

**A STORY OF ENGLISH LAW**  
(Continued)

CHAPTER III.

The letter Stuart had opened in Mrs Herbert's presence was speedily followed by several more, which he thought it expedient to make any reply to at intervals came one to which he felt disposed to pay attention. It was an offer from the old attorney, Mr. Morgan, to give him a sum of money, on the receipt of a certain sum of money, at once emigrate to the United States, where his friends were shortly to sail. Stuart was more than willing to acquiesce in this arrangement, and speedily signed the contract. He was not aware, however, that his spirit might be lightened of some part of its burden: he could walk freely about the world without fearing at any step that the cause of violence would be called in—it would start up and shame him. Her departure made no change in his position, yet, when the vessel which contained her quitted the shores of England, George Stuart felt himself a happier man.

Six weeks afterwards, he was startled by the intelligence that a ship was lost. It is not in human nature not to rejoice at deliverance, no matter how trifling. Stuart may be forgiven, if his strong feeling for that disaster was one of thankfulness. In the list of passengers which was that same day, Mr. Morgan made no mention of expressing his satisfaction, and noted with excessive pleasure, that though as quiet as his manner as ever, the relaxed lips of the old eyes of the betrayed far more than his words confessed.

Both, however, knew that a possibility of happiness existed. Stuart's friends were not, perhaps, more than a few, but they were not likely to be incomplete, either of the missing passengers might turn up elsewhere. For a fortnight, Mr. Stuart was in a state of expectation; yet, in readiness, for evidence contradictory of the report; and, not content with waiting only, he caused careful inquiries to be made in every accessible quarter, nor till these proved fruitless did he venture to believe himself free. He is to be blamed, if in those months, though some serious reverses occurred, and dwelt upon her whom he loved, and who he loved. Her kind, his own was not, and he would never, loved him? His love now was not the dark, almost fierce glitter of his eyes seemed static his ardour. So, too, the money silently, and departed at once. George wrote a couple of lines to Mr. Morgan, begging, as an immediate matter, that he would return to the room where Catherine still lay helpless. The sudden shock had completely unseated him, and he had been hurried to the room, who had been hastily summoned, said gravely that she must be kept quiet. Quiet she certainly might, but perhaps her bed was better for her if the fainting-fits which continually returned upon her had been more profound or of longer duration. As it immediately occurred, consciousness served to remind her that some dreadful event, she scarcely knew what had occurred, and that it concerned her very self impending. It is well known, that this kind of consciousness is very dangerous to persons of her age. As it immediately occurred, in Mrs Stuart was pronounced to be suffering from brain-fever.

When he can describe the agony of him who overpowered, feeling that her wandering eyes were, he felt that she was, Oh, how deeply he regretted the weakness which had permitted him to accept the love she gave! In the first instance, he had been, in the first instance, low, in the bitterness of his spirit he cursed the iniquitous law which, while offering a reward to the murderer, offered a punishment to this everlasting bondage of shame! In vain, in vain! She for whom he would gladly have sacrificed his life, was lying before his eyes, the victim of his error! Yet, was it so? Was he indeed to blame? Partly—not all. Again, he thought of the fierce wrath of a revenged, and injured man, and that mockery of justice, that solemn puppetry which only gold can set in motion—the English law of divorce.

Mr. Morgan had been with Stuart more than once or twice, but could do little to quiet the tumult of his feelings. Several days had passed, and he began to speak decidedly of what he thought advisable.

Everything must be risked now, George, said his kind friend, and I will undertake to say that it shall be. My kind, good friend! said Stuart sadly, but he is not to be trifled with.

I confess you shall be under several disadvantages; but I do not despair, nor must you. I will do all in my power to assist you. It is too late! said George, who had been looking at him with a sad and thoughtful expression.

George slowly sought the chamber, from which he could scarcely bear to be absent, and he was not long before he had returned. The fever has abated, whispered the doctor when he met on the stairs.

The doctor passed. Unless she is weak to multiply, and be passed on.

The fact is, I was picked up by an American vessel the morning after the wreck. I had taken a life preserving cap with me, and it kept me afloat beautifully. Capital things these life-preservers are.

The easy nonchalance of the speaker was not without its effect upon Stuart. Sometimes the indignation which he felt, he asked, how long have you been as long in discovering the truth to me?

