

## LITERATURE, &amp;c.

## The British Magazines.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

## THE MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT.

I reascended to the drawing-room; and finding Edith—thanks to the ministrations, medicinal and oral, of my bustling and indignant lady—much calmer, and thoroughly satisfied that nobody could or should wrest her from us, begged her to relate unreservedly the cause or causes which had led to her present position. She falteringly complied; and I listened with throbbing pulse and burning cheeks to the sad story of her wedded wretchedness, dating from within two or three months of the marriage; and finally consummated by a disclosure that, if provable, might consign Harlowe to the hulks. The tears, the agony, the despair of the unhappy lady, excited in me a savageness of feeling, an eager thirst for vengeance, which I had believed foreign to my nature.—Edith divined my thoughts, and taking my hand said, 'Never, sir, never will I appear against him: the father of my little Helen shall never be publicly accused by me.'

'You err, Edith,' I rejoined; 'it is a positive duty to bring so consummate a villain to justice. He has evidently calculated on your gentleness of disposition, and must be disappointed.'

I soon, however, found it was impossible to shake her resolution on this point; and I returned with a heart full of grief and bitterness to Mr Harlowe.

'You will oblige me, sir,' I exclaimed as I entered the room, 'by leaving this house immediately: I would hold no further converse with so vile a person.'

'How! Do you know to whom you presume to speak in this manner?'

'Perfectly. You are one Harlowe, who after a few months' residence with a beautiful and amiable girl, has extinguished the passion which induced him to offer her marriage, showered on her every species of insult and indignity of which a cowardly and malignant nature is capable; and who, finding that did not kill her, at length consummated, or revealed, I do not yet know which term is most applicable, his utter baseness by causing her to be informed that his first wife was still living.'

'Upon my honor, sir, I believed, when I married Miss Willoughby, that I was a widower.'

'Your honor! But except to prove that I do thoroughly know and appreciate the person I am addressing, I will not bandy words with you. After that terrible disclosure—if, indeed it be a disclosure, not an invention—Ah, you start at that!'

'At your insolence, sir; not at your senseless surmises.'

'Time and law will show. After, I repeat, this terrible disclosure or invention, you not content with obtaining from your victim's generosity a positive promise that she would not send you to the hulks—'

'Sir, have a care.'

'Pooh! I say, not content with exacting this promise from your victim, you, with your wife, or accomplice, threatened not only to take her child from her, but to lock her up in a madhouse, unless she subscribed a paper, confessing that she knew, when you espoused her, that you were a married man. Now, sir, do I, or do I not, thoroughly know who and what the man is I am addressing?'

'Sir,' returned Harlowe, recovering his audacity somewhat, 'in spite of all your hectoring and abuse, I defy you to obtain proof—legal proof—whether what Edith has heard is true or false. The affair may perhaps be arranged let her return with me.'

'You know she would die first: but it is quite useless to prolong this conversation; and I again request you to leave this house.'

'If Miss Willoughby would accept an allowance—'

The cool audacity of this proposal to make me an instrument in compromising a felony exasperated me beyond all bounds. I rang the bell violently, and desired the servant who answered it to show Mr Harlowe out of the house. Finding further persistence useless, the baffled villain snatched up his hat, and with a look and gesture of rage and contempt hurried out of the apartment.

The profession of a barrister necessarily begets habits of coolness and reflection under the most exciting circumstances; but I confess that in this instance my ordinary equanimity was so much disturbed, that it was some time before I could command sufficient composure to reason calmly upon the strange revelations made to me by Edith, and the nature of the measures necessary to adopt in order to clear up the mystery attaching to them. She persisted in her refusal to have recourse to legal measures with a view to the punishment of Harlowe; and I finally determined—after a conference with Mr Ferret, who, having acted for the first Mrs Harlowe, naturally conjectured must know something of her history and connections—to take for the present no ostensible steps in the matter. Mr Ferret like myself, was persuaded that the sham recantation of his first wife was a mere trick, to enable Harlowe to rid himself of the presence of a woman he no longer cared for. 'I will take an opportunity,' said Mr Ferret, 'of quietly questioning Richards: he must have known the first wife; Eleanor Wickham, I remember, was her maiden name; and if not bought over by Harlowe—a by-no-means impossible pur-

chase—can set us right at once. I did not understand that the said Eleanor was at all celebrated for beauty and accomplishments, such as you say Miss Willoughby—Mrs Harlowe I mean—describes. She was a native of Dorsetshire too, I remember; I fancy picked up in that charming county. Some flashy opera-dancer, depend upon it, whom he has contracted a passing fancy for: a slippery gentleman certainly; but, with a little caution, we shall not fail to trip his heels up, clever as he may be.'

