THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1859.

The Foreign Indications.

So far as the markets and the price of stocks can be regarded in the light of a political barometer, the indications point to renewed confidence in the maintainance of general peace—that is, the avoidance of general war.

Thus, breadstuffs decline while cotton has taken a turn and advances. English and French funds go up, Consols being 93⅛ a 93⅜, while a short time since they were down to 90. French threes closed at 62f.75 an advance of something like 2 per cent.

The idea that the loss of confidence in the public stability of Europe would tend to divert capital to America by leading to investments in American stocks, has not yet been realized. American stocks generally are dull—Railroad stocks particularly so.

To be placed against these apparently certain indications of returning confidence in Europe, we have the assertion of New York and other papers, based, as they say, upon advices from private but perfectly reliable sources, that Germany is about to join Austria in her struggle with France. "Germany" means Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover and a few other States of little or no influence or power. These States have a sort of confederation, the Southern Catholic portion of which is carried along by Austria—the Northern, Protestant portion by Prussia. The Southern German governments are now ready to join Austria—if Prussia gives the signal, the North will go too. Then the war will indeed be general, for the Convention between France and Russia was entered into for the ostensible purpose of enforcing a neutral policy on Germany.

Russia once into it, how could England keep out.—England and France at war, *how long before* we would have to choose between the alternatives of war or submission to all manner of humiliations to our flag and aggressions upon our commerce.

Upon the whole, however, we look upon the indications of the stock market and the produce market, especially the market for the raw materials of manufacture, as more reliable than the private advices of newspapers, however respectable their sources, or their editorial speculations, however profound their reasonings. These indications may fail to be accurate, but the pocket nerve is very sensitive, and the stake involved sharpens the intellect, and quickens the observation.

South America.

From the Isthmus to the Straits of Magellan there is but one government that can lay claim to permanence—we allude to that of Brazil. To be sure little Paraguay did have a sort of Chinese isolation and immobility, which might be mistaken for permanence, but besides that Paraguay is too unimportant to amount to any serious exception to the general rule, it is doubtful whether such deathlike torpor as the tyranny of Francia imposed, can be called permanence.

The last accounts from the Pacific inform us that they have just quelled an insurrection in Chili, hitherto the most stable and prosperous of the republics which have arisen in the former colonies of Spain. The government has triumphed, but whether the government or the insurgents were right we cannot say.

Certain revolutionists, headed by one Col. Agreda, have just been driven from Bolivia and have taken refuge in Peru. Echenique is said to have invaded Peru with a Bolivian army, and that President Castilla of Peru has asked for a loan of five millions, and authority to increase the army to 20,000 men. There is also trouble betwixt Peru and New Grenada. In Ecuador they have two sorts of governments, something like they have in Mexico. We need not allude to the State of Mexico and the petty States of Central America.

Why is it that Brazil is permanent and comparatively prosperous, whilst Mexico, with about the same population, is going to the dogs as fast as it can go?

It will not do to refer to race or religion as going to create the difference: neither will the monarchical institutions of Brazil and the republican ones of Mexico account for it. The Brazillians and Mexicans are both offshoots from the Spanish Peninsula, for the Spanish and Portuguese are essentially the one people. If anything, the advantage of race is with the Spanish. The religion of both countries is the same; and as for monarchy or republicanism, Mexico has tried both forms several times. The real cause of difference exists in the social institutions of the two countries. In Brazil the races have their legal division and *status*, and servile labor is compulsory—in fact, slavery is there established by law. In Mexico the attempt has been made to build up a fabric upon the basis of equality between parties who are not equals. There is no defined *status* of race—there is no obligation of labor—there is no permanency and no prosperity. No country ever contained dissimilar races standing on the same footing and flourished.

The Educational Convention.

We learn from the Newbern Progress that the attendance upon the Educational Convention, now in session there, is quite large. Among others we notice the names of Gov. Ellis, Ex-Governor Swain, Professor Hubbard, W. W. Holden, Esq., T. Loring, Esq., Rev. C. H. Wiley, Supt. of Common Schools.

The Association met at the Presbyterian Church at 8 1-2 o'clock on Tuesday evening, where the annual address was delivered by Rev. Mr. Clegg of Iredell.

After the address the list of delegates was called and officers chosen, and a committee appointed to arrange business for the action of the Convention.

On Wednesday business was resumed at Andrew Chapel. During the day Prof. Hubbard was to deliver an address at the Presbyterian Church, and at night a lecture was expected from Ex-Governor Swain.

☞ We are requested to state that the accidental killing of Mr. Knight's negro, (a train hand,) on the Wilmington & Weldon Rail Road, a few days since, was caused by the boy falling from the car, while the train was under headway.

WALKED OFF.—George A. Williams, late Postmaster at Elizabeth City, N. C., was tried last week before the U. S. Circuit Court, in session at Raleigh, on the charge of having opened and kept a letter addressed to the County Court Clerk of Pasquotank. While the jury was out, some one told Williams that he would be found guilty; so, during the adjournment of the Court for dinner, he got his at Yarborough's, walked out the back way, and has not been seen since. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty. Of course his bond is forfeited.

