

'Be cool, ladies, I will save your father. Thorne give me your pistols. Servant go to the door—say Senor Mendoza will be there in a moment—say he is putting on his cloak. Now Mendoza, be a man—no time for acting the father, or crying now. Ladies one of you get me your father's hat and cloak. Now, Mendoza, are you listening to me?'

'I am.'

'Well then, come to the door with me—ask the gentlemen very politely what they want; of course they will invite you to accompany them to prison or somewhere or other—answer without hesitation that you will be with them in one moment. This you will do with your cloak and hat on; give me then your cloak and hat—bid them advance;—I follow with your cloak and hat on, as Don Luis Mendoza, and d—n all consequences—pistols versus knives,—hurrah!'

'But, sir,' commenced Mendoza.

'Not a word, sir, I have no family, and I would die to serve an honest man or bonnie lassie; and Thorne, you look after the ladies, never mind me, I have two pistols for their two knives.'

The thing was arranged as quickly as this has been told. And away went Griffin, followed by the 'friends of liberty.'

'Now Mendoza, you must out at once—it is all Le Brun's doings—cut for your life—cut,' said Thorne, 'and run for my house. Ladies, this is no safe place for you—excuse me, will you honor my house? There is no time for ceremony, rather on with your cloaks. Young gentlemen, your escort—servant, your master's pistols. Now then ladies, are you ready! Anita, my arm: friend give Mariquita yours—you for the look-out, now heave ahead.'

'Patricio,' cried Anita, 'secure my father's papers, and then look out for yourselves.' And the whole house was clear in less than ten minutes from the first rap at the door.

Mr. Thorne and his interesting convoy arrived safe at the Calle Derecho without interruption; but great was their dismay as time passed on and no Mendoza made his appearance. Early next morning, Thorne was on foot to make his inquiries, but not a word could he hear of his whereabouts. The only consolation he could hold out to his fair and trembling guests was the probability that he might be concealed in some friend's house, or might find his way on board some vessel. 'But cheer up, ladies, you are at least safe, both from Rosas and Le Brun: and what a comfort that would be to your old father, if he knew it. Ladies, you are the mistresses of the house. I must send for a female servant to attend you, and you may send for some female friend to keep you in countenance, if you can find one or think it proper. You will see the propriety of not moving out of doors for a few days. The only restriction I impose upon both of you is, that you will never drive me away from your presence by even whispering a word about thanks. And now, ladies, excuse me—I am going to rally out on another voyage of inquiry,' and before a word could be said in reply he hurried from the room.

After running about till he was almost exhausted, Thorne repaired to the Sala de los Estrangeros residentes, or club room of resident foreigners, for a little refreshment; and scarcely had he entered when Le Brun stood before him pale, breathless, and woe begone.

'Le Brun,' cried Thorne, 'you are a spy, a traitor: you are worse than I even conceived you to be. Leave me, fly this moment, or you meet your deserts from my hands, and in this very place.'

'Thorne,' cried Le Brun, with the most abject air, 'I am the most miserable man in existence. I swear to you by everything that binds man to man, I was not the cause of Mendoza's capture last night; my life, sir, is in more peril than his. At this moment, the emissaries of the police are at my heels, and ere sunset I shall probably be in prison—ere sunrise probably a corpse; where is Mendoza?'

'He is not in prison?' demanded Thorne.

'No, no, he is not.'

'Then thank God, he is in safer hands than yours or your friends—he is safe. Confess, Le Brun, that you seek him to save yourself?'

'He is safe, you say; did you say he was safe?'

'I did,' said Thorne, who had no idea of Mendoza's running any risk except that of his falling into the hands of Rosas. 'But begone, sir, I see your object; you would now seek his life to save your own little miserable existence.'

'Mr. Thorne,' said Le Brun, 'I am too abject now to resent insults or injuries. Thanks be to Heaven, Mendoza is now safe; my course is now clear. I can prove to you now that, however base you may think me, I have his interest at heart.'

'Yes, after your own weak, truckling schemes have failed. Go on, sir.'

'Thorne, my steps were tracked out to Mendoza's chakra; my steps were watched to Mendoza's house last night; he was seized, but Thorne, not by my information; no, thank God! not by mine. After this confession I ask you if I am not more to be pitied than despised. I may be upbraided as a spy and traitor, but I have always struggled to befriend Mendoza.'

'And why, Le Brun, are you so anxious to know of Mendoza?'

