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[From Heath's Book of Beauty for 1844.]

The Widow of Cairnlough.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

I believe it would be difficult to find, in what is called the civilized world, a people more superstitious than the inhabitants of the Northern Coast of Ireland. Mingling as they do, the traditions of Scotland with the legends of Ireland, a belief in supernatural visitations and in all sorts of spiritual agencies seems as natural to them as the air they breathe.—I do not think they have as much faith in *merefairies*,—little, dew drinking moonlight dancing elves,—as the dwellers in the south; but between the omens of the sea, and the warnings of the hills, and caves, and wallies, concerning 'Banshees,' and 'grey men,' the peasantry, particularly along the wild coast of Antrim, dwell almost as much in the ideal as in the real world.

In proportion to their mental or bodily strength is their actual trust in the stories which, while the old relate, the younger and more educated affect to discredit and endeavor to reason away; yet with all their efforts circumstances frequently occur that compel wiser heads than theirs to exclaim,

"'Tis strange 'tis passing strange."

But I will tell my story, and leave my readers, at it best pleases them, to believe or disbelieve what I relate.

It would be impossible for the most active imagination to fancy anything more terrible or more devastaung than the weather during the latter part of 1842 & the commencement of the present year.—One calamity seemed hurled upon another—each howl of the tempest was freighted with shrieks of perishing mariners, and the mountain torrents echoed the roar of the ghastly ocean, white with wrath, as it contended with the rocky bulwarks of Fairhead, or tendered the sunny coast on the Plaiskin a mass of foam.—Sleepless and prayerful were those poor fisher families whose dwellings cluster around the bays and glens that indent the glorious coast of Antrim: the blue light ring illuminated the Banshee's couch in the towers of Dunluce, the thunder shook the proud Castle of Glenarm. Well might the weepers pray for those away—away!—upon the waters. Each day increased the tearful list of families made desolate by the ruthless storm. The Irish peasantry are naturally cheerful and fond of society, yet now they almost avoided each other, fearing to hear ill news.

It was the evening of the 12th of January—the rain had poured in torrents all day but had suddenly ceased; and the lull or as the people call it, 'the cradle of the wind' was disturbed by a low moaning noise, the awakening 'sough,' of the Storm King.' The widow Clarke, an old inhabitant of Cairnlough, was sitting beneath the shadow of her wide chimney. A young girl the betrothed of her absent son, had come in, 'to stop with her awhile, thinking she might be lonesome;' and a little shock-headed, rosy child of about ten years old, an orphan, who without any spoken invitation, had taken up her abode at 'Widdy Clarke's,' and ate of her potato as if she were her own child, was occupied in reeling worsted. Suddenly the door latch was raised, and a blind woman whose sweet ballad singing had gained her the name of 'Peggy-the-Voice,' entered.

'God save all here!' she exclaimed, as she stood for a moment on the threshold, extending her stick forward—'God save all under this roof as well as all in Cairnlough, and you, especially, poor woman! and keep all under the wing of the Almighty, I pray His holy name!' adding, while advancing, 'I hope all's well with you and yours, though one's almost afraid to ask; but you have the prayers of the poor, any how, and they make a sure path to Heaven.'

'Kindly welcome, dear,' said the widow, rising from the chimney corner, & extending her hand to her humble guest, whose delicate form and sharp, intelligent features rendered her despite her blindness a pleasing looking woman. 'Kindly welcome, agra, and sit here out of the wind of the door; if one can be any where out of such winds as are sweeping the mountains these bad times; if, indeed,' she added, in a low tone,—'if, indeed, it a real winds that's in it, and not something worse Holy saints, protect us!'

'Thank ye, woman dear, I'm very well here, so keep your place; and I know the burr of Annie Morrison's wheel and the sound of little Alsie's feet on the floor.—Ah! girls, ye thought I wouldn't find you out, but God—His name be praised!—never takes away one sense, but He strengthens another; Peggy the Voice has quick ears.'

