

As may easily be supposed, such a life as I was now leading in London entailed expenses of which the allowance I received from Sir Peregrine (still continued, notwithstanding our difference), could liquidate but a very few items. To say nothing of the absolute necessities of life—such as dinners at the Clarendon and boxes at the French play, posting down to the Vale of Aylesbury to hunt when the weather was open, and to half the country houses in England for shooting when it froze; to say nothing of these essentials, all requiring an immediate outlay of current coin of the realm, there were likewise regimental entertainments, of which, as a matter of course, I bore my share; benefits for the encouragement of pugilism, and douceurs for information of every kind, on none of which could the confiding system of credit be brought to bear. I say nothing of tailors', saddlers', and coachmakers' bills; of the swingeing livery accounts run up by four capital hunters standing at Tring, nor the actual outlay on the purchase of those valuable animals, as there were matters of expenditure not requiring immediate payment, and therefore considered of moment; but in the mere everyday disbursements of my life, I found that my personal income was about sufficient to find me in gloves, blacking and cigars. How, then, to obtain sufficient funds to carry on the war? The problem had long since been solved, and I was no wiser than others of my station and pursuits. By deep and reckless play when in luck; by bills, post-obits, and every species of 'kite-flying' known to spendthrifts and money-lenders, when fortune frowned. Post-obits I had already done to a fearful amount, nor was it a satisfactory feeling to know that, under such an arrangement, every hundred laid out upon a fancy or a wager must be paid eventually in the enormous proportion of three to one. 'Money,' proverbially, 'may be bought too dear;' and it was obvious that such a resource as this would eventually swamp the finest fortune that was ever inherited by man. I leaned accordingly, to the less startling, though equally insidious, method of doing bills at three months, which, with liberal interest, an immediate premium, and a friend's name at the back, I found an easy and commodious device for raising the wind. Occasionally a large sum of ready money was wanted immediately, and, as is usual in such cases, the demands of the capitalist, who 'knew a party that might be prevailed upon to advance a part of the sum,' were in proportion to the urgency of the necessity, as I found to my cost on occasions such as the following, when a debt, as it is termed, 'of honor,' required immediate liquidation. I had been dining with St. Heliers, whom the frost had driven into London from his accustomed quarters at Melton, and after our usual seance at high whist, which invariably followed a capital dinner and a large quantity of clear wine, my eye was attracted to a game of billiards, so that I was obliged to leave the party at midnight. I had won a large stake at whist, leaving behind good cards, and 'planned them up' scientificly to a beneficial purpose, and thinking that it was in my own 'luck,' I determined to make the most of it that night, at least. There were only four of us who remained to play—St. Heliers, a Russian prince, a gambler, and myself; nor did my intention of playing prevent my setting the matter of the billiards arrangement to an English gentleman, who, at one time, I had lost more than it appeared possible I should ever be able to pay, and I went on in an exasperated fashion for the first time in my life that I was a swindler at heart. The Russian prince, seeing his superior favor and his thousand guineas played on with a stoical disregard to winnings or losses that I have retained only in the vaults of the Northern Bank. The banker was silent, and resting perhaps he, too, had exceeded his usual appropriated dividend, and thus he was only a junior partner in the firm. St. Heliers

