

PARTY SPIRIT.

Oh! Hindu car of Heathen rites, And blind idolatry the type. Canst thou more hapless victims slay ! When rolling forth from fane abhorred Of Christian men, thy pond'rous wheels. Midst eager crowd press on, and crush, Beneath thy weight, thy willing slaves.

Rome, Rome, thou City of the Seven Hills, Erst in imperial purple robed, Now crown'd with Papal diadem, Can'st thou do more when hurling forth Thy loud anathemas, and dooming men To loss of heaven, that right divine.

Or thou, who won the sacred crown Of holy martyrdom, who, the dead, Yet speak'st, did'st thou more pain endure, When scorching flames thy limbs enwrapt, And men, thy brother men, stood by, Whilst thou gav'st up thy body to be burnt, And breathedst out thy soul to God.

More pitiful, more kind ve all! Than those who rend and tear the fame Of such as lack, what they require To prove men's faith, who sounding forth Their party's, sacred Shibboleth, Profanc God's Temple with their feet, And e'en for grief, make angels weep.

Hark how they hym'd their joyful song On that blest night when Christ was born, When God, who laid his glory by. Came here to dwell as sinless man. Glory to God in heaven above, On earth the peace which there abides, Goodwill-henceforth, thro' Christ the Lord, To every sinful child of earth.

Can this be true? Yes, truth itself! And can it be? that those who live By virtue of his death and life, Like beasts of prey, each other rend, And fill the air with madd'ning cries, Forgetting him, who said Forbear, Forgive, and e'en as I've loved you, So let each man his brother love

Say not that error calls thee forth To stand the champion of God's truth, And bid the sons of men flock round The standard which the hand has reared. Say not that God has nerved thine arm, And taught thee that which men reject; That God to thee alone his truth Reveals. 'Tis thine own narrow mind! Then low'st to preach thyself, and say, Stand by !-Behold !-for I alone Am holy! Ye grope in darkness.

Hast thou the truth? Then hold it fast, And let thy light shine brightly forth, To prove by works that thou hast faith. Thy words are but as sounding brass And tinkling cymbal to our ears; 'Tis charity, the bond of peace, And of all heav'n-born virtues chief. 'Tis this which stamps thee as God's own.

Say not that truth must first be pure Then peaceable: that love for souls Inspires thy tongue. It cannot be. God, indeed, bids thee love the souls Of men, but who made thee a judge !

Leave it to Him who sees aright To pass His just decree, And pluck the beam from thine own sight, Thy brother's mote to sec.

LACE AND DIAMONDS; OR. TAKE CARE WHAT YOU DO IN LONDON.

"Do you think, mamma," asked Caroline Clifford, "that

our new friend, Mr. Franklin, has much feeling?"
"I think he has. I think him peculiarly gifted with unselfish ardour. That which appears to you coldness, is, in my opinion, the natural reserve of a warm heart—so modest, that it rather retires from observation than parades itself before the world. Sentiment and fire, when common on the lips, are not more likely to be native to the soul. It is precisely that calm, that repose you allude to, which forms, in my judgment, the guarantee of Mr. Franklin's sincerity, and the finishing grace of his character—a character in all other respects, also, a true and noble one."

Caroline did not listen without interest.

Mrs. Clifford was a native of New York. and had come over the year before to enjoy a tour in Europe. Franklin had been a fellow-passenger; and a sort of intimacy had grown up between the young people, which the gentleman had taken rather au serieux. He had gladly availed himself of an accidental business necessity which called the son and proposed travelling companion of Mrs. Clifford suddenly home, to join her little party, and had accompanied through Italy, France, Germany, Belgium, and Holland. The result was, that the happiness of his life now appeared to depend upon an affirma-tive monosyllable in reply to the offer he had just made of his heart and hand. Mrs. Clifford was the widow of a captain in the American navy, who had left her a moderate incomesufficient, but no more, for the wants of herself and daughter. Mr. Franklin was a lawyer of six and-twenty, who had been advised to repair the effects of too severe professional application by change of air and a year's repose and travel.

