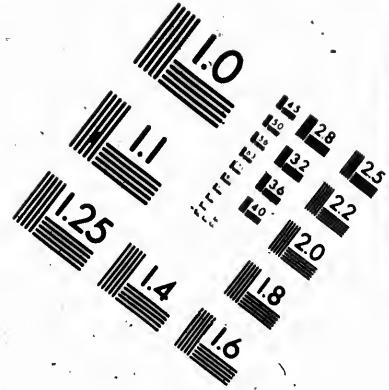
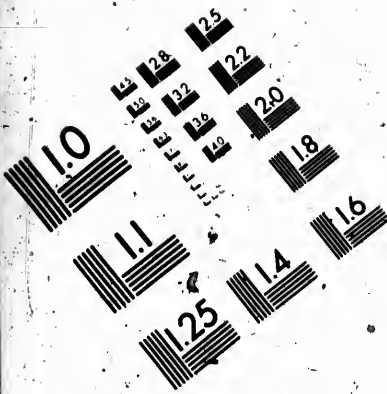




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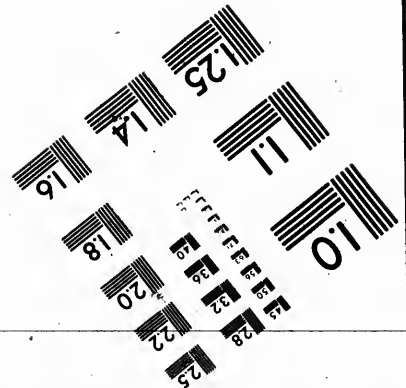
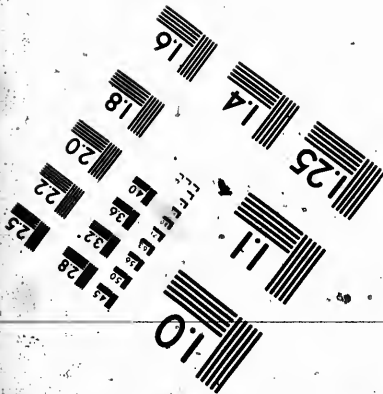
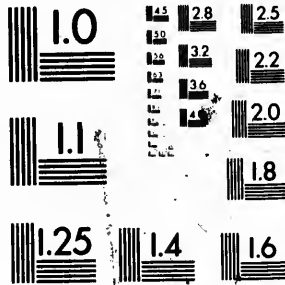
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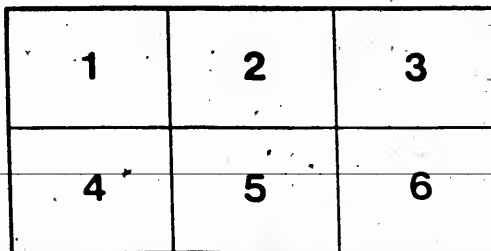
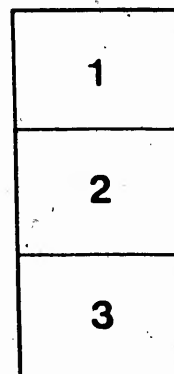
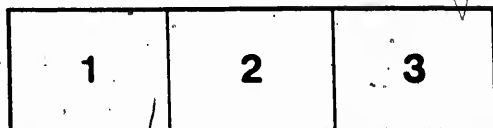
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A

NEW DOMINION STORY.

HELP IN THE DISTANCE.

BY J. W. GRIFFITH, M. D.

ELORA, ONTARIO:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, AT THE *OBSERVER* OFFICE.
1868.

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Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year of Our Lord 1868,
by J. W. Griffith, M.D., in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

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PREFACE.

TRUTH, in many instances, is like medicine, exceedingly unpalatable when administered by itself, but, if disguised and carefully mixed in a tasteful vehicle, is usually acceptable and admirably borne even by persons troubled with mock modesty and tender nerves; thus it is that the Author in the following pages combines it with fiction. If some of the characters in this narrative do not happen to please the literary *epicure*, it is not intended that they should; and if any of the scenes—all of which are drawn true to nature, without any attempt at color or varnish—should shock the feelings of those who have had little or no experience of life, then the writer is content, from the simple fact that the desired effect is produced, and the practical results salutary. That there are hundreds, yea thousands, of living *fac similes* of Theodore Bloat running at large upon society and infecting the youth of the land, no one need attempt to deny; for, unfortunately, there are but too many to testify that, like Harman Abbott, they have been ensnaringly victimized at the hands of such men; in that character, therefore, I have endeavored to draw a life-like portrait, at least as far as was compatible with the general features of the story.

I have been asked by several, since the story was first published weekly in the *Flora Observer*, whether the greater part—if not the whole—was not true, or whether it was from imagination? because that, if from the latter, they never read a novel so *very natural and life-like*. I shall state here, in case there should be any who might be disposed to ask similar questions, that it was not written from any one case which came *especially* under my notice, but from close observation of human character, and with such feeble efforts at imagery as I was enabled to command.

I have entitled it "A New Dominion Story," because I saw fit to bring the two chief heroes to Canadian shores; and in giving the finishing touch to the picture (or just as the curtain drops,) have endeavored to draw such a striking contrast between them, at the death-scene of Bloat, as cannot fail to recall to the mind of the reader all he has perused, even from the forlorn Clara as she stood by the pawn-office, sobbing under the dim gas-light, to the impressive sight in the bar-room. I should have made the tale more Canadian in character, such as painting more minutely the peculiarities and numerous advantages of the country, but conceived it to be out of place—running to extremes it might be termed—in a work like the present. Shortly after I commenced writing the story a friend, who is considered a ready writer, and, if I am to judge from his physiog., a sharp, nipping critic, too, volunteered the opinion, that it was easier to begin a novel than to complete one successfully; whereupon I ventured to offer one also—I don't remember whether it was with fear and trembling—and unhesitatingly replied that in my experience it was the *reverse*. I must say, before concluding, that I feel highly favored and gratified at the many flattering expressions of opinion I have received regarding this little work, and sincerely hope that all who peruse these pages will give the verdict in my favour, by acknowledging the moral therein contained to be worthy of their notice: then, and only then, shall I be rewarded for my labour.

J. W. GRIFFITH, M. D.

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A · NEW · DOMINION · STORY.

HELP IN THE DISTANCE.

BY J. W. GRIFFITH, M.D.

CHAPTER 1.

It was cheerless November weather ; the keen, raw wind sighing and moaning at dilapidated door-ways and shattered windows of old tenement buildings, on Poverty Row, as if lamenting the approach of stern Winter to the poor comfortless occupants—sheltered, if ever they are, under those weather-beaten roofs—piercing the homeless little ballad-singers and ragged shoe-black at street corners, and sweeping through narrow lanes and by-ways the loose accumulated filth of England's proud metropolis.—Business was dull and flat, financiers were predicting heavy pressure, Joint Stock Companies *rheumatic*, banks and bankers tottering, commerce and trade at freezing point, British Reform *only* at blood heat, and all London laden with iniquity, sickened with its own pollution, and weary with that never-ending restlessness and that incessant bustle, relaxed and haggard-looking. Standing in the vicinity of a dark, retired-looking, two-story building, appropriately situated in an alley (where the sun shines only at midsummer) off one of the great thoroughfares at the 'West End,' under the dim gas-light, is a thinly-clad young female, enquiring, in whispering tones as if ashamed to be heard, from a little old woman in a long, ancient-made, black cloak, who just came out of the place referred to, by a half-painted side entrance :

'Please, ma'am, could you tell me where there's a pawn-office? I know the city well enough, for I've been here all my life, but never had occasion to go to such places; I'm told there's one close by.' And then she drew a small brown shawl, the only extra covering she had for a cold, bleak night, over a faded silk bonnet and care-worn face, probably to hide the tears which now trickled down, and, when unhidden, glistened in the flickering light of the gas-lamp.

'Why, yes, my dear; that's one there,' said the little old woman, pointing to the very retired-looking building, which seemed to keep aloof from some second-hand clothing shops by an intervening passage, leading to a side entrance intended for the class of genteel or respectable poor who think poverty a disgrace rather than a misfortune, and are ashamed of it; 'and the pawnbroker is such a *very* civil man, too, child. I was in there redeeming a few little things I got seven shillings on a couple of months ago,' and taking a bundle from under her cloak, she added: 'These are some little clothes, you see, I'm obliged to raise a few shillings on once in a while. I put 'em by, you know, for that purpose this long time, till we want a shilling, and Mr. Tabb, the broker over there, always gives me the same; he never makes no difference to me, you see, no matter how often I bring the same little bundle to his shop. I'm an old customer to him, my child; ahem!'

Poverty is like crime: the longer we are familiar with it, the more we are inured to its woe, its misery, and its degradation. The old woman volunteered a statement which the young female had not dared to venture, but as if she felt she ought to say something about her errand she remarked, in a tone of deep melancholy, to the colloquial dame, who seemed to sympathise with her—perhaps the feeling was mutual—

'Well, ma'am, we're reduced—I'm ob-bliged to come—out to-night to pawn—my good dresses.'

Poor thing! how her heart filled and overflowed, while briefly telling her message to the old woman! for she sobbed convulsively between each half-broken sentence, and, with a faint 'Good night, ma'am,' she turned down the alley and entered Tabb's shop, by the side door in the dark passage. It was Saturday night, always a busy time (the busiest) with such dealers as Mr. Tabb; for the clock tells the hour of midnight generally, before the last pawned article is numbered and duly stowed away, and the last small loan of a 'few shillings,' with the interest thereon, paid back to redeem, it may be, a piece of wearing apparel for the next day (Sunday) out of the scanty earnings of the week; for even poverty on Sundays is *more* distinguishable—thus the penniless are sometimes, from the pride of good appearance, covered with broad-cloth.

The crowd of pawning and redeeming pitèous-faced customers, who stood in front of a counter about five feet high, built expressly to prevent light-fingered customers from helping themselves, afforded the young woman no possible chance of opening her parcel, neatly done up in a large cotton handkerchief, and offering its contents for Mr. Tabb's inspection. Now Mrs. Tabb, who always assisted her husband on Saturday nights, observed her waiting anxiously to get something on the chattel security she held in her gloveless and trembling white hands; and with that practised shrewdness which *women* especially acquire in dealing with their own sex at such es-

tablishments in a great city, noticed she was an inexperienced visitor, and coming round the counter to a heavy pannelled door leading to an ante, or old-clothes, room, she said: 'Just step in here, please. I'll wait on you; what do you wish to offer?'

The applicant untied her carefully-folded bundle, and produced two neatly-trimmed Cobourg dresses for Mrs. Tabb's inspection. They had evidently been 'some time' out of the maker's hands, and, after being minutely examined both inside and out, Mrs. Tabb offered, with a regular air of business, the paltry loan of 'nine-and-sixpence on 'em.'

'That's a small loan to offer, ma'am, on those dresses,' said the young woman.

'You'll get no more on 'em anywhere,' said Mrs. Tabb; 'you see they're much the worse of wear; we couldn't really afford any more on such goods, a—will you take it?'

'Well—I—sup-pose I'll *have to*,' said the applicant in a low, pitiful tone, casting her tear-fevered eyes reflectively at the only decent-looking articles of clothing she possessed, and with the point of her fore-finger pressed against those pale lips, as if in doubt whether to seal the acceptance of Mrs. Tabb's offer.

'Your name, please,' said Mrs. Tabb. 'Clara Abbott,' was the reply.

A ticket, No. 361, with nine-and-sixpence, was accordingly handed over, and Clara Abbott, whose name we now know, passed out into the alley and stopped at the corner, near the sun-dim gas-light, to think of the various wants to be supplied out of the trifle she got, before mingling in the jostling crowd on the great and busy thoroughfare.

If *ever* London is 'up and doing,' if ever a dense, motley mass of living, moving humanity gets into perpetual motion, it is on Saturday night. One would almost imagine that all the buying, selling, trading and locomotion of the Universe had absolutely to be accomplished within a few short hours on a stated night (and that Saturday), with no further opportunity of doing so, by that constant hurrying to and fro in

Every imaginable direction; that intermingling of all nations and languages in a confused medley mass; that rattling of carriage and cart wheels, and clatter of horses' hoofs against the rough pavement; the harsh, discordant sound of auction bells, the hoarse voices of oystermen and fish-women; children losing their parents in the nightfall scene of bustle, and crying in hopeless despair; until a mighty city is wrapped in a brief slumber—that is, if ever it sleeps—and one is temporarily relieved by a short repose.

Clara Abbott pushed her way through the busy throng, and, after purchasing some little necessaries with her nine-and-sixpence (all to a few pence), she returned to her humble lodgings on Finsbury Hill. A slim tallow candle, pressed into the neck of a large black bottle, stood upon a rickety old table, and threw a faint light around her room—used as an apology for a parlour—whose walls, almost paperless, showed many secluded abodes for sundry domestic insects. A few coals burned slowly in the fire-place, and the baby of some eleven months, in the delight of its babyhood, was playing with its fingers and laughing at its toes on the tattered remnant of an old carpet, laid in the middle of the floor.

'Has Mr. Abbott been here since I went out, Nellie?' said Clara to a precocious little damsel of twelve years old, who lived with her mother in an ill-ventilated room on the same floor, and who volunteered to mind baby—as she often did from a pleasure which little girls usually take in amusing themselves with infants, as large as full-grown wax dolls—while Clara was absent upon her errand of need.

'Yes, mem,' said Nellie, 'but he only stopped a minute; he wondered where you were gone, and said to tell you he'd not be in till late, mem.'

Clara took little Charlie (the baby) upon her knee, and as she sat near a fire of dying embers, with her elbow resting upon the feeble old table, sealed the love which a Mother can only feel for her child, with a soft kiss upon her laughing infant's tender cheek, and, as if the vials of grief

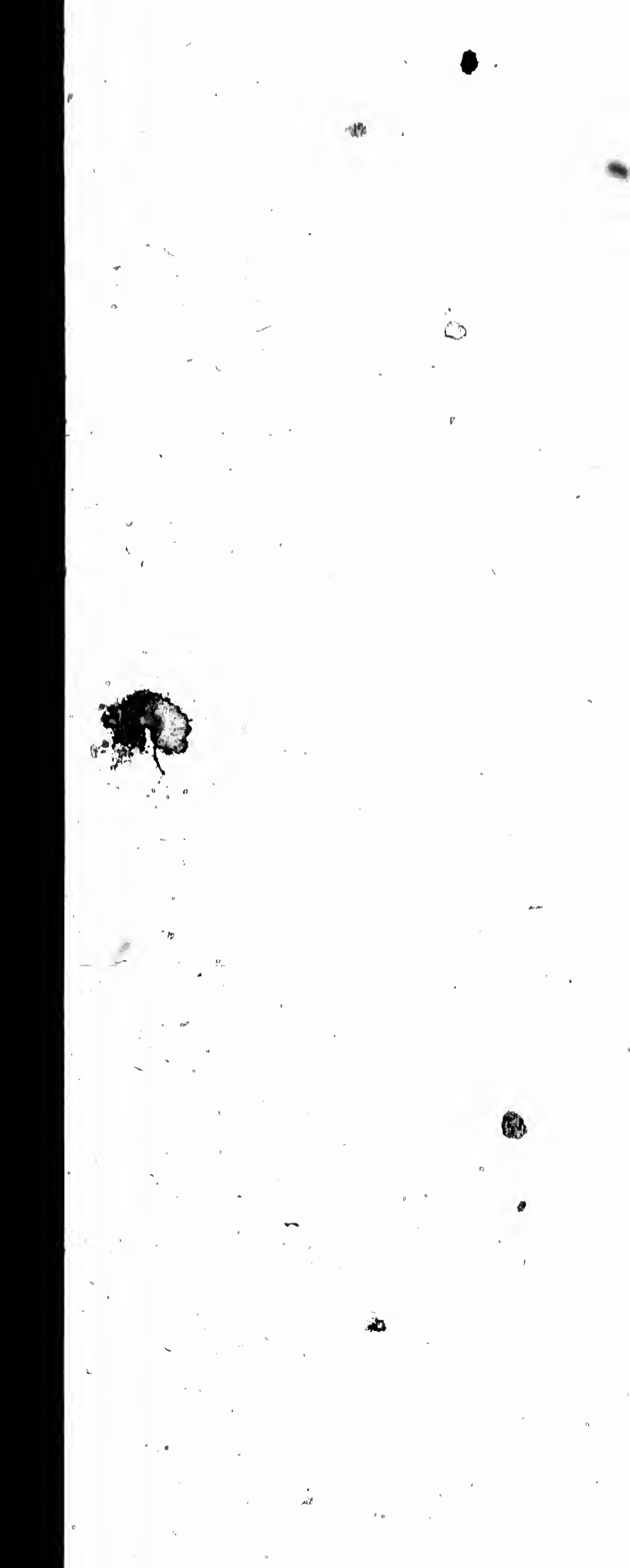
were to be poured out, she suddenly burst into a flood of tears, moved by a passing thought of helpless distress; 'poor fellow!' thought Clara, 'I wonder if he saw Sanson this evening, and - if there's any chance at all.'

Now Harman Abbott—her husband—had held a respectable position, as banker's accountant for over three years, but for reasons best known to his employers, lost a remunerative post (considered economically) nearly three months before this same Saturday night, when the gnawing of hunger came upon them; and Clara, oh, who can tell her anguish—as the only alternative, had sallied out at nightfall, hopeless and forlorn, in quest of a pawnbrokers.'

Seated in an easy chair, in his inner office, Mr. Theodore Bloat, the Managing Director of the Bank where Harman was employed, talked, or imagined he talked very philosophically to George Sanson—a friend of Harman's, and a slight acquaintance (more in a business way however) of the official in question, on the Saturday forenoon—who was evidently there to plead in behalf of the discarded clerk.

'We have nothing particularly against Abbott that there is any necessity for mentioning' at present, but still, there was a reason, sir for his dismissal,' said Mr. Bloat, seeming to feel the weight of the assertion by tightly compressing his lips and partly knitting his shaggy eye brows; 'however, sir, you'll excuse me, I have no further time to discuss the merits of your plea for Abbott's reinstatement,' and drawing up his chair to the writing-desk with an air of assumed dignity as if the whole responsibility of Britain's Finance depended on him—that would have done honor to a Home Secretary, or Chancellor of Exchequer, he began to arrange some business papers.

Mr. Theodore Bloat was a man who considered himself, in every sense of the word, a gentleman, if not *natural-born* at all events a *created* one, and finally believed that a small estate and tolerably good income as an official, was worthy of much reverence. It was highly instructive, in studying Natural Philosophy, to notice the inherent propensities of that individual, so unmistakably alike to many in the inferior



animals. A graceful bow, or a deferential salute, would produce much tension upon self-conceit, and inflate his ideas of fashionable pride. Now he entertained a false notion, that none of the subordinates in his establishment had any right whatever to presume to 'mix in the same society' as himself; their 'position,' he thought, did not entitle them to enter into the august presence of the 'higher circles,' no matter how 'well brought up' or how liberally educated, they were *nothing* in his estimation but *bank clerks*. * It was owing chiefly to this fact that Harman Abbott was dismissed from his clerkship (doubtful if there was another reason), but yet Mr Theodore Bloat's act of sending him penniless upon the tender mercies of a pitiless public was done upon the pretence of Abbott's 'fast living,' and the temptations at hand being too great for his moral principles. Harman Abbott had no doubt indulged in the follies of the fashionable world; and infected by frequent intercourse at leisure hours, with the empty vanity and silly pride of foppish companions, he tried to 'keep up a good appearance' by the giving of evening parties to thankless guests.—Harman was now reduced, yes, he was on the brink of starvation, and in a city of huge proportion and untold wealth, but where the rich, the fashionable and grandiloquent consider not the needy; no heartfelt sympathy for the *reduced*, no bowels of compassion for famishing humanity.

To fashionable society Harman was now therefore, dead; not a word of pity spoken, not a sigh given, by those who, when recipients of his insane hospitality, vowed eternal attachment and undying friendship. Becoming deeply sensible of his sad condition, and with his finer feelings blunted by disappointment, he walks wearily from Sanson's house after hearing the result of his interview with Mr. Theodore Bloat; and saunters into the spacious reading room of the Polytechnic, to look over the list of *advertisements* of 'Wanted,' in the daily papers.

'I say, Harman, how goes it? hav'n't seen you for a month of Sundays,' said an unsophisticated looking individual, who was just after reading and inwardly digesting an evening edition of 'The Post,' at a

long table near the entrance, and scanning closely every new comer as he entered through the heavy folding-doors of the great news depot. Harman turned and recognized a former billiard-room companion, Mr. Timothy Twizzle, a retired attorney and solicitor in Chancery; quite a matter of fact-individual who, from remorse of conscience—a most remarkable circumstance indeed!—had given up the sale of the 'mysteries of law' and the dealing out of legal technicalities, and unintelligible trash in an unknown tongue (*so as to give an idea of importance to legal documents*) to iching law seekers at endless expense. This extremely conscientious member of a 'Curied profession' was now taking it easy on a legacy, handed down to him after the unavoidable death of his considerate grandfather.

'Ha Mr. Twizzle, you took me by surprise, thought you were off on a pleasure tour' said Harman.

'Only for a week or so,' replied Twizzle, 'returned some days ago.' 'Nothing, literally nothing, I see of interest to night,' said Mr Twizzle, 'there's a flatulent article in the *Times* on Bright's speech last night, on the Reform Bill; and a few effervescing comments on my Lord Lyons' soft talk to Louis Napoleon, when he presented his credentials, that's worth *some* notice perhaps.'

Harman and his acquaintance, Twizzle, then left the Polytechnic, and at the invitation of the latter, strolled into a private parlor of the 'Metropolitan' to enjoy a cigar. While there, Harman, somewhat abruptly, changed the previous topic of conversation by saying, 'well Mr Twizzle, I suppose you're aware I've left the Bank, are you not?'

'Why bless me no, how's that Abbott?'

'Left there three months ago, sir, said Harman, had to leave could'nt help it, was sent to the right about by that *worthy*—no I would rather say that, *Judas*—Theodore Bloat.'

'Ah! and Bloat actually dismissed you? not for a criminal act of course, otherwise I should have heard of it and you surely *never* would have stood your ground' said Twizzle. But *I* know Bloat, continued Twizzle, *I* read that man's character before, Abbott', and flinging the mouldering

stump of a 'regalia' into the fire-place, he settled himself in a comfortable sitting posture, straightened his head, after giving it a few tosses (as if to *balance* the brain in *weighing over* a subject,) then with a spasmodic snuffle or twitch of the nose (rather *proboscis*) he continued, 'Can read men as well as books, Abbott, jealousy engraven upon his eye, my dear sir; envy as bitter as gall, stamped upon his forehead—often did business with him, found nothing manly nothing of the genuine gentleman, *nothing* in short but a mind deformed with pride and half-made up, take my word for it, Abbott deceit lies there deeply buried, the poison of asps is under his lips' and you as well as others, in an unguarded hour were stung by the reptile, —*that's* the secret of your dismissal.

Twizzle stood up, and paced the floor of the Metropolitan-parlour, evidently like a man who bubbled with ungovernable rage; but after a few more tosses of the head (lightly thatched with steel-grey-hair) his features gradually became unruffled, and resuming his seat he gently rubbed his forehead and brows with the finger-points—as if carefully examining the brain, the reservoir of thought and the mansion of reason, to know whether it sustained any mental damage from a momentary storm—then glanced quite composedly at a large portrait of Wellington hung over the mantel-piece.

'Yes, Mr. Twizzle, you draw a true picture indeed; of Theodore Bloat, without varnish' said Harman 'you are right, he *was* jealous sir, jealous of my social standing, questioned my right to appear in *good* society because I was only a bankers accountant, while *he* of course, was managing Director; he could not doubt my honesty. I dare him to stain my character of integrity, I defy him to brand me as a felon, *why* then did he cast me adrift upon a cold, cold world? I am now in want, Mr. Twizzle, yes, the last penny spent, forsaken by friends, passed by like some worthless menial, but here's as honest a heart'—placing his hand upon his left breast—'as ever beat in mortals bosom.'

'Too honest perhaps to win *his* good will,' said Twizzle. 'You understand me don't you? if so, enough said.'

'Comprehend your meaning fully' said Harman.

Twizzle ordered a bottle of ale, and while enjoying the beverage with Harman he suddenly became sentimental. 'I tell you what it is, Abbott, fact are facts very stubborn too, eh?' Then he gave his nose that peculiar nervous twitch with the favourite snuffle acquired by habit, before saying anything serious. 'I've studied the various branches of human nature; a strange compound by the way, consisting now-a-days of more ingredients than chandler's soap grease, ay, and filthier too, and I emphatically say, without fear of contradiction, that this *aristocratic* doctrine of infinite superiority—not of intellect, you know, for that's a gift of *nature* which *all* should honor and one that countless riches cannot purchase—is the summit of absurdity, breaks many a noble heart, saddens many a *fireside*. The priceless jewel of genius, Abbott, can alone elevate man above his fellow, sociably speaking.'

Taking another sip of ale, and with a quick waving motion of the hand—as if enforcing a point of law in favor of a client or keeping time galvanically with thought,—he continued: 'aristocracy, indeed! an institution established by act of Parliament in the middle ages for the special benefit of the 'upper crust,' a cursed evil, hereditary too, sir, and taught in our Colleges, clothed in 'purple and fine linen' faring sumptuously every day, often at the expense of others. Seated in our churches in rustling silk on crimson cushions, growing up with youth into manhood, and taking deep root in *any* climate, if nurtured; a morbid desire, you see, to get every body to worship us, if we hold a *good* position in society, have ample means, and are descended perhaps centuries back, from a high family;' and Twizzle leaning back with his hands dovetailed over the back of his head after a short pause said, 'a grand deception, Abbott, blindfolds thousands.'

Harman remained silent and looked thoughtful.

In a few minutes Twizzle, who now gracefully twirled around his finger, the overhanging hairs of his thin dark whiskers, and glanced a pair of keen blue eyes rapidly

from side to side,—as if he just gave birth to two thoughts, simultaneously almost, and compared them, before deciding which to express first—walking towards the window and thence to the fire-place—as if measuring the exact distance between them—said to Harman in a suppressed tone, ‘I really feel for you my poor fellow, its hard, *very* hard, and if you won’t take it as an insult—because it would pain me to hurt your feelings even superficially—allow me to present you with a small token of old Twizzle’s sympathy towards a friend who but for a villainous treachery might still be earning a living and join his little family circle with a merry heart—take it, Abbott, take it;’ and going with an air of humility towards Harman, as if under a compliment to him he placed a sovereign in his hand.

Harman first hesitated to accept Twizzle’s unexpected gift of true kindness, but after a moment’s reflection being convinced that he, (a matter of fact individual) meant exactly what he said, and accordingly received it, with a feeling of bashfulness, however, and with looks which more touchingly spoke the language of the heart, than any words he could find to express it.

‘*Extremely* kind; truly a friend indeed; will be *ever* indebted to you’ said Harman.

‘No not indebted to me’ replied Twizzle, ‘remember it is a *free gift*.’

‘Well I shall owe you at least a debt of gratitude,’ said Harman.

A past life, late social enjoyments, domestic comforts, fast living and undue hospitality seemed to flash vividly before Harman in quick succession; the ghost of a well-furnished house haunted and stalked round him, and now the dire necessities of a changed life sat close by his side, ready to be photographed; all which was noticed by the penetrating eye of Timothy Twizzle, for he said to Harman in a tone of encouragement—such as a skilful physician often does when administering to a mind diseased:—

‘Cheer up Abbott, come cheer up old fellow,—why those downcast looks? why those hectic flushes? as if you were under sentence of death, shackled in an iron-bound cell, the night before the execution, and you saw the carpenter coming to measure

you for a coffin; brighten up we can never appreciate prosperity until we know adversity; never value the glorious sun-light unless night covered us with the mantle of darkness—that’s as true as Euclid’s axioms.’

Just as they were about to leave the ‘Metropolitan’ Twizzle requested Harman to come to his house on the following Thursday, that he expected an old friend to be there, who, he was sure could give Harman information of advantage to him and after Harman had willingly appointed to be there, Twizzle, before they parted, said to him—full of meaning at the time—

‘The world is wide, Abbott; if London refuses you a living, seek it elsewhere.’

