

to London, passing through the city on his way to his own dwelling. The postillion stopped once near the Mansion House, on account of something that had gone wrong with his horses; and Neville remarked that several people came up, and asked what was the matter. A servant of Dillon's who had come to town with the carriage by his master's orders, made some reply, which Neville did not attend to; but putting his head out of the window, ordered the man to drive on as soon as possible. In this he was obeyed; and in three quarters of an hour more he was at the door of his own house.

"How is your mistress?" was his first question to the servant who admitted him.

"Quite well, sir," replied the woman, with some appearance of surprise. He hurried into the breakfast room; but there sat Lucy, paler, indeed, than in former days, but as well as she had been when he left her.

He had evidently been imposed upon; and he was conversing with his fair wife over the motives which could lead any one to practice so cruel a jest upon him, when a servant announced that a strange gentleman wished to speak with him; and Neville was arrested for a debt which he had no means of paying, and was conveyed to one of those abodes of misery which our laws assign equally to misfortune and to guilt.

The heart of Charles Neville felt as if it would have broken; but Lucy shed no tear, and uttered no murmur. On the contrary, placed by her husband's side, in the miserable vehicle which was brought to convey him to a prison, she still spoke words of hope and comfort; and, ere they reached the wretched place in which many of their future hours seemed likely to be spent, she had, by her sweet fortitude, contrived to restore her husband to some degree of calmness. By the time they reached the lock-up house, as it was called, the bailiff had informed his prisoner that if he could obtain bail for his appearance, he might speedily be set at liberty. He accordingly wrote immediately to his friend Dillon; but during the whole of that day and the next morning, he received no answer.

Towards night Dillon made his appearance. He descended from his carriage at the door, with a slow and stately air, which Neville remarked from the window; and, entering the room, looked round with a cold and supercilious smile.—The first impulse of Neville was to tender his hand; but Dillon did not take it; and the blood rushed into Captain Neville's cheek, with a feeling of indignation in his bosom which seemed to take away his breath.

"I am very sorry, sir," said Dillon, before the other had recovered himself sufficiently to speak, "that I cannot become your bail, as you propose; as I made a vow, long ago, not to be bail for any one. You seem comfortably lodged here," continued he, in the same tone, fixing his eye upon the door into the other room, into which Lucy had retreated, just as he entered.

"So comfortably lodged, sir," replied Neville, with a quivering lip and a flashing eye, "so comfortably lodged that I have a desire of being alone; and if you don't find your way out by the stairs, I may find a way for you by the window."

"You forget, my good friend," replied Dillon, calmly, "there are bars upon the windows of your present abode."

"Then I must hasten your departure by the door," said Neville, advancing upon him; at that moment Lucy darted forth from the inner room, and threw her arms around her husband.—"Charles! Charles, forbear!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Dillon must either be mad, or acting under some false impression."

"Not at all mad, madam," replied Dillon, walking coolly towards the door, "nor acting under any wrong impression. You will, probably, console yourself and husband by thinking the Commander-in-chief mad, when you find that he has dismissed Captain Neville from His Majesty's service; but all I have to say is this, that when an officer enters into a base conspiracy for stock-jobbing purposes, and passing through the town in uniform, makes use of the regimentals of His Majesty's service, for the purpose of making false reports, to cause a fall in the funds, he can but expect one result."

"Liar and villain!" burst forth Neville; "who

knows so well as you do that every word you speak is false."

"I know them to be true, sir," replied Dillon; "do you think to deceive me by the trumped-up story of a forged letter? Pray, let him go, madam! I intend to do him one honor, in memory of our former friendship, which, if ever he gets out of such walls as these, to punish him for the deceits practised upon me, in the manner usually employed by gentlemen; though, perhaps, the brave Captain Neville may be inclined to shrink the encounter; upon the pretence that I am not his equal, having the misfortune to be, as I doubt not he has taken full care to inform you, madam, an illegitimate son." As he pronounced the last words, he raised his voice, and all the demonical passions which he had so long nourished secretly in his bosom, flashed forth upon his dark but splendid countenance, like lightning bursting from a thunder-cloud.

(Conclusion in our next.)

ARISTOCRACY OF MONEY AND ARISTOCRACY OF BIRTH.