GEOLOGICAL.—A friend has just presented us with a strange fossil taken from a strange place known as the "Natural Well" in Duplin County not far from Magnolia. Whether it be tooth of fish, or bone of terrene quadruped, we are unable to say. It is something peculiar looking at any rate, and came from a great depth. How many successions of animal life must have perished, leaving their bones to fossilize beneath the surface of this earth of ours!

FIRE IN BRUNSWICK COUNTY.—We regret to learn that the barn, rice threshing machine and store house belonging to Mr. William Watters, in Brunswick County, about 8 miles below town on the Cape Fear river, was destroyed by fire on last Sunday evening. Supposed to be the work of incendiarism. Loss $4,000.

OUTRAGEOUS.—We see that a Suffolk, Va., paper is blowing up and exposing Robert Fulton, a printer, for having several wives, if not more. He married one in that thriving village. Robert ought not to do so, if he *did* invent the steamboat. It is wrong for Robert to be indulging in numerous wives, while some of the name are too unfortunate to be able to get one.

Attempted Robbery.

At 20 minutes after 10 o'clock this forenoon, the County Court took recess for two hours, to afford time for the examination of three men arrested early this morning on a charge of breaking into the store of Mr. George Myers, on Front Street below Market.

The three persons gave their names as George Williams, Joshua Hussey or Hursey, and Louis Kiple.

It would appear from the statement of the Solicitor, that the guards heard some noise in Mr. Myers' store between two and three o'clock this morning—peeped in and saw a light and two persons moving around, whom they did not know and thought ought not to be there. Went and called Mr. Taylor and Mr. Spalding, Mr. Myers clerks; they all went to the door and hailed, immediately the light was put out. They went in—struck a light—found no persons there, but evident indications that there had been persons there. In the meantime Mr. Myers' had been sent for. The main building was searched, but no one found. The contents of a box of Watches and Jewelry belonging to Mr. Holmes, but deposited in Mr. Myers' safe, were taken, but the box left. Desk drawers in the office had been opened and contents scattered around. Found in a cart in the yard some articles of wearing apparel that had been in the Store. Some person said he saw two persons go into the stable in the rear. The searching party got up to outside door or entrance to hay-loft over the stable, and opened such door or entrance. Saw objects moving about in the inside, and hailed for any body there to come out, to which there was no reply. Mr. Taylor got up to the door in such a position as to enable him to see in—two shots were fired at him, when he got away. A stranger, a sea-faring man, then volunteered to go up, and did so. Another shot was fired at him, which went through his hand, and he fell from the ladder by which the loft door was reached.

Afterwards the occupants of the loft came out themselves and were arrested. They were identified as the prisoners calling themselves Williams and Kiple. On Kiple there were found keys, knives, &c., which Mr. Taylor identified as belonging to himself and Mr. Spalding. It is proper to remark, that when Mr. Taylor went into the store in main building, he went to the drawer where he kept his pistol, but found it gone. This we suppose was the pistol discharged at him.

The other prisoner, Hursey, was arrested on suspicion, having been seen by Mr. Boyd of the mounted guard, sitting on the side-walk in the vicinity of Mr. Myers' store from about 20 minutes after two, until after three o'clock. Mr. Boyd watched him because Mr. Carr, another member of the guard, had told him to do so. When arrested, said it was hard—he had come here to look for work and had got into this scrape. It would be a lesson to him.

It would appear that Mr. Middleton at the Railroad, saw him there yesterday morning, apparently a passenger, who left his carpet bag up there. Mr. Middleton saw him in the evening, but there did not appear to be anything then connecting him with the matter in hand.

No one sleeps in Mr. Myers' store;—the place where Mr. Taylor and Mr. Spalding sleep is separate. It can only be made larceny.

Mr. Jordan, Mr. Carr and John Church, the sea-faring man who got shot in the hand, were all examined with reference to Hussey.

After a brief argument by counsel the Court decided to discharge Hussey and bind over the other prisoners, Kiple and Williams, who were committed in default of bail in the sum of a thousand dollars each.

It is understood that the Grand Jury, still in session, will at once act upon the cases of Williams and Kiple, so they can have their trials immediately at this Court.

Louis Kiple appears to be over thirty years of age—a stout, rough-looking man with some ugly marks on his face. George Williams is not so stout, apparently. Men in their position are looked upon with supicion and people are apt to imagine something evil in their looks. The case of the two men committed was plain for committal—whether for conviction is for a jury to say. As regards Joshua Hussey, we agree fully with the Magistrates, there was not sufficient testimony to bind over.

The store had been entered by cutting a hole in the door to allow the bar to be reached and removed.

An attempt at burglary was made at a different place last night, a short time before the alarm created by this affair.—*Daily Journal of yesterday.*

☞ Mr. Dejarnette's majority over Judge Caskie in Richmond, Va., Congressional district is 100.

