family papers, which the latter did, assuring him that they should be forthcoming whenever he thought proper to call for them. Mr. Brown had not been seriously hurt, and was able, in a day or two, to pay the usual attention to the discharge of his duties.

Reilly, having been told where to find his bed-room, retired with confidence to rest. Yet we can scarcely term it rest, after considering the tumultuous and disagreeable events of the evening. He began to ponder upon the life of persecution to which Miss Folliard must necessarily be exposed, in consequence of her father's impetuous and fiery temper; and, indeed, the fact was that he felt this reflection infinitely more bitter than any that touched himself. In these affectionate calculations of her domestic persecution he was a good deal mistaken, however. Sir Robert Whitecraft had now gained a complete ascendancy over the disposition and passions of her father. The latter, like many another country squire—especially of that day—when his word and will were law to his tenants and dependents, was a very great man indeed when dealing with them. He could bluster and threaten, and even carry his threats into execution, with a confident swagger that had more of magisterial pride and the pomp of property in it, than a sense of either right or justice. But on the other hand, let him meet a man of his own rank, who cared nothing about his authority as a magistrate, or his assumption as a man of large landed property, and he was nothing but a poor, weak-minded tool in his hands. So far our description is correct; but when such a knave as Sir Robert Whitecraft came in his way—a knave at once calculating, deceitful, plausible, and cunning—why, our worthy old squire, who thought himself a second Solomon, might be taken by the nose and led round the whole barony.

There is no doubt that he had sapiently laid down his plans to harass and persecute his daughter into a marriage with Sir Robert, and would have probably driven her from under his roof, had he not received the *programme* of his conduct from Whitecraft. That cowardly caitiff had a double motive in this. He found that if her father should "pepper her with persecution," as the old fellow said, before marriage, its consequences must fall upon his own unlucky head afterwards; in other words, that Helen would most assuredly make him then suffer, to some purpose, for all that his pretensions to her hand had occasioned her to undergo previous to their union; for in truth, if there was one doctrine which Whitecraft detested more than another—and with good reason, too—it was that of Retribution.

"Mr. Folliard," said Whitecraft, in the very last conversation they had on this subject, "you must not persecute your daughter on my account."

"Mustn't I? Why, d——n it, Sir Robert, isn't persecution the order of the day? By——, if she doesn't marry you quietly and willingly, we'll turn her out and hunt her like a priest."

"No, Mr. Folliard, violence will never do. On the contrary, you must change your hand, and try an opposite course. If you wish to rivet her affections upon that Jesuitical traitor still more strongly, persecute her; for there is nothing in this life that strengthens love so much as opposition and violence. The fair ones begin to look upon themselves as martyrs, and in proportion as you are severe and inexorable, so, in proportion, are they resolved to win the crown that is before them. I would not press your daughter, but that I believe love to be a thing that exists before marriage—never after. There's the honeymoon, for instance. Did ever mortal man or mortal woman hear or dream of a *second* honeymoon? No, sir; for Cupid, like a large blue-bottle, falls into, and is drowned in the honey-pot."

"D——n me," replied the squire, "if I understand a word you say. However, I dare say it may be very good sense, for all that; for you always had a long noddle. Go on."

"My advice to you, then, sir, is this—make as few allusions to her marriage with me as possible; but, in the meantime, you may praise me a little, if you wish; but, above all things, don't run down Reilly immediately after paying my mind or person any compliment. Allow the young lady to remain quiet for some time. Treat her with your usual kindness and affection, for it is possible, after all, that she may do more from her tenderness and affection for you, than we could expect from any other motive, at all events, until we shall succeed in hanging or transporting this rebellious scoundrel."

"Very good—so he is. Good heavens! what a son-in-law I should have! I, who have transported one priest already!"

