THE HEARTHSTONE.

DO AS MEAR BIGHT AS YOU CAN.

The world stretches widely before you, A field for your muscles and brain; And though clouds may often float o'er you, And often come tempests and rain. Be fearless of storms which o'ertake you— Push for a tarough 1 fo like a man— Fush for a with a never forsake you, If you do as near right as you ean.

Remember the will to do rightly, If used, will the evil confound : Live daily by conscience, that highly Your sleep be pencerid and sound. In contests of right never waver— Let house a sume never other Let housely snape every plan, And life will of Paradise saver, If you do as near right as you can

Though focs darkest scandal may speed, And strive with their shrewdest of tast To injuit your fame, never head, Botjassiy and honestly act; And ask of the Ruler of heaven To save your fair name as a man, And all hot you ask will be given. If you do as near right as you can.

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TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

AUTHOR OF 'LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET,' ETC.

CHAPTER XLII,-(Continued.)

" Curious, Mr. Redmayne! Don't say curious ; it was dreadful. He must have dropped down dead instantcously, I heard say; and no one knows who did it—whether it was poachers or jealousy; for he had been talking to that bold young hussy Bond's daug ter all the afternoon, and she's got a most as many sweethearts as she has tingers and toes. And his poor wife they said went down like a stone when they carri d him up to the terrace, where she was standing with the rest of the company."

" Ah, poor soul," said Richard thoughtfully ; "I'm sorry for her. Yes, I'm sorry for Lady Clevedon.

" Lady Clevedon !" echoed Mrs. Bush ; " yes it do come hard upon her too, of course. A tin i do, and a funeral, and all ; and all her visitors about her; and Sir Francis's birthday

too." "It is birthday; $y s_i$ " said Mr. Redmayne, with a short laugh; "I don't suppose when he made such a fuss about his birthday he reckoned it was to be his last,"

"i or, i. Redmaynel how can you say so' Why should it be his has? I suppose you mean as it's the last time he'll be likely to give us all such a treat, after it's winding-up with his triend's being murdered."

"*His friend* m rdere (1 What do you mean? It was Sir] Francis Clevedon who was shot last night."

bir Francis Clevedon! Lord a-mercy on us, Mr. Redninyne, what can have put such a hor-rid notion into your head? I'm sure I never said anything about Sir Francis. The Lord

"Not Sir Francis? Why, you must be mad, woman! It was Sir Francis!"

"You must be losing your poor dear senses, Mr. Redmayne," said Mrs. Bush, in a soothing tone, being always inclined to believe that her employer had, in Australian parlance, "a shin-gle short." "I never said a syllable about Sir Francis. It was a friend of his that was killed -a gentleman from London-A Mr. Arsome.

thing-I know his name begins with a hatch." Richard Redmayne walked slowly away, speechless. Was he really mad to-day, or had e be n mad last night, his senses distraught, his eyes beholding things that were not? surely as he was a living man he had seen the face in the miniature turned towards him in the broad moonlight, the same face, line for line, hardly 1 as distinctly seen than in the full glare of day. Had he been the victim of some hideous de-

lusion, had his brain been bemused by strong drink, wh n he fired that fatal gun, and had be slain an innocent man in his madness? Such a catastrophe seemed to him too horrible for possibility. Yet Francis Clevedon lived, Grace remained unavenged, and he was an assassin.

"I won't trust that woman's word," he said to himself, after a long pause; "it's more likely didn't know what I was doing last night. I'll Look into the business myself." It lost no time in setting about this personal investigation, but walked off at once by the field path towards Clevedon. Yet before he had gone far he changed his mind, remembering that Kingsbury was much nearer, and that he might hear all he wanted to he that village. He could see that the place was astir with some unusual excitement before he had crossed the common. There was a much larger group of idlers at the door of the Coach and Horses than the customary knot of gossips. A couple of chaise-carts were halting before the trough between the two tall clms opposite the inn ; a man on horseback was standing before Mr. Wort's garden-gate. Richard Redmayne walked straight across to this gate, not caring for the indirect information to be gained from village gossips when he might interrogate the steward himself.

comer with a start, "What, Redmayne, is it formation as yet unshared by these village in days to come. He was gone, and the future you? What the devil bring, you here this worthles. The men recognized him by his aspect " he bearer of tidings. "What an I without him?" she asked hereelf pitcously. Her youth and wealth "I want to know what has happened at