'If I find him not by sunset, I myself suffer the punishment intended for him.'

'I foresaw that, wretch.'

'Press me not too hard, Thorne: I thank heaven that

I alone shall be the victim; and yet how I shudder at the thought, with all my sins upon me—no, I cannot bear to dream of it. Save me, Thorne, save me! I throw myself on my knees before you. I never wronged you. I have admired your firmness, when I have cursed my own weakness. Save me! save me!'

'Confess, then, did you not mean to sell Mendoza to save yourself?'

'I know not my own motives, Thorne. I am entirely unmanned—ask me not to what lengths despair might have driven a guilty man. Believe me, I laboured anxiously and keenly for his safety to the neglect and danger of my own; for then my thoughts were ennobled by my aspirations for his daughter. I am too mean and degraded now to think of matching myself with such purity; and I have sunk into mean grovelling selfishness. Thank God he has escaped! I would not—no, it is impossible I could have betrayed Mendoza, the father of Anita, to have saved my own worthless self. The first sight of that old man's honest self must have driven such thoughts from my mind. I sought Mendoza, Thorne, to give him these papers. Nay do not frown so upon me: they are papers signed by himself last night disposing of the half of his property to me in the anticipation of my being his son-in-law; if he escapes, his property may be disembargoed—mine never can be. Some papers of my own are there too; some of these claims of mine, Thorne, will be recoverable. I have not a relation in the world; pray give them when—oh, I shudder to think of it—give them to the family of Mendoza, give them to Anita.'

'Silence, wretched pettifogger! think not that Anita Mendoza can ever stoop to accept the wages of treachery. I may, I will try to save your own mean life. Sit down there, take advantage of the short time spared you to arrange your affairs. I am off to see what may be done to save you from Rosas, whom I despise more than I pity you!' and he rushed out of the room before the trembling Le Brun could thank him for his offered assistance.

Thorne was the creature of impulse. Possessed of a generous heart and warm temperament, he often conferred favors at the same time that he showered reproaches.

He had known Le Brun as a respected and honoured member of society: he had never liked him—he was too prim, sober, and methodical, for his errant and jovial disposition.

Le Brun's steady, plodding, business habits Tom Thorne had sometimes considered a kind of reproach to his hap-hazard way of conducting his affairs, and though he had never made regular approaches to gain the favour of Anita Mendoza, his vanity was offended to see the advances that the quiet, easy, sinuating address of Le Brun made, in gaining the affections of the only woman who ever interested him.

For all these reasons he had ever disliked Le Brun, and now he despised him; but still, however dangerous it might be, he resolved, if possible, to save him; and while in this state of mind he fell in with the captain of an English man of war.

It was usual for the English and French men of war in those dismal times to receive all fugitives who claimed their protection; and the Frenchmen even went so far as to walk through the streets in armed bodies, and receive among their number those whom persecution induced to claim their assistance.

Thorne had little difficulty in persuading the captain to lend his assistance in carrying off an intended victim. His vessel was to sail that evening: many of his boats were on shore; and it was arranged that at four o'clock, when they were ready to start, a number of seamen should find their way to the Sala by different routes; and as the Sala was not far from the beach, they anticipated no difficulty in carrying off Le Brun.

This being arranged, Thorne hurried to inform and prepare the fugitive. Le Brun was still there, another was there also, heaping every term of opprobrium that could be fancied on that hapless and miserable individual.

'You scum of the sea, you! Will nothing I can say to you persuade you to be a gentleman? By the powers of Moll Kelly! I'll bring in the marker to dust your hair with chalk powder—the only powder you know anything about, you black-faced sheep! Faith! a sheep is innocent, and a ram will stand to its own defence; so the only resemblance you have to a sheep is the chance you have of—'

'Hallo there, Griffin!' cried Thorne, 'don't abuse Le Brun now: our friends with the lanterns are after him, and here we come to rescue. Le Brun, there is not one moment to spare. English seamen are now at the door—they will take you safe to their ship in spite of the friends who are dogging you outside—and so good-bye. God forgive you!'

'Oh, Thorne, how can I?'

'Come, come, no blarney!' cried Griffin interrupting Le Brun. 'By St. Patrick, if he go, I go too—this place has become too hot for me—Thorne, I did not know the poor devil was in such trouble. There is my address, Thorne, please forward my luggage. Let us have a bottle of champagne before we start. I will recommend Le Brun to a warm half deck passage to the captain; and when landed, wherever it may be, if he do not give me satisfaction, by the powers! I'll take it. What say you, Thorne?'

