or axe, the couch of sickness or the felon's rope. I hate and I defy.

I am to die—to die, and within the hour—traitor to Cromwell and Charles, there is for me no hope. Do I fear death? No. Again you ask, am I certain that I do not fear to die? My sleep is troubled, and my dreams, night after night, present the same ghastly images. Do I yield to this weakness? No. Is my cheek blanched? It may be so; the dungeon air is scarcely as healthful as the mountain breeze; but my heart quails not, and my pulse—aye, that tells a tale—it beats more hurriedly now than it did

at Marston Moor, when I charged a spear's length in advance of Rupert, and beat down Harry Ireton's guard. I spared him then, and his father Cromwell, hangs me now; hangs me as they hanged that knave who fired at me from behind the hedge. What put him in my thoughts? Wine; I thank you. Now for life's last draught; and see, they open the door, and a ray of sunlight streams into my cell—one ray of light, and then—Chaplain, don't prate; I'm dull enough already.

What noise is that? So soon; has the hour expired—must I pass on to death? I am prepared; keep the path clear—who stands between me and the open door? Do you not see—there! Wandering do you say? No. All is a clear and palpable reality. I see beyond, the hangman and the rope! I hear the roar of voices; but that figure—you see it now—Arthur—Brother!

I am reprieved from death; Ireton has begged my life. I am working now like a slave in the Bermudas—chained in a gang, fetters upon my limbs—through that long voyage he has stood beside me; and now, as I turn to speak to the surly knave who is my yoke-fellow, there stands between us that pale and silent figure. I could meet that steadfast gaze if it spoke of scorn, or breathed defiance; but the eternal calmness terrifies me. We are housed for the night; pent in our wretched shed like sheep for the slaughter; in an undertone—for converse is forbidden on pain of death—one of my comrades speaks of the Inquisition; he had been in Spain, and for two

long years he had been immured in the darkness of their cells—two years and he had not heard a human voice; two years and he had not seen a human face. Oh, how I envy him such happiness! Oh, to be ever thus—alone! alone!

They are marching us over the beetling cliffs—below, hundreds of feet below, I hear the moan of the never-silent sea, and beside me stalks the ever-present phantom. I will be free, if death can bring me freedom. A leap, a bound, a shout of exultation, and I am lying on the beach below, bruised unto death—and he still stands beside me!

In time they bring a litter and a surgeon, but he bids them pause. “He has not in him half-an-hour of life, and to move him now would be useless cruelty.” So speaks the leech, his finger on my pulse. He bids me hope and pray—he prays beside me. My lips have lost their power, my sight grows dim, but in the darkness that veils all other objects, that phantom of my brother stands revealed. Must it be ever thus? I would ask of him. He knows my thoughts, though my lips refuse their office, and the phantom answers, “Thus! and for ever!”

CHAPTER XVII.

It is Monday morning, and the "Goat in Boots" is this day the monarch of the woods. I doubt much whether he did not on this eventful morning look down with scorn on all Lions, red, golden, rampant, and otherwise. The very chambermaids were glorious in bright dresses, and caps of gorgeous construction; the waiters wore an air of easy independence, altogether at variance with such expressions as "Yes-sir," "Commin'-sir." Even Boots had devoted himself to soap, and disguised himself in clean linen.

Of Mr. Blobster it may be recorded, that he shone in a waistcoat of such matchless lustre, that its great author was affected to tears when he parted with it, and stipulated that it should be returned to him after the ceremony, to be preserved in his show-rooms, as a perpetual evidence of the triumph of mind over matter.

Mr. Cupples also came out on this occasion—I mean in costume, as well as person. He was to act as the supporter of the happy Blobster. Little did Cupples look at his friend, but much did he regard that friend's sister. Isabella dear, was rather pale, and Cupples—vain-glorious Cupples—glanced in the mirrors, and complacently curled his feebly developed whiskers. Miserable delusion!

We must not omit to mention an act of self-denial,

perhaps unequalled in ancient or modern history. Mr. William Trotley (familiarly, slender Billy), who had long been suspected of having designs on the widow, had, in order to prove to Mr. Charkle that he bore no malice, actually consented to be present at the ceremony, having, for the only time in five and twenty years, committed the guidance of the Tantivy to a stranger. Nay, more, he had undertaken, at the earnest entreaty of Mrs. Keegles, to act as the parent on this interesting occasion; or, in his own expressive words, "to drive her the first stage."

Of course, the coachman came not without the guard; but Mr. Slippery Dick resolutely refused to witness the ceremony, observing that he had been to one wedding too many already, thus leading the bystanders to infer that he could not be quoted as an example of connubial bliss. He, however, cheerfully undertook to drink their "ealths in their habsence," and so earnestly carried out this part of the contract, that on the return of the wedded pairs, he was not presentable. The Boots informed Mr. Trotley in a whisper, that Slippery Dick was "all right below;" and the nod and the wink that accompanied this information, were sufficient to assure Mr. Trotley, that should his fellow laborer make his appearance at the wedding breakfast, he might probably be found "all wrong above."

In my utter inability to do justice to the toilettes of the better sex, I take refuge in the safety valve of abler authors, and assure you they may be more easily imagined than described. Even to have

imagined such triumphs of the needle, must have required an intellect of forty Modiste power. Amidst this blaze of brilliancy and beauty, Geoffrey I must admit, showed somewhat plainly, but there was one who—"Oh Lavinia, I told you he was my fate"—"Isabella, dear, for shame—Cupples is looking."

A pleasing little pantomime was enacted when they were assembled at what Mr. Trotley called the "menial halter." Mr. Blobster, instructed by Geoffrey,—cunning Geoffrey,—actually pretended to mistake Mrs. Keegles for Lavinia, which elicited many exclamations of admiration, particularly when Lavinia said, "Lor, Blobster, if you had only been married to ma, then Mr. Charkle must have put up with me." And Charkle looked as if he would have endured Miss Lavinia; indeed I have no doubt he would have borne the disappointment with praiseworthy resignation.

The dinner, faintly disguised under the name of breakfast, was a triumph of culinary skill, whereto Mrs. Charkle, late Keegles, had given her whole mind and body. From the turkey at the top, a most royal ottoman, to the oysters at the bottom, that looked invitingly from their patties, everything was worthy of her hands and brains. Even Mr. Charkle, who was not usually enthusiastic, could not repress his admirations. "When I look at this," said he, "my dear Mrs. Keegles—excuse me, Charkle—I can scarcely forgive the lamented K. Till now, I never knew the value of the angel I have lost—and won."

