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Misellaneous.

Thomas Griffiths Wainewright (Janus Weathercock), the Poisoner.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

One of those pleasant winter evenings when fires burn frosty blue, and hearts grow warmer as the weather grows colder. It is an evening soon after the ascent to the throne of his Most Gracious Majesty King George the Fourth.

A pleasant, merry, and highly intellectual party are dining at the house of the publishers of that clever periodical, the *London Magazine*, in Waterloo Place, to celebrate the new proprietorship. The cloth has been removed, the glasses sparkle in the light of the wax candles, the wine glows ruby and topaz in the fast-revolving decanters, the organges gleam golden, the crystallized fruits glitter with jewelled frost, the chestnuts, tight in their leather jackets, are hoarding their warm floury meal for the palates of poets and thinkers, puns are flashed in the air like fireworks, smart sayings are darting past like dragon-flies, even the gravest faces glow and brighten. A ring of brilliants the party resembles, for there is no one round the well-spread table but has a name in the world of letters or in the world of fashion. There is Charles Lamb, now busy with his *Elia*, the finest essays ever written; a little grave man in black, but with the face of a genius; Hazlitt is glorying in a Titian, upon which he is expatiating; Thomas Hood, with a face like that of an invalid Plato, is watching for a pun like a fly-fisher waiting for his cast. The Rev. H. Cary (the translator of Dante), the mildest and gentlest of men, is explaining a passage of the Inferno to that fine, vigorous Scotch poet, Allan Cunningham, the sculptor. Mr. Procter (Barry Cornwall), in his own kind, cheery way, is defending a fine passage in Ben Jonson from the volatile flippancy of the art-critic and gay dilettante of the magazine,—to wit, *Janus Weathercock*, otherwise Thomas Griffiths Wainewright.

He is a fop and a dandy, but is clever, has a refined taste, and is the kindliest and most light-hearted creature in the world. He has run through one fortune, has been in some dragoon regiment, and no doubt distinguished himself against the French—if he ever met them. He is on the wrong side of thirty, and records his military career by that exquisitely blue undress military coat he wears, all braided and befrogged down the front. His cravat is tied to a nicety. His manner most gallant, insinuating, and winning. His face, however, is by no means that of the mere dandy. His head is massive, and widens at the back. His eyes are deeply set in their orbits. His jaw is square and solid. He seldom looks the person he talks to full in the face. He has his hair curled every morning (a stray ringlet or so left free) and slightly stoops. His expression is at once repelling and fascinating.

He is ubiquitous. Go to the Park, and you observe him in his phaeton, leaning out with his cream-colored gloves and his large turned-down wristbands conspicuous over the splashboard. Go to old Lady Fitzrattle's ball the same evening, and you will see the fascinating creature with the belle of the evening, gracefully revolving in the waltz. In the club library he is conspicuous; at the supper-party he is the merriest and the gayest. He has fortunately left us portraits of himself both at the coffee-house and at home.

Let us see the charming man at nine o'clock on a November evening, 1822. The diners at George's Coffeehouse, 213 Strand, then the great resort of Kentish lawyers and men from the Temple, are all gone but three,—two young barristers in the last box but one from the fire, and next to them a fashionably dressed man with the exquisite cravat, the square jaw, and the deep-set eyes, that we at once recognize. George's was famous for its soups and wines, and Mr. Wainewright has dined luxuriously. A bottle of the rarest wine he has sipped away with supercilious pleasure. He now holds to the candle, in an affected manner, displaying carefully his white jewelled fingers, a little glass of eau de vie de Dantzig, and is languidly watching the little flakes, or, as he would call them, "aureate particles," float and glimmer in the oily and glutinous fluid like scales of gold-fish. The voices in the next box catch his ear; he listens. The one Templar is reading to the other with unction an article by Janus Weathercock in the last *London Magazine*.

"Soothed into that desirable sort of self-satisfaction so necessary to the bodying out of those deliciously voluptuous ideas perfumed with languor which occasionally swim and undulate like gauzy clouds over the brain of the most cold-blooded men, we put forth one hand to the folio which leant against a chair by the sofa-side, and at haphazard extracted thence Lancret's charming Repas:

'A summer party in the greenwood shade,
With wine prepared and cloth on herbage laid,
And ladies' laughter coming through the air.'
Rimini.

This completed the charm."

The gay writer listens with half-turned head, gloating over every word, inhaling slowly the incense so delicious to his vanity, taking care, however, that the waiter is not looking. Again they are talking about it.

First Voice: "How glowing! how exquisite! how *recherche!* how elegant! how full of the true West-end manner! A fine mind that young fellow has. O, he'll do."

Second Voice: "Don't like it. Flashy assumption. Mere amateur stuff. By the by, when does that case of Badger versus Beaver come on, Jones? Isn't to-day the 15th?"

"Low creature; debased nature," thinks Janus. "Upon my honor, these coffee-houses are getting mere haunts for the inferior classes. The 15th, eh? So it is. Why, that's the day I promised to write my article for the *London*. I must be off to Turnham Green."

Let us follow the delight of society to the White Horse, and take a seat beside him in the two-horse stage till it stops at the door of Linden House, Mr. Wainewright's elegant residence. His wife meets him at the door, and with her come dancing out, radiant with almost an exuberance of life, Phoebe and Madeleine, the two blooming daughters by a second husband of his wife's mother. They kiss him, they pet him, they load him with playful caresses, for he is their idol; they admire his genius, they love him as their nearest and dearest relation. Laughingly he frowns in assumed anger, and pleads the occupations of a popular author and a great critic. He breaks at last from their pretty siren wiles, and locks himself in his sanctum. It is a luxurious den. We can sketch it in almost Mr. Wainewright's own coxcombical words.

He strips off his smart tight-waisted befrogged coat, in which he so exquisitely masquerades as the retired officer of dragoons, and, in his own airy way, tosses on an easy, flowered, rustling, chintz dressing-gown, gay with pink ribbons. He lights a new elegantly gilt French lamp, the ground glass globe of which is painted with gay flowers and gaudy butterflies. He then hauls forth languidly, as if the severity of the labor almost exhausted him, "portfolio No. 9," and nestles down into the cushioned corner of "a Grecian couch"; stroking "our favorite tortoise-shell cat" into a sonorous purr. He next, by a tremendous effort, contrives to ring the bell by the fireside. A smiling "Venetian-shaped" girl enters, and places on the table "a flask of as rich Montepulciano as ever voyaged from fair Italy," then, after contemplating his elegant figure in a large glass, placed with a true artistic sense opposite the chimney mirror, with a fresh exertion he pours out "a full cut glass" of wine with one hand, and strokes the cat with the other.