Why my being alive, you mean! Oh, how could I! The ship that took me up was not coming to England. We went to some place in South America, and then, after a while, back to New York.

You might have written?

Well, I never thought of that; or if I did, I thought you made me promise not to write to you again.

You promised also that I should never see the light?—Yes—the reply was accompanied by a spiteful frown—but then I wasn't expecting to be rescued. Shipwrecks are sad things for settling arrangements.

Why did you not stay in America?

The idea? Well, every one of my friends was disappointed. Goodness, sir, am—how do you do!

Catherine, believing that Stuart was some of the officers, had been in search of some trifles which had been mislaid, and opened the drawers before she was aware of the room being occupied. She was startled, and a horrible suspicion darted through her mind. It was speedily confirmed, for, as she turned round, she saw the man who had greeted her, would have hurried her from the place, his tormentor exclaimed, with the same jealousy as before. So, then, this is the mislaid key!

Stuart tried to lead Catherine away, but she was fainting on his shoulder. He lifted her up, and carried her to her room. Presently he returned. "Why are you here?—what do you seek?" he asked in a voice husky though melodious.

It was money that was wanted, and obtained.

Go now, said Stuart, and come to this room no more. I will see you every day or hear from me, but here it is not safe for you to be.

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When she was brought back to the bedside, Catherine lay quite still, with her eyes partly open. Presently her lips moved,

and it was his own name which formed, but scarcely uttered. As he bent down, and lightly kissed her forehead, a faint smile played over his features, George, against the murmured, and with a sudden start she threw her right arm around his neck.

This effort was the last. In another moment the motion ceased, she lay cold, as if she had escaped, and the lips pressed with his were those of a corpse.

Stuart knew it well; and sometimes when the streets are quite still, and the moon is down, and the stars glimmer faintly on the tombstones, he wanders among the graves, and perhaps passes a minute beside one undistinguishable from the rest, he asks if it be his, to mourn and indulge some grief which he is mad, and he is no repining, melancholic man. The proud spirit is wrong, the strong love is true, the memory of the past is not memories is borne calmly; the duties of the dead present are performed unobtrusively, and at home he suffers, he suffers in silence.

NOT AT HOME.—We have had the Englishwoman in Russia. The Englishwoman in Thibet. The Englishwoman in America, and the Englishwoman in almost every hole and corner of the globe. If our beautiful countrywomen carry out this mania for travelling much further, the greatest novelty our publishers could give us will be "The Englishwoman in England"—Fench.

BURRING AN ATTORNEY.—An attorney in London dying exceedingly poor, a shilling subscription was set on foot to pay the charges of his funeral. Most of the attorneys and barristers having subscribed, one of them applied to Toler, afterwards Lord Chief Justice Northey, expressing a hope that he would be able to give his shilling. "Only a shilling?" said Toler. "I will give a shilling to bury an attorney! Here is a guinea; go, bury one and twenty of them."

TOM MOORE'S POLITICS.—The subjoined lively epigram was published in Dublin at the time that the representation of Lincolnton was offered to Moore:

While I am in the prime of life,  
Moore as her firm's sake, lately courted,  
"The boys," for her mother's sake, asked of him,  
To state what his answer he purported;  
When thus his answer promptly ran,  
"I'm of no party as a man,  
But, as a poet, am-a-tory."

I never complained of my condition but once; I said, old man, when my feet were bare and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet and I became contented.

Did you ever observe the change that is gradually made in the style of our cravats as we grow in years? Up to the age of ten our necks are left at liberty. As far as concerns the exact matter of style. From twenty to twenty-five it is an article of taste; at thirty, it is a matter of duty. At forty, it is a matter of duty. Having passed this age, our cravats do not, as we become extinct, our cravats do as it likes; we take no heed of it, and it becomes a kind of bag in the pocket, and we are contented with the end of the nose.

A SCOTT LOVER.—A Morayshire farmer recently sent the following message to the "lady of his love":—"Tell her," he said, "that gin she doesn't ha' me, I winna kiss myself, but I'll pine awa'!"

Horne Tooke ridiculed the practice of sea bathing, and said, if any one of the seal species were sick, it would be just as well for a fish-purveyer to order him to go on shore. Persons declare that sea-bathing was only reckoned healthy, because many persons have been known to surrive it; but Sheridan's objection to salt water was the most quaint—"Pickles," said he, "don't agree with me."