The language was plain enough for Harman to understand, but still he could not comprehend its meaning; perhaps more from the fact that he had never entertained the idea of leaving a city, from which he scarcely ever absented himself, to seek employment, and he had become somewhat infatuated with the thought that London actually owed him a living and no where else.

Harman Abbott wended his way home—if such it could be designated—and found Clara putting little Charlie to sleep, with that well-known lullaby so soothing and sedative to babies, and waiting anxiously for his return.

‘I’m so glad you’re come, Harman,’ said Clara. ‘You must surely feel wearied; perhaps weak, too, for want of’—

‘Oh—well—a little—a—I feel a *little tired*, my dear,’ said Harman, interruptedly, before she had finished her sentence, as if he tried to banish from her mind the circumstance that he was feeble through hunger, which probably he would have felt less able to bear if he had not shared a bottle of Twizzle’s ale at the ‘Metropolitan,’ and which served as a tonic to a foodless stomach. ‘But where did you go, pet? I was here while you were out, and Nellie was taking care of Charlie,’ said Harman.

‘You know, Harman, we used the last loaf yesterday; we were out of *everything*, and—if—something wasn’t done, to beg we’d have to—so—I’—and she gave a

long-drawn sigh—"went out, and pawned the Cobourg dresses over at the 'West End' for nine-and-sixpence. Now, don't be angry with me. Sure you *wouldn't*, Harman? Perhaps I can get them again. God is good, you know; and she leaned upon his arm and smoothed his hair—tokens of a woman's tender love for the husband of her bosom.

'Of course I couldn't be angry, Clara; how or why should I be displeased with you for *any* thing or upon *any* account? But the necessity to part with your own clothing—I mean that we should be brought so low as to be obliged to do something so wretched, so degrading, as *you* to go to a pawn-broker's. *That* pricks me to the heart, and is all that could possibly displease me.'

'That may be,' said Clara, 'but we're told that "necessity has no law," and that "hunger breaks through a stone wall," and I believe it.'

And Clara, receiving fresh vigor and dissipating gloomy prospects—which she sketched and erased, and then re-sketched over and over, while alone watching her infant sleeping so calmly—prepared a meal with a light heart, forgetful of the past, and heedless, it may be artificially, of social trials, present and future.

'Look here, Clara,' said Harman, with a sort of forced yawn, and inward smile, 'here's a plaster for a wound, a gift from a friend, my dear, very acceptable to us now, isn't it?' and he drew from his vest-pocket the sovereign he got from Twizzle at the 'Metropolitan'; saying, as he did so:

'Never was so much surprised in my life. Met Mr. Twizzle, the lawyer, you know, that used to come to our house.' Harman drooped his head and the voice faltered, and Clara, at the mention of *our house*, (small words, but great enough to wound), still wore the same artificial look of indifference; and, after recovering from a temporary despondency, he continued; 'You remember him, don't you? he was fond of chess, a good billiard player too, and a man of sound judgment; but Lipstitch and Perrywinkle nick-named him "Facts"—he was always so full of them.'

'Why, yes, certainly I remember him, but I don't think he visited us for a length of time before we came down in the world,' said Clara. I was under the impression he had left London altogether—I distinctly remember him, for, although a perfect gentleman in manner, yet I fancied he was a little eccentric at times; but it *might* have been only fancy on my part.'

'I suppose you think you were mistaken in taking him for an oddity when you hear of his kindness to me now; in a time of need, and have practical proof of it, too,' said Harman. 'Whether he be eccentric or not, he's my, or rather, *our* best friend in the city, an ornament to the human race, and solid upon every subject. I met him at the Polytechnic reading-room accidentally, and he invited me to the "Metropolitan," and while there I told him my story; and after discoursing quite logically and eloquently upon Bloat's shortcomings, and dilating largely upon matters and things in general, he became deeply interested in my case, and tendered me the sovereign as a token of his sympathy.'

'An instrument in the hands of "a friend who sticketh closer than a brother,"' said Clara, in quite a religious tone. 'David,' said she, 'says in that Psalm so full of comfort, (the which I read shortly before you came in), "God is a very present help in time of trouble," and depend upon it, Harman, my dear, he adopts ways and means to do so which it would be absurd in us to conjecture.'

Although Clara took part, usually, in her husband's gaities, still it was not because she took special pleasure therefrom, or that a strong natural desire possessed her to mingle in the frivolities of London life. She was amiable; generally sedate, even in mirthful society; had received an early religious training under the sole superintendence of an uneven-tempered old aunt—quite a strict disciplinarian—after her fond mother's death; and, if less influenced by Harman—who looked upon 'church-going' and saying his prayers once a week according to law, (especially upon fashionable occasions), more as a time-honored custom

than a duty he owed to his God—would have been considered, in the general acceptance of the term, very *religious*. Now that adverse circumstances surrounded them, Clara seemed to feel the force of scriptural truths. Thus it was that she read her bible alone in her lowly chamber, in converse with the Supreme Author, and derived so much consolation from David's Psalms.

'Twizzle asked me to go over to his house on Thursday,' said Harman; 'he expects some one there, who, he thinks, can give me valuable information. But I don't know exactly what he means. Something may turn up; who knows?'

'You haven't said whether you got Sanson to call on Mr. Bloat,' said Clara, 'and whether he could be softened down and made to feel ashamed of himself.'

'Sanson did see him this morning,' said Harman, 'but the intercession availed nothing; and as to making *him* feel ashamed of himself, haw! haw! haw! haw! How you women talk sometimes! why, you might as well think of trying to make black white, as to make Theodore Bloat ashamed of himself—for dismissing *me*, at all events. He has no sense of shame in his waddling old carcase; and as for insults, you might hurl them at him by the hundred without wounding a feeling, for, as Twizzle well said, he's like a near relative to the Bloat family, the rhinoceros—his conscience, like the hide of that animal, being almost invulnerable.'

'What reason did he give to Sanson, then, for discharging you?' asked Clara.

'I don't think he gave any,' replied Harman. 'Oh, well, of course he said a good deal more than Sanson repeated, no doubt, not wishing, through delicacy of manner, to tell me all that passed; but from what he *did* tell me, I inferred no special reason was given by Bloat. I expect his words were few, but select, on the occasion.'

On the following Thursday Harman went, according to previous arrangements, to Mr. Timothy Twizzle's residence, situated in a choice suburban locality, and conveying at once the im-

pression that the occupant was a man who stealthily believed in everything useful, but thought very little of anything ornamental. The season was somewhat prejudicial to the external appearance of the house and its surroundings, for the poplars and other tall trees, planted close together in the short avenue leading to the front, and scattered here and there, like so many sentries keeping watch at respective distances, at the rear, were almost completely stripped of their foliage; and the neatly-gravelled walks and wilted grass-plots were invisible now, covered with decaying leaves. The door was opened by a middle-aged woman who told, by her greasy appearance and over-heated face, that she was—or ought to be—the cook; but it appears she had to perform the additional duty of waiting-maid, *then* at all events.

'Is Mr. Twizzle at home?' said Harman.

Wiping the perspiration off her fat, good-humored face with a long white apron, as if she was made of nothing but fat, and dripped away with the heat, she replied:

'No, sir; but he'll be in, in 'alf an 'our. Please step in, sir.'

Harman was conducted to a plain but substantially furnished parlor, and occupied the time until Twizzle returned by minutely examining the anatomy of a stuffed lap-dog—a favorite, in fact quite a pet in his lifetime, of Miss Twizzle, (a maiden sister of Timothy, of questionable age), and which was quietly resting with half-closed eyes on a carpet of artificial moss, on a small side-table intended for a cemetery, with a card tied loosely round the neck, on which was written in text hand, 'Sacred to the memory of Billy.'

In something more than half an hour Twizzle returned, and entering the parlor said to Harman, in his wonted off-hand style when nothing important was under consideration:

'Really, Abbott, I didn't look for you so soon, and Tipshott, whom I spoke of the other night, is not here yet; likely he's at his cousin's for lunch. You'll stop, though, and take an humble dinner

with us at 4 o'clock. No one here but my sister—I mean no stranger.'

Timothy Twizzle was a bachelor in the grey dawn of fifty, and likely to remain so for the term of his natural existence. He had an amusing aversion to squalling *little* humanity, and a strong antipathy to teething 'little suckers,' as he always called them. This was the real secret of his single blessedness, not that he actually disliked the fair sex, for that would be nature perverted; or that he was incapable of admiring their graceful charms, or sundry little amiabilities, for, on the contrary, they often attracted him; but *woman* to him was ever and anon a secondary consideration. She was very good in his eyes at a respectful distance, but no further. To talk of marriage made him shudder; and elopements, tales of love and suicides from disappointed matches, were to him ridiculous and disgusting. Now Miss Twizzle (the old maiden sister) held the same creed, and also believed that it was a woman's duty to render any little domestic service she could amongst her own blood relations; but could not see the propriety of being bound to *any* man in holy wedlock. She thought, indeed, that the world had increased and multiplied sufficiently, and if such a state of things continued much longer there would be more wickedness. Let it be stopped, she said, and let all the single men and women unanimously agree to *keep* so, and then there would be less sinners to be punished, forgetting that people (or sinners) *often die*. This was Miss Twizzle's logic—these her sentiments exactly.

While sitting at the dinner table Miss Twizzle was very reserved, in fact at all times so, to strangers; but when the cloth was removed, and a tray brought with decanters and all the necessary appendages, on rising to retire to let her brother and his guest (Harman) enjoy a social glass, she remarked, rather sarcastically for an old maid, and fixing her plated spectacles securely in the right place:

'Better for *all* to be in celibacy; *much* better for some, Mr. Abbott. What do you think, Timothy?'

'As to *how much* better off some might be who *have* entered the matrimonial state, it is exceedingly difficult to say,' said Timothy, quickly.

'We often take a false step, Miss Twizzle,' said Harman, dryly; 'and both sexes unite for the *best* oftener than "for better or worse;" but something occurs to mar their prospects, and then they foolishly regret that they were ever married.'

Early in the evening the servant came to the dining-room door and announced a gentleman in the adjoining room.

'Tell him to come in here—shew him in here,' said Twizzle. 'Halloa! Tipshott—it's you, eh?' said Twizzle, getting up and meeting him as he entered the door. 'We've waited dinner some time for you, but you're just *in time* to join us in a glass. Allow me, Tip, (as he familiarly called him), to introduce you to an esteemed friend, whom I invited to meet you this evening, Mr. Harman Abbott. Harman—Mr. Henry Tipshott.'

After the introduction, Tipshott was evidently ready to talk upon any topic that came up; he seemed highly pleased when he had a chance of saying something, particularly if it flavored of the witty. He was a short, thick-set individual, with hair the color of most new born infants' hair; small black eyes, peeping through a few stray lashes; a well-defined forehead, built in the Gothic style; apoplectic neck, and an incorrigible tuft of hair—placed there as a mark of dignity—on the top of his head, that no barber's ingenuity could ever prevent from standing upright, and, what is still more surprising, only grew a certain length. One would imagine that the subsoil of that patch on his cranium was uncultivated, and yielded a scanty crop, stunted in growth. Such was Tipshott, who had evidently passed through the experiences of some forty summers, and had no doubt profited much by visiting foreign countries, and contrasting their habits, customs, peculiarities, advantages and disadvantages with his own native land, the 'Isle of Man,' (he would hardly

consent to say Great Britain). Engaged as a traveller for a respectably-sized wholesale house, dealing in fancy articles and nick-nacks at the eastern extremity of business in the great metropolis, he was frequently in the habit of making a trip to that 'good (?) and happy land' on the other side of the Atlantic, known familiarly as 'America,'—a sort of pet name given by strangers to that country, but more correctly *assuming a host* of honorary titles, without even the slightest regard for the feelings of other nations, since the original inhabitants became civilized, and the *rising* generation there (it is to be hoped) diffusively christianized.

There was something moving restlessly in Twizzle's brain while both his guests discussed the current subjects of the day. He did not seem to take the least interest in the opinions offered by them alternately, and disliked probably to be abrupt in suddenly changing their topic, from a sense of the breach of etiquette, especially in his own house; and it was evident he wished to be passive, for he played in a sort of mechanical way with a teaspoon by striking the point several times against the side of his tumbler, and, quite unconcerned, filled or clouded the room with smoke from a long clay pipe, as he sat near the table. Availing himself of a short silence, he laid his long clay on the mantel-piece, and, prefaced by the usual sentimental twitch of his nose, remarked to Tipshott:

'Well, "Tip," how is business this time?—expectations fully realized on the last trip?

'Our line is a *little* dull just now,' replied Tipshott; 'and as to my last trip, I think the firm are perfectly satisfied. Of course we get larger orders on the Spring tour, but for this season of year (Autumn) we can't complain so far.'

'As your visits are frequent to our Colonies across the Atlantic, I presume you can give us some reliable information on their resources, and whether the inducements held out for emigration are worthy of attention?' said Twizzle.

'Why, you don't mean to insinuate,' said Tipshott, 'that you contemplate

being a settler there!' and, with a hearty laugh, added: 'Not tired of Old England yet, surely?—don't want to leave for your country's good, I hope, eh?'

'Come now, Tip;—I generally pay your jokes back with compound interest, you know,' said Twizzle. 'But I am in earnest with you when I make those enquiries, and I do so in behalf of a friend who *may* contemplate sooner or later to seek a livelihood in that quarter of the globe.'

'My knowledge of the country is limited, *very* limited,' said Tipshott; 'but, from what I occasionally learn, by a passing observation, while doing business there, I do unquestionably consider the Colonies all they're *said* to be. Nothing colored,' Twizzle—nothing but a plain, *matter-of-fact* statement; and with a roguish twinkle of the eye, added, 'such as a man of your mathematical precision would be disposed to believe. Now that the chief Provinces are united and a new Dominion formed, the resources of each will become more fully developed; and any of them, but especially the presiding provinces of Canada (previous to Confederation), after which the young Dominion is called—*now* called, since the birth took place, Ontario and Quebec—offer high inducements to certain classes of emigrants, you see. I don't go much into the interior of that country, generally remaining along the frontier, and visiting cities and towns of importance; however, I am prepared to say, that to emigrants from our overstocked country to the youthful Dominion, who are willing to battle through privations, disappointments, and not a little self-denial at the outset, the chances of complete success in gaining, at the *lowest* calculation, a sufficiency, and even an independency, are much greater than to our Australian mines, or, apart from British territory, the tainted atmosphere of Yankee-land—the *free* country, gentlemen, endeavoring to particularize this sentence for the special information of Twizzle, and his new acquaintance, Abbot, 'the land which, it is published to the world, is a nation of glorious liberty, where every man can do as he pleases, and make or

mould laws into every shape under the sun to suit fallen humanity, but where aerial castle-building is the national talent; where the offscouring of creation, the dregs of society and useless ingredients of every country, sway the President's power, spurn his orders, laugh at his presumption, and kick him overboard to float upon the troubled waters of an independent Republic; and, if washed upon Southern shores, leave his Democratic carcass to the relentless fury of the great American eagle. A bankrupt institution! a tottering fabric, shaken with revolt!

'Upon my word,' said Twizzle, 'you're getting eloquent, but rather *too* pointed, Tip—too prejudiced against Americans and Americanism, as if you had been grossly insulted there on your travels, and held the whole nation responsible for it. Their form of government differs materially from ours, but we should not abuse them for their right of judgment though, in the conducting of state affairs, nor condemn the character of the people if they *should* happen to err politically; and you will readily admit, that nations are like individuals, not favored always with fortune. The Americans are considered, even by unfriendly powers, an enterprising people, and business energy characteristic of them through all financial difficulties. I'm not partial to their peculiarities by any means, but I cannot be a bigot—blindly so, at all events.'

'I appreciate their native industry, and speculative genius, too,' said Tipshott; 'but what of that, when intestine quarrels, engendered through an insatiable thirst to monopolize power, by volatile capricious statesmen (so called), mar their prospects, destroy commerce, and give the death-blow to a fast-decaying Republic? There can be no inducement, therefore, to go *there*. It may be bad enough to remain here, kept alive by subscription, but far worse to seek shelter *there, now*, when the national resources are well-nigh exhausted, and when matters are not likely to improve until another bloody struggle can only stop all political feuds. If I looked for a *future* home, Canada would be my choice.'

Harman Abbott had nothing to say during the discourse on emigration, but occasionally looked suspiciously at Twizzle, as if he thought he detected the object of his special enquiries from Tipshott, the traveller. He remained at Twizzle's, purposely, much longer that night than Tipshott, with the intention of ascertaining Twizzle's real meaning in regard to the valuable information he was to receive from a special visitor.

'I understood you to say that your friend, the traveller, was to tell me of something to my advantage,' said Harman to Twizzle, shortly after Tipshott went away.

'And so he did,' replied Twizzle, 'but not knowing who I referred to in my enquiries, he did not certainly *direct* his replies to you; and you being ignorant of *my friend's* name, who, you remember, I said contemplated emigrating to some of the Colonies, did not adapt his views of success there to yourself.'

If ever a man looked utterly astonished, in fact stupidly so, it was Harman, just at that moment of his existence; his countenance changed and every feature became paralyzed; not because Twizzle had so strangely revealed to him the object he had in inviting him to meet Tipshott, but the thought of leaving a city with innumerable attractions, and its darling associations, being so suddenly suggested to a bewildered mind, and without previous preparation—then the idea of being an emigrant to a wooden country, and (as he thought, in spite of Tipshott's opinion), only half-civilized, from what he had heard house-plants like himself say, why! it was too much for his tender points to bear.

'I never thought of such a thing before,' said he to Twizzle. 'If you had mentioned it to me at the "Metropolitan," the other night, Clara and I would have talked over it, although I feel certain she never would consent to go to a strange country, severed from everything near and dear to us, just upon the chance of merely making a living. You ought to know, Mr. Twizzle, that I am not cut out for a rough, laborious life: and then it's so low, so disgraceful, to have to do

hard work to support myself, for I suppose I should be compelled to engage in manual labor, and be a slave to inferiors if I went there. No, sir; I might as well be transported to a penal settlement like Botany Bay or Van Dieman's Land.'

A very treacherous disease—fog on the brain; highly deceptive, and if not removed in time becomes incurable, even with the most active remedies; alarmingly injurious and obstructive to energy of body and mind; manifesting itself by a desire to walk in smooth, even, and well-beaten paths, and a terrible aversion to 'going up hill.' A wish to have plenty, and live luxuriously, without any trouble to obtain it; an irresistible tendency to get into debt (for unnecessary purposes) with no human probability of ever getting out of it; depending upon others to do everything; feeling ashamed of being seen doing some domestic duty, perhaps, in one's own house, or carrying small parcels, &c., through the principal streets, for fear of meeting an acquaintance, if the patient thinks himself 'above the common.' The progress of the disease may be known by the patient dwindling away to only *one* idea, fit, in some cases, for his accustomed employment (if he has any), when first affected, but gradually less fit, until at last he is fit for nothing; next he has no idea at all—what he does he does mechanically, he is a nuisance to himself and others, and a drone in society. Alas! he is fogged all over.

Harman Abbott took the disease in youth, (aided by strong hereditary influence), from those of riper years; and, now that he was straitened, its baneful effects told fearfully upon him. The *one* idea with him, was—he was a banker's accountant; he *could* fill no other position—he *should* fill no less. Twizzle listened attentively to Harman's objections; he saw his weak points, and spoke candidly to him, out of pure friendship:

'Common sense dictates, or ought to dictate, to you the necessity to find a remedy for your present condition,' said Twizzle, 'and positively,' he continued, 'I do not think you can take a wiser

step, or a surer one, towards success, circumstanced as you are, than to pitch your tent in the "New Dominion" Tipshott so pointedly described. That's the course for you to take, Abbott, judging from what I recently heard of its progress from credible sources. Tipshott didn't go into detail, it is true, but he said enough to satisfy you that it is at least worth a trial, and I cannot but suppose you would find suitable occupation there in time. It appears to me your views are contracted in regard to this matter; however, choose for yourself. I gave you my opinion freely; consider it well; and if you conclude to adopt it, nothing shall be lacking on my part to further your efforts for *help in the distance*.

So saying they parted for the night. Abbott had some distance to walk to his lodgings from Twizzle's residence, but instead of taking the leading streets on his way home, as one would naturally suppose, he preferred to cruise along by private residences in quieter localities, where he was likely to be free from constant collisions with foot-passengers, and have his attention less drawn to local occurrences, than if he passed through the ceaseless excitement of business thoroughfares. Strange, but yet true, that night should cheer one more than day, when the mind is heavy and the spirits flagged. In this respect it off refreshes, by being gratefully stimulant and sedative: too gloomy thoughts are apt to vanish then, or be laid aside till daylight appears; and if they do return are not half so depressing. Night, indeed, also plans more skilfully and plots with greater care than day, which has a tendency in many to confuse and produce over-excitement. And how acceptable and renovating night is, after the irksome duties of the counting-house, the toil of the laborer; and the general confusion of business machinery closes with the day; a welcome visitor to the weary shop clerk and dragged-out letter carrier, or to the little errand boy, (perhaps) with blistered feet; a successful love-maker

also, because seductive, and winning in its influence—and on this account, alas! too often, made the agent of stolen virtue, lost character and disappointed affection; a time courted by many, who, when burdened with the daily cares and responsibilities of domestic life, seek a quiet spot, at gentle moonlight, near a rippling stream, or walk slowly to the outskirts of a noisy city to breathe purer air, and watch nature, a faithful time-keeper, retiring for her allotted portion of sleep. When Harman Abbott was but a short distance from Twizzle's undisturbed abode, he quickened his pace, held the head and shoulders very erect, as if acting under some hidden impulse, so that anybody who met him must have mistaken him for a militia man just coming home from evening drill, or for a recently discharged soldier of the line, who, to disguise the fact, had donned some poor relation's second-hand suit. He walked like a man who thought he was somebody else, and forgot he was himself at all; and he certainly looked—although it was by the reflection of pale but kind moonlight—as if the man had undergone an entire change, but in some inexplicable way. It was not the exterior, for he wore the same seedy coat with buttons half stripped of the original covering, the same identical withered black hat, once a select article worn only on Sundays going to church, or other special occasions, but now used upon every occasion and every day; and precisely the same cream-colored kid gloves, bought at first to be looked at and not to fit, but now of many colors and forced to fit. Wherein, then, was a change effected? He was not intoxicated, nor yet elated by the moderate indulgence of a single glass of weak punch with his friend Twizzle. No; but his troubled spirit became tranquil, bright hopes revived him, better prospects danced around him, and night cheered him on the way. Resolutions were formed which he never conceived before, and when he thought no one was within hearing distance, talked to himself quite audibly—answering and asking questions, and discussing pro. and con., with an imaginary companion, his pro-

posed embarkation for the New Dominion. An eccentric habit, and difficult to get rid of—talking to one's-self; and when detected in the act by some person unobserved at the time, but who suddenly appears in close proximity with the soliloquist, makes one abashed and silly-looking. It would seem that thoughts generate too quickly, and by a mysterious process find an outlet through the lips, to avoid, it may be, undue mental pressure; but indeed it is a habit, no matter how peculiar some may think it, that appears to be much cultivated in the present day by popular preachers and favorite platform speakers; so we have it from their own mouths: and yet, if some people were to say of the Rev. Peter Clinch, or the Rev. Moses Thunder, the spouters of the age, 'Clever men, fluent speakers, great orators, but great oddities for all that; must be half-insane, for they preach the sermons we hear to themselves first, then to the chairs, tables, etc., of their private rooms,' others would ridicule the idea of insanity, and praise the so-called benefits of talking, laughing, acting and preaching to one's-self in order to put timidity, power of delivery, proper selection of language and various theatrical attitudes and gestures to the test before appearing conspicuously to a scrutinizing public. If soliloquy be a symptom of insanity, then half the world is going mad; the sooner an asylum is established, without reserved seats or accommodation, on one vast scale, the better, for the ambition to be popular, either in the pulpit or on the platform, is exceeding great, so that the world may yet be tormented with shoals of raving maniacs.

Soliloquy is oft-times a betraying habit, proving disagreeable and troublesome when little secrets are exposed, which we carefully lock up from others, and which it is much wiser that we should; or when future intentions are unwittingly wafted to the ears of unseen listeners. So it was with Harman Abbott, for an individual who, from the nature of his calling, may be anybody or anything to suit his purpose, and who seems capable of transforming himself into various

characters, from a Prime Minister down to a pig-driver or rat-catcher, or from a genuine christian to a felon of the deepest dye, had followed him until within twenty minutes' walk of his lodgings, when he turned down an uninviting-looking, narrow lane, and went no one knows where. This individual, hitherto unobserved by Harman, now emerged, as if by some supernatural agency, from the rear of a few 'vacant old buildings lately damaged by a neighboring fire, and stopping quite short as Harman came up, accosted him, and scanned his countenance in such a way, as if he desired to form a short acquaintance.

'Mr. Harman Abbott, I think, lately employed in the Middlesex Bank,' said the individual sharply.

'I'm the person, sir,' replied Harman, with a vacant stare at the stranger.

'Then I'm sorry to inform you that you're my prisoner,' said he, placing his hand lightly on Harman's shoulder. 'I'm officer Hollyhock, of the detective force, B division, and arrest you as an accomplice in the robbery of the Middlesex Bank last night, upon a warrant from the Lord Mayor. Just step down with me to Bow street.'

'Surely you're mistaken in the arrest,' said Harman excitedly. 'Take me in custody for the robbery of the Middlesex? Robbery! why, I never heard of a robbery being committed there; have'nt been near or in the Bank for months—I declare solemnly I have'nt.'

Hollyhock read his man, and politely offering his arm to poor Harman, said: 'That may all be, but there's no use in parleying here. I have to do my duty, so come along arm in arm, as if we were twin brothers, and no one will suspect you are a prisoner. Kindness and courtesy is my motto, when I anticipate no trouble with men who fall into my pins.'

'Can I not be allowed to go to my lodgings and tell my wife of this unfortunate occurrence?' said Harman.

'Not a moment can be given by me,' said the detective; 'but I shall see to-

morrow morning that she is informed of it. She can visit you at the station.'

'Upon whose information am I arrested?' said Harman, a little more collected. 'I'm anxious to know, and ought to know, the particulars.'

'I'm not permitted to give any explanations or particulars in such cases as yours. You will hear it all in the morning, when the case comes up,' replied Hollyhock.

If the shrewd detective had not kept up a constant confab with his prisoner, on the way to Bow street station, Harman would doubtless have collapsed with fear and fright. Hollyhock candidly revealed to him the fact that he had overheard him soliloquizing on emigrating to Canada, with various other subjects, while he noiselessly and softly kept at a safe distance behind him; and he also gave him to understand that he traced him from Twizzle's house by that extraordinary circumstance. But how did Hollyhock trace him to Twizzle's residence? That is a mystery yet unravelled, and one which baffled Abbott's knowledge of detective skill; the officer, for what he considered sufficient reasons, refused to satisfy his prisoner on this point.

Bow St.—11:30 p. m. Detective and supposed robber arrived safely, and search made by the latter from stem to stern: pockets turned inside out; the greasy lining of the withered black hat mercilessly ripped up by Hollyhock and examined for bank notes; rents in that seedy coat made longer, padding torn out, and overhauled by the nimble fingers of Scurecrow, the station-officer in charge for the night, and formerly a prominent member of the 'swell mob,' *alias* professional thieving club; patches in divers places scientifically dissected, with sharp pen-knives, from connecting parts; boots jerked off unceremoniously, and upper-leather lining detached by Hollyhock and examined with his eagle eye. Those official manipulations of Harman—a freeman only one hour before, but now within the iron grasp of the law—resulted in the discovery of

two shillings and a few pence, an old pencil-case, a small daguerreotype likeness of a defunct M. P., whom he fancied was a distant connexion of his, a fractured eye-glass (formerly used after banking hours), and some loose papers useless to himself or anybody else. The *polite* and *courteous* officers of the law were considerate enough to supply the newly-initiated (into the secret of searching and mode of undressing lodgers) at Bow street with thread and needle, and informed him coolly that he was quite at liberty to repair all damages made by the search *himself*. Patches replaced clumsily, and all injuries that it was possible to repair, in the faded suit, submissively set to right by the unfortunate Abbott.