The sheet of glass returns sharp-cut photographs of a gay carpet, the pattern of which consists of garlands of flowers, a cast of the Venus de Medicis (for Mr. Wainewright is an artist,) a Tomkinson piano, some Louis Quinze novels and tales, bound in French "marroquin," with tabby silk linings, some playful volumes choicely covered by Rogers, Payne, and Charles Lewis, some azaleas teeming with crimson blossoms, standing on a white marble slab, and a large peaceful Newfoundland dog also. A fine Damascus sabre hung against the well (dragoons again,) an almost objectionable picture by Fuseli, that gay old bachelor at Somerset House (a friend of the eminently popular and accomplished art critic,) and last, but not least of all, the exquisite man of the world himself, full of heart, full of soul, and bathed in the Correggio light of the aforesaid elegantly gilt French lamp.

At last the insufferable fop begins, and after one glance at the yellow ceiling, and one desultory smiling peep at some curious white crystals, probably filbert salt, in a secret drawer of his inlaid writing-desk, he pens the following sublime bit of euphuism, worthy, indeed, of the age of Keepsakes:

"This completed the charm. We immersed a well-seasoned prime pen into our silver inkstand three times, shaking off the loose ink again lingeringly, while, holding the print fast in our left hand, we perused it with half-shut eyes, dallying awhile with our delight. Fast and faster came the tingling impetus, and this running like quicksilver from our sensorium to our pen, we gave the latter one conclusive dip, after which we rapidly dashed off the following description *coulcur de rose*."

A little later this bright butterfly of fashion informs his enraptured world in the *London Magazine* that he has bought a new horse, and secured a new book:

"I have nothing more in the way of news, except that I have picked up a fine copy of Bochius' Emblems (you know the charming things by Bonasone) first edition; Bologne, 1,555. Capital condition, in blue French morocco, by De Rome, for whom I still retain some small inkling of affection, in spite of the anathemas of the Rev. T. F. Dibdin. Also, a new horse (Barbary sire and Arabian dam), with whose education I occupy nearly all my mornings, though I have considerable doubts whether I shall push it beyond the *military manege*."

This exulting egotism, this delight in bindings, is characteristic of the man, as also is the graceful allusion in the last line to the writer's military achievements (disgracefully ignored by Napier).

Later in his career Wainewright fell foul of that wise thinker and profound critic, William Hazlitt, who also wrote for the *London*, laughing to scorn, "spitefully entreating," and hugely condemning his dramatic criticisms. Hazlitt, the most inflammable of old bachelors, praised the Miss Dennetts' dancing; Janus derided them as little unformed creatures, great favorites with "the Whitechapel orders"; cried "Faugh!" when Hazlitt visited the Coburg and Surrey Theatres; and sneered when his great rival praised Miss Valancy, "the bouncing Columbine at Astley's, and them there places,—as his barber informs him." All this shows the vanity and shallow temerity, the vulgar and impertinent superciliousness of the pseudo-critic. He got a bludgeon-blow on the head for it, however, from Hazlitt, who then left him to flutter his hour and to pass away in his folly.

When Hazlitt left the *London Magazine*, about 1825, Janus Weathercock ceased to delight the world also, but he still rattled at parties, still drove in the Park, and flashed along the Row on his Arab horse "Contributor;" he still bought well-bound books, pictures, and hot-house plants, and still expended his affections on his cat. Honest Charles Lamb, guileless as a child, lamented "kind, light-hearted Janus," the tasteful dandy, the gay sentimentalist of the boudoir. Fine, generous natures like Othello are prone to trust Iago. One of those gentlemen who are mean enough to get their bread by professional literature, and yet affect to despise their business, Wainewright must have felt the loss of his liberal monthly salary, for he had expensive tastes, and a knack of getting through money.

Say some eight or ten years after the delightful dinner in Waterloo Place, this fine nature (true Sevres of the rarest clay) was living in his own luxurious cosey way (books, wine, horses, pictures, statues, hothouse plants, Damascus sabre, tortoise-shell cat, elegantly gilt French lamp and all) at Linden House, Turnham Green, remarkable for its lime-trees, on the pretty heart-shaped leaves of which the gay artist probably lavished a thousand fancies. Only once had those rose-leaves fallen since the house and pleasant grounds had belonged to Wainewright's uncle, a Dr. Griffiths, a comfortable, well-to-do-man, who had for many years edited a monthly publication. His death occurred after a very short illness, and during a visit paid him by Wainewright and his wife, who was there confined of her first, and, as it proved, her only child. It was not exactly apoplexy, nor was it heart-disease; but then even doctors are sometimes puzzled by organic complications. One thing is certain, it was mortal, and Dr. Griffiths died under proper medical care, and watched by the most affectionate of relatives. Wainewright gained some property by his uncle's death; lamented him tearfully, and spent the money smilingly. Bills soon began, however, to be left unpaid, servants' wages were delayed, credit was occasionally refused, Turnham Green bakers and butchers dared to talk about Linden House, and people who "made much of theirselves, but did not do the right thing, not what yer may call the right thing."

Things were not going altogether comfortable with a man who must have his wine, his cigar, his eau de vie de Dantzig, all the new books and prints, and must dress "in the style, you know."

The fact must come out: Wainewright was a monster egotist, and accustomed to starve either his tastes or his appetites. He must have money for champagne and bread, Marc Antonio's prints and meat. As well be starved as have his cutlet without truffles. Poverty's iron wall were closing in upon him closer and closer, but he shrugged his shoulders, buttoned tighter his befrogged coat, pawned his rings, and got on well enough.

Linden House must have been a peculiarly unhealthy place, for about this time Mrs. Abercrombie, Wainewright's wife's mother, died there also, after a very short illness,—something in the brain or heart, probably. Mrs. Abercrombie had married a second time a meritorious officer, and left two daughters, Helen Frances Phoebe and Madeleine, beautiful girls, just reaching womanhood. The poor orphans, having only ten pounds a year granted them by the Board of Ordnance for their father's services (these must have been small indeed not to deserve more), were invited to his pleasant, luxurious, but decidedly unhealthy house, by Mr. Wainewright, their stepsister's husband, in the most kind and generous manner, dear creature!

Helen Frances Phoebe Abercrombie, the eldest of the girls, attained the age of twenty-one the 12th of March, 1830, a very short time after coming to Turnham Green, and within a few days of this event, the oddest caprice entered into Mr. Wainewright's mind. He proposed to insure her life to a very large amount for the short period of two or three years. Such an arrangement is, however, the commonest thing in the world with persons either permanently or temporarily embarrassed. Such insurances are often used as securities for bills of exchange or for loans, where the lender is especially cautious. There was nothing singular about it. It did not the least matter that Miss Abercrombie was almost penniless, and without expectations of any kind except a trifling possibility under a settlement.