Later from California---Treasure en route for New York.

NEW ORLEANS, June 11.—The steamer Jasper is below, from Minatitlan, with dates to the 8th inst., bringing news from California, via the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, to the 20th ult. The steamer John L. Stevens sailed from San Francisco on the 24th for Panama with one million and eight hundred thousand in treasure, consigned to New York, and 400 passengers.

Business at San Francisco continued to be brisk.

The United States sloop of war Decatur had arrived there from Balize.

The report from the mines in California continue favorable. There was an abundant supply of water.

Advices from Frazer river are still discouraging.

COMMERCIAL NEWS.

The San Francisco markets were generally unchanged, with the exception of coffee, which had advanced.—Sales at 13 cents.

Overland Mail from California.

ST. LOUIS, June 13.—The overland mail of the 20th ult. has arrived from California. The passengers report that about three thousand Texans were encamped near Fort Belknap, for the purpose of exterminating the Caddo Reserve Indians. The Governor of Texas had called on the United States troops to quell the disturbances, and Major Van Doren had arrived in the vicinity with three companies of dragoons.

On the way from Fort Wachita, Major Van Doren encountered a large body of Apache Indians, and killed 45 and took 28 prisoners.

A despatch from Independence to the Republican says that a party of soldiers surprised about 80 lodges of the Camanches near Pawnee Fork, and killed 25 men and 20 women.

From New Mexico.

ST. LOUIS, June 11.—The Santa Fe mail of the 23d, arrived at Independence this morning. A mass meeting of the Democracy of Santa Fe held on the 18th ult., and endorsed the administration and also delegate Otero's course. Great preparations were making to receive Hon. J. S. Phelps, of Mo., invited by the Legislature to visit New Mexico. The Stockton Mail arrives at Santa Fe regularly since the establishment of the military post at the crossing of the Colorado river. There has been no rain in New Mexico this year.

FARMERS' BANK OF N. C.—The Cashier of this Bank at Greensborough, W. A. Caldwell, Esq., has published a statement of its condition on the 1st inst., from which we learn that its total liabilities, except to stockholders for their capital stock, amount to only $116,589 89, of which $92,954 consist of notes in circulation, and $23,209 83 of deposites. Its assets are, Specie $15,062 11, N. C. and other Bank notes $9,504 55, Northern exchange $51,291 56, State bonds and due by banks $25,823 82, Real Estate $7,005, Bills and notes discounted $327,551 91. Making a total of assets (not counting the $56,349 41 deficiency of W. W. Griffin, former Cashier,) of $437,238 95. This shows a sound condition. Supposing the debts due the Bank to be good, it has a surplus of more than $20,000 over its liabilities to the public and to its stockholders.

The old issue is being cancelled as redeemed, and notes will be issued from a new plate.—*Observer.*

Utah is quiet. The Deseret News of the 11th ult. says "most of the people are busily engaged in agricultural pursuits, gardening, etc. There is not money enough in circulation to keep up rowdyism, as those who are thus inclined cannot pay for the requisite amount of liquor to make them brave and boisterous, consequently there is not so much business for policemen and magistrates as there was during the winter."

RAIL ROAD DIVIDEND.—The Charlotte & S. C. R. R. Company has declared a semi-annual dividend of 3 per cent.

Written for the Journal.

How I Married My Grandmother.

"But there's a canon against it; 'tis forbidden by the Church." Very true, Madame, but you are aware that guns are sometimes rendered useless by being spiked, and the canons of the Church are occasionally treated in the same way. If I had not a wholesome fear of the powers that be, (including Sir Herbert Jenner Frest,) I could tell you many a story ancent these spikings, stories which have come to my ear professionally, (for I am a lawyer,) but at present I will confine myself to the brief in hand.

I began life under discouraging auspices, being the ninth son of parents who had enough to do trying to "keep up the appearance" required by my father's position as eldest son of a living nobleman, and my mother's as daughter of an Irish peer, a perpetual absentee. We resided on one of my grandfather's estates, in Gadforthshire, given to my father on his marriage; and here we olive branches grew and flourished. My eldest brother, the heir apparent, was born, so to speak, with a silver spoon in his mouth, which useful utensil he might have taken for his coat-of-arms, being of the class denominated spoons, or spooney.

The next in order went into the guards; the navy absorbed another: the foreign office stood sponsor for a fourth; a place in the Household was found for a fifth; the Church—God bless her!—that grand old lady who takes to her ample bosom all prodigal sons, *et id genus omne*, provided for a sixth; in short, all were "done for" in some way, except myself, and I had to make my own living how best I could at the law. The Law, *sine* the profits!