The conversation was scarcely finished, when the subject of

- After the usual salutations, Mr. Franklin said he had come, according to appointment, to accompany the ladies on a walk and to see the lions of London, where they had arrived some

days before. In a few minutes, hats, shawls, and gloves being duly put in requisition, they had left their lodgings in Grosvenor-street, Grosvenor-square, they were wending their way towards Regent-street and the Strand, through the crowds of this wonderful and magnificent metropolis, of which everything was a delightful curiosity, and where, amid the millions around, they knew and were known by scarcely a human

Every stranger, newly arrived and walking about London, has noted the effect of this prodigious town upon him; and how singularly he is lost in its immensity, overwhelmed by its grandeur, and bewildered amid its endless multiplicity of attractions. So it was with our little party. Excited by the thousand novel and dazzling objects, the hours fleeted by like minutes; and it was late before they had executed or even formed any plans.

"Let us at least go somewhere," said Caroline. "Let us go to St. Paul's, or Westminster Abbey, or the Tower; and

we have, beside, purchases to make—for ladies, you know, Mr. Franklin, have always shopping to do."

"Well, as it is so late," said Mrs. Clifford, "and we have promised to call on Mrs. Porter at half-past two, I propose to leave the lions for another morning, and only enjoy our walk to-day."

"Then, mamma, let us go to that splendid shop, and look at the lace once more. Only think, Mr. Franklin, we yester-day saw lace, not broader than this, and I had a half fancy to buy some for a new dress—and what do you suppose it cost

"I am little versed," said Franklin, "in such mysteries-

five pounds, perhaps."
"Twelve pounds—twelve pounds and a half sterling. I never saw anything so superb. Mamma says I ought not even to look at such a luxury."

"But is lace really such a luxury?" inquired Franklin. smiling.

"You can have no idea how exquisite this is!"

"You can have no idea now exquisite this is:

"As for me," rejoined Franklin, "I can never tell whether a lady's lace is worth twelve pounds or twelve pence. Although, I hope, not insensible to the general effect of a toilette, yet lace and diamonds, and all that sort of thing, are lost upon me entirely."

"Oh, you barbarian?"
"Real beauty was never heightened by such ornaments, and ugliness is invariably rendered more conspicuous and

ugly."
"You will not find many ladies," said Mrs. Clifford, "to

agree with you."
"Oh, yes! How often do we hear of belles as distinguished for the simplicity of their toilette as for the beauty of their persons! How often, in real life, and how frequently in novels! There you read that, while the other ladies are shining in satin and lace, and blazing in diamonds, the real rose of the evening eclipses them all in a plain dress of white, without jewels, like some modest flower, unconscious of her charms, and therefore attracting more attention."

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Clifford, smiling, "it is just as you say!"
"Why," said Caroline, laughing, "since you do me the

honor to require my opinion, I will give it you. I agree that such pretending ornaments ill become the old and ugly. There you are right. I agree that the extremely beautiful may also dispense with them. These ball-room belles of yours—these real roses of the evening—are, I suspect, so lovely as to make them exceptions to the general rule. But there is a class of young ladies, among whom I place myself, neither so old and ugly as to make ornament ridiculous, nor so beautiful as to render it unnecessary. To this middle class, a bit of lace, a neat tab, a string of pearls here and there, a pretty worked cape, or a coronet of diamonds, I assure you, does no harm."

"That you are not so ugly as to render ornament ridicu-lous," replied Franklin, "I allow; but that there is, in your case, any want of loveliness, to require—to render—which

"Take care, Mr. Franklin!" interrupted Caroline, mischievously, "you are steering right upon the rocks; and a gentleman who refuses all decoration to a lady's toilette should not embellish his own conversation with flattery!"

"Upon my word," replied he, in a lower voice, " to what-ever class you belong, Miss Clifford, you do yourself injustice if you suppose lace and diamonds can add to the power of your beauty any more than the greatest splendour of fortune

could increase the charms of your—""
"Mamma," exclaimed Caroline, "we have passed the lace

shop."
"So we have," said Mrs. Clifford; "but why should we go back—you certainly don't mean to buy any?"

"No, mamma; but I want some edging, and I might as well get it here, if only to enjoy another look at the forbidden

The shop was one of those magnificent establishments of late years common in large metropolises. Before the door were drawn up half a dozen elegant coroneted equipages, the well-groomed, shining horses, and richly-liveried coachmen, indicating the rank of the noble owners; and on the benches before the windows lounged the tall footmen, with their long gold-headed sticks, powdered heads, gaudy coats, bright-

coloured plush breeches, and white silk stockings and gloves.

