

The arbitrary monarch immediately gave his consent to the earlier celebration of his favorite's nuptials with the beautiful heiress, who persisted in denying her consent, and in vain pleaded that reason and interest were on her side, till at last the maiden maintained, and that too, in the royal presence, her determination to yield her hand to none other but the Lord Charles. Notwithstanding this commendable firmness, of what avail could it be, when the monarch's word was the subject's law? Now were the youthful lovers distracted by fears perhaps worse than those they had known before, and already they looked upon their dismal fate as inevitable, when a happy expedient occurred to the young noble. He had often heard of the Lord Holland's boundless avarice, and therefore with an ability and studied deficiency worthy one more experienced in such transactions, he offered an enormous bribe to obtain his interest with the king. His majesty, not a little surprised at this sudden change in the Lord Holland's views, nevertheless could not but yield to the truth and justness of that wily nobleman's reasons, and with his habitual fickleness, the monarch retracted his consent in the former instance to give it in the present, at the earnest solicitation of his faithful servant.

And as the lady Elizabeth stood in that vast hall, by the side of her noble lover, her queen-like beauty heightened by the flush of deep excitement, her lowly eyes cast downwards with maidenly timidity, her fair lips sweetly echoing the words that made her the bride of the princely Ormond, she did not appear more worthy of admiration and homage, than in after-life, when she waited upon the stern Protector to solicit the enlargement of her glorious son, the renowned Earl of Ossory. Cromwell drily assured her, that he had more reason to fear her than any one else; the Lady Elizabeth, now Duchess of Ormond, replying with the proud dignity of her nature, said, that she had not come to solicit favors at his hand, but merely justice to her innocent son, and that she knew not how she could have been represented as so dangerous a person, seeing that she had never, on any occasion whatever, interfered with either his person or government.

"No madam," replied the Protector, who was certainly not given to complimentary speeches, "but your worth has gained you so great an influence over the commanders of our party, and we know so well your power over your own, that we are well aware your Ladyship can do what you please."

Why is an adjective like a drunken man?
Because it cannot stand alone.

CONFESSION OF A MANIAC.

"In the still watches of the drowsy night,
I hear it still!"

TUTT:—nervous—very, dreadfully nervous I had been, and am: but why will you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses—not destroyed—not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute: I heard all things in the heavens and the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Harken! and observe how healthily—how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but, once conceived, it haunted me day and night: Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me an insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye!—yes, it was this! He had the eye of a vulture—a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell on me, my blood ran cold; and so, by degrees—very gradually—I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

Now this is the point, you fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen me. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded—with what caution—with what foresight—with what dissimulation I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it—oh, so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficiently for my head, I first put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly—very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see the old man as he lay upon his bed. Ha!—would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously—oh, so cautiously (for the hinges creaked)—I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights—every night just at midnight—but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning when the day broke, I went boldly into his chamber and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he had