The dinner is over; all that's bright must fade, and

little Mr. Birt—by-the-bye I'm afraid I forgot to mention Mr. and Mrs. Birt—I ought not to have done so, for Mrs. Birt on this day was of invaluable assistance, and whenever hysterical symptoms were developed, she rushed to the rescue—little Mr. Birt rose to propose the healths of the brides, and after stating he was but an indifferent speaker, and very nearly proving the correctness of his statement, he ended by expressing his hope that each gentleman might find he had got as good a wife as Mrs. Birt, and he was sure they couldn't wish to have a better.

Mr. Birt sat down amidst general applause and the whispered remonstrance of Mrs. Birt, whereof the words, "dear old goose," alone were audible.

Then up rose Mr. Charkle, glorious with wine and triumphant by position, and much did he say, to and from the purpose—and lastly Mr. Charkle said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have this day solved the great social problem—What is the intermediate link between the man and the brute? Ladies, I address myself to you. I speak not to the sterner sex. Ladies, it is—a bachelor—yes I admit it is only in the married state, that the male animal is worthy to be called a man, and as I see around me several bachelors, I entreat those semi-quadrupeds to emancipate themselves; I implore them to repent as I have done, in order that each may say, and say with truth, am I not a man and a brother?"

And now Mr. Waller proposes the healths of the bridesmaids, and takes the opportunity of particularly eulogizing the conduct of a particular young lady on

the recent trying occasion (Name—name—from Mr. Cupples.) Well, he will name; he refers to Miss Isabella Blobster. May she soon obtain as good a husband, as her brother has this day gained a wife” (here, here, from Mr. Cupples. This is the spelling he would have adopted.) “If I am not much mistaken,” continues Mr. Waller, “that day is not far distant. I implore a gentleman now present to treasure the advice of my eloquent friend Charkle—to emerge from his state of semi-barbarity. Away disguise! away concealment! all here are friends (in course, from Mr. Trotley.) Let me trust our unmarried friends will all imitate this day’s example, and that the first to profit by it may be Miss Isabella Blobster and Mr. Cupples.”

Isabella dear bursts into tears, and Cupples into eloquence—at least we presume so by his energetic pantomime—for the demonstrations that followed Mr. Waller’s speech rendered him inaudible, and all that could be heard was the concluding sentence, in which, overcome by emotion and champagne, he appropriately apostrophized Isabella dear as the partner of his feelings and his fame.

We are running off the road, so Mr. Trotley adroitly catches the reins and dexterously brings us back to the old jog trot. “I’ve knowed this house a many years, and I never knowed a better. I’ve knowed Mrs. Keegles a many years, and I never knowed a better. I hope she have got a good husband, and I think she have—(hear, hear)—but if he don’t do the thing what’s right, I give him fair

warning—don't you ever book yourself by the old Tantivy, if you hopes to get safe back to your wife and family.”

And now the adieus are said—and the newly married couples have departed—not without some little confusion, produced by the unexpected appearance of Slippery Dick and the Boots, who shout “Britons never shall be slaves” as the most appropriate ode for the occasion. Boots being promptly subjected to the cold water cure, is restored to a state of semi-consciousness, but the guard having failed in an attempt to salute Mrs. Keegles and the ladies generally, has received a mild reproof from the left hand of Mr. Trotley, and is carried in an unconscious state to the hay loft. The younger couple, who are romantic, have selected Ventnor—the elder, who are practical, have decided on Ramsgate. Mr. Cupples, shaking hands with Geoffrey for the twentieth time, reminds him of those happy days “when you and I were boys together, to-ge-ther”—and breaks down in his falsetto. Suddenly he appears to remember an important professional appointment, and rushes madly forth in precisely the opposite direction to the offices of Messrs. Dummer and Tugg, without thinking it necessary for his hat to be present at the consultation.

Mrs. Birt, who at Mrs. Keegles’—I mean Charkle’s request, is to take the general superintendence in her absence, has already assumed possession, after a feeble opposition from the prettiest chambermaid, who mutters something about giving herself airs, but

leaving it doubtful whether this refers to Mrs. Birt, or is merely a personal allusion. Geoffrey and Mr. Birt depart homewards, with many instructions relative to little Phil and Jemima darling from the anxious mother. The last young lady, who has been waiting for no particular reason, departs, accompanied by the sole remaining young gentleman, who has been lingering, for no visible cause, and who happens, singularly enough, to be going her way; and even "Isabella dear," after being made intensely wretched by the contemplation of the bridesmaid which adorns Mrs.—no Mr. Charkle's private parlour, and after repeating some fifty times

"The wreath of wild roses is torn from her brow,
And the heart of the bridesmaid is desolate now,"

gradually ceases to weep, and becomes quite chatty and confidential whilst taking tea with Mrs. Birt;—and the owner of Number Nine reciprocates such confidence, and makes certain references to Mr. Waller and a young lady at Elmstoke, which act as a moral extinguisher to the romantic little flame, that "Isabella dear," like an innocent Gheber has been worshipping. Cupples returns, much refreshed by his walk, and revived by soda water, and the evening passes in a game of whist, when "Isabella dear" repeatedly plays the wrong cards, and causes some amusement and much confusion. Cupples forgives these little errors, but hopes she will not revoke in the great game of life which they ought to play together, and their game ended, and their supper over, and the

slight alcoholic refreshment consequent thereon, fully and fairly discussed, "Isabella dear" retires to rest and dreams of a wedding in which she sustains the principal character, supported by—shall I reveal a lady's secret? Gallantry forbid! "Isabella dear" is as good as she is pretty, and despite the romance of an hour, will give a true and a whole heart to her husband.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Geoffrey Waller is seated in the office of Mr. Lucas ; not perched like Mr. Birt on a hard hearted stool at a cross grained desk, but in a comfortable arm chair, at a very convenient table, in a snug little legal parlor, in company with a very staid old gentleman who has been managing clerk in the office for a period beyond the memory of man. Mr. Cope was the very compound essence of law ; he talked law, and he thought law ; he boasted that he had not been to any place of amusement, so called, for fifty years. "Amusement, indeed!" said Mr. Cope, "what's the plot of a play to the intricacies of a Chancery suit? Drama of domestic interest!" said Mr. Cope, "what's that to the anxiety about a disputed will? Sudden appearance of the long lost heir, as they say in their play bills ; nonsense, sir, nonsense ; simple matter of fact to what I have known in actions of ejectment." Not only did Mr. Cope talk law and think law, but he actually looked law. From long and unvarying attention to his profession, he had acquired such a knowledge of details—and from sedulous seclusion in his office he had become so dry and withered—that his skin was not unlike the covering of his favorite volumes ; he might be described as, bound in rough calf and lettered.

