

When Claude had proceeded thus far a young Londoner chimed in with "That ere is being too hard on a free and easy for I knows"—"Silence you cat faced lubber," said the boatswain, "is that your manners to cross the course of a story?" Claude proceeded—

"It was a fine morning in the spring, when old Haydon sat in his garden with his daughter.—It had cost him a struggle to forbid her intimacy with Charles, and tho' he still loved him better than he acknowledged to himself, he could not bear the idea of her being the wife of a man who had become a professed libertine. Still his heart was pained as he saw her pale and settled countenance.—She was still as busily employed as ever; but there was no song heard now in the cottage of Haydon; the favourite gray linnet stretched in vain, and listened for the notes he was wont to emulate.—As she now sat sewing, the old man regarded her earnestly. At this moment a little dog came into the garden, and creeping close to Catherine, and looking wistfully in her face, laid himself down with a low whine at her feet. It was Charles's favourite dog Fidele; she took no apparent notice of it, but in a moment or two after, her face sank down, and tears fell fast upon her hands.

"Old Haydon resumed the perusal of a newspaper he had been reading; a paragraph met his eye coupled with the name of Charles. As he proceeded he breathed heavily. 'Unfortunate man!' he said.—'Who, dear father?' said Catherine. 'Charles is'—'what?' said she, starting on her feet. '*A murderer!*' She heard no more, but sank on the ground in that kind insensibility that blunts for a time the sense of affliction. The old man bore her into the cottage, and threw himself on his knees beside her, the most miserable father in the wide British empire.

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"At the summer assizes for 13—the name of Charles.