Clevedon, Everybody seems to have gone crazy. I can't get a straight answer anywhere.' should think everybody must know what has happened within twenty mile of Kingsbury; "Ah!" said Mr. Bond, " they've fou there's been talk enough. There was a brutal gun, have they? Then the rest is eas murder in Clevedon Park last nig t. Richard They'll soon find the man that fired it." Redmayne; a man shot like a rabbit; that's went has happened "

" But who was the man ?" cried Richard savagely ; "that's what I want to know ! Can't ive me his name?' you g "His name was Harcross," Mr. Wort an-

swered gravely. "And now I don't suppose you are much wiser than you were before, for

"Harross—Harross I' Richard Rodmayne repeated, with a stuppied look. "They told m it was Sir Francis Clevedon was shot last "Then they must have been clean daft, who-

ever in y were," exclaimed the stewart impa-tiontly; "and now perhaps you'll leave me alone with this gentleman; for we've got some business to settle between us."

without a word. It would profit him nothing to ask any farther questions. He had slain the wrong man; that was horribly certain. He had burdened his soul with a useless crime; dyed his hands in the blood of a fellow-creature who had never injured him. He hardly knew where to go, or what to do with himself, after leaving John Wort's office. His whole life seemed a series of blunders. If he had taken his daughter to Australia with him as she had so pitcously entreated him to do, he might have had her for his comfort and delight to-day; if he had never turned from his second voyage, he would have at least escaped this unnecessary crime. Now, for the first time, he felt himself a murderer. He took the high road to Casvedon, tramping along the dusty way in the morning sunshine, unconscious of fatione. He wanted to know some thing more, he hardly knew what, only to be more an emore certain of his own folly. To think that his senses had so befoolded him I Sir Francis Clevedon lived and triumplied, laughed perhaps in his soul at the thought of this egregious blunder, and an innocent man

lay dead, slain untimely by his wicked hand. At the south lodge he found Joshua Bond, the gardener, two or thre other out-of door servants, and a knot of accidental idlers, discussing the catastrophe. Jane Bond was lying upstairs in her bedroom in a high fever, induced by the horror of the previous night. "And may it be a chastening and a blessing

to her," said the gardener, "a warning to re-pent, and turn from the paths of foolishness !"

" Do you suspect anybody of having a hand in it? asked an elderly man, proprietor of the shop at Hubbleford. "There was but one hand in it, Mr. P rkis,"

replied the gardener solemnly-" the hand that drew the trigg r. I don't deny that I have my own thoughts upon the subject, Mr. Perkis but I tell them to no man. Time will show?

"Is he to be buried down here?" inquired the curious Perkis. "No. He's to be taken up to London tonight, to be buried in his wife's family vanit

at Kensal-green." "That's a pity," said Perkis. "There'd have

been half the county to follow, if they'd buried him at Kingsbury. Murders in London are as plentifu as blackberries, judging from the Sunday papers. He won't get so much honom paid him there."

They went on to discuss the probable issue of the coroner's inquest, which was to take place at two o'clock that day—the nature of the death-wound, and the weapon that had inflicted it, about which points th re were divers opinions, no exact knowledge having yet pe-netrated to the world outside Clevedon Hall. Richard Redmayne stood by and listened, but said nothing, except when he was appealed to by Mr. Perkis or the gardener, who addressed themselves to him occasionally as a point of politeness.

"The police are on the right tract, you may depend upon it," said Perkis; " you always see that in the newspapers. The police are on the tract; and although nothing is known for certract; and although nothing is known for cer-ting, they hopes soon to be able to put their hand upon the right party, being in possession of hinformation which they don't feel their-selves at liberty to devulge. That's what they always tells you in the papers; and depend upon it, Mr. Bond, the polic- are on the tract in this gase. Do you think it was a given a

worthies, The men recognized him by his aspect - he bearer of tidings,
"W.1., Jim, any more news?"
" I should think there were," replied the youth, swelling as he spoke. "They've been and found the gun as it was done with."
" W.1. we and M. Hond "thouse found the second that the second s "Ah !" said Mr. Bond, " they've found the Then the rest is easy work

He watched Richard Redmayne meditatively as he walked away from the gates and along the white high-road. "Strange that he should take such an inter-

est in the business as to want a special message sent him, isn't it?" he remarked.