A stronger wrestler than either of us was upon the track of the unhappy man. Edith had not been with us above three weeks, when one of Mr Harlowe's servants called at my chambers to say that his master, in consequence of a wound he had inflicted on his foot with an axe, whilst amusing himself with cutting or pruning some trees in the grounds at Fairdown, was seriously ill, and had expressed a wish to see me. I could not leave town; but as it was important Mr Harlowe should be seen, I requested Mr Ferret to proceed to Fairdown House. He did so, and late in the evening returned with the startling intelligence that Mr Harlowe was dead.

'Dead!' I exclaimed, much shocked, 'are you serious?'

'As a judge. He expired about an hour after I reached the house, of tetanus, commonly called locked jaw. His body, by the contraction of the muscles, was bent like a bow, and rested on his heels and the back part of his head. He was incapable of speech long before I saw him; but there was a world of agonised expression in his eyes!'

'Dreadful! Your journey was useless then?'

'Not precisely. I saw the pretended former wife: a splendid woman, and as much Eleanor Wickham of Dorsetshire as I am; they mean, however, to shew fight, I think; for, as I left the place, I observed that delightful knave Richards enter the house. I took the liberty of placing seals upon the desks and cabinets, and directed the butler and other servants to see that nothing was removed or disturbed till Mrs Harlowe's—the true Mrs Harlowe's arrival.'

The funeral was to take place on the following Wednesday; and it was finally arranged that both of us would accompany Edith to Fairdown on the day after it had taken place, and adopt such measures, as circumstances might render necessary. Mr Ferret wrote to this effect to all parties concerned.

On arriving, at the house, I, Ferret, and Mrs Harlowe proceeded at once to the drawing room, where was found the lady seated in great state, supported on one side by Mr Richards, and on the other by Mr Quillet, the eminent proctor. Edith was dreadfully agitated, and clung frightened and trembling to my arm. I conducted her to a seat, and placed myself beside her, leaving Mr Ferret—whom so tremendous an array of law and learning, evincing a determination to fight the matter out à l'outrance, filled with exuberant glee—to open the conference.

'Good morning, madam,' cried he, the moment he entered the room, and quite unaffected by the lady's scornful and haughty stare: 'good morning; I am delighted to see you in such excellent company. You do not, I hope, forget that I once had the honor of transacting business for you?'

'You had transactions of my business!' said the lady. 'When, I pray you?'

'God bless me! cried Ferret, addressing Richards, 'what a charming Italian accent; and out of Dorsetshire too!'

'Dorsetshire, sir?' exclaimed the lady.

'Ay, Dorsetshire to be sure. Why, Mr Richards, our respected client appears to have forgotten her place of birth! How very extraordinary!'

Mr Richards now interfered, to say that Mr Ferret was apparently labouring under a singular misapprehension. 'This lady,' continued he, 'is Madame Gioletta Corelli.'

'Who—?—?' rejoined Ferret, thrown for an instant off his balance by the suddenness of the confession, and perhaps a little disappointed at so placable a termination of the dispute.—Gioletta Corelli! What is the meaning of this array then?'

'I am glad, madam,' said I, interposing for the first time in the conversation, 'for your own sake, that you have been advised not to persist in the senseless as well as iniquitous scheme devised by the late Mr Harlowe; but this being the case, I am greatly at a loss to know why either you or these legal gentlemen are here?'

The brilliant eyes of the Italian flashed with triumphant scorn, and a smile of contemptuous irony curled her beautiful lip as she replied—'These legal gentlemen will not have much difficulty in explaining my right to remain in my own house.'

'Your house?'

'Precisely, sir,' replied Mr Quillet. 'This mansion, together with all other property, real and personal, of which the deceased Henry Harlowe died possessed, is bequeathed by will—dated about a month since—to this lady, Gioletta Corelli.'

'A will!' exclaimed Mr Ferret with an explosive shout; and turning to me, whilst his sharp gray eyes danced with irrepressible mirth—'Did I not tell you so?'

'Your usual sagacity, Mr Ferret, has not in this instance failed you. Perhaps you will permit me to read the will? But before I do so,' continued Mr Quillet, 'as he drew his gold-rimmed spectacles from his morocco sheath—you will allow me; if you please, to state that the legatee, delicately appreciating the position of the widow, will allow her any rea-

sonable annuity—say five hundred pounds per annum for life.'