Lady Charlotte Guest (sister of the Earle of Lindsey) piques herself more on being the wife of the great iron master than the daughter of an earl. Indeed it is a question with many whether her ladyship does not ride this and other of her hobbies a little too hard, though, after all, it would be better for people who take exception to her energy to imitate her bustling and benevolent activity than to give way to criticism. Though a fine, handsome, and fashionable woman, with eight children to claim her care, her ladyship takes an interest even in the minutiae of the works, and has so keen an eye to the main point that, though she may possibly startle at the question, "What is the price of pigs?" she knows what the price should be. Upon one occasion, I am told, she astonished the wild Cymbri by rolling out a bar herself. A circumstance was narrated to me, which, if true, indicates her character aptly enough. Her ladyship was generally observed to be in a somewhat vivid state of excitement about the time the balance sheet of the works (when Sir John had partners) was being made up; and as soon as the account was finished, so eager was she to see the amount of profits that she had a copy of it sent on to her, wherever she might be.—On one occasion—(it was, if I mistake not, the great railway year)—she had a grand party at her London residence, probably brought together to give eclat to the project she had in mind. When the festivity was at its height, a courier arrived from Dowlais, booted and spurred, with a tin box containing the expected document.—Lady Charlotte ordered it to be brought to her in the brilliantly lighted saloon where she was surrounded by a circle of her aristocratic friends and relations, who were probably occasionally, like her mother, in the habit of having a sneer at the cinder hole. "What's that, Lady Charlotte?" exclaimed they, all crowding round the apparition of the tin box. "'Tis our balance sheet," answered her ladyship. "Balance sheet?" exclaimed the fair Aristoi, "what's a balance sheet?" "It is an account made up, and showing the profits down at the works for the last twelve months." The company laughed, for they thought with Lady Lindsey of the cinder hole; but the Welsh iron master's wife bided her time, for she knew the laugh would be with her as she opened the tin case and drew out the document. "And so that's a balance sheet," exclaimed her friends, crowding round the paper with the double entries and red lines, and they looked on it as on a phenomenon—they had never seen one before, and if they had heard of one they thought it was something belonging to a ship. "But what are the profits?" cried they, as Lady Charlotte scanned her eye over the paper. Lady Charlotte, not seeming to heed them, said, as though she spoke to herself, "Three hundred thousand pounds—a very fair year," and she re-committed the balance sheet to its tin case, while peeresses looked as Lot's wife might have looked as she was being changed into salt. "Three hundred thousand pounds profit! What—you don't mean that in one year?" "In one year," was the reply, as if there was nothing at all remarkable in the matter. "I'd be a Cinderella myself (said a border countess) to a husband with such a business—Three hundred thousand pounds, only think;

and all from that nasty cold iron—it beats the glass slipper." Lady Charlotte had her revenge. None of them sneered at the cinder hole after that—the balance-sheet cured them.—*Roebuck's History of the Whigs.*

A RATTLE-SNAKE STORY.

Last fall, a woman residing in the vicinity of Worcester, was picking blackberries in a field near her house, having with her her only child, a bright eyed little fellow of less than a year old. The babe sat upon the ground in an open space, amusing himself with grasping at a clump of yellow weed that grew within reach, and eating berries brought him from time to time by his mother.

The latter, at length, intent upon gathering the fine fruit, passed around a rock which hid her child from view. She was about to return to him, when hearing him laughing and crowing in great glee, and thinking he must be safe as long as he was so happy, she remained a little longer where she was.

Suddenly the little voice ceased, and after another minute's delay, the young mother stepped upon the rock and looked over, expecting to see her babe asleep; instead of which, he was setting perfectly motionless, his lips parted, and his wide open eyes fixed with a singular expression upon some object which at first she was unable to discern.

Yet who can judge of her horror when on closer scrutiny she perceived, some four feet from the infant, a rattle-snake, with its glittering eyes fastened upon his, and nearing him by an almost imperceptible motion!

The sight of her darling's peril so nearly paralyzed her, that for an instant she half believed that the dreadful fascination had extended to herself; but the certainty, that, unless she was the instrument of salvation to her child, he was inevitably lost, in some degree restored her powers.

She glanced wildly round for something that might be used as a weapon, but nothing appeared, and already the venomous reptile had passed over half the space which divided him from his victim. Another moment, and all would be lost! What could be done?

In her hand she held a broad tin pan, and springing from the rock, quick as thought she covered the snake with it, and stood upon it to prevent his escape.

The charm was broken; the child moved, swayed to one side, and began to sob. At the same time, the mother recovered her voice and screamed for aid, retaining her position till it arrived, when the cause of her terrible fright was despatched.