1 o'clock a. m. Abbott done up for the night, on a hard wooden bench, securely fastened to the floor by heavy iron clamps, in the farthest room of the station—a select apartment, intended for the accommodation of gentlemanly burglars, high graduates in crime, etc.—over night.

Poor Harman's repose was much disturbed by dark pictures and visions of a dreary dungeon at Wakefield or perhaps a more distant clime, as he lay crouched inside iron bars, on a criminal's bed. To anyone, but an inmate or guest, at Bow street, during the hours of midnight, the scenes which occur are always worthy of observation; although frequently revolting to ordinary human nature, still many excellent practical lessons may be learned therefrom. Constant arrivals of prisoners (real or suspected,) of every grade, age, class and color, keep the sentinels of this establishment engaged in doing what hotel keepers would call a smashing business.

After Abbott was temporarily disposed of as before described, a smart, thin-faced, well-built man with black bushy whiskers, dressed in a blue suit braided heavily in front and around the cuffs and collar of the coat, with silver-plated buttons, a deep red sash tied round the waist with steel sword and scabbard attached, and a neatly-fitting black cloth cap with gold

band, came into reception room No. 1 with a gait which indicated that he had a right to be there. Hollyhock, Scarecrow, and other police officials rose and made their salutations, shewing that a superior in the force had just entered; it was the inspector of the division going the round.

'Well, Hollyhock, what success? Did you ferret out that fellow, Abbott?' said he.

'Yes, sir; got him as tight as wax; searched him thoroughly, myself and Scarecrow, but found nothing of consequence. Put him by till morning, sir, in No. 7,' pointing to the dormitory in question.

A hasty tap at the slide-window of the police clerk's office, in the outer wing of the station, announced another guest for the night.

'Who comes now?' said a vinegar-faced, terrier-headed, low-sized package of self-conceit, who answered the summons at the window, and seemed much chagrined at being disturbed so often from a quiet snooze on the office sofa; for he snarled and growled at policeman No. 329, as that functionary insisted on his recording the name, offence, etc., of prisoner just arrived, upon the diary of the establishment forthwith, before conducting his companion (*in arms*) to the female waiting room. Record made, slide-window quickly closed, and 329, with his temper well tested, drags a middle-aged woman, with dress all tattered, into the apartment just spoken of.

What is the crime?—drunkenness, and, as a natural consequence, disorderly conduct. What a sickening spectacle! for now the brilliant light of the chandelier reveals a swollen face, besmeared with mud and bleeding from wounds received on the street in her drunken brawls; blood-shot eyes inflamed with drink, hair dishevelled, bonnet contused, and every feature stained with infamy and dissipation. She reels across the floor, uttering fearful oaths, and is thrown upon a long piece of matting, (a bed kept for lady visitors), polluted every night with the leathsome touch of criminals of

this sex. Until recently she was a woman of sober habits, respected by a large circle of friends, married for some years, and now with a family of five children—all neglected and engaged in beggary, then in crime. Her husband was also of steady, industrious tendencies, and a favorite among many up to a late period of his career; but in an evil hour, unhappy man! he sold himself to the devil—ay, he closed the bargain at midnight and gave a deed to his Satanic Majesty at the gambling table in the public house. The first 'glass too much' was then drank, afterwards 'a glass too much' several times, then 'a glass too much' all the time, until he was reduced finally to a wretched sot; shunned, despised, rejected, cuffed and kicked about like some half-dying or putrid beast, he wallows in the mire, and the devil now laughs with delight at his purchase. A monstrous folly, and degrading habit—this imbibing to intoxication, this deliberate taking away of sense and destruction of reason, this blotting out of the line of demarcation drawn by the Creator when he breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life, to elevate and distinguish him from the brute of the earth. Now there are many degrees of intemperance; and he who graduates at all, in this species of crime, meets no difficulties in completing a full course to ruin. True it is, the word drunkenness, or intoxication, or intemperance, is harsh sounding, and humiliating to the ears in the better classes of society who indulge to excess in an accustomed stimulant—perhaps on particular occasions, such as the meeting of long-absent friends, or the wily intercourse of jovial companions; likewise to those who cunningly manage, by a little self-denial, to be patterns of sobriety in public—the odium of the epithet *drunkard* acting then as a check—but in their own houses, or when they think they are least suspected, besot themselves, drown intellect, narcotize mental power, and exhibit the animal propensities in full play. In such instances, however, with rare exceptions, this subtle habit indelibly marks the victim, and the whole appear-

ance in due time gives evidence against him: a bloated cheek, a scarlet nose, a pimpled forehead, and rapid, oppressive breath, speak volumes, and leave no room for doubt as to the cause of the slowly poisonous influence emanating thereby. The power of excite is admitted to be great under most circumstances, either for good or evil; but there seems to be little doubt on men's minds, arising from countless illustrations of the fact, that it is infinitely greater, and wielded with much more certainty, for the latter. It is especially so with intemperance in the use of spirituous stimulants—a husband gradually becomes a devoted and ardent worshipper of Bacchus. At some time amiable, gentle, and an ornament to his household, attached to his children, and warm with conjugal love; now the whole man is changed, and everything around him; he is irritable and morose, or perhaps rabid. The wife, if of keen and tender sensibilities, follows in his footsteps. Subsequently filth, indolence, want, misery and total decay of the whole domestic structure characterizes the drunkard's home. So it was with poor Harman Abbott and his once loved wife, now torn and mangled at Bow street (as described before), a horrid instance of a husband's example.

Harman Abbott, as might be expected, passed a sleepless night on so hard a bed as a bare wooden seat, while the forlorn Clara, ignorant of the cause of his detention from home, was weary of waiting, watching, and forming numerous conjectures as to his absence since the previous afternoon.

Hollyhock, in company with a professional brother, went to their lodgings at early dawn, for two purposes, namely: to announce to Clara the fact of her husband's arrest, and also to turn everything topsy-turvy, so as to make the search for notes or specie complete, before his arraignment at 10 o'clock that morning. Clara received the intelligence with composure, and in a manner that reflected much credit upon a woman's composition. No hysterical fainting, no nervous agitation; nothing but a spirit of calm resignation to that, as well as

every other mishap. The scantily furnished rooms were minutely inspected and contents explored, but without avail.

Clara, with her only child nestled in her bosom, hastened to Bow street, to enjoy a limited interview with her husband, and console him with tender words and raise his drooping spirit. Ten o'clock arrives, magistrates are seated, and an English court of justice opens—with some pomp it is true, but yet with that dignity which serves to distinguish it from similar tribunals in other countries. The bystander and the criminal are here alike struck with a feeling of awe and solemnity at the dealing out of even-handed justice, free from fear, favor or affection; in short, it is a terror to the evil doer, and a gladsome friend to him who suffers wrong. Abbott now stands charged with being an accomplice in the recent robbery of the Middlesex Bank—upon whose information? Upon the sworn information of *Theodore Bloot*. Information duly read over, Abbott promptly replies, with a look of decision, 'Not guilty. The accusation is grossly false, your worships.' Evidence proceeded with:

Theodore Bloot examined,—'Am manager of the Middlesex Bank; feel quite confident I am a gentleman of the first water; know the prisoner; he was employed in our Bank for some time; was dismissed a few months ago.'

Presiding Magistrate,—'What was the cause of his dismissal?'

(This was a poser, and a hard nut to crack.)

'Well—some—sus—picion, that all wasn't *exactly* right on his part,' droned out this gouty looking witness.

Associate Justice,—'Was he guilty of any dishonest act, to your knowledge, when employed in the Bank?'

'None that we could directly prove.'

Magistrate,—'Your evidence on this point is not sufficiently clear. Give the reasons to the Bench for entertaining suspicions against the prisoner at that time.'

'I am not prepared to state those reasons to this Court,' answered the witness, who at this point turned round a corner and got off the straight road to truth.'

The Bench,—'It is absolutely necessary that you should state them now, Mr. Bloot; we cannot lose time parleying with witnesses in this way.'

Witness, (puffing and panting, and occasionally fanning himself with a folded newspaper)—'Various sums of money have been missed *mysteriously* during his term of employment. No account could be given of those deficiencies, and yet the books in his charge, whenever examined, were always found to be correctly kept, and to tally with those of the cashier; consider his salary quite sufficient to have maintained him in moderation, but not large enough to admit of fast living.'

By the Bench,—'Then you mean to insinuate that *his* habits were too extravagant to be safely trusted?'

Witness, (looking at the Court and then at his corporation)—'Certainly, your worships; ample proof can be obtained to that effect.'

The Court,—'What about the charge of robbing, Mr. Bloot? State the circumstances.'

Witness, (casting his eyes prayerfully upward to the sky-light of the Court-room, and dangling the guard of an Albert watch-chain in his fingers)—'The porter discovered the safe of the outer office broken open yesterday morning, and a portion of a window-sash in the messengers' room cut away, so as to effect an entrance to the outside office through their apartment; the alarm was immediately given to me, and my son, (the cashier); on examination of the safe, its contents, amounting to 1745*l.* in paper and 123*l.* 6*s.* in specie were found to be abstracted. It was deposited there the previous afternoon after the Bank was closed, and would have been conveyed down to the vault the following morning, as is usually done in our Bank.'

The Court,—'Have you any evidence that Abbott was connected with the

burglary? Mere *suspicion* is not sufficient.'

Witness,— 'Some of a circumstantial nature; it can be proved that he has hitherto been in want, and that gold was seen with him at some time yesterday; also, that he intended leaving for distant parts.'

Nathaniel Hollyhock sworn,— 'Am a detective officer; am well up to the system of nabbing; have few equals in the force; nabbed the prisoner last night on his way to his lodgings; searched his person at the station, assisted by brother Scarecrow, and found the articles now produced; (the witness here laid them on the table, and when glanced at by their worships excited their risibility as well as a titter amongst the audience; went to his lodgings on Finsbury Hill, turned everything inside out; but found none of the needful.'

'How did you trace him through the city? Under what circumstances did you make the arrest?'

Witness, (smiling infectiously, for then everybody smiled)— 'I accidentally heard he was at lawyer Twizzle's.'

The Court,— 'From whom?'

'From a gentleman at the East End, a traveller, named Tipshott.'

At the mention of Tipshott's name, Abbott, who before leaned carelessly over the front of the dock, now stood straight, looked and felt benumbed all over; eyes bursting from their sockets, and 'each particular hair standing on end like the quills of the fretful porcupine.'

'Called at Mr. Twizzle's, but found he had left shortly before; pumped the lawyer a little, while standing in the hall; got enough out of him to answer my purpose. Kept in prisoner's path by making enquiry; spotted him by hearing him talk to himself of going to Canada; this circumstance tallied with Mr. Tipshott's information, and made me perfectly sure of my man. I then took him in custody.'

At this stage of the proceedings the noble Twizzle, accompanied by a practising member of the bar, entered the Court, and the former advancing at once

to the front of the dock shook Abbott's hand with much emotion, and engaged his colleague for the defence. Mr. Anthony Vipson rose and announced himself counsel for the prisoner, and craved the indulgence of the Court for one hour, to give him an opportunity of speaking to his client—he would ask an adjournment for an hour. Request granted. Twizzle, Vipson and accused then went to a private apartment in the station, to hold an interview upon the nature of the evidence to be adduced for the defence. Twizzle, much to his astonishment, saw the account of Harman's arrest in that morning's paper, and thus hastened with Vipson to the Court. The hour expired, case resumed, and several small-fry witnesses examined, to establish the fact that the doors of the safe were open, with the lock turned out, on the following morning. Vipson, rising majestically, and with an air of full satisfaction in jumping at a conclusion, addressed the bench as follows:

'With the permission of the Court I shall read the evidence taken by your worships this morning before my arrival here, and shall then call on such witnesses in behalf of the accused as may be deemed necessary.'

Written depositions handed to Vipson, he reads some of them contemptuously, and proceeds: 'The case now under the consideration of this Court is as clear as crystal, to my mind at all events; but in order to throw stronger and more penetrating rays of light around the scrutinizing qualities of this bench, I shall first call Mr. Theodore Bloat, a man of large dimensions, both bodily and in very decided swearing.'

Theodore Bloat re-called.

Vipson: 'Who placed the money (said to be stolen) in the safe of the outer office, the previous afternoon?'

'My son, the cashier.'

Vipson: 'Did you see him do it?'

Bloat: 'This is insolence in the extreme.'

Vipson: 'Answer, sir, on the peril of your reputation being lost.'—(Vipson was mistaken here, for he never had a

'good reputation to lose, and what he now possessed it was a moral impossibility to lose, unless he lost his life.)

Bloat : 'I did.'

Vipson : 'Who locked it, after the money (alleged to be abstracted by burglary) was deposited there?'

'My son; then he gave me the key.'

'Did your son then leave the Bank?'

'Cannot say.'

'On your oath, did your son *then* leave the Bank, I repeat?'

'He left the outer office.'

'How long did you remain in the outer office after the safe was locked by your son?'

'About half an hour.'

'How long did you remain in the outer office after your son left (as you say)?'

'About twenty minutes.'

'Then your son stopped ten minutes after he handed you the key?'

'Yes.'

'I thought you told me just now your son *then* left (meaning immediately) after he locked the safe?'

No answer.

'What was your son doing during the ten minutes?'

'I don't remember exactly.'

'What were *you* doing during the half hour?'

'Arranging some papers.'

'What papers?'

'Documents relating chiefly to dividends.'

'Were you the last person in the outer office that afternoon?'

'I was.'

'Will you swear that the door of the safe was locked at the time of your leaving?'

'I will.'

'Will you swear that the money was in the safe when you left?'

Witness, (now grinding his wisdom teeth and shewing his fangs: 'How could it be otherwise, sir? the question is silly.'

Vipson : 'Keep your temper, Mr. Bloat; I know your capacities, and can fit you to a pin's point. Give me a

relevant answer.'

'Certainly it was.'

'After the half hour was up, did you leave the Bank?'

'I did.'

'Did you go home?'

'Not direct.'

'Are you in the habit of ordering your carriage every afternoon after the Bank closes?'

'Generally.'

'Did you do so on that occasion?'

'No.'

'Did you return to the Bank, shortly afterwards, before going home?'

'I did.'

'What for?'

'To get some private letters and papers I forgot in the office.'

'How long did you remain on your return?'

'I could scarcely say.'

'It is strange you can't tell us this; you calculated the passing of time closely in other matters. Come now, on your oath, before God and this Court, how long did you remain after your return to the Bank?'

'Well—it m-i-g-h-t have been—let me see—twenty, or twenty-five minutes—not more.'

'Was the safe locked when you returned?'

'It was.'

'Would it have been possible for any person but yourself to have opened the safe without much noise, and extract the money, while you were in the establishment the second time?'

'Decidedly not.'

'Then of course, from this fact, you are fully prepared to swear that you left the safe and its contents untouched, and quite secure, after your second exit from the Bank?'

'Ye-es.'

'Do you possess any real estate?'

'I do.'

'Is it encumbered?'

'No.'

'Was it encumbered lately?'

'To a certain extent.'

'You have redeemed all mortgages, I

'suppose; your land is much relieved from irritating claims now, is it not?'

'Those are strictly private affairs; and unless I am *compelled* to answer the questions, I refuse. Very ungentlemanly, Mr. Vipson—no connection with the case at all.'

Vipson,—'The immutable and eternal principles of justice demand those enquiries, Mr. Bloat; a physician, by virtue of his profession, is often called on to examine his patients on extremely delicate subjects, and to touch exquisitely tender parts, yea, even raw unprotected surfaces, so as to arrive at a correct diagnosis, and discover the true cause of diseases and their ramifications. Thus it is with members of the bar, who seek the Heaven-born principle of *truth*, with justice guiding the way, into the dark recesses of treachery and falsehood. I appeal to the Bench whether the last question is not legal.'

The Bench to Bloat,—'The question counsel puts to you is quite relevant; answer it.'

Bloat,—'My solicitor is attending to the management of my property; I presume all encumbrances will be taken off—in—a short time.'

Vipson,—'Do you suppose there are other persons connected with the *alleged* robbery besides the prisoner?'

'I think so.'

'You don't think *he* actually cut the window-sash, entered the office, and extracted the money burglariously, do you?'

'No.'

'Nor I, either; but my object in putting the last question is to know why you did not put the police on the scent of other suspected parties, and I see by your information that you charge him as an *accomplice* only; do you suspect any others?'

'None particularly.'

'Then why not suspect *him* of being guilty *directly* of the act?'

'Because I don't consider he has moral courage enough to be a thief or burglar at midnight.'

Theodore Bloat now sat down after undergoing so scorching an ordeal; and

although the day was chilly, with a drizzling rain at intervals, and the air aguishly damp and disposed to bear liberal supplies of fog, so that the iron railing of the dock and wall of Bow street police court were cold and clammy, yet this well-dissected witness bore evident signs of containing *too much* animal heat. This, after all, is not to be wondered at, when taking into consideration that there stood in an uncomfortable standing posture, for two more hours, a ludicrous compound of fat London porter and hard swearing; with legs comically disproportioned to the parts above, and manifestly of too slender a material to pillar the high mass dependent thereon; and then the rigid examination by Vipson on unexpected points, and the prying of the learned counsel into troublesome little links in the chain of untoward little circumstances;—these combined causes, therefore, produced an overheating of mind and body. Bloat is far more conspicuous when he takes his seat, and all eyes in the Court are more firmly fixed upon him now than when standing in the witness-box; he is a capital target to fire at in a police court, and as a few dirty-faced stragglers, leaning over the front of the gallery, fire down upon him occasionally, when an opportunity occurs, with very explosive exclamations and no complimentary epithets, he seems to writhe in inexpressible agony, and perspires copiously (greatly to his relief), panting like an ill-made blood hound, and bringing a silk handkerchief into requisition at each gush of liquid rage, blended with the oozings of a tortured conscience.

The most important witness was the Bank watchman, who testified that he went on duty at half-past nine or ten o'clock, and saw no person prowling in the vicinity of the Bank, or attempting to enter at any part, through the night; he thought it improbable that any person could scale the high wall at the rear and cut away the sash in the messengers' room without his being attracted at once by the circumstance.

Suffice it to say, that as the case advanced it became, like the day on which it was tried, disagreeably misty, so far as that portion which consisted of Bloat's evidence was concerned. It was well for Abbott that Vipson was employed for the defence, inasmuch as the said expounder of common and uncommon law, believing himself to be inspired by Blackstone and other high legal authorities, and ordained expressly by nature to display a gown and wig, was in those days making very extraordinary exertions to elbow his way through the crowd of hungry attorneys, who may be seen constantly tacking about petty court-rooms with shabby black bags filled with blank subpoenas—a bad pretence of having to be there on *important* cases—upwards to the more dignified title of 'Barrister-at-Law.' Stimulated with the idea of such predestinated brilliancy amongst law stars of the first magnitude, he grasped eagerly at any case likely to give him notoriety, and on this occasion dilated marvellously on the absurdity of the charge against his client. Holding in both hands half a sheet of letter paper soiled and wrinkled through frequent handling, containing stray notes of Bloat's testimony on cross-examination, taken by an artful youth of attenuated form seated close to the learned counsel, Vipson, as if about to discourse upon the doctrine of the Millennium and to impress on the audience (in Court) the absolute necessity of having all the wrongs of the human family put to right before that eventful period arrived, appealed to plain common sense, which he sincerely trusted was the chief qualification of the Bench, for if not he trembled at the consequences and feared the ends of justice were in imminent danger; he did not presume to offer an opinion as to who the actual perpetrators of the cowardly act were; it was not his duty to go over the long list of pickpockets and other nobility of the same class, in order to conjecture who the guilty parties might or might not be in the mysterious affair; but one thing was as clear as the noon-day sun, (which he regretted to find, now that he

glanced at the window, was not as clear as it ought to be), to establish the truth of the comparison—one thing, then, he would say was as clear as the sun, when the atmosphere is *free from haze and impenetrable fog*, (hereby qualifying the illustration), namely, that his client was as innocent of the foul charge as the babe unborn, or the harmless and tender lamb grazing in green pastures. An *alibi* could not be proved, except by the wife of the accused, who in law was not permitted to be a witness for her husband; but it was not essential, even if it could be proved. Evidence would be adduced to shew the same destitute state of the prisoner since the alleged burglary occurred, then the total absence of money on his person or at his lodging. It had been said that gold was seen with him on the day following; that fact could be easily disposed of. How did he get it? from a gentleman in Court well known to the Bench. As to his intention of emigrating to Canada, it was true, quite true; but the same noble benefactor of the piece of gold was the first to advise him to it, and before the Middlesex Bank was minus the amount, gone and vanished from the place that shall know it no more, on the afternoon or the night referred to. (The learned counsel here coughed consumptively with futile efforts at expectoration, looking imploringly at Bloat, as if expecting him in the gracious fullness of his soul and philanthropy of spirit to remove the irritating cause of a harrassing cough.) Very strange that he should cough at this stage of his oration, also very strange that he coughed at Bloat—very remarkable indeed! But a cough is often convenient, often a telegraphic signal, and another peculiar way of representing thought, particularly if short, dry and quick—perchance it was so with Vipson.

Twizzle's evidence of course accounted for the piece of gold seen with Harman, and also duly explained the contemplated removal to a distant land, with which the reader has been already made familiar in the preceding chapter.

To the credit of the Bench be it said

that, after the lapse of a moment from the time Vipson resumed his seat, and all enquiry closed, their worships dismissed the case, allowing Harman Abbott to breathe the genial air of freedom once more, unblemished and unstained.

As this is probably the most convenient and appropriate place in the narrative to introduce the reader to other characters of whom no mention has been made, and who, if they do not figure so conspicuously or play such a prominent part—in a history of intricate and curious circumstances—as those already depicted with a strict regard for truth, will nevertheless attach increased interest to what has been recorded in the last few chapters, as well as to incidents yet unfolded, the author asks the reader for the present to take leave of the chief actor—readily recognized in the person of the heavy-laden Abbott—and accompany him through tortuous paths at suspicious hours, to witness the enactment of other scenes; and while thus forming new acquaintances, under difficult circumstances, also invites him occasionally to meet some of the familiar individuals recently alluded to, and of whom it is desirable he should know something more, to enable him to form an unbiassed opinion before sitting in judgment on the events of the past, and to some extent to anticipate those of the future.

On the south side of what may justly be termed a second-class business street, running obliquely through the well-known locality of Cheapside, over the front window of a certain melancholy-looking draper's shop was a small sign board, sparingly coated with paint, originally white, but being exposed to dust and smoke became the color of grey dawn, and bearing the inscription, in full-grown letters of black, 'Furnished or Unfurnished Lodgings to Let.' This notice to the passers-by and to all whom it might concern, had passed unheeded so long that the proprietor or landlord of the said apartments began to think that such superior inducements as he was considerate enough to hold out and advertise gratis, *pro bono publico*, were not and could not be appreciated by in-

telligent lodging-seekers, otherwise applications by the hour would certainly be made, according to the instructions on the sign board, 'at the shop below.' The anxiety to rent the aforesaid premises was at length relieved, late in the afternoon of a very dull day, by two plainly-dressed gentlemen (a polite title much in vogue now-a-days), of the respective ages—judging by the profile—of thirty-five and forty, (if the certificates of baptism were examined, however, a difference of ten years might be found to exist), entering 'the shop below' and enquiring for the landlord of the rooms above; whereupon a compact little bundle of dry goods, perfumed as highly as if the veritable Lubin himself had done up his toilet and made him fragrant with his touch, answered to the name. It was no less a personage than the draper himself, Simeon Lazarus, Esq., an obstinate Jew and notorious wine bibber, and who, when fairly under the influence of claret or Madeira, vowed vengeance upon every Gentile—believing at those periods, by great force of imagination, that he held real estate in Jericho and the land beyond Jordan. So strong, indeed, was he in this belief that he frequently wrote epistles to 'men of old,' entreating them to look after his property in his native land, (another delusion). Simeon, we say, was the landlord of 'the rooms above,' and wide open now to strike a bargain and take in gentleman tenants.

'No. 610, sir?' said the oldest of the two customers to his Jewship.

'Yes, sir; that's my number, sir,' answered Lazarus.

'Got rooms to let, sir, comfortably furnished?' continued the applicant.

'Yes, sir, *very* comfortably furnished; ample accommodation, sir,' returned the man of cloth.

With a few more introductory interrogations, such as are usually put by particular tenants to strange landlords, Lazarus was requested to shew the furnished apartments, and, if the rent suited, a decision would be come to forthwith. After going up several narrow winding staircases, which evidently had not un-

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 London, No. 2, upon the ashes of No. 1,
 the Jew conducted his Gentile visitors
 to a room in the fifth story of the house
 large enough for a family of seven, pro-
 vided that law and order were maintained,
 and containing a large quantity of lumber
 in the shape of half-a-dozen heavy, old-
 fashioned chairs, with backs and seats
 honeycombed by wood bugs and ants, the
 latter displaying their mechanism in
 curious devices and tiny carvings on the
 mahogany feet and legs; also a clumsily
 made centre-table, draped with cobwebs
 of the finest texture, in which were
 entangled hosts of ill-fated flies—some
 lately captured and struggling for life
 in close embrace with large fat spiders,
 when the light appeared—others long
 since put to death, and now hanging
 shrivelled from the enemy's net; a sleepy
 old sofa, with distorted arms; a lofty
 wardrobe (an excellent hiding-place for
 ghosts); and two flower-pot stands on
 each side of a triangular-shaped win-
 dow. These articles composed the furniture of
 room No. 1. Adjoining was the bed-
 room, containing a sleeping caravan of
 elephantine dimensions, enshrouded in
 curtains of blue glazed cotton; a bed
 heavily pregnant with feathers, and slept
 in (no one knows when) by somebody
 afflicted with nightmare of St. Vitus's
 dance, for the bedclothes and pillows
 were all heaped or jumbled together in
 ludicrous confusion at the edge of the
 bedstead, close to the foot-board; a good-
 humored old arm chair; a wash or dres-
 sing stand, rheumatic in the lower ex-
 tremities and minus pitcher or basin;
 and a few pictures, portraits of Jews and
 their forefathers, hung round the room.
 To ordinary gentlemen both the apart-
 ments and furniture would be anything
 but suitable or inviting; but as the two
 individuals, who now indifferently survey
 them, and to whom we have paid a
 compliment by designating them also as
 gentlemen, may not be difficult to please
 in the accommodations they require, we
 are not by any means surprised to know
 that the terms of rental were at once
 demanded, and accepted, and that Simeon
 Lazarus as quickly gave possession of the

furnished lodgings on the night in ques-
 tion. Repairing to a small office off the
 aforesaid draper's shop, in company with
 the new tenants, Simeon proceeded to
 draw a lease of the above premises, from
 an old form in a very ancient Manual of
 Common Law, published in the reign of
 George I.

'Now then, gentlemen,' said he, 'we'll
 finish this little matter of business to-
 night, and you can have peaceable pos-
 session forthwith. Allow me to enquire
 whether you both lease the premises for
 one year, at the—the—sum of sixteen
 pounds, lawful money of the United
 Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland,
 —that is, whether you wish to be part-
 ners, a firm or company, you understand,
 in the transaction—eh?'

'Oh! no,' replied the individual of
 forty (?); 'this gentleman,' pointing to
 his companion of thirty-five (?), 'is only
 going to chum with me at times; just a
 friend of mine, sir; nothing to do with
 me at all in business relations. I and I
 alone lease these rooms, Mr. Landlord.'

'All right, sir,' continued Lazarus.
 'Mr.—your name, sir? if it's conve-
 nient.'

'Mr. Albert Chook,' answered the
 sole and actual tenant.