Caroline asked to be shown some of the lace which she had and Franklin were called to another another, unrolled with rapidity, appeared to make a lively impression on the young girl, who at last, with a sigh, apologised to the polite person patiently waiting the end of an examination which his practised eye had doubtless perceived was only it cannot afford it. Pray

"I cannot afford it. Pray and Franklin were called to examine it. The wonder consisted as much in the endless variety of the patterns as in the

ing figure, evidently a person of rank. "Very pretty, my lady," replied the assistant who had waited on Caroline. " What is it?"

"Twelve and a half, my lady."

"It is really pretty. Give me twenty yards."

The article was measured and cut almost as soon as ordered, and the remnant re-wound into a small parcel, and thrown upon the counter.

At the same moment, and as a boy handed Caroline the edging, wrapped in paper, for which she had already paid, and which she took mechanically, she heard one of the bye-standers whisper to another "The Countess D———!"

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Clifford looking at her watch, "do

you know how late it is? Half-past two! We promised to be at Mrs. Porter's at this very time. She said, you remember that she was going out at four; and it will take us, I'm afraid, nearly an hour to get there."

"Then let us make haste, mamma." And at a very rapid

"Then let us make haste, mamma." And at a very rapid pace they hurried back towards the place of appointment. They had gone on this way, perhaps, twenty minutes, when a white-headed, respectable-looking old gentleman was thrust aside by a rude fellow pushing by, so that he ran against Caroline, and caused her to drop her pocket-handkerchief. He stopped with evident marks of mortification, and picked it up, with a polite apology. Caroline assured him she was not

"But my dear young lady," said the benevolent-looking old gentleman, "let me return your parcel."
"Oh! that is not mine," replied Caroline.
"I beg your pardon; it fell with your handkerchief."
"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed Caroline, "what have I done! I have brought away a piece of that lace! Mamma,

let us go back directly."

Although the incident had occupied but a minute, Mrs.
Clifford and Franklin, engaged in conversation had not perceived it, and had gone on several paces. The old gentleman smiled, bowed, and disappeared round a corner.

At this moment a man stepped up; and laying his hand roughly on Caroline's arm, said, "Young woman, you must come with." And a second iron hand grasped her other arm. Shocked and affrighted, she saw they were policemen.

Then the voice of a person very much out of breath cried, "This is the person! I can swear to her. And look! there is the very lace in her hand!"

Pole as death and hewildered with terror, the poor girl

Pale as death, and bewildered with terror, the poor girl could only attempt to say, "Mamma! mamma!" But her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, and her voice refused its office. A crowd had already collected, and the words, "A lady-shop-lifter!" and "They've nabbed a lady-thief!" were available enough. audible enough.

"Come, my beauty," said the man, pulling her forward, we've no time to lose."

"Scoundrel!" cried the voice of Franklin, as he grasped him by the throat, "who are you?"
"You see who we are," was the stern reply. "We're

policemen, in the execution of our duty. Take your hand off my throat."

my throat."

Franklin recognised their uniform, and relaxed his hold.

"Policemen! And what have policemen to do with this lady? You have made some stupid blunder. This is a lady. She is under my protection. Take your hand off her arm."

"If she's under your protection, the best thing you can do is to accompany us," replied the man, bluntly; and he made

another attempt to drag her away.

Franklin restrained himself with an effort which did him

honour, conscious that violence would be here out of place, honour, conscious that violence would be here out of place, and perceiving that it would be utterly useless. He strove a moment to collect his thoughts as one stunned by a thunder-bolt. "What is the meaning of this?" he demanded.

"If you ask for information," remarked the man, impressed by his agonised astonishment, "I will tell you. But won't

the young woman get into a cab, out of the crowd?"

An empty coach happened to be passing, into which, like a man in a dream, Franklin handed the ladies. One police-officer entered with them, the other took his seat on the box with the coachman. Caroline, although still colourless, had partly regained her courage, and endeavoured to smile. Mrs. Clifford, in a most distressing state of agitation, only found breath to say, "Well, this is a pretty adventure, upon my. word!"

As the carriage moved away, followed by a troop of raga-muffins, leaping, laughing and shouting. Franklin said, "And now, my good fellow, that I have submitted peaceably to this atrocious outrage, tell me by whose authority you act, and in what way this young lady has exposed herself to such an infamous insult?"

"Well, in the first place," said the man coolly, "I act by the authority of the Messrs. Blake, Blanchard, and Co.; and in the second place, the young lady has exposed herself to such an infamous insult by stealing ten yards of Brussels lace at £12 a yard, value £120 sterling."