'Will she really though?' cried Mr Ferret, boiling over with ecstasy. 'Madam, let me beg of you to confirm this gracious promise.'

'Certainly I do.'

'Capital!—glorious!' rejoined Ferret; and I thought he was about to perform a saltatory movement, that must have brought his cranium into damaging contact with the Chandelier under which he was standing. 'Is it not delightful? How every one—especially an attorney—loves a generous giver!'

Mr Richards appeared to be rendered somewhat uneasy by these strange demonstrations. He knew Ferret well, and evidently suspected that something was wrong somewhere. 'Perhaps, Mr Quillet,' said he, 'you had better read the will at once.'

This was done: the instrument devised in legal and minute form all the property, real and personal, to Gioletta Corelli—a natural born subject of his majesty, it appeared, tho' of foreign parentage, and of partially foreign education.

'Allow me to say,' broke in Mr Ferret, interrupting me as I was about to speak—'allow me to say, Mr Richards, that that will does you credit: it is, I should say, a first-rate affair, for a country practitioner especially. But of course you submitted the draught to counsel?'

'Certainly, I did,' said Richards tartly.

'No doubt—no doubt. Clearness and precision like that could only have proceeded from a master's hand. I shall take a copy of that will, Richards, for future guidance, you may depend, the instant it is registered in Doctors' Commons.'

'Come, come, Mr Ferret,' said I; 'this jesting is all very well; but it is quite time this farce should end.'

'Farce!' exclaimed Mr Richards.

'Farce!' growled doubtful Mr Quillet.

'Farce!' murmured the beautiful Gioletta.

'Farce!' cried Mr Ferret. 'My dear sirs, it is about one of the most charming and genteel comedies ever enacted on any stage, and the principal part, too, by one of the most charming of prima donnas. Allow me, sir—don't interrupt me! it is too delicious to be shared; it is indeed. Mr Richards, and you, Mr Quillet, will you permit me to observe that this admirable will has one slight defect?'

'A defect! where—how?'

'It is really heart-breaking that so much skill and ingenuity should be thrown away; but the fact is, gentlemen, that the excellent person who signed it had no property to bequeath!'

'How?'

'Not a shilling's worth. Allow me, sir, if you please. This piece of parchment, gentlemen, is. I have the pleasure to inform you, a marriage settlement.'

'A marriage settlement!' exclaimed both the men of the law in a breath.

'A marriage settlement, by which, in the event of Mr Harlowe's decease, his entire property passes to his wife, in trust to the children, if any; and if not, absolutely to herself.' Ferret threw the deed on the table, and then given way to convulsive mirth, threw himself upon the sofa, and fairly shouted for glee.

Mr Quillet seized the document, and, with Richards, eagerly perused it. The proctor then rose, and bowing gravely to his astonished client, said, 'The will, madam, is waste paper. You have been deceived.' He then left the apartment.

The consternation of the lady and her attorney may be imagined. Madame Corelli, giving way to her fiery passions, vented her disappointment in passionate reproaches of the deceased; the only effect of which was to lay bare still more clearly than before her own cupidity and folly, and to increase Edith's painful agitation. I led her down stairs to my wife, who, I omitted to mention, had accompanied us from town, and remained in the library with the children during our conference. In a very short time afterwards Mr Ferret had cleared the house of its intrusive guests, and we had leisure to offer our condolences and congratulations to our grateful and interesting client. It was long before Edith recovered her former gaiety and health; and I doubt if she would ever have thoroughly regained her old cheerfulness and elasticity of mind, had it not been for her labor of love in superintending and directing the education of her daughter Helen, a charming girl who fortunately inherited nothing from her father but his wealth. The last time I remember to have danced was at Helen's wedding. She married a distinguished Irish gentleman, with whom and her mother, I perceive by the newspapers, she appeared at Queen Victoria's court in Dublin, one, I am sure, of the brightest stars which glittered in that galaxy of beauty and fashion.

## BELLS RUNG BY FOG.

We believe there are several points on our northern coast and in other parts of the world where what are termed 'fog bells' are now in operation, for the purpose of giving alarm to vessels when approaching the shore. The idea of bells being rung by fog, however, is so singular, as to require an explanation of the mechanism employed. The apparatus which rings the bell is wound up, and detained in a wound up state by a lever extending from the machinery into the open air. To the end of the lever is affixed a large sponge, which absorbs the moisture from the fog, and by becoming heavy, settles down the lever, lets the lever free, and thus rings the bell.

From Hogg's Instructor.