When I was a youngster about twelve or thirteen, with a manifest destiny for riding all the colts on Gadforth Common, which became Rarey-fied under my heels in a short space of time; it chanced one hot Summer's day, that fatigued by a churning trot of a dozen miles on Farmer Bayley's roan, I lay at full length under a clump of alders in a half somnolent state, from which I was roused by a sharp ring along the flinty road, and jumping up I saw a horse at full speed (item, a man on his back!) making a cut across the common to a place where it broke off in a limestone quarry. I have no idea to this day how I did it, but I know I stopped the horse on the brink of the quarry, thereby saving the riders' life, who proved to be a London Alderman oversated with turtle, come down to the Gadforth Water Cure. The horse shied at a woman hanging out clothes, and set off with his portly burden, who never having ridden anything more dangerous than an aldermanic hobby, gave himself up for lost, when I appeared. I saved his life, and I knew it, but that was no reason for his offering me a guinea. I wasn't handsomely rigged I know, but I think blood and points show even if the horse is not well groomed, and so I touched my cap saying, "I am very glad to have stopped your horse; if you are tired allow me to show you the way to Gadforth Manor, where my father and mother will be happy to receive you."

An amused smile crossed his pale face—pale, for he had been terribly frightened—and putting up his purse said: "Too proud to take a guinea, eh? Well, you have saved my life, I shant forget it, my name is John Armstead, if you ever need a friend, apply to me, I will not fail you."

I thought no more of the affair, and the civic functionary never turned up.

Well, I went through the Eton mill; was well ground at Oxford, came out all right and thoroughly sifted, (with a good deal of *chaffing*, too,) to take my place amongst the barristers. I have heard enthusiastic young lawyers speak of "the beauty of the legal profession; a well conducted case as interesting as a romance," fudge! the only romance I ever knew was in the article of fees, which, as the Raven said to somebody, was "only that and nothing more."

My grandfather, Lord Wardleigh, (I am coming to it you see!) used now and then to send me a letter with a comfortable enclosure; indeed some of the family asserted that I was more a favorite than any of the other children, that the old gentleman would have been glad if Fate had put me first instead of Frederick-of-the-Spoon; but as that was not possible, there still remained all hope that he would remember me in the last legal document a man is supposed to sign. All these cheering speculations were however one day most fatally blighted by a letter from my mother announcing that my grandfather had committed—not suicide, I wished at the time he had!—but worse evil matrimony, by taking to wife the daughter of a half pay officer of marines, ætat eighteen.

"The—old—donkey!"

This was my first most ungrandsonly, but very emphatic remark; and 'twas true, for I hold to it that an old man can do no more assinine act than that of wedding a young wife.

How about King David?

A different thing altogether! The royal physicians had prescribed the remedy in his case; but my grandfather, with the ownership of a Durham Colliery, and an estate near Witney, that paradise of blankets, what excuse had he? None!

I was curious to see the lady, and would have volunteered a respectful visit, but for a codicil—a postcript I mean—in my mother's letter which stated that the bridal pair had set off to Brussels to spend their blushing honeymoon.

Things looked very blank after this, for I knew there was an end of all further donations, and I began to work my brains in speculations for the future.

Tom Craster—shot since, poor fellow, in the trenches before Sevastopol—suggested "the boards," *i. e.*, that I should become an actor, trusting to my face and figure to find a rich wife; but I knew acting was not my *forte*, and as to the wife business I don't believe in the cardinal virtues of young ladies who are caught by an actor's handsome face; thus I was as far from land as ever.

"Supposing you go to the Holy Land," said Tom, "you could write a book when you come back, and make no end of money."

"If I do, then it must be as a pilgrim, with a staff and a scollop shell. How the deuce, Tom Craster, can I go to the Holy Land, when I can't pay my washerwoman?"

"That's true, for they don't give tick on Railroads, though, for the matter of that, it didn't cost me a kreutzer to travel from Ostend to Rome."

"You went as a courier then."

"Look here! if the weather wasn't so confoundedly hot, I'd thrash you for that remark. Courier!"

"Well, I don't know how *you* managed, but I *do* know that my run last summer cost me a pretty penny."

"Of course it did; but you see, as old Nick said when he fell on the ice, 'there are slippers *and* slippers;' never mind how I managed it, I'll put you up to the dodge some day."

"Can't you put me up to some dodge *now?* How about your friend Shadrach, or Absolom, or whatever his name is?

"Levi Solomons? Why, you stupid fellow, he wouldn't even look out of the garret window at a poor, pitiful ninth son like you; think of something else."

Well, I did think of everything under the sun, the game in each equally blocked up, when one morning I received a letter from Grip and Holdem, stating that their client, John Armstead, Esq., had departed this life, leaving the sum of eighty thousand pounds in the three per cents., and a daughter, who was bequeathed to me, (as a token of gratitude for having saved her father's life,) with the aforesaid eighty thousand as a dower.

A wife and a fortune together!

There are some young men so *blase* that even such cut-and-dry husbandry would not move them, but their ways are not my ways. First, I performed an animated and highly descriptive *pas seul* amongst the chairs and tables, then I seized my hat and rushing down stairs overturned my laundress, and pitched head foremost into Tom Craster's stomach who was bringing up the rear. He restored me by the same process which I have seen tried on children after swallowing a mouthful the "wrong way," namely, a series of vigorous whacks on the spinal column, which was so far composing, that it brought water into my eyes, in which softened state we adjourned up stairs, where I placed the document in my friend's hands. He read it, jumped up, nearly shook my hand off, and again attempted to beat a tattoo on my back. This time I resisted, when he threw himself into a chair, laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, kicked his heels violently against the floor, and finally ejaculated:

"You poor devil you!"

