sinner. If adversity come upon thee, thou shalt find him there first; and though he pretend to help thee, yet shall he undermine thee." Having thus cleared ourselves, in the eyes of all objectors, of undue sympathy with Mark Eveleigh's strange weakness, we take up the thread of our history.

Before returning to his own home that evening, the banker sought Ralph Draper; and it may very well be that the sight of the poor struggling merchant's motherless child—so like his own Frank in the loss she had sustained, and so different in almost all else—touched his heart, and confirmed his resolution to destroy the fatal evidence of crime and to let the forger go free.

Mark Eveleigh did more than this; he furnished the insolvent man (for he was insolvent) with funds to meet his present exigencies, and subsequently gave him, from time to time, such a helping hand that in the course of a few years he had emerged from the poverty to which he had once seemed doomed, and advanced rapidly towards competence first, and then riches.

The people of G—— soon began to quote Ralph Draper as one of whom their town might be justly proud. They talked of his early struggles, of the energy with which he had overcome them, and the sterling qualities which had gained for him the confidence of all with whom he was brought into contact. But that one lapse which had so nearly plunged him into infamy, and had brought him within arm's-length of the executioner, was never spoken of, for none but himself and Mark Eveleigh knew it.

There was one who guessed it, however. This was Nelson, the banker's clerk. But Nelson was a silent, cautious man, and he never hinted his suspicion, save—long years afterwards—to one confidant.

"It is a very high mind," says an eminent writer and a keen observer, "to which gratitude is not a painful sensation. If you wish to please, you will find it wiser to receive—solicit even—favours, than accord them; for the vanity of the *obliger* is always flattered—that of the *obliged* rarely."

Whatever truth there may be in this, there can be no doubt that the man who has essentially befriended a fellow-creature is ever afterwards disposed to take an interest in the recipient of his former bounty. Of course, this favourable feeling may be destroyed by excessive worthlessness subsequently proved, or by deep and base ingratitude. But if the receiver be only ordinarily thankful to the giver and benefactor, he may calculate on occupying and retaining a considerable share in that benefactor's regards.

Now, Ralph Draper seemed to be grateful to Mark Eveleigh. Well he might be; and, as the banker closely watched the conduct of the merchant, and believed that the terrible ordeal through which he had passed, and the lesson he had received, had produced a desirable effect, his compassion ripened into the stronger feeling of personal regard. In short, after the lapse of two or three years the old school-fellows had become friends; that is to say, the constant flow of friendly help to the now rising merchant in the way of business, brought about personal intercourse in which business had no share. In many ways this intercourse was beneficial to Ralph Draper. For instance, it increased his reputation and credit to have it known that he had so firm a friend in Mark Eveleigh. But in another way he obtained a present advantage. Frank Eveleigh received instruction at home; for his father could not or would not part with him to send him to school, and he had the best private teachers the town of G—— could furnish. Whether or not Mark Eveleigh acted wisely in this, it is not necessary to decide; and whether it were wise and prudent in him to promote so close a companionship between Frank and Ralph Draper's little daughter, as to suffer them to be fellow pupils, may be still more doubtful. It is enough that the banker generously made the offer, and the merchant gladly accepted it.

Grace Draper was a pleasant child, very docile and very affectionate; and where Frank loved—as we have already hinted—he loved strongly. He loved his father ardently, and he loved the memory of his mother; but there was a want and a yearning for more to love. If he had had a brother or a sister—but he had not, and no wonder that Grace Draper soon became the object of his day-dreams. He loved her before he knew what such love meant.

Grace returned the affection; and so, long after their mutual instruction days were over, they looked forward to passing through life together—loving and being loved. Mark Eveleigh knew this; and he gave his approval to the contract. He himself loved Grace as a daughter, and he was well pleased that Frank should love her as his future wife. Ralph Draper knew this, and he approved of it too, as well he might; for Frank was a noble, fine-spirited, generous, thoughtful youth; and his prospects were bright and promising. It was, in fact, a great thing for the merchant, successful as he had been, and still continued to be, to look forward to the marriage of his daughter with the only son and heir of the rich banker.

And thus it was that Frank Eveleigh had always been a frequent and welcomed visitor at Ralph Draper's house, when, in process of time, Frank had taken his station in the bank, and when, at a still later period, his name was added to that of his father as his partner.

Here we pause in our recital: our next chapter will open another scene in this history.

THE CORPORATION OF NEW YORK.

True to the "go-a-head" characteristic of the country, the municipalities of the New World threaten soon to eclipse those of the Old. The Corporation of Chicago, some time since, it is said, voted to its members walking-sticks at the public expense: that of New York at present revels in the possession of funds which might cause our civic dignitaries to gaze with amazement and envy. Little more than a million sterling a year is the utmost that London aldermen have ever been accused of having within their control; but in New York the "City Fathers," as they are termed, have already contrived to get nearly three times as much

within their paternal grasp, and the work of taxation still goes bravely on.

