

affairs, or to an overstrung belief in the omnipresence and omnipotence of Love, the only name we have for one passion of many natures. The story, as it reaches us, seems to warrant the adoption of the former theory, in the face of its intrinsic improbability.

Whether she had some motive, such as the discovery of a means towards revenge against Oliver—or, quite as likely, against Lucinda—is another question that must remain unanswered. It is not absolutely necessary to suppose any motive, beyond the desire to lie safely in hiding until she could show herself again in her native place without risk of persecution. But motives may be imagined. Could she have compassed the death of either Lucinda or Oliver, she would by doing so have revenged herself on both. She may have been hatching such schemes, although no light is thrown on them by anything that followed.

Scheme or no, declaration would have served no purpose. John Rackham was under her thumb, of course, but Sir Oliver and Lucinda were, so far, beyond her reach, and free. If it crossed her mind to try her luck with Lucinda, make a clean breast of her old relations with Oliver, and appeal to the kindness of heart of a hated rival for shelter and protection, she may easily have put the idea aside at once as purely fantastic and absurd. Far more likely that she dreamed of, and hoped for, some undefined revenge—some knife or poison still beyond her reach. For she could see, herself unseen, enough of the life at the New Hall to make sure that its master and mistress were on no unloving terms. He that visits the New Hall, now a hundred years have passed, will find the old stable still unchanged, and he will be shown what folk still call *The Witches' Squint*, an opening made slot-wise and aslant in the wall of the stable-loft, where Mrs. Trant had compelled her host, or rather servant, to devise a harbour-