"And why 'poor devil' if you please Tom Craster? here I've got a wife and a fortune."

"Oh mercy! dont kill me with laughing! a wife! oh, oh, Wardleigh, you dog, a wife!

"Well, hang me if I see what there is to laugh at. I saved the old buffer's life, and in gratitude he leaves me his daughter and a big fortune."

"It ought to be a big one to make that wife go down."

I experienced a queer sensation as he uttered these words, such as I remember having felt in my childhood, when suffering from a violent bleeding at the nose, my nurse unawares slipped a large cold key down my back, but I resolved not to let him see the effect of his words, so I merely replied as carelessly as possible. "I should like to hear what *you* know about her You always have something to say about every one, but you must remember this lady is not to be lightly spoken of, she is my future wife, and ——" This set him off in a fresh paroxysm, in which he wriggled about for some time, and finally in a weak voice and holding both sides with his hands he said: "Wardleigh I'll try to be calm and tell you, but 'tis, oh! oh! so funny. Why, man, she's fifty if she's a day: a figure like a feather bed tied in two, and ——" here he fairly screamed —— "blind of an eye, and wears a wig. The future Mrs. Charles Wardleigh. Oh good Lord 'twill kill me!"

"Come now Tom do be serious, confess that this is not true, that your are only trying to hoax me, you scamp."

"True as gospel. Charley, I'll swear it to you; why you might have seen her yourself at the Banquet last Lord Mayor's day; about four feet high, in red satin and diamonds, she sat next to Thesiger; well one comfort in having a wall-eyed wife, you can get on the blind side of her and no mistake."

"Confound his impertinence—the old rascal," I said in a rage, "'twould be bad enough to marry his plebeian daughter if she was as beautiful as Venus, but to palm this old fright off is too bad;" a prudent thought came to my aid. "Who else knows her beside you Tom?"

"You doubt me I see, very well, ask Serjeant L., he knows all about her."

So I did. I met the Serjeant in Pall Mall that very day and jumping right in *medias res* said,

"So Miss Armstead is going to be married."

"What that hump-backed old fright!" (here was a new stanza. Tom said nothing of a hump,) well I suppose the old fellow left her a comfortable *dot*, and some one is willing to swallow the gilded pill—terribly nauseous though!" and the elegant Serjeant made a wry face and passed on to assist Lady Amarilla Roseleaf, who was languidly stepping into her carriage.

I opened a safety-valve by swearing incontinently at every one who gave me the smallest opportunity, and after coming within an ace of kicking Templemore on the steps of the Rag and Famish—or being kicked myself, I didn't care which—I finally returned to my chamber.

There I found a letter from my grandfather, dated Brussels, in which he informed me that his wife wished to return to England on pressing business, and, as he was unable to accompany her, would request me to meet her on board the Ostend packet, at such a day, and then go with her to one of his places in Norfolk, where she would remain three weeks or a month, at the end of which time he would relieve me of my charge in person. The letter enclosed a hundred pound bill. "The world is decidedly insane," I said, on reading this letter; "one old muff leaves me a fortune with a pleasing condition annexed, which prevents me from accepting it, and another married a wife whom in six months he permits to perform a solitary journey, on pretence of business, too; he who never did anything beyond sentencing a poacher to the House of Correction. Well, here goes."

At the appointed time I betook myself to the Ostend packet, which, dirty and thronged as usual, was moored to the quay. I crossed the gangway, and seeing two female figures apparently looking for some one, I approached them. One—closely veiled as a nun—stepped forward saying, "Mr. Wardleigh, I presume!" "The same Madame, I suppose I have the honor of addressing my grand—I mean Lady Wardleigh?" She bowed and taking my offered arm, gave some directions in French to her attendant, and then walked to the carriage I had in waiting.

I asked which hotel she preferred, and received for answer, "None—she proposed going to Coletham that very day. Had a friend in Harley Street she wished to see, would go there first, and meet me at the 'Eastern Counties' at 2 o'clock."

The case was all taken out of my hands, so I could only ask to be set down as near my chambers as possible, where I plunged into drawers and rummaged trunks, wondering meanwhile what my slim figured grandmother was like in the face, and why the deuce she kept it veiled so closely.—I was punctual at the station, so was she; and still be-veiled we stepped into the carriage, and puffed along. It was late and quite dark when we arrived at Coletham Abbey—so my grandfather's place was called—and Lady Wardleigh declining any refreshments beyond "a cup of tea in her own room," left me to my fate whilst she sought comfort in private, whence she was followed by her attendant. I went to bed thinking of women in general, and my grandmother and Miss Armstead in particular, ending off by dreaming a queer medley of the two.

