

TRUE LOVERS.

They linger in the garden walk,
Talking as only lovers talk;
Sweet, foolish trifles, love's delight!
With joy and faith their faces bright.

Sometimes she stops and plucks a rose,
To hide the truth her sweet blush shows;
Scattering the rose-leaves in the air,
A dainty shower o'er face and hair.

With laughing looks she sees them fly,
Then sudden stops and breathes a sigh;
For youth and love as soon are gone,
And death and age are hastening on.

He gathers from the garden plot
A tuft of pale forget-me-not;
She takes them with a careless jest,
Then hides them in her snowy breast.

He lays a rose-bud in her hair,
Whispering she is wondrous fair;
While tenderly his loving hands
Linger o'er the rippling bands.

They pause to watch the evening sky,
And see the golden sunlight die;
A squirrel started from its lair
Breaks the calm quiet of the air.

She trifles with her golden curls,
Till the bright flag the wind unfurls,
And blows a tress across his face,
Touching his lips with soft embrace.

They reach the great hall door at last,
He holds her slender fingers fast,
Then kisses them, as well he may,
While she, all blushing, speeds away.

LOVE AND LAW.

CHAPTER I.

PEOPLE are usually very hard on attorneys. No gentlemen come in for so much abuse, or get so little thanks for professional work, as they; and yet the public, who trusts them with the management of their most important concerns, in very few cases have reason to regret the confidence.

Richard Carton was eminently an honourable man. He had a great deal to struggle with at the outset of his career; but fortunately for himself, he commenced the battle so young, that he had gained a respectable vantage ground when little more than thirty. He had to make good his own way. Neither wealth, interest, or connection was his, yet, by his undeviating honesty, perseverance, and skill, he rapidly became one of the most respected solicitors in Waterton. To him were entrusted those intricate cases which require a careful pilot in the beginning. Carton was famous, too, for the exact diagnosis he seemed to take of every transaction submitted to his hands. His balance of the fortunes and chances of law appeared something wonderful. And then he never told half the truth to save the nerves of a client, or permitted a technical error of his opponents to tempt him to an unfair advantage. Even those whom he beat spoke well of him, and when he succeeded in establishing the will of Peter Plumtre, the wealthy grocer, in the very teeth of an asserted later document, under which the son of Farmer Green claimed a fat legacy, the honest yeoman came to Carton to draft his own will the day after the contest. Moreover, young Tom Green was put as an articulated clerk under Carton.

"If thee lawyered 'un out of a fortun'," said old Green, "thee moight be the best 'un to train Tom to win another."

Carton was a bachelor. Various reasons were assigned for his celibacy. There were lots of young ladies in Waterton, and there were lots of mamas who wouldn't have had the least objection to the well-to-do young solicitor for a son-in-law; but somehow he kept clear of them all, or at least, never made any advances that could by any possibility be constructed into a matrimonial intention. Perhaps he was very hard to please,

and none of these young ladies pleased him; perhaps he had never met the right one. He liked his work, his book, his *dolce far niente* of an evening in his sloop-yacht, and in truth he never felt that vacancy which is supposed to indicate a disposition towards settling.

About the month of May, or beginning of June, strangers crowded into Waterton. It was no unusual thing for Carton to pick up new clients, who, coming to the sea-side, were yet haunted by litigious cares, which required his aid to banish.

Now it was a fast man, whose fastness had developed into a run from his creditors, and who came to see what could be done, in order to stop the courses of those alarming little bills, which some time or other must be met. Again it was that crotchety individual, who here, as it were, became chronically litigious, the accountant of Will Touchy, who goes to law with his servants, his landlord, his washerwoman, or his relatives.

Carton never encouraged Will Touchy, and would often send him away wondering at this miracle of an attorney, who didn't appear to know what was the best for himself.

CHAPTER II.

It was a very hot June day, and the Venetian blinds in Richard Carton's snug office scarcely kept out the glare and stifling heat of the noon-tide sun. In the outside room, Tom Green and an assistant were at work, their pens whistling away over the paper, and making a kind of trio, in which a blue-bottle took the bass part, as he endeavoured to commit suicide against the window. Carton did not expect a visitor, and almost overcome by the heat of the day, was leaning in a sort of a doze upon his desk, when a knock came to the outside door. He started up to open it, and letting in a military, buttoned-up-looking personage, who, marching into the centre of the office called, out, as if he were addressing a battalion—

"Is Mr. Carton at home?"

Richard bowed, and by a gesture indicated his connection with Mr. Carton.

"Very good, sir. Glad I came at the right time. I want to have a word with you in private."