One pleasant morning in March a trip to the city was suggested as quite a divertisement, an agreeable opportunity of observing the habits and customs of "those strange city people." Mr. Wainewright was jauntier and more *degage* than ever, in his tight fashionable befrogged coat, as he guided his wife and the beautiful girl—his temporary ward—their ribbons fluttering brightly in the March wind through the defiles and labyrinths of the busy city. His whims and fancies about insurance offices were delightful in their careless gayety. It was quite an adventure for the ladies. It was singular, though, that Mr. Wainewright, embarrassed as he was, should venture on a speculation that involved a large annual payment for interest, and yet seemed to promise no pecuniary return. It might be a chivalrous risk of some kind or other, the innocent and playful girl probably thought, and she would not care to inquire further into a business she did not profess to understand. It cost her nothing; she was only too glad to gratify the whim of her kind kinsman, and to lend herself to his mysterious, but, no doubt, well-planned and well-intended business arrangement.

So, on the 28th, sixteen days after coming of age, Miss Abercrombie went to the Palladium Insurance Office with Mr. and Mrs. Wainewright, and insured her life for £3,000 for three years. The object of the insurance was stated to be (whether correctly or not) to enable the young lady's friend to recover some property to which she was entitled. The life was pre-eminently good, and the proposal was accepted. On the 20th of April Mrs. Wainewright and Miss Abercrombie went to the office to pay the first year's premium, and receive the policy. On or about the same day, a similar insurance for three thousand pounds, but this for two years only, was effected with the Eagle Insurance Office, and the premium for one year and the stamp duty duly paid by Miss Abercrombie in her young sister's presence.

In the following October four more policies were effected: with the Provident for one thousand pounds, with the Hope for two thousand pounds, with the Imperial for three thousand pounds, and with the Pelican for the largest amount usually permitted, namely, five thousand pounds, each for the period of two years; making altogether insurances to the amount of eighteen thousand pounds. The premiums paid, together with the stamps, amounted to more than two hundred and twenty pounds; and yet, in case of Miss Abercrombie living more than three years, all these payments would be lost.

Lost they would be, who could doubt. The actuary at the Provident described her "a remarkably healthy, cheerful, beautiful young woman, whose life was one of a thousand." Old secretaries, smiling over their spectacles, must have felt as if a sunbeam had glanced across the room, and have sighed to think that, if a full insurance had been effected, fifty years hence, that same Miss Abercrombie might enter the room still hearty and vigorous to pay her annual interest, when they were long ago gone, and their very tombstones were effaced by rain and wind.

Still all this insuring was odd, too, for Mr. Wainewright was deeply in debt. Shabby truculent men behind grated doors in Cursitor Street were speaking irreverently of him; dirty Jew-faced men at the bar of the Hole-in-the-Wall in Chancery Lane discussed him, and were eager to claw his shoulder. He spent more than ever, and earned less. His literary friends, Lamb and Reynolds, seldom saw him now. His artist friends, Fuseli the fiery and Stothard the gentle, Westall and Lawrence, seldom met him. A crisis was coming to the man with elegant tastes. In August he had given a warrant of attorney and a bill of sale of his furniture at Linden House; both of these had become absolute, and seizure was impending. "The Jew fellows" could only be scared away (from the elegant gilt lamp, the books, and prints) till the 20th or 21st of December.

At some offices scruples, too, began to arise, which it was not found easy to silence. At the Imperial, it was suggested to Miss Abercrombie, by Mr. Ingall, the actuary, that, "as she only proposed to make the insurance for two years, he presumed it was to secure some property she would come into at the expiration of that time"; to which Mrs. Wainewright replied:

"Not exactly so; it is to secure a sum of money to her sister, which she will be enabled to do by other means if she outlives that time; but I don't know much about her affairs; you had better speak to her about it."

On which Miss Abercrombie said, "That is the case."

By what means the ladies were induced to make these statements, can scarcely even be guessed. The sum of eighteen thousand pounds did not yet bound the limits of speculation, for, in the same month of October, a proposal to the Eagle to increase the insurance by the addition of £2000 was made and declined; and a proposal to the Globe for five thousand, and a proposal to the Alliance for some further sum, met a similar fate. At the office of the Globe, Miss Abercrombie, who, as usual, was accompanied by Mrs. Wainewright, being asked the object of the insurance, replied that "she scarcely knew; but that she was desired to come there by her friends, who wished the insurance done." On being further pressed, she referred to Mrs. Wainewright, who said: "It is for some money matters that are to be arranged; but ladies don't know much about such things"; and Miss Abercrombie answered a question, whether she was insured in any other office, in the negative At the Alliance, she was more severely tested by the considerate kindness of Mr. Hamilton, who, receiving the proposal, was not satisfied by her statement that a suit was depending in Chancery which would probably terminate in her favor, but that if she should die in the interim the property would go into another family, for which contingency she wished to provide. The young lady, a little irritated at the questions, said, rather sharply, "I supposed that what you had to inquire into was the state of my health, not the object of the insurance;" on which Mr. Hamilton, with a thoughtful look, said,—

"A young lady, just such as you are, Miss, came to this very office two years ago to effect an insurance for a short time; and it was the opinion of the company *she came to her death by unfair means*."

Poor Miss Abercrombie replied: "I am sure there is no one about me who could have any such object."

Mr. Hamilton said, gravely, "Of course not;" but added, "that he was not satisfied as to the object of the insurance; and unless she stated in writing what it was, and the directors approved it, the proposal could not be entertained." The ladies retired; and the office heard no more of the proposal, nor of Miss Abercrombie, till they heard she was dead, and that the payment of other policies on her life was resisted.

Early in that month Wainewright left the house with the leaf-stripped trees, the very unhealthy house, and took furnished lodgings at Mr. Nicoll's, tailor, in Conduit Street, to which he was accompanied by his wife, his child, and those two beautiful, affectionate girls, his half-sisters, Phoebe and Madeleine Abercrombie. Books, sabre, elegant French lamp, portfolios, and desk with the mysterious little eccentric drawer with the especial salt for filberts.

