

the required articles, and muttering an oath, the old man left the house.

He had not proceeded many paces down the lane before he heard voices conversing in low tones, and discovered his daughter, seated upon the stile, and Squire Fenwick standing beside her, with his arm round her waist. They did not observe the basket-maker, and he stopped to listen to their conversation.

"Do not cry, Dorothy," said Fenwick; "I must leave you. I have accepted the office of Squire to my Lord of Leicester; and he returns to London to-morrow. But be of good cheer, I shall soon see you again."

"I know you will forget me," replied the girl, whimpering. "You love that proud, stuck-up Lady Monica, a thousand times better than you do me!"

"Silly child," said Fenwick, kissing her, "did you ever hear of a man loving the woman he sought for his wife, so well as his mistress?"

"I would rather be your wife," replied Dolly.

"To be treated with cold indifference—hey?"

"Ah! but I should be a lady, and would not care a pin for it. If you got another sweetheart I'd find one too, and so we should be quits."

Fenwick blessed his stars that she was not his wife, but he said: "It is growing late, Dorothy; the moon is up, and your father will miss you. One kiss, sweetheart, and then good night."

As he bent down to kiss his mistress, a heavy blow descended upon his head, which was followed by another, and another, and the gay Fenwick measured his length upon the grass.

"Home, vile girl!" exclaimed the enraged father, now applying the heavy staff to her bare shoulders. "Home! and receive the punishment you deserve. You have brought shame upon an honest man's house, and I will make you feel your dishonour."

"Mersey! mersey!" shrieked the girl, as she fled before him into the cottage, and, rushing up a ladder that led to the loft, hastily barred the door.

"Ho! ho! ho!" roared Mat, clapping his hands. "Only look how Dolly, do scamper. What fun?"

"She'll fall down the stair, and break her neck," responded Mark.

"No great loss. Now my boy," he cried, clapping Mat upon the knee, "we shall have her share of the pork, and father will never miss t'other dumpling."

Foaming with passion, the old man dashed his stick behind the door, and sat down in his oak chair, the froth upon his lip, and the perspiration streaming from his brow. "By the living Jingo!" he cried, "I could murder her!"

The boys crouched down upon the firm and eyed him askance, winking and nudging each other, whenever they saw that his eye was not upon them.

"But it's my own fault," continued the man. Her mother was just such another before her. I took her for her good looks, and a bad bargain I made of it. Her children are all like her, and this painted-faced Doll, more like her than all the rest. Ah, well a day! 'What is bred in the bone,' they say, 'never comes out of the flesh.' Take off the pot, Mat, and we'll have supper."

And, like a true English peasant, Snell soon forgot, while devouring his fat pork and dumplings, the cause of his vexation.

But, to return to Fenwick. It was some minutes before he was restored to consciousness. Stunned by the heavy blows of the basket-maker, he had received no other injury, his thick velvet hat and plume having providentially saved him from a broken head. When he unclosed his eyes, he found the Gipsy beside him, scattering water in his face.

"Get up, Sir Knight, that would be!" she said, with a sneering laugh. "This posture ill-becomes the doughty follower of the gallant Leicester."

"Now, do not laugh at me, Azubah," replied Walter, rising and wiping his brow. "That old man struck confoundedly hard."

"Thy harder head has fortunately saved thy life," said Azubah. "Did not I tell thee, Fenwick, that that low amour would soil thy plume in the dust?"

"Oh, hang her! I am heartily sick of her. The old man may keep his daughter now. I've done with her for ever. But, tell me, Gipsy, did you see the Lady of the Hall?"

"Yes, and I have come to tell thee that thou art not worthy of her—that such is my admiration of her, that I will take no further part in working her ill."

"Now, out upon you for a foul witch! Is this the manner in which you mean to fulfil your promise?" cried Fenwick, angrily, grasping her arm.

"I am not to be frightened by blustering words, Master Fenwick," said Azubah, proudly. "Nor do I carry an onken cudgel to defend myself from brave soldiers, who war against old men and defenceless women. But do you see this?" and she held up a small poignard that glittered in the moonbeams. "I am not without the means of defending myself."

"I meant you no injury," cried Fenwick, relinquishing his grasp. "My heart is sore with disappointment and ill-luck. The world is no garden of Hesperus, for me. My golden fruit was