

costing the Englishman R— by name, and claiming the merit due to punctuality. "If you are as punctual in fact as in appearance, you are welcome," answered R—. "Let this then be my answer," returned the stranger, and I heard the peculiar chink of metal, as if a heavy bag were struck or shaken. "And on what terms am I to be supplied?" asked the expectant; "what security do you require of me, who am a stranger—what interest do you demand?" "Oh! a *personal* security will answer my purpose, though you are a stranger to me; and for interest—I am no usurer—a percentage in coin is hardly an equivalent. I prefer a voluntary return for the favours of a friend, where the end corresponds with the intention." "I care not what the terms are," exclaimed R—, "so as I secure the money; at the most," he added, "I cannot be more utterly a beggar than I am at the present." "Step this way," said the stranger, "and the terms of our compact shall be ratified." I listened; but their voices were no longer audible. I waited anxiously for a minute, which seemed of ten times its ordinary duration; and finding that their conversation was lost, I rose cautiously, and moved to the window, were through the opening of the blind, I discovered the two figures at the extremity of the garden. The moon cast a fitful ray over the spot, and I perceived that the Englishman knelt, while the other was apparently repeating a formula and sign—the purport of which binding him to the observance of some oath, was rendered unintelligible at that distance. On a sudden a vague idea entered my mind, of a nature too horrible to give utterance to, and simultaneous with that thought, the dark figure turned towards me, and I felt the withering glance of his eye, as if evidently detecting my presence, and triumphing in the success of his undertaking. I felt an undeniable sensation of dread overpower me; I strove to speak, but failed in the endeavour—my senses seemed bewildered—all consciousness abandoned me; and when I again returned to recollection, I found myself gazing on the placid course of the Lahn, on which the moonlight shed its faintest beams, with no sign before me or around, of the scene which had possessed every sense.

On the following morning a letter was brought to me from the Post-Office, giving me intelligence of a most dear friend lying dangerously ill, at Frankfort, which induced me to depart immediately by the mail, though no motive of pleasure could have withdrawn me from Ems at such a moment. Unwillingly and yet anxiously, I set out, and found that the state of my friend's health had not been exaggerated. It required much care and attention to recover him from the effects of a violent fever. A week elapsed before he was sufficiently restored to take any interest in passing events. The first thing I spoke of to him was the odd affair which had lately occupied me. A day or two afterwards I was sitting by his bedside reading the "*Frankfurter Nachricht*," when the following paragraph met my eye:—

"Ems, September, —, 18—.

"An occurrence of a remarkable nature has just happened here. An Englishman, whose visits to the Redoute have been very

frequent, has lately disappeared. Immense sums of money have it seems been transferred by him to the rouge et noir table, but a discovery has been made since his departure, that a large amount of base coin has been found among the recent acquisitions. Suspicion points to the Englishman, in whose apprehension the officers of justice are actively engaged.

"Since writing the above, intelligence has been received of the Englishman, but we regret to add that he is dead. His body was discovered in a lonely hut, near an abandoned silver mine, about half a mile (sternde) from hence. A deep wound on the left side was the cause of his death, evidently inflicted by a large hunting-knife, smeared with blood, which lay beside him. It is impossible to conjecture whether murder or self-destruction has been the cause of his death."

My heart sickened within me as I remembered the scene in the Lust-Garten. D.L

Varieties.

A NOBLE MISER: ANECDOTE OF LORD KENYON.—His dress was the threadbare remains of what might once have been appropriate costume, the sable relics of which frugality had piously preserved. These rare habiliments irresistibly produced a smile at their singularity, from the sterling marks which they bore of studied parsimony and mean economy. They were the daily subjects of joke or comment at the bar, when the Lord Chief Justice appeared and took his seat on the bench. I happened to be in conversation with Lord (then Mr) Erskine, at Guildhall, before Lord Kenyon arrived there.—

When he entered the court, Pope's lines in the "Dunciad," on Settle the poet, came across me, and I quoted them involuntarily: "Known by the band and suit which Settle wore,— His only suit for twice three years before."