There was still a little more law business for Phoebe; the artistic mind remarked one morning in his playful, delightful way, "Would the dear girl be kind enough to keep in profile for one moment? Exquisite! Yes, there was a will to be made to benefit dear Madeleine in case of any unforeseen circumstance." Phoebe no doubt carolled out a laugh, and expressed a horror "of those dusty old lawyers." On the same day, the 13th, Miss Abercrombie called on a solicitor named Lys, to whom she was a stranger, to attest the execution of a will she desired to make, as she was going abroad; he complied, and she executed a will in favor of her sister Madeleine, making Mr. Wainewright its executor. On the 14th, having obtained a deed of assignment from the office of the Palladium, she called on another solicitor named Kirk, to whom she was also a stranger, to perfect for her an assignment of the policy of that office to Mr. Wainewright. This the solicitor did by writing in ink over words pencilled by Mr. Wainewright, and witnessing her signature.

That same evening (as a reward, perhaps) the two sisters went to the play, as they had done the evening before, accompanying their kind relations, Mr. and Mrs. Wainewright. Whatever bailiffs may be watching the gay and volatile creature in the befrogged coat, he has no idea of stinting his amusements. Providence is hard on your delightful and fashionable men, who earn little and spend much

The play is delightful, the pathos pierces, the farce convulses the pleasant party of four. After the play they have an oyster-supper, and Mr. Wainewright is gayer and wittier than ever. In the night, however, Miss Phoebe is taken ill, evidently having caught cold from walking home that long way from Drury Lane or Covent Garden two nights in the wet and wind. There is great regret in the house, and frequent kind inquiries at her door from Mr. Wainewright. She gets up to dinner, but in a day or two, the cold not lifting, Dr. Locock is sent for. Mrs. Wainewright and Madeline are with her constantly. Mr. Wainewright, who is clever in these things, as in everything else, prescribes her a black draught before the doctor is sent for. The doctor is kind and sympathizing, thinks little of the slight derangement, and prescribes the simplest remedies. On the seventh day of her indisposition, Mr. Wainewright, impatient of the doctor's remedies, prescribes her a powder, which she took willingly in jelly. She was decidedly better, and was no longer wandering; she was so much better, in fact, that Mr. Wainewright, great in spirits, and full of sentiment, sympathy, and artistic feeling, told his wife to put on her bonnet and come for a walk sketching, while dear Phoebe had some sleep. That was about twelve o'clock. At two, Phoebe was taken violently ill with convulsions. She appeared in great agony, became delirious, and struggled violently.

Dr. Locock, who had been previously consulted about insurance certificates, was instantly sent for, and came. The fit had then subsided, but there was pressure on the brain. She said, "O doctor! I am dying. These are the pains of death. I feel I am. I am sure so." The doctor said, "You'll be better by and by." She cried, "My poor mother!" Dr. Locock left, and she had a fit, and grasped the hand of one of the servants. When Dr. Locock left, she lay quiet, and said she thought she heard a little boy coming along the room, and that he ought not to be there, and she burst into tears and convulsions.

A servant who had lived twenty years with Dr. Griffiths, and had known Mr. Wainewright since he was a child, instantly sent for Messrs. King and Nicholson, apothecaries. A Mr. Hanks came and saw Miss Abercrombie in the convulsion fit. She had said to Dr. Locock, "Doctor, I was gone to heaven, but you have brought me back to earth." Hanks gave her some medicine while Dr. Locock was there. The convulsions got better, and the doctors went away. Soon after they were gone, the convulsions came on again, and at four o'clock she died.

Who can paint the horror and agony of Mr. and Mrs. Wainewright when they returned and found the beautiful girl, with the exquisite profile, only a day or two ago so bright and full of life, so arch, so graceful, dead.

Dr. Locock, leaving the house in which he was now useless, with a sad face and heart, met Mr. Wainewright returning gay and light-hearted, perhaps humming a fashionable tune. He appeared much shocked and astonished at the sad news, and asked what was the cause of death. Dr. Locock replied, "*Mischief in the brain*," and proposed to examine the head, to which Wainewright immediately assented. On the next day the skull was opened by Hanks, and they found what witness believed was a quite sufficient cause of death,—a considerable quantity of water on the lower part of the brain, pressing upon the upper part of the spinal marrow. Witness thought the effusion caused the convulsion, and that the convulsion caused death. Oysters had often produced similar effects upon irritable constitutions. Wet feet had perhaps rendered the constitution weak and susceptible.

There was a further examination two days afterwards. The contents of the stomach were minutely examined. There was no appearance of anything sufficient to account for death, except water at the base of the brain. There were a few points in which the blood-vessels were much more injected with blood than usual, an appearance often seen in those who die suddenly. Violent vomiting would account for this. The doctors observed a few little specks on the coat of the stomach, but that was all.

This distressing and sudden death changed matters, and gave a new and quite unexpected significancy to that mysterious insurance business. Eighteen thousand pounds now became payable to the elegant, needy, and somewhat desperate man; part of the money as executor for Phoebe; two of the policies being assigned to himself, with a secret understanding that they were for the benefit of Madeleine.

Unchristian suspicions soon arose, degrading, as Mr. Wainewright remarked, only to those who entertained them. Exasperated by the loss which, by the dear girl's distressing death, they had incurred, all the insurance offices meanly and criminally refused payment. The crisis came, but Wainewright was too poor to stay and press his legal claims and therefore stealthily retired to the friendly asylum of France, where urbanity always reigns, and claret is delightfully cheap; where the air is ever sunny, and meat is lean, but not dear. He there resided, gay as ever, for several years.

After many delays, occasioned chiefly by proceedings in equity, the question of the validity of the policies was tried in the Court of Exchequer, before Lord Abingar, on the 29th of June 1835, in an action by Mr. Wainewright, as the executor of Miss Abercrombie, on the Imperial policy of three thousand pounds. Extraordinary as were the circumstances under which the defence was made, it rested, says Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, on a narrow basis, on the mere allegation that the insurance was not, as it professed to be, that of Miss Abercrombie for her own benefit, but the insurance of Mr. Wainewright, effected at his cost for some purpose of his own, and on the falsehood of representations she had been induced to make in reply to inquiries as to insurances in other offices. The cause of her death, if the insurance was really hers, was immaterial.

Lord Abinger, always wishing to look at the pleasant side of things, refused to enter into the cause of death, and intimated that the defence had been injured by a darker *suggestion*.

