

ashamed. It was not till she had come to the last words that she could force her pen to speak of her affection, and then the words did not come freely as she would have had them. She knew that he would not come to Lough Linter. She felt that were he to do so he would come only as a suitor for her hand, and that such a suit, in these early days of her widowhood, carried on in her late husband's house, would be held to be disgraceful. As regarded herself, she would have faced all that for the sake of the thing to be attained. But she knew that he would not come. He had become wise by experience, and would perceive the result of such coming—and would avoid it. His answer to her letter reached Lough Linter before she did:

"GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, Monday night.
"DEAR LADY LAURA,—I should have called in the square last night, only that I feel that Lady Chiltern must be weary of the woes of so doleful a person as myself. I dined and spent the evening with the Lows, and was quite aware that I disgraced myself with them by being perpetually lachrymose. As a rule, I do not think that I am more given than other people to talk of myself, but I am conscious of a certain incapability of getting rid of myself what has grown upon me since those weary weeks in Newgate and those frightful days in the dock; and this makes me unfit for society. Should I again have a seat in the House I shall be afraid to get upon my legs, lest I should find myself talking of the time in which I stood before the judge with a halter round my neck.

"I sympathize with you perfectly in what you say about Lough Linter. It may be right that you should go there and show yourself, so that those who knew the Kennedys in Scotland should not say that you had not dared to visit the place; but I do not think it possible that you should live there as yet. And why should you do so? I can not conceive that your presence there should do good, unless you took delight in the place.

"I will not go to Lough Linter myself, although I know how warm would be my welcome." (When he had got so far with his letter he found the difficulty of going on with it to be insuperable. How could he give her any reasons for his not making the journey to Scotland? People would say that you and I should not be alone together after all the evil that has been spoken of us—and would be specially eager in saying so were I now to visit you, so lately made a widow, and to sojourn with you in the house that did belong to your husband. Only think how eloquent would be the indignation of the *People's Banner* were it known that I was at Lough Linter. Could he have spoken the truth openly, such were the reasons that he would have given; but it was impossible that such truths should be written by him in a letter to herself. And then it was almost equally difficult for him to tell her of a visit which he had resolved to make. But the letter must be completed, and at last the words were written.) "I could be of no real service to you there, as will be your brother and your brother's wife, even though their stay with you is to be so short. Were I you I would go out among the people as much as possible, even though they should not receive you cordially at first. Though we have so much of clan-

ship in the Highlands, I think the Highlanders are prone to cling to any one who has territorial authority among them. They thought a great deal of Mr. Kennedy, but they had never heard his name fifty years ago. I suppose you will return to Saulsby soon, and then, perhaps, I may be able to see you.

"In the mean time I am going to Matching." (This difficulty was worse even than the other.) "Both the Duke and Duchess have asked me, and I know that I am bound to make an effort to face my fellow-creatures again. The horrors I feel at being stared at, as the man that was not—hung as a murderer, is stronger than I can describe; and I am well aware that I shall be talked to and made a wonder of on that ground. I am told that I am to be re-elected triumphantly at Tankerville, without a penny of cost or the trouble of asking for a vote, simply because I didn't knock poor Mr. Bonteen on the head. This to me is abominable, but I can not help myself, unless I resolve to go away and hide myself. That I know can not be right, and therefore I had better go through it and have done with it. Though I am to be stared at, I shall not be stared at very long. Some other monster will come up and take my place, and I shall be the only person who will not forget it all. Therefore I have accepted the Duke's invitation, and shall go to Matching some time in the end of August. All the world is to be there.

"This re-election—and I believe I shall be re-elected to-morrow—would be altogether distasteful to me were it not that I feel that I should not allow myself to be cut to pieces by what has occurred. I shall hate to go back to the House, and have somehow learned to dislike and distrust all those things that used to be so fine and lively to me. I don't think that I believe any more in the party—or, rather, in the men who lead it. I used to have a faith that now seems to me to be marvelous. Even twelve months ago, when I was beginning to think of standing for Tankerville, I believed that on our side the men were patriotic angels, and that Daubeny and his friends were all fiends or idiots—mostly idiots, but with a strong dash of fiendism to control them. It has all come now to one common level of poor human interests; I doubt whether patriotism can stand the wear and tear and temptation of the front benches in the House of Commons. Men are flying at each other's throats, thrusting and parrying, making false accusations and defenses equally false, lying and slandering—sometimes picking and stealing—till they themselves become unaware of the magnificence of their own position, and forget that they are expected to be great. Little tricks of sword-play engage all their skill. And the consequence is that there is no reverence now for any man in the House—none of that feeling which we used to entertain for Mr. Mildmay.