Next morning, still wondering what manner of woman I was destined to behold, I descended to the breakfast room. In the daintiest of lace trimmed robes, presiding in front of the huge urn was the most perfect little sylph I ever saw. Not more than seventeen, with large hazel eyes, and hair of the same warm tone I was so completely "taken aback" as sailors say, that I stood with the door knob in my grasp until Roberts, the discreet butler, came forward deferentially, whereupon I made my obeisance to her fairyship. She gave me a little hand, white and soft as a lily leaf, and not a great deal larger, treating me at the same time to a most demurely sly glance from the afotesaid hazels. I sat down and commenced preparations for my meal. One of my articles of faith is coffee with an abundance of sugar, and perceiving no sugar dish on the table I rose to ring the bell.

"What do you wish?" asked hazel eyes.

"Roberts has forgotten the sugar dish."

"Not at all; *I* sent it away; I don't take sugar myself, and I dislike to see any one else doing so."

I stared awhile, bowed to the autocratess of the breakfast table, and drank a bitter draught of the beverage she presented. Our conversation was desultory, chiefly touching Coletham and the lions of this county of turnips and sand. After the meal was over, Lady Wardleigh led the way to a charming morning room, and invited me to take a seat. I did so; but, in all my life, I never found myself in such trouble, trying to fish up a subject from the stagnant pool of my imagination, as I was then. I made a desperate dive after Church matters, talked of the troubles in Exeter, &c., &c., from which I was brought on my haunches by my venerable relative informing me she took no interest in such things; so I rushed into the army, and was coolly stopped there too; she disliked military men, all those she knew smoked, and she had a horror of tobacco. Good heavens! cut off from sugar and a weed, my two solaces. Well, 'twould soon end—her lawful protector would relieve me, which thought suggested another subject. I spoke of the "business" which brought her to Coletham, offering any assistance in my power.

"Thank you; you can be of great assistance, but at present I cannot explain in what way. I will ask your help when I need it; meanwhile, don't trouble yourself trying to amuse me—I am not amuseable, so it would be labor in vain. I see your amiable desire, and shall duly report it to—to—my husband. Let us now speak of yourself. Lord Wardleigh tells me you have had a large fortune left you, and as your friend, (and relative now,) I may be permitted to say I am sorry for it."

"Why so ma'am?"

"Why so? Because I think a young man ought to depend on himself alone, and not fight the battle of life with borrowed weapons."

Delightful grandmother! Charming old lady! I looked to see if by chance the light had not deceived me, and what I took for chestnut hair was not gray. But no, there she sat, seventeen, not a day older, looking me through and through with her witch hazel eyes, primming up a mouth like a rosebud. Slightly nettled I replied.

"You need have no uneasiness about that fortune—I am pretty sure never to possess it."

"Indeed! Lord Wardleigh told me it was legally willed to you."

"Yes," said I bitterly, "but clogged by one condition."

"And that is ——?"

"Old Armstead's daughter, a hunch backed, one eyed woman of fifty!"

My amiable grandmother opened her eyes in a puzzled surprise, then throwing back her little head rang out a laugh like a peal of silver bells.

I was extremely provoked, and she catching a glimpse of my face, and doubtless reading its expression, was moved thereby to fresh mirth, which she displayed by covering her face with a handkerchief as large as a doll's, and rolling about in her chair. I felt strongly tempted to take the elf in my arms and put her on a shelf until she was good, but—my grandmother! She sobered down a little until looking at me a fresh access of laughing came on; this continued so long that my patience was exhausted, and I walked off to a window where the sprite followed me. She tried to steady the quiver of mirth in her voice, and wiping her eyes, laid her morsel of a hand on my arm saying, "You mustn't be angry with me for laughing, but a hunch backed, one eyed wife!" "Lady Wardleigh," I said with some severity "you will oblige me by changing the subject. Allow me to assure you that if the lady, instead of being the object she is, happened to be young and beautiful as—as yourself for instance, I would still not accept the conditions of the will, unless I loved her too."

Hazel eyes were now all softness, and again the little hand was brought into play, but this time it was put in mine while she said softly, "Spoken like a true gentleman Mr. Wardleigh," and in a moment was flown.

What a little witch it was! so light and graceful and airy! and what on earth did that elderly donkey, my grandfather mean by allowing her to promenade over the water, consigned to me like an invoice of goods? While I was turning these thoughts over in my mind, she was up stairs ringing out an old Provencal *lai* in a voice as clear as a bird's,

"Rossignon que cautes sans cessa
Dins mon jardi,
Vait'en a m'amigo aigo juessa
De bon mati,"

and in a moment more was again in the morning room, quiet as when she cut off my sugar at breakfast, but with the same sly look in her demure eyes.

"You are a queer little elf, my dear grandmother," I said inly, as I watched her fingers twisting silk into a mesh, (I doubt not with such she landed the ancient fish, her husband,) "and if you did not stand in that interesting and venerable position towards me, I should ——"

"What?" said the hazels, looking straight into mine, and asking as plainly as tongue could, "Not make love, eh?"