'The indenture, according to law, in
 such cases made and provided, in the
 reign of George I., was then duly drawn
 and executed in the presence of Mr.
 Edward Spry, Chook's friend and in-
 tended chum. It may be added, that no
 rent was paid *in advance*, terms very
 suitable to Mr. Chook, but not as expe-
 dient for Mr. Lazarus. Possession was
 taken the following morning by Chook,
 viz.: he then *entered in* and *dwelt* there,
 and failed to put in an appearance to
 anyone, the whole of the first day's
 tenancy. Evening came, but he was
 still invisible; at last, about the hour of
 nine o'clock, sometime after Lazarus and
 most of the other merchants in that street
 had closed their establishments, he pre-
 sented himself at the front door or
 private entrance to the upper regions,
 yawning, and twisting himself into vari-
 ous attitudes, very much like a person
 in the first stage of malignant cholera.

While standing there, Edward Spry, as if by previous appointment, walked quickly up; and addressing Chook, in a muffled tone, with

'On time, I suppose—the coast is clear, is it?' went with him up the long, dark, winding staircase to the comfortable apartments before mentioned.

'Moses in the bulrushes!' said Chook, who, when they entered, went all-fours upon the sleepy old sofa, and after many vain attempts at length succeeded in taking out his watch from his vest pocket.

'Why, hang me! Ned, (hic) if it ain't (hic—hoo) near ten o'clock! An—(hic)—gels and ministers of grace defend (hic—hoo) us, Ned Spir—ry! It's now the very soak—(huc)—ing hour of midnight, all to something over two hours, by this here (huc) old guager, (holding on to his watch); and I, Albert Chook, of the city of (huc) L-l—London, gentleman, asleep, literally asleep here since cock-crow this morning, but, what's worse, awake now (huc) to sleep again; perchance to dr-ream of *Lazarus rising* from below in pow—(huc)—dered hair and perfumed shroud. Boo—o—o! I freeze with horror at the (huc) thought. Is that old malt I see before me, the cork towards my hand? Ah! let me press thee to (huc—hoo) my lips, solace of my grief—dear com-f-ort of my soul. I say, Ned, make yourself at home, help yourself; pass it this way, and pity a (huc) bosom friend.'

It did not require strong perception on Ned's part to discover that Chook was not only literally asleep, but literally drunk all day; and that now, at a low calculation, he was unmistakably half 'corned,' judging from a few quotations of his from a new and improved edition of Shakspeare, with variations and hiccups. It must be understood that an empty white glass bottle, capable of holding a quart, (perhaps not of whiskey,) stood on the centre-table, supported by a white Paris hat and pair of dancing boots, the latter placed there, no doubt, by mistake. Now let it be known that on the said quart measure was inscribed,

in fancy print, 'Best Malt Whiskey: Shore & Co.,' and that there is every reason to suppose it was full of Chook's great consolator when 'he entered in and dwelt there,' at cock-crow. As we said, it was now empty, which satisfactorily accounts for Chook's 'literal sleep' and ravings of Shakspeare. He slept in his clothes, minus hat, boots and overcoat, and made a pillow of the latter, in the breast pocket of which was a small edition of that author. Why wonder, then at the effects produced on a poetic genius, by a bottle of whiskey, and England's Bard? Ned Spry being strongly of opinion that an empty bottle was a lonely companion, and that a good night-cup might be of service in dispelling dreams of Lazarus's resurrection from below stairs, took Chook's bottle and went out to a certain dealer in liquors, etc., to get it replenished with the best distilled A No. 1. On Ned's return, ample justice was done to the contents, especially by Chook, who, after several unmeasured doses, had laid in too much stock for private use, and began to retail it at first in small quantities and altered quality, then by wholesale (with strong odour) upon the overcoat, sofa covering, and floor around. Ned, who by this time was somewhat elevated, became musical, and, after his own ideas of flats and sharps, sang fragments of familiar and unfamiliar songs, to the same air throughout; it may be added, at very irregular intervals. Such enchanting vocal talent, accompanied at times with instrumental entertainment, in the shape of feet stamped furiously on the floor, was loudly and incessantly applauded by Chook, who now stood hugging his boots and 'balancing step, without gaining ground,' in front of the wardrobe. An hour more elapsed, and Messrs. Chook and Spry were laid side by side under the table, Spry closing the programme of the evening, in a suppressed voice, with a stray verse of 'Nancy Till,' 'I'm afloat,' etc. When daylight came neither of those gentry seemed to feel any bad effects from a night's debauch, but, after being refreshed by the wonted

morning sip, sallied out to their respective saloons, to partake of breakfast—said meal to be charged, with many other breakfasts, to a current account. Early in the afternoon they returned to the place from whence they came, which by-the-by still smelt Chooky and noxious in the extreme; and, while seated on chairs drawn close to the triangular window, engaged in a conversation that may give some insight to the characters of those men, their designs and antecedents.

Chook: 'These here rooms ain't so bad for fellows of our standing in society, after all, Ned. I think we hit the mark *putty* straight.'

Spry: 'No mistake in that; quite an improvement on the last place we hung out at; anyhow—looks a kind of *respectable*, you know.'

Chook: 'Respectable? why, of course. Can't do a respectable business unless we put on airs and rent lodgings *respectably* furnished. I reckon a good trade can be done here, Ned, if we keep our eyes skinned; and by Jove we must work in with old Lazarus, and see what the old Jew is made of—do you see?'

Spry: 'Yes, a tip-top idea, Chook; and allow me, as a partner in the business, to suggest the advisability of using the same pack always among strangers, not among friends. "Honor among *friends*" must be our motto, of course that's our principle exactly.'

Chook: 'Delays are dangerous, and this here tipping don't pay, no how, when a fellow's depending on wind and weather for subsistence. I beg to move, as a member of this firm, that we try our luck to-night in our new quarters, with them 'ere fellows at Bumble's saloon. They seemed keen to try *their* luck this morning, and I gave them our business card and "—

Spry: 'Business card! ha, ha, ha—not so slow! Give me a copy.'

Chook: "'Messrs. Chook & Spry, 610 Chizzle street, over S. Lazarus's shop. Office hours: from dark to daylight, and if business be pressing, to oblige customers, from daylight to dark." But, as I was saying, they were keen for

a chance, and one of 'em was flush; do you second my motion, Ned?—if so, it's carried unanimously.'

Spry: 'Certainly; I agree to anything with a speck of reason in it, if there's money abroad.'

Chook: 'The same here, old boy; my conscience is made of india-rubber, Ned, good stuff too, or it never would have stood so much stretching. The fact is, if a man hasn't got a tough, pliable conscience, now-a-days, he's a useless animal. He lasts no time.'

Punctual to the time for office business announced on Chook's card, the two customers at Bumble's saloon made their appearance at 610, room 23, fifth story, and were politely ushered to seats at the table by the worthy Chook. No direct information has yet been given, respecting the trade or calling of Messrs. Chook & Spry; but if the reader is in the habit of drawing conclusions from circumstantial evidence, there will be little difficulty in deciding that point. Seated, as was said, at the centre-table in the office of the honorable firm, the two strangers were hospitably treated from the poetic quart bottle, placed on a flower stand within reaching distance of all hands, and proceedings commenced by Chook withdrawing from a side-pocket in his undercoat a pack of cards, half defaced, and smelling strongly of tobacco spittle. Suffice it to say, that the aforesaid firm and the two new customers played vigorously, drank freely, and swore without reserve, until the sun, in all its brightness and splendor, shone high in the clear blue heavens; and let it also be remarked, that the two strangers hailing from Bumble's saloon took their departure with crest-fallen faces, but still with looks of defiance and devilish determination to get entire satisfaction at another time. Why so? Because purses and pockets were scientifically drained. To Chook and Spry the first night's receipts at 610 were encouraging and cheering to men not long established in a lucrative calling, that is to professionals of *their* stamp. In due course of time they became renowned amongst lovers of 'seven up,'

'whist,' 'forty-five,' etc., as exceedingly honorable players, and for *very* polite bearing. These favorable accomplishments, together with natural tact for their trade, won them many fat, unsuspecting patrons, moving chiefly in the higher circles of London 'swells.'

Now it came to pass on a certain evening that while they sat in room 23, counting the losses and gains of the preceding night, a company of three individuals, somewhat refined in appearance, and set off to advantage with gaudy scarf-pins and sparkling finger rings, enquired at Lazarus's shop for the office of Chook & Co. A clerk of the draper directed them, with mathematical exactness, to the fifth story, which, after many stoppages, they reached, and, with the aid of a lighted wax taper, found the gentlemen sought for. It was manifest, from the manner in which Chook addressed them, that they were *his* acquaintances of long standing, but perfect strangers to Spry. Yet the latter, with little regard to formal introduction or polite ceremony, soon became on free and easy terms with the three ornaments.

'Happy to see you, gentlemen—very happy indeed,' said Chook; 'the elderly gentleman's not going to honor us with his presence to-night, I see. Have you seen him to-day, or does he know of our new quarters?'

One of them, who appeared to be rather more familiar with the elderly gentleman's movements than the others, replied: 'I saw him this morning, but being somewhat indisposed—not in trim, you know, Chook, to take a hand—he'll be absent I presume on this occasion.'

It may be well to state that the elderly gentleman referred to in those enquiries was met by Chook on certain occasions in company with his then guests before he (Chook) entered into partnership with Spry; but further than this he had no acquaintance with him, in fact scarcely remembered his name. Still, imagining that where *they* were the elderly gentleman ought to be also, Chook alluded, in tones of regret, to the fact of his absence.

As the bewitching hours of night stole silently away at 610, Chizzle street, and the half-defaced pack was shuffled (with sundry magic touches,) and distributed, and re-shuffled and then dealt out again, with the rustling of bank notes and jingling of gold and silver from the old centre-table to the pockets of the lucky players whenever the announcement was made that game was up, the subject of a recent robbery at the Middlesex Bank was introduced by one of the three visitors, and joined in by the rest of the party whenever their attention was not particularly arrested by adverse positions of the games. Spry evidently took deeper interest in that topic than any present, for reasons best known to himself, and frequently appealed to the company, in a sort of general way, for their opinions regarding it. None, however, ventured or cared to express their views directly of the circumstances connected with the investigation at Bow street, except Chook, who unhesitatingly asserted his belief that Abbott was innocent, from what he had read in the newspapers concerning the trial. The three visitors had no reason to regret the result of the night's proceedings, for when the last game was played they found their united fund much increased. This circumstance caused Chook & Spry to insist upon them 'trying their luck' again the following night, when they secretly resolved to fleece the successful players, if not by *fair* means, most certainly by *foul*.

'Now, gentlemen,' said Chook, as they were leaving the room, 'actuated by manly motives and inbred principles of honor, I conceive it to be your bounden duty, as loyal subjects of Her Majesty, to return a friendly match, and give the firm of Chook & Spry an opportunity to redeem the losses of the night, as well as the enviable reputation of such illustrious card-players; and you will give my sincere regards to the elderly gentleman, and state to him at the earliest opportunity that it is the express desire of Chook & Co. that he should honor us with his noble presence, in company with you,

to-morrow night, 'at the usual office hours.'

'Oh, yes,' added Spry, 'invite the elderly gentleman by all means.'

Before the company separated, on close examination of the quart bottle, it was again found to be minus the malt, and accordingly Spry moved, seconded by Chook, that the said bottle be refilled with pure and unadulterated infusion of malt, and that a general big drink wind up the amusements. Carried without a dissenting voice; whereupon Spry procured the desired beverage, and after the flowing bowl was passed around Ned led off with 'They're jolly good fellows,' and 'The Old English Gentleman,' with medley chorus and deafening shouts. Having then dispersed, Chook and Spry retired for a snooze.

After awaking from a few hours' sleep, or rather a drunken torpor, the all-absorbing theme of discourse was the defeat of the preceding night, which was considered by Chook to be an auspicious circumstance, and suggestive of increased patronage to men of such unparalleled honor and honesty as the occupants of 610 Chizzle street, 5th story.

'I'll stake my hat and crape (he was in mourning for old losses) against your tooth-picker, Ned,' said Chook, 'that them ar' fellows come back to-night with the elderly gentleman, brimful of the yellow boys. The wind blows fair this morning; we cast the net before they left, and may safely draw in about midnight. Jerusalem artichokes! what a haul we'll make—ha! ha! ha!'

If Ned had staked his tooth-picker he would have won Chook's hat and crape, for the draught of valuable fish did not take place as soon as expected. No business was done at the 'furnished lodgings' for the space of two weeks, at the end of which time it was resumed at the usual hour—that is to say, when all lawful bustle and stir had entirely ceased on the streets, and when those who retired to bed, with a strong determination to sleep, were only disturbed by groups of noisy foot-passengers returning from the theatres or other places of amusement, or by some rebellious devotees

of Bacchus on the way to police stations.

A loud knocking at the street door, occasioned by its being fastened inside accidentally, and therefore preventing any one requiring admittance from entering sawfully without firing a volley at the door panels, aroused the attention of Chook, who sat in his own room near the open window with his dear old friend, the quart bottle, close beside him. Answering the summons at the door, he was agreeably surprised to find one of the three expected visitors, accompanied by the elderly gentleman. With the polite salutation of 'Welcome, gentlemen, I'm really delighted to have the honor of—your illustrious presence,' he conducted them in single file to the apartment with which we are now tolerably familiar. Ned Spry, who was lying asleep half undressed on the bed in the adjoining room, and snorting after the manner of a certain useful quadruped, was awoken by the moving of chairs, and dragging of the table across the floor to a more comfortable position in front of the sofa. Presenting himself in the parlor 'en dishabille,' he at once became on terms of friendship with the elderly gentleman, but took no part in the amusements at the table for reasons best known to himself. He smoked incessantly, spat violently, and watched the elderly gentleman with intense interest, as he 'forked over' certain bank bills and an occasional yellow boy (according to Chook's dictionary) to his successful opponent.

Spry, after merging into a sort of brown study or sudden attack of grave reflections, feigned a bad headache and hoped his absence would be excused for the balance of the night. He returned to his bedroom, but not to sleep, as will be discovered by thoughts he gave vent to while reclining partly on the bed, with his feet quietly deposited in the old arm chair. "Wonders will never cease" is an old saying, but too true to die out, muttered he to himself. 'Well, I'm peppered, and the old chap's here—on

this *very* little circumstance hangs a tale. He can't know me, if so he'd have been for leaving these diggings on double quick time. No, I'm all sound yet; the wig and false moustache are proof against identity; and blow me if I don't set a trap that will catch the Lord Mayor himself if he puts his foot in it.' Leaving 610 Chizzle street, with Spry and his bedside reflections in one department, and Chook with his senior and junior companions in the other, we pass the next day through the neighborhoods of Blackfriars and Haymarket—localities usually abounding with colonies of bell-men and small boys carrying giant placards, and obverse notices printed so large that he who ran might read, and posted on these walking sign-boards. The following is a verbatim copy:—'£500 Reward.—Whereas some person or persons did feloniously take and extract, by forcible means or otherwise, a large sum of money from the safe of the outer office of the Middlesex Bank, between the hours of 3 o'clock p. m. on the 23rd inst. and 9 o'clock a. m. on the 24th: the Governor and Directors of the said Bank do hereby offer the reward of £500 to any person or persons who shall give such information as will lead to the apprehension and conviction of the perpetrator or perpetrators of the aforesaid act. By order of the Bank. (Signed) Theodore Bloat, Manager.' This announcement was certainly an inducement to sell the information sought for, provided any one had such precious material to offer in Bow street or the Old Bailey market. Perhaps it may be called a failing of human nature that, when a large reward is offered to the public on liberal terms, there are many who strain points to question the honesty of certain acquaintances of loose habits, and feel persuaded that if they *are not* guilty of robbing banks or blowing up prisons they *ought* to be, so that a good opportunity might be afforded of making a small fortune by their misdeeds, and afterwards make a grateful acknowledgement thereof by obtaining a pardon for the condoned through influential friends at lead quar-

ters. This may be one of the errors of fallen humanity, but whether it is so or not is not important to know; it is remarkably prevalent, at all events, in the present day. As may naturally be expected, the opinions of a London populace were well divided on the subject of the bank robbery; after the announcement on the placards was widely circulated, and a livelier interest taken in a mystery still unravelled. Some were unkind enough to suggest that the thief might possibly be connected with the bank—some of the clerks for example; others were unwilling to receive that opinion; but amidst all this surmising and jumping at conclusions, and circulating of vague rumors, there was one individual who steadfastly believed that he had 'spotted' the guilty party. Now as he may have some hope of obtaining the liberal reward—and we shall be glad to hear of his success provided he continues to play a skilful part—we are quite willing to leave the solving of the problem to his eminent shrewdness in the sinister motives of others; not being prepared to divulge any facts as yet, nor to make astounding revelations, which might, we fear, cause marriageable daughters to faint and call for wine and water, we will part with him for the present, with many wishes that success may crown his efforts.

If the reader is losing his appetite for residing in furnished lodgings and keeping very irregular hours, if he is tired of ascending dark winding staircases and sitting at triangular shaped windows, to watch from a giddy height the sea of humanity heaving and rolling upon the streets below; if he is oppressed with an atmosphere impregnated with noxious gases and unwholesome vapours, if his eyes are inflamed with thick black smoke issuing in heavy volumes from gigantic chimney stacks, locomotives and great steamships; and if he is confused with the din and eternal clamor of city life, then let him come, by special invitation,

with the Author, to visit the quieter scenes of rural homes. After he wends his way through the great marts of commerce, ever thronged and ever bustling, and then passes by ranges of dilapidated tenements, he is somewhat relieved on finding himself in sight of the retreats of fashion and wealth, where ornamental shrubberies and choice flower-gardens with artificial fountains delight the eye; next perhaps appear the less pretending abodes of salaried citizens or broken-down officers of the army and navy retired on empty pockets, enclosed with neatly-trimmed hedges of hawthorn or quickset; then comes the open country with the humble cots of happy peasants—happy because away from the turmoil, wretchedness and crime of the neighboring city—having a small vegetable garden or orchard attached; the wide pasture fields melting with richness, the woodland alive with the songs of birds, and the crops with golden tassels waved by Heaven's breath. How great the contrast now! between the sights and scenes which we have just left behind in the great capital and those upon which we now gaze, refreshed, as we proceed, with cool draughts from sparkling streams (a rich treat to Londoners,) and smiled at by Nature and Nature's God. Health officers may be regularly appointed in London, and may no doubt be induced to perform faithfully the duties thereof if the emolument is sufficient to maintain respectably an obstinate gout, or provided that the city is free from disease known or supposed to be contagious—in short if nobody is sick of anything; then and *only* then are those diligent guardians omnipresent, fishing for compliments upon their valuable services.

When we consider that a city of such dimensions as the great metropolis is never exempt from some of the terrible epidemics on the physician's long list, and that it occasionally becomes rife with a dire disease which cuts down with fearful rapidity the London poor; sometimes visiting in its course the mansions of the rich, we most certainly think the officers of *good* health might find suitable

employment every day in their respective districts. Those who are favored with ample means, support two establishments, viz., a town and country residence; and if small pox, typhoid fever, or anything else of the same family appears, they invariably flee to and sojourn at the latter. Now, so it was with Theodore Bloat and his household, at a time when *all* London was bedsick, and a good part of it moved to dead-houses and private vaults. Bloat, then, with other false specimens of aristocratic pretensions, fearing that his valuable life was at stake, leased a handsome retreat, with a few acres, about seven or eight miles from London limits. Here he continued to reside until the general health of the town was completely restored, when he returned to his former abode. However, by the express desire of his eldest daughter, he was induced to live alternately at both; and it is while enjoying the pleasures of his country seat that the Author wishes the reader to partake of Mr. Bloat's hospitalities and make himself at home in every sense of the word. Amidst the charming beauties of Nature and the scenes of the open country which the Author has attempted feebly to describe, Mr. Bloat's house stood, at a polite distance from the road; inside the entrance was a lodge, or imitation of a house on a miniature scale, consisting of two rooms or sentry boxes joined at right angles. In this lived an infirm old man with his wife, an active dame and his junior by many years, on a pension of five pounds a-year for the term of their natural existence, and the privilege of being allowed to keep off beggars and itinerant showmen from the sacred premises at the head of the *avenue*. A succession of genteel knocks at the wicket, early one bright sunny morning, brought out Mrs. Hilks, the old gate-keeper's bouncing wife, who with her wonted good humor invited the person at the wicket to come inside to the lodge.

As the applicant for admission did not appear, according to Mrs. Hilks's judgment, to belong to the class either of beggars or itinerant showmen, she, with

much civility, granted a pass to the stranger, who, it may as well now be said, was a tall, athletic man of polite and courteous bearing; it fact, quite the gentleman from top to toe.

'Mr. Bloat is at home, is he not?' said the gentleman to Mrs. Hilks.

'O yes, sir; he never leaves for town afore nine ho'clock,' she replied, with a very graceful bow.

'You'll hexcuse me, sir,' she continued, 'for not shewing you hup the lawn; but we 'ave strict horlers to watch the gate. Hif you'll be so good has to go right straight hon huntill you get so far has that there helm tree, hand then turn to the left-and; go right through the hovergreen lurch by those yere weeping willows; you'll see the big 'ouise right afore you, with Master George riding hon 'is 'obby 'oss hin front hof the porch.'

With such minute directions the gentleman could hardly fail to navigate as far as the 'big 'ouise,' and even without them he would not have been likely to go astray, unless he chanced to lodge in the overhanging branches of the cypresses or evergreens, now stooping low, clothed with rich and heavy foliage. True to Mrs. Hilks's word, the stranger found that, sure enough, there was the big 'ouise and Master George taking his morning ride on an obstinate hobby, that seemed to try the temper of the young equestrian to the uttermost; for he drubbed poor hobby unmercifully with a heavy walking-stick about the head and shoulders, until at last the spirited 'ouise' made a sudden leap into the air, suspending the juvenile between heaven and earth; the next moment reversing the position and causing Master George to kiss the ground. Arrived at the porch, the stranger was met by a liveried servant, who was just coming out to remonstrate with the young rider on cruelty to animals, by special orders from Miss Louisa, his eldest sister; she having watched his pranks through her bedroom window. The gentleman was ushered to the drawing room by the man-servant, alias the butler, and his presence announced to

Mr. Theodore Bloat, who had just risen from the breakfast table, and waddled with extra effort to the drawing room, clad in a long morning gown and shod with capacious carpet slippers. The introduction was commenced by the stranger handing to Bloat a small colored envelope, closed with a wafer, and containing a sheet of note-paper written as follows:—

'Brighton, Canton Row, 29 July, '67.
Dear Bloat: I have much pleasure in introducing to you the bearer, Mr. Thos. Flongby, an attached friend and acquaintance of our family for many years; he is now on a pleasure trip, and intends to remain in London for a few weeks. His present state of health does not admit of his stopping in the city, and, as I understand you have taken up a residence for the summer at Moss Rose Castle, you will do me a favor by extending your wonted hospitality to him, and if you have any leisure time take him round to see the curiosities of your great city. You will find him a very agreeable person, and a man of superior intellect. I am going to embark for Bermuda tomorrow; will write when I return. Compliments to the Misses Bloat and kind regards to Edward. Yours very truly, L. Trupper. Theodore Bloat, Esq., Moss Rose Castle.'

Bloat, after perusing the letter, received Mr. Flongby in a cordial manner, and informed him, after making enquiry as to when he left Brighton, etc., that he should be most happy to extend a hearty welcome to him while recruiting his health, and that the hospitalities of Moss Rose Castle were open to any friend introduced by Mr. Trupper. Due enquiries were then made by Bloat as to Mr. Flongby's luggage, and whether he came from London by the coach or private conveyance. In reply to these, Mr. Flongby said that he came by the early coach, but had left his portmanteau, etc., at the Pall Mall Hotel, as it certainly would be an unpardonable breach of etiquette to take luggage to a gentleman's house before any introduction was given. Now let the reader understand

that Mr. Thomas Flongby's travelling appendages were exactly where he said, namely—at the Pall Mall Hotel, and that they were addressed to him and bore the stamp of the railway baggage master at the London terminus. These are facts important and interesting to bear in mind. As would be supposed, Bloat volunteered to call for the baggage when returning that afternoon to his country seat. The reader has as yet no knowledge of Mr. Bloat's domestic circle; in preceding chapters he appeared only in a business capacity as a bank official, but it is expedient that the family curtain should be drawn at this point in the narrative, and a peep taken at his household and the management of his private affairs.

Theodore Bloat was a widower of nine years' standing, with a family of five, consisting of three daughters and two sons; the two oldest daughters were of marriageable ages (the Author could not find the parish register), and quite accomplished in the art of flirtation; the youngest, a lass of thirteen, frolicsome and pretty enough to be proud amongst her equals in age. The eldest son, Edward, a young man of unimpeachable character and cashier in the Middlesex Bank, to whom some allusion has already been made; and the youngest, George, the hero of the hobby horse. All resided with the father, excepting Edward, who had been married a few months, and occupied a comfortable house situated at a civil distance from the heart of commercial buzz. The elder daughter, Louisa, (properly speaking *the* Miss Bloat,) superintended the internal arrangement of her father's house; the duties of the office were anything but arduous, although Louisa really believed they were, and imagined her health was becoming seriously affected in consequence—in fact this was the general subject of complaint to all visitors at Moss Rose Castle, and the basis of every apology offered for not returning their calls; while at the same time she occupied every afternoon with exemplary punctuality in *paying* visits to the number of a dozen and *returning*

others to the number of twenty. When, therefore, it is considered that she was regularly engaged in such fashionable exercise, and that she had a retinue of maid-servants, with a butler, to execute all things necessary appertaining to the Castle, there is no reason to suppose that the young lady's health should alarm her friends from the cause she invariably assigned. Mr. Flongby, the new guest, passed away the time on the first day of his visit very agreeably with the young ladies, who were fairly puzzled as to how they could ascertain whether he was single, or double, and if not the latter, whether he was anxious so to be. Louisa was particularly keen to satisfy herself on a point of such moment, because if she discovered Mr. Flongby was in single blessedness, dear *bless* her! how she could then coquette to perfection, and very probably make some deep impressions; provided he was composed of soft material. Young ladies who study flirtation, as well as other absurd branches of female education, seem to think that they have an unquestionable right to sport with the hearts of single gentlemen, and toss round their affections and sundry little attentions like nursery toys.

Mr. Flongby was substantially built, but too tall to make love to a dwarfish young lady, such as Miss Louisa Bloat, in summer-houses or under the hawthorn or lilac, both of which were her favorites from the delicious perfume with which they scented her retreats at eventide. Mr. Flongby in the drawing room, or Mr. Flongby in the parlor, was, however, quite adapted to Louisa's taste, for a game at which two can play best when no intruders or spectators come on the ground. After lunch both Louisa and her next eldest sister invited Mr. Flongby to see the charms and beauties of the gardens attached to Moss Rose Castle; accordingly he accompanied them to those choice abodes of flowers, lauded the selection, admired the exotics and handled the violets, the mignonette and dancing tassels of the fuschias, with such unusual care and gracefulness that Louisa



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and her sister became suddenly enamoured of their lofty guest, and subsequently, during their walk through the grounds, spoke of nothing but flowers and flower language. Returning to the house, Mr. Flongby resumed his seat in the drawing room, and Louisa by his special request favored him with several pieces of Italian music on the piano. This over, Louisa opened the game by enquiring if Mr. Flongby had ever been in London before, and he replied smilingly in the affirmative.

'Then you *do* know something of our peculiarities, Mr. Flongby—you are not an *entire* stranger to London life,' said Louisa.

'Well, not exactly, Miss Bloat,' he replied.

Inquisitiveness was one of the principal ingredients in Miss Bloat's composition, and no doubt indispensable to her as a finished coquette; so that the close questioning upon a variety of indifferent subjects to which Mr. Flongby was exposed must not be a matter of surprise to any one.

'Brighton has many attractions for a town of such inferior dimensions, has it not, Mr. Flongby?' she continued.

'Quite a varied assortment, Miss Bloat,' said he; 'but I beg your pardon for refuting the idea of inferiority; and with your permission I shall qualify the expression by adding inferior in *size*, I presume you mean to London, but *not* inferior in beauty and fashion.'