"The period of six years," said Erskine, laughing, "during which that poet had preserved his full trimmed suit in full bloom, seemed to Pope to be the maximum of economy; but it bears no proportion to Kenyon's. I remember the green coat which he now has on for, at least, a dozen years."—

He did not exaggerate its claims to antiquity. When I last saw the learned lord he had been Lord Chief Justice for nearly fourteen years, and his coat seemed to be coeval with his appointment to the office. It must have been originally black, but time had mellowed it down to the appearance of a sober green, which was what Erskine meant by allusion to its colour. I have seen him sit at Guildhall, in the month of July, in a pair of black leather breeches and the exhibition of shoes frequently soled afforded equal proof of the attention which he paid to economy in every article of dress. His gown was silk, but had a better title to that of everlasting, from its unchanged length of service. He held a pocket-handkerchief to be an unnecessary piece of luxury, and, therefore, dispensed with the use of one; he found a sufficient substitute in his emunctory powers, which were eminently attractive. His equipage was in perfect keeping with his personal appearance, and was such as to draw down the gibes of malevolence, the sneer of ill-nature, and the regret of those who held him in any respect, while it pro-

voked the ridicule of even them. The carriage which conveyed the Lord Chief Justice and his suite to Westminster Hall had all the appearance and the splendour of one of those hackney coaches which are seen on the stand, with a coronet and supporters, the cast-off carriage of a peer or foreign ambassador. Though the seats were occupied by the Lord Chief Justice himself and his officers, in bags and swords, the eye was involuntarily directed to the pannel to look for the number of the coach, as its appearance and that of the horses which drew it confirmed the impression, that it had been called off the stand. They moved with the most temperate gravity, and seemed to require the frequent infliction of the whip to make them move at all. That necessary instrument to rouse their latent spirit was consigned to the unsparing hand of a coachman whose figure and appearance perfectly harmonised with the rest of the appointment. There is an appropriate dress for the different descriptions of servants; and a triangular hat is generally considered part of the costume of a coachman. Whether it was a sacrifice which Lord Kenyon made to fashion, or the vanity of the individual himself which prompted him to adopt it, I will not presume to say, but it seemed to both to be necessary, that his lordship's coachman should appear with that important symbol of his station. He, therefore, adopted the appropriate mark of distinction, a three-cornered hat. This appeared to have been effected with great taste, but with the accustomed view to economy. A hat slouched down before, the former ornament of his head, was, by a neat metamorphosis, changed into a cocked one, by turning up the flap, and making it the base of the triangle; and, lest it should prove refractory under its new *regime*, it was kept in its place, and the perpendicular procured by the aid of a pin. The rest of his dress seemed to be selected from the choicest stores of Monmouth-street, with equal regard to state and frugality.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

AN HONEST MINISTER.—The year 1604 passed in miserable intrigues, in quarrels betwixt the king and his wife on the one hand, and his mistress on the other. Rosny exerted himself to rouse Henry from pleasures and expenses to those great designs which they had meditated together for reducing the power of Spain and modifying the state of Europe. When Henry detailed in a gay and careless tone, his losses at play, his gifts to his mistress, his outlay in building, and encouraging manufactures, concluding with a half wish, half order, that his prime-minister should increase the sums allowed for the royal expenses with an item of 6,000 crowns for the minister's self, Rosny, deaf to the gaiety, as well as to the bribe offered to his honesty, protested, and shrugged his shoulders. "There, again," cried Henry, "you do not consider all the hardship of mind and body that I have gone through, and that I have a right to make up for a little pleasure." Then, if Rosny frowned at the free morals of the king, and his too great obsequiousness to the Marchioness of Verneuil, his Mistress, Henry would reply, "Yet I cannot hurt her, she is such a agreeable company; when she likes, always