GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER LII.

It was a dark night, though the full moon rose as I left the enclosed lands, and passed out upon the marshes. Beyond their dark line there was a ribbon of clear sky, hardly broad enough to hold the red large moon. In a few minutes she had ascended out of that clear field, among the piled mountains of cloud.

There was a melancholy wind, and the marshes were very dismal. A stranger would have found them insupportable; and even to me they were so oppressive that I hesitated, half inclined to return, and have found no excuse for returning, being there. So, having come there against my inclination, I looked towards the distant Hills as I walked on, and, though I could see the old lights away on the right, which my old home lay, in none of which was it ever so little. But it was bound for that. I felt as if, having been burnt before, I was now being boiled.

The sudden exclusion of the night and the

abandoned and broken, and how the house—of wood with a tiled roof—would not be proof against the weather much longer, if it were so even now, and how the mud and ooze were coated with lime, and how the choking vapour of the kiln crept in a ghostly way towards me.

Still there was no answer, and I knocked again. No answer still, and I tried the latch. It rose under my hand, and the door yielded.

Looking in, I saw a lighted candle on a table, a few cakes, a marmalade and a trifle bread. As there was a loft above, I called, "Is there any one here?" but no voice answered. Then I looked at my watch, and, finding that it was past nine, called again, "Is there any one here?" There being still no answer, I went out at the door, irresolute what to do.

It was beginning to rain fast. Seeing nothing safe what I had seen already, I turned back into the house, and stood just within the shelter of the doorway, looking out into the night.

While I was considering that some one must have been there lately and must soon be coming back, or the candle would not be burning, it came into my head that I had been caught in a strong running moose, thrown over my head from behind.

"Now," said a suppressed voice with an oath, "I've got you!"

"What is this?" I cried, struggling. "Who is it? Help, help, help!"

Not only were my arms pulled close to my sides, but the pressure on my bad arm caused me exquisite pain. Sometimes a strong man's hand, sometimes a strong man's breast was set against my mouth to deden my cries, and with a hot breath always close to me, I struggled ineffectually in the dark, while I was fastened tight to the wall. "And now," said the suppressed voice with another oath, "call out again, and I'll make short work of finishing you!"

Paint and stick with the pain of my injured arm, bewildered by the surprise, and yet conscious how easily this threat could be put in execution, I debated, and tried to ease my arm: but it was bound too tight for that. I felt as if, having been burnt before, I was now being boiled.

THE STORIES OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—Shakespeare.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

NO. 115.] SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1861. [Price 2a.}
Billi; and steel he wanted, and began to strike a light. I strained my sight upon the sparks that fell among the tinder, and upon which he breathed and breathed, match in hand, but I could only see his lips, and the blue point of the match; even those, but faintly. The tinder was damp—no wonder there—and one after another the sparks died out.

The man was in no hurry, and struck again with the flint and steel. As the sparks fell thick and bright before him, I could see his hands, and touches of his face, and could make out that he was seated and bending over the table; but nothing more. Presently I saw his blue lips again breathing on the tinder, and then a flare of light flashed up, and showed me Orlick. Whom I had looked for, I don’t know. I had not looked for him. Seeing him, I felt that I was in a dangerous strait indeed, and I kept my eyes upon him.

He lit the candle from the flaring match with great deliberation, and dropped the match and trod it out. Then he put the candle on the table with a heavy blow, and rising as the blow fell, to give it greater force, “I’m going to have your life!”

He leaned forward staring at me, slowly unclenched his hand and drew it across his mouth as if his mouth watered for me, and sat down again.

“You was always in Old Orlick’s way since ever you was a child. You goes out of his way, this present night. He’ll have no more on you. You’re dead.”

I felt that I had come to the brink of my grave. For a moment I looked wildly round my trap for any chance of escape; but there was none.

“More than that,” said he, folding his arms on the table again. “I won’t have a rag of you, I won’t have a bone of you, left on earth. I’ll put your body in the kiln—I’d carry two such to it, on my shoulders—and, let people suppose what they may of you, they shall never know nothing.”

My mind, with inconceivable rapidity, followed out all the consequences of such a death. Estelle’s father would believe I had deserted him; would be taken, would die accusing me; even Herbert would doubt me, when he compared the letter I had left for him, with the fact that I had called at Miss Havisham’s gate for only a moment; Joe and Biddy would never know how sorry I had been that night; no one would ever know what I had suffered, how true my last poor resistance to death was. And so quick were my thoughts, that I saw myself despised by unborn generations—Estelle’s children, and their children’s children—while the wretch’s words were yet on his lips.