Peggy Graham's infirmity would have obtained her a cordial greeting in every Irish cottage; her poverty, without her loss of sight, secured her kind treatment; and her voice—her store of songs alone—were trusty passports to each music loving heart, so that the poor, gentle, afflicted woman might be said to be trebly welcome. During these nights of storm and days of sorrow, she was anxiously looked for by many, for all her superstitions had a comforting religious tendency and her mind was so hopeful, so trusting in God's goodness, that the glensmen said, 'Peggy had a holy way with her that did them good.'

'And now Peggy, have you any news?' inquired the widow: 'though it's ill asking, for one trouble mounts over another. I heard a man who came from Bushmills tell how the Banshee was heard in Dunluce last week.'

'Ah, nonsense!' replied Peggy Graham pettishly; 'I wonder you wouldn't know better than that, and you born bred, and reared, to say nothing of your people, in Cairnlough. Is it *she* cry?—sorra a tear she'd shed, or a cry she'd raise, if the whole county Antrim was just pitched bodily into the mad ocean this blessed minute,—barring the head of the family was among the people which would be out of the course of nature! No the Banshee of Dunluce has better knowledge than that; she'll raise no cry—till the NEXT is called. I wonder at ye, Mrs. Clarke.'

The widow sought to apologize, for she ought to have remembered that the Banshee of Dunluce, belonging especially to the noble family of Antrim, took no interest in any death save that of its chief, and the poor woman felt she had lost ground in her visitor's opinion. Anxious to retrieve it, she observed, 'She knew that;'—'she said so at the time;'—'the man wasn't a Bushmill man, she thought he was a MacQuillan.'

'I dare say he was nothing but a MacQuillan,' replied the blind woman, bitterly, who was strongly attached to the rival clan of MacDonnel.—'I dare say he was nothing else but that same; and indeed, Mrs. Clarke, considering who is in the place and blessing and employing the whole country, the less of the MacQuillans that's encouraged the better.'

Mrs Clarke, always peaceably disposed answered, 'that was very true,' and that she 'always said so.'

A sudden and tremendous hurricane-shout of the sea and land winds, as though the spirit of the rival clans, of whom the blind woman spoke, were contesting over again for the broad counties where they so often fought, forced Annie to exclaim, 'May the Almighty look over the seas & protect the poor craythure this blessed night!"

A whispered 'Amen!' hung upon every lip; and as the winds waxed more wrathful, the women drew closely together, raked up the smouldering ashes of the turf-fire, and whispered to each other as if some mighty spirit was on the watch & on the wing to carry away their words.

'It's a comfort to me,' said the widow—'and I tell Annie, there, it ought to be a great comfort to her,—that him we both love above the world, and who is foremost in our thoughts day and night, my son & her true love, is in foreign parts these stormy times. I've heard many sea faring men say that often when the surge has been high enough to wash the gray man's tracks as with a besom, you could float a feather on the Bay of Biscay. Don't you hear what I say, *Annie, avourneen?*'

The girl looked up and smiled, but soon again her head dropped over her wheel; little Alice wound her arms round her neck, and murmured words of childish consolation and tenderness to one who was the favorite of old and young.

'There's some foretold these storms, & wished the fishermen would haul up their boats high and dry on the beach at the beginning of winter, but they would not; and signs on it, there's many a broken heart in Cairnlough this blessed evening But life and death are in the Almighty's hands, and it's not what you or I say or think;—it was to be—that's all,' added the widow, in a calm, resigned voice.

'Peggie,' inquired Annie, 'did you in all your travels ever hear tell of the ship Charles is in? I'm told she's a real beauty,—a queen of the sea, the Albion she's called.'

'She is a beauty,' answered Peggy, in a cheerful tone; 'and there's nothing but the heighth of truth in what the mother said about storms not going *beyant* a certain place, not all as one her story of the Banshee at Dunluce ——'

'It was'nt my story, Peggy agra!' interrupted Mrs. Clarke.