Mr. Cope, though dry, was not dull ; he was a very merry, chattering, chirping old gentleman—full of

anecdote—legal of course. He was stored with the witticisms of Erskine—the quips of Dunning—and ponderous jokes perpetrated by the judges at nisi prius, or communicated at the Masters' Chambers. He had once in his life, he admitted, made a pun—in a double sense as he said—a legal pun, and it happened thus:—During the trial of a cause in the Common Pleas the court had been much annoyed by a November fog, which had intruded itself despite the ushers, and had sorely tried the temper of the judge, besides marring the address of the plaintiff's counsel, and his lordship having complained of the annoyance, Mr. Garrow—you remember Mr. Garrow—no, you don't remember, but you've heard of him—Mr. Garrow, he always led for us, Mr. Garrow said “that the fog having no locus standi was clearly out of court.” “I wish it were,” growled the judge. On which, said Mr. Cope, I whispered to Mr. Garrow, “that the fog was clearly admissible, inasmuch as it was certainly heavy dense—you take me, Mr. Waller—evidence. Mr. Garrow was pleased to mention it to the judge, and the judge very often mentioned it on circuit. You take, Mr. Waller”—and he handed his box.

Geoffrey took the joke, but declined the snuff, and Mr. Cope delighted with his appreciation of this venerable joke, which was known in the office as Cope's first and last, prognosticated he would become a brilliant ornament of his profession, and laid down for his guidance two golden rules—firstly, never to do two things at a time; and secondly, to trust only to his diary.

“I shall not need a diary,” said Geoffrey; “my memory seldom fails me.”

“Pen and ink never fails—it is your only true system of mnemonics.”

Then, Mr. Cope, by way of initiation, handed to Geoffrey an abstract of title, on which to exercise his ingenuity, and Geoffrey read the papers very carefully, and handed them back to Mr. Cope, observing, there could be no doubt whatever; that the case was clear—clear beyond dispute. Whereupon Mr. Cope suggested a re-perusal; and Geoffrey, having re-read the papers, began to think there might be some little doubt; and having read once again to assure himself, was involved in a mental fog thicker than the actual one that Mr. Cope had illustrated.

“Over-feeding the mind is as bad as over-feeding the body—put those papers by—forget all about them—and when you read them over to-morrow morning, you’ll find yourself on very familiar terms with the contents. Now we’ll try a change of diet; there’s the second edition of *The Times*; you can turn to the Law Reports, and pick up a few facts for future guidance.

Geoffrey glanced through the paper, turning firstly, from force of habit, to the literary intelligence, then to the theatrical notices, then to the fashionable announcements. “The long anticipated union of the Lady Olivia Beauvale, daughter and heiress of the Earl of Plantagenet, with the gallant Captain Yappington Flake, the princely owner of Yappington Hall, near Oaklington, and of Flake Manor, county

Roscommon, is to be solemnized this day. The bride's trousseau is most magnificent, and the presents, particularly a gold dressing case, the gift of the gallant Captain, are superb beyond description. The bride will be given away, we are informed, by the illustrious hero of Assaye and Waterloo." Of course, Geoffrey Waller did not regret that circumstances had rendered his presence at the wedding breakfast impossible. Not he. Geoffrey was a philosopher. Are we not all philosophers at two and twenty? He turned with a sigh to the Reports in Chancery. Little *versus* Small; an application for the interference of the Court, to direct the proper distribution of a fund of five hundred pounds which the testator had bequeathed to the London hospitals. Fifteen gentlemen of the Inner and Outer Bar appeared for the various claimants, and many ingenious arguments were urged on behalf of the different sanitary establishments. One rash individual in horse-hair, had the boldness to assert that the omission of a single letter would make the bequest perfectly clear; that the testator had resided all his life in Whitechapel; that in early life he had been benefitted by the skilful treatment which he had received in the particular building for which he (Mr. Quodlibet) had the honor to appear; and that it was but natural to suppose, that the clerk who copied the original draft had added the letter in the hurry of transcribing, which had caused so much useless litigation. I am proud to have this opportunity of doing justice to the independence of the Bar, and to record

that the fourteen learned brethren, one and all, repudiated such an interpretation; whereupon his Lordship directed "that it be referred to the Master." The question, I should presume, and not the fund, which must by this time have been well nigh exhausted. Then there was a long argument in the Queen's Bench to decide whether a pauper could be legally removed from Smokerville to Fogdale, which was abruptly brought to an unexpected termination by the very extraordinary conduct of the pauper himself, who had been guilty of contempt of Court by removing altogether. Then there was a very interesting trial in the Common Pleas, to settle a dispute as to a collision between two rival omnibusses, wherein the usual hard swearing and steady contradiction peculiar to those matters was displayed to the best advantage, and the jury, being unable to agree, were locked up without fire or candle, whilst the plaintiff and *his* witnesses feasted at the "Pig and Blunderbuss;" and the defendant and *his* witnesses regaled at the "Cheese and Coal Scuttle."

There were the usual cases of assault, which require magisterial interference. A blood-thirsty tailor, of diminutive size, who had violently assaulted five stalwart policemen. A poor thing of shreds and patches, who having been outrageously drunk, was now despondingly sober, and as he stood at the bar, unwashed, unshaven, bruised in body and sore in mind, glanced at a wretched ill-clad, half-starved woman, bearing an equally wretched, ill-clad, half-starved child. You may fine the offender, worthy

sir, or commit him in default of payment. How I wish there were some law, legal or social, by which you could compel this miserable thing to feed those poor mouths, instead of maddening his own brains. Then there was a brute—no, I will not so wrong the animal creation—a man, who forgetful of himself and of his Maker, had rained down blows upon the face of his children's mother, and the ruffian of the night, becoming the coward of the morning, he had whined out that she had aggravated him to do it. Of course, the magistrate had no power to appeal to this worthy in the only way that could carry conviction to his embruted senses, so he sentenced him to the usual imprisonment; whereupon the ruffian took precedence of the coward, as he told his victim he would do for her the next time.

And then—and then—Good God!

“Mr. Waller,” said Mr. Cope, looking with amazement at Geoffrey.

Well might he be amazed—pale even unto death—his lips quivering—his eyes almost starting from their sockets. Could this be Geoffrey Waller?

“Mr. Cope, pardon me; what day is this?”

“The fifteenth,” said Mr. Cope.

“The fifteenth!” and he turned over some papers in his pocket book. “The fifteenth! Heaven help me!” and he dropt his head on the table and sobbed like a little child.

“Mr. Lucas!—Mr. Andrews! My dear Mr. Waller, what is the matter?”