"Yes, it is, Bond," replied Mr. Perkis; " but since he come home from Australia there ain't a stranger man going than Rick Redmayne, It's that blessed gold out yonder as turns their brains, that's my belief. It ain't natural that a man should dig gold out of the earth, just as if it was mangold-warzel, and if a man goes against nature, he must expect to pay the

penalty of his opposition." "True," ejaculated Mr. Bond, "In the sweat of his brow-that's what the Scripture says; there's nothing about gold-digging and Richard Redmayne walked out of the office | hundred-weight nuggets there."

CHAPTER XLIII.

" YES, DROTHER, CURSE WITH ME THAT BALEFUL 11 (UR.)

An awful gloom and silence, as of the grave itself, had fallen upon Clevedon Hall. No merry click of billiard-balls, no little gushes of silvery laughter, no bass accompaniment of masculine voices, blending with and sustaining the sweet feminine trobles; no dashing per-formance of Chopin and Schuloff on the grand piano in the drawing-room; no melodious tinkling of waltzes on the smaller pianos in uwar dambers conserved to the fairer upper chambers consecrated to the fairer guests; no flutter of silken draperies in hall and on staircases; none of that pleasing bustle which pervales a house full of guests; only dusky rooms, from which the sunlight was scrupulously banished—only gloom and silence and horror and despair.

The majority of Lady Clevedon's visitors had The majority of Liny Greecom's visions mu-alr-why taken to themselves wings, and de-parted by the carliest morning trains, leaving scared maids and unwilling valets to bring their belongings after them. Who could care their belongings after them. Who could care to linger on a scene that had been defiled by the red hand of murder? The fine old Eliza-bethan mansion, smiling in the clear morning light across a broad sweep of dewy lawn, seen-ed to those departing guests like a monstrous charnel-house, behind whose stately walls there inrked all the unutterable horrors of the grave. The visitors fled as soon as possible after day. break, leaving epistles grateful and sympathetic for the host or hostess as the case night be, feeling sure that, at such a time, dear Lady Clevedon would rather be alone, and so on, and so on.

"Egud, you see, if a fellow stopped, he might ind himself accused of the murder," said Cap-tain Hardwood coefficientially to the *fidus* Achates of the montent." I think I shall look out for some German Spa, where the extradition dred ton yacht and do the South Sea Islands. I'm told there's no end of fun to be had in the Pavific."

The Clevedon servants had been swift to clear away all traces of the festival that had me to so evil an ending. Faded garlands d been whisked into chaos, gay draperies and lecorations gathered up into bundles and carried away, and the rooms looked grand and solemn in their dusky emptiness. The mur-dered man lay upsiairs in the bedchamber dered man fay upstairs in the bedefinither which he had occupied as a guest, and a hed had been hastily put up for his wife in the dressing-room adjoining. Here she sat alone —an awful statue-like figure, with a face as white as t at hidden face in the next room— sat with hands locked on her knee, and fixed eyes looking into space. Lady Clevedon had offered to bear her com-

pany through that dismal night and in that dreary hopeless noontide-had even implored permission to sit with her, standing outside the door, and plending with tears, " Dear Mrs. Har-cross, do let me be with you. I won't speak, I won't worry you; only let me sit by your side." Augusta only shook her head and notioned dumbly to her maid to answer for her. Tullion, the maid, she suffered to be with her, as she would have suffered a dog-a creature whose

and beauty counted as nothing now that he

was no more. His loss was in itself a calamity so over-whelming that, in this first stage of her grief at least, she thought little of the manner in which he had died. The one fact that he was taken from her filled her mind to the exclusion of every other consideration. How was she to live without him? That was the all-absorb-ing question. Accustomed from kubyhood to consider herself the beginning and end of crea-ation—or, at least, of so much of creation as at all concerned her - she thought now of this awful event only as it affected her own interests and her own feelings. She thought-yes, even in this first day of her widowhood while she sat speechless, the very type and image of despair—she thought of the house in Mastodon-crescent, and how useless its splen-dours would be to her henceforward. Could be to her henceforward. she bring the lights of the legal world, the stars and celebrities of the town, to that luxu-rious mansion ? Could she give dinners that should be talked about, or nake her cordon bleu an aid to her ascent of Fortune's ladder? Alas, no, the light was extinguished. She was only a rich widow, whom the world — saving per-

chance some few adventurous spirits in need of rich wives—would surely hasten to forget. It had been a pleasant thing to fancy Hubert Harcross only an attendant upon her steps, best known as the husband of the handsome Miss Vallory; but in this awful hour of enlightenment, it dawned upon her that it was she who had been the satellite.