'Now, Le Brun, all ready?' demanded Thorne.

'All ready, sir.'

'Here's to you then, Griffin,' as Le Brun crept cau-

tiously out of the room. 'Spare his life, Griffin—he is not worth the risk of your exposing yourself for him: spare his life for the sake of the black-eyed girl; but don't forget that he spoiled a merry evening for us out at the chakra. By the way, your hurried departure must be rather inconvenient to you; please take this (offering him some money)—nay, friend, take it; your intended caning match may cost you as much for damages. Now hurry off, for I must not appear in this affair.' And so Le Brun the spy was hurried down to the beach amid a party of English seamen, to the great disappointment of two gentlemen with long cloaks, who were waiting to attend upon him until sunset, and who followed them still, with the view, probably, of seeing him safely embarked, in spite of repeated adieus bowed to them by Griffin, who begged of them not to trouble themselves any further.

All hands arrived safely on board; but whether Griffin had to refund any of Tom Thorne's money for damages, or whether he pinked his friend, or was pinked himself, we have never heard.

Return we to Tom Thorne and his fair guests. Their rage at Le Brun's treachery was modified by the news that their father had escaped—for that he was not in prison was an escape; and to all parties it appeared best, that they should wait in their present quarter until they should hear from him.

In the meantime, Tom Thorne's position was a most singular one. A bachelor, we may say, by profession, he was harbouring two lovely girls—one of whom had often roused feelings in his breast that he could not easily account for: he was, moreover, their protector, he had been partly the cause of their misfortunes; they were, it might be said, fatherless and portionless; they interested every best feeling of his heart. Need we work out the progress of results? Tom found more attractions in their mild, subdued, but lively conversation than in the loud frolicsome sports in which he had hitherto been a leader; smiles banished or supplanted cigars, and the sparkles of fair eyes were more often in Tom's thoughts than the sparkles of champagne. During this state of transmutation, Tom received a message that a friend wished to see him: the messenger was none to be relied on, but he brought a pass-word—*ipso facto*. Tom went, and it was Mendoza he found. The old man had concealed himself in the house of a friend, until he thought all danger past. With prudent care he had concealed his retreat, even from his best friends; and well it was he had done so, for Thorne's house was watched for several days.

'I have heard,' said the old man, 'the care you have taken of my daughters: God reward you for it, I never can.'

'Excuse me, you may,' said Thorne. 'Give me the hand of Anita, and I shall be more than repaid. We will smuggle you off to Rio, or Monte Video; this storm will blow over—your political back-holders will soon be forgotten in the greater criminality of others: your estates will yet be restored to you: and if they be not, I have sufficient to maintain you and your family, without even missing the resources of the chakra, or mourning over the ruined speculations of Don Felipe Le Brun.'

'Thorne, you are a man after my own heart. I have ever given you credit for stainless honesty of purpose: if my daughter accepts you as her protector you shall have my blessing.'

Mendoza, with his daughters, sought temporary exile, the embargo was soon taken off their property, and Tom Thorne afterwards sought, in the sweet smiles and flashing eyes of Anita Mendoza, an exchange for the idle luxuries of cigars and champagne. Let us hope that he found them.

## POLITICS AND NEWS.

### News by the last English Mail.

#### STATE OF TRADE IN THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS OF ENGLAND.—THE MONEY MARKET.

Our advices from the manufacturing districts throughout England, although not of a buoyant character, are nevertheless on the whole rather more encouraging. At Manchester the official report of the state of employment of the operatives there, shows, that during the week ending Dec. 28, an additional mill had stopped, and two had gone from short to full time. Consequently the increase in the number of mill hands working full time is 651, and there are 1304 fewer on short time; but on the other hand, there are 608 more out of employment. Of the total works included in the table, four more are now working full time, with their usual complement of hands, but three less with a portion of their hands. There are five fewer works on short time, and four more stopped. There are altogether 567 more operatives working full time; 1770 fewer working short time, and 1179 more wholly out of employment. For goods and yarn at Manchester little is doing, and prices are rather lower. One favourable circumstance connected with the trade of this district is the export demand for cotton goods to the Levant. A brighter prospect opens on the woollen districts of Yorkshire. Although the business done in Leeds, Huddersfield, and Bradford is not extensive, still there are symptoms of improvement ere long. The hosiery trade at Nottingham is reported to be in an improving position, and considerable activity prevails. In the lace business little is doing at