

back into his own sanctum from which he cannot again emerge with any certain security until the seventh day of the week. But never have I watched the discomfiture of either predatory animal without a fellow feeling for his embarrassment—a vivid recollection of my own forlorn condition on that evening when I found the very portals, so to speak, of my own citadel in possession of the enemy!

The scout was doubtless vigilant, but I was the better stalker of the two, saw him first, and thus, by a hasty retreat, was enabled to baffle his arrangements, and elude his grasp.

But now, indeed, I had arrived at the *plus ultra* of embarrassment. Weary and worn out, exhausted with grief, and stung by remorse, I had literally not a place wherein to lay my head. The clubs to which I belonged I felt ashamed to enter; nor, indeed, according to the wholesome rules that regulate such establishments, was I, properly speaking, a member of those associations, which repudiate the society of an individual whose subscriptions remain hopelessly in arrears. Should I present myself at St. Heliers' door, or that of any other fashionable friend, why, in my present dusty and travel-worn habiliments, the very porter would refuse me admittance; nor, did the master know how typical was the outward guise of the dilapidated state of affairs within, would he condemn his servant's zeal in thrusting such a shabby gentleman from the door. Hunger I had none, and my stock of cigars was not yet totally exhausted; but a burning thirst was raging in my throat, and I quenched it—I, the *ci-devant* dandy, to whom Amphitryon once appealed as to the purity of their claret, the flavor of their Sillery—at the stable-pump of a mews, where my horses had stood for many a long day—animals whose very shoes were worth more than all I now possessed in the world. Thus was literally the case, for my whole stock of ready-money was reduced to a few shillings; all my property consisted of the clothes I had on my back; my apartments were in possession of the enemy; and my home, like many another desolate creature in the wide metropolis—my home was in the cold unlighting streets. I thanked God that I was a man; at least, I was spared the perils that environ woman in her distress, and the corporeal sufferings of hunger and exposure were all I had to dread; whilst she, the weak of frame, the gentle-natured and the soft of heart, sees ruin, vice, and misery staring her in the face.

How forbidding looked the long perspective of the empty streets, the closed doors, that interposed but an inch of woodwork between starvation and luxury—the child of misery and the minion of abundance! I shrank along the dark side of Pall Mall, fearful of being recognised by any one of those loungers on their club steps with whom I had so often stood, on a night like this, smoking, chatting, and laughing, as we discussed the past banquet, or planned the future revel; and my heart smote me to think how often I had omitted to relieve the wants of my fellow-creatures whilst I had the means; and how, in my present distress, the recollection of every deed of kindness or charity (alas! how few they were!) helped to deepen apprehension for the future and remorse for the past.

Further eastward I strolled on, scarcely conscious of where I was going, but with an instinctive inclination to leave behind me that part of London in which I was likely to be recognised. Crowds of foreigners were around me as I lounged through Leicester Square, conspicuous even in that indistinct light for their capacious trousers, into the pockets of which, for want of better lining, hands and arms were thrust up to their elbows, their small hats jauntily set on one side of the close-cropped raven head, and the bushy beard catching the wreaths of cigar-

at once his pride, and his livelihood, is blasted by the infancy of a police report, and lost in the degradation of the hulks. Will may these dens be called 'hells,' and 'who enters there may indeed leave hope behind.' Lest the foul lust for gain should not of itself be sufficient to ensure the destruction of its votaries, alcohol lends its powerful assistance to the cause. On a rough deal table are laid out (alas! but in humble imitation of more luxurious haunts) the huge course joints that shall inspire an artificial thirst, to be quenched by potatoes, inflaming and maddening the humbler gamester to the necessary pitch of desperation; and the convulsed hideousness of passion is varied by the paled stare of drunken imbecility.