The preparation of the bed in the dressing-room had been lost labour. Not once during that dismal night did Mrs. Harcross lie down, although Tullion implored her to try to rest a

"Don't worry me!" she exclaimed impa-tiently, with hot dry lips that would scarcely shape the words. "I am not very likely to sleep for months to come."

At noon on the day after the murder, Sir Francis came to bey for a brief interview. There was a tiny bouldoir opening out of the dressing-room, a mere slip of a room, which had once been an oratory, but was now furnished with a couple of tapestried arm-chairs, a writing-table in the window, and a dainty little bookcase. Sir Francis begged that he might see Mrs. Harcross for a few minutes in this room. After some carrying to and fro of messages by Tullion, and after at first posiwith a weary air, and rose to go to the room where Sir Francis was waiting for her. "You'll put on a fresh morning dress, won't

you, ma'am?" gasped Tullion, aghast at the idea of her mistress appearing in tumbled muslin and crushed valenciennes, even at this juncture; but Mrs. Harcross put her aside im-patiently, and went into the boudoir, a ghost-own chambers. ike figure, in limp white robes, with loose hair

tempered with shadow.

"My dear Mrs. Harcross," he said gently, we are all so sorry for you. I have no words to express what we feel; and words are so idle at such a time. But I thought it best, even at the risk of paining you, to plead for tais inter-view. There are some things that must be spoken about and that cannot be spoken of too soon.'

"O God!" she cried, looking at him fixedly, with despairing eyes, "you are so like him !" "Good heavens!" thought Sir Francis, what a dolt I was to forget the likeness! I ought not to have come near her yet awhile." If placed a chair for her by the open window.

"Let my likeness to your lost husband constitute a claim upon your friendship," he said, 'and trust in my carnest desire, my determination, to see justice done upon his assassin. I want you to help us in this, if you can. You may be able to furnish some clue to this most mysterious crime. Had your husband any enemy? Do you know of any one he can have offended--any one desperate enough to do such a deed ?" "No," she answered, "I know of no one

whom he had ever injured. I never heard that he had an enemy. But I know that he had a dislike to coming to this place, and I made him come."

"He had a dislike to coming here ?"

soothing sentences to this lonely woman whom sudden doom had widowed.

"It is very hard to be obliged to speak of this, Mrs. Harcross," began Sir Francis, hesi-tating a little, although he had come propared to speak of this very thing; "but there is the question of the funeral to be decided, and has promptly. Where would you wish your husband to be buried ?"

She gave a little cry of anguish, and covered her face with her hands; but after a few min-

there have with her hands; but after a low him-utes replied very calmly, "In our family vault at Kensal-green; there is no other place. My mother is buried there. I hope to be buried there myself."

"He has no family grave of his own-with his people, I mean-where he would have wished to lie ?" Sir Francis inquired.

"And you would not like him to be buried "And you would not like him to be builded at Kingsbury, where the Clevedons, except my father, are all buried?" "O no, no." "That will do, dear Mrs. Harcross. I need.

torment you with no further questions. Mr. Vallory-your cousin Weston, I mean-has been most indefatigable; and I know you will

trust him and me with all minor details.ⁿ He lingered to say a few words in praise of the dead man, touching gently on his social and professional value, and the manner in which his loss would be felt, and then begged most earnestly that Georgie might come to sit with the mourner, "You know you have always been fond of

her," he said, " and she is devoted to you, and is really made quite miserable by your rofusal to see her 1 do not say that she would comfort you, but her company would be better than this awful solitude. Or if you would come to her room—that would be better still."

"You are very good; but I'd rather be alone—I'd rather be with him." This with a pitcous glance towards the darkened chamber where the dead lay.

"But, dear Mrs. Harcross, you would be so much better away from these rooms. There will be people coming by and by-the coroner and others-people who must come. Pray be persuaded."

"No," she answered doggedly; "nothing can make his douth seem worse to me than it does now. I would rather stay."