“Don't speak to me. Don't call any one. Where

is my hat? thank you. I can't turn the handle of the door; thank you. Don't speak to Mr. Lucas." And with his hat over his brows, Geoffrey rushes out of the office, darts through Lincoln's Inn, and hurries along the crowded streets as if he were on a business of life and death.

Mr. Cope turns over the newspaper, to ascertain how it is connected with Geoffrey's agitation, and the old gentleman's face becomes very pale, almost as pale as Geoffrey's, and he enters the private room of Mr. Lucas.

Meanwhile Geoffrey is darting through the crowded streets with frantic speed; he thrusts aside the loiterers in his path; some of them turn round to resent his interference, but as they note his hurried pace, still pressing onward—onward—they stop and speak one with the other. A crowd is gathering round the mansion of one of England's haughtiest nobles. This day his only child has blest with her hand the husband of her choice; and now the well-appointed chariot, with its four prancing steeds, waits to bear them to their secluded home of mutual happiness. And now gallant Captain Yappington Flake escorts the beauteous bride and seats himself as lord and master by the fair Olivia. And now the word is given—the postillions crack their whips—the foaming steeds burst into a gallop—and now—and now—

Stop! stop!—keep back! Is the man drunk or mad?

But Geoffrey Waller sees not, hears not; he seems

“I wish Geff was here, Alice,” said Farmer David ; “though he does give his mind so much to books, there isn’t a prettier seat in the whole county—no, nor a bolder rider. After all, there’s something in blood, Alice ; I never saw a leap that could balk his father. Why, I’ve known him doubled up in a ditch, with his head under him, and the next moment in the saddle, with his cheek cut open, singing out tallyho ! like a mermaid.”

We will not stop to enquire what authority honest David had for his simile, but will hint that Alice who was inclined to be very unhappy at cousin Geoffrey’s absence, was much consoled by the reflection that there was no fear of his being doubled up on the present occasion.

“I think Geff might have answered my last letter,” said the Farmer. “Of course he’s attended to the insurance, but as this is the last day”—

“What insurance ?” enquired Alice.

“Oh, didn’t I tell you, Alice ? Well I meant to do so. I’ve been taking stock, and find I’m some hundred pounds richer than I thought, so I’ve told the agent in Oaklington, where we always pay it, that I insure this year for another thousand. He said he had no power to alter the policy, and that I must apply to the directors in London, so I wrote to Geff to do what was right and proper.”

And now the clock strikes one ; and as the race is appointed for three precisely, the Farmer, assisted by his sturdy ploughmen, Sam Clayton and Tom Marler, who are all smock frock and broad grin for the

occasion, proceeds to place the flags in the winning field, and Alice dons her riding habit, and mounts her pony;—yes, Farmer Brookdale's Alice wears a habit, and whether it be the neat dress or neater figure that causes so many equestrians to turn and look, and turn and look again as she gracefully canters by, I neither know nor care—nor for that matter neither did Alice care, but away she speeds, with blooming cheeks and sparkling eyes towards the starting post, close to the good old town of Oaklington.

And now they muster for the race. I shall not fatigue the gentle reader with the names, weights and color of the riders, though they amounted to that ominous number, thirteen, but I shall merely mention that Squire Parkfield and young Dick Graham, son of old lawyer Graham, the town clerk of Oaklington, were backed heavily against the field, and odds were laid that Captain Bannerol would be whipper in. The Captain has but one backer, Corporal John Flint, who takes the odds to an incredible amount, and drily says "he'll be there or thereabouts." And now the word is given; away they stream—a gay and gallant show, but ere the third field is crossed two of the riders and their horses have dissolved partnership, and the emancipated steeds gallop about in all the unrestrained delight of unexpected freedom. The clover field is crossed, and Stubbs's brook tests the strength of the steeds and the courage of the riders. Three luckless wights take a cold bath on this occasion and look none the better for their immersion.

Heavily and somewhat slowly do the rest toil through the stiff clay upland, and when half-a-mile remains to be accomplished, all are out of the race save the Squire of Parkfield, and the lawyer's son and heir. All did I say? not all; far, far behind toils on the veteran of a hundred fights. Indifferent alike to manly gibe or female titter, he nurses his good horse through the sticky marl, whilst Graham and the Squire use whip and spur trying to gain the lead. One or two judges—aye and good ones too—declare if the race were farther the Captain might have a chance. And now they are approaching the winning field; egad, the Captain's gaining every stride; his mare is stronger, fresher, and Farmer David can scarce contain himself, not so much for the rider as the steed, — for is it not his own old mare, — his favorite Ladybird, the Captain rides—that Ladybird that has borne him so often in happier—no in lighter moments—that has earned him many a brush—and now his feelings burst through all restraint, and with an earnestness that must plead excuse, he shouts at the top of his stentorian voice—"Give her her head, lad. Dash it, she can win!"

And now the Squire and Dick charge the last fence, but law in its anxiety for the lead, miscalculates the leap, and while the good steed only clears the hedge, Dick Graham clears the ditch, and though the lawyer's in, his chance is out. A smile for the first time during the race illumines the stolid features of the Squire, but close behind comes the avenging foe; and now 'tis neck and neck—'tis whip and spur;

“Now Squire”—“now Captain”—two to one on Parkfield!” “Done,” says old Brookdale. “Done, and done again.” On they come, stride for stride—down comes the whip when scarce a length from home and Ladybird is the winner by a head.

“Hurra!—hurra!” shout the excited mob. “Hurra for the Captain!” Of course a winner is always a favorite, and Farmer Brookdale flings his hat in the air and declares the Captain shall ride Ladybird against any man in the county for a hundred.

And now the cup is to be given—the prize that valor shall receive from beauty. But where is Alice?—Alice? See, here she comes, spurring her pony to the winning field, beauteous with health and radiant with enjoyment.

All his rivals honestly congratulate the victor. Even Dick Graham, though he is covered with—not alarmed ladies—mud, and limping from his fall, compliments the Captain on his pluck, and Alice, as she bestows the prize, does it with such kind words and gentle looks, that the gallant veteran vows he has not been so pleased since the Duke promoted him before the walls of Badajos.

And now the banquet is served; in sober English, the tables are spread in the best parlor and the ladies seat themselves, whilst their faithful squires minister to their wants. Much laughter ensues when Mr. Plater, the silversmith, informs them that a certain unsuccessful competitor had made so certain of the prize, that he had actually called on him the previous day and had consulted him as to a proper inscription;

and when they cry "Name, name," Mr. Plater declines to do so, but he turns his head in a particular direction, and then there is more laughter, and cries of "Bravo, Dick!" Dick Graham, though he don't admit the statement, is ready to stake twenty guineas against the cup and ride the winner. "Done," says the Farmer; but the Captain, like a soldier and a gentleman, rises and quells the storm, and whilst he takes no merit to himself, and announces his retirement from the turf, vows that twenty times twenty guineas should not buy the cup, and he calls on them to drink a bumper toast—to the brim, gentlemen—to the brim—"Long life and lasting happiness to the beauty of Elmstoke." Carried unanimously.