Winding up a dark wooden staircase, I pushed my way through a shabby green baize door, and past a ponderous ruffian, whose huge unsightly frame was intended to form a living barrier should the party be disturbed, as was sometimes the case, by an invasion of the police into this temple of Fortune, frequented by the vilest of the vile; and as I did so, I could not help being struck by the resemblance, in some of its most striking points, which although so different in detail, the scene now before me bore to many other haunts in higher life, devoted, with all their outward refinement, to the same degrading purpose. The game was identical, and the well-known terms peculiar to hazard smote familiarly on my ear. Flaring tallow candles shed a glare upon a much-stained green table cloth, upon which the dice were descending with as much energy as I had ever seen exhibited when hundreds were at stake. To those eager unwashed faces the chances of the game were indeed of frightful importance, and hungry eyes glared upon the coins (for who would trust counters here?) as, few in number and small in value, they changed rapidly from one ragged hand to another. A savage altercation between an unfortunate-looking wretch, in close-buttoned coat and high threadbare stock, which looked ominous of the total absence of shirt, and the ruffianly groom-porter who took charge of the table, had brought the master of the establishment into the fray, and, just as I entered, the dispute was on the eve of being summarily settled by hustling out of doors the unfortunate, who had probably been robbed of his little all—a measure not accomplished without much turmoil, and the venting of sundry frightful execrations. As I took my place at the table, a quiet military-looking man, with all the appearance of a gentleman, made way for me by his side, and, with a politeness I certainly did not expect to find here, handed me the box, which I hoped was to earn me, at least, a breakfast and a bed.

Often before had I 'cut the light pack, and called the rattling main,' but never as now, with starvation depending on the result. My last half-crown was on the table. I felt I had never played for so high a stake before. Shall I confess that there was a thrill of something approaching to pleasure in the thought! Wonderfully is the human mind constituted; and not the least of its wonders is that indescribable delight which it takes to balance in uncertainty.

"It must come this time," said my military friend. "I should double the stake, sir, if I were you."

I began to think my military friend was 'a bonnet'—one of those harpies employed by gambling-house keepers to enhance temptation by the influence of example, and generally selected for their respectable and innocent appearance. Come it certainly did, but not exactly as I wanted, and the last two shillings and sixpence I was likely to see for some time disappeared from before my eyes. My military friend was ready with his condolences, and soon suggested that I was not yet what he called 'completely cleaned out.' Young as I was in the experience of poverty, I had forgotten that a valuable watch might easily be disposed of, and that studs and

Greek held no existence, and all the world was fruit and flowers! the latter days of youth, how short a time ago! when I used to come to this very market, and select the choicest bouquets for my gentle Flora. And now! Had it not been for the pride of manhood I could have wept loud! The very market woman knew me, shabby as I was, and with her old courtesy, pointed out her freshest posies for the captain. I could not stand this, and turned away from these haunts of Pomona, with, I fear, a curse upon my lips. On I wandered through street and square, and, had I been in any other frame of mind, might have admired the fresh beauties of even a London Aurora. Amongst all the denizens of our great metropolis, how few there are conversant with her charms at the only period in the twenty-four hours when she is divested of her usual dusky mantle of smoke. The children of pleasure have just gone to bed; and the sons of toil are not yet up and doing; and the early breakfast-stall-keeper, the sooty chimney-sweep, with here and there a particular thrifty milk woman, or an extra fast youth, looking very yellow, and very much ashamed of his white neckcloth, as he steals home to his virtuous couch—are the sole admirers of the architectural beauties and the vivid coloring displayed by sunrise in London. I could see the whole length of Oxford Street as I paced leisurely along, the sole occupant of that usually crowded thoroughfare; and the cool breeze sweeping unpolluted from the Park, fanned my heated temples and invigorated my languid frame, now sinking from the combined effects of excitement, abstinence, and want of sleep.