"Of course I write, and feel, as a discontented man, and what I say to you I would not say to any other human being. I did long most anxiously for office, having made up my mind a second time to look to it as a profession. But I meant to earn my bread honestly, and give it up, as I did before, when I could not keep it with a clear conscience. I knew that I was hustled out of the object of my poor ambition by that unfortunate man who has been hurried to his fate.

In such a position I ought to distrust, and do partly distrust, my own feelings. And I am aware that I have been soured by prison indignation. But still the conviction remains with me that Parliamentary interests are not those battles of gods and giants as which I used to regard them. Our Gyas with the hundred hands is but a Three-fingered Jack, and I sometimes think that we share our great Jove with the Strand Theatre. Nevertheless I shall go back, and if they will make me a joint lord to-morrow, I shall be in heaven!

"I do not know why I should write all this to you except that there is no one else to whom I can say it. There is no one else who would give a moment of time to such lamentations. My friends will expect me to talk to them of my experiences in the dock rather than politics, and will want to know what rations I had in Newgate. I went to call on the governor only yesterday, and visited the old room. 'I never could really bring myself to think that you did it, Mr. Finn,' he said. I looked at him and smiled, but I should have liked to fly at his throat. Why, did he not know that the charge was a monstrous absurdity? Talking of that, not even you were truer to me than your brother. One expects it from a woman—both the truth and the discernment.

"I have written to you a cruelly long letter; but when one's mind is full, such relief is sometimes better than talking. Pray answer it before long, and let me know what you intend to do. Yours most affectionately,

"PHINEAS FINN."

She did read the letter through—read it probably more than once; but there was only one sentence in it that had for her any enduring interest. "I will not go to Lough Linter myself." Though she had known that he would not come, her heart sank within her, as though now, at this moment, the really fatal wound had at last been inflicted. But, in truth, there was another sentence as a complement to the first, which riveted the dagger in her bosom. "In the mean time I am going to Matching." Throughout his letter the name of that woman was not mentioned, but of course she would be there. The thing had all been arranged in order that they two might be brought together. She told herself that she had always hated that intriguing woman, Lady Glencora. She read the remainder of the letter, and understood it; but she read it all in connection with the beauty and the wealth and the art—and the cunning of Madame Max Goesler.

CHAPTER LXXI.

PHINEAS FINN IS RE-ELECTED.

THE manner in which Phineas Finn was returned a second time for the borough of Tankerville was memorable among the annals of English elections. When the news reached the town that their member was to be tried for murder, no doubt every elector believed that he was guilty. It is the natural assumption when the police and magistrates and lawyers, who have been at work upon the matter carefully, have come to that conclusion, and nothing but pri-

vate knowledge or personal affection will stand against such evidence. At Tankerville there was nothing of either, and our hero's guilt was taken as a certainty. There was an interest felt in the whole matter which was full of excitement, and not altogether without delight to the Tankervillians. Of course the borough, as a borough, would never again hold up its head. There had never been known such an occasion happen in the whole history of this country as the hanging of a member of the House of Commons. And this member of Parliament was to be hung for murdering another member, which, no doubt, added much to the importance of the transaction. A large party in the borough declared that it was a judgment. Tankerville had degraded itself among boroughs by sending a Roman Catholic to Parliament, and had done so at the very moment in which the Church of England was being brought into danger. This was what had come upon the borough by not sticking to honest Mr. Browborough! There was a moment—just before the trial was begun—in which a large proportion of the electors was desirous of proceeding to work at once, and of sending Mr. Browborough back to his own place. It was thought that Phineas Finn should be made to resign. And very wise men in Tankerville were much surprised when they were told that a member of Parliament can not resign his seat—that when once returned he is supposed to be, as long as that Parliament shall endure, the absolute slave of his constituency and his country, and that he can escape from his servitude only by accepting some office under the Crown. Now it was held to be impossible that a man charged with murder should be appointed even to the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds. The House, no doubt, could expel a member, and would, as a matter of course, expel the member for Tankerville, but the House could hardly proceed to expulsion before the member's guilt could have been absolutely established. So it came to pass that there was no escape for the borough from any part of the disgrace to which it had subjected itself by its unworthy thorn, and some Tankervillians of sensitive minds were of opinion that no Tankervillian ever again ought to take part in politics.