"Scoundrel!" exclaimed Franklin, again grasping his

collar.

"Hallo! hallo! hallo!" cried the man. "Hands off, my cove; and keep a civil tongue in your head—you'd best. It ain't of no use, I give you my word of honour."

" Miss Clifford But Miss Clifford had covered her face with her white

hands, which did not conceal her still whiter complexion. "My dear friend," cried Mrs. Clifford, now nearly beside

herself. "I assure you that this is a frightful mistake. She carried the lace away from mere carelessness. Here is all the money I have about me. Take it for yourself—only let us go. My daughter, I assure you, is utterly incapable of stealing. looked at the day before. It was produced, and Mrs. Clifford You don't know her. As for the lace, I am willing to pay for it. My name is Mrs. Clifford. I live at No. —, Grosvenor-street, Grosvenor-square. My dear, kind, good sir, turn the

the hands of the injured firm."

To describe the whirl of thoughts which swept through the mind of Franklin during the interval is impossible. He saw that a simple act of carelessness had been committed by Caroline; but he was enough of a lawyer to perceive that the proof against her was singularly striking and unanswerable, and he knew the world too well not to feel extraordinary alarm at the

possible consequences

As they approached the fatal shop a large crowd had col lected round the door. Franklin felt that he was in one of those crises on which hung human destiny and life, and that he had need of more prudence and wisdom than man can possess, except it be given him from above. Deep, therefore, and trusting was his silent prayer to Him who hath said, "Be strong and of a good courage. I will not fail thee, nor for-

Caroline appeared ready to sink into the earth when the

coach stopped

"My dearest Miss Clifford," said Franklin, "these men have fallen into a bungling error, and it will require some prudence on our part to make them see it. But compose yourself. Put down your veil; say nothing till I call you; and may God in his mercy grant that our ordeal be short!"

Those words were uttered with a composure and cheerful presence of mind which re-assured in some degree the fainting girl. She had at her side a protector who would never desert her—a pilot with a strong arm, a steady eye, and a bold heart, who would steer her through the wild storm if any human

being could.

Mrs. Clifford, speechless with terror, let down her daughter's veil as well as her shaking hands permitted, and was led by Franklin from the carriage into the house. He then handed, or rather lifted out Caroline, who clung to him with helpless ness and terror. The trembling party, a hundred unfeeling eyes bent upon them, were conducted through the shop to a back parlour, into the presence of the only one of the firm who happened to be at home. As Franklin saw him his heart sank in his bosom, and the courage which had begun to mount with the danger seemed a mockery.

He was a respectable looking man of forty, of a thin, hard countenance, repulsive manners, and sharp voice, which, when excited, rose to piercing and discordant notes. There was no sign of mercy or moderation in his physiognomy. This man, who, after faithful subordinate services, had become the hardest working partner, happened to be afflicted with a very violent temper, which had been wrought into a rage by various recent purloinings apparently like the present, attributed to female customers, and perpetrated with a combined cunning and daring which baffled detection, and he had long yearned to lay his hand upon one of them. His passions and interests were now mingled together in this desire.

"Now, my honest women," said Jennings, seating himself magisterially in a large arm-chair by a table, while the rest stood in a circle around, like prisoners at a bar before their judge, "what have you to say with regard to this atrocious act of felony-

"One moment, sir," said Franklin. "You will have the kindness to order chairs for these ladies."

Mr. Jennings paused, fixed a surprised glance at the speaker, and obeyed.

"Well, then, now--" demanded he.

"I beg your pardon!" again interrupted Franklin, "permit me, in your own interest, to make another suggestion. Before you proceed in this examination, I warn you, with all-deference to the sincerity of your present error, that you have before you two ladies of respectability and unblemished reputation, and who are entirely innocent in this matter."

who are entirely innocent in this matter."

"Bah?" ejaculated Mr. Jennings.

"Silence, sir," cried Franklin, with an indignation irrepressible. "You have dragged before you, through the streets of London, a young and innocent girl, like a criminal. If circumstances seem for a moment to give you the right, humanity as well as decency requires, at least till the question of her will be extled they readdless her with respect and of her guilt be settled, that you address her with respect, and hear her defence with candour and attention."