“You gave it to yourself; you gained it for yourself. I could have done you no harm, if you had done yourself none.”
beseeching pardon, as I did, of Heaven; melted at least as I was, by the thought that I had taken no farewell, and never would now could maet farewell of those who were dear to me, or could explain myself to them, or ask for their compassion on my miserable errors; still, if I could have killed him, even in dying, I would have done it.

He had been drinking, and his eyes were red and bloodshot. Around his neck was slung a tin bottle, as I had often seen his meat and drink slung about; him in other days. He had been a limekiln as nigh him as there is now that I knew that when I formed these molds.

"Wolf!" said he, folding his arms again.

"Old Orlick’s a going to tell you something. It was you as did for your shrew sister?"

Again my mind, with its former inconceivable rapidity, had exhausted the whole subject of the attack upon my sister, her illness, and her death, before his slow and hesitating speech had ended these words:

"It was you, villain!" said I.

"I tell you it was your doing—I tell you it was done through you!" he restorted, catching up the gun, and making a blow with the stock at the vacant air between us. "I come upon her from behind, as I come upon you to-night. I gir’it her! I left her for dead, and if there had been a limbkin as nigh her as there is now nigh you, she shouldn’t have come to life again. But it wasn’t Old Orlick as did it; it was you. You was favoured, and he was bullied and beat. Old Orlick bullied and beat, eh? Now was pays for it. Then does he pay for it!"

He drank again, and became more ferocious. I saw by his tilting of the bottle that there was no great quantity left in it. I distinctly understood that he was working himself up with its contents to make an end of me. I knew that every drop it held, was a drop of my life. I knew that when I was changed into a part of the vast, he had crept towards me but a little while before, like my own warning ghost, he would do as he had done in my sister’s case—make all haste to the town, and be seen slouching about there, drinking at the ale-houses. My vividness of these images, and yet I should have dissolved.

It was not only that I could have summed up years and years and years while he said a dozen words, but that what he did say presented pictures to me, and not more words. In the excited and excited state of my brain, I could not think of a place without seeing it, or of persons without seeing them. It is impossible to over-state the vividness of these images, and yet I was so intensely all the time, upon him himself—who would not be intent on the tiger crouching to spring—that I knew of the slightest motion of his fingers.

When he had drunk this second time, he rose from the bench on which he sat, and pushed the table aside. Then he dipped the candle, and shading it with his murderous hand so as to throw its light on me, stood before me, looking at me and enjoying the sight.

"Wolf, I’ll tell you something more. It was Old Orlick as you tumbled over on your stairs that night."

I saw the staircase with its extinguished lamps. I saw the shadows of the heavy stair-rails, thrown by the watchman’s lantern on the wall. I saw the rooms that I was never to see again; here, a door half open; there, a door closed; all the articles of furniture around.

"And why was Old Orlick there? I’ll tell you something more, wolf. You and her have pretty well hunted me out of this country, so far as getting a easy living in it goes, and I’ve took up with new companions, and new masters. Some of ’em wrote letters when I was away—do you mind?—writes your letters, wolf! They writes many hands; they’re not like sneaking you, as writes but one. I’ve had a firm mind and a firm will to have your life, since you was down here at your sister’s burying. I hasn’t seen a way to get you safe, and I’ve looked over you, and I’ve seen your ins and outs. For, says Old Orlick to himself, ‘Somehow or another, I’ll have him!’

What! When I looks for you, I finds your uncle Provis, eh?"

Mill Pond Bank, and Chinks’s Basin, and the Old Green Copper Hope Walk, all so clear and plain! Provis in his rooms, and the signal whose use was over, pretty Clara, the good motherly woman, old Bill Barley on his hook, all drifting by, as on the swift stream of my life fast running out to sea!

"You with a uncle too! Why, I know’d you at Gargery’s when you was so small a wolf that I could have took your weasen between this finger and thumb and choked you away dead (as I’d thought then old times, when I see you loitering amongst the pollards on a Sunday), and you hadn’t found so much as then. No, not you! But when Old Orlick come for to hear that your uncle Provis had nowtlike wore the legiron wre: Old Orlick had picked up, filed, an’ made a picture of the street with him in it, and contrived its lights and life with the lonely march and the white vapour creeping over it, into which I should have dissolved.