Then, quite suddenly, there came into the borough the tidings that Phineas Finn was an innocent man. This happened on the morning on which the three telegrams from Prague reached London. The news conveyed by the telegrams was at Tankerville almost as soon as in the court at the Old Bailey, and was believed as readily. The name of the lady who had traveled all the way to Bohemia on behalf of their handsome young member was on the tongue of every woman in Tankerville, and a most delightful romance was composed. Some few Protestant spirits regretted the now assured escape of their Roman Catholic enemy, and would not even yet allow themselves to doubt that the whole murder had been arranged by Divine Providence to bring down the scarlet woman. It seemed to them to be so fitting a thing that Providence should interfere directly to punish a town in which the sins of the scarlet woman were not held to be abominable! But the multitude were soon convinced that their member was innocent; and as it was certain that he had been in great peril—

as it was known that he was still in durance, and as it was necessary that the trial should proceed, and that he should still stand at least for another day in the dock, he became more than ever a hero. Then came the further delay, and at last the triumphant conclusion of the trial. When acquitted, Phineas Finn was still member for Tankerville, and might have walked into the House on that very night. Instead of doing so, he had at once asked for the accustomed means of escape from his servitude, and the seat for Tankerville was vacant. The most loving friends of Mr. Browborough perceived at once that there was not a chance for him. The borough was all but unanimous in resolving that it would return no one as its member but the man who had been unjustly accused of murder.

Mr. Ruddles was at once dispatched to London with two other political spirits—so that there might be a real deputation—and waited upon Phineas two days after his release from prison. Ruddles was very anxious to carry his member back with him, assuring Phineas of an entry into the borough so triumphant that nothing like it had ever been known at Tankerville. But to all this Phineas was quite deaf. At first he declined even to be first in nomination. "You can't escape from it, Mr. Finn—you can't, indeed," said Ruddles. "You don't at all understand the enthusiasm of the borough; does he, Mr. Gadmiré?"

"I never knew any thing like it in my life before," said Gadmiré.

"I believe Mr. Finn would poll two-thirds of the Church party to-morrow," said Mr. Troddles, a leading Dissenter in Tankerville, who on this occasion was the third member of the deputation.

"I needn't sit for the borough unless I please, I suppose," pleaded Phineas.

"Well, no—at least I don't know," said Ruddles. "It would be throwing us over a good deal, and I'm sure you are not the gentleman to do that. And then, Mr. Finn, don't you see that though you have been knocked about a little lately—"

"By George, he has—most cruel!" said Troddles.

"You'll miss the House if you give it up; you will, after a bit, Mr. Finn. You've got to come round again, Mr. Finn—if I may be so bold as to say so—and you shouldn't put yourself out of the way of coming round comfortably."

Phineas knew that there was wisdom in the words of Mr. Ruddles, and consented. Though at this moment he was low in heart, disgusted with the world, and sick of humanity—though every point in his body was still sore from the rack on which he had been stretched, yet he knew that it would not be so with him always. As others recovered, so would he, and it might be that he would live to "miss the House," should he now refuse the offer made to him. He accepted the offer, but he did so with a positive assurance that no consideration should at present take him to Tankerville.

"We ain't going to charge you, not one penny," said Mr. Gadmiré, with enthusiasm.

"I feel all that I owe to the borough," said Phineas, "and to the warm friends there who have espoused my cause; but I am not in a condition at present, either of mind or body, to put

myself forward any where in public. I have suffered a great deal."

"Most cruel!" said Troddles.

"And am quite willing to confess that I am therefore unfit in my present position to serve the borough."

"We can't admit that," said Gadmiré, raising his left hand.

"We mean to have you," said Troddles.

"There isn't a doubt about your re-election, Mr. Finn," said Ruddles.

"I am very grateful, but I can not be there. I must trust to one of you gentlemen to explain to the electors that in my present condition I am unable to visit the borough."