Sir Francis pleaded still farther, but in vain, and finally left her, full of pity, and painfully impressed with the futility of all endeavour to console,

He went away, and in the corridor met Georgie, whom he had searcely seen since yesterday's huncheon. He had been up all night in conference with the police and other local anthorities, or talking over the details of the night's tragedy with Captain Hardwood and

"Poor Harcross i the last kind of fellow

apoplexy, "Have you seen her?" asked Georgie : Upon Augusta,

"Poor soul! O Francis, it is so dreadful for her, and it is doubly dreadful to me." They were standing in the morning-room, where they had gone while Sir Francis was tolling his story, the room in which she had waited for her husband vainly yesterday evening, longing for that explanation which had not

yet come. "My darling," said Sir Francis tenderly, "I know it is a hard trial for you; but how much harder it must be for her !"

⁶ O Francis, if it had been you!" That was a position which he was hardly able to imagine, so he only shrugged his shoulders with a melancholy air. "And it might have been you," his wife went on, "it might have been you."

"Well, I really don't see how I could have been the victim, my dear. There must have been some motive, you know, however inadequate. Poor Harcross must have done something to provoke the scoundrel's animosity— some man he had unwittingly runcd perhaps by winning a law suit against him. There are follows capable of brooding upon an imaginary wrong of that kind till they lash them into madness," "What if he were the viotim of an error,

Francis? What if the murderer mistook him for you?"

Mistook him for me.

"Is Mr. Wort indoors?" he asked the man on horseback, who had a semi-official air. Mr. Redmayne smiled grimly to himself as be thought that this man might belong to the constabulary, and be on the look-out for the

"I don't mind swinging for the man who killed my daughter," he thought; " but it would he hard lines to be hung for a blunder.

'Yes, Mr. Wort's in his office but there's a gentleman with him, and he's busy," the man answered, without looking to the right or the left

"I can't help that," said Mr. Redmayne ; "I must see him.⁹ He went into the little shed of an office

which he had not entered since that night of his first coming home when he had said had things to the steward. He went in coolly enough, and found John Wort in close conference with a grave-looking middle-aged man, who had the bearing of a soldier in plain clothes, and who was the chief of the Tunbridge police station.

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"I can't speak to any one now," Mr. Wort A all came up at this moment, bursting with said hurriedly; and then recognising the new- self-importance-the rapture of possessing in-

pistol that it was done with?"

"Captain Hardwood's groom was down here before breakfast exercising that skittish mare of his master's, and he told me the doctors had extracted half-a-dozen swan-shot; so it must have been a gun, and it must have been done by some one that didn't plan it beforehand. No man would load his gun with swan-shot to commit a murder."

"There's no knowing, Mr. Bond," replied Perkis, with a suggestive air. "The worst a man is, the more artfuller he goes about his wickedness. The swan-shot may have been meant to throw parties off the scent. But what I can't make out is the motive. There nover was a crime without a motive."

" Unless it was done by a madman," said the gardener. "This murder seems like a madman's murder, to my mind."

" Don't say that, Mr. Bond ; that's what I call fiving in the face of the law of the land. A man has only got to do something more atrociouser than the common run, and he gets put down for a lunatic."

Richard Redmayne stood among them for a little while, listening idly, and then moved towards the park, intending to revisit the scene of last night's tragedy; but at this point the gardener stopped him.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Redmayne," he said "4 of course you're not a stranger—but I've had strict orders from the police, and I'm obliged to act by them. Nobody is to go into the park to-day." "Why not?"

"I don't know the why or the wherefore; but it's the police that give the order, and we're all bound to abide by it."

"Of course. It doesn't matter; I'm not curious about the business. But if any one was suspected, or taken to prison, or anything of that kind, I should like to know. You night send some one down to Brierwood and let me know.'