It was not only that I could have summed up years and years and years while he said a dozen words, but that what he did say presented pictures to me, and not more words. In the excited and excited state of my brain, I could not think of a place without seeing it, or of persons without seeing them. It is impossible to over-state the vividness of these images, and yet I was so intensely all the time, upon him himself—who would not be intent on the tiger crouching to spring—that I knew of the slightest motion of his fingers.

When he had drunk this second time, he rose from the bench on which he sat, and pushed the table aside. Then he dipped the candle, and shading it with his murderous hand so as to throw its light on me, stood before me, looking at me and enjoying the sight.
body? There's that which can't and that won't have Magwitch—yes, I know the name—alive in the same land with them, and that's had such sure information of him when he was alive in another land, as that he couldn't and shouldn't leave it unknown and put them in danger. Praps it's them that writes fifty hands, and that's not like sneaking you as writs but one. Ware Compeyson, Magwitch, and the gallows?

He flared the candle at me again, smoking my face and hair, and for an instant blinding me, and turned his powerful back as he replaced the light on the table. I had thought a prayer, and had been with Joe and Biddy and Herbert, before he turned towards me again.

There was a clear space of a few feet between the table and the opposite wall. Within this space he now slouched backwards and forwards. His great strength seemed to sit stronger upon him than ever before, as he did this with his hands hanging loose and heavy at his sides, and with his eyes sourling at me. I had no grain of hope left. Wild as my inward hurry was, and wonderful the force of the pictures that rushed by me instead of thoughts, I could yet clearly understand that unless he had resolved that I was within a few moments of surely perishing out of all human knowledge, he would never have told me what he had told.

Of a sudden, he stopped, took the cork out of his bottle, and tossed it away. Light as it was, I heard it fall like a plummet. He swallowed his hot ale, and tossed it away. Light as it was, it was violently swollen and inflamed, and I could scarcely endure to have it touched. But they tore up their handkerchiefs to make fresh bandages, and carefully replaced it in the sling, until we could get to the town and obtain some cooling lotion to put upon it. In a little while we had shut the door of the dark and empty room, and were passing through the quarry on our way back. Trabb's boy—Trabb's overgrown young man now—was before us with a lantern, which was the light I had seen come in at the door. But the moon was a good two hours higher than when I had last seen the sky, and the night though rainy was much lighter. The white vapour of the kila was passing from us as we went by, and, as I had thought a prayer before, I thought a thanksgiving now.

Entreatying Herbert to tell me how he had come to my rescue—which at first he had flatly refused to do, but had insisted on my remaining quiet—I learnt that I had in my hurry dropped the letter, open, in our chambers, where he, coming home to bring with him Startop whom he had met in the street on his way to me, found it, very soon after I was gone. Its tone made him uneasy, and the more so because of the inconsistency between it and the hasty letter I had left for him. His uneasiness increasing instead of subsiding after a quarter of an hour's consideration, he set off for the coach-office, with Startop, who volunteered his company, to make inquiry when the next coach went down. Finding that the afternoon's coach was gone, and finding that his uneasiness grew into positive alarm, as obstacles came in his way, he
resolved to follow in a post-chaise. So, he and
Starop arrived at the Blue Boar, fully expect-
ing there to find me, or tidings of me; but find-
ing neither, went on to Miss Havisham's, where
they lost me. Hereupon they went back to the
hotel (doubtless about the time when I was
hearing the popular local version of my own
story) to refresh themselves, and to get some one
to guide them out upon the marshes. Among the
younger's under the Boar's overway, happened to
be Trabb's boy—true to his native habit of
happening to be everywhere where he had no
business—and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passi-
guiding, and with him they went; out to the sluice-
place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-
door, and Trabb's boy had seen me passing
from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my
dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their
guide, and with him they went out to the sluic
"When it turns at nine o'clock," said Herbert, cheerfully, "look out for us, and stand ready, you over there at Mill Pond Bank!"

PHASES OF THE FUNDS.

The Stock Exchange is regarded by many persons as the pulse of the country. Its register of prices, especially that portion which records the fluctuations in the public funds, is watched as eagerly as a physician's face when he comes out of a sick-chamber. When it cheerfully announces "par," a technical money-market phrase for one hundred, as far as Consols are concerned, the quarter of a million of steady investors who really hold the national funds, consider Britannia to be in a very robust and thriving condition. When it shakes its head and announces ninety, the pulse is considered to record a weak and sinking condition; when it can give no better account than seventy, sixty, or even fifty, Britannia seems to have exchanged her spear and shield for a crutch or a coffin.