Sir William Follett appeared for the plaintiff, and the Attorney-General, Sir F. Pollock, and Mr. Thesiger for the defendant. The real plaintiff was not Mr. Wainegright, but Mr. Wheatley, a respectable bookseller, who had married the sister of the deceased. The jury, partaking of the judge's disinclination to attribute the most dreadful guilt to a plaintiff on a nisi prius record, and perhaps scarcely perceiving how they could discover for the imputed fraud an intelligible motive without it, were unable to agree, and were discharged without giving a verdict. It was clear to every one there had been foul play. The cause was tried again, before the same judge, on the 3d of December following, when the counsel for the defence, following the obvious inclination of the bench, avoided the fearful charge, and obtained a verdict for the office without hesitation, sanctioned by Lord Abinger's proffered approval to the jury. In the mean time, says Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, Mr. Wainewright, leaving his wife and child in London, had acquired the confidence and enjoyed the hospitality of the members of an English family residing in Boulogne.

While he was thus associated, a proposal was made to the Pelican office to insure the life of his host for five thousand pounds: which, as the medical inquiries were satisfactorily answered, was accepted. The office, however, received only one premium, for the life survived the completion of the insurance only a few months; falling after a very short illness, and, singularly enough, with symptoms not unlike those of Dr. Griffiths, Miss Abercrombie and poor Phoebe. The world is full of coincidences.

And here we feel compelled to throw off our mask, to turn suddenly on the delight of the boudoirs and salons of May Fair, and, shaking him by the throat, proclaim him as A POISONER—one of the most cruel, subtle and successful secret murderers since the time of the Borgias. It is now well known that he wore a ring in which he always carried strychnine, crystals of the Indian nux vomica, half a grain of which blown into the throat of a rabbit kills it dead in two minutes; a poison almost tasteless, difficult of discovery, and capable of almost infinite dilution. On the night the Norfolk gentleman in difficulties at Boulogne died, Wainewright had insisted on making his friend's coffee, and passed the poison into the sugar. The poisoner had succeeded before this in winning the affections of his friend's daughter, and gaining a supreme influence in the house.

A friend of the writer's, at a visit to this Norfolk gentleman's house in Caroline Place, Mecklenburgh Square, London, long before his murder, was arrested in mistake for Wainewright, who, at that very time, was serenading with a Spanish guitar in the garden of the square. He was eventually seized opposite the house of his friend Van Holst, a pupil of Fuseli's.

Wainewright, obtaining the insurance, left Boulogne, and became a needy wanderer in France, but being brought under the notice of the correctional police for passing under a feigned name, was arrested. In his possession was found the vegetable poison called strychnine, a fact which, though unconnected with any specific charge, increased his liability to temporary restraint, and led to a six months' incarceration in Paris. After his release he ventured to revisit London, when, in June, 1837, soon after his arrival, he was met in the street by Forester, the police-officer, who had identified him in France, and was committed for trial for forgery.

July 5, 1837 (seven years after the death of Miss Abercrombie), Wainewright, then forty-two years old, "a man of gentlemanly appearance, wearing moustachios," was tried at the Central Criminal Court for forging certain powers of attorney to sell out two thousand two hundred and fifty-nine pounds' worth of Bank Stock, which had been settled on him and his wife at their marriage. This was a capital offence at that time, but the Bank not wishing to shed blood, Wainewright at first declared himself not guilty, but eventually pleaded guilty, by advice of his lawyer, to two of the minor indictments out of the five, and was therefore only transported for life.

The moment the chief insurance offices found that Wainewright was under sentence of transportation for forgery, they determined to open negotiations with the villain, and get from him certain confessions necessary to their interests; little doubting that he would make them "for a consideration." He made them readily enough when he had struck his bargain. At this time, he was confined in Newgate (modern prison discipline had not then found its way into that jail) in a cell with a bricklayer and a sweep; in which polite company he was actually recognized, through a strange chance, by Mr. Procter and Mr. Macready, visiting the prison with the Conductor of this Journal. When the agent of the insurance offices had extracted from the ruffian all that he wanted to know, that gentleman said, in conclusion: "It would be quite useless, Mr. Wainewright, to speak to you of humanity, or tenderness, or laws human or Divine; but does it not occur to you, after all, that, merely regarded as a speculation, Crime is a bad one? See where it ends. I talk to you in a shameful prison, and I talk to a degraded convict." Wainewright returned, twirling his moustache: "Sir, you city men enter on your speculations, and take the chances of them. Some of your speculations succeed, some fail. Mine happen to have failed; yours happen to have succeeded; that is the difference, sir, between my visitor and me. But I'll tell you one thing in which I have succeeded to the last. I have been determined through life to hold the position of a gentleman. I have always done so. I do so still. It is the custom of this place that each of the inmates of a cell shall take his morning's turn of sweeping it out. I occupy a cell with a bricklayer and a sweep. But by G— they never offer me the broom!"

On the same occasion, or on another similar occasion in the same place, being asked how he could find it in his heart to murder the trusting girl who had so confided in him (meaning Miss Abercrombie), he reflected for a moment and then returned, with a cool laugh: "Upon my soul I don't know,—unless it was that her legs were too thick."

A more insupportable scoundrel never troubled this earth. He had kept a diary. The insurance offices, by the masterly stroke of sending to a French inn where he had lived, paying the bill he had left unpaid and demanding the effects he had left there, obtained possession of it. Description of this demoniacal document cannot be attempted, but it contained a kind of index to the details of his various crimes, set forth with a voluptuous cruelty and a loathsome exultation worthy of the diseased vanity of such a masterpiece of evil.

In the mean time, says Mr. Talfourd, in his version of the affair, proceedings were taken on behalf of Miss Abercrombie's sister by her husband, Mr. Wheatley, to render the insurances available for her benefit, which induced the prisoner to revengefully offer communications to the insurance offices which might defeat a purpose entirely foreign to his own, and which he hoped might procure him, through their intercession, a mitigation of the more painful severities incident to his sentence. In this expectation he was miserably disappointed. For though, in pursuance of their promise, the directors of one of the offices made a communication to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, the result, instead of a mitigation, was an order to place him in irons, and to send him to his place of punishment in the Susan, a vessel about to convey three hundred convicts.

In Newgate, the gay-hearted creature was sublime. He asserted himself as a poet, a philosopher and a martyr. He claimed for himself "a soul whose nutriment is love, and its offspring art, music, divine song, and still holier philosophy." When writing even from the hold of the convict-ship to complain of his being placed in irons, he said: "They think me a desperado. *Me! the companion of poets, philosophers, artists, and musicians*, a desperado! You will smile at this. No: I think you will *feel* for the man, educated and reared as a gentleman, now the mate of vulgar ruffians and country bumpkins."

In 1842, the dandy convict was admitted as inpatient of the General Hospital in Hobart Town, where he remained some years.