We dined together, though I was in doubt all the time if salt and pepper were not equally forbidden with sugar, and felt thankful for getting the run of the table without being pulled up.

When Lady Wardleigh left the dining room, I drew out my cigar case, and had just bitten the end off a cheroot, when the veto on tobacco occurred to me. I stepped out of the French windows and through the pleasure ground to the park, where I lighted a match and solaced myself with a smoke. I had hardly got half through when the trees rustled, and lo! my grandmother was before me. She held a second edition of the doll's handkerchief to her nose, while I threw away my cherished Manilla and begged pardon for disobedience, "but here in the open air," I said by way of extenuation, "I thought you would not perceive it."

"But I do! you must not smoke on any account," and she shuddered as if the thought was full of horror.

"When do you expect my grandfather, ma'am?" I asked in a surly, snappish way.

"I really don't know; it will greatly depend on how the business prospers which I came to see after; probably not before three weeks or a month."

A month without a cigar!

"Can't I help you in your business ma'am?"

"Oh yes, as I told you before, you can help me very much, and so you shall. For the present, however, I only require you to give me that cone," she said, pointing to something on the top of a pine tree, "I want that."

When I was a half ragged youngster, catching colts on Gadforth Common, I should no more have minded going hand over hand up a tree than I should now to stir the fire, but my pantaloons were new, and tight, and in short I didn't like the job at all. Hazel eyes tried the hand dodge again, moving it up and down my arm in the most electrical manner, while she looked into my eyes, saying in her half-child-like, half-imperial and wholly winning way, "But for *me*; nobody ever refuses me." (I believe it you elf!) "I am your grandmother, you know you *must* do it if *I* tell you."

I wished Stultz to the devil for making my pantaloons such a good fit; but there was no help now, and so I jumped up the tree. I got the cone, but my nether garments did as the Banks have been doing lately, and all I got for my pains was the laughter of the fairy who sent me there, and the privilege of sneaking behind her on our return to the house, not being in condition to act pioneer.

Still, though she cut off sugar and tobacco, though she was the cause of the dismemberment of my pantaloons, I could not be angry with her; the fact was, she had me as completely under her thumb as if I had been her born thrall, and before many nights passed I found myself deep in Debrett, making anxious research as to the real age of Frederick George Baron Wardleigh, and the probable date when he might be expected to ascend to Abraham's bosom.

Before she was ten days at Coletham everything on the place knew and loved her. Blucher, my grandfather's old charger, retired on an honorable pension, would prick up his ears and neigh gently as she approached his paddock, while the dogs, those keen and subtle discriminators, paid homage from the very first, forming a guard of honor during her rambles through the grounds.

My grandfather's letters and her replies were punctual enough, though I couldn't tell, for my life, why she stayed day after day at Coletham, and he pining (I know I should!) over her absence in Brussels. To add to my discomfiture, I received a letter signed Fanny Armstead—my *fiancee!*—stating, with a sort of pen-and-ink attempt at a blush, that she wished to have the terms of the will decided, and, for that reason, would accompany Lord Wardleigh to town on the following week, when she hoped to see me, &c., &c.—The cold-key feeling returned as I read this, and happening to raise my eyes I met Lady Wardleigh's gaze fixed on me with an unmistakable expression of loving interest. It was rapture to me; and yet, as my heart dilated with a great throb of delight, a pang shot through me as I remembered that she was another man's wife, and that man—my grandfather!

What business had he to throw such temptation in the way of a poor devil like me, who had all my life been "weak" on the subject of the fair deceivers? I could no more help loving her, if I tried ever so hard, than a hungry cur could keep longing eyes and watering chops off a succulent morsel.

Her saucy gleeful ways, the charming little gestures of imperial command, like a wilful child always petted; the dimples that chased each other over her face like sunlight crisping wavelets, the tears standing full in her brown eyes at some pathetic story I have trumped up for her delectation, were all so many strands in the cord that bound me to her; sinful and uncanonical as it was.

I got up next morning (after the Armstead letter) with a firm resolution not to see her that day, and accordingly begging provender from the cook, to wit: hard boiled eggs, crackers and a paper of salt, I set off with my rifle and Ponto, a famous cocking spaniel.

But I went out, less to shoot than to drive away thought, and as a consequence, thoughts were plentiful and game scarce. I ate my eggs, wondering meanwhile if the little lady missed me, and whether the veto on sugar would be abolished, if she wore the pink dress or the blue one, and if my grandfather ——, but here my meditations were brought to a halt by Ponto—hitherto sleeping peacefully—breaking out into a joyful bark as he plunged through the gorse.

In a moment a soft tramp of hoofs, and my lady mounted on a Shetland poney, a trifle bigger than a Newfoundland dog, a provoking gipsey hat on her bright curls, and a tantalizing feather brushing about her neck and face. If ladies only knew what queer thoughts some of their rigging brings into a fellow's mind! How savage he feels when he sees the little teeth biting a parasol knob; or a spray of grass from a bonnet resting contentedly against a cheek he would give half his life to touch. I suppose it is just as well they don't know, if they did, things would not mend for us we may be sure.