Mr. Jennings turned pale, swallowed his rage, and replied

"Speak, sir! speak, sir! I am all candour and attention.

"I beg your pardon," resumed Franklin, "if I have answered with too much asperity. But this young lady is perfectly innocent. She has high friends. You will consider her under the protection of the American Ambassador at this Court! State to me, if you please, your reasons for dragging her before you in the custody of policemen."

A wed by Franklin's tone, but rather infuriated than melted,

Mr. Jennings answered, with sarcastic politeness, "Certainly, sir, your request is a just one." "The case is this," said Mr. Franklin; and he detailed the circumstances exactly as they

occurred.

"Upon my word, sir," said Mr. Jennings, "you have under taken a pretty difficult task-no less than to convince me that black is white, and that two and two don't make four. Who are you!—and where are your references?"

Franklin did not succeed in concealing a certain trepidation

at this blunt demand, and it was not lost upon Jennings.

"My references do not reside in England."—"Ah! ha!"

"I am a stranger in your metropolis."—"Oh! ho!"
"And therefore," added Franklin, "every noble-minded and fair-play loving Englishman will say, possessing greater claim upon your moderation. I can bring you, from my own country—through the official intervention of the American Minister, references to outweigh a thousand fold-ten million fold-all opposite appearances. I can give a moral demonstration that the intentional commission by this young lady of the act with which she is charged, is an utter and a ridiculous impos-

"I have now heard you," said Jennings, "and I am sorry to say, I must, notwithstanding, send the lady before a magis-trate. Do you talk to me of 'respectability,' and 'connexions,' and such nonsense? I would go as far as you or any man to save an innocent person from destruction. But when once convinced, by my own eyes, of deliberate guilt, it is too late for mercy. The ignorant beggar, who steals to save himself from starving, I could pity—I could almost release; but when the rich and the educated resort to stealing, to gratify their vanity and avarice, hoping to shelter themselves from punishment by their 'connexions' and their high position in society they must be taught, sir, that they do it at a fearful peril, and that detection will bring down upon them the same rigorous

penalties as if they were of the lowest dregs of the people."

"I agree with you perfectly," replied Franklin, with forced composure, although the plain picture appalled him, and robbed his countenance of every trace of colour, "but permit me to remark that you must be quite sure the person before you belongs to that guilty class. Her innocence can be ren-

dered morally certain. The whole world will brand as cruel injustice any harsh treatment. A carefess girl has been absent-minded. All people are liable to be so. You look for your spectacles when they are on your nose—or seek your pocket-handkerchief, and find it in your hand—""
"As our opinions differ on that point," said Mr. Jennings

coldly, "a jury must decide between us. Policeman, take the party before the magistrate. I will follow with my witnesses and I pledge myself to visit so heinous a crime with the utmost rigour of the law."

The policeman stepped to the side of Caroline.

"I appeal to your generosity—to your mercy," cried Frank-lin, "that she may at least be taken to the American Minister, instead of being dragged before a magistrate. I request only that you act with gentleness."

Mr. Jennings pointed the policeman to the door.

"And I not only request, I demand it!" cried Franklin.

"If you refuse me, you refuse me at your peril—"
"You have nothing to command here, sir," replied Mr.
Jennings. "The American Minister can make his statement before the magistrate. I am not disposed to exercise the least mercy. Policeman, your duty. If her fate be a terrible one,

she has herself to thank for it. I hope it may deter others from following her example."

"And what will be my daughter's fate?" asked Mrs. Clif-

"Transportation for life," was the reply.

Mrs. Clifford shricked. Caroline rose wildly, and staggered towards the door.

"Stop!" cried Franklin. "The affair will ring from one end of England and the United States to the other, and the execrations of thousands who have as yet never heard of you will fall upon your name. You will find that there are two sides to the question. You will find that if the lady has a malignant accuser, she has also indignant and powerful defenders. Your world will say you might have been excusable not to release her, but you had no right to hurry her before the public with needless and brutal precipitation. They will say, Let no lady hereafter trust herself across the threshold of Blake Blanchard, and Co., where the watch is set and the trap laid for the unweary. They will say that Mr. Jennings is a foul calumniator of woman as a sex—that he has charged the noble ladies of England with crime. They will judge whether the young girl could be guilty without the participation of her mother and myself, who, as you say, fled with her. The case is one of mere carelessness, or we are three thieves. Go on, if you dare, without your partners. Your house will become infamous, and you yourself-mark me, sir, shall not escape the chastisement you deserve!"