Discharged from the hospital, the elegant mannered poisoner, his dress with no style at all about it now, his spelling rather wandering, and his bearing less refined than it used to be, set up as an artist at Hobart Town, where sketches by him still exist. His conversation to lady-sitters was often indelicate. A writer in a Melbourne paper, 6th July, 1841, says of this dangerous and abandoned wretch (we must use plain words for him now:) "He rarely looked you in the face. His conversation and manners were winning in the extreme; he was never intemperate, but nevertheless of grossly sensual habit, and an opium-eater. As to moral character, he was a man of the very lowest stamp. He seemed to be possessed by an ingrained malignity of disposition, which kept him constanly on the very confines of murder, and he took a perverse pleasure in traducing persons who had befriended him. There is a terrible story told of his savage malignity towards a fellow-patient in the hospital, a convict, against whom he bore a grudge. The man was in a state of collapse,—his extremities were already growing cold. Death had him by the throat. Wainewright's snakish eyes kindled with unearthly fire. He saw at once the fatal sign. He stole softly as a cat to the man's pallet, and hissed his exultation into his dying ear,—

"'You are a dead man, you,—In four-and-twenty hours your soul will be in hell, and my arms will be up to that (touching his elbow) in your body; dissecting you.'"

Such was the ingrained and satanic wickedness of this triple murderer. Twice this delight of society attempted to poison people who had become obnoxious to him. Even in that polluted corner of the world the man was dreaded, hated, and shunned. No chance homicide had imbrued his hands, but a subtle series of cowardly and atrocious crimes. His sole friend and companion was a cat, for which he evinced an extraordinary and sentimental affection. He had always been fond of cats. In 1852, this gentlemanly and specious monster was struck down in a moment, as with a thunderbolt, by apoplexy. He had survived his victims sixteen years.

Perhaps no blacker soul ever passed from a body than passed the day that Wainewright the poisoner went to his account. Well says Mr. Serjeant Talfourd:

"Surely no contrast presented in the wildest romance between a gay cavalier, fascinating Naples or Palermo, and the same hero detected as the bandit or demon of the forest, equals that which time has unveiled between what Mr. Wainewright seemed and what he was."

It is this monster whom Lord Lytton has immortalized in his powerful novel of Lucretia.

In a Sore Strait.

"We must have a lemon or two, Sam," she says; and so, though I'd just set down to my pipe and drop of beer, I got up again, and I says, "Now; I tell you what it is, lass, it's just two miles to the town, and it snows like fury, so if you can think of anything else you want, just say so, and I'll get it same time."

"O, 'tisn't worth while to go if it snows," she says; "never mind, and I'll make shift without. But O!" she cried, all at once, "farther's coming to-morrow, and you've no tobacco."

Well, I'd never thought about that, for when I'd had my fingers in the little jar there seemed enough for me, even if next day was Christmas day; but with company—why, there would not be half enough. So that settled it, and I got my stick and hat; when Polly declared I couldn't go out a night like that without something round my neck, so she tied a comforter round twice, close up to my nose and ears.

"Now, don't be silly, Sam," she says.

"Why, wot's silly," I says.

Why, your being such an old goose, and making so much fuss after being married all these months. Now, let go, do," she says. But I didn't, of course, but held her for just a few moments while I looked down in her laughing eyes that seemed to have grown brighter since we'd married; and then I smoothed,—no, I didn't, for no hair could have been smoother,—I passed my rough, chopped-about old hand down the bright shiny hair that I felt so proud of, and then kissed both her pink cheeks, and felt somehow half glad, half sorrowful, for it seemed to me that I was too happy for it to last.

"There, now," she says, at last, "make haste, there's a dear, good boy! and get back; perhaps I shall be done by that time, and then we'll have a snug bit of supper."

But I couldn't get away, somehow, but watched her busy fingers getting ready the things for the next day's dinner,—and chopping suet, stoning plums, mincing peel,—and all in such a nice, neat, clean way, that it was quite enjoyable.

"Now, do go, Sam," she says, pretending to pout, "for I do want you back so bad."

So I made a start of it; unlatched the door, when the wind came roaring in, laden with flakes of snow; the sparks rushed up the chimney, the candle flickered, while Polly gave me just one bright look and nod, and then I shut the door. But, there—I couldn't get away even then, but went and stood by the window for a minute, where the little branches of holly were stuck, glistening green, and with scarlet berries amongst the prickly leaves; and there I stood looking in at the snug, bright, warm kitchen, with Polly making it look ten times more warm and bright. It wasn't that it was a handsome place, or well furnished, for those sort of things don't always make a happy home—but plain, humble, and poor as it was, it seemed to me like a palace; and after watching my lass for a few minutes as she was busier than ever,—now frowning, now making a little face at her work,—now with a bright light in her eye, as something seemed to please her, I all at once thought to myself, and, what's more, I says to myself, "Sam Darrell," I says, "why, what a donkey you are not to get what you want, and make haste back!" which, when you consider that it was snowing hard, blowing harder, and that where I stood the snowdrift was over my knees, while inside there was everything a reasonable working-man could wish for, you'll say was just about the truth.

So I gives myself a pull together, hitches up my shoulders, set my head down to face the wind and the blinding snow, and then, with my hands right at the bottom of my pockets, off I goes.

Now, we'd been together into the town that night to bring home a good basketful of Christmas cheer; for even if you do live in the black country, amongst the coal-mines and furnaces, and work as pit carpenter at making brattices and the different wood-work wanted, that's no reason why you shouldn't spend a merry Christmas and a happy one. But now there was this tobacco and the lemons to get; and from where we lived, right across the heath to the town, being two miles, and me being alone, I make up my mind to cut off a corner, so as to get back sooner. So I turned out of the road as soon as I was out of the colliery village, makes sure of the town lights, and then, taking my stick under my arm, set off at a trot to the left of the old pits.

The wind was behind me now, and though the snow made it hard work walking, I wasn't long before I was trudging like a white statty right through the town street, then thronged with people, when I goes into a shop, and, after a good deal of waiting, gets my lemons and tobacco, pays for 'em, and starts off home.

As soon as I was out of the town again, I gets out of the road to take that short cut; and now I began to find out what sort of a night it was; for the wind was right dead in my teeth, while the way in which the snow cut into your eyes was something terrible. But I fought my way on, setting up an opposition whistle to the wind, and thinking about the warm fireside at home, with the snug supper-table; and then I thought of what a blessing it was in a hard winter to live close to the pit's mouth, and get plenty of coal for next to nothing. We could afford a good fire there, such as would cheer the heart of some of the London poor, while wages were not so bad.