'Hem, upon my word you are unnecessarily partial,' returned Louisa. 'prejudiced I should say to home productions, Mr. Flongby; *don't* you really think so?'

'Not unless they are manifestly superior to those at a distance,' answered Flongby.

Louisa's train of interrogations was now stopped by the butler coming to the drawing room and handing her a very handsome sweet-smelling nosegay, in a small basket of delicate bead work, carefully enveloped in a liberal supply of cabbage leaves.

'Please, Miss Louisa,' said he, 'Kitty

Langton sent you him these yere flowers with 'er respects hand 'er compliments.'

'Kitty Langton!' exclaimed Louisa, with a frown at the butler, at the same time hastily arranging a few side curls, 'who is Kitty Langton?'

'Don't you remember 'er, Miss?' said the butler; 'the poor woman wat lives hup the road a close hon Squire Bent's domain.'

'And what does she mean by making *me* a present of flowers I should like to know? Very forward, very impertinent indeed, those poor people, if they get the least encouragement. Now, John, (addressing the butler,) you must go down to the lodge and tell Mrs. Hilks that I am highly displeased at her allowing such people to pass the gate; she was ordered strictly to stop those beggars and organ grinders; and *why* does she dare to disobey?'

'Kitty is hawaiting to see you him the kitchen, Miss,' said John.

'These people are so very troublesome,' said Louisa, addressing Mr. Flongby, 'that we must speak sharply to them; so perhaps you will excuse me, Mr. Flongby, while I go to the kitchen to reprove the old creature for her boldness.'

On Louisa entering the cooking department, Kitty, who was helping the mistress of the roast to drink a weak infusion of tea, instantly rose and curtsied to her ladyship, and hoped God would bless her for her kindness to poor decent folks.

'Well, Kitty, what is wanting now?' said Louisa, and in the same breath continued: 'You know you musn't be troublesome when visitors are here. I'm angry and exceedingly annoyed indeed at being disturbed in the drawing room in this way—sending me a nosegay, and a gentleman present; he'll have a fine opinion of the visitors at the Castle.'—Turning to the butler, who had just returned from the lodge, 'I must say I'm surprised, John, that you weren't more thoughtful than to bring me such a present, from a poor creature like Kitty, in the presence of Mr. Flongby. See that you are more careful in future.'

John, by a respectful nod and sliding backwards of the right foot (popularly called scraping), signified his intention of adhering to those important injunctions; and poor Kitty was about to make some explanations in connection with the nosegay, when Louisa in full sail departed from the kitchen, looking round her on each side of her flowing skirt as if admiring the sweeping capacities of the inflated garment upon the diminutive mistress of Moss Rose Castle.

While Louisa was absent from the drawing room, Mr. Flongby amused himself by looking at a book of photographs intended to represent members of the Bloat family, those living and those for several years dead.

'Well, really, I fear you will think us London bodies very rude, Mr. Flongby,' said Louisa on her return.

'Not at all, not at all,' he replied.

'O dear me,' said she, 'a chapter of accidents seems to be happening at the Castle to-day; there is another, (looking hysterically at Mr. Flongby and then at the likeness book). What a naughty girl Caroline is to bring that old-fashioned collection of family likenesses to the drawing room.'

'Some of them, nevertheless, cleverly executed, Miss Bloat, if I'm a judge,' said Flongby.

'Yes, of course,' she returned; 'Papa's is quite life-like, and Uncle Frederick's extremely natural, but as for the others they are complete failures. You will recognize none there I presume but Papa; the artist is to be here next week and will produce, I hope, something worth noticing.'

Louisa then rang the bell, and, when John appeared at the door to answer the summons, she ordered him to remove that old photograph case—which Flongby had replaced on the stand—to the other room, and to give instructions to Ellen to exclude parlor property from such a chaste apartment as the drawing room. Some conversation ensued, in which Louisa skilfully discovered, much to her

satisfaction, that Flongby was in the unmolested enjoyment of single life, but was unable to learn either directly or indirectly whether he was desirous of effecting a change for better or worse—on this point he was unfathomable.

Just as Flongby was about to enter into a debate with Louisa on the right of the Empress Eugenie to originate and lead the ever-changing fashions of the feminine world, and thus claim the credit of beautifying and adorning the ugliest specimens in it, Theodore Bloat arrived in his carriage; and the little excitement consequent thereon, with the stowing away of Flongby's luggage, gave an abrupt termination to the *tele-a-tele* between the new guest and his accomplished coquette. As is sometimes customary in the higher circles in England, Bloat gave a party at the Castle on the Wednesday following Flongby's arrival, in honor of his superior visitor, as Flongby was termed in the written invitation. To all those present on the evening of the entertainment Flongby was of course an entire stranger; not so, however, in the reverse, for to him each member of the party (with the exception of a few ladies) was well known and their countenances strangely familiar. After the party broke up and Flongby had retired to his room, John the butler was dispatched to his door to say that Mr. Bloat *himself* (meaning Bloat, *senr.*) was going to town with a few of the gentlemen on particular business—it was then about midnight—and that he need not be alarmed if he heard the watch-dog barking or the bell ringing at an irregular hour; in reply to which very considerate premonition Flongby assured the overseer of the pantry that he should endeavor to be as composed as possible, and have his nerves well braced if the stillness of the night was disturbed by such significant warnings.

'Bloat doesn't know me—none of them know me,' thought Flongby, as he undressed himself in front of a large mirror in the bedroom, as if to scan his own countenance and make improvements or alterations therein if necessary. 'He's

gone to town on *particular* business with a few of the gentlemen; yes? well, let me turn that over. An unusual hour for business surely—must be only a pretext for leaving his home and family at midnight; pity, pity, pity! what a pity! and such a fine family, educated and interesting too. *Business* in town! ah! one that may yet bring him to the gallows and the *few gentlemen* along with him.'

So thought Flongby; and well he might, but his thoughts were sacred and securely locked up in a discerning and secretive mind.

He continued to partake of Bloat's hospitalities for the succeeding two weeks, during which time high encomiums were passed on him by the members and servants of the household, and in fact by intimate visitors at the Castle for his gentlemanly deportment and abundant stock of information upon a great variety of subjects.

A few pages back it was said that young ladies who study flirtation think they may amuse themselves by sporting with the hearts of single gentlemen, but it is not with every gentleman's heart they can play, nor is it with all such hearts they *desire* to do so. This was evidently the case with Louisa and Flongby; his manner was so utterly devoid of anything bordering upon affectation, his conduct at all times so gentle and graceful, and his general bearing so remarkably winning, that he appeared to destroy in her that silly love for coquetry for which she had become disagreeably noted in her circle of friends. If Flongby had been at all inclined to make advances of courtship to her, he would have found many facilities open to him; but even were he in search of a wife while taking a pleasure trip, and had that peculiar sensation called love kindled in his bosom by the many attractions of Moss Rose Castle and its fair ones, a single incident occurred during his visit which was sufficient to extinguish every spark of true affection and attachment for Louisa that might otherwise have ripened into unmistakable love; and that was the haughtiness of spirit she exhibited to poor Kitty Lang-

ton, who with a grateful honest heart sent her the nosegay to the drawing room, accompanied by her compliments and respects. It will be remembered that after Louisa went to the kitchen to reprove Kitty for her *insolence*, and John for not having a greater regard for the sanctity of the drawing room, Kitty was about to offer some explanation (perhaps an apology, too,) when she left the kitchen abruptly, quite unlike the genuine lady, and thus deprived the good old soul of assuring her that it was intended simply as a token of respect and gratitude to her and her papa. Now Mrs. Hilks had received peremptory orders not to admit Kitty or any such applicants to the Castle whenever visitors of distinction, such as Flongby, honored it with their presence; if she did so, dismissal would inevitably be the result—rather a severe penalty and loss, the income being *five pounds* a-year.—Kitty Langton was a widow, in very poor circumstances, having no one to depend upon for support but an only son, a lad of nineteen, who was hired to groom the horses, keep the cows in order, and make himself generally useful at Squire Bent's—a worthy gentleman of considerable means, living hard by the widow's lowly cottage. A few days before the present of the flowers was made to Louisa, this only son, Sam, was taken sick with 'a bad cold,' as some people call it, for want of a better name, and was obliged to be absent from his accustomed employment for many days. It was while he was tenderly nursed and cared for under the roof of a fond mother, somewhat infirm and ripening into old age, that poor Kitty went to Squire Bent's one day to ask the good lady of the house for a little jelly for Sam, who, she stated, was suffering from a severe cough, and that she feared it would settle (that is the cough) upon his lungs, and that she was advised to get some black-currant jelly by a neighbor woman, and that the neighbor woman recommended her to go to Mrs. Bent, who always kept a good supply on hand. Kitty, like most women of her age and station, had the faculty of communicating to others all she knew and

heard, and sometimes what she didn't hear; especially in regard to relieving suffering humanity, so that before directly stating the object of her visit to Mrs. Bent she prefaced her discourse upon coughs and colds by alluding to *poor Sam's* cough and cold; and how she had heard a good many speak of horchound and a vast number of other remedies; until finally she dilated upon the loosening properties of black-currant jelly in cases exactly like Sam's; and then, in short, that she was advised to apply to Lady Bent for a cupful of it. Mrs. Bent, not desiring to discuss the wonderful qualities of the jelly, but considering that poor Sam, faithful Sam, had a sort of claim upon her kindness as one of the employees, immediately went to her pantry and complied with Kitty's request—saying, as she handed her the jelly:

'You had better go into the back garden, Kitty, and pick a few flowers to take home to Sam; the maid will go with you and shew you what to gather. Mary, come here and help old Kitty to make a nosegay. Give her some of that verbena and a twig or two of myrtle; they are very refreshing in a sick room.'

After the nosegay was conveyed to Sam, together with the cupful of jelly, he proposed to his mother that she should go over that afternoon to Miss Bloss's and make her a present of the flowers, as he was sure they had none so pretty in the Castle gardens, and that may be Miss Louisa would offer her a few delicacies when she heard her only son was sick and unable to work.—She consented, and the reader already knows what followed.

The day after the entertainment Mr. Flongby strolled down the avenue as far as the lodge, viewing every shrub and tree as he walked slowly along, and sometimes stopping to listen to the chattering of young red birds on the smaller branches of aged oaks, and the anthems of the green linnnet and thrush, or the modest but enchanting songs of the blackbird perched upon the high limbs of the cypresses. Flongby listened, any one would—it seemed as if nature held

a concert in the avenue of Moss Rose Castle, and invited her best songsters and sweetest warblers to fill the fragrant air with melody. As he walked towards the gate Mrs. Hilks was in the act of opening it, when a decently-attired old woman, clean and tidy in appearance and thoroughly English in accent, begged to be allowed to see Miss Louisa or Miss Isabella, if it was only at the lodge.

'Now you see yere, Missis Langton,' said Mrs. Hilks, 'I haint ha going to get myself hinto any more trouble with you or your folk wat's a halways a comin to see the *ladees* hat the big 'ouse.'

'I dean't want to go there, my gwood woman,' answered Mrs. Langton; 'I anly want to see one or t'other of 'em right yere, or if you be so gwood as to take a message for me, I'll remember you in my prayers, so I will. I ain't like some of them are common folk what knows nothin nor dean't know how to behave afore quality; Ise got some larnin, so I 'as; I be in trouble just now or I wouldn't a come a nigh the place,' and Mrs. Langton, better known as old Kitty, then sobbed aloud. Her heart almost broke at being thus repulsed, and, hurriedly fixing her cap-strings, she buried her face, deeply furrowed with a widow's cares, in her soft attenuated hands, and cried in a muffled tone, 'Oh, my Sammy! my poor dear Sammy!—my only child.'

Flongby stood leaning against a young poplar, his heart-strings were touched at the old widow's grief, and as he was fortunately possessed of a clear memory of events he recognized the name 'Langton.' 'Then this must be the same old creature who came with the flowers,' thought he; 'if so she shall see Louisa, and the cause of her grief be discovered.' Flongby, stepping towards her, said in tones of genuine sympathy:

'What is the matter, poor woman? You seem troubled.'

Kitty, drying her eyes as hastily as possible, turned and made her woted respectful curtsay.

'Please, sir, I be in trouble. My son Sammy, my only child, is a dying I fear, and I wanted to see the *ladees* to get a doctor for him.'

'Well, stay here a minute,' said Flongby, 'and I'll go up to the house and plead for you.'

When he went up the avenue, Mrs. Hilks, in a whispering confidential sort of voice, encouraged Kitty with the certainty of her getting a pass when that gentleman spoke to Miss Louisa.

'They say, (a very indefinite expression used by dame rumour,) that there'll be ha match between 'im hand Miss Louisa,' said Mrs. Hilks; 'hand you be ha kind hof civil, hand ha very respectful, hand 'e may 'elp you some: now mind wat I say.'

While waiting for a dispatch from the 'big 'ouse' in reference to Kitty's prayer for an interview with the young mistress, Mrs. Hilks, conceiving she could exercise the right of private judgment in regard to her own house, invited Kitty to a seat in the lodge.

Flongby, on his return to the house, interceded with Louisa in behalf of old Kitty, whereupon John was dispatched to the lodge with a ticket of admission for her to the hall of the Castle.

'Your son is dying, then, *really* dying, Kitty?' said Louisa, who was now set off in full afternoon costume and in waiting for the carriage to convey her to the city upon some special business connected with the Small Bonnet and Crinoline Abolition Society. 'If you think he is not likely to recover, why—per—haps I may call at Dr. Rike's when I go to London this afternoon, and request him to see the boy, if it is convenient; that is, if he has no urgent case on hand, Kitty. Dr. Rike is our family physician, and for this reason no doubt he will attend promptly to all calls coming from the Castle.'

While the old widow related to Louisa the sufferings of the dying boy, and how her oily means of support was about to be snatched from her by the cruel hand of Death, which for several days previous had hovered round the emaciated form,

and reflected its pale grim visage upon those hollow cheeks and sunken eyeballs, she remained silent and unmoved. If sympathy existed at all, it laid dormant in the heart of Louisa Bloat. Who can listen to a widow's grief? who can hear her choking sobs? who can watch those great tears trickling down her sadful face, until it was bathed in dew-drops from a fond parent's heart, and no sympathy be awakened, no kind words spoken, no looks of pity given, and no offers made to soothe or to heal a broken spirit? Hearts stiff, rigid and cold as an iceberg, and poisoned with that intoxicating passion, pride, are unmelted and unmoved by such tales of grief as Kitty Langton told in the hall of Moss Rose Castle. Louisa, unless she was a complete network of deception, was the possessor of just such a heart as this; and thus she listened and looked, but felt none of the stings of pity nor of the promptings to aid the distressed.

Kitty Langton returned home with the faint hope that if Dr. Rike should be good enough to find it his convenience to visit her Sammy, there might still be some chance of recovery. Louisa was actuated by the idea that, if there did not exist a single ray of hope in his case, Dr. Rike ought very properly be called on, out of due regard to a rule of polite ceremony, that persons of acknowledged respectability, or those in whom they interested themselves with charitable intentions, should call a physician just in time to close the eyes of the dying. Kitty formed different opinions in the matter. She thought that the hand or the look of a doctor, whether of Dr. Rike or any other member of the healing persuasion, was enough to work miracles on a consumptive patient, like her poor Sammy, even if it *was* at the eleventh hour. Consequently she watched all that evening at the little front window of her humble cottage, in eager expectation of the Dr.'s arrival. She spent some hours in making busy preparations for the important event, as it would be the first time in her life that ever such a dignified personage as a doctor honored

her lowly dwelling with his presence—provided he came; getting everything into its proper place that was always out of it before, making several improvements in the bed-hangings, putting on clean bed linen borrowed from good Mrs. Bent in a case of such emergency, washing several necessary articles of household furniture that never would have felt soap and water if it had not been for this cleaning out or cleaning up; shifting the bedstead on which the patient lay to such positions as in her judgment, each time it was moved, was most likely to hide the crippled looking posts, and other disfigurements too numerous to mention, from the practised eye of a gentleman like Dr. Rike; and covering an old deal table, that was never covered before, with a clean linen cloth, on which was laid a dusty bible and an old family cookery book.

At length Dr. Rike arrived, and was met at the garden wicket by old Kitty with a reverential courtesy. The patient was minutely examined by the doctor's soft tender hand in the region of the lungs, where the disease, from prominent symptoms, was supposed to exist. After sundry well-directed knocks with sharp knuckles, followed by a few gentle taps with finger ends all over the chest of poor Sam, the physician shook his head, (quite an ominous proceeding before giving an opinion,) and compressed his lips, (another intended to betoken profound wisdom). A few questions were put to Kitty by the doctor, relative to the length of time her son had been an invalid; then he held down his head, and, shaking it violently, as if his brain was haunted with unpleasant thoughts, and adopted this experiment to clear them from his mind, said to Kitty:

'My good woman, your son is in a low state, *very* low indeed—in a galloping consumption; lungs gone, entirely gone; the case is hopeless. I fear I can do nothing.'

'Nothing, sir?' said Kitty, repeating the word.

'Well, it's not in my power to do much, ma'am,' returned the doctor, 'but I shall do all I *can*, be assured.'

So saying he called for a pen, ink and paper, which Kitty very thoughtfully had placed in readiness upon a shelf, and wrote what appeared to be a specimen of handwriting in the Malay or Japanese language, but which was designated by him a latin prescription for the apothecary.

Dr. Rike was a favorite amongst many, and much esteemed, on account of his wonderful success, not in saving life, but in building up a most lucrative practice, which he acquired—people whispered it amongst themselves—by that valuable agent called *tact*. He was everybody's friend and nobody's enemy; and he possessed the remarkable faculty of discovering that every case he was requested to attend, when other brothers of the art had been putting their skill to the test, was beyond the reach of his magic hand, and that, if he had only been employed *in time*, he doubtless could have battled with death and disease and prolonged many a valuable life. In addition to this he was gifted with such accurate professional knowledge that all patients under his care who were quite likely to live, when other people thought not, were pronounced to be on the verge of the grave, and that the only salvation from being deposited in the church-yard was to follow his instructions without any deviations whatever. As a natural consequence, that class of Dr. Rike's patients always *recovered*, (so he termed it, and so they actually believed,) and thus he won the confidence of many, and established the enviable reputation of 'an extraordinary clever man.'

Samuel Langton had come to the conclusion that he was to shuffle off his mortal coil ere many days elapsed, for Dr. Rike said so, and whatever he said must be true. So, fearing that his widowed mother might be thrown upon the tender mercies of a poorhouse or some other charitable institution, for maintenance, he called her to the bedside that night, after the doctor's first visit, and in a low tremulous voice thus addressed the weeping parent:

'Mother, there's no use anyhow in getting me medicine. I ain't sick in my

body, mother—it's sumthin' worse, a deal worse than that; but when I'm gone you shan't want, dear mother—mind, you shan't want; and I'm a-going to tell you somethin', but you must never say nuthin' to nobody about it. I've got some money hid away in a little tin-box right at the foot of the Squire's potatoe field. I've a-counted on it so often that I know jest what ort to be there, and there's exactly twenty pounds, mother. So you go in the morning to where I say, and bring it along with you.'

Kitty, knowing that persons at the point of death are often haunted with strange delusions and become dreamy in thought, imagined that the story which poor Sam related about the money in a tin box was indicative of his approaching dissolution; and therefore, with the heart-rending exclamation of,

'Oh! Sammy's a-going now, he's a raving! an' it's me wat will soon go arter 'im. Oh Sammy! Sammy!' she wrung her hands like a maniac and rushed over to Mrs. Hilks's to alarm her of the sad event, and get the good gate-keeper's wife, if possible, to accompany her to Sam's death-bed scene.

Mrs. Hilks being unable to leave without permission from the authorities at the 'big 'ouse,' ran hastily up to the Castle, and in breathless agitation solemnly declared to the servants in the kitchen that Sammy Langton was a-dying for certain, and that Kitty ran over for her; and that she couldn't leave the lodge afore Miss Louisa or Miss Isabella or the Master himself—if he was home—would consent to it. On application to Louisa (her father was absent in the city on *important* business,) consent was given to Mrs. Hilks to accompany Kitty, and Ellen, the waiting-maid, was sent to keep the gate during her absence at the widow's, (John, the butler, was absent on a courting expedition).

Flongby was much attached to walks or roams through the meadows, and he was just returning from one of these quiet wanderings, after the sun had gone down low in the west and the faint light of a young moon was beginning to be perceptible in a cloudless sky, when he

met the two women at a few yards from Bloat's gate; Mrs. Hilks travelling at a speed between a dog trot and a canter, and Kitty in the rear hobbling along as best she could, (she was rheumatic for years. (Flongby, recognizing Mrs. Hilks, stopped to enquire the cause of her exit from her post so swiftly and suddenly, and Mrs. Hilks, identifying Flongby, also stopped and replied to his enquiry; whereupon he offered to go back and ascertain the condition of the poor widow's son, so that all necessary assistance should be rendered in such a time of need. This act or offer of Flongby immediately brought showers of blessings upon his head from both Kitty and Mrs. Hilks, inasmuch as it was unanimously agreed it was so humble and so kind for any gentleman visiting at the Castle to condescend to feel for poor people's trouble like as Mr. Flongby did. When Kitty returned home, in company with Flongby and Mrs. Hilks, Sam was still alive and likely to be for some time; it was evident, however, that the mind was more disturbed than when relating the story of the hidden money to his sorrowing mother, arising no doubt from the circumstance of her disbelief in his statement and the attributing thereof to the mental delusionary premonitory of death. Mrs. Hilks, on looking steadfastly at Sam, suggested that probably he would die or get better at twelve o'clock, or 'the turn of the night,' as she considered that hour was critical in long sickness, and sure to bring a change for better or worse. At all events, if he was her son, she would sit by the bedside and watch him closely till twelve o'clock; and, if he didn't die then, Kitty might make her mind easy for twenty-four hours more. After giving utterance to these sapient admonitions she recommended Kitty to apply a little vinegar and water to Sam's head, whenever he began to speak of the money in the tin box—that such an admirable remedy would cool the fever of his brain and have the astonishing effect of 'making him die easy.'

Flongby endeavored to console the widow by expressing the belief that the lad was not so near his departure as she

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was led to suppose from any incoherent statements he made about the hiding of money in a certain spot, as he was often present at dying scenes.

The boy may be asserting the truth,' said Flongby. 'Who knows but even out of his scanty earnings he was trying to save something for you?' addressing Kitty, 'and wanted to surprise you at a future day. You had better go in the morning to the place he has described, or if superstitious notions should prevent you from doing so, I shall be very happy to go in search of the box he spoke of. Your case is hard, my poor woman; and any favor that I can do for you shall not be overlooked.'

Kitty after raining down innumerable blessings upon her kind visitor, thanked him and promised to direct him to the foot of Squire Bent's potato field, when he came the next morning. Flongby then returned to the Castle,

The next morning Flongby went to Widow Langton's, without having communicated to any of the Bloat family a single item connected with his visit to the sick boy on the preceding night, nor his intention to institute a search for the money at the time in question. Just as he anticipated, he found Mrs. Hilks's predictions were unfulfilled in reference to the astonishing change in Sam, for better or worse, at 'the turn of the night.' The night certainly turned at the proper time, but Sam's disease—whatever it might be—did not seem to be governed by the mysterious law of periodicity, and therefore changed not; for there he lay in the same prostrate state, with the same ghastly look that Flongby noticed on his first visit, the evening before.

'He'll cheat death yet,' said an old man who had come to see the sick youth, and who sat at the bedside as Flongby entered the cottage. It was Squire Bent's father, who at the advanced age of eighty-seven resided with his son, and was somewhat prepossessed in the lad's

favor from the marked attention Sam always bestowed upon the old gentleman when employed at the place.

'I'm an old man, stranger,' he observed to Flongby, 'and have seen many people—ay, scores of 'em!—die, and die hard, mark you, and some fine and easy; but I tell you, stranger, that ar child (turning to Sam) will cheat death this time anyhow. What is he but a young plant, that's been badly nourished when first he sprouted?—not sap enough, you understand, from the parent tree to make him grow into manhood, where he ought to be long ago. Cure and more blood's what the child wants.'

'The doctor, saas his lungs are gone,' interposed Kitty, who stood at the fireplace and listened attentively, so as to catch every word that fell like priceless pearls of wisdom from the old man's lips.

'The doctor to the mischief!' returned he; 'you people what's always follering arter the doctors, and a-putting all the little faith ye ever had in whatever they tell ye, will be a humbugged when ye doan't think on't, Kitty—that's as true as sunshine.'

When the old man left, Flongby drew near to the bedside, and in accents of kindness questioned Sam upon the subject of the treasure hidden in the tin box. The statement he made to his mother on the previous night was simply reiterated to Flongby, who, from the unhesitating manner in which the patient spoke, believed he uttered facts, improbable as they might appear, and opined that he was in full possession of his mental faculties, in all due deference to the wisdom of Kitty or Mrs. Hilks. Accordingly, upon a detailed description being procured from Sam as to the exact spot in the potato field, Flongby wended his way thither, through fields and many rugged pathways. Arriving there, he proceeded to look amongst some half-decayed stalks and loose-piles of brush at the lower extremity of the ground, wherein grew a luxuriant crop of the favorite esculent, when lo! beneath the carious remains of a fallen tree, with some pieces of wilted moss thrown loosely

over it, he discovered an old tin box, at one time used evidently as a merchant's money holder, but through long service had become dinged and denuded of its glossy coat of japan.

'This,' thought he, 'must be the veritable box that poor Sam so minutely described.' From its weight Flogby judged that it contained *something*, whether valuable or not was a matter of uncertainty; but when shaken, so as to ascertain if the contents were of a solid substance or not, that familiar and agreeable tinkling sound of coin was emitted which to Flogby was sufficient evidence that Sam had also deposed to the truth in that part of his statement concerning the twenty pounds; and fairly concluded that the danger of the boy's death was not so eminent as one would be induced to suppose from the exaggerated, or rather superstitious, ideas of his mother, aided and abetted by the gate-keeper's wife. The box was insecurely fastened by means of a piece of cord tied tightly around it. Now, as Flogby's curiosity was naturally excited to ascertain the precise species of coin it contained, and that such a justifiable desire could easily be satisfied without leading to any suspicion that the box was opened and contents explored, he repaired to a secluded spot in a neighboring field, and sitting down on a grassy mound untied the cord and raised the lid.

'Good Heavens!' exclaimed he, almost bewildered with astonishment, 'what is this!—the box three parts full of gold and bank bills! Silly, innocent Sam! little you know of money or the counting of it.'

Flogby then looking round in every direction as if to see whether any person approached or was in sight in the adjoining meadows, emptied the money upon the short grass, so as to count it and replace it in the box as he did so. At the bottom of the box was a name engraved, the chances were, some years ago, for most of the letters were so badly defaced that it was almost impossible to decipher them all with the *naked* eye. Flogby, conceiving that a magnifying

glass of considerable power would render assistance to the eye under such difficulties, brought one, which was always an appendage to his pocket, immediately into use, and after getting it at a suitable focus examined the half-obiterated letters.

'Can it be a dream, or is it the conjuring up of future revelations to an anxious mind upset with surprise?' thought Flogby, as he read 'Middlesex Bank. 149. No. 11.' Several of the letters were totally unintelligible, but others sufficiently distinct through the glass (to Flogby's mind at least,) to admit of drawing the inference that the name was no other than 'Middlesex Bank.' The figure intervening 1 and 4 being entirely erased, he naturally conjectured it was originally 8, which, if the supposition be correct, would give the year 1849, in which the box probably became the property of the Bank.—Flogby counted and re-counted the money as he sat paralyzed with amazement on the grassy mound.

'Another link,' reflected he, as he handled the clean glossy bills, payable at the *Middlesex Bank* according to the usual form with which everyone is, or ought to be, familiar. Twenties, forties, fifties, hundreds,—a thousand pounds in paper was re-deposited by Flogby in the old cash box and still more to be counted over. Again twenties, fifties, and hundreds more were consigned to their shabby, dinged, denuded resting place, until the total amount of 1868*l.* 6*s.* passed through the fine-pointed fingers of the guest of Moss Rose Castle. 'The very exact amount to a shilling,' muttered Flogby to himself as he closed the lid and re-tied it with the cord. So this is Sam's *twenty* pounds! he began to consider. 'Foolish youth! no doubt he's the dupe of some scoundrel of riper years. Not a moment must be lost; I'll hasten back to the cottage and reach the bottom of this mystery; and, if I can fathom it *there*, enough's done.'