He ceased, and the silence remained for a while unbroken. This appeal was not, on the part of Franklin, the mere result of passion and despair, although from both it received a strange power. It was a wise calculation that Jennings, who could not be reasoned or melted, might be terrified from his purpose till the arrival of his partners, before whom the matter might take a different turn. By a happy inspiration Franklin had read the man aright, and he saw changes of countenance, as he proceeded, which gave boldness to his heart and fire to his he proceeded, which gave boldness to his heart and fire to his lips. Jennings was a coward. He was terror-striken at the idea of acting on his "sole responsibility" in an affair which seemed likely to be hotly contested. Half suffocated with rage and fear, he said, with ill-assumed indifference, "Oh! very well, sir, very well. I will wait for my partners. Nothing shall be done rashly. Nothing from revenge. But the young lady shall not escape. Mr. Williams, go and see if Mr. Blake or Mr. Blanchard has come in." or Mr. Blanchard has come in."

And thus at least more time was gained.

Mr. Williams went out, and returned to say that Mr. Blake had not yet come in, but Mr. Blanchard had, and would join

The door opened and the person in question entered. He was a young man of thirty, of unusually prepossessing exterior. A stream of hope shot through Franklin's heart as he read his

Mr. Blanchard seated himself gravely in the large chair which was abdicated in his favour by Jennings, who related to him the facts, respectfully and clearly, and called up the po-liceman and Mr. Williams in confirmation. "It is a bad case," said Mr. Blauchard. "Our duty is clear.

Is there anything said in the defence?"

"Oh yes, there is a powerful defence!" replied Mr. Jennings with a sneer; "the young lady took the lace, and kept it half an hour, running away as fast as she could, but she didn't know she had it!! ha! ha! ha!"

Mr. Blanchard shook his head.

"Sir, may I speak?" said Franklin.
"Speak," returned Mr. Blanchard, in a low voice. "If you have anything to say I will hear it with the sincerest desire to find it with weight. But you have a difficult task before you. These occasions are extremely painful. The necessity of sending to prison a respectable young lady, as you represent this person to be, is harrowing indeed; but private feelings must give way to higher considerations. I have a duty to perform

a duty to society—a duty to my partners—a duty to God."
"You have," rejoined Franklin; "but if you properly examine your conscience, and ask light of Him who knows the truth, you will hear the voice of God himself warning you not to perform that prematurely, carelessly, or cruelly. I ask time. I offer references to prove that the person in question, from education, character, habits, opinions, religious principles, and her whole pure and artless life, is not and could not be intentionally guilty, of the act in question. I request time to produce these references. My young companion took the lace in a moment of bewilderment-of absence of mind."

Jennings leaned over and whispered something to Mr. Blanchard.

"It is quite probable," said Mr. Blanchard, "that you believe her innocent, but the various and glaring circumstances do not permit me to be of your opinion. The expressive flight, the intervening time, long enough to discover a mistake merely accidental, the bribe of £50-no, no, it is impossible," said he, rising; "I am sorry for you, sir, but this matter rests no longer with me. The prisoner must be removed.

"What I ask," said Franklin, is not her release. It is only time to make you acquainted with the proofs of which the case is susceptible. Oh! sir, in the name of a mother's breaking heart-in the name of sweet girlish innocence-in the name of God, believe what I say! If you err, err on the side of

Think, when you lay your head this night on your pillow, the day has not been lost; for it was marked by an act of mercy. Come here, Miss Clifford! Take off your veil. Tell Mr. Blanchard, in the simple language of truth, how this incident took place.

"Yes, come here, my young friend;" said Mr. Blanchard, and tell me how this sad mistake arose."

Perhaps it was Franklin's eloquence, perhaps it was Caroline's appearance, perhaps it was both, which drew the silent tear from Mr. Blanchard's eyes, and those two significant words from his lips. But oh! to Franklin's soul, wrought up almost to despair—almost to madness, they were rapture, they were ecstasy, they were like the first streak of golden sky which announces to the half-wrecked sailor that the tempest is over.

"Speak, my dear young lady," said Mr. Blanchard; "do not tremble so—you have nothing to fear from me!"

Caroline told the circumstances in the artless language of

truth. "Upon my word, Mr. Jennings," said Mr. Blanchard, "we

have been too hasty-At this moment the door opened, and another person en-

tered. "Just in time," muttered Mr. Jennings.