Messrs. Ruddles, Gadmiré, and Troddles returned to Tankerville—disappointed, no doubt, at not bringing with them him whose company would have made their feet glorious on the pavement of their native town—but still with a comparative sense of their own importance in having seen the great sufferer whose woes forbade that he should be beheld by common eyes. They never even expressed an idea that he ought to have come, alluding even to their past convictions as to the fatality of hoping for such a blessing, but spoke of him as a personage made almost sacred by the sufferings which he had been made to endure. As to the election, that would be a matter of course. He was proposed by Mr. Ruddles himself, and was absolutely seconded by the rector of Tankerville, the staunchest Tory in the place, who on this occasion made a speech in which he declared that, as an Englishman, loving justice, he could not allow any political or even any religious consideration to bias his conduct on this occasion. Mr. Finn had thrown up his seat under the pressure of a false accusation, and it was, the rector thought, for the honor of the borough that the seat should be restored to him. So Phineas Finn was re-elected for Tankerville without opposition and without expense; and for six weeks after the ceremony parcels were showered upon him by the ladies of the borough, who sent him worked slippers, scarlet hunting waistcoats, pocket-handkerchiefs, with "P. F." beautifully embroidered, and chains made of their own hair.

In this conjunction of affairs the editor of the *People's Banner* found it somewhat difficult to trim his sails. It was a rule of life with Mr. Quintus Slide to persecute an enemy. An enemy might at any time become a friend, but while an enemy was an enemy he should be trodden on and persecuted. Mr. Slide had striven more than once to make a friend of Phineas Finn; but Phineas Finn had been conceited and stiff-necked. Phineas had been to Mr. Slide an enemy of enemies, and by all his ideas of manliness, by all the rules of his life, by every principle which guided him, he was bound to persecute Phineas to the last. During the trial and the few weeks before the trial he had written various short articles with the view of declaring how improper it would be should a newspaper express any opinion of the guilt or innocence of a suspected person while under trial, and he gave two or three severe blows to contemporaries for having sinned in the matter; but in all these articles he had contrived to insinuate that the member for Tankerville would, as a matter of course, be dealt with by the hands of justice. He had been

very careful to recapitulate all circumstances which had induced Finn to hate the murdered man, and had more than once related the story of the firing of the pistol at Macpherson's Hotel. Then came the telegram from Prague, and for a day or two Mr. Slide was stricken dumb. The acquittal followed, and Quintus Slide had found himself compelled to join in the general satisfaction evinced at the escape of an innocent man. Then came the re-election for Tankerville, and Mr. Slide felt that there was opportunity for another reaction. More than enough had been done for Phineas Finn in allowing him to illude the gallows. There could certainly be no need for crowning him with a political chaplet because he had not murdered Mr. Bonteen. Among a few other remarks which Mr. Slide threw together the following appeared in the columns of the *People's Banner*:

"We must confess that we hardly understand the principle on which Mr. Finn has been re-elected for Tankerville with so much enthusiasm, free of expense, and without that usual compliment to the constituency which is implied by the personal appearance of the candidate. We have more than once expressed our belief that he was wrongly accused in the matter of Mr. Bonteen's murder. Indeed, our readers will do us the justice to remember that, during the trial and before the trial, we were always anxious to allay the very strong feeling against Mr. Finn with which the public mind was then imbued, not only by the facts of the murder, but also by the previous conduct of that gentleman. But we can not understand why the late member should be thought by the electors of Tankerville to be especially worthy of their confidence because he did not murder Mr. Bonteen. He himself, instigated, we hope, by a proper feeling, retired from Parliament as soon as he was acquitted. His career during the last twelve months has not enhanced his credit, and can not, we should think, have increased his comfort. We ventured to suggest, after that affair in Judd Street, as to which the police were so benignly inefficient, that it would not be for the welfare of the nation that a gentleman should be employed in the public service whose public life had been marked by the misfortune which had attended Mr. Finn. Great efforts were made by various ladies of the old Whig party to obtain official employment for him, but they were made in vain. Mr. Gresham was too wise, and our advice, we will not say was followed, but was found to agree with the decision of the Prime Minister. Mr. Finn was left out in the cold in spite of his great friends—and then came the murder of Mr. Bonteen.

