

at the door ; an' after his lordship was convinced we couldn't burst the door in he opened it, and such a rushin' o' men an' dogs was never seen afore. Lookin' up the chimney and under the bed, I were really frightened at the danger I was in o' bein' found out, an' shakin' all over, when I said, 'There be naught here, your lordship—neither thieves nor murderers—an' *I doubt it was the bogles from the kirk-yard yonder.*'

"My word ! no one slept any more in the hall that night, an' it was the last time his lordship ever went to bed at Annesly Park."

"But you are sorry now, J——, for the trick you played, since Miss Chaworth might have married him if she had known Lord Byron better, and had not been deceived by Mr. Musters ?"

"Ay, that I be, it often gied agin my conscience when I waited till all the folk would be asleep in the hall, an' then I'd bring Miss Chaworth down to meet Musters in the dining-hall, an' leave 'em a bit of a chat an' that ; an' when I'd knock. Sometimes he wouldn't go, an' I'd have to tell him he must, for the folk would soon be stirring in the hall.

"And ho, the picnics we had in the groves ! I'd send out the ham-pers by the men to the blacksmith's, an' they never knowed what was in them. And Muster's man would get them, and lay the cloth on the sod, an' such long merry talks they'd have while we strolled away a bit : an' then they'd go off together while we'd lunch a bit. The very last time we were feastin' in the groves Musters's man said, 'So many bottles are strawn around, an' these be nice ones, J—— : one for you an' one for me ;' an' we put 'em in our great coats ; an' there they are : you can have 'em both if you want them. Ah, little did the poor young thing know what was comin' ! The day she was of age she married Mr. Musters, an' a month from that she paid a hundred thousand pounds to the money lenders, that were only waitin' all the time for his promise to pay them when he married the heiress. And oh, she was the most unhappy woman alive when he openly treated her bad-like ! an' all he wished of her was money ! money ! Never will I forget the day his lordship's funeral was coming to the inn at Nottingham. My poor mistress came into the town, and up to the very door, before she knowed whose funeral it was. She was so stricken with trouble and illness that the folk thought even then she were some'at daft. An' two years more was a' she could manage. She died from the madhouse."

E. D. W.