Every now and then I had to stop and kick the snow off my boot-soles, for it collected in hard balls, so as to make walking harder; then, not having the town lights to guide me, I found I'd wandered a bit out of the track, so that the ground grew rougher and rougher, and more than once I stumbled. The wind beat worse than ever; the snow blinded so, that I could not look out for the lights of the village; and at last I began to think that I'd done a foolish thing in trying to make a short cut. But then one is always slow about owning to being in the wrong; so I blundered and stumbled on; but at last, after walking for some time, I was obliged to own to myself that I was lost in the snow.

"Stuff and nonsense!" I says the next minute, and then I has a look round to try and make out where I was, for I knew every foot of it almost; but nothing could I see but snow falling almost like in a sheet all round me, so that I could see a few feet each way, while the snow where I stood was nearly up to my knees. I listened, but there was nothing to be heard but the whistling of the wind; I shouted, but the cry sounded muffled and close just as if I had been in a cupboard; then I walked a little one way, and then turned and went another; and at last, to my horror, I found that I was regularly confused, and could not make out in which direction lay town or village, while the snow covered in every footmark in a very few minutes.

Now, I did not feel alarmed, only bothered and confused; for I felt sure that, if I kept on walking, I must come to some place or another which I knew, unless I walked right out on to the great waste, where I might go for miles and miles without finding a house; but I was hardly likely to get there, and the thing I most cared for was my poor gal at home getting upset about me, and thinking that I'd stopped in the town drinking with some mates, being Christmas eve, when I'd promised her over and over again most faithfully that I'd always have my drop of beer at home.

"There's no danger, that's one comfort," I said "unless I rung bang into the canal; and even then I shall know where I am," I says, "so that won't be such a very serious matter;" and then I tried again to make out where I was, but the snow came down more than ever; and at last, feeling worried and cross, I started off afresh as hard as I could go, when all at once I let go of my stick, for I felt one foot slipping, and, as I felt it go, a fearful thought came across my mind. With an agonizing cry, I tried to recover myself; but, from leaning forward to face the wind, this was impossible, and then shrieking out,—

"My God, it's the old pit!" I was falling and rolling down—down into the black darkness.

It was like being in some horrible dream, and for a moment I fancied it might be; but no, there I was falling faster and faster and faster for a length of time that seemed without end, as I waited for the coming crash when I reached the bottom—to be found afterwards a mutilated corpse.

I thought all this, and much more, as I fell down the sloping shaft of the old pit; and then came a tremendous splash as I was plunged down beneath the icy water which roared and thundered in my ears.

I had been down pit after pit in my time, working in the shafts at the wood casing, making new or repairing the old, perhaps half-way down, hanging in a cage; or I had been working at the traps and doors in the most dangerous parts where you might hear the gas hissing through between the seams of black slaty shale; but I never before knew so hideous a sense of fear as came over me, when, rising to the surface of the water, I struck out, as if by instinct, for the side, and then, clinging to the roughened wall with one hand, and with the other thrust into a sort of hole, I remained for a few seconds panting and half-mad, up to my neck in cold water, while the darkness was terrible.

It is impossible to describe the horrible that came hurrying through my mind as if to unnerve me—thoughts of foul choking gases, of fearful things swimming about in the black water, or of horrid monsters lurking in its terrible depths ready to drag me under and drown me; but, worse still, as I began to recover myself a little, were the calmer thoughts of the length of time I could hold on there without becoming numbed, and then slipping off and drowning. I shouted, and the sound went echoing up the shaft with a horrible unearthly tone that made me tremble. I cried again and again till I was hoarse, but knew all the while that it was useless, for there was not a cottage for at least a mile, and then terror seemed to get the better of me, as I felt that there, in the midst of that fearful darkness, I must drown, and then sink to the bottom of this old, old, worn-out coal-pit; while no one, not even my poor wife, would know of my fate.

With the thoughts of my wife, came thoughts of the pleasant scene I had so lately gazed upon when something almost like a sob seemed to come from my heart, and then came weak, despairing tears; but I roused up, and shouted again and again, throwing my head back to try and see the mouth of the pit, but, though imagination peopled the darkness with horrors, there was nothing around but the intense blackness; while, to add to my despair and terror, I could feel that my hands were slowly slipping from their bed.

Could any man have heard me down there, two hundred feet below the mouth, it must have been very fearful, for during the next minute I was shrieking for aid, giving vent to the most unearthly yells, praying aloud, and crying for mercy; and then, hoarse and worn out, I felt that I must sink back, and I did, shrieking and struggling savagely for life, till the cold water gurgled over my mouth and choked back my cry. Then, for a few minutes, I was beating the water franticly, as a dog beats it when it cannot swim; but my nerve seemed to come once more, and even then, in the midst of that horror and despair, I could not help thinking of myself as being like a rat in a well, as I swam round by the side trying to find a place to hold on by.

I swam slowly along, striking my right hand against the side at every stroke, but, after a few strokes, it did not touch anything; and then, striking out more boldly, I swam on, turning to the right with a ray of hope in my heart, for I knew that I was on the level of one of the old veins, and though swimming farther into the bowels of the earth, yet I had not the horrible depth of the shaft under me, while I knew that, before long, I should find bottom for my feet.

All at once my hand touched the side; then I raised one up, and could touch the roof; and then, after a few more strokes, I let my feet down slowly and found the bottom, but the water was to my lip; still, by swimming and wading, I soon stood where it was only to my middle; and now, pausing to rest for awhile, I leaned up against the side, and, in the reaction that came on again, cried weakly, and like the despairing wretch I was.

By degrees, the heavy panting of my heart grew less painful, while, heated with the exertion, I did not feel the cold; but soon an icy chill crept over me as I stood there listening to the low echoing "drip, drip, drip" of the water far away to my right. Racking thoughts, too, oppressed me, and, despairing, I felt that there was no chance of my being discovered, since, to keep alive, I must penetrate farther into the mine, though even from where I was then, it was doubtful whether my voice could be heard.

I knew very well where I was, and that very little traffic lay by the old pit's mouth; while the next day being Christmas made the chances less. But would not my wife give the alarm, and would not there be a search? Surely, I thought there must be hope yet; and then in a disconnected, half-wild way, I tried to offer up a prayer for success. Not standing, not with my hand resting upon the wall, but kneeling, with the water rising to my neck; and I rose again stronger, and better able to think.

And now I began to look within, and to think of the dangers I had to encounter. As to there being things swimming about, or anything terrible to attack me, my common sense told me that there was no cause for fear in that direction; but the next thought was a terrible one, and my breath came thicker and shorter as I seemed to feel the effect of it already,—"Was there any foul gas?" But I found that I could still breathe freely, and by degrees this fear went off; while, summoning up my courage, I waded on "splash splash" in the echoing darkness, farther and farther into the mine, always with the water growing shallower as I receded from the shaft; and at last I stood upon the dry bottom, but with the water streaming off me.