"Can it be that Mr. Finn's fitness for Parliamentary duties has been increased by Mr. Bonteen's unfortunate death, or by the fact that Mr. Bonteen was murdered by other hands than his own? We think not. The wretched husband, who, in the madness of jealousy, fired a pistol at this young man's head, has since died in his madness. Does that incident in the drama give Mr. Finn any special claim to consideration? We think not; and we think also that the electors of Tankerville would have done better had they allowed Mr. Finn to return to that obscurity which he seems to have desired. The electors of Tankerville, however, are responsible only to their borough, and may do as they please with

the seat in Parliament which is at their disposal. We may, however, protest against the employment of an unfit person in the service of his country, simply because he has not committed a murder. We say so much now because rumors of an arrangement have reached our ears which, should it come to pass, would force upon us the extremely disagreeable duty of referring very forcibly to past circumstances, which may otherwise, perhaps, be allowed to be forgotten."

CHAPTER LXXII.

THE END OF THE STORY OF MR. EMILIUS AND LADY EUSTACE.

THE interest in the murder by no means came to an end when Phineas Finn was acquitted. The new facts which served so thoroughly to prove him innocent tended with almost equal weight to prove another man guilty. And the other man was already in custody on a charge which had subjected him to the peculiar ill-will of the British public. He, a foreigner and a Jew, by name Yosef Mealyus—as every one was now very careful to call him—had come to England, had got himself to be ordained as a clergyman, had called himself Emilius, and had married a rich wife with a title, although he had a former wife still living in his own country. Had he called himself Jones, it would have been better for him; but there was something in the name of Emilius which added a peculiar sting to his iniquities. It was now known that the bigamy could be certainly proved, and that his last victim—our old friend, poor little Lizzie Eustace—would be rescued from his clutches. She would once more be a free woman, and as she had been strong enough to defend her future income from his grasp, she was perhaps as fortunate as she deserved to be. She was still young and pretty, and there might come another lover more desirable than Yosef Mealyus. That the man would have to undergo the punishment of bigamy in its severest form there was no doubt; but would law and justice and the prevailing desire for revenge be able to get at him in such a way that he might be hung? There certainly did exist a strong desire to prove Mr. Emilius to have been a murderer, so that there might come a fitting termination to his career in Great Britain.

The police seemed to think that they could make but little either of the coat or of the key, unless other evidence, that would be almost sufficient in itself, should be found. Lord Fawn was informed that his testimony would probably be required at another trial, which intimation affected him so grievously that his friends for a week or two thought that he would altogether sink under his miseries. But he would say nothing which would seem to criminate Mealyus. A man hurrying along with a gray coat was all that he could swear to now, professing himself to be altogether ignorant whether the man, as seen by him, had been tall or short. And then the manufacture of the key—though it was that which made every one feel sure that Mealyus was the murderer—did not, in truth, afford the slightest evidence against him. Even had it been proved that he had certainly used the false key and left

Mrs. Meager's house on the night in question, that would not have sufficed at all to prove that therefore he had committed a murder in Berkeley Street. No doubt Mr. Bonteen had been his enemy—and Mr. Bonteen had been murdered by an enemy. But so great had been the man's luck that no real evidence seemed to touch him. Nobody doubted; but then but few had doubted before as to the guilt of Phineas Finn.

There was one other fact by which the truth might, it was hoped, still be reached. Mr. Bonteen had, of course, been killed by the weapon which had been found in the garden. As to that a general certainty prevailed. Mrs. Meager and Miss Meager, and the maid-of-all-work belonging to the Meagers, and even Lady Eustace, were examined as to this bludgeon. Had any thing of the kind ever been seen in the possession of the clergyman? The clergyman had been so sly that nothing of the kind had been seen. Of the drawers and cupboards which he used Mrs. Meager had always possessed duplicate keys, and Miss Meager frankly acknowledged that she had a general and fairly accurate acquaintance with the contents of these receptacles; but there had always been a big trunk with an impenetrable lock—a lock which required that even if you had the key, you should be acquainted with a certain combination of letters before you could open it—and of that trunk no one had seen the inside. As a matter of course, the weapon, when brought to London, had been kept altogether hidden in the trunk. Nothing could be easier. But a man can not be hung because he has a secret hiding-place in which a murderous weapon may have been stowed away.