A city dignitary in New York, however, and throughout America in general, differs considerably from the British specimen of the order. He is rarely obese, but, on the contrary, lean and hungry-looking. He does not indulge in corporation feasts, but looks rather to the public funds for providing him with substantial dinners at home. He is paid for the performance of his civic duties, but the recompence—from four to ten dollars—which he receives for each sitting, is nothing to him unless he can secure as many hundreds by some secret contract. The noted Town Council of Edinburgh, under the old régime, which had three dinners on the subject of a bell-rope, would have been voted "slow" here. Instead of resolving, like these worthies, after gastronomic deliberations so expensive, to "splice the old rope" instead of purchasing a new, with a view of saving the public funds, of which "as faithful stewards they were bound to take care," every member of the American corporation would have insisted on sending in a thousand furlongs, either by himself or by some friend in the hemp line. He would obtain additional credit for "smartness" if he succeeded in introducing old ware for new, and infinite would have been his credit had he accomplished the manœuvre of palming inches for furlongs on "Uncle Sam."

Yet, it must be admitted, the Transatlantic City Father contends more stoutly for his rights than any official to be found on this side the water. An alderman of New York is frequently one who can thrash every fellow in his ward. He is always ready for a "rough and tumble fight." On these occasions, he trusts not exclusively to his hands and feet for his own protection, or the infliction of damage on the enemy. In the recent case of an alderman of New York, (who, from his name, we presume must have been an offshoot from the Emerald Isle,) it was found that, when the City Father rose from the ground, the most prominent organ on his adversary's face had partially disappeared.*

When "spoils" are to be had, of course the contest for place is great. Dollars, as well as hands, are enlisted in the service; but the expenditure does not take the usual English form of "bribery and corruption." The money is seldom directly bestowed upon the voter: a few influential men are gained by the prospect of "contracts," and these in their turn either lead or coerce the whole inhabitants of the ward. No one is admitted to the primary assemblies, where the candidate is nominated, unless he be favourable to the individual who has paid the largest sum or made the largest promises. A band of pugilists effectually excludes all others, and, when the election takes place, the whole members of the party, in order to defeat their opponent, find it politic to support the nomination.

The Mayor of New York, however, is proportionally a far more important personage than the Lord Mayor of London. With us, the position of a civic dignitary is known; the expenses of his original election are small, and the sum he can save from his allowance is inconsiderable. He generally, too, passes through the chrysalis state of a council-man, and must vegetate for years as an alderman. But in New York many thousand dollars are frequently expended on a contest, and many hundred thousand, it is alleged, are as often amassed by the successful candidate. A bold speculator, or "smart man," considers it a very good venture to invest five or ten thousand sterling in a struggle, and, if successful, he emerges from office in the possession of ten times the amount. The holder of a civic employment for three years in New York, with a salary of only three thousand dollars a year, has been known to quit it with several hundred thousands.

Taxation, of course, affords the supply for this lavish expenditure; and, though it is high, the principle on which it is applied prevents it from falling directly, except upon the shoulders of those who are able to bear it. In America, especially in large cities like New York, no miscellaneous collection of parish rates, police money, assessed taxes, poor rates, and the dozen of other rates that annoy the British householder are paid. One general tax upon "real estate," as it is termed, or property in house and land, suffices for all. In large cities this generally amounts to ten per cent., and, in consequence of the jealousy with which the Americans watch the acquisition of land for accumulative purposes, it is imposed on all property, whether built on or otherwise, within the city bounds. The imposts may fall, indeed, on the tenant indirectly; but the weight is less oppressive, and the effect of primogeniture is thus more readily averted. Even in this case, however, the city is generally deceived. The assessor is easily persuaded, by other arguments than what is there called "moral suasion," to estimate the value of property at considerably beneath its intrinsic worth; and frequently the city authorities, when "hard up," compound. An edict then goes forth that all who pay before a named day shall receive a fixed discount; and it may be inferred how wealthy some citizens of the New World are, when we mention that a millionaire whose name has recently been introduced into these pages, voluntarily came forward and capitulated for 80,000 dollars as the tithe of his rent-roll.

That the preceding account of the Corporation of New York is not exaggerated will be further evident from a speech lately delivered in our own House of Commons. "In November last," said an honourable member, "he was at New York when the election of mayor took place for that city. There were three candidates for the office. The gentleman who represented the Republican party was a man of the highest probity and intelligence, and the gentleman who represented the democratic party held the highest position in the commercial world, and was supported by nearly the whole of that powerful interest; and, to use an American expression, the 'platform' of those two gentlemen was based upon retrenchment and reform of the scandalous and lavish extravagance practised

* When acts of personal violence are not infrequent on the floor of Congress, it is not surprising that disgraceful scenes occasionally occur among men elected by the mob of such a city as New York, the respectable inhabitants of which shrink from interfering in civic affairs.

at New York under the former mayoralty. But a third candidate arose, of whom he would merely say that accusations were made against him, based upon judicial decisions, that would have rendered him ineligible to aspire to any civic office in this country. His 'platform' was different from that of the other two. His was avowedly and openly stated to be for an enormously increased expenditure even over that of the previous year, and he carried the day over the other two by an immense majority. He had the pleasure of meeting, in the flush of triumph, on the evening of the election, one of his chief supporters, and he told him, in the exuberance of the moment, that they had spent 100,000 dollars on the election, and that it would be cheap at that price, for they would make, to use another American expression, 'rarely' by the transaction. And this election was managed by giving lavish contracts to contractors, who drove their workmen in numbers to the ballot-box by telling them that their bread depended on their votes."