The place did not feel cold, while as I sat down I could not but wish that my clothes were dry, for they clung to me till I stripped a part of them off and wrung out the water, when I felt on putting them on again comparatively warm. But what a position! Trembling there in the midst of that darkness; with a wild imagination peopling it with every imaginary horror, I lay despairing, till, with the thought strong upon me that I was buried alive, I began to run recklessly about, now dashing myself violent against the sides, now trippling over the fragments that had fallen from the roof, till at last the splashing water beneath my feet warned me to go back, when, with my head feeling almost on fire, I crawled back to lie panting amongst the coal and slate.

All at once I recollected the tobacco, and put a wet piece in my mouth, and after a time it seemed to calm me, so that I could sit and think, though at times I would have given worlds to have run away from my thoughts. How time went I could not tell; but it seemed after a while that I must have slept, for I leapt up all at once with the fancy strong upon me that I heard Polly calling; but though I strained my ears to listen, there was nothing but the "drip, drip" of the water; while I feared to call out, for the sound went echoing along, so that it seemed to be repeated again and again, till I felt to creep with dread.

Many hours must have passed, for a heavy, dull, sleepy feeling oppressed me as I lay there, numbed bodily and in mind; but at length I started up thoroughly awake, feeling certain that I had heard a cry which seemed to have whispered like in my ear. I sat up trembling, when again there came the shout faintly heard as it came along the top of the water, and then I gave a loud despairing shriek for help three times, and then fainted.

When I came to again, it seemed like waking from a dream; and I felt that confused that I could hardly believe that I was not in my own room at home; but as I sat up, thought of where I was came upon me again, while like a faint, buzzing, whispering noise, I could hear voices. To rouse up and give a tremendous shout was but the work of a moment, when my heart rose, for it was answered, though but faintly, and I knew that I was being sought for, and sat listening.

But soon I grew impatient and began wading in the water, so as to be once more nearer to living creatures: and I waded on and on till the water was up to my chin and I could hardly stand, when I shouted again, and now I could hear the reply quite plainly.

After a while I saw a faint light flash along the wall, and knew that a piece of something burning had been cast down the pit; and then again and again I saw similar flashes, while I stood there trembling lest I should sink from exhaustion and be drowned. But now something far more reviving came, for, like a star shing along the water, I could see the light of a lantern that had been lowered down, as it swung slowly about at the mouth of the passage; while at length close by it I saw something move, when I felt choking, as I knew that a man had been lowered down, and was swinging beside the lantern; while, when his voice came ringing along the passage with a cheery "Where are you, mate? for a few moments my head swam, and I couldn't answer.

"Can't you get to me?" he says, after I had answered.

"No!" I says, "I darn't try to swim it."

"Then I must," he says; and then he shouted out "Slack out," and an echoing splash came along to my ears. "How far is it!" he says.

"About sixty yards," I gasped; and then he stopped and called out to me to keep up my heart, and he would soon be back; when shouting to those above, he was drawn up once more, and it seemed hours before I heard the sound of his voice again; and, directly after, I could see the lantern coming towards me, and then I've a recollection of seeing some one with a light splashing about in the water, and of having something tied under my arms which floated me up till I was pushed along to the mouth of the passage, where I can recollect clinging to the rope made fast round me; and then I was swinging about and knocking against the rough sides of the shaft, while a voice at my ear kept saying, "Cheer up, matey!" Then in a sort of sleep I heard people talking, and some one said, "Here, catch hold of these life-belts!" and it seemed like the voice of the man who came down to me. But the next thing I recollect is lying in my own bed, with some one sitting at the side, as she used to all she could for the next three days; and told me she did at last, of her horror when I did not come home, and of the search next day; but there were no footsteps on the waste on account of the snow, so that no one would have searched there, had not a boy been seen with my walking-stick, which he had found sticking up in the snow by the old pit's mouth, just as I must have left it when I fell into the fearful gulf which held me for two long days!

The $4,000,000 Gratuity.

It is said that the Senate Finance Committee has endorsed the bill to pay the National banks $4,000,000 every year, in addition to what they now receive, in the way of interest on their circulation. It is a matter of wonder to plain people that such things can come to pass. This measure, as we said a day or two ago, is a mere gratuity to the National banks of $4,000,000 a year out of the taxes levied upon the people. Having commented upon the matter at some length a few days ago, we do not care to repeat what was then said, but instead of any additional remarks, we republish the following, from the New York *Herald* of yesterday, on the same subject:

"The objections to this measure are of a very decided character. In the first instance it substitutes an interest-bearing security where a non-interest-bearing one would answer the purpose better—namely, the plain legal tender note. In the next it is inconsistent with the former policy of the Government in abolishing the interest on Clearing House certificates. The banks are still holding the latter, although they have ceased to bear interest, simply because they can be used as a portion of their reserve, and are convertible into legal tenders on demand. What good reason, therefore, have the promoters of this bill for urging upon Congress such a wanton waste of money?

"Moreover, the Treasury, by being constantly liable to be called upon to redeem these certificates, would require to keep a large reserve of legal tender notes on hand, and this would often be either impossible or inconvenient without encroaching upon the reserve of fifty millions of new notes authorized for the redemption of the temporary loan. The proposed bill should, in view of all the circumstances, be promptly tabled as soon as reported in the Senate, and another providing for the issue of plain legal tenders in redemption of compound interest notes introduced in its stead. In this manner a nice little job may be effectually nipped in the bud."—*Phila. Ledger.*

The Titusville *Herald* is responsible for the following: A man writing from Oil City tells this story: On January 6th, 1867, Jno. Franklin Worley, a resident of this place for about two years, died from the effects of a wound received at the battle of Antietam. On his dying bed he stated that four years ago he left a wife and two children near Janesville, Clearfield county. And now he leaves another wife and two children in this place, she not knowing that he was married before. He could not die without revealing the facts to her and asking for forgiveness, as well as that of his first wife. I thought it right to publish this statement for the information of his widowed companion and fatherless children.

On Thursday of last week, Jos. M. Feger, of Pottsville, left with his family for South Carolina. There is now a Schuylkill county colony established in South Carolina, nine miles from Charleston, composed of Mr. Feger, Ex-Sheriff John Raush, and J. S. Keller, Esq., with their families. They are engaged in working cotton plantations, and appear to like their new location and business very well.