

piece. It's so far like, as I took the liberty of telling him, that it makes me sick to look at it ; but he sticks to his own opinion."

"But do you mean to say, uncle, that this man—the commissary—is already thinking of marrying again?"

"I should say he thought of nothing else," answered the colonel coolly. "She is a fine woman, there is no doubt of that ; and if she really has got money it is natural that he should be anxious not to let her slip through his fingers. I know what you would say, 'the funeral baked meats,' and so forth ; indeed, I ventured upon that quotation myself, but he replied that Hamlet's mother only showed a wise economy. The commissary's independence of public opinion is, I have always maintained, a fine trait in his character ; it rises to sublimity."

"I think he ought to rise to sublimity—with a rope round his neck," said Ella, with indignation.

*(To be continued.)*

## LORD BYRON AND MARY CHAWORTH.

NOTTINGHAM, —.

I HAVE been wonderfully entertained to-day by the story of old J——, Mary Chaworth's servant, "head-man at Annesly Park." I should much like to know if any one else has been so fortunate as to hear the loquacious old man's account of Byron and his early love. When one hears a story like this from the lips of a servant, it is surely worth while to consider whether, after all, great reputations are not apt to suffer from the ill-will of hirelings, and may not be too readily branded by the world, as prompt to condemn our failures as to applaud our attainments. Lord Byron suffers nothing from J——'s confession, but Mistress Chaworth was surely unfortunate in her confident dependence on a servant's faithfulness.

That was a funny sum-total of J——'s when I asked his opinion of Byron's character: "Oh, his lordship were a fool. He didna know—grass from—grass. An' he never gave me naught. But many's the pun' note Mr. Musters gie me for a chance to speak wi' Mary Chaworth."

So! and who knows if but for the trick the old man confessed Lord Byron would not have married one whose affectionate disposition and self-immolation for the object of her devotion might have saved to the world a pure and elevated poet unsullied by the mire of wanton despair,