If the Stock Exchange be really the pulse of the country, what a number of times, even during the last half-century, poor old Edmund has been gasping in the arms of death! There was the year 1809, when Consols, or Consolidated Three per Cent Annuities, stood as low as seventy-nine, and fell to sixty-six and a quarter, in consequence of the menacing attitude of Bonaparte. As Consols form nearly one-half of the National Debt of eight hundred millions (speaking in round numbers)—the rest being made up of South Sea Debt, Bank of England Debt, eight or nine different kinds of annuities at different rates, Irish Debt, India Bonds, and Exchequer Bills—they are the most easily affected by all those circumstances and events which directly or indirectly affect the price of Stocks. Whatever tends to shake or to increase the public confidence in the stability of government, tends, at the same time, to lower or increase the price of Stocks. They are also affected by the state of the revenue, and, more than all, by the facility of obtaining supplies of disposable capital, and the interest, which may be realised upon loans to responsible persons. A low rate of discount at the Bank of England means a high price for Consols; and a high rate of discount means a low price for these securities. From 1793 till the Rebellion in 1746, the Three per Centes were never under eighty-nine, and were close in June, 1737, as high as one hundred and seven. During the Rebellion they sank to seventy-six; but, in 1749, rose again to one hundred. In the interval between the Peace of Paris, in 1763, and the breaking out of the American War, they averaged, says Mr. McCulloch, from eighty to ninety; but towards the close of the war they sank to fifty-four. In 1798 they were, at one time, as high as ninety-six; but this state of rude health was of short duration. In 1797, the prospects of the country, owing to the successes of the French, the mutiny in the fleet, and other adverse circumstances, were by no means favourable; and, in consequence, the price of the Three per Cents, with all their "elegant simplicity," as the Rev. Sydney Smith phrases it, sunk to forty-seven and three-eighths. This was on the 30th of September, after the receipt of the intelligence that the attempt to negotiate with the French Republic had failed. In August of the next year, the month famous for the battle of the Nile and the presence of the French army in Egypt, they fell to forty-seven and a quarter, or the lowest price they have ever touched.

To come to times more within the memory of some few living people; there was the fall of these very sensitive securities in 1803, on the breaking out of hostilities with France, when they went down rapidly from seventy-three to fifty and a quarter. These were glorious days for the "hearts" or all the jobbers who speculated for a fall. The stagnant days of peace provide no such splendid opportunities for money-making on the bear side of the Stock Exchange, and, no wonder, many of the members are often heard singing, as they look abroad for an invasion bogie:

Star up the wars again, the trade it will be flourishing.

This grand conversation is under the rose.

In 1814 there was another drop from seventy-two and a quarter to sixty-four; and in 1815 a similar drop from sixty-five, three quarters, to fifty-three seven-eighths. This was part of the war period, and it was during this time that one of the greatest Stock Exchange frauds on record was organised and carried out. We give the substance of the narrative as we find it recorded in Mr. Francis's History of the Bank of England.

On the 21st of February, 1814, the Bank of England and its neighbourhood were an appearance of great excitement. The military operations of Bonaparte, by which he checked the great allied powers, had depressed the funds. Deep anxiety for the result was felt throughout England. On that day, however, although it was what is termed a "private day," the clerks in all the stock offices of the establishment were busily employed in preparing transfers, which, contrary to the custom on such a day, poured in from the members of the Stock Exchange. Reports and rumours spread rapidly. Many of the transfers remained unfinished, as a plot, intended to deceive all London, was discovered in time to prevent their execution.

On the 21st of February, 1814, about one o'clock in the morning, a violent knocking was heard at the door of the Ship Inn, at Dover. On the door being opened, the visitor announced himself as Lieutenant-Colonel Du Bouco, aide-de-camp of Lord Castlereagh. His dress supported the assertion. His military-looking clothes appeared wet with the sea-spray, and he stated that he had been brought over by a French vessel, the seamen of which were afraid of landing at Dover, and had placed him in a boat about two miles from the shore. His news was important. Bonaparte had been slain in battle, and the allied armies were in Paris. A great