Carton closed the door, handed him a chair, and then expected to hear some story about a dead cat being flung over a party wall, a hotel-keeper's excessive charge, a collar lost by a laundress, or any other grievance peculiar to half-pay officers of limited income and very limited temper.

"My name is Delmar."

Carton bowed.

"Captain Delmar, late of her Majesty's—(th. I have brought you my wife's marriage settlement."

Carton here looked serious, as the captain produced a parchment from his breast pocket.

"I conceive under this, that I have a title to the Pridcaux property in this neighbourhood. You will see by the clause which regulates the reversionary interests—"

And here he commenced a recital of legal terms, with great volubility, until Carton interrupted him effectively, but politely.

"My dear sir, this is a matter we must proceed in cautiously. If you will be good enough to answer me such questions as I put to you, it will considerably shorten our interview."

And then the man of business, by a few well chosen queries, extracted from Captain Delmar the substance of what that gentleman would have occupied an hour in confusing.

"You must leave this settlement with me, and also forward any other documents in your possession. This is a complicated and difficult undertaking, and may involve a heavy expense to prosecute. When I have mastered the details, I shall instruct counsel, and then inform you of the result. By the bye, have you any children, captain?"

"Yes; one daughter."

"Is she of age?"

"No, not until next month. Perhaps I had better leave you our address, in case you should desire to communicate with me."

And, handing his adviser a card, the captain took his leave.

CHAPTER III.

In due time Carton received the rest of Captain Delmar's papers. He was not long in perceiving that his new client had previously submitted his case to other solicitors, who shrunk from encountering the risk of defeat and the outlay, which could probably be only refunded in the event of success. When Carton hinted to the captain the necessity of being prepared with advances for the progress of the suit, the old gentleman appeared to be taken aback considerably; but Carton, perceiving his hesitation and the cause, and, moreover, having previously anticipated both, and decided on his own course of action, said:

"Captain Delmar, I will undertake to conduct your case. I am not a rich man, but will advance the necessary funds, if, on my winning, you will fairly take into consideration the hazard I run in doing so."

It is needless to say that with this great generous offer the captain closed at once, and insisted upon Carton's dining with him that very day, that they might drink success to Delmar v. Pridcaux.

"You must be introduced to your real client, Mr. Carton, for I understand it is Kate in whose name our suit must be instituted."

"Yes we must wait until Miss Delmar is of age; but there are preliminary steps to be taken in the interim."

It is difficult for three to converse at table. There is one too many for the freedom of a *tête-à-tête*, and too little for the reserve of company. Where there are a pair of silent listeners, your remarks, which would pass muster in the rattle of a large party, start out unsheltered and abruptly. But Carton had not the infirmity of too much self-consciousness, nor did he want that rare conversational gift which consists in making your hearers imagine that they have a fair proportion of the best ideas you exchange with them. Miss Delmar was at first inclined to be a little haughty with papa's man of law, probably because she had pictured to herself a fussy, talkative person, whose motions were tied with red tape. She was rather surprised to find Carton a good-looking, perfectly well-bred gentleman, who never once spoke of business, but who drifted from Tennyson to Millar, from Faust to Fletcher, with an unassuming grace and fancy, with a clever, reverent criticism, which displayed not only a love of art, but a love for it, that found expression in easy, picturesque language, and not in that *poocourante* jargon which she had often heard from pretenders. When they came for coffee to the drawing-room, after dinner, Miss Kate was not at all unprepared for Carton's request that she would sing for him. She sang nearly through a portfolio. Mr. Carton was always noticed seeking a distant corner when any of the Waterton belles operated on the works of Italian masters. It was whispered that the wretch had no taste for music—or anything else. If they only saw him while Miss Delmar was playing!

"I don't think she is handsome," he commenced with himself, as he went home that evening, "and still I like her style: or is it her eyes? Aye, it must be her eyes! By Jove! I must win that suit for her if possible. Regular old soldier that half-pay!"

"Papa."

"Well, my love?"

"Is Mr. Carton reported to be a clever man of business?"

"Clever!—why they say he can do anything?"

"He seems quite a gentleman. Doesn't he?"

"Oh, yes; for an attorney he does."

"Or for anybody. I am sure he is worth a dozen of those booby ensigns or lieutenants you introduced me to when we lived at Chatham."

"Well, my dear, I have no objection you should think so, for a while, at least, until our suit is over; then, you know, we can cut him as soon as we like."

Kate had often heard her father speak as meanly as this, and had found out long ago the bitterest truth for a child to learn: that it was only by an effort she could keep near enough to her line of duty not to despise him.

"Good night, papa."