'Well, never mind, dear, whose story it was, the black drop was in it, so there's enough about it; but the boy, from all we've heard, is in a fine ship, and out of the storms, and may the blessed Father of Heaven keep him so.'

They then spoke of their neighbours sorrows, of old prophecies, of charms,' and their 'workings,' of 'warnings before death,' dwelling on any thing rather than what was nearest to their hearts; and when the sudden hurricane, as Peggy observed, 'blew itself out,' the cottage candle was lit, the floor swept, 'a fresh sod of turf' thrown on, & little Alsie sent to a woman, who lived 'hard by,' with a kindly message, 'That as 'Peggy the Voice' was to stop the night in their place would she come in and hear her raise a tune, for Mrs. Clarke thought it would lift her heart to hear it, and take the trouble off her for a while!' This request was thankfully acceeded to, & 'the neighbour' being seated, Peggy commenced her song rocking herself in time to the tune. The song was of the croning ballads of the old times, and was thus prefaced by the singer—

'Is it the Lady's 'Temptations' you'll have? Well, then dears, so you shall; it's an innocent song, and one the quality's fond of—it isn't that I say it, but many a time the drawing room door has been set open, and I have sung it to the highest and handsomest in this country.' Then clearing her voice, she began,—

"'Lady, I will give you the bells of Londonderry,
When you are sad, to ring to make you merry,
If you'll be my true lover.'

'And then you know, the 'Madam' answers all so stately, for her blood was higher than his,—

"'Sir I'll not except of the bells of Londonderry,
When I am sad, to ring to make me merry,
Nor will I be your true lover.

'The gentlemen was nothing daunted, you understand, at this, for he loved her beyant life or death and so he tempted her on, thinking to turn her heart from another,—

"'Madam, I will give you a sheet of silver pins
To dress your——'"

The continuance of the half chanted song was interrupted by the Widow of Cairnlough's suddenly starting up, and after clapping her hands wildly, she extended them, exclaiming, while her form seemed converted into stone,—'There.—there!—I see the water rising, and Charles struggling in a wave of the sea—There!' She continued in a state of such painful agitation, even after she confessed 'it was gone,' that the terror she struck, to use her neighbours' expression, 'into their hearts,' was overpowered by their anxiety for the widow; despite all they could urge, she continued walking about the cottage until five o'clock in the morning, when she fell into a profound sleep. The sailor's betrothed was carried in a state of insensibility to her mother's cabin.

All traces of the storm had passed away from the heavens before the sun shone into the cottage window, but even at noon the widow still slept. Apart from her cottage, outside the door of an humbler dwelling, a group of persons were assembled; they spoke in suppressed whispers, frequently directing their glances towards the Widow Clarke's: occasionally the conference was interrupted by a sudden and sharp cry, a 'keen' of bitter anguish, from within the house round which they clustered.

'Hear to poor Annie!' said Peggy who was in the midst of the groupe.—Oh, her heart's breaking, and there was something over her all day yesterday!—Well, the widow's warning beats all I ever heard tell of before; to think of her seeing him last night struggling in the wave, and to day hearing of his certain death! Who broke it to poor Annie?'

'Who but her own mother?' was the reply; 'though, indeed, there was nothing to break, for she misdoubted a long time and no wonder; the deathwatch was never away from her own chimney-corner, nor the winding sheet off her candle, no the howl out of her little dog's throat, and she keeping it all close from his mother; and sure, the sorrow that finds voice finds ease; it's silent grief that eats up the heart; she's just like the moonlight shadow of what she was, poor girl: and when the letter came, a while ago, she was as calm and still as a sleeping lake. 'I know it, mother,' she said, 'but get one to read to me, word by word;' & the mother, resting on her strength, did, and she's been from one fit to ano her ever since; how the widow will bear it, the Lord, He knows; she was always a hopeful creature, but her hope is washed into the sand of the seashore!'

