

in the ruined tenement when every other glorious guest has departed—yet he felt a melancholy pleasure in the woods, and by the silent stream; elsewhere he was frowned on by the aristocratic spirit of man; in solitude, which was not solitude to him, he experienced in the glorious sunlight, and beneath the chequered shade of the grove, a buoyant upspringing of mind, which was, at times, more than consolation—a positive delight.

Fed by such high thoughts and aspirations, he was sustained in poverty, without falling into the coarse habits and associations which poverty breeds. It chanced, on one occasion, that loitering through a lane, a few miles from London, he leaned over a paddock-fence, attracted by the beauty of the verdure. A carriage drove by, and, turning his head, he beheld a face changed, though unrecognised. He could not be mistaken—it must be Clara Benson! The carriage was fortunately detained at the entrance of the paddock sufficient time to allow Stanwood to confirm his conjecture of the lady's identity; yet the aged gentleman at her side was certainly not her father. Perhaps he was her husband—some old, wealthy nabob, whom an unfeeling parent had forced on her choice. The thought conveyed a bitter pang, which he would gladly have deemed himself insensible of, at such a lapse of time. Both occupants of the carriage stared at the lingering intruder—but it was the idle glance cast on a stranger. The gate was opened and the equipage passed on.

This unexpected rencontre was food of bitter thought for many a day. Oft

memory recurred to his lone walk to the close-shaven paddock, the equipage which bore her who was once the load-star of his affections. Oft was he prompted to pay a second visit to the spot, but reason sternly asked to what purpose, but to embitter his peace? If Clara had left the protection of her father, it was exchanged only for guardianship of a husband. No! no! there are incidents in some men's lives which they do well to tear from memory.

As the most efficient and skillful workman, Stanwood was one morning sent for, to receive instructions to reset some jewelry. His employer informed him he had gained a new customer, a lady of fashion and distinction, and as it was not usual for people of quality to resort to city tradesmen, he was anxious to show her ladyship that the work entrusted to his care could be as well executed as in Bond street or St. James'. A diamond necklace (old fashioned style) was to be changed into ear-rings and bracelets, after a particular pattern produced. The master jeweler told his workman, that although he had full confidence in his honesty, yet the stones being of great value, he should require him to bring his work every evening, to be placed in the vault, to prevent chance of loss by fire, house-robbery or other casualty—indeed, in the case of any other artificer than Stanwood, he would have had the work performed under his own personal inspection. Perhaps the confidence reposed was not so very great, as gems of great value are not easily disposable by workmen, and would be stopped by pawnbrokers and money-lenders on suspicion."