THE TOURIST IN SCOTLAND.

DAYS IN EDINBURGH.

"Look up—to your right; we are passing under the Castle."

Scotland had been all enchanted ground; but now I felt as if entering deeper into the shadowy realms of history. From the carriage window, as slowly the train urged through the rail-channel scarring Prince's Street Gardens, I could see only the basement boulders of the great grey precipice which is crowned with Edinburgh Castle—copsewood girdling its feet. A few minutes more, and we reached the North Bridge terminus, made our way from the bustle and confusion along flights of steps to the upper air, and, through the sunlight of a July afternoon, had our first view of the loveliest capital in Europe.

Close by, the superb monument in memory of Walter Scott raises it exquisite floriated pinnacles, like a petrified work of point-lace. Poetry embodied in the midst of life's common prose—the place which a lyric-romancer holds among the crowds of men—it stands beside the thoroughfares of busy traffic, beautiful, lonely; sunbeam-arrows piercing its fretted archlets, embossing the richly decorated niches, casting into shadow the white statue encanopied below; beside whom lies the noble hound Maida, faithful in marble.

And beyond, worthy of its name, stretches the unrivalled Prince's Street; looking over to the stern dark masses of the Old Town, across slopes of verdurous garden; frowned upon by the grand Castle acropolis, as protector and monitor, but none the less radiant for that. Centuries confront one another here. The antique war-time, when every house was a fortress owing fealty to some dominant stronghold; and the modern peace-time, when commerce is a power mightier than culverin or broadsword, and the ease of men's lives has made beauty a necessity, are met together by their representative buildings. Yonder loom the twelve-storied houses of the Canongate and High Street, "piled deep and massy, close and high," beneath the open crown-tower of St. Giles's; and the ravine, which once was a defensive moat of stagnant water, is now filled with the greenery of trees and flower-beds, linking those old grey dwellings to the bright sandstone ranges of shops and hotels and public edifices in the New Town.

Little wonder that the royal Sybarite George IV, in his progress through his Scottish capital, should exclaim unfeignedly, "How superb!" Even upon his jaded sensations came the glorious beauty of Edinburgh with a thrill of enjoyment. In an opening of these cross streets the citizens have perpetuated him in a statue by Chantrey. The figure is ungainly, defaced by cumbrous robes, and stands in an attitude of pompous affectation. Sir Francis was wont to declare that these faults were not the sculptor's, but his Majesty's own design.

When he favoured Edinburgh with his royal approbation, much of its present beauty was not in existence. The Mound, cast across the glen to the Old Town, was an unsightly mass of débris, flung from the excavations necessary in the erection of Prince's Street. At present, despite the vaticination of Scott and others, it has become one of the most ornamental peculiarities of the city; for the sides are planted prettily with evergreens and birches, and the summit is covered with ranges of Grecian pillars and porticoes, their pale grey tint finely outlined against the emerald slopes beneath the Castle steep. As befits their aspect, these buildings are devoted to art purposes: one is the Royal Institution, the other the National Gallery of Scotland.

But the Castle! its massive grandeur eclipses all else in this beautiful city. Most changeful, yet most changeless, it is ever noble. Whether with roseate light of evening upon it, flushing the hoary height into momentary semblance of warmth, till the sun dropped down behind the distant hills; or when, in gathering night, the dark strength and sternness seemed to return tenfold; or on a rainy day, wrapt in sullen folds of mist, like some hooded friar, while we in the streets below were clear, and felt an awe of the solemn veiled mass above; or with a broad midnight moon hung over it, softly silvering the outlines, but leaving in blackness the nether precipice. At all times it was an imposing presence to us, a strange influence upon us. One of our earliest excursions was to see it more nearly. Having procured orders for admittance to the Regalia, at the Council Chambers in the Royal Exchange, we drove along the High Street and Castle Hill, to the Esplanade. Here, on the wide sandy space, an awkward squad of rifle recruits were practising that very useful but undignified item of drill called the goose-step; a late commander-in-chief being present, in the person of a blackened statue of the Duke of York, who was powerful as a king's son fifty years ago. The drawbridge, slung peacefully over a dry moat, and some narrow passages ascending among buildings, led us to the Bomb Battery.

What a view! The long line of Prince's Street, broken by the graceful spire of Scott's monument, and terminated by the Calton Hill—a picturesque assemblage of pillars and memorial edifices; broad