CAROLITE.—Looking over other people's affairs, and overlooking our own. Very sings us even in our pleasures, but Vainly, and we sing us even in our pains. All that is true! and it is a beautiful in life blooms around the altar of domestic love. A good daughter is the morning sunlight and evening star of her parents' house.

GENERAL WILLIAMS, writing recently to some Halifax friends, asks the following duties in England will prevent his visiting this continent until his next year.

**TO BE SOLD.**  
THE Farm at present in occupation of Mr. E. Adams Smith, at the Crew Road, Belfast. For particulars apply at the office of T. HEATH HAYLAND, Esq., Barrister at Law, Charlotte-street, April 25th, 1856.

**"ALBION HOUSE,"**  
**SECRETLY & COUCHMAN**  
BEING respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Charlotte-street and its vicinity, that they have taken the stores of a quantity of the BEST BARKING, and have opened it under the above title with a magnificent display.

**MOST EXTENSIVE STOCK**  
**OF DRY GOODS**  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.  
This stock having been purchased with great advantage, for taste, variety, quality, and cheapness, cannot be surpassed by that of any House in the Island. It would be responsible in the limits of an advertisement to particularize, but on inspection it will be found to contain everything that is supplied by the most extensive houses in the Great Cities of N. America, from the minutest article in Haberdashery, to those of the most costly character in Dressing, Silks, Gowns, Mantles, &c.

In making this announcement, we trust the public will encourage us in the undertaking, and we pledge ourselves to give every attention to the quality of the goods, and continue to offer to purchasers advantages which will, we have no doubt, be appreciated. T. HEATH HAYLAND, & COUCHMAN, Charlotte-street, May 17, 1856.

**A MARVELLOUS REMEDY!**  
**FOR A RHEUMATIC AGE!**

**HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.**  
**THE GRAND INTERNAL REMEDY.**  
By the aid of this medicine, we see millions of thence opening on the surface of our bodies. The disease is carried to any organ or inward part. Diseases of the Liver, of the Lungs, of the Heart, Induration of the Lungs, Asthma, Coughs and Colic, are by its means effectually cured. Every local ailment, however deeply seated, and of whatever kind or of any thickness. This healing Ointment more readily penetrates through any bony or fleshy part than any other medicine, and has the power of inward complaint, that cannot be reached by other means.

**ERYSIPELAS, RHEUMATISM AND SCORBUTIC HUMOURS.**  
No remedy has ever done so much for the cure of disease of the skin, whatever form they may assume, as the Ointment. Scurvy, Sore Heads, Scrofula, or Erysipelas, cannot long withstand its influence. The inventor has travelled over many parts of the globe, visiting the principal hospitals, and applying this Ointment, giving advice as to its application, and has thus been the means of restoring countless numbers to health.

**SORE LEGS, SORE BREASTS, WOUNDS & ULCERS.**

Some of the most scientific surgeons now rely solely on this Ointment, and have been successful in leaving to cope with the worst cases of sores, wounds, ulcers, glandular swellings, and tumours. Profound knowledge of the nature of these diseases, and the elements of this Ointment, to be used in the worst cases of wounds. It will cure any ulcer, glandular swelling, or any contraction of the joints, even of 20 years' standing.

**FILES AND FISULAS.**  
These and other similar distressing complaints can be effectually cured, if the Ointment be well rubbed over the parts affected, and by otherwise following the printed directions around each pot.

Both the Ointment and Pills should be used in the following cases:  
Cancers  
Sore-throats  
Bad Breasts  
Contracted and Stiff Joints  
Borns  
Erysipelas  
Scurvy  
Ulcers  
Piles  
Diets of Menstruation  
Sore-eyes  
Tons and Sand  
Gout  
The Glandular Swellings  
Coo-bay  
Lumbago  
Wounds  
Fishes  
Chilblains  
Chilblains  
Chapped Hands  
Scalds

Sold at the establishment of Professor H. W. L. L. 44, Strand, near the Theatre Royal, London. Also at 89, Maiden Lane, New York, by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicines throughout the world. Price of the Ointment, 1s. 6d.; of the Pills, 1s. 6d.; and of each Pot, 1s. 6d.

There is a considerable saving by taking the Ointment and Pills together.

N.B.—Directions for the genuine of genuine every disorder are sent free of post.