On his returning to Kitty Langton's, Sam's dull heavy eyes sparkled, as the box was laid on the old deal table, and

the widow overjoyed burst into tears and in the zenith of her ecstasy shouted,

'Praise be to God for this ar' present to a poor widow.'

'I found the box, Sam,' said Flongby, 'just where you said, and I suppose we had better open it and see that it's all right.'

Sam, in a weak, tremulous voice, consented to the proposition. The counting process was then again hurriedly and formally gone through with, and the sum total declared to Sam without the slightest symptom of surprise being manifested by Flongby.

'You see,' observed he to Sam, 'that you're richer than you thought, but you could never have learned to calculate correctly; in that box there's nearly *a hundred* times twenty; and as I have taken the trouble of getting it for your mother, according to your request, in case anything should happen to you, my boy, and feel much interested in your case, allow me to ask you how and where did you come by so much money?'

'I'm glad you asked me, sir,' replied Sam, 'for that's wat's a-preying on my mind and a-putting me into this yere awful bad state.'

'I can believe you, my poor boy,' remarked Flongby, 'and I'm certain you'll improve quickly after you relieve your mind of an uneasy burden. Come now, Mrs. Langton, draw up your chair and pay attention to what Sam's going to say.'

The febrile excitement consequent upon the disclosure of so much money being hidden by Sam, and the effort to be as straightforward as the case would admit of in rendering an account to Flongby, produced a troublesome fit of coughing in the harmless youth, which abated however in the course of a few minutes under the marvellous influence of a dose of black-currant jelly, which relieved it so much that Sam, after several attempts to clear his throat, was able to proceed with the history of the money; and gathering new strength—physical at least—drew himself up in the bed and gazed vacantly at Flongby, occasionally glancing pityfully at his mother.

'About two months agone, sir,' said the lad, 'I was a-comin' haum from the Squire's just at nightfall, and when I was close on a gun-shot from this yere cottage a gen'leman came a-drivin' up the road at a great speed; and when he came up to that there big stone wat lies right on the road-side a-fronting the white gate of the Squire's pasture field, he upset, sir; the carriage turned a-clean over and the gen'leman wat was a-driving was pitched square into the ditch right back of the stone. He deedn't seem a-mauch hurt, for he got straight up sir; but so soon as he was a-foot he warn't able to stand. I said to myself, that gen'leman be drunk, he be tipsy, and that's just wy he's a-upset. He got into the carriage again and turned round his horse to go down the road. Well, as I was a-going to tell you, I came right haum and slept yere till mornin'. I was 'bliged to be up at four o'clock, sir, or some mornins a little sooner; but the next mornin', as I say, I was a-going back to the Squire's to look arter the cows, and jaust as I was a-going up to the big wite gate I saw that ar very same tin box, with the bottom up'ards, a-lying right near the ditch. I took it up, and when I got inside the gate I took the string off and looked in it; I saw of course it was money wat was in it, and I counted on it. I was a-never very good at calculation: you see, sir, the boys round here dean't know much about 'rithmetic or sauch like, 'cause they ain't sent reg'lar to school; and I thought there was about twenty pounds in it. Well, sir, as I was a-going to tell you—I maust speak the truth—I thought me and my poor mother a-needed the money, and when I didn't steal it from anybody, but jaust picked it up a-right on the road as if it was put in my way, I hid it away, where you found it, sir. And when I got so sick, and the doctor a-gave me up for death, I jaust told the old woman that I laid some money away at the foot of the potato field; that's how I came by that there money, sir.'

Sam, after giving the particulars of the case to Flongby, requested his mother to administer another dose of the jelly in a

'little cold water, that he might be refreshed therewith; as the debilitated state of mind and body produced some nervous excitement after much speaking.

'Well, Sam,' said Flongby, 'you know enough to be aware that it's not *yours*. It may be true that you did not get that money dishonestly, but remember that it belongs to some one else, and that you have no right whatever to claim a shilling in the box.'

'That's jaust wat's a troubling on me, sir,' returned Sam; 'and I was sorry afterwards that I didn't leave the box right in the same place again.'

'Now, Sam,' continued Flongby, and drawing up his chair closer to the bedside, 'if you can give me a description of that gentleman whom you saw drive up the road in the carriage and upset at the big stone near your master's pasture gate, or if you actually know who he was, and tell his name to me, you shall be well rewarded.'

Sam evidently conceived that the matter was now assuming a serious aspect; he remained profoundly silent for the space of ten minutes, at the expiration of which time he demanded another sip of the jelly water to moisten his parched lips, and was on the eve of returning to the subject when a messenger from Squire Bent's came to enquire as to Sam's bodily health that morning, and thus for a short interval interrupted him in proceeding to enlighten Flongby, —who by-the-by seemed strangely concerned in the history of the hidden box, —upon points of such vital importance.

'If I should tell you who the gentleman was wat fell out of the carriage,' said Sam to Flongby, after the messenger from Squire Bent's had left the cottage, 'I moight get into trouble about the money; for I think 'twas him wat owns it, because the box you see a-laid right close onto the big stone, where the carriage upset, and I thought every day he would a-come around the Squire's to know if anybody a-found it. He deen't never come, sir, nor nobody said nothing about that there box of money wat I counted as bean twenty pounds; so I thought 'twas no harm to keep it, and I

jaust hid it away so as my mother would know nothing of wat I found on the road; because if I told her, sir, she would have talked it all over the neighborhood, and so I never said nothing to her until the doctor said I was a-going to die.'

'You shall get into no trouble, my boy,' replied Flongby. 'Tell everything you know concerning the gentleman who was thrown out of his carriage; never mind whether he's the owner of this money or not,—that matter can be easily ascertained. Tell me the truth and nothing but the truth, Sam; and if your information proves of material value hereafter you will be entitled to the handsome sum of two hundred and fifty pounds through me, which is much better than *twenty*, you know.'

There was something so earnest in Flongby's demeanor, mingled with a restless desire to receive Sam's replies to such momentous questions, that even the simple-minded youth himself observed it, and appeared to be mystified by the prospect of becoming heir to 250*l*. This circumstance alone dispelled all fears from his mind of prosecution by law for the offence of keeping secretly what he could not claim as his own.

'Supposing I dean't live long enough, sir, to get so much money, how would it be then?' returned Sam.

'Your mother will be secured in that amoint by me, in the event of your death before circumstances of importance transpire,' observed Flongby.

'Well, if I ain't very much mistaken, sir,' continued Sam, 'twas the gentleman of the Castle where you be visiting—Mr. Bloat, wat's at a bank in the big city.'

'What! Mr. Bloat of Moss Rose Castle over the way?' ejaculated Mr. Flongby, affecting much surprise. 'Now be careful, Sam, in giving your opinion in an affair of so much delicacy, because remember you said that gentleman was unable to stand without support when he rose from the ground: in other words, you firmly believed he was tipsy. I merely wish to bring that little item of the unfortunate accident at the big stone to your recollection. Mr. Bloat is a

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highly respectable man you know, Sam, he is a gentleman; and we generally consider that no gentleman would ever permit himself to be seen driving furiously along Her Majesty's highway in such a state as you represent Mr. Bloat to have been upon that memorable occasion.'

'Well, but you said I must tell you nothing but the truth,' remarked Sam; 'and I can always trust myself to do that.'

'Yes, yes, and I hope you will my boy,' said Flongby; 'but sometimes we speak rashly, and without due reflection, and therefore I suggested to you to be careful, because it is quite possible you may be mistaken or deceived in the person you saw fall from the carriage. Now, once for all, are you positive—do you feel certain that it was Mr. Bloat (the old gentleman I allude to,) you saw, on that evening, upset near Squire Bent's pasture gate?'

'Indeed, sir, I am,' replied Sam, 'as sure of that as much as anything ever I was in my life.'

Whatever Flongby's object might have been in prying so closely into the adventures of the old tin box and the particulars of the upset by furious driving, etc., the last reply by Sam to the pointed enquiry just quoted seemed quite conclusive to him, and at the same time furnished to him fresh food for reflection.

Early in the afternoon of the same day Flongby went to London by a road not much frequented, and after remaining in city a couple of hours, probably awaiting the arrival of the western mails in expectation of receiving letters from friends; returned to the Castle by the evening coach which passed by that way. The following day Flongby held a short interview with Sam, during which he adopted the precautionary measure of assuring the lad that unless the finding of the box containing so much value was kept a profound secret by him and his mother, the 250*l.* would not be forthcoming; whereupon promises without number were tendered to him by both Kitty and her son, that not a sentence or syllable regarding it should escape

their lips even to the most intimate friend in the neighborhood. True it is that Mrs. Hilks, the gate-keeper's wife, —by nature a garrulous specimen of the fair sex,—had heard something of the boy's ravings (so she was led to believe) of the tin box and the twenty pounds therein contained; but, not deeming the circumstance of any importance, with the exception of the probability that such occurrences of incoherency were ominous of the thread of life being shortly cut, she subsequently passed it by unnoticed and uncommunicated. Not long after Bloat's return to the Castle on the evening of the day in question Flongby, with many *sincere* (?) avowals of everlasting friendship and expressions of gratefulness for the hospitalities extended to him during his very agreeable sojourn at Moss Rose Castle, took leave of Mr. Bloat and the attractions of his residence; and as a parting token of regard and special attention by his fashionable host was driven, luggage included, in the carriage by John, the butler, to the Pall Mall Hotel.

In a soft-cushioned, high-backed chair there sat with folded arms, head bent, and chin enveloped in an abundance of snow-white linen shirt frills resting upon the bosom, in the outer office of the Middlesex Bank, at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon, on the day after Flongby's departure from the Castle, Theodore Bloat, thoughtfully gazing at a sheet of closely-ruled paper with a variety of printed headings under which the respective blanks were to be filled in by handwriting. He looked long and steadfastly at the sheet, not because he never saw it before, nor that the writing therein to be executed demanded such intensity of reflection, but because it happened to be the most conspicuous object to his view at the time. If anything else had chanced to meet his fixed gaze just at that particular moment his eyes would no doubt be as firmly rivetted as they certainly were upon the sheet of bank office paper. While he thus brooded over the document in question—of which

there were some five hundred copies on a high shelf in the same office—one of the Bank messengers admitted into his presence a certain individual whose countenance was slightly familiar to Bloat; upon the entry of this person, and the announcement by the messenger that he desired to speak to Mr. Bloat, the manager of the Bank immediately roused himself or came out of the brown-coat of brown studies, and acknowledged the presence of the visitor by a feeble inclination of the head, scarcely perceptible to any one afflicted with short-sightedness.

'A reward has been offered by this Bank,' commenced the individual, who, without much ceremony, broached the nature of his business with Bloat, 'for such information as may lead to the apprehension and conviction of the person or persons guilty of the late robbery at this Bank; and as I have such information now in my possession I come to claim the amount offered, of course by furnishing satisfactory proof that the actual perpetrator has been clearly traced through information of the most reliable nature.'

'The Bank,' returned Bloat, 'will not upon any consideration give the reward offered until the guilt of the person or persons accused is duly established in a Court of Assize. Then and only then can the demand be made upon this Bank according to the terms made known to the public.'

'True, indeed,' said the individual; 'your reasons for refusal are unobjectionable; but in claiming the amount of 500*l.* I did not demand it from you at this juncture in certain revelations connected with the affair. But I deem it judicious, notwithstanding, to make myself known to you as a claimant.'

'Pray, sir,' said Bloat, 'upon what authority do you come here to lay a claim which can only be satisfied by us at a future time, if the charge against the person accused, as I before said, should be fully substantiated and a conviction secured? No matter how reliable your information may be, you are exceeding premature. Your countenance is a little

familiar to me; I'll take a note of your call—what is the name?'

'Nathaniel Hollyhock, detective officer B division; that, sir, is my name. And I regret to say,' continued Hollyhock, taking a carefully-folded piece of parchment with large seals of red wax attached from his breast pocket, 'that I am come here for another purpose besides that which I have just stated, and much more serious too.'

'More serious?' returned Bloat. 'Ah indeed! what may it be, if you are prepared to tell? The bank threatened with further depredations, eh?'

'No, sir,' replied the detective, 'nothing of that kind. It is humiliating to me to be compelled to do my duty in some cases—this is one of them. Necessity has no law, however, and justice demands it. Upon this warrant,' continued Hollyhock, opening it and exposing the official form inside, at the same time advancing towards Bloat and placing his hand upon Theodore's left shoulder, 'I arrest you for the robbery of the Middlesex Bank, committed seven weeks ago. You'll please lose no time in accompanying me to the proper quarter.'

'Sir!' said Bloat, rising from his easy chair and placing both hands over his left breast as if to 'lull the heart that palpitated there and bounded—yes! and would, if it were possible, have leaped through his very ribs for freedom—'sir, I say, leave my office; you come here under false pretences. You a detective officer and come to insult me! Remember whom you address; bear in mind whose presence you are in, sir.'

Bloat then pulled the bell-ropc, and in a moment a messenger answered the summons, and was coldly ordered, in conjunction with the porter, to 'remove this insolent person from the Bank, if he does not leave immediately of his own accord.' The messenger, who was inferior in size to Hollyhock, was about to obey his orders, when the latter, evidently enjoying the scene of Bloat's trepidation, quietly and confidentially advised the subordinate to retire to his own department and attend to his own business; and that, if he persisted in interfering

with him, he would be under the painful necessity of depositing him in a similar department to the functionary now in his custody. The messenger, conceiving that discretion was the better part of valor, and being non-plussed as to the cause of the rumpus, rushed wildly out into the corridor and cried lustily for help. Clerks sprang from their seats at the counting tables, cheques presented for payment were thrown down hastily and the applicants for money left standing outside, in utter astonishment at the flight of the officials inside. At length Bloat's office became the centre of attraction; but no further resistance was offered to Hollyhock, who at this stage of the proceedings was fully recognized by many of the clerks, and if the truth was known by Bloat himself, from former communication with the detective in the charge preferred against the ill-fated Harman Abbott.

Hollyhock conducts his prisoner to Bow street, and provides him with the accommodations of the same iron-bound apartment that Abbott, the unhappy victim of his venom, recently occupied; the intelligence of the arrest dashes through the city, and startles not a few knots of well-dressed citizens, and groups of ill-looking idlers might be seen standing in the vicinity of newspaper offices and reading rooms, engaged in discussing the probability and improbability of Bloat being the thief, or revelling over the fact of his arrest—thinking it served the 'gouty old knave' right, and that it was a just retribution for bringing a false accusation against an innocent clerk. Communications were opened with Moss Rose Castle, relative to the unfortunate event, on the receipt of which Louisa went into uncontrollable hysterics and well-marked attacks of injured pride alternately; Isabella went to her bedroom and wept bitterly; the younger members of the family stood stock still and lamented as best they knew how; John, the butler, sat in the hall and boo-hoo-ed convulsively long and loud even to hoarseness; the cook deserted the kitchen, and allowed a fat

plump turkey to roast until helplessly charred and blackened; Ellen, the waiting maid, tried to feel as bad as the rest, but could not squeeze out a single tear, for whenever she applied her handkerchief to the corner of her eye a moist spot could ne'er be seen upon the cambric; and Mrs. Hilks, in the immensity of her soul, opined that the master must have enemies of the most inveterate species—in fact the thought of such a thing would positively drive her mad, unless she diligently made application of vinegar and water to the temples until the excitement was abated.

The investigation into the grave charge against no less a personage than Theodore Bloat, Esq., Manager of the Middlesex Bank, commenced before the Lord Mayor at Bow street, the day after the arrest was made by Hollyhock, and was conducted with closed doors, in order that the ends of justice—so the authorities said—should not be frustrated; and it might be added, with propriety, in order that Mr. Bloat's feelings should not be harrowed and wounded by the uncomplimentary expressions of opinion in such a crowd of ill-tongued spectators as usually frequent that well-known court, despite the efforts of police and staff of officials. After an adjournment of the case from day to day, for the space of a whole week, it was announced that Theodore Bloat, Esq., was fully committed for trial at the ensuing Assizes upon the astounding charge of conveying away stealthily, and deliberately applying to his own private use, 1868*l.* 6*s.*, the amount contained in the safe before alluded to, and the property of the Middlesex Bank. Bloat, be it said, protested his innocence before His Worship the Lord Mayor, and endeavored in the most dignified manner imaginable to shew the utter absurdity of such a charge against a person of his elevated position and exemplary moral rectitude. Subsequent to his committal application was made to the Lord Mayor to admit the prisoner

to bail ; it was firmly refused, however, upon the ground that, if the request was granted, means might in all probability be used to cover certain naked facts ugly and humiliating to such a gentleman as Mr. Bloat. Therefore he laid in durandee viler for the period of two months.

The Court of Assize then opened, Chief Baron Periwinkle presiding, and the Lord Chief Justice occasionally making his appearance on the bench when he had nothing more important to attend to: Upon the third day of the sitting Bloat's case was called, when the court house was filled to suffocation ; the spacious corridors were blocked with crowds of men and boys, pressing and forcing their way to the public entries to the court, and beseeching the police officers in charge of the doors to permit them to obtain even a foothold inside. Solicitors and their briefs, barristers with wigs, and robed in black gowns, and law office clerks carrying copies of suits with pens behind their ears, seemed restless upon their seats, and might be seen going to and fro from the court room into the long passages leading to the street, at least thirty times in the hour. The more highly favored citizens were allowed, from intimacy with some one high in authority, to take a seat in close proximity to the judge's throne. The indictment is now read over, and the prisoner puts in a plea of innocence, as might very naturally be expected. Mr. Anthony Vipson, who figured conspicuously as the able advocate of Harman Abbott, appears as counsel for the prosecution, and with peculiar feelings of delight, which he could scarcely find words to express, opens the case for the crown.

'May it please your Lordship and gentlemen of the jury,' said he, 'the prisoner at the bar stands charged with a felonious act, and in the opinion of all respectable people a very ungentlemanly one too, to say the least of it, namely, that of appropriating to his own use, or an intention to do so, that which his own conscience—provided he ever had any—told him was not his own ; by conveying away from the very establishment which gave him a fashionable

living from the position he held there, in a cowardly clandestine manner (called in the words of the indictment felonious stealing,) a large sum of money, the property of the Middlesex Bank. Cast your eyes, I pray you, gentlemen, towards the dock ; scan every feature of the unfortunate man, and say whether you think a person of his genteel exterior, his towering aspect and dignified manner, although his position is now degraded, would or could possibly be guilty of the crime. Allow me as you take a bird's-eye view of the prisoner to anticipate your judgment on that point, by saying that probably you would answer me in the negative ; but alas ! gentlemen, how deceptive is human nature, and how full is it of subtlety and guile. Were we to judge every fallen son of Adam by his fine looks and his polished demeanor, how sadly mistaken we would be. I do not wish to poison your minds nor to prejudice you in the least against the accused, before the evidence is adduced for the crown and the defence, but I hold it to be my bounden duty to state to the Court, in opening the case, that the fact of his who stands now at a criminal's post, endeavored to manufacture a similar charge to that which is preferred against himself, not many months ago, in the case of a late clerk in the Bank—a truly innocent man—without one iota of evidence to support his accusations, cannot but militate against him in your minds. Crime is committed, gentlemen, in nine cases out of ten, clandestinely, and at times with remarkable skill and cunning ; the process of its detection is synonymous ; it must needs be conducted privily, and with well-devised plans, otherwise that invaluable class of public servants, called detectives, would be totally unsuccessful in the discoveries they make, which as they become known to us day after day make us "freeze with horror." The prisoner is a man who you will find, from the evidence given, is like unto counterfeit coin ; his antecedents will prove that to demonstration. If we are to give credence to the witnesses who are here to bear testimony on behalf of the crown we are bound, we

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are compelled, I say, gentlemen, to consider him a bogus member in the ranks of those who are singularly esteemed for integrity, high social standing and moral worth. With them he aimed to inter-communicate; but in the name of all that is pure, holy and just, I assert that from henceforth, even should he leave that dock acquitted of the crime of theft (robbery it cannot be defined,) his presence will be shunned by every right-minded man—yea he of a clean spirit will shrink back from his leprous touch.

The first witness called was Nathaniel Hollyhock, examined by Mr. Vipson.

'It was strongly suspected by our department, after the investigation at Bow street into the charge against Abbott, that the prisoner was the actual perpetrator of the robbery *purporting* to be committed at the Bank by forcible entrance into the outer office. I was duly instructed to sift the case; from enquiry as to habits, found he was much addicted to gambling; discovered his favorite haunts for this purpose, then became a gambler myself at the expense of the government; formed an intimacy with "an illustrious card player" named Albert Chook; professed undying love—brotherly of course—for that gentleman, and finally entered into partnership with him at 610 Chizzle street, fifth story, where we were accommodated with *respectable* furnished lodgings; my name there was Ned Spry. Met the prisoner at our lodgings; recognize him distinctly as "the elderly gentleman;" know him to have lost heavily night after night; he was always flush of specie. A few weeks elapsed and I dissolved partnership with Chook; conceived it expedient to leave the city to recruit my health; went therefore to the desirable residence of the prisoner upon a special introduction; was known there as Thomas Flongby; must say I enjoyed myself to perfection, partook of all the delicacies that Moss Rose Castle could afford, made love to the young ladies, and in fact felt as if I was transported to a perfect little paradise.'

The prisoner, at this stage of Holly-

hock's evidence, changed from color to color until all those of the rainbow were admirably represented, and in a suffocative tone blandly asked the turnkey in charge for a chair, (his own easy chair, softly cushioned, would have been a rich treat now.) Examination continued:

The Chief Baron—'Did you make any discoveries concerning the guilt of the prisoner in the charge contained in the indictment, by disguising yourself in the manner you describe? That's the point we wish to come to.'

'Yes, my Lord,' replied Hollyhock.

Vipson, after watching His Lordship's countenance intently for a moment while he was taking notes of the case, so as to calculate the exact quantity of what the Irish call blarney that the learned judge was capable of receiving and holding also, said:

'Your decisions, my Lord, are always based on the most profound wisdom, and your judgments upon all occasions meet the approbation of every intelligent member of the bar. I am prepared to bow to your Lordship's opinions; but in all due deference to the high and lofty position, your Lordship holds in the realm, and the distinguished reputation you have as an able and learned expounder of law, I must humbly beg that the witness, with the permission of your Lordship, be allowed to proceed with a detailed history of the various plans he saw fit to adopt in the detection of the prisoner's crime, and the results which followed.'

His Lordship, (evidently tickled with Vipson's high-sounding praises)—'Thank you, Mr. Vipson, thank you. I'm much indebted for such valuable compliments, but would prefer that you should be more sparing of them in future; if not the large stock you appear to be in possession of may get exhausted. Not quite so heavy at *one* time, you know, Mr. Vipson, that's what I mean. In reference to the detailed history which you desire to get from the witness, I conceive it to be totally unnecessary; it cannot assist the jury in establishing a point, nor is it of sufficient value to prolong the

time of the Court ; so I think we had better come at once to the nature of the developments consequent upon the skilful plans of the officer.'

Vipson—' My object, my Lord, in making the suggestion to the Court was to shew that no undue advantage was taken to secure the reward offered by the Bank.'

The Judge—' Yes, but that has no connection with the guilt or innocence of the prisoner. The detective system has its evils, and is in *some* respects condemnatory ; however, in a case like this, it cannot operate to overthrow actual facts, provided the truth is given.'

Hollyhock's evidence resumed.

Vipson—' Will you state to the Court the revelations in this case resulting from the plans you devised while under disguise ?'

Witness—' Cannot say that I made any revelations in that way.'

Vipson—' In what way then ?'

Witness—' Accidentally, I may say, while disguised.'

Vipson—' Oh, you mean to say that you discovered what you did not expect—by chance I presume.'

Hollyhock—' Just so.'

Vipson—' What were the accidental revelations ?'

Witness—' *The finding of the money*, the precise amount of which the Bank was deficient.'

His Lordship—' *The finding of the money* did I understand you to say ?'

Hollyhock—' Yes, my Lord, the finding of the money ; that was the most important of my accidental discoveries.'

The finding of the money, muttered the counsel for the defence ; *the finding of the money*, ran in a suppressed tone through the crowd.

Vipson—' Turn to the jury and state how and where the money was found.'

Hollyhock—' Found it in a potato field, the property, I think, of a Squire Bent, a short distance from the prisoner's country seat.'

Vipson—' What contained it ?'

Witness—' An old tin box ; and here's the article, money and all,' said he, stooping down and lifting a medium-sized

package wrapped in heavy brown paper and sealed at the ends, from the floor of the witness-box.

The seals were broken by the Clerk of the Crown to whom the package was handed, and the box with contents exposed to the view of the Court.

His Lordship—' Did you count the money ?'

Witness—' I did, my Lord.'

The Clerk of the Crown was ordered by the Judge to ascertain the amount contained in the box.'

' 1868*l.* 6*s.*,' said that functionary, in a very audible tone.

The Chief Baron then examined the box both inside and out, and expressed the opinion that it was exceedingly unlike bankable property.

A juror—' Are you certain you found the money in that box ?'

Witness—' Decidedly I am.'

Vipson—' Do you suppose, from the detective faculty you are gifted with, that this tin box belongs to the Middlesex Bank ?'

' I do.'

Vipson—' Give your reasons for supposing so.'

' I can give some excellent reasons, sir. The name is *engraved* at the bottom of the box ; a few of the letters are badly defaced, but yet *there* is the *name*.'

Vipson now looks into the empty box, the Chief Baron follows suit, and the jury eagerly long for a peep ; but judge, jury and learned counsel fail to decipher the name or the year.

Hollyhock was amused at such wisecrackers being so completely baffled, so he came to their assistance with his pocket glass, which convinced them, after much winking and shutting of one eye, then the other, or sometimes both by mistake, that the inscription was without doubt the name of the Bank with the year in which it was made as well as the number.

Chief Baron—' Did you know the box of money was in the field you spoke of ? I mean, did you go in search of it from information you received, or did you find it entirely by accident ? You will I hope be precise on this point.'

'I went in search of it, my Lord, from information I received.'

The witness then stated the means by which he obtained clue of the hidden box, which it is not necessary to repeat at this point of the narrative, as the reader has been already made familiar with the chain of circumstances connected therewith.

Cross-examined by Sir Matthew Hooklebunk, the counsel for the defence, a man of no mean talent, who was well known to have the faculty of giving public exhibitions of it to the best possible advantage.

'You are employed in the detective force, sir, I believe.'

'Yes.'

Sir Matthew—'And considered a creditable officer, I apprehend?'

'That is my hope and trust.'

Sir Matthew—'You have sworn that the prisoner was suspected by your department after he accused Abbott of the robbery?'

'I have.'

'Why were such suspicions aroused?'

His Lordship, picking his teeth after indulging in a sandwich in the refreshment room, and smacking his lips for another dose of claret—'The witness may answer the question if he chooses, but I cannot rule a reply to be compulsory. It is not essential to know *why* the police authorities formed the suspicion; they employ certain machinery in behalf of justice and produce the work when completed; we have no need to enquire into the intricacies of their plots.'

Sir Mathew bowed, and, clearing his throat, proceeded:

'You told us you became a gambler at the expense of the country and rented furnished lodgings in conjunction with a notoriously bad character, did you not?'

'I did.'

The court was now disturbed by a small man, with large whiskers, stylishly attired, and occupying a seat near the grand jury box, getting into a deplorable state of excitement—frenzy it might be defined—suddenly starting from his seat, stamping his feet and unceremoniously elbowing his way towards the semi-cir-

cular table at which Sir Matthew Hooklebunk stood; then, in spite of repeated cries of 'order, order,' shook a fist of rather formidable dimensions in the face of the learned baronet, and in stentorian tones declared that Sir Matthew had uttered a most infamous falsehood—whereupon the valets and constables of the court advanced to take him in custody for so doing and for so unparalleled a breach of the peace in a British Court of Assize.

