

continuous whispering. A hurried consultation between counsel—and Mr Lamplough's counsel, with exuberantly high-flown completeness, withdrew all charges, hints, or innuendoes against a noble defendant.

Suggested withdrawals seem now the rule—if we follow things correctly. The judge suggested that a juror should be withdrawn, and all the learned counsel gladly consented. The usher suggested that spectators should withdraw; and, while the judge was settling the form of the Order of the Court, the usher reiterated his suggestion.

It was nearly four o'clock; a stream of telegraph boys and messengers had rushed out, spreading the dramatic news through the corridors, and onward to the waiting crowd in the Strand.

A surging public formed his bodyguard, as Lord Brentwood came down the great hall. Shareholders, fine ladies, indifferently washed loafers, were inextricably mingled and borne along in the enthusiastic progress—all pressing on him, to shake hands with him, to touch the skirts of his invisible mantle. It is the last sensational scene—like some glorious historical episode that *ought* to have happened—like Charles the First coming through that other great hall of Westminster, acquitted by those regicides, restored to the loving hearts of his people.

A burst of frantic cheering in the muddy street, and he drives away in his cab.—But, to the eyes of the world, the cab is a triumphal car; and he sits so high that the mud will never reach him.