

and to Mary Chaworth a heart that loved her for herself? John Muster's triumph was cheaply purchased. I will record it all as old J—— related it.

"Ay, I remember well when his lordship wud come riding like mad into Annesly Park, and his two great dogs flying along wi' him. 'My word!' old Mrs. Clark would say, 'if there doesn't come his lordship, and those nasty brutes are with him to spoil my nice white counterpane!' You see, the brutes always sleepit outside o' the covers on his lordship's bed.

"One fine day, when I was laying the cloth for dinner, Miss Mary sat in the great hall wi' her back to the lawn, an' she didn't see his lordship coming."

"How was she dressed?"

"Oh, she was dressed in a white silk gown very low on the shoulders, an' a high belt under her arms, like. An' it were long behind, an' so you could see her wee small feet in tidy slippers in front.

"Well, the great hall-windows opened on the lawn, an' his lordship were quick enough to spy Miss Mary sittin' there. An' he came soft-like through the room, and before she knew it he leaned over her and kissed her beautiful white shoulder.

"Oh dear! will I ever forget how she flared! She sprang to her feet, and wi' a voice chokit wi' rage, she said, 'My lord! what does this mean? You never have so much as touched the hem of my garment, an' you never shall!' Then it was awful to see the fire in her eyes: she were the picture of her grandfather, who were killed in a duel wi' his lordship's grandfather across that very table. But she needna been so mad, for his lordship were a nice man enough but for his *nub* foot. Poor fool! she didna know John Musters were only after her money, an' his lordship loved her for herself. Mr. Musters were a handsome man too, and he always gied me a pun' note: once he gied me a fi'-pun' note, but I never told him I saw a five on it when I got home. I helped him to get rid of his lordship, an' I fixed all the meetin's wi' his man. You see, I was head-man at Annesly Hall, an' when the young heiress rode out, it was my place to ride after her, an' Mr. Musters's man would ride after him, an' we'd a'ways go the same road.

"But how did you manage about Lord Byron?"

"Oh, he were like his mother—afraid o' the *bogles*."

"Bogles! and pray what are they?"

"Oh, the people o' the kirkyard, that couldna rest after duels an that."

"Oh, yes: well go on, please."

"An' it were for that his lordship always kept one o' the men waiting half the night next to his bedroom till he read himself to sleep.