But might it not be possible to trace the weapon? Mealyus, on his return from Prague, had certainly come through Paris. So much was learned—and it was also learned as a certainty that the article was of French, and probably of Parisian, manufacture. If it could be proved that the man had bought this weapon, or even such a weapon, in Paris, then—so said all the police authorities—it might be worth while to make an attempt to hang him. Men very skillful in unraveling such mysteries were sent to Paris, and the police of that capital entered upon the search with most praiseworthy zeal. But the number of life-preservers which had been sold altogether baffled them. It seemed that nothing was so common as that gentlemen should walk about with bludgeons in their pockets covered with leathern thongs. A young woman and an old man who thought that they could recollect something of a special sale were brought over—and saw the splendors of London under very favorable circumstances; but when confronted with Mr. Emilius, neither could venture to identify him. A large sum of money was expended—no doubt justified by the high position which poor Mr. Bonteen had filled in the councils of the nation; but it was expended in vain. Mr. Bonteen had been murdered in the streets at the West End of London. The murderer was known to every body. He had been seen a minute or two before the murder. The motive which had induced the crime was apparent. The weapon with which it had been perpetrated had been found. The murderer's disguise had been discovered. The cunning with which he had endeavored to prove that he was in bed at home had

been unraveled, and the criminal purpose of his cunning made altogether manifest. Every man's eye could see the whole thing from the moment in which the murderer crept out of Mrs. Meager's house, with Mr. Meager's coat upon his shoulders and the life-preserver in his pocket, till he was seen by Lord Fawn hurrying out of the mews to his prey. The blows from the bludgeon could be counted. The very moment in which they had been struck had been ascertained. His very act in hurling the weapon over the wall was all but seen. And yet nothing could be done. "It is a very dangerous thing hanging a man on circumstantial evidence," said Sir Gregory Grogram, who, a couple of months since, had felt almost sure that his honorable friend Phineas Finn would have to be hung on circumstantial evidence. The police and magistrates and lawyers all agreed that it would be useless, and indeed wrong, to send the case before a jury. But there had been quite sufficient evidence against Phineas Finn!

In the mean time the trial for bigamy proceeded, in order that poor little Lizzie Eustace might be freed from the incubus which afflicted her. Before the end of July she was made once more a free woman, and the Rev. Joseph Emilius—under which name it was thought proper that he should be tried—was convicted and sentenced to penal servitude for five years. A very touching appeal was made for him to the jury by a learned sergeant, who declared that his client was to lose his wife and to be punished with extreme severity as a bigamist because it was found to be impossible to bring home against him a charge of murder. There was, perhaps, some truth in what the learned sergeant said, but the truth had no effect upon the jury. Mr. Emilius was found guilty as quickly as Phineas Finn had been acquitted, and was, perhaps, treated with a severity which the single crime would hardly have elicited. But all this happened in the middle of the efforts which were being made to trace the purchase of the bludgeon, and when men hoped two, or five, or twenty-five years of threatened incarceration might be all the same to Mr. Emilius. Could they have succeeded in discovering where he had bought the weapon, his years of penal servitude would have afflicted him but little. They did not succeed; and though it can not be said that any mystery was attached to the Bonteen murder, it has remained one of those crimes which are unavenged by the flagging law. And so the Rev. Mr. Emilius will pass away from our story.

There must be one or two words further respecting poor little Lizzie Eustace. She still had her income almost untouched, having been herself unable to squander it during her late married life, and having succeeded in saving it from the clutches of her pseudo-husband. And she had her title, of which no one could rob her, and her castle down in Ayrshire—which, however, as a place of residence she had learned to hate most thoroughly. Nor had she done any thing which of itself must necessarily have put her out of the pale of society. As a married woman she had had no lovers, and, when a widow, very little fault in that line had been brought home against her. But the world at large seemed to be sick of her. Mr. Bonteen had been her best friend, and, while it was still thought that Phineas Finn

had committed the murder, with Mrs. Bonteen she had remained. But it was impossible that the arrangement should be continued when it became known—for it was known—that Mr. Bonteen had been murdered by the man who was still Lizzie's reputed husband. Not that Lizzie perceived this, though she was averse to the idea of her husband having been a murderer. But Mrs. Bonteen perceived it, and told her friend that she must—go. It was most unwillingly that the wretched widow changed her faith as to the murderer; but at last she found herself bound to believe as the world believed; and then she hinted to the wife of Mr. Emilius that she had better find another home.

"I don't believe it a bit," said Lizzie.

"It is not a subject I can discuss," said the widow.