Hark! the cheering music of drums and fifes rouses the slumbering silence of morning, and a battalion of the Guards, with their clean white jackets and glancing firelocks, are seen defiling from the barracks in Portman Street to their early drill in the Park. How I envied the stalwart, fresh, healthy-looking men, as they passed by me, and I shrank to their reverse flank to avoid the recognition of an officer. Long I gazed at the figure of the adjutant, whom I knew well as he paced his quiet charger slowly behind the drums; and, mechanically, footsore and sick at heart as I was, I followed the retiring music till I found myself skulking under the stately elms in Hyde Park, watching, at a distance, the manoeuvres and evolutions, in which, however tedious I may have once thought them, I would have given many a year of life to bear a part. I thought I was the most miserable being in the universe, but infinite, indeed, are the degrees of woe. Stretched upon its face before me, its head buried in the tall grass, and its face only betokening life by an occasional convulsive sob, lay a figure, that even in that attitude I had no difficulty in recognizing as the unlucky player whom I had lately seen so unceremoniously ejected from the silver bell. As I approached him, he raised his head with a wild stare and an expression of unutterable misery, so intense that I could not refrain, even in my own helpless state, from attempting to administer some sort of consolation. 'Are you ill,' said I, 'my good fellow? Can I do anything for you?' 'No, sir,' was his reply to my commonplace offer of assistance. 'Leave me alone, sir, if you please; let me stay here and die, or drag myself down to that sink, and finish in the Serpentine; and then what will become of Flora!' And again he gave way to a burst of uncontrollable grief. That name was in itself enough to rouse my interest; but had it not been so, the despair of my companion would have kindled sympathy from the most unfeeling, and by degrees I got him sufficiently calm to unburden himself to one who, equally destitute, was only able to offer him that slender consolation. He had been a man of good education, and I shall tell his short and melancholy history in his own words:—

saw you alive, was offered on the altar of charity, and, valuing it as I did. I have never regretted the mode in which it was parted with. A small silver tinder-box, for the purpose of lighting cigars, beautiful in design and costly from its workmanship, had been presented to me a keepsake by my poor friend the last time we were together, and his sad fate had since enhanced a hundred-fold the value of the gift. When I lost my watch and ornaments, in the vain hope of winning a small sum for my present necessities, this little memorial remained, as may be supposed, sacred from disposal, and was now the sole occupant of a pocket never skilled in retaining for any length of time its necessary furniture. I knew that any pawnbroker would be glad to advance a few shillings upon so elaborate an ornament, and I thrust it into the distracted father's hand, and bid him go home and get bread for his child.

'I have been "cleaned out," like yourself,' said I, 'but I have no one at home dependent upon me; that is all I have left in the world—you are welcome to it—take it, and make the most of it—and, as you hope for heaven, never go into a hell again.'

The poor fellow's face of gratitude was worth a mine of gold; and I was forced to bid him a very abrupt farewell to get rid of his protestations and thankgivings. 'He may have been an imposter!' says that wordly prudence which appears to ignore entirely the existence of actual distress. Even if he were, I ought to have been much obliged to him for affording me the only pleasure I had experienced for many a long day.

I was too weary to ponder on the much-versed question of relief by almsgiving, and in five minutes after the disappearance of my fellow-insolvent, was fast asleep under one of the wide-spreading elms that shade the powder-magazine, in the deep repose of physical exhaustion, from which I did not awake till the sun was high in the heavens. The drill was over; the nurse-maids and their charges were weary of Kensington Gardens, with its attractions of hoops and skipping-ropes for the children, and fascinating Life-Guardsmen for their duennas; and all the world, at least, all those who had any to go to, were gone home to breakfast. Neither of the latter conveniences were mine: and in the sheer listlessness of despair I leaned over the rails by the Serpentine, and having no future to look forward to, I was soon lost in the labyrinth of the past. My reverie—no, not my reverie, for that, if it means anything, means a state of pleasing unconsciousness, and is, besides, deservedly unpopular as a mongrel half-foreign word—but rather, my noon-tide nightmare, was peopled with many quaint fancies and strange recollections. Often had I leant over those very rails in the full tide of afternoon resort, when Young England passes in review before him the beauties of the season, and titled and high-born though they be, makes his remarks, often more impertinent than just, on their conduct and their charms, as chariot, laudan, and barouche roll by under their freight of grace and beauty, whilst here and there an unpretending brougham contains one, not the least fair of these 'unblinking flowers,' not the least sparkling of these gems, which we can hardly call serene, though a jewel intrinsic in value, and set in the purest water; albeit, alas! not always a diamond without a flaw. *Destitute capitalist*, says the Roman satirist; nor need I finish a quotation which is rightly offered to the admiration of Great Britain's collective wisdom, a body undoubtedly partial to classic lore, but whose meaning, strangely enough, seems entirely restricted to that author, who, when he penned the *Macanabunda* to above, must have had in his mind's eye the spectacle of some country cousin waiting hopelessly to cross the interminable stream of carriages which, in the season, drags its slow