"Well, sir, as I was saying, until we shall have succeeded in hanging or transporting him. The first would be the safest, no doubt; but until we shall be able to accomplish either one or the other, we have not much to expect in the shape of compliance from your daughter. When the villain is removed, however, hope, on her part, will soon die out—love will lose its pabulum."

"Its what?" asked the squire, staring at him with a pair of round eyes that were full of perplexity and wonder.

"Why, it means food, or rather fodder."

"D——n you, sir," replied the squire, indignantly; "do you want to make a beast of my daughter?"

"But it's a word, sir, applied by the poets as the food of Cupid."

"Cupid! I thought he was drowned in the honey pot; yet he's up again, and as brisk as ever, it appears. However, go on—let us understand fairly what you're at. I think I see a glimpse of it; and knowing your character upon the subject of persecution as I do, it's more, I must say, than I expected from you. Go on—I bid you."

"I say, then, sir, that if Reilly were either hanged or out of the country, the consciousness of this would soon alter matters with Miss Folliard. If you, then, sir, will enter into an agreement with me, I shall undertake so to make the laws bear upon Reilly as to rid either the world or the country of him; and you shall promise not to press upon your daughter the subject of her marriage with me until then. Still, there is one thing you must do; and that is to keep her under the strictest surveillance."

"What the devil's that?" said the squire.

"It means," returned his expected son-in-law, "that she must be well watched; but without feeling that she is so."

"Would it not be better to lock her up at once?" said her father. "That would be making the matter sure."

"Not at all," replied Whitecraft. "So sure as you lock her up, so sure she will break prison."

"Well, upon my soul," replied her father, "I can't see that. A strong lock and key are certainly the best surety for the due appearance of any young woman disposed to run away. I think the best way would be to make her feel at once that her father is a magistrate, and commit her to her own room until called upon to appear."

Whitecraft, whose object was occasionally to puzzle his friend, gave a cold grin, and added:

"I suppose your next step would be to make her put in security. No—no, Mr. Folliard; if you will be advised by me, try the soothing system, antiphlogistic remedies are always the best in a case like hers."

"Anti—what? D——n me if I can understand every tenth word you say. However, I give you great credit, Whitecraft; for, upon my soul, I didn't think you knew half as much as you do. That last, however, is a tickler—a nut that I can't crack. I wish to heavens I could get my tongue about it, till I'd send it among the Grand Jury, and maybe there wouldn't be wigs on the green in making it out."

"Yes, I fancy it would teach them a little supererogation."

"A little what? Is it love that has made you so learned, Whitecraft, or so unintelligible—which? Why, man, if your passion increases, in another week there won't be three men out of Trinity College able to understand you. You will become a perfect oracle. But, in the meantime, let us see how the arrangement stands. *Imprimis*, you are to hang or transport Reilly; and until then, I am not to annoy my daughter with any allusions to this marriage; but, above all things, not to compare you and Reilly with one another in her presence, lest it might strengthen her prejudices against *you*."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Folliard, I did not say so; I fear no comparison with the fellow."

"No matter, Sir Robert, if you did not knock it down you staggered it. Omitting the comparison, however, I suppose that so far I am right."

"I think so, sir," replied the other, conscious after all, that he had got a touch of "Roland for his Oliver."

Then he proceeded: "I'm to watch her closely, only she's not to know it. Now, I'll tell you what, Sir Robert, I know you carry a long noddle, with more hard words in it than ever I gave you credit for—but with regard to what you expect from me now—"

"I don't mean that you should watch her personally yourself, Mr. Folliard."

"I suppose you don't: I didn't think you did; but, I'll tell you what—place the twelve labors of Hercules before me, and I'll undertake to perform them, if you wish; but to watch a woman, Sir Robert—and that woman keen and sharp upon the cause of such vigilance—without her knowing it in one half-hour's time, that is a task that never was, can, or will be accomplished. In the meantime, we must only come as near its accomplishment as we can."

"Just so, sir; we can do no more. Remember, then, that you perform your part of this arrangement, and,