Human nature is not perfect, and I will not say that amongst the ladies present there might not be one or two who considered this title her own peculiar property; even if it be so, the thought was not expressed, and when Farmer Brookdale thanked them for his child, it was felt, to use a phrase of recent coinage, that he was indeed the right man in the right place.

If there be gaiety in the parlor, there is certainly mirth in the kitchen, where Corporal John Flint, or so much as remains of him, for the gallant officer, (non. com) has lost an arm and eye, is in great force, having freely backed his commander and won the fabulous amount of two pound ten; and the corporal tells them how the Captain was the crack rider of his regiment, and how he knowed all along he was sure to win, and how the Captain when making an obser-

vation, not talking you know, but looking out for the enemy's position, had escaped from a grand charge of the whole French army by leaping a stream as wide, aye about as wide you may say as from here to the church; this being at a moderate computation about fifty yards, has a very wholesome effect on the minds of the company. Then Digger Joe, who had quietly taken a small wager against the Captain, of five pints of ale to one from Squire Parkfield's groom, and had already invested his bet, felt it his duty to claim their polite attention, "and a health," says he, "and a good health is what I want," says he—and the horns were as promptly filled below as the glasses had been above—"here's Farmer Brookdale's health," says Joe; "he's the best master in the village—and the kindest friend to the poor—and the most neighborly neighbor—and—and—" Digger Joe pauses for a grand climax—"and he brews the best ale in the county."

Much applause. "So he do," and repeated analyses to test the truth of Joe's statement. And the wine gave place to tea above, and the ale gave place to ale below, and Alice's sweet voice carolled the old melodies that the Farmer liked better than the new; Digger Joe chaunted an interminable and dreary ballad, respecting a man who was buried before he was dead, but was afterwards and very properly dead before he was buried; and Captain Bannerol, who had led forlorn hopes, but was the veriest coward before ladies, attempted "Cruel Phillis, haughty fair and was duly extolled for the performance, though

candour compels me to state that, had he broken down in the race as he did in the song, he would never have received the cup from Alice Brookdale. And now the company broke up, and went *on* their way, and some few, went *out* of their way. Few is an adjective signifying not many. Gender,—masculine of course.

All the house has retired to rest. Captain Bannerol, who sleeps at the grange to-night, is honored with Cousin Geoffrey's room, and Corporal John Flint, who is an old campaigner, shares a corner of the wood closet with Digger Joe, in company with two blankets and a jug of ale, and Corporal John Flint and Digger Joe resolve to have a quiet pipe together—and they drink and smoke and talk—and talk and smoke and drink,—and Corporal John Flint drops off to sleep, and Digger Joe finishes the ale, and thinks he will have just another half-pipe, and then—

Alice Brookdale is in a happy dream; she is alone with him she loves on the deck of a gallant ship, and they gaze together on the wide world of waters, and Geoffrey whispers in her ear—"As fathomless as this ocean is my love—as eternal as these waters is my truth," and Alice, gazing on his earnest face, listens and believes. But a change comes o'er the spirit of her dream; the roaring tempest lashes the waves into madness, and the good ship groans and heaves in the whirl of waters, and now she sinks—and sinks—and now Alice is alone,—struggling—shrieking—suffocating.

She starts in her bed—her dream is so real that she cannot for a moment dispel the illusion. What oppression is this? She can scarcely breathe—she must have air—air or she will die—and she opens her chamber door and shrieks for help, as she sees the red flames curling round the staircase.

And now there are hurried cries and trampling feet, and a mingling of hoarse voices, and a rush to and fro, and hither the neighbours haste, and amidst the roar of the flames, and the shouts of the men, orders are given which cannot be regarded—suggestions made and abandoned—but the sleepers are aroused, and ladders are brought, and the good Farmer is assisted to escape; and the doors are beaten open, and the fierce flame burns the fiercer as the eager wind fans it into fury.

“Water! water!” is the general cry, but Oaklington is four miles off, and the parish engine is unfit for use. And now Captain Bannerol, who has made a desperate venture for his prize, which he bears aloft in triumph, sees Farmer Brookdale staring in mute surprise at his blazing roof tree; and he looks for Alice, but Alice is not there. She is safe of course—but where?

“Alice!” whispers the Captain. ’Tis but a word, but it suffices to rouse the father from his stupor. “My child—my Alice!” and he rushes forward, but is restrained by kindly violence.

“Alice!” again says the Captain. No one had seen her. Good God! is she there? “Yes, yes—see!” A figure clothed in white appears at the

chamber window; for a moment, but one moment, is seen that pale sweet familiar face; she seems in mute agony to appeal for help, and then is seen no more.

“My child! my child!” roars the frantic father, and he wrestles in despair with those who hold him. “Let me save her, or let me die!” and the stout old man strikes at those who stay him.

But a sign from Captain Bannerol is enough, and the crowd still restrain the Farmer, whilst the active veteran darts into the blazing mass, and close at his heels, as ever in days of yore, follows his crippled companion in the fray. Hushed are the crowd—mute—motionless, and in the very silence of despair the father stands amid the anxious crowd who are gazing awestruck on the burning pile. Powerless are the many to save the one, and he, the father, speaks not, moves not; he sees only that fair young face, appealing to him in speechless agony.

And now the tramp of horses is heard, and now the town engines gallop on to the green; but the flames roar and roar, and rise and rise; beam after beam sinks in the burning gulf, and as they fall a thousand whirling sparks rise in the air; and now the whole building seems to bend and rock—and now it falls. She’s lost!

No, she is saved! thank God for his mercy—man for his devotion. Alice is saved—she is in her father’s arms!

“My friend,” say Parkfield, “I am grieved for you. You have lost all.”

“I have lost nothing,” says David. “Nothing. *She* is here.”

CHAPTER XX.

What is this pale and grief-worn skeleton, with shaven head and shrunken cheek, that feebly moans day after day, night after weary night, as if in extreme pain, yet lacks the sense to express his sufferings? Reader, this thing that only breathes and moves, was known as Geoffrey Waller; but though the body lives, the mind is dead; or say it but sleeps—will it ever wake from its long and dreary slumber?

