

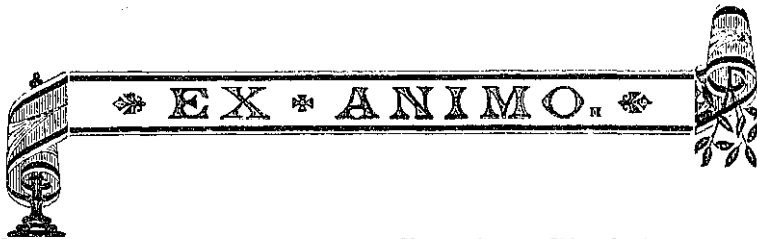
The whole Court was worked up to fever heat, for the defendant had exposed his chest, which bore no sign whatever of having at any time been tattooed.

Witness: "The words were tattooed in large letters—'TOWNSLEY TRAITOR.'"

As the witness said these words the whole

Court rose to their feet. The plaintiff had fallen down in a dead faint, and when they tore open his shirt, they saw the fatal words—"TOWNSLEY TRAITOR"—in broad letters on his chest.

Mr. Snelgrove netted eleven hundred pounds. [FINIS.]



Oh! do not urge

So many reasons why 'tis best to part;  
How, loved you ever, have you now the heart  
To offer reasons where they cannot live?  
None for your love you'd give,  
Then why one now?—  
O bitterness of the most voiceless surge  
That peace will not allow.

It is enough

To say that now you love not, who have loved;  
To say that now I move not, who have moved  
Your heart to bend round mine and clasp it  
near.

It is enough, that here

Is not your place.  
But why, oh! why such cruel, cold rebuff,  
Such blow on love's dear face?

Might I but ask

If love too gladly given is too cold?  
And yet you wooed me in those days of old  
As fearful as you dreaded I were lost:  
Too great?—too slight?—the cost,  
Do I fall short?  
Oh! set me any labour, any task  
To please you as I ought.

I would subdue

My heart its dearest wish to please your eye,  
Yet, lost love; then the hope for you must  
die,  
Since that is yet the dearest that I hold!

To my breast I'd enfold

The viper ghast,—  
Ah! might I know 'twould lift me up to you,  
Again loved at the last.

But do not plead

Such bare cold reasons for the death of love.  
Yours vows to quieten him did hotly move  
And breathed swift life into his very bones:  
Into the cold dead stones  
He will not sink:  
His broken cry is there no heart to heed,  
Tottering on the brink?

If dark before

His sleep was, ere awakened by your voice  
To throbbing life, scarcely his own of choice,  
How dark the gloom he now must stumble  
thro',

Guided thereto by you—

Too all alone.

It breaks my heart to think that nevermore  
My soul may know its own.

Yet, go thy way.

Thy path would be no smoother laid by mine;  
My own, its course I cannot well divine.  
Thy lips can only swear the truth away,—  
Oh! sweet-voiced once were they;  
All is undone.

Come, come! O heart, my heart!—how  
sweet you say  
That doubt and love are one!