

"But look ye here, d' ye see—the tin—the blunt—the ready—the stiff, you know. Don't ye see, we can't do without that, you know!"

"It shall be contingent on the success of the story," she answered haughtily. "In the mean time take this precious gem." And drawing a diamond ring from her finger, she placed it with a roll of MSS. in my hands and vanished.

Although unable to procure more than £1 2s. 6d. from an intelligent pawnbroker to whom I stated the circumstances and with whom I pledged the ring, my sympathies with the cause of a downtrodden and chivalrous people were at once enlisted. I could not help wondering that in rich England, the home of the oppressed and the free, a young and lovely woman like the fair author of those pages should be obliged to thus pawn her jewels—her marriage gift—for the means to procure her bread! With the exception of the English aristocracy,—who much resemble them,—I do not know of a class of people that I so much admire as the Southern planters. May I become better acquainted with both!

Since writing the above, the news of Mr. Lincoln's assassination has reached me. It is enough for me to say that I am dissatisfied with the result. I do not attempt to excuse the assassin. Yet there will be men who will charge this act upon the chivalrous South. This leads me to repeat a remark once before made by me in this connection, which has become justly celebrated. It is this:—

"It is usual, in cases of murder, to look for the criminal among those who expect to be benefited by the