"So you ran away from your breakfast, but you can't escape me," said the sprite laying her hand on my arm, and looking up in my face, "come back with me, and you shall have sugar in your coffee." "This won't do at all," I said, shaking her hand off somewhat roughly.

"What won't do my dear grandson?"

"Grandson be hanged! Are you blind, too young and innocent not to know it won't do to have you and me shut up in a country house together? Don't you feel that I love you—that I would gladly die to have my grandfather's right to you? There, now you have the truth; why don't you bid me go away? Won't you write and tell Lord Wardleigh to come and fetch you?"

"Yes," she said gravely, but though her cheek burned and her eyes were cast down, I could not discern indignation in the tone. "Yes I will write to Lord Wardleigh, he must come." "And you will denounce me? You will tell him what a traitor I have been? But could I help it? I don't believe the accusing angel will say I could."

"Do you *really* love me?" was the only answer I got.—This roused my indignation; she wanted the triumph of a last speech and dying declaration, and I was about to tell her so sharply, but was thoroughly disarmed by the love expressed in her upward glance—saucy enough heaven knows, but still the genuine article.

"One word more," I said, "and it shall be the last. You wish to know if I love you? Yes, I do! I love you well enough to do anything except bring a pang to your heart, or a blush hereafter to your cheek, and so you are safe.—But there is no need to make the fire any hotter, and so if you please we will not meet until my grandfather comes.—Will you consent to this?"

"Oh yes, certainly, whatever you say."

"Then ride home now, and God bless you."

"God bless you too," she said, leaving her hand in mine. I kissed it, pressed it to my heart, and then she touched the poney with her whip, and away out of sight. I staid amongst the gorse all day, wondering whether it wouldn't be better to put the contents of the rifle through my brains and let folks suppose it was an accident. I returned to the house late in the evening, when her servant presented Lady Wardleigh's regrets that she was ill, and would dine in her room, so I perceived she meant to keep the paction. I did not see her the next day, or the next, or, in fact, for several succeeding days, during all of which she adhered faithfully to the rigid *regime* I had laid down. I was aching to see her. I left my door ajar in hopes I might catch a glimpse as she passed along. I went out with my game-bag, under pretence of being gone all day, and returned surreptitiously, hoping to surprise her in the morning room; but no, she confined herself exclusively to her own territory and the gardens on that side which was entirely cut off from the rest of the grounds.—And yet, though I knew she was right, I could only foresee for myself a landscape of the most intensely Indian-ink dye. I was utterly indignant with my grandfather, as the cause of all present and prospective woe, and most gladly would I have punched his head had he been any one else than the father of my father. At length I received a pencil note from her Ladyship, saying Lord Wardleigh would arrive at Coletham that very evening, and that Miss Armstead was expected too! Now I am in for it. The shower-bath has to come; no backing out at present. When "time" is called I must go into the ring, and get hard hit, too, I expect. How fervently I wished for some chance of throwing up the sponge decently, and acknowledging myself floored! But no, I must fight all the rounds; must tell the lady I cou dn't take her, even with eighty thousand pounds, and hint, in the gentlest manner possible, to my grandfather that he was a confounded old muff for his share in the transaction. It had to be done; so I tightened my girths, and tried to feel as plucky as I could. About six o'clock I heard a carriage drive up the front avenue; then ensued a ringing of bells, slamming of doors, loud talking, and, at last, perfect quiet, when Roberts came to say Lord Wardleigh wished to see me in the dining-room, reminding me of the Shakspearean "Master Barrardine get up and be hanged."

Now that the time was really come I felt perfectly brave. If my grandfather was alone, as I devoutly hoped he would be, I made up my mind to tell him the whole truth without any disguise. But he was not alone. By his side sat the original of the picture Tom Craster and Serjeant L——, so faithfully colored. A monstrously fat little woman with a jocund ruddy face, overtopped by a flaxen wig, and ornamented by a solitary eye, which however twinkled with a forty eye power of merriment as my grandfather presented "Mr. Charles Wardleigh to Miss Armstead."

Then commenced a harangue, in which he referred to the conditions of Mr. Armstead's will; stating that the lady was in the room (I saw she was, heaven knows!) and wished to hear my decision; during all of which monologue she occupied herself in casting sheep's eyes—or rather a sheep's eye—at me over a gorgeous Indian fan.

I gained courage as he went on, and so I spurred my charger and went gaily at the timber. I told him the trifling service I had rendered to Mr. Armstead was no reason for his leaving me his entire fortune; that I preferred being indebted to my own exertions for the bread I ate, and besides ——"

"And what besides?" asked the old man sternly, "is it true that you are worse than being the idlest scamp in London? (highly compimentary, that!) that you have betrayed the trust I reposed in you, and have dared to lift your eyes to my wife?!!!"

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