Three months have passed since Farmer Brookdale's home became a ruin—three months since Geoffrey Waller was dragged bleeding and insensible from the hoofs of the trampling steeds, and since that hour his mind has been a wreck. All that skill could do has been tried, and tried in vain; all that affection could suggest, as yet is fruitless; yet still with earnest care and undying hope, cousin Alice watches beside the sick man's pillow.

Need the reader be told why Geoffrey had rushed with such frantic haste through the crowded streets? He had read in the paper a brief account of the fire at Elmstoke, and found—oh fatal neglect! that the time had passed—that he was a day too late—that the memory which he boasted never failed him had been treacherous—and that through his default, his uncle was ruined. Alice was a beggar!

Too late! too late! Oh saddest of recollections! Oh darkest of hours! when we can think of the past

but with unavailing regret, and in the future trace no ray of hope. Oh, child, mourning over the memory of thy lost parent! oh, husband, grieving over thy motherless children! oh, wife, weeping over thy orphan boy! blest indeed are ye in your hour of desolation, if to the aching heart be not added the reproachful memory—it is too late!

“Has Doctor seen him to-day, Alice?” enquired her father.

“Within the hour,” answers Alice. The air of London is not so pure as Elmstoke, for Alice is thin and pale, and the sturdy farmer seems to miss the pleasant fields.

“What hope does Doctor give?”

“The same reply—ever the same reply—“Time may effect a cure.”

“Ah!” said David, and he turned to Mordaunt, who had entered with him, “that’s what they always say.”

“And truly,” answered Mordaunt, but in so low a tone that Alice could not hear him; “for time brings life and joy, or death and peace.”

“Miss Brookdale,” said Mordaunt, “I have, with the sanction of Dr. Hamilton, carried a suggestion into effect, which if it fail can produce no ill result; and if it succeed, will crown all our hopes with joy, and reward you for your long and anxious vigil. Using the privilege of friendship, I have made a selection from our poor Geoffrey’s papers, and lo the result!” He handed a small handsomely bound volume to Alice.

“*A Poet's Hopes*. By Geoffrey Waller.” There was eloquence in her eyes, as she looked her thanks.

“If we can light a taper, however small, we may from that illuminate a world,” said Mordaunt.

“That’s a capital idea,” said Yappington Flake, who had remained in the background. “I should never have thought of that. To be sure, I never was very grand at ideas ; I should have tried cigars.”

“Let us hope,” said Mordaunt cheerfully, “that poor Waller will soon be able to smoke them with you, and then, Captain, your prescription shall have due consideration.”

“I’ll go to Hudson’s and have the medicine made up directly,” said the Captain. “That’s not bad for me, considering I never try that sort of thing.” Mordaunt nodded approvingly. “I assure you Miss Brookdale,” said the good hearted Yappington, “when Long Sutton had the ague, I entirely cured him with mild Havannahs—the doctor said no ; but Long Sutton said yes, and I suppose the patient’s the best judge in these cases ;” and away sped little Flake on his healing mission.

“We’ll place the book here,” said Mordaunt ; “if a page—a line—nay, but a word, arrests his ever-wandering senses for a single moment, the inert thought so long slumbering may be aroused, and the dawn of reason may grow into unclouded day.”

But days wore on, and the sufferer turned and turned restlessly on his pillow, and looked on Alice with unregarding eyes, whilst she with anxious heart watched by his pillow, until her cheek was almost as

thin and pale as his; yet she still watched—hoped—prayed—and murmured not.

One night, having sunk into an uneasy slumber, the book she had been reading fell from her hand, and she awoke with a slight start. Geoffrey was muttering to himself; she listened, and it seemed to her as if he were not merely repeating unconnected words, as had been so long his custom, but that his mind was active in composition; gradually his thoughts grew into shape, and his face flushed and his eye brightened, as each new idea suggested words in which he strove to clothe it. Alice shrouded herself in the curtains, the better to observe him, and fearful that her presence might disturb the train of thought, as yet so vague and undefined.

All that night did the fevered mind wrestle with the fell disease that had so long mastered it. With the early dawn the thoughts of the dark hours had formed themselves into shape—a strange, wild, mystic shape, 'tis true, but to Alice, long-watching, anxious, loving Alice, the muttered words were like softest, sweetest music.

From the dark realms of woe,
 See they gather about me;
 Above and below,
 See they jeer at and flout me.
 Each skeleton finger
 Is pointed in scorn;
 Oh! why dost thou linger,
 Thou beautiful morn?

Dim forms without number,
 Of phantoms unblest,
 Distract me from slumber,
 And poison my rest.
 They mock at my sorrow,
 They laugh at my pain,
 Come beautiful morrow,
 And sunlight again.

The icy cold moonbeams
 Illumine the waste ;
 How I loathe the bright gleams
 Of Diana the chaste.
 Her death-like touch chills me,
 It curdles my heart ;
 With horror it thrills me,
 Pale goddess, depart.

Lonely night, cheerless night,
 Let thy dark curtain fall ;
 Enshroud her pale light,
 In thy funeral pall.
 To ease this long sadness,
 Speed death with thy dart,
 The change would be gladness,
 Whatever thou art.

These words he repeated over and over again, now substituting a line—now inverting a sentence, and plainly indicating that his mind had now awakened from its long unhealthy sleep—his fingers playing about the pillow rested upon the book ; he

turned it over and over, as a child might handle a pretty toy,—and now he opened it and turned over page after page unregardingly; the familiar lines attract not his attention—he is about to throw it from him pettishly, when his wandering glance is arrested by that well-loved name. What does he read—an acrostic? and the theme is Alice Brookdale; it is the first—the freshest flower in his poet's garland. He reads and reads, and now he looks around. Whom does he seek? and now he speaks—"Alice! my Alice! where art thou, my own Alice?"

"Geoffrey!"

"Alice!"

The tears gush from the poor sufferer's eyes, and his aching head reclines on that loving breast, and Geoffrey Waller is restored to reason and to happiness.

To happiness—alas! Never more shall he be happy. With memory restored, awakes remorse. "Leave me, leave me, Alice. Oh my Alice, so dearly loved, so deeply injured, leave me—leave me."

"Injured by you, Geoffrey?"

"Ah! you have not yet heard. Yesterday"—and he put his worn thin hand to his aching head—"Yesterday"—he had taken no note of time—"Yesterday"—

"And what of yesterday, cousin Geoffrey? or rather, what of the morrow—the morrow that shall bring health to you—happiness to all?"