men call pleasure, to watch the turning of a card with an anxiety less than that of a criminal when the jury re-enter their box—endure by anticipation all the agonies of a horse—to screw your nerves up to a pitch of excitement more racking than the keener Lodily pain, and then to walk away, having endured an amount of misery that makes actual inconvenience of a moderate loss a positive pleasure by comparison. Anything for excitement. *Audax omnia perperit. Gens humana ruit per vetitum et nefas.* But, *fas ornefas*, the money must be paid and that immediately. I had but small acquaintance with the Russian prince; he was going back to Melton, where he kept a stud of horses, and rode like a demon, the instant the frost should break up; and there was nothing for it but to have recourse again to Mr. Shadrach, whither Tom Spencer accompanied me, for the purpose, to use his unconsciously prophetic words, 'of backing me up, and seeing me through the business.' I have already expressed my opinions of that class of men who smooth all the difficulties of youth, and strew its path with roses, when gold is no longer a 'drug,' and future wealth must be anticipated to obtain immediate cash. The Jew is now-a-days your only Samaritan; and he, indeed, a charity itself as long as there remains an acre unmortgaged, an expectation likely to become a bequest. Nor was Mr. Shadrach any exception to the general rule; he received me as usual, politely, but familiarly, for our acquaintance was ripening by repeated interviews, and as my visits were more frequent, so were my future prospects less imposing, and the bow became a nod, the courtly inquiry a brief 'How goes it?' and the deferential salutation a free-and-easy shake of the hand. Nevertheless, I often went to see old Shadrach, nor had I ever yet found him fail at the pinch. 'No difficulty whatever, Captain,' was the well-known reply to my demand for an immediate £500 paid down then and there—'no difficulty, except as to time,—could lend it you by the 25th, or I could get it you in a week—but really—this afternoon—such very short notice. However, if you must have it, way, of course, it must be done. Let me see,' and he referred to a quantity of well-thumbed documents tied up with what had once been red tape—'Swindle—long securities—Morekill and Blight Insurance Office—hum! Smash and Speedy-cut Junction—twelve per cent.—young Solut's bond. Well, Captain, I suppose I must risk it, with another name, merely as a matter of form for security, and on our usual terms.' It is short, after a little discussion, the money was obtained at an exorbitant rate of interest; and Tom Spencer, like a generous open-hearted fellow as he was, put his name to my bill, 'merely as a matter of form.' Had any one told me, whilst my old school-fellow was writing his signature, that I was taking advantage of his feelings of friendship, that I was abusing the most sacred ties of school-day intimacy and 'auld lang syne,' that I was tempting him for my own convenience to a step which would ruin his character, and blast his prospects, I should have scouted the idea with a burst of indignation. I never intended for an instant that my friend should sustain the slightest inconvenience from his readiness to oblige me. I never anticipated that the signature, which I considered a matter of form, would entail upon him one moment's uneasiness. I did not, so strictly as I stood there, to lean upon my own shoulders the whole weight of this debt contracted by my own folly—but to be to him who trusts to the firmest intentions of a spendthrift, who reposes faith in the strongest resolutions of a gambler!

(To be continued.)

A WHITE MUSKRAT.—A pure white muskrat was caught in the north part of Great Barrington, Mass., the other day, something old hunters never saw before in that part of the country.

A contemporary asks: "Do snakes catch fish?" We don't know. But Sam with the big collar says he doesn't remember ever seeing one sitting on the bank of a creek, with pole and line, angling for the finny tribe—and swearing because they would not bite.

It is needless to say that the advances hereof made to Mdlle. De Rivolt were couched in the most cautious language, and carried on in the most discreet manner. Nevertheless, fence her in as you will, the fact must have been told to her, and the more fragrant the flower, the greater will be the number of its insect admirers. Coralie was but a woman, after all—a gallant and high-spirited woman certainly—but still, like the rest of her sex, 'to be wooed,' and consequently 'to be won.' There was a handsome young French officer to whom she became attached, and to whom report, more charitable than its wont, affirms she was married. The gallant *militaire*, however, had served in Algeria, and perhaps borrowed from his Moslem foes some of their more liberal ideas with regard to a plurality of helpmates. However that might be, he had one wife at least living when Coralie bestowed her hand upon him, and this discovery of his perfidy created a total change in the character and conduct of the high-minded and dowered girl. Hitherto she had been pure and irreplicable, now she became reckless and imprudent. She left him immediately, but alas! it was another and from that time, though generally 'more sinned against than sinning,' the uncharitable construction which the world placed upon her actions was not wholly without foundation.

A perfectly irreproachable character, however, though doubtless a most desirable addition, is not absolutely essential to theatrical reputation, and most of the European capitals the name of 'De Rivolt' was as familiar as that of the reigning sovereign. In Paris, I have already said, she created an absolute delirium of admiration. At Vienna, the phlegmatic Austrians, simmered up into enthusiasm when the very airs were played to which she was accustomed to harmonize her graceful gestures. At Berlin, preparations were made to receive her that suggested the idea of some Roman conqueror returning from the subjugation of an empire, rather than the arrival of a good-looking young woman, whose chief merit lay in the twinkling rapidity of her footsteps. And at St. Petersburg, not only did a deluge of gold pour itself unceasingly into the lap of this modern Danae, but the Northern thunderer sent her his own autocratic portrait, valuable from its accurate representation of his handsome and colossal person, and not deteriorated by a costly setting of diamonds, each sparkling gem of which might have bought the ransom of a thousand serfs. In London, we rather flatter ourselves, we are not behind our neighbors in adoration for anything which they have already stamped with their Continental taste; and the harvest reaped by Coralie in our murky atmosphere was, as usual, enormous, in proportion to her being what we call 'the fashion,' an idol to whom we bow more obsequiously than to Mammon, nay, to whom on occasion we hesitate not to sacrifice, although the latter divinity, Pitt, boxes, stalls, and gallery, all were crowded to overflowing on a 'De Rivolt night;' and the occupants of all and each seemed, like Erriarus, to have a hundred hands a-piece with which to prolong their welcome. The glove-trade in Paris received an unheard-of stimulus, and Houbigant realized a fortune by the unwonted wear and tear of white kid, consequent upon such rapturous applause. Ladies stayed out the ballet, and declared her dancing was perfectly quiet and decorous, though 'how any one could call her pretty, they could not understand;' whilst dandies of all ages, peers, commoners, soldiers, statesmen, and idlers, voted her perfection. St. Heliers himself, the man for whom nothing had ever yet been good enough, who sneered independently at the