The person who thus insulted the dignity of Her Majesty's tribunal was, to the complete bewilderment of a number of the spectators, recognized as no other than one of the chief directors of the Middlesex Bank, Sydney Cluxall, Esq. As the constables were about to handle Mr. Cluxall with anything but smoothness, Sir Matthew Hooklebunk ordered them to desist, and His Lordship mildly enquired of Mr. Cluxall what he meant by giving such an exhibition in the pugilistic art before the Queen's Bench, as the unpardonable one which was just beheld at an uncomfortable distance from the learned counsel's nasal organ.

'He has stated, my Lord, that I, even I, am a notoriously bad character, but I say it—well, my Lord, I admit I am excited—I did it to catch the villain,' (cries of 'order,') pointing to the prisoner; 'yes, for the sake of justice I wore a blackguard's garb.'

'Hush, Mr. Cluxall; never mind—nothing more now; compose yourself,' said Hollyhook, leaning over the front of the witness-box, and tossing his head in a conciliatory style.

Sir Matthew Hooklebunk came to the conclusion that a commission of lunacy would be required to take care of Mr. Cluxall's affairs, and that an asylum would be the most appropriate place to take care of Mr. Cluxall's person. The Chief Baron was disposed to believe that Mr. Cluxall was in all probability 'three sheets in the wind,' and in all *possibility* *four*. Some thought one thing, some another, while many knew not what to think. Hollyhook, however, solved the problem.

'The Court I hope will excuse the gentleman,' said the detective, who was still on the witness box, 'for his strange conduct, his position is peculiar and he happened to come into the court somewhat—well, my Lord, there's no doubt he's very much excited—but as the matter is exposed I may as well inform the Court that he is the gambler to whom I alluded. He was my partner at Chizzle St., and assumed the name of Albert Chook. The gentleman played his part well; he offered to do so. He it was who first communicated his suspicions to our department, and upon them we acted. I suppose he imagined Sir Mathew Hookebunk was aware of the plot, and used strong language intentionally.'

Cross-examination was then resumed, after the 'Storm had abated.'

Sir Matthew—'Well, I was about to put some questions to you concerning your adventures at the furnished lodgings, but in consequence of what has just occurred I have changed my mind. That you found money in that box may be true, and that the box is the property of the Bank may be equally true, but are you in a position to tell the jury on your solemn oath, that the prisoner verily and truly had that box in his possession with the contents in the vicinity of the sick boy's cottage, after the charge of burglary was preferred against Abbott?'

The witness was about to reply, when Vipson rose to object to the question of his learned friend and the gallant knight. His Lordship being appealed to, ruled that Sir Matthew should adhere to facts already stated by the witness.

Vipson—'I shall inform the gallant knight that other witnesses will depose to the facts he alludes to; he will then have an opportunity of displaying his entangling powers.'

The next witness called was the sick boy, Samuel Langton, who by the time trial came off was quite convalescent, in open violation of the sentence of death passed by Kitty and Dr. Rike. His evidence in substance was similar to the voluntary statement made to Hollyhock, alias Flongby, and not much to be elicited from him upon cross-examination in favour

of the defence. The third witness was a man who now appears to the reader as a new character—a gardener who happened to be standing close by the scene of the accident, or rather the upset at the big stone, on the night in question. So soon as the intelligence of the prisoner's arrest reached him he made himself known to the police, but it is extremely doubtful whether much reliance can be placed upon his evidence, especially when he gets into the clutches of Sir Mathew Hookebunk, upon cross-examination.

Jonas Criff, sworn—examined by Vipson.

'Live about 200 yards from Squire Bent's residence. Remember the night of the upset the lad, Sam Langton spoken of, was going home at the time. Had been in as far as the City. Saw the carriage turn over; identified Mr. Bloat as being in the carriage.'

Cross-examined by Sir Matthew—'Which side of the road did you walk on?'

'Neither side.'

Sir Matthew—'Neither side, that's strange?'

'Why, no Sir, it aint strange, for I walked in the middle.'

Sir Matthew—'Was the moon shining?'

'Some.'

'How much?'

'Can't say, didn't measure it.'

'What quarter was it in? first or second?'

'What quarter! I think it looked to be right over the big elms opposite the Squire's gate.'

'No; you don't understand me—how old was the moon?'

'Well now, Sir, you puzzle me—I never saw the register of its birth—I really think if I knew the age of the sun I could tell you.'

'How do you know it was the prisoner that was upset that night at the pasture gate?'

'Because I looked straight at him.'

'Where was he when you first saw him?'

'Trying to get up.'

'Trying to get up—in what way?'

'With his hands and feet.'

'With his hands and feet, eh? how was he trying to rise with his feet?'

'By endeavouring to get them into the natural position.'

The Chief Baron having a public dinner to attend in honor of the committee appointed to obtain pure fresh water for the City; interrupted Sir Matthew's cross-questioning, by adjourning the Court until the following morning.

The cross-examination of the gardener, Jonas Criff, was resumed by Sir Matthew Hooklebung upon the next day; after which many other witnesses testified to all they knew concerning the evil qualities of the prisoner, and this closed the case for the crown.

For the defence the first witness called was Mr. Timothy Twizzle, a character who took a prominent part in the proceedings related in the first few chapters of the narrative.

Sir Matthew Hooklebung—'You are a professional man, I believe?'

Twizzle—'You may term me so, if you choose; I'm an ex-member of the bar.'

Sir Matthew—'Do you know the prisoner? Have you any acquaintance with him?'

Twizzle—'Yes, I know him, but have no desire to improve our acquaintance.'

Chief Baron—'Now, Mr. Twizzle, keep to *facts* if you please; the last part of your answer to the learned counsel is superfluous.'

The witness turned towards the bench and nodded assent.

'In what capacity did he first become known to you?'

'As manager of the Middlesex Bank. I transacted some business with him occasionally, by virtue of his office.'

'Did you not always find him to be everything desirable as a business man?'

'No, I cannot conscientiously say I did.'

'How so, sir? Was he not straightforward—correct, in monetary matters?'

'Oh, well, it was impossible for him to be otherwise with me. I am never disposed to give any man *credit*, if I may be allowed the term, for honesty or integrity, until I have seen him tested therefor.'

'I suppose that the deceptive qualities

of human nature are coming to a high state of perfection in the present day, therefore you are dubious even of him who wears angelic looks and robes of white?'

'Exactly; those *are* my sentiments to a letter.'

'But you haven't said in what respect you found him undesirable in business.'

'His Lordship is singularly adhesive in matters of fact; and when I state that any reply I might make to your question would have no bearing whatever upon the case in point, I presume the Court will not exact anything further on that portion of my evidence. I should regret much to occupy the time of his Lordship and the jury, for in order to reply satisfactorily to the enquiry, Sir Matthew, I fear that our eyes would get heavy, and sleep start softly o'er the whole tribunal, before I concluded.'

After a number of other questions had been put to, and answered by, the witness, tending to shew that the prisoner was quite intoxicated on the evening in question, Mr. Twizzle was further examined as follows:—

Sir Matthew—'How long did you remain at Bowle's that night?'

'Until a little after nine.'

'Did the prisoner leave before you and Tipshott?'

'No; he was unable to move without assistance.'

'Can you say how he went home?'

'In his carriage.'

'Did you see him get into his carriage?'

'I did.'

'Did you see the box produced, in the carriage when you stood by and helped him to get in?'

'I did not.'

'Did you observe anything on the seat or the floor of the carriage in the shape of a package, parcel or bundle?'

'No.'

'Did you see anything of the kind with him or about his person, when in the billiard room or saloon?'

'I did not.'

'Do you know where Tipshott is?'

'He has been subpoenaed, but doesn't

appear. He is a traveller, and it is hard to say in what quarter he may be.'

The evidence being concluded, Sir Matthew was about to sum up the evidence in behalf of the defence, when Mr Vipson, who was preparing to add it up on behalf of the crown, rose and proclaimed the arrival of Tipshott, whereupon his testimony was taken immediately and examination conducted by Vipson.

'You know the prisoner?'

'Slightly.'

'You remember seeing him at a saloon in this city on the evening before the alleged robbery of the Bank?'

'I do.'

'You were in company with Mr. Twizzle?'

'Yes.'

Vipson, taking up the tin box and handing it to the witness for close inspection—'Did you ever see that box before?'

'I did.'

'Are you positive?'

'I am.'

'The prisoner was drunk, was he not?'

'There's no doubt on that point,' (the witness smiled.)

'Did you assist him into the carriage in company with Mr. Twizzle?'

'I did.'

'I ask you on your solemn oath, did you or did you not see a box on the floor of the carriage, when you were in the act of arranging the cushions previous to the prisoner getting inside?'

'Certainly I saw a box there.'

'Did you see that box there, on the night and at the time in question?'

Witness, turning it over, and stretching his mouth to twice the original length—'That is the box I saw in the carriage.'—Great sensation in Court, and expressions such as: 'Old villain!' 'Old rattlesnake!' in under tones.

Upon being cross-examined by Sir Matthew, Tipshott neither prevaricated nor wavered. His testimony on a matter of such immense importance was then unshaken, namely, that he saw a tin box

in the prisoner's carriage, and that the box in court was the veritable article.

Both Sir Matthew and his client had many hopes that, as the charge was not substantiated by sufficient evidence, the jury would of course, by the direction of the learned judge, render a favorable verdict. When Tipshott's evidence was given, however, huge black clouds seemed to rise over the countenance of the unhappy Bloat, and Sir Matthew became melancholy and despondent. After each counsel had briefly addressed the jury, and the Chief Baron charged at some length, the jury retired, and forty minutes afterwards came into court with a verdict of *guilty*.

It may be well to state that the Chief Baron distinctly charged to the effect, that if the jury were not fully satisfied of the intention of the prisoner to steal the money, they might acquit him on that count; and if they believed him to have taken it, but not feloniously, they might bring it in as a breach of the Statute, which offence could be dealt with in the proper court.

Vipson moved that the sentence of the Court be passed forthwith. Accordingly the learned judge, looking sympathetically at the prisoner, said: 'Theodore Bloat, after careful investigation and mature deliberation you are found guilty of a crime, a serious offence against the laws of the country and against society at large. I regret the position you now stand in; I feel for you more keenly because you are evidently an intelligent man and one who, from the station of life you held, and the spheres in which you moved, might be an ornament to your fellow-men. It appears you have been sadly misled by your own uncontrolled evil desires to lead a dissipated life; your late career bears testimony against you; you have been in the habit for some time past of deserting your family circle, night after night, for that damnable purpose of gambling. Instead of mingling in the pleasures and enjoyments of a cheerful home, when the duties of the day were over, you repaired to the haunts of vice and pollution until

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you squandered probably all you were honestly entitled to as an official of the Bank. Then we hear of your property being encumbered—why was this? I have been looking for motives to induce you to commit the crime of which you are found guilty, and can find only one, which is, that having been thus ensnared by base companions and progressively bad habits, you became embarrassed financially, and in an evil hour was led to do what must now inevitably result in the deprivation of your liberty. But what is still more revolting, and exposes very clearly indeed the hideousness of your nature, was the attempt on your part to fasten your own guilt upon an innocent person who, as far as we can learn, was dismissed from employment through you, actuated, when you did so, by bitterness of spirit. Bitter words and bitter acts burn like caustic in the heart of every man, and cannot always be washed away with the tears of repentance. All the sorrow you could possibly manifest, all the tears you could shed now, would fail to make amends for the injury you have done to that young man, Abbott. Reflect, I pray you, upon these things. The sentence of the Court is, that you be imprisoned in the convict gaol at Wakefield for the term of three years.

It may be added, that Bloat, upon being asked in the usual way by the Crown Clerk if he had anything to say before sentence was passed, briefly replied, 'Innocent, so help me God.'

At the residence of Mr. Timothy Twizzle, in a back parlor, sat Henry Tipshott, the fancy goods traveller, and the chief witness against Theodore Bloat, with legs crossed and hands inserted into his capacious trowsers pockets, on the evening of the day that Bloat had been ordered a change of air and scene by Baron Periwinkle. Timothy Twizzle sat there also, twirling his whiskers and whistling, or rather chirping, the first verse of 'Home, sweet home,' keeping time with his fingers upon a stale copy

of the *Saturday Review* that laid on the table upon which he leaned. Twizzle chirped on, and Tipshott thought on, for the space of a full quarter hour, when the latter rose and paced the floor with military precision and measured tread, with elbows flexed and thumbs hooked on the arm-holes of a black velvet vest.

'Say, Twizzle, do you know what I've been just pondering over?' suddenly observed he, as he thus perambulated the richly carpeted floor of the room.

'God knows, Tip—I don't; perchance if I did I would be none the better. Oh, likely some other artful dodge, or—no, I couldn't say. What is it?'

'Well, the money's got to be claimed, and must be handed over, too; in some shape or other. You agree to that, don't you?'

'Certainly I do; I was the instigator. I'll stand by what I have said, Tip, don't be alarmed.'

'Yes, I believe all that, but as I was going to say, *we* or *I* may get into a pretty tight fix, and quite possibly into as close quarters as the old serpent himself (meaning Bloat), if we are not extremely cautious. Caution must be the password. He's safely jugged, anyhow; so far, so good. The best joke of the season, Twizzle; I'll give my head for a football if a better was ever cracked in London.'

'I'll tell you what it is,' said Twizzle, 'our names will be immortalized, ay, handed down from generation to generation as the two great philanthropists or benefactors of the human family, and the destroyers of all fac similes of Theodore Bloat; but when the Home Secretary orders his release—it just occurs to me—and he re-appears in the city, he may have revenge, Tip. Heaven protect us! it may end in bloodshed, perchance in murder—foul, cold-blooded murder.'

'Murder!' repeated Tipshott, placing his right arm across his breast and striking over a deep outside pocket with the open hand, *never*, while that can do its duty, (a breech-loading revolver.)

'Revenge doth always thirst for blood,' remarked Twizzle.

'Bloat's will never be quenched with mine,' continued Tipshott. 'Villain, traitor, coward, robber, yes robber, for he has robbed poor Abbott of a good name. When he returns—mark me, Twizzle—well, I'll say no more. I'm too flippant at times; but only for Abbott's sake we would let the farce be played out. 500*l.* is in the way, you see, and he needs *his* share. Were it not for that, Wakefield might board him with all my heart for the term of his life, much less three years. What do you say, old boy?'

'Oh, the same opinion here,' quietly returned Twizzle. 'Now let us proceed to business,' suggested he. 'Abbott knows nothing of the plot, nor do I intend that he *shall* know either; it is unnecessary that he should. If we succeed in obtaining the reward before Hollyhock makes the demand for himself and the sick boy, then the last and the *one* great object is accomplished. He is now chastised for his cruelty to poor Abbott. Object No. 1—he is abased in the sight of all men; object No. 2—it will be of material benefit to Abbott, and will enable him to embark for a country better adapted for broken-down gentility divested of its pride than London is; object No. 3—it is the joke of all jokes—the plan is excellent, Tip—raising the fallen by pulling down the lofty.'

'Of course it is exquisite. It is humane, it is philanthropic,' returned Tipshott, at the same time combing his front locks with his fingers. 'I consider that we are most emphatically *the* heroes of the age. Our names ought to be engraved upon every tomb stone as the monument of goodness, the standard of perfection.'

'I'm inclined to think,' said Twizzle, puckering his mouth as he smoked, 'that if Bloat comes back, *your* name will at all events be engraved on one tomb-stone. Ho, ho, ho!'

'Such a thing *may* come to pass, but it's *not* very *likely*, friend Twizzle,' said Tipshott with a hoarse laugh.

The operation of charging pipes with newly-cut tobacco was now commenced by the two worthies, whereupon the pro-

cess of puffing and whiffing and spitting followed in quick succession. The luxury of smoking being indulged in to satisfaction, Twizzle proposed that matters to which the preceding conversation or dialogue alluded should be all arranged for the next morning, after the Middlesex Bank was opened; in other words, that everything appertaining to the remarkable developments to be made, and the mystery to be unravelled, should be cut forthwith, and allowed to *dry* until morning.

'Now, Tipshott, you must bear in mind that *I* am the medium through whom you reveal certain facts,' said Twizzle. 'I am supposed to be totally ignorant of anything you have done or saw fit to do, do you see? It will then rest with me to exonerate you from the charge of felony, and also hold the chain for the reward of 500*l.* to be just and substantial. Another thing in our favor: Sydney Cluxall is a man to be trusted, he's safe enough, and he for one will consent cheerfully to paying us the full amount if it were for nothing else but the richness of the joke. My dear sir, he will glory over it, and rejoice at the game of retaliation.'

'When, then, shall I meet you again,' enquired Tipshott, 'and know the result of all this? I must keep, you know, at a civil distance until the coast is clear and safe to be entered.'

'At this time to-morrow evening,' replied Twizzle, looking at his watch, 'I shall meet you here; and if success crown our efforts, probably I shall hunt up Abbott and have him present to join us in a glass.'

Tipshott then left.

At the hour of seven by all the unerring clocks of London, Henry Tipshott was seated the next evening in the back parlor of Timothy Twizzle's residence in accordance with the appointment announced at the conclusion of the last chapter. Twizzle, on this occasion, was not so remarkably punctual, for he failed to put in an appearance until the lazy-

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looking, old-fashioned time-keeper standing in his hall told the hour of eight.

'One hour exactly, Twizzle, behind time,' said Tipshott, as the ex-member of the bar walked languidly into the aforesaid room, and stretched himself at full length upon a spring sofa; his general fagged appearance and dust-covered boots indicating that he had that day tried his pedestrian abilities to the uttermost.

'Can't be helped,' rejoined Twizzle; 'I should have been here to the very minute, had I not been obliged to walk all over this metropolis, from east to west and from north to south, in search of Abbott. I went into every habitable and uninhabitable-looking domicile on Finsbury Hill; next scoured St. Giles and St. Sepulchre; and finally explored Golden Square, where I discovered him in a reserved attic of a tumble-down tenement, philosophizing from a fractured window pane upon the science of stone masonry, and the adhesive qualities of mortar; a chimney stack of a bottle factory close by being in course of erection. So I must say, without fear of contradiction, that I feel positively tired. This will be a sufficient excuse, Tip, for the delay of an hour.'

'Then it's a success? I judge it must be so from your going in search of Abbott,' said Tipshott.

'Success! a complete success,' returned Twizzle. 'The full amount of the reward will be paid to-morrow, and old Bloat will be set at liberty in a few days, or so soon as the facts are communicated to the Home Secretary, who of course will forthwith order his release.'

'Good!—splendid!—really excellent!' continued Tipshott. 'But as to my safety: how about that? Any danger of—of being seen near Bow street, that is, very near, eh?—a—a—what are the particulars?'

'Oh! you needn't be in the slightest degree alarmed for your safety,' replied Twizzle. 'Cluxall is in full possession of the plot, and through him information will be given to the Bank at a special meeting of the directors this afternoon. Cluxall, however, gave me to understand that Hollyhock would first be notified in

regard to the promise made to the sick boy, before the claim is actually handed over to me. And let me, as a friend and fellow sinner, admonish you to corroborate, even to a hair's breadth, the statement I have this day sworn to, in the same office of the Middlesex Bank, where Theodore sat, not many months ago, with inflated nostrils and decomposed pride.'

'To corroborate your statement?—how? Do you mean to insinuate that I am to make a clean breast of the joke? that I've got to make a verbal confession?'

'Certainly; you can't get out of it,' replied Twizzle.

'In what way did you connect me with it?' enquired Tipshott with some anxiety.

'In precisely the way you were connected with it, and in no other,' answered Twizzle. 'The truth had to be told to keep our skirts clear.'

We have now reached a period in the history of the events regarding the robbery at the Bank which the reader will unhesitatingly acknowledge to be a record of the most intensely interesting facts that have yet been made known in connection with the coincidence of Bloat's conviction. In short, the mystery of the suspected robbery is solved, and the reader's anxiety is relieved from the suspense in which he has been hitherto mercilessly kept. Suffice it now to say, that before anything further is given regarding the subject of the dialogue between Twizzle and Tipshott, a detailed description of the circumstances which transpired at Bowle's saloon on the night before the citizens were startled with the announcement that a burglary was committed at the Middlesex Bank will duly explain that to which Twizzle refers in a very special manner at the second meeting with the fancy goods traveller; after which the writer will re-introduce upon the stage Harman Abbott, who, he feels persuaded, will be greeted with many hearty welcomes and earnest desires for his future welfare.

While Bloat was excessively under the influence of ruin, as stated in Twiz-

zle's evidence, he at times assumed a posture which is supposed by all Christian denominations, and even by others, to be the most pious, the most contrite, and undoubtedly the humblest attitude in which a poor mortal can possibly place himself, namely, on his bended knees—thus betokening the asking of a request from a superior being, and symbolic of sorrow for the past and thankfulness for all gifts, no matter how small, for the present or the future. While Theodore Bloat was in this penitent position, and for ought any one could tell might *possibly* have been secretly and inaudibly saying his prayers, Tipshott evinced a strong desire to assist Bloat to do that which Jamaica rum most strenuously opposed him in doing, viz., to change to a sitting or semi-recumbent attitude.—Now, according to pre-arrangement with Twizzle, the fancy goods traveller also, evinced an equally ardent desire to get hold of a certain heavy bunch of keys in Bloat's trowsers pocket, which, after several dippings first of a few fingers and then of the whole hand, he succeeded with much adroitness in extracting without the least intelligible or unintelligible manifestation on Bloat's part that his rum companion was in the act of picking his pockets. This done, both Twizzle and the amateur pick-pocket, with the greatest kindness and something more than ordinary exertion, helped Bloat to the nearest couch, where he reclined until the soporific influence of the rum had lessened materially, and long enough to enable Tipshott to play a very important part in the drama, as will be seen directly. Tipshott, after giving a helping hand to lay Theodore out for a tranquil sleep, left the saloon, with Twizzle in charge until his return, and wended his way, just as the shades of evening fell, to a narrow by-way leading to a small court or flagged yard in which was the rear entrance to the Middlesex Bank. Arrived there he steals softly on tip-toe close by the high grim looking old walls on either side of the by-way, and occasionally stops to glance furtively back and to see by the pale moonlight that no being in human shape

either approached or loitered in the vicinity of the alley or the court. Having thus far escaped observation he drew the keys from his skirt pocket, and after many trials and testings as to which was the exact fit for the first lock to be encountered, he at length, with hurried respiration, entered the corridor, and from thence to the messengers' room. No further obstacle was offered by heavy folding doors with huge mammoth locks which was not easily removed when the great bunch of keys and a lighted wax taper were brought into requisition. The door of the outer office flies open before his key-full hand, the safe is unlocked with wonderful facility, and the familiar amount of 1868*l.* 6*s.* eagerly grasped and shuffled into the only convenient article just then at hand—that is to say, Tipshott's plug hat. 'Now then,' said Tipshott, as he went on tip-toe through the messengers' office as if he imagined some person outside was aware of his being there or might have suspected it, 'now then, if I can only find something in which to put this money, and get the sash in the messengers' room cut away, the plot is complete. Thank heaven if no one has seen me! if any one has I shall fall into the same pit that I am now digging for the old Judas himself; ay, and get caught in my own trap. But no—courage, Harry, courage! (placing his hand over the forehead). Thy deeds are valliant, and Heaven favors thee when thy object is so praiseworthy as to pull down the oppressor and raise the oppressed. O Bloat, thy very counting house despiseth thee; these walls, could they but speak, would cry out against thee; and mark me, if thou couldst but hear me, by all that's good this night's plot shall kill thee in the sight of all men, and destroy thy accursed treachery and deceit.'

After thus soliloquizing Tipshott, with patient search, found the old tin box underneath a pile of waste paper behind the door, the money was gladly consigned to it immediately from the plug hat. It might be a cause for surprise why Tipshott, in accomplishing the plot, did not place the money in the cash box that

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was found with the specie inside the safe, and which was then in daily use by Bloat and his son; but if any such surprise exist, it will be at once removed when it is stated that Tipshott, with much forethought and skilfulness of operation, did not endeavor to connect Bloat in a way which, if he had been truly guilty, he would not have been likely to connect himself; therefore he selected the old tin box, but was not by any means aware at the time that the engraving was there which was discovered by the hawk's eye of Flongby alias Hollyhock, and which told a tale of such infinite value to a successful issue of the deep-laid conspiracy. Tipshott made his exit as safely as he entered, but was only a few feet from the court yard already alluded to when he bethought himself of the omission to cut a portion of the sash in the room through which an entrance could with great facility be effected to the outer office from the rear of the building.

'What a hasty, excitable fool I must be!' whispered Tipshott to himself as he returned to unlock the rear door and re-enter the corridor. 'If 'twas to take me until midnight I'll do it, supposing the watchman does come round the corner periodically and strike his stick with that great heavy thud to warn all evil-doers of his presence; but the sleepy old curse, I'll stake my existence, will never shew this court yard his face to-night. And what if he did? I'd bribe him, of course—I'd divulge the secret; and is there an honest watchman in all London that would seal his lips in such a noble act as this?'

So saying, Tipshott, with the aid of a few sharp instruments, quietly cut away the lower sash, fastened all doors—except the safe, which was left open—and with the much-prized booty went back to Bowle's saloon, where he found Twizzle still true to his post, and Bloat in a recumbent position, piteously moaning in his spirit, and sometimes spasmodically snorting as he slept. The great bunch of keys were dexterously replaced in his trousers pocket, and the two con-

spirators joined in a loud hearty laugh as the first act in the drama closed. The sequel is already known so far as the box containing the money being seen in the carriage by Tipshott is concerned, and from the facts just stated, there can be no difficulty in drawing the inference that it was placed there by the same artful conspirator in order that a well-linked chain of evidence might be cunningly devised and manufactured to bring the perpetration of the act directly home to Bloat himself. Now this was the subject of the conversation between Tipshott and Twizzle at the residence of the latter, after Bloat's conviction was secured. Sufficient has passed between them to lead to the assumption that by divulging the plot, and thus giving the only truthful intelligence of the loss of the money, the reward offered by the Bank could very possibly be gained by Twizzle as the informant. This proved to be the case; for, upon Twizzle conveying the information to Sydney Cluxall concerning the plot, the Bank, so soon as Tipshott had confessed all things necessary, paid the 500*l.* in presence of Hollyhock (who by the way was much chagrined at the strange turn of affairs,) with the understanding that Samuel Langton, the sick boy, was to get forthwith the amount promised by the detective. The terms so proposed were readily assented to by the conspirators, and the day following the last meeting at Twizzle's they became the bona fide possessors of 250*l.*, when the question arose as to whether Abbott should be presented with the full amount—that is, the 250*l.* Twizzle considered that as Tipshott was not a person of independent fortune, and as he had risked his own liberty, amidst many dangers, to punish an oppressor, he at least was entitled to 50*l.* Tipshott, however, in the manliness of his spirit, spurned the proposition.

'No,' said he; 'I would brand myself as a mean dog, a miserable poltroon, if I was to take one farthing of the money.'

It only remains to be told, that when the extraordinary revelations just quoted were made known to the authorities, and

satisfactory proof given in relation thereto, Bloat was set at liberty; a wonder-stricken populace being sadly disappointed at his continuing a post to society at large.