## ARGYLL'S RISING IN 1685.

The restoration of Charles II. was, for a time, the discomfiture of Whiggism and the fall of the Peritens. The re-establishment of the throne and the church was the exile of liberty and the martyrdom of nonconformity. All violent changes produce violent reactions; the ebullition of discomfiture and the bitterness of despair always find expression in some form of political animosity. Plots, emutes, and desperate adventures are the proteas of the vanquished against revolutions; they are the voices of hope, or despair, bursting from the laboring heart of defeat. Charles II. was cheerfully received by his partisans and the indifferent people; but there were men who had ideas—republicans and religious independents—who feared and detested the restoration, and whose enthusiasm led them into various forms of opposition to its consummation. The efforts of minorities, who assume force as an argument against power, invariably produce discomfiture, and discomfiture ends in death or exile. The enthusiasts who sought to enervate or ruin the restoration, by supporting certain laws obnoxious to the court, or by plots against the royal person, were driven from their country and their homes, to brood over their own wrongs, and to sigh for the day of their returning. Various causes, having one basis, however, had driven to Holland many Scotch and English exiles, who had been schooled in the arenas of political and martial warfare; and who buried with the wish of returning once more to their native land, in order to assert those principles for which they were suffering, and to occupy those positions over the loss of which they bitterly mourned. Violent contentions always debase humanity, and the general character of the refugees in Holland was a striking proof of the fact. Mr Macaulay, in his 'History of England,' says—'One of the most conspicuous among them was John Ayloffie, a lawyer, connected by affinity with the Hydes, and, through the Hydes, with James. Ayloffie had early made himself remarkable by offering a whimsical insult to the government. At a time when the ascendancy of the court of Versailles had excited general uneasiness, he had contrived to put a wooden shoe, the established type, among the English, of French tyranny, into the chair of the House of Commons. He had subsequently been concerned in the Whig plot; but there is no reason to believe that he was a party to the design of murdering the royal brothers. He was a man of parts and courage; but his moral courage did not stand high. The Peritens divines whispered that he was a careless Gallo or something worse, and that, whatever zeal he might profess for civil liberty, the saints would do well to avoid all connection with him.'

Nathaniel Wade was, like Ayloffie, a lawyer. He had long resided at Bristol, and had been celebrated in his own neighbourhood as a vehement republican. At one time he had formed a project of emigrating to New Jersey, where he expected to find institutions better suited to his taste than those of England. His activity in electioneering had introduced him to the notice of some Whig nobles. They had employed him professionally, and had, at length, admitted him to their most secret councils. He had been deeply concerned in the scheme of insurrection, and had undertaken to head a rising in his own city. He had also been privy to the more odious plot against the lives of Charles and James. But he always declared that, though privy to it, he had abhorred it, and had attempted to dissuade his associates from carrying their design into effect. For a man bred to civil pursuits, Wade seems to have had, in an unusual degree, that sort of ability and that sort of nerve which make a good soldier. Unhappily his principles and his courage proved to be not sufficient force to support him when the fight was over, and when, in a prison, he had to choose between death and infamy. Another fugitive was Richard Goodenough, who had formerly been undersheriff of London. On this man his party had long relied for services of so honorable kind, and especially for the selection of jurymen not likely to be troubled with scruples in political cases. He had been deeply concerned in those dark and atrocious parts of the Whig plot which had been carefully concealed from the most respectable Whigs. Nor is it possible to plead, in extenuation of his guilt, that he was misled by inordinate zeal for the public good. For it will be seen that, after having disgraced a noble cause by his crimes, he betrayed it in order to escape from his well-merited punishment. Very different was the character of Richard Rumbold. He had held a commission in Cromwell's own regiment, had guarded the scaffold before the Banqueting House on the day of the great execution, had fought at Dunbar and Worcester, and had always shown in the highest degree the qualities which distinguished the invincible army in which he served—courage of the truest temper, fiery enthusiasm, both political and religious, and with that enthusiasm all the power of self-government which is characteristic of men trained in well disciplined camps to command and to obey. When the republican troops were disbanded, Rumbold became a malster, and carried on his trade near Huddesdon, in that building from which the Eye House plot derives its name. It had been suggested, though not absolutely determined, in the conference of the most violent and unscrupulous of the malcontents, that armed men should be stationed in the Eye House to attack the guards who were to escort Charles and James from Newmarket to London. In these conferences Rumbold had borne a part from which he would have shrunk with horror if his clear understanding had not been overclouded, and his manly heart corrupted, by party spirit.'