After a conclave of kind and thoughtful friends had consulted together, it was determined that a neighbour, much beloved by the widow' should go in under pretext of preparing her breakfast, and communicate the melancholy fact of the loss of the Albion off the coast of France,—

"A wreck, that left not a wreck behind.'

There was something, however, so refreshed in the poor widow's waking, she used such efforts to cast away the heavy shadows of the past night, she prayed so fervently, and expressed so much faith and trust in that power which had so long preserved him she loved from the deep waters, that her friend found it impossible to reveal the fact; and another neighbour, a man of the name of Macbride, undertook the task, inviting her into his house. Observing that the wheel was set aside, and no employment going on Mrs. Clarke inquired the reason: the females of the family made no reply, but stole out of the room and Macbride stood aside to hide his tears. This awoke her fears, and she desired him to tell her instantly what was wrong. His reply is to me, one of sweet and harmonious beauty, shewing the simple purity and oneness of that strong and enduring sympathy which is so characteristic of the Irish peasant,—

'Mary,' replied Macbride, 'Mary, your trouble is ours——' Then the widow *knew* she had no son, and her grief was loud and violent—he, her only one—her life—her hope—her joy—her glory—the fine, brave high-spirited sailor—his mother's darling—her support—her one, sole object—was indeed gone!

'And I!' she exclaimed, while tearing her grey hair, and casting dust upon her whirling brain; 'I, that had such faith, that though I saw him, under my own roof, tossed in the wave of the sea, and yet would not take sorrow to my heart—I, that disbelieved the sight of my eyes, rather than fold death to my heart—I, to be left desolate, at the last forgotten—forgotten by HIM, in whom the widow put her trust!'

It is worse than idle to repeat the maniac exclamations of such grief. Some months have since elapsed, and though bent with sorrow, though deprived of every support, the widow of Cairnlough has learned to say, 'Thy will be done,' from the depths of her trebling heart

I have not made this story,—it is a fact three grown up persons were present when the song was interrupted by the widow's vision. She could have received no previous intimation of the sad event, nor had she any reason to pretend to 'second sight'—nor any object to gain by deception, it has riveted unfortunately, the belief in much that was nearly forgotten, and revived many 'old wives' tales.' The poor woman seems to derive a melancholy pleasure in talking of the circumstance; she says, she often dreamed of her 'fine boy,' but 'that night she saw him as plainly struggling with the wave that swept him into eternity—as plainly as she saw the lady to whom she told the story.'

There is much humor and feeling in the following pleasant little story, selected from the N. O. Picayune:

A CHRISTMAS ANECDOTE.

THE EXPEDITION OF BRIDGET AND ANN TO EARLY MASS ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

'But will the Misthress let us go, d'ye think?' said Anne the housemaid, to Bridget, the nurse, just after tea, last Christmas Eve. The girls wanted to go to early mass the next morning, and they feared 'the Misthress' might refuse them the privilege.

'Sure it is but to put her the question,' said Bridget, 'and it's a quare thing if she'd be indeed, to keep us from our duty on an occasion like this same.'

So Bridget sought out 'the Misthress,' and obtained permission to go to early mass in the morning. The two girls were delighted with the prospect of being among the very first to kneel at the altar upon the dawning of Christmas day, and in the highest glee they went to work, hurrying through with such domestic labors as they had still on hand.

'Sure, it'll be before light that we must be up and off,' said Ann to Bridget.

'But it's the bits of candles that we'll have in our hands and sure—what'll be to fear when we're both along with ourselves together.

'Thrue enough for ye to say, but will the watchman nivir misfist us?' replied the timid Ann.

'Nivir a ha'porth,' said Bridget; won't they all be asleep like sinsible Christians at sich an hour?'

'But won't the young men, the dhrunkards, be roving about and singing songs?'

'Truth, an' they may, but would they venture to lay a hand upon us with the Christmas hymn in our mouths and goin' quietly to our devotions, two honest girls as we are? Nivir a bit of it, Ann.—You're but just landed here Ann, an' you've heard, af coorse, a great deal about the divilry of New Orleans, but no one ever knew such a thrick as that to be played in the streets!'