"Alice, you are a beggar," said Geoffrey, sobbing as he spoke; "my uncle is ruined; don't let him see

me; I can speak freely to you, Alice, but I could not face his just reproof. Yesterday I heard of that fatal fire. Yesterday—what a long night it has been, Alice—I remembered my uncle's wishes, that kind uncle whose wishes I had so idly regarded. It was too late; I felt it was too late, and yet I hoped, I know not what, but I thought there might be a hope; and the crowd hemmed me in, the horses plunged and reared—and then—then.—Oh, Alice! Oh, my wife! too late! too late!”

“No, it is not too late,” said the gentle comforter. “True, we have lost our home, the dear old home of our youth, but we are not houseless. With health restored you shall return to Elmstoke; we have still the stream, the trees, the good old church, and all the good old friends; and, cousin Geoffrey, shall I tell you more? Are you strong enough—quite sure? Well, listen then, and learn what a prudent little wife you will have in cousin Alice. On the very day before the fire, my father told me he had written to you to make the change in his insurance. I had not heard of this before, so I asked him why, and having heard his reason, it occurred to me that cousin Geoffrey might be in a poet's dream and might not wake until too late in the day; so cousin Alice galloped over the fields to Oaklington, saw Mr. Franklin, the agent to the company, and to make all sure paid the insurance to him.”

What need I add to this explanation of cousin Alice? Only this, that cousin Geoffrey quickly took heart of grace—that ere a month Captain Flake and

his cigars were in request, and to this day little Yappington declares the mild Havannahs put Geoffrey on his legs, and would have done so much sooner had his advice been taken.

And Geoffrey wedded Alice, and retired to Elm-stoke, and settled down into a country life, and eschewing law, and poetry, and romance, he became a pattern country gentleman, whilst Alice surrounded by her healthy boys and blooming girls—Alas! no, I have not the privilege of the novelist who can always wind up with marriage and content. Well then, the truth, the plain unvarnished truth:—

Uncle David and Alice remained some time in town, until from the ruins of the dear old house arose its very counterpart. This was her whim, and Farmer David, as in duty bound, obeyed his daughter's inclinations to the letter. Not a door, nor window, nay not a single brick, wherein the present was not the resemblance of the past. And whilst uncle David and Alice were in London, was Geoffrey ever absent from her side? Truth compels me to own he was seldom near her. From ten till six he studied with Mr. Lucas, but then the evenings, those delicious evenings, when lost in clouds of hope they dreamt of the future, and lost in clouds of smoke uncle David was wide awake to the present; and whilst the dreamers built castles in the air, David, the thoughtful and the practical, thought—when they marry they may have a family, and perhaps 'twill be as well to build the Grange Farm a story higher.

And they were married to the great joy of all—all

but the worthy methodical Mr. Cope, who vowed he had never heard of such a thing; it was as bad, he said, as breaking his articles; but nevertheless he joined the wedding party, and if I am to be examined on oath, I must admit that at the close of the day, Mr. Cope was still worthy but certainly not methodical.

And Mordaunt gave away the bride, and as he placed her hand in Geoffrey's, he whispered to him, "You must admit I have often given you good advice, but this is the very best I have to offer." And Captain Bannerol was there, and on his breast he wore the medal won at Waterloo, and on his brow he showed a recent scar. Oh, gallant veteran! you may be prouder of that scar, than of all the honors won on well-fought fields. Far nobler to save than to destroy.

And in the fulness of his heart, Geoffrey had requested his uncle to invite Mr. and Mrs. Birt, and Mr. and Mrs. Birt were invited and came, and very happy was light-hearted Mrs. Birt, and declared she should have recognized Alice amongst a thousand,—and a most marvellous and utterly incredible story had Mrs. Birt to relate touching the extraordinary behaviour of the drawing-rooms, who had been afflicted to such an extent that he had at length determined on making his will, and had actually left all his money to a hospital,—“and what hospital do you suppose, Mr. Waller? why Number Nine—positively Number Nine. He says I'm the best little nurse in all the world, and if I only take as much

care of the money as I've done of him, all the thieves in London won't be able to cheat me out of it."

"Thieves, sir," says I. "Lawyers, marm," says he.

"I thank him for the compliment," said Geoffrey, "but how does Mr. Birt relish this attack on the profession?"

"Birt an't with Dummer and Tugg now," said the little woman smiling. "Mr. Proker dropt a hint that they didn't like your going to Mr. Lucas, and that they didn't choose to keep spies in their office. Birt told me this, and I told the drawing-rooms, and he insisted Birt should resign his situation. When I mentioned Dummer and Tugg, I thought the drawing-rooms would have had a fit. The villains—the scoundrels! oh how I wish I could pay them what I owe them! Well, sir, says I, if I'd got your money—You will have it, marm, says he. Thank you, sir, says I, but I'd rather you'd pay your debts first; why what can you owe Dummer and Tugg, says I. The gout, and—I needn't tell you what else he said, but it seems he had a law suit, and lost it, and Dummer and Tugg gained it, and the end of all, Mr. Waller, is—that Mr. Birt is not in any situation at present; in fact, he don't require it, and I think," said the little woman with a pretty toss of her head, "that he's very likely soon to take up the family title."

During the few minutes that this conversation occupies, the owner of the family title is standing in a corner looking particularly uncomfortable, and feeling quite as uncomfortable as he looks; for what affinity could there be between the great Mr. Lucas,

of Lincoln's Inn, and the little Mr. Birt of Dummer and Tugg's outer office. Very comfortable did Mr. Birt look, and very comfortable did he feel, when Mr. Lucas, at the marriage feast, shewed the courteous gentleman could be united with the profound lawyer, and requested the pleasure of taking wine with Mr. Birt.

And very, very proud, was Mrs. Birt, when it was explained to her that Mr. Waller and his wife were to be her inmates until his articles had expired, and very loath were Farmer David and the Captain to return to Brookdale; but it was arranged that Mr. and Mrs. Waller (do you like the sound, cousin Alice?) were every year to spend the Long Vacation at the dear old home. That Long Vacation, how very short it seemed!

And now Mr. Lucas, standing by the carriage, wishes Alice and Geoffrey a happy honeymoon. "One month, Mr. Waller, and then for the stern realities of law;" and those stern realities are accompanied with such a pleasant smile, that Alice wishes she too could be articed to Mr. Lucas, and be ever near her husband.

But adieus must be ended—postboys are impatient—round whirl the wheels—off go the steeds—a man, minus his hat, is seen running after the carriage, overtakes it, throws in a fresh-gathered bouquet, and keeping pace with the flying vehicle appears the face of Cupples. "I say, all right—wish you luck—I'm to be married—Isabella—you remember—Blobster." There is just one moment for

Geoffrey to catch the extended hand; Cupples disappears, probably in search of the missing hat, and away speed the cousins, now bound by a holier tie. God guard them on their journey!

