

was run through by his enemy's sword. He wished to continue the combat with his left hand, but suddenly tottering, he fell senseless into the arms of his second.

His swoon lasted only a few minutes, but when, on recovering, he spoke of once more continuing the fight, his friends showed him his adversary vanishing in the distance.

"The affair is only postponed," he said, as he was supported by his friends to the carriage that was awaiting him.

On arriving at his home a doctor was sent for to examine the wound, and that gentleman was of opinion that the cure would be rapid.

However, fever set in, and the poor young man, alone in his garret, with no one to nurse him, suffered very much. Several days passed without there being any amelioration of his condition. His sister was no longer there to encourage and console him, to inspire him with her own confidence in the future. He was alone with his memories, and they were bitter enough. He compared his early youth with his actual desolate position, and, during the long days and interminable sleepless nights, cried for vengeance on all those who had brought him to his present state, and on her who had loved him when he was rich but who, now that he was poor, was about to give herself to the son of that mortal enemy who had enriched himself at the expense of the orphans. He had not succeeded in his first effort to avenge himself, for just as he had believed that his adversary's life was at his mercy he had been foiled of his revenge by slipping on a tuft of grass. So soon as he should be well he would again force Arthur to fight with him, and on this second occasion he would stretch his adversary bleeding and dying at his feet. He knew Lerouttier well; he knew him to be a man without principles, who loved but two things on earth, his fortune and his son. He could not rob him of his gold, but he would rob him of his son, of that son who had stolen Elise's affections.

A week had passed away thus, when one morning he received a visit from the deputy, who was red in the face and completely out of breath from having had to climb so many staircases.

"You live very high up in the world," said he, taking in at a glance all the evidences of Charles' poverty.

"I am sorry to have given you the trouble of mounting to a fifth story," replied Charles, "but you well know why I cannot afford a more commodious lodging."

"I know how you blame Lerouttier, but I do not believe you are right about him. Any way you need not have attacked Arthur who cannot help what his father may have done.

(To be continued.)

#### CARDINAL NEWMAN'S ILLUSTRATION OF PROTESTANT METHODS OF ARGUMENT.

And here I might conclude my subject, which has proposed to itself nothing more than to suggest, to those whom it concerns, that they would have more reason to be confident in their view of the Catholic religion, if it had ever struck them that it needed some proof, if there ever had occurred to their minds at least the possibility of truth being maligned, and Christ being called Beelzebub; but I am tempted, before concluding, to go on to try whether something of a monster indictment, similarly frightful and similarly fantastical to that which is got up against Catholicism, might not be framed against some other institution or power, of parallel greatness and excellence, in its degree and place, to the communion of Rome. For this purpose I will take the British Constitution, which is so specially the possession, and so deservedly the glory, of our own people; and in taking it I need hardly say, I take it for the very reason that it is so rightfully the object of our wonder and veneration. I should be but a fool for my pains, if I laboured to prove it otherwise; it is one of the greatest of human works, as admirable in its own line, to take the productions of genius in very various departments, as the Pyramids, as the wall of China, as the paintings of Raffaele, as the Apollo Belvedere, as the plays of Shakespeare, as the Newtonian theory, and as the exploits of Napoleon. It soars, in its majesty, far above the opinions of men, and will be a marvel, almost a portent, to the end of time; but for that

very reason it is more to my purpose, when I would show you how even it, the British Constitution, would fare, when submitted to the intellect of Exeter Hall, and handled by practitioners, whose highest efforts at dissection is to chop and to mangle.

I will suppose, then, a speaker, and an audience too, who never saw England, never saw a member of parliament, a policeman, a queen, or a London mob; who never read the English history, nor studied any one of our philosophers, jurists, moralists, or poets; but who has dipped into Blackstone and several English writers, and has picked up facts at third or fourth hand, and has got together a crude farrago of ideas, words, and instances, a little truth, a deal of falsehood, a deal of misrepresentation, a deal of nonsense, and a deal of invention. And most fortunately for my purpose, here is an account transmitted express by the private correspondent of a morning paper, of a great meeting held about a fortnight since at Moscow, under sanction of the Czar, on occasion of an attempt made by one or two Russian noblemen to spread British ideas in his capital. It seems the Emperor thought it best, in the present state of men's minds, when secret societies are so rife, to put down the movement by argument rather than by military force; and so he instructed the governor of Moscow to connive at the project of a great public meeting which should be open to the small faction of Anglo-maniacs, or John-Bullists, as they are popularly termed, as well as to the mass of the population. As many as ten thousand men, as far as the writer could calculate, were gathered together in one of the largest places of the city; a number of spirited and impressive speeches were made, in all of which, however, was illustrated the fable of the "Lion and the Man," the man being the Russ, and the lion our old friend the British; but the most successful of all is said to have been the final harangue, by a member of a junior branch of the Potemkin family, once one of the imperial aides-de camp, who has spent the last thirty years in the wars of the Caucasus. This distinguished veteran, who has acquired the title of Blood sucker, from his extraordinary gallantry in combat with the Circassian tribes, spoke at length; and the express contains a portion of his highly inflammatory address, of which, and of certain consequences which followed it, the British minister is said already to have asked an explanation of the cabinet of St. Petersburg. I transcribe it as it may be supposed to stand in the morning print:

The Court began by observing that the events of every day, as it came, called on his countrymen more and more importantly to choose their side, and to make a firm stand against a perfidious power, which arrogantly proclaims that there is nothing like the British Constitution in the whole world, and that no country can prosper without it; which is yearly aggrandising itself in East, West, and South, which is engaged in one enormous conspiracy against all States, and which was even aiming at modifying the old institutions of the North, and at dressing up the army, navy, legislature, and executive of his own country in the livery of Queen Victoria. "Insular in situation," he exclaimed, "and at the back gate of the world, what has John Bull to do with continental matters, or with the political traditions of our holy Russia?" And yet there were men in that very city who were so far the dupes of insidious propagandists and insolent traitors to their emperor, as to maintain that England had been a civilized country longer than Russia. On the contrary, he maintained, and he would shed the last drop of his blood in maintaining, that, as for its boasted Constitution, it was a crazy, old-fashioned piece of furniture, and an eyesore in the nineteenth century, and would not last a dozen years. He had the best information for saying so. He could understand those who had never crossed out of their island, listening to the songs about "Rule Britannia," and "Rosbif," and "Poor Jack," and the "Old English Gentleman;" he understood and he pitied them; but that Russians, that the conquerors of Napoleon, that the heirs of a paternal government, should bow the knee, and kiss the hand, and walk backwards, and perform other antics before the face of a limited monarch, this was the incomprehensible foolery which certain Russians had viewed with so much tenderness. He repeated, there were in that city educated men, who had