I am thankful to say I refused it—refused it, though I had not a penny in the world. Why, I know not. Perhaps, in honest truth, my generosity was not equal to hers. Perhaps some spark of what the world calls gentlemanlike feeling forbade me to become dependent on the bounty of an actress! But my heart smote me, my reason accused me of pride and unkindness, when I saw her dark eyes filled with tears at my repeated refusals of her assistance; and once I had almost given way. But no! come what might, I would be, at least, answerable only to myself for my misfortune—come what might, Flora Belmont should never hear my name coupled with another, under any pretence; and I resolved, if the worst came to the worst, to die like the wolf, untamed and uncomplaining.

'At least,' said Coralie, as I persisted in bidding her farewell, 'at least accept this souvenir, in case we should never meet again.' And she put into my hand a pretty little ivory memorandum-case, with the leaves of which she had been playing for the last few minutes; and pressing my hand as I left the carriage, whispered, 'Adieu, my ami; think of me sometimes, and every blessing attend you!'

The brougham rolled on, the white gloves waved from its window as it turned down Piccadilly, and I was left standing on the pavement near Apsley House, like a man in a dream!

Poor Coralie! she had not been gone five minutes when I discovered that the little keepsake she had so earnestly pressed upon me contained, probably, all the money she had with her at the time, which, in the shape of a five-pound note, she had slipped between its leaves, and which was indeed acceptable in my starving condition. After the magnificent offers she had made me, I confess I felt no qualms in becoming thus far a recipient of her charity. I kissed the little souvenir again and again, as I took out the welcome note, which would enable me, at least, to run on for a few days, till something could be done—that something which is still, doubtless, at the bottom of Pandora's box, but which is ever inseparable from the tomorrow of the unfortunate. In the meantime, the first consideration was breakfast; and after a shave in a smart shop, for which I paid a shilling (had I been a little older in poverty I might have saved elevenpence!) I walked in the first coffee-house I could see, and ordered a substantial repast, then a newspaper, and—another extravagance—cigars!

Ladies always look first at that column of their favorite journal which records 'Births, Deaths, and Marriages,' and so do I. Amongst the latter, what is this announcement that meets my startled gaze?

'At the church of St. Genevieve, Quai, by the Rev. M. Victor, cura of St. Genevieve, and afterwards at the Royal Military Chapel, by the Rev. John Strong, William Broadbent, merchant of that city, to Zoe, eldest daughter of the late Seigneur Gaspard de Grand-Magny.'

Zoe! Zoe! shall I confess that my first sensation was one of unmitigated astonishment at the very slight effect produced upon my sensibility by the fact of your having become Mrs. Broadbent. But lower down my eye lighted upon another paragraph, which, indeed, takes away my breath:

'Died, at his residence, Haverley Hall, in the—ukt, Sir Peregrine Grand, of Haverley and Norton-le-Willows, deeply and universally regretted, in the 72nd year of his age.'

(To be continued.)

A press dispatch says: "During a quarrel between Hans Guy and Fred Halstead two ball players, at Lockport, Pa., Tuesday, the latter struck the former fatally with a ball club."