Reader, you are five minutes older since you finished the last sentence; but with Geoffrey fifteen years have sped away, and time hath not dealt so gently with him as I could wish, for his hair is thin, and as he says turning grey, though Alice will not admit the impeachment. Dear Alice! Time, that tries some, proves all—improves, the poet would have said, had he looked on Alice Waller.

Geoffrey has worked hard, very hard, in his profession, and has been for some years the partner of Mr. Lucas; that gentleman now contemplates retiring, and it is rumored that Mr. Philip Birt, who has been for some years in the office, will become Mr. Waller's partner.

This is young Phil, son of our former friends—a first-rate lawyer as Mr. Waller says, and a first-rate son, as Mrs. Birt maintains. His father has for some years been confidential clerk to Mr. Waller. Between ourselves he has nothing whatever to do, and does it well. Mrs. Birt, who has for some years been in the quiet and undisturbed possession of the fortune bequeathed by the lamented drawing-rooms, having failed in her repeated attempts to awaken her husband's dormant pride, has been sounding young Phil

as to the propriety of his assuming the aristocratic De, preparatory to the full investiture of the ancestral honors, "for you know my dear Phil you will be in a position,"—but Phil, who is a young man of excellent sense, always meets the suggestion with a kiss, and I fear the baronetcy will remain in perpetual abeyance.

And has the light of literature paled before that of law? Let Geoffrey's publisher answer that question for him. "Well, sir," says Mr. Vollum—you remember Mr. Vollum?—"in a day or two we shall announce a fifth edition; at present we're out of print." "You are right, sir," says Mr. Vollum, in reply to his customer; "his works always sell; they are the things for the age, practical but poetical."

And Mordaunt, who has long given his friendship, admits that he is worthy of his esteem, and when Geoffrey asserts that to Mordaunt's counsels and to Mordaunt's works he is indebted for the little fame he may have acquired, the great author, turning to Alice, observes, "Love, more potent than friendship, is the inspiration of the poet."

And has the torch of love burnt dim during these fifteen years? Let them both answer—No! Hallowed by time and purified by suffering, for they have not escaped unscathed, their love hath known no change and no decay. If children, that blessing of the many, have been denied them, their affection blooming in eternal youth, has peopled their home with crowds of cherub faces that ever smile upon their hearth, and unto them is yielded that know-

ledge more precious than all the wisdom of the sages ;
They love and are beloved.

“And this day,” said Geoffrey, “makes me thirty-seven. Mordaunt, I’m getting old.”

“A boy,” said Mordaunt.

“And Byron made a world-wide fame, and died at thirty-seven. What were his latest lines ?

‘ ’Tis time this heart should be unmov’d,
Since others it has ceas’d to move.’ ”

“Quotations should be to the purpose,” said Mordaunt. “Your words to me say one thing—your looks to Mrs. Waller contradict them. Besides, I hate quotations ; they betray one’s intellectual poverty. Beggars only borrow. Have you done nothing lately ?”

“Well,” said Geoffrey, “I had my dream last night ; ’tis not often I have that dream. I saw the friends of my youth—Time—Faith—and Energy !”

“And the result ?”

“Is here.”

TIME, FAITH, AND ENERGY.

Houseless, friendless, weary, lone,
 Ill in body, sick at heart,
 None to listen to my moan,
 None a solace to impart,
 Vain are all my efforts; why
 Longer struggle? let me die.

Die—so young—relinquish life?
 Life once deem'd so full of joy?
 Idle dream! 'Tis ceaseless strife,
 Useless struggle for a toy;
 Ceaseless, till the prize be gain'd;
 Useless, when it is obtain'd.

Die—relinquish ev'ry hope
 Form'd in youth's delusive spring,
 When I yearn'd with foes to cope,
 Deeming death a glorious thing,
 If the laurel crown'd my brow;
 Faded is the laurel now.

Die—and leave my friends to weep—
 Friends who pledg'd their faith unask'd?
 Well did they their promise keep,
 When their services were task'd?
 Then I caught them on the hip;
 Found the lie on ev'ry lip.

Die—and break the trusting heart,
 Yielded in exchange for mine?
 Fool! why grieve with her to part?
 Dar'st thou hope for thee she'll pine?
 Is she worth a moment's care?
 Fickle puppet—false as fair!

Die—why linger? What is life?
 Disappointment, care, and pain;
 Dull repose, or jarring strife;
 Wretched captive, break thy chain.
 Life's a bauble—love, a breath—
 Friendship, folly. Welcome death!

Who are ye that stay my flight?
 Are ye mortal or divine?
 Dare I hope a purer light,
 On my darken'd soul may shine?
 Lo! I humbly kneel and seek,
 Wherefore thus ye stay me? Speak!

Mortal, ever rash and vain,
 Blindly murmuring at thy lot,
 Wherefore of thy state complain?
 Art thou friendless? know'st thou not
 He, who watches over all,
 Notes the meanest creature's fall?

Listen to the voice of truth,
 Let it show thee what thou art ;
 In thy vanity of youth,
 Weak of purpose, proud of heart.
 Would'st thou soar to heights sublime,
 Thou must seek the aid of Time.

Failing in thy bold desire,
 Quails thy spirit : sinks thy heart.
 To relume the failing fire,
 Faith her influence shall impart—
 Faith, without whose constant light,
 Sinks the soul in darkest night.

Time is yielded to regain,
 Wasted hours of erring youth ;
 Faith, thy spirit to maintain,
 In the struggle for the truth ;
 And with these, united be,
 Never-yielding Energy.

Wherefore is thy soul o'ercast ?
 Future efforts may atone
 For the errors of the past ;
 Deem not that thou art alone ;
 Friends—instructors—we will be,
 Time, and Faith, and Energy.

Others feel as keen a grief,
 Others equal sorrows own,
 Like them, hast thou sought relief,
 Asking aid in suppliant tone?
 Or, misled by wayward pride,
 Hast thou suffer'd and defied?

On thy way with faithful heart!
 On thy way with spirit bold!
 In the struggle do thy part,
 To the truth with firmness hold;
 Ever at thy call we'll be,
 Time, and Faith, and Energy.

If success upon thee shine,
 Be not dazzled by its ray;
 Should'st thou fail, no shame be thine,
 Whatsoe'er the world may say.
 Men by actions judge alone;
 Unto One the motive's known.

Speed thee then upon thy way,
 Though unseen we walk beside;
 Unto Him—the Father—pray,
 Seek his grace, thy steps to guide;
 Pray that he will grant to thee,
 Time, and Faith, and Energy.

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2