HOW THE RACK WAS ABOLISHED.—Torture applied to extort confession was discontinued, it is said, in the public courts of Portugal in consequence of the following circumstance:—A conscientious judge, having observed the effects of the rack upon supposed criminals, in making them confess anything, to the sacrifice of their lives, to get released from the torture, determined to try an experiment. It is a capital crime in that country to kill a horse or a mule, and he had one of the former which he valued much. He took care one night to have all his servants employed, so that no one but the groom could go into the stable. When all were fast asleep in their beds, he stole thither himself, and cut the horse so that he bled to death. The groom was apprehended and committed to prison. He pleaded not guilty; but presumption being strong against him, he was ordered to the rack, where the extremity of the torture soon wrung from him a confession of the crime. Upon this confession he had the sentence of hanging passed upon him, when his master went to the tribunal and there exposed the fallibility of confessions obtained by such means by owning the fact himself, and disclosing the motives which had induced him to try the experiment.

The papers publish the marriage of Mr. J. Strange to Miss Elizabeth Strange. This is somewhat Strange, certainly, but it is probable the next important event in that family will be a little Stranger.

"Wood is the thing after all," as the man with the oak leg said when the mad dog bit it

AN IRISHMAN'S MISTAKE.

A correspondent of the Boston Herald tells the following good story:

A few months ago, as Brother Ingalls, of Swampscott, was travelling through the Western part of the State of New York, he fell in with an Irishman who had lately arrived in this country, who was in quest of a brother that came on before him and settled in some of the diggings in that vicinity.

Pat was a strong, athletic man; a true Catholic, and had never seen the interior of a Protestant church. It was a pleasant Sabbath morning that Brother Ingalls met Pat, who inquired the road to the nearest church.

Ingalls is a good pious man. He told Pat he was going to church himself, and invited his new made acquaintance to keep him company thither, his place of destination being a small Methodist meeting-house near by. There was a great revival there at that time, and one of the deacons (who, by the way, was very small in stature) invited Brother I—— to take a seat in his pew. He accepted the invitation and walked in, followed by Pat, who looked in vain to find the altar, &c. After he was seated he turned to Brother I——, and in a whisper which could be heard all around, inquired:

"Sure and isn't this a heretic church?"

"Hush!" said Ingalls, "if you speak a loud word they will put you out immediately."

"Divil a word will I speak at all at all," replied Pat.

The meeting was opened with prayer by the pastor. Pat was eyeing him very closely, when suddenly an old gentleman, who was standing in the pew directly in front of Pat, shouted "glory." "His-s-s-st, ye divil," rejoined Pat with his loud whisper, which was heard by the minister, "be decent, and don't make a blackguard of yourself."

The parson grew more and more fervent in the devotions. Presently the deacon uttered an audible groan. "His-s-t, ye blackguard, have ye no decency at all," said Pat, at the same moment giving the deacon a punch in the ribs, which caused him to nearly lose his equilibrium. The minister stopped, and extending his hand in a supplicating manner, said, "Brethren, we cannot be disturbed in this way; will some one put that man out?"

"Yes, your reverence," shouted Pat, "I will," and suiting the action to the word, he collared the deacon, and to the utter horror and astonishment of the pastor, Brother Ingalls, and the whole congregation, he dragged him through the aisle, and with a tremendous kick, *a posteriori*, as the logicians have it, he landed him in the vestibule of the church.

Brother Ingalls mizzled. It is not probable that he seen the interior of a country church since.

HOW TO GET AN UMBRELLA.—There is no need of stealing an umbrellia—they can be got without. Take your stand in a door-way on a rainy morning. When you see a man coming along with a nice silk article, step out and say to him, "Sir, I beg your pardon, you have my umbrellia." In nine cases out of ten he will instantly surrender it. How does he know it was you he stole it from?

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.—Red paint which is an improvement to the looks of old fences, is an injury to the cheeks of young ladies. Tobacco, which speedily and redily kills ticks on sheep, slowly and painfully kills sheepish men.

A man, on getting out of an omnibus a few days ago, made use of two rows of knees as a banister to steady himself, at which the ladies took offence, and one of them cried aloud, "a perfect savage." "True," said a wag inside, "he belongs to the Paw-Knee tribe."

A late Missouri paper contains a poetic description of the brutal murder of a young lady:

"O fust the lovely victim's head

So awfully he pounded,

And then he drug her to the river bed,

And ducked her till she drowned."

O. K.—Prentice, of the Louisville Journal says the ladies have found out the true meaning of these mysterious capitals, which is—*Only kissing.*