"Vory well, Mr. Redmayne; I'll send you word if anything happens." A lad came up at this moment, bursting with

na mako Sie had seen him laid upon his bed at mid-

night; had stood quietly by while the surgeons examined his wounds; had refused to be ban-ished from that death-chamber with so stern a resolution, that they had been obliged to suc-cumb and let her stay; and when all was done, she wandered to and fro between the rooms, or sat silent as she was sitting now, like hu

manity transformed into marble. How fondly, how entirely she had loved him! She had known always that he was very dear to her till now had she estimated the full force of her passion. She had lived her own life-had chosen for herself an existence of dressing and visiting and receiving, had made her public and official career the all-absorbing business of her life-and yet she had loved this man with all her heart and soul. Only she had kept her affection under lock and key, in a

him with the whole sum of her love, any more than she trusted him with her fortune; she had kept her heart settled upon herself, as it were, for her own separate use and mainten-It was enough for him to know that she ance. had condescended to become his wife, that he was not obnoxious to her. The passion the depth, the ardor of her love she held in re-

She thought of all this now that he was de and knew that she had cheated him, and had cheated herself even more utterly-cheated herself of the love she might have won had she been generous enough to confess her own fondness, less intent upon receiving her own due, less anxious to measure her tenderness by his affection, and even then to give him somewhat short measure. He was dead; and it seemed to her now as if he had made up the sum of her existence, as if this one figure, of which at the best she had seen very little, had filled her world; that the dressing and visiting had been the merost formula, the petty filling-up

ongly reason for his objection, though I cannot tell them to you. If he had trusted me in the first instance, if he had only told me the truth at once, we should not have come. But I brought him here against his will—brought him to meet his death."

Sir Francis looked at her wonderingly half-inclined to think her mind was wander

"You can give me no clue, then, dear Mrs. Harcross ?" he asked gently.

None."

"Then we must work on without your help The police have been busy since daybreak they have communicated with the stations all along the line, and any suspicious-looking per-son will be stopped. We have telegraphed to Scotland-yard for a couple of detectives, and I had kept her affection under lock and key, in a lave telegraphed to Ryde for Mr. Vallery. I cold cautious spirit; she had feared to trust thought you would like to have your father with you at such a time." " My father can do no good here," said Au-

gusta listlessly; and then she went on with a sudden intensity of tone and mannor, "Yes, you must find out who murdered him. It is your duly."

"My dear Mrs. Harcross, I feel that most deeply. My friend and my guest has been foully murdered within half a mile of my house, within the boundary-wall of my home. Do vou think that I can do less than feel myself bound to see him avenged?" Augusta Harcross smiled—a strange bitter

smile.

"You have good reason to feel that," she said.

There was a short silence. It was so impossible to say anything of a consolatory nature---a death so sudden, so awful---a man stricken down by an unseen hand in the very flower and pride of his life-there seemed no room for comfort. The common phrases, the nious banalities with which friends try to be of ompty spaces in her life, all subservient to guile the mourner, would have been worse her love for him and her pride in him. She than idle here. As well might the consoler knew now how fondly she had built on his have approached Calphurnia while her dead future—the distinction he was to win for her, Cæsar still lay bundled in his bloody mantle the pinnacle they were to occupy side by side at the base of the statue as seek to murmur

Georgie ? What s you dreaming about? Why should anybody want to murder me?"

" Have you never done anything to provoke any one's hate, Frank—years ago, when you were more reckless, perhaps, than you are now? Is there no secret of your past life that occurs to you with alarm at such a time as this? have you nothing to fear, nothing to re-

gret? You have said sometimes that you have told me all the history of your life; but was there not one page you kept hidden, one sad dishonourable passage that you could not bear me to know? O my dearest, be truthful to me! Nothing that you have done in the past. no sin of the past or of the present, could lee-sen my love for you. Tell me the truth, Frank, even now, late as it is!"

"Upon my word of honour, Georgie, I don't in the faintest degree understand the drift of all this. I have told you everything about myself. I have never kept a secret from you, either great or small."

en you have never provoked the hatred of Richard Redmayne? You were never at Brierwood ?"

"Where is Brierwood? I don't even know that."

"O Frank, your face looks so true, and yet it was your face in the locket that man showed me ; the face of his daughter's lover."

"What locket? what daughter? Really, Georgie, it is really too bad to bewilder me in

this way." "Mr. Redmayne accuses you of having run "Ar Reamyne accuses you of mayne rate away with his daughter, and he showed me a locket with your miniature." "Accuses me of running away with his daughter 1 And when, pray ?"

"Five years ago." "And from Brierwood in Kent, I suppose. When you ought to know that I was never in Kent at all till I came home last year, and never had a miniature painted before the one never man a miniature painted before the one that was done for you. Upon my honour, Georgic, our domestic life is not likely to be very pleasant, if you are going to apring this kind of mine under my feet occasionally." (I'o be continued.) .

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