It was Mr. Blake, chief partner in the firm of Blake, Blanchard, and Co. He was a venerable old gentleman, of an agreeable person, with a certain dignity which well became his snow white hair, but through which, on the present occasion, appeared a settled firmness, almost a sternness, boding no good.
"You have come in time," said Jennings. "Do you know

what is going on here?" "I do. The facts have been related to me."

"And the famous defence?" added Jennings, with one of his worst sneers, "do you know that also?"

"I do. It is a clear case. There is but one course for us."

"And yet," cried Jennings, "Mr. Blanchard has been thinking it will not do to send so respectable a young lady to prison. But I say you will not have a case in forty years so proper to make a wholesome example of. If you let this one go, whom can you punish? Precautions are useless, if thieves can commit their depredations under our very noses with impu-

"I am of your opinion," said Mr. Blake. "The offence is of a very aggravated description; and I deem it absolutely necessary to send the delinquent before a magistrate to be pun-

ished as she deserves."
"I have explained— ." said Franklin.

But while he commenced once more his agonising task, Mr. Jennings took Mr. Blake aside, and whispered to him some minutes vehemently. Franklin attempted to speak again.
"I will hear no explanation," said the old gentleman. "No

argument—no character—no references can prevail against so wicked a felony so clearly proved. The youth, condition in life, and education of the person, only render the crime more detestable, and the necessity for a terrible example more unavoidable. Your own good sense should have taught you, sir, that threats are here out of place, and violence can only make matters worse. I have solemnly vowed that I would meet the to prosecute. Where is the prisoner? Policemen, take her into custody."

"But," cried Franklin.
"I will hear no more," said Mr. Blake, coldly and firmly. "Mr. Jennings, who has gone over the case with the utmost attention is thoroughly convinced-

"Thoroughly!" said Mr. Jennings. Franklin's brain whirled in wild despair. He clasped his

hands—he conjured the mild, mistaken man, whose slightest word could save Caroline from destruction.

"Examine more carefully," said Frauklin. "You can break from the leading-strings of that malignant Mr. Jennings. You can consult with Mr. Blanchard, a man of reason and feeling, who disapproves your severity. You can wait to satisfy yourself that this young lady is distinguished for a stainless character, a pure life, strict religious principles, humble faith in God, and habitual communion with him. You can judge for yourself whether this is a case of monomania-whether a person thus distinguished could be guilty of intentional purloining. Sir, ocular demonstration weighs nothing against such a character. You can ask yourself more dispassionately whether it be not a possibility—a very natural one—for an absent-minded person to commit such an act mechanically and unconsciously. You can hear her artless story from her own lips, and candidly consider if it may not be the truth.

Carried away by Franklin's eloquent vehemence, Mr. Blake did look. Caroline had risen. The last spark of earthly hope had fled. She stood, without gesture or tear. It seemed as if death had already laid his icy hand upon her, only her eyes were lifted above, while she breathed a silent prayer to Him whose mighty hand can raise the trusting heart in one instant from the lowest depths of despair.
"Ha! What! God bless my soul!" suddenly ejaculated

the old gentleman, in great astonishment. "What do I see! My dearest, sweetest young lady! Mr. Blanchard! Mr. Jen-

Caroline gazed at him a moment, uttered a shriek which thrilled to every heart with an electric shock, cried, "Oh, sir, save me—you can save me!" and fell insensible into the arms

of Franklin. " Police! eyes. "Mr. Jennings, you are a fool! I answer with my life for this young lady. I ran against her in the street. I picked up the lace, and saw her look of astonishment and horror; and heard her exclaim, 'Mamma, let us go back directly!' Go, proclaim to every one in the establishment that she is inno-

cent. We are the guilty party, and we are at her mercy! To terminate the exciting scene, Franklin proposed to return home. A coach was called. Caroline had revived, and her feelings fortunately found vent in tears. She wept bitterly on her mother's bosom, who gave it back with interest. But in the midst of their joy, not one of them forgot to offer up their secret, thankful prayer to that overruling Providence whose watchful mercy had rescued them from a fate too horrible for

imagination. Franklin could scarcely wait till they walked to the coach. He wished to carry—to drag Caroline away. He shifted his position continually, without apparent cause; at last he shook hands with his companions, saying he would follow the coach, as he wanted air and exercise.