all I had to give, my talent, my heart, and above all, my true and unfeeling heart. Conceive my feelings when I discovered I was deceived and ruined. The infamous traitor had another wife living, and this was my reward for all I had sacrificed on my behalf. My Spanish blood was roused, and my revenge was the feeling uppermost in my breast. I could have stabbed him as he lay sleeping by my side, but I betroug me of a course that would wound him more keenly than could any bodily injury, and I forthwith bent all my energies to the task I had proposed myself. He shall love me, thought I, love me to distraction, and when his whole soul and being are wrapped up in me, I will leave him to drink the bitter cup that he has so treacherously caused me to drain. This was revenge—and for weeks and months, by alternate kindness and coquetry, now working upon his affections, now exciting his jealousy, I succeeded in making that man my slave. A mischievous lesson which I have never since forgotten. Yes, Digby, I had my foot upon his neck; he haunted me like my shadow; he grew thin and haggard, and restless, neglected, nay, ill-treated his previous and lawful wife, and became day by day more infatuated in his adoration for myself. At times I could hardly bear it—at times I longed to love him as before, and, oh, what a happiness that had been! but when did a betrayed woman ever forego her revenge? At last, he proposed to me a scheme by which he was to invalidate his previous marriage, and make me all his own. My time was come. I listened in affected raptures, I put my arms round his neck, and whispered words of love in his ear, such as he had never yet heard from my lips. He parted from me in a state of intoxicated, almost delirious, happiness. That night I left him, with the only man in Europe for whom he entertained a feeling of jealousy—a friend and companion, who, in all the sports and trifles of youth, was ever his rival, and by whom, I had heard him say a thousand times, that he could not bear to be surpassed. I never saw him again. They tell he is shut up in a madhouse near Paris, that his beautiful hair is shaved, and that he is confined with fetters of iron. I think my revenge is complete. But mark the punishment which followed. In an evil hour, wrought upon by his arguments, and confused by his sophistry, I consented to go through the forms of wedlock with Sarmiento—for that was the name of him whom I had rendered the weapon of my hate—I consented to marry the man whom in the world I most loathed, only stipulating that I should continue to bear my own name on the stage, and follow the profession in which I was acquiring wealth and reputation. Sarmiento was totally unprincipled, and a gambler; the latter request he cordially agreed to, as a means of furnishing him with money for the gaming-table, nor could he well deny me the former—and I pursued my lucrative career still known to the world as Mdlle. De Rivolt. But my impatient spirit could not long bear the constraint of Sarmiento's presence, his jealous supervision and rough ungovernable temper. I procured an engagement at Berlin, which he knew nothing of, and left him, making arrangements to pay him a certain annuity as long as I should be relieved from the annoyance of his presence. This he at first answered admirably, and for more than a twelve-month I heard nothing of my detested husband; but a long course of ill-luck at the gaming table drove him to apply to me for fresh funds, and when these applications became so constant that I could not satisfy them, he threatened to live with me contentedly, to dog my movements, and to claim the privileges of a husband. He is like a man tortured by a jealousy, that, until his expected attack upon yourself, I had always considered was affected, and he follows me in place to place, and breaks in upon me at times and seasons the most inconvenient and unbearable. Even now I have travelled day and day the whole distance from St. Petersburg to obtain an interview with my detested husband, and come, if possible, to some final arrangement for a total separation. There is no such a release no sacrifice would be so great, and I have offered a settlement, which, although it will impoverish my own resources to a great extent, is so large that I trust it will prevail upon his cupidity sufficiently to

of old De Rivolt's property to furnish a competence, which relieved her from the fear of actual starvation, and thus gave her confidence to refuse the first very insufficient offers which were made to tempt her appearance