"And I don't see that it makes any difference. He isn't my husband. You have said that yourself very often, Mrs. Bonteen."

"It is better that we shouldn't be together, Lady Eustace."

"Oh, I can go, of course, Mrs. Bonteen. There needn't be the slightest trouble about that. I had thought that perhaps it might be convenient; but of course you know best."

She went forth into lodgings in Half Moon Street, close to the scene of the murder, and was once more alone in the world. She had a child, indeed, the son of her first husband, as to whom it behooved many to be anxious who stood high in rank and high in repute; but such had been Lizzie's manner of life that neither her own relations nor those of her husband could put up with her, or endure her contact. And yet she was conscious of no special sins, and regarded herself as one who, with a tender heart of her own, and a too confiding spirit, had been much injured by the cruelty of those with whom she had been thrown. Now she was alone, weeping in solitude, pitying herself with deepest compassion; but it never occurred to her that there was any thing in her conduct that she need alter. She would still continue to play her game as before, would still scheme, would still lie, and might still, at last, land herself in that Elysium of life of which she had been always dreaming. Poor Lizzie Eustace! Was it nature or education which had made it impossible to her to tell the truth when a lie came to her hand? Lizzie, the liar! Poor Lizzie!

CHAPTER LXXIII.

PHINEAS FINN RETURNS TO HIS DUTIES.

The election at Tankerville took place during the last week in July, and as Parliament was doomed to sit that year as late as the 10th of August, there was ample time for Phineas to present himself and take the oaths before the session was finished. He had calculated that this could hardly be so when the matter of reelection was first proposed to him, and had hoped that his re-appearance might be deferred till the following year. But there he was, once more member for Tankerville, while yet there was nearly a fortnight's work to be done, pressed by his friends, and told by one or two of those whom he most trusted that he would neglect his

duty and show himself to be a coward if he abstained from taking his place.

"Coward is a hard word," he said to Mr. Low, who had used it.

"So men think when this or that man is accused of running away in battle or the like. Nobody will charge you with cowardice of that kind. But there is moral cowardice as well as physical."

"As when a man lies. I am telling no lie."

"But you are afraid to meet the eyes of your fellow-creatures."

"Yes, I am. You may call me a coward if you like. What matters the name, if the charge be true? I have been so treated that I am afraid to meet the eyes of my fellow-creatures. I am like a man who has had his knees broken or his arms cut off. Of course I can not be the same afterward as I was before."

Mr. Low said a great deal more to him on the subject, and all that Mr. Low said was true; but he was somewhat rough, and did not succeed. Barrington Erle and Lord Cantrip also tried their eloquence upon him; but it was Mr. Monk who at last drew from him a promise that he would go down to the House and be sworn in early on a certain Tuesday afternoon. "I am quite sure of this," Mr. Monk had said, "that the sooner you do it the less will be the annoyance. Indeed, there will be no trouble in the doing of it. The trouble is all in the anticipation, and is therefore only increased and prolonged by delay." "Of course it is your duty to go at once," Mr. Monk had said again, when his friend argued that he had never undertaken to sit before the expiration of Parliament. "You did consent to be put in nomination, and you owe your immediate services just as does any other member."

"If a man's grandmother dies he is held to be exempted."

"But your grandmother has not died, and your sorrow is not of the kind that requires, or is supposed to require, retirement."

He gave way at last, and on the Tuesday afternoon Mr. Monk called for him at Mrs. Bunce's house, and went down with him to Westminster. They reached their destination somewhat too soon, and walked the length of Westminster Hall two or three times while Phineas tried to justify himself. "I don't think," said he, "that Low quite understands my position when he calls me a coward."

"I am sure, Phineas, he did not mean to do that."

"Do not suppose that I am angry with him. I owe him a great deal too much for that. He is one of the few friends I have who are entitled to say to me just what they please. But I think he mistakes the matter. When a man becomes crooked from age, it is no good telling him to be straight. He'd be straight if he could. A man can't eat his dinner with a diseased liver as he could when he was well."

"But he may follow advice as to getting his liver in order again."

"And so am I following advice. But Low seems to think the disease shouldn't be there. The disease is there, and I can't banish it by simply saying that it is not there. If they had hung me outright, it would be almost as reasonable to come and tell me afterward to shake myself and be again alive. I don't think that Low realizes what it is to stand in the dock for a week