During the period that elapsed since we took leave of Harman Abbott he was still unable to find permanent employment either in or out of the great city, depending the greatest part of the time upon the liberality of a few generous hearts. Clara, his wife, and little Charlie, the baby of eleven months when first he was introduced to the reader, both went, it is firmly believed and sincerely hoped, to a place whence no traveller returns, and Abbott himself had only a short time left St. Thomas's Hospital, where he laid for many weeks a victim to a malignant fever. All hopes of being able to embark for a distant land had well-nigh vanished, when the 250*l.* so ingeniously obtained by the two sincere friends was presented to him on the morning after Twizzle was paid by the Secretary of the Bank. His joy, as may well be imagined, was unspeakable on receipt of the money, but totally ignorant of the plot or plans devised to accomplish the object of his emigration. A few weeks' preparation was made, a small circle of friends taken leave of—in all likelihood for ever—a jovial night spent at the noble Twizzle's in company with the daring and equally noble Tipshott, and Harman Abbott, with sorrow at bidding adieu to his benefactors, set sail for the port of Quebec by the steamship 'Ranger.' After this compact and well-built vessel, with a human cargo of 178 passengers, had ploughed the British Channel, leaped over the billows of the Atlantic, was befogged upon the Banks of Newfoundland, and braved the dangers of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, of which seafarers stand in so much dread, she entered, much to the joy of all on board, the river of the same name. It is reviving, it is cheering, after one has been almost buried in the depths of the sea, rocked to more than a heart's content on huge inky waves, without a vestige of

land to be seen for days and enveloped in mist or impenetrable fog, to stand by the side of the ship and view the attractive scenery on either side of this handsome river. Here the emigrant is first initiated into the style of architecture and external arrangement of French Canadian peasant homes, which at some points of the river can be closely observed by the passenger on deck, as the steamer glides smoothly and steadily along the tranquil waters of the St. Lawrence. Advancing up, the first stopping place worthy of notice is Grosse Island, or government Quarantine, quite a necessary and useful depository for the unfortunates who contract some infectious sickness or disease on board. It is a small island, but probably large enough to afford accommodation to all whom the medical inspector may see fit in his wisdom to invite, in many instances, for a whole summer's residence in that retired portion of the New Dominion.—The hospital is admirably arranged, and strict regard paid to thorough ventilation in the respective wards. The trip from the island to Quebec, some thirty miles up the river, if it be during the summer months or as soon as navigation opens through from the lakes, cannot fail to impress the emigrant with the many favors which Nature seems to have bestowed upon the borders of the upper section of this far-famed river. The passenger nearing the ancient capital of Quebec soon discovers it: the water is alive with sailing vessels of all sizes, from a proud three-master down to an insignificant barge or weather-beaten fishing smack; some heavily laden with cargoes of lumber, and piloted out from the port a few miles down, others arriving or preparing to cast anchor, while more are stationary for a time, perhaps to undergo repairs. Close by the wharves of the city, or lying out in the river at the distance of a hundred yards or more, may be seen mammoth steamships with massive machinery, constructed on various principles, loading and unloading freight or provisions as the case may be, and myriads of small boats with jabbering

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half-breed Frenchmen in command, incessantly plying from vessel to vessel or from the quays to new arrivals both of steam and sailing ships. Quebec is not, nor never will be, noted for the regularity or cleanliness of its streets, and the inhabitants, particularly those in what is called the Lower Town, seem perfectly cognizant of the fact, and submissively brook the insult, which they may deem it. The old capital is unquestionably designed by Nature to be a first-class war post and an invulnerable point of attack, (there are many surviving who can bear testimony to the fact); but really there is nothing else about it that demands special attention. The appearance from the river is uninviting; and when one roams through the places of business the public edifices frown and scowl upon the passer-by. When the 'Rangée' had reached the port and cast her anchor at a convenient distance from the long wharf, she was besieged in the twinkling of an eye with suppliant boatmen, omnibus drivers and hotel runners, most of those in broken or rather muddled English making desperate efforts to render themselves intelligible to the 'greenhorns,' as they were termed on their first arrival in America.

Harman Abbott, amidst this jarring and jabbering of voices, selected a boat in command of a swarthy individual who fortunately spoke English fluently, and who, as he informed Harman, was in every sense of the word a mongrel breed—half Canadian, quarter American, one-eighth English, a sixteenth Scotch, and the same quantity of Irish. In this boat Abbott went ashore, bag and baggage, and for the use of such had to pay the very modest demand of one dollar. So soon as he found suitable hotel accommodations he retired to his own room somewhat homesick, intending to pursue his journey westward, where he was informed the English language was spoken in its purity, and not corrupted with a new specimen of so-called French.

After a brief sojourn at Quebec, Abbott pursued his journey towards the West on the lake steambout called 'John

Munn,' a drowsy, dromish looking specimen of its kind, and one that might remind a person versed in mythology of some fabulous structure of Grecian design; in fact an 'institution,' to use an American phrase, too ancient in appearance for a new country, and too tardy for a *fast* people. The interior arrangement of those boats is much more attractive than the exterior would lead an interested observer to expect: the cabins, state sleeping rooms and eating apartment are fitted up with studied regard, not only to the comfort and convenience of the passengers, but to please the varied tastes in ornamental painting and other artistic executions. Public accommodation in America—making use of the name in the widest sense—is conducted on most occasions, both on land and water, upon the principle of unity, freedom (sometimes of an unpleasant character), and equality; in short, after the manner of the 'happy family,'—a well-known motley collection which, by skilful training, acquire a forced friendship for each other and become familiarized with the strange and peculiar habits of every member of the reconciled group. Now, so it was on the 'John Munn,' as she (or he) sluggishly paddled the way to the city of Montreal, a place of world-wide celebrity.

Abbott watched with intense interest, and not a little surprise, the operation of setting the tables at meal hours, and the accumulating thereon of all the delicacies of the season, calculated to please the most fastidious tastes, in such rich profusion and wonderful exactness. Somehow or other he preconceived the idea that, when he purchased a *first*-class passage to Montreal, he was for the time being an individual of the *first* water and a gentleman, in the literal meaning of the word; of *first* rate standing. Being uplifted many degrees in his own estimation by this consideration, he inferred that a reserved table and one particularly select in the arrangement thereof would be allotted to him on board the 'John Munn'; but lo! to his infinite astonishment and much to his chagrin, he was

informed by the sharp discordant sound of the waiter's bell that dinner (which happened to be the first meal he partook of on board) was ready for all cabin passengers. Then followed a perfect siege of the long tables, and a mighty rush of the lank and hungry to obtain seats in the vicinity of favorite dishes and sundry little dainties. This was too much for Abbott's ideas of the treatment which a real live gentleman ought to receive, especially at the hands of strangers. He could not restrain his feelings, and as he stepped most reluctantly into the dining saloon he chanced to meet the chief, or inspector of the staff of table waiters, who was up to his eyes in business, and sometimes much higher, giving instructions to his men relative to the swift performance of their duty, and to whom he ventilated his thoughts on the subject of complaint.

'Excuse me—I beg your pardon—but allow me to enquire, if there is not a special table for me? I am a first-class passenger,' said Abbott.

'A special table, sir!' returned the chief, with as much amazement as if he heard of his grandmother's resurrection from the dead. 'A special one for you? Why, who the d—l are you, or who do you wish to be?'

'A gentleman, and a cabin passenger, too,' replied Abbott, taking out his ticket and exposing the document, to the in-suppressible laughter of a few by-standers who overheard the conversation.

'They're all gentlemen here, then,' continued the chief waiter; 'they belong to the cabin as well as you. I guess you're a greeny. Go and sit down right there,' pointing to a vacant seat opposite the skeleton of a prairie chicken, 'and don't let decent folks see you make such a darned fool of yourself.'

Several fat ladies of questionable age seemed quite amused at the newly-imported Englishman; and one old grandmother, while in the act of draining the bottom of her tea cup, broke out into a jolly haw-haw and positively filled the vessel with laughter, followed by a gentleman opposite, with a face strongly

resembling a full moon, getting into paroxysms of short laughs—his loose fat cheeks quivering and shaking like a bowl of new made jelly. From that time forth until the trip to Montreal was completed Abbott became the object of attraction on board, and an excellent target for public opinion to fire at with an undoubted certainty of always hitting the mark. Abbott noticed it, for he could scarcely avoid it, and he began with great earnestness of heart to wish himself back to the shores of Old England, and regret even to soreness that he had ever come to such an uncivilized country.

Montreal was reached by the 'John Munn' late in the afternoon of the next day, and after discharging her (or his) cargo of passengers and freight proceeded further up the river.

A few weeks elapsed, and we find that Abbott has taken up his abode in Toronto, a city beautifully situated on Lake Ontario, and designated—it is difficult to say whether by the citizens or foreigners—the 'Queen City of the West.' It is very doubtful indeed if he could have made a better selection in the choice of a Western town wherein to seek a livelihood or even remunerative employment, together with the geniality of the social atmosphere and closer approximation to British habits and customs than will be found in any other portion of the 'New Dominion.' It is universally acknowledged to be a handsome city, according to the idea most people entertain of what constitutes one. On approaching it, the first impression of its appearance from the bay is decidedly favorable, and it may be that the reputation it now enjoys for fairness and beauty was first acquired in that way. To speak candidly, however, Toronto will not bear close inspection in point of the arrangement of its streets and regularity of the places of business. The principal thoroughfares or marts of commerce are contracted, and those streets which contain none but private residences somewhat stunted in size. This is an error that might have

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been avoided. There are *too* many streets of inferior width, at all events, many of which could be dispensed with altogether, or *might have been* at the birth of the city. Subsequent to the period at which it received the uncomplimentary but still truthful appellation of 'Muddy Little York,' of late years Toronto has presented many advantages and bright prospects to emigrants consisting chiefly of the class of industrial mechanics and tradesmen. Its manufactories are numerous; its commercial relations rapidly on the increase; and its inhabitants indefatigable in their exertions to vie with other cities equal, or nearly so, in size and population; as well as to receive with open arms the emigrant, no matter from whence he hails, who is ready to put his own shoulder to the wheel and lend a helping hand to move the machinery in the great fabric of the New Dominion. To broken down respectability or shabby gentility, it offers no inducement; and yet it is strange, 'tis wondrous strange, that Toronto, unfortunately abounds with that worthless class of citizens, sometimes far too long to be wholesome, and with which, after each high tide of emigration, it is invariably inundated.

Now Harman Abbott had taken excellent care of the money which Twizzle and Tipshott obtained for him by means of the plot already related, therefore when he arrived at Toronto he was the possessor of a trifle over 200*l*. stg. This amount, equivalent to one thousand dollars of Canadian currency, promoted him to a higher rank than the gentry to which allusion has just been made. True it is, he was respectably connected, and within a short time of embarking for Canada, was unmistakably broken down; but at the period of which we now speak he had a good sum of money, and money has power, incredible power which can be wielded either for good or evil. Suffice it to say, that with this amount at his command he became insane, incurably

insane upon speculative projects, and was induced rather to invest all available funds in matters of this sort, ere he had resided in Canada long enough to judge the chances of success, than to seek employment appropriate to his abilities. A sad accident, or perhaps we may call it a misfortune, occurred while he worked hard day after day and night after night building castles in the air with the remnant of his money. He was robbed, it was supposed by a fellow-boarder to whom he unwittingly confided, amongst many other things, the secret that he was rich, and the fact that his purse was a ponderous article; the result of such flippancy was that his *confidential* friend disappeared one moonlight night, and so did the money—the chances are at the same time and with the same individual. Abbott, now destitute of means, was thrown upon the tender mercies of the hospitable Torontonians who, so soon as they learned the history of the melancholy occurrence, lost no time in coming to his aid. Subsequently, he procured temporary occupation as copying clerk in a solicitor's office, the income of which barely maintained him at very humble quarters in the city. A Canadian winter was now setting in with all its intensity of cold and rigorous blasts, navigation was necessarily closed, business stagnant, and the prospects as dreary and as gloomy as they could well be for the unfortunate Abbott.

It was while thick black clouds thus overhung him that he resolved to bid farewell to Toronto and pitch his tent in another part of the vast dominion. Acting partly on this determination and partly upon the advice of others, he travelled some distance in a Western direction upon the Grand Trunk Railroad—the great connecting line between Canada and the eastern and western States of America, and directed his course to a small town or incorporated village that lay about twenty miles from the line of railroad. The journey was performed in about five hours from the time of starting, in a comfortably-seated covered stage fastened upon iron runners and dragged by four ring-boned or bare-

honed horses, all of which—with the exception of one—were capital advertisements that oats and even a little hay were wanted at their own stables; and ~~one~~ took the trouble of counting the number of ribs visible, or rather conspicuous to the naked eye, the conclusion would be that the sooner both of these articles of horse diet were delivered, the better. The intermediate country displayed well-cleared farms, the fruits no doubt of excessive hardship and untiring industry; and those brave old veterans of the forest who have grown grey in the service, and who perhaps, not more than twenty years ago, were faint for food and wearied with the toil of the day had not wherewith to lay the head, may now be seen driving a well-finished carriage or cutter, as the case may be, with a noble span to the nearest market, living monuments of energy and zeal. Abbott, upon arriving at the compact little village of R—, the place of his destination *pro tem*, was smitten with a severe attack of home sickness, the symptoms of which were much aggravated by gloomy forebodings and an unfavorable impression of the place at first sight. The latter may very likely have been caused by the greater severity of the climate than that of his native land and the wonderful and sudden changes of weather so peculiar to Canada, of which a practical illustration was afforded to him the morning after he became a townsman of R—: for at early dawn the sky was dark and lowering, the air chilly and damp—at last rain fell, which partially dissolved the hard-crusts snow that had for some time accumulated upon the hill-sides and waste places. Towards evening the rain ceased, and great flakes of snow came tumbling down half-melted from roofs of houses and leafless branches of lofty trees; in the marshes little lakes were formed, and in the centre of the village compounds of half-frozen snow and mud. Upon the following morning a sharp frost set in and all nature seemed to have undergone a change. Standing upon the summit of a hill overlooking the chief part of the village, the eye would view with admiration the broad

fields and rugged wastes, with their white crystallized covering sparkling like diamonds in the bright sunshine, which effect was produced by the previous day's rain drops leaping and bounding as they fell upon the frozen mass. Now it chanced that in the same quiet little village there were merchants of every grade, and shops or stores of every size, from the diminutive penny depository to the commodious warehouse with choice assortments of goods for the million.—One of the mercantile fraternity, claiming to belong to the latter class, but who in reality was related to neither, took it into his head that he was born to be a man of commerce, and that he was destined to be, if the Fates so ruled it, the possessor of boundless wealth. Actuated by these inexpressible feelings upon a matter involving his future welfare, he opened an establishment in R—, where he informed the public he was prepared to supply them, at the lowest prices in the Dominion, with ready-made clothing and other articles of the same class of the most superior quality; always adding that, in cases of emergency, tailoring would be done upon the shortest notice. Christopher Frow was the sole proprietor of this public institution to clothe the naked, and at the time of Abbott's arrival in the town was some four years engaged in this worthy and Christian calling, but for reasons which shall shortly be mentioned he had by no means realized his gigantic expectations, nor is at all likely that, if left to himself, he ever would have succeeded even in keeping his head above the deep water of pecuniary embarrassments.

After Abbott had partaken of some refreshment at 'the best house' in town on the evening of his arrival, he was endeavoring to drive dull care away with a glass of toddy and a cigar, recommended by the hotel keeper to be of the pure leaf all the way from Havanna, in the public reception or sitting room adjoining the bar. While thus engaged, a light-complexioned man, carelessly dressed, and from the appearance of his coat and whiskers was lately engaged in plucking some of the feathered tribe,

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entered and took his seat in a lounging, heedless way, close by the stove, with his feet elevated upon the top thereof, and his cap—at one time supposed to be made of fur, but now might have been mistaken for wilted moss—very much inclined to one side of the head; the peak almost obliterating the adjacent eye. Extracting a short clay pipe from his vest pocket, he discovered to his disappointment that it was minus the tobacco, which he next produced in the shape of a badly-lacerated fragment of a plug. Helping himself to a chew, he commenced to fire a well-directed volley of obnoxious spittle against the newly-papered wall and stove pipes, and opened a sort of social interview with Abbott by remarking that it was going to be a very severe fight, and that Canada was the finest country on the globe, but that the climate didn't suit many folks; whereupon Abbott readily admitted the truth of the assertion, and added, that from the specimen he had while in the country he was confident it would never suit him, that his constitution was not of the healthy standard, etc.

'Indeed,' remarked the gentleman with the quid, at the same time making a violent effort by screwing up his lips to fire at a spittoon in a far corner, 'A stranger here then? ain't long out, I guess? Going up the country?—a pedlar, or traveller for wholesaler?'

The interrogations of the chewing individual followed in quick succession, and were deemed by the Londoner of a most insulting character, especially the two last.

'Yes, I'm a stranger, comparatively speaking, to Canada,' replied Abbott; 'only out here a few months; but I'm neither going up nor down the country at present. This is my destination, at least for a time; nor am I a pedlar or a traveller, sir, I wish you to understand.'

'Oh, beg pardon, friend; didn't mean no insult, you know. Don't know who you are nor what you are; nor to be honest don't care a darn. But allow me to say that, if you are going to stop here among white folks, you must be a kind of civil, no odds who you are.'

'I don't wish to be otherwise,' observed Abbott. 'I've been well brought up, well hedicated too, and belong to a very high family, so it is not reasonable to suppose I should be anything *but* civil, sir.'

'Pshaw! Your high family to the dogs!' returned the stranger. 'We don't preach no such doctrine in this country; you can't come that game here. Money rules over all; and, if you've plenty of that on hand, you may brag a little perhaps 'bout your family and your laruin' and your this and that; but if you han't got much of the chink, take a friend's advice and dry up 'bout relations and qualifications in general. Money, stranger, is the grand recommendation, if a feller wants to cut a big figure.'

'Well,' said Abbott, 'I had money. I may say I was rich when I landed in Canada; but I was unfortunately robbed. Notwithstanding, I have a few friends even in this distant land, and am not destitute of recommendations equally as good as money,—honesty and integrity; and as we have happened to get into conversation about these matters, I will inform you that I have here a testimonial of character and written introduction to a gentleman of good standing, a leading man in this place. I intend to present it to him to-morrow. Perhaps you can tell me where he resides in the town. Christopher Frow, Esq., is the name to whom this letter is addressed.'

'What?' said the stranger, straightening his cap and starting to the floor; 'why, I am the man! That's my name, there ain't no other here of the same.'

Abbott, with greater astonishment than could be conceived, handed the letter to Mr. Frow, who, when he read the contents, informed him that he would meet him at the hotel the next day and speak confidentially.—So saying he left abruptly.

Christopher Frow was exalted many degrees, in his own estimation, above his mercantile brothers, after he discovered by Abbott's introductory letter that he

verily and truly was considered a *leading* man; but, unfortunately, his *loose* habits of late and his irresistible (!) tendency to become frequently and injuriously *tight*, precluded the possibility of his attaining to such an enviable position in the sensitive and ambitious little town of R—. The interview with Abbott subsequent to the casual meeting at the hotel revealed the fact, that if he had only kept within the paths of sobriety, he would doubtless have been an important element in a village form of government. Alas! it was otherwise; his morning glass was his only breakfast, dinner time came, and brought a far greater craving for another. His evenings, spent around taverns and drinking saloons, were engaged in silly gossip, the few sales of ready-made clothing gradually became fewer, and the orders for making garments on the shortest notice were, to use a familiar phrase, 'like angels' visits, few and far between.' Poor Christopher was, therefore, at the time of Abbott's arrival, a helplessly broken-down merchant—so everybody thought in his own neighborhood. It was universally believed that there was no salvation from the miserable end which awaited him; his little shop window, begrimed with dirt, whispered neglect to the passer-by; and the counter and shelves, with divers articles of ready-made clothing strewed thereon, all sprinkled and stained with mould and dust, mourned because no customer came to effect a purchase with the 'Bos.' In Christopher's absence none was there to attend to calls, save an only daughter of ten years old, whose presence was of no further use than the prevention of petty larceny by any persons who might be disposed to help themselves without fear of detection. Christopher being a tailor, people naturally came to the conclusion that his *goose* was a 'gone' one; and also holding the title of merchant, they as logically inferred, for the reasons just given, that sooner or later he must shut up shop. The Fates, however, did not rule it so; for when his goose had grown icy cold, and perchance in a few days would have been pronounced 'gone' by

the sheriff's auctioneer, and when the shop was about to be *shut* by the same obliging official, it was decreed that Christopher Frow must yet prosper, and that he must be rescued from impending business dissolution by the person of Harman Abbott. In a lucid interval, one morning, a few weeks after Abbott's entry to the village, as he sat on a three-legged stool before a cavernous-looking desk in the shop, and looked sadly over the diary and ledger of the past year; both of which essential records were faithfully kept—that is so long as there was anything to be recorded—by an accommodating young clerk in an establishment opposite, the remuneration for which was an annual suit of clothes; a thought struck him, and his conscience smote him at the same time—and well it was so, for were it not for this mental assault, this striking and smiting of an intangible, invisible power, Christopher Frow would this day have been numbered amongst the fallen to his own pernicious habits.

'Wretch that I am!' said he, as he turned over page after page and then glanced round upon his limited stock; 'ah!—yes; poor, miserable, degraded wretch—a *leading* man indeed! Little they know of me away from home; but let me see: there may be a chance yet, it's not too late. Yes, sir-ree, I've got it! This is my stock; and supposing I make a sale of all to Abbott—that is a bogus one—he then is sole proprietor; I'm his salesman. *Secretly*, I'm a sleeping partner; he keeps the books, does business up brown, and I give him half the profits, and, to crown all, not a glass of liquor shall pass my lips from this day forth; and who knows but Chris. *may* yet be the first man in town?—reeve, councillor or magistrate, something in that line anyhow, supposing he shouldn't happen to have much larnin' itself, for that ain't of much account in this country when a man's doing well and making the chink.'

Christopher, winding up these solemn reflections, brought down his fist upon the desk as a token of firm determination, and with a sudden spring off the three-

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logged stool went out to make known the proposition to Abbott. In less than one hour the terms were proposed, the bargain concluded, and secrets confided between Abbott and the merchant tailor. The whole establishment was put to right, the ready-made clothing renovated, and the begrimed shop window laved, secured and polished. The late clothing store of Christopher Frow appeared with a new face and a new proprietor, business increased rapidly; the store in process of time, for the greatest part of the day, was inundated with customers, chiefly of the ragged tribe, and, with the aid of a few skilful journeymen tailors, garments of all descriptions, from the superfine wedding coat to the heavy coarse unmentionables, were made on incredibly short notice. From this prosperous result in the affairs of Christopher, he was soon in a position to liquidate all debts, and with the surplus fund which Abbott had laid up over and above his necessary expenditure had largely increased the stock, and became ostensibly a partner in the business. The firm of Abbott & Frow waxed great in the eyes of all whom they endeavored to *suit* (of course in the clothing line), and within six months from the day on which Christopher announced to the public that he had formed a union with an experienced hand all the way from the great city of London, they erected an extensive building, designed not only to clothe the naked but to feed the hungry. Ornamental cards and tastefully-printed hand bills were circulated in the region round about, advertising the addition of the provision branch to the clothing and tailoring departments.

While in this prosperous position, and on the smooth road to affluence, Abbott piously conceived it to be right to take unto himself a wife; he was now a widower of fifteen month's standing, and the probability is, had ceased to mourn for the loss of the gentle and amiable Clara. Now, in places with small populations there is never any difficulty in discerning a new comer, and until the stranger becomes thoroughly installed into the acquaintance and social peculi-

arity of the natives therein, there is always an itching curiosity on their part particularly of the female portion of the community, to pry into his antecedents, to sketch his general appearance, to notice very minutely how he dresses, and how he looks in church when Sunday comes; whether he is handsome or ugly, whether he is respectably connected, and last of all, whether he wants a wife if not already supplied. Abbott was subjected to such scrutiny together with many other little annoyances, until he had served a full apprenticeship to the village of R—; at the expiration of which, and so soon as he was known to be successful, anxious mothers worked hard to make marriageable daughters appear to the best advantage, more especially on public occasions, such as local concerts, social tea parties, etc.— Introductions to him were eagerly sought by several young ladies, who imagined that, from certain admiring glances he was pleased to bestow upon them, perhaps in the same seat at church or the next one to it, he assuredly must be loved, cricken; each fair rival feeling that she was the more highly favored, and the most pointedly noticed. One of these, after a formal introduction and a courtship of brief duration, won his heart and hand while playing an evening quiet game of love. The marriage ceremony soon followed, the bells rang out merrily, the schoolmaster gave a holiday to his pupils, and the children skipped upon the green and raised their little voices in songs of rejoicing, as the bridal party passed by that way. Harman Abbott was revered and beloved by old and young in the village of R—, although a resident there but a short period; and now that he had married quite a village favorite, an accomplished young lady of nineteen and the daughter of the Reeve, who by the way was far from being accomplished himself, his popularity increased, and his business prospects were daily most cheering.

Some months after the marriage, while Abbott was enjoying the convivialities of an evening party at his father-in-law's house, the town constable came to inform

Mr. Price (the Reeve) that an old man lay at one of the taverns in a dying state—at least people told him so—and that as far as could be ascertained he was destitute of means and had travelled a considerable distance without refreshment of any kind, the constable, therefore, requested Mr. Price to step over and see him; but he considered him an object worthy of notice, and might perhaps give an impetus to the effect to the proper authorities in the place. Mr. Price, who was well known to be a kind-hearted man, at once complied with the request, accompanied by Harman, who was also blessed with a compassionate and generous spirit. The old man lay prostrate upon the floor of the bar-room, with a small bundle and a staff by his side; his countenance wore a ghastly look, his brow wrinkled with the cares of three-score years or more, the shoulders stooped from the ponderous burden of life, and the clothing tattered and hanging all shreddy and loose. Poor old soul! he was indeed dying, from what cause could not positively be said; but the supposition was, that it was owing to lack of food, from a few words he faintly uttered when borne from the street to the bar-room. When the Reeve and his son-in-law entered, the bystanders, some of whom chafed the old man's hands and wet his lips with diluted stimulants, moved aside. Abbott advanced and looked pitifully at the death-like form, but instantly drew back, pale with fright and stricken with surprise.

'May Heaven protect me! I know that man,' exclaimed he, clasping his hands. 'Oh, surely it is—it is—no, it cannot be! But still those features, changed though they may be, are so dreadfully real, so horribly familiar!—let me take another look. Ah, yes, it is none else than Bloat—Theodore Bloat, my friends, a fellow-citizen of mine. How he came, or why he's here, is a mystery to me.'

Abbott knelt beside him and gazed silently at the darkened brow, as if to assure himself that his recognition was correct, and in a muffled tone called the old man by his name. With feeble

efforts the dying traveller turned his head and raised the eyes. 'Harman, Harman! oh, Harman!' he muttered, with an almost imperceptible movement of the lips. 'You know me, don't you?'

'You said he! I know you well, how changed, and how changed you are.'

Bloat, for verily he had reached his withered hand to Abbott, who held it with a soft and tender grasp:

'Life is ebbing; I'll soon be gone.—Forgive me, oh! forgive me Harman, I can say no more,' spoke the dying man.

'Forgive you! yes. God forbid I shouldn't,' said he, as he buried his face in his hands and sobbed aloud.

'Then farewell forever,' uttered Bloat, as he closed his eyes and with a few short gasps gave up the ghost.

Preparations were made the following day for the interment at the expense of his once persecuted clerk. The funeral procession of the late Manager of the Middlesex Bank consisted of eleven persons, Abbott volunteering to act as chief mourner. The remains of him who at one time lived in luxury and fashion, holding a superior position in a great metropolis, now lies enshrouded in beggar's rags, in a rough-made coffin, inside the verdant churchyard of the village of R—.

Not long after his release from Wakefield prison, he became totally bankrupt, his effects seized and sold, and his family cast upon the mercies of the generous Lord. Louisa was compelled to engage in the service of a former associate as a housemaid, and the other members of the Rose Castle driven to the acceptance of similar subordinate positions. Bloat himself, having contrived to raise a small sum of money, purchased a steerage passage to New York, where he wandered about day after day in search of employment. Being totally unsuccessful in this, he managed with a portion of the small pittance left to effect his passage into Canada; here he travelled foot-sore and wearied for many weeks, until he was finally reduced to utter want, and was wending his way probably to some hospitable hamlet, to obtain shelter and food, when he fell

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prostrate with hunger and fatigue upon the street of Abbott's adopted home and died, after being borne a few yards, on the liquor-stained floor of a bar-room.— Thus ended the career of this unhappy man.

Abbott no longer feels home-sick, and when he dandles a plump rosy-cheeked infant in his arms, sitting by a bright fireside, he often looks back to the time when he little expected HELP IN THE DISTANCE.

THE END.