'Faith, then,' said Ann, 'I've heard read in the papers actions a deal more audacious and indacent in the respectable towns of Philadelphia and New York.'

'Yis, Ann acushla, but, betune ourselves I'm a thinking it's a dale of gammon the towns and the great places in America have in getting their characters. When I kim here three years ago from New York, Mary Doolan who had only heard somebody talk, towld me sure, that the town was built upon a foundation of dried angators, and that it was, in sarra and troth, the pit of evil of the world'? Faith Ann, it's the decentest town I ever was in in my life, and its the decentest place I have in it, and the best wages and thin always paid to me too—and it's a religious truth I'm a tellin' you, there's not a gintleeler bred people anywhere—it's a fine city, in troth it is—'

'Barrin' the nagurs,' said Ann.' Faith, and it's thim, too, are a thousand times dacenter, the cratures, than the wretched divils of white folks that I seen in New York!'

The girls kept up their washing and chatting till midnight glided past, and then they gave each other a hearty hug and a sincere exchange of the Christmas greeting. Having finished their work, they were now preparing to go to bed, when Bridget suddenly exclaimed, '*O, mille murdher!* if we go to bed now sure we'll nevet wake again, and we'll miss the church hour in the morning!'

'Thrue is it for ye,' replied Ann, and sure we'd better not go to bed at all, thin.'

The girls did not go to bed at all, but got stools by the little fire in Ann's room and chatted away an hour or more.—Bridget stole down stairs & examined the clock but it was yet not 2. The nocturnal conversation was resumed & spun out laughingly until about 4 in the morning, when poor Biddy & Ann fairly fell off into sleep where they sat, with their two heads and their four shoulders pillowed against the chimney jambs.

Soundly and innocently slept the two daughters of Erin until 9 o'clock on Christmas morning, when they woke up and rubbed their eyes in profound consternation, at hearing 'the Misthress' scolding loudly in the corridor about 'those two girls staying such a long time at church!' They took the hint, making their appearance demurely, and saying 'they were sorry they were so long about it, but indeed it was hard to tell the time, occupied as they had been!'

They were freely forgiven, and that was the way the failure occurred of the expedition of Bridget and Ann to early mass upon Christmas morning.

Wife on the Funeral Pile.

HORRIBLE CASE AT SUTTEE.

A Brahmin died a short time since, leaving a young wife, aged 17, and other relatives, but no children. On the morning after his death, the woman declared her intention of sacrificing herself upon the funeral pile of her husband, and a wealthy native having offered to defray the expenses, preparations were made on a grand scale in a secluded spot about two miles from Lishkur. A spot was chosen in the dry bed of a nullah, and four large posts, eight feet high, were fixed, on which a sort of scaffold of dry wood was formed, and underneath it were layers of the driest wood and cow-dung sun dried, and other inflammable materials, so as to burn briskly when set fire to. The preparations were completed about 12 o'clock soon after which the procession set out. One of the deceased's relatives went first, bearing a small vessel containing fire, & was followed by the woman and others of the family, and in the rear came the corpse born by five men on a charpoy.—Considering the preparations which had been made, comparatively few natives followed the procession which moved at a slow pace. On reaching the pile, the sacrifice appeared to view the preparations with a look of exultation, and took her seat by the dead body, which had been laid on the ground at a little distance, where she remained upwards of two hours, surrounded by a host of Brahmins of both sexes, performing numerous ceremonies. When the body of her husband was taken up and placed on the scaffold, over which a considerable quantity of straw was strewn, and oil and ghee poured, the woman having walked thrice around the pile, mounted it apparently with some reluctance by clambering up on the outside, amidst the shouts of the spectators. She took her seat on the right, and after a short ceremony, putting her arm under the neck of the corpse, with much composure stretched herself beside the body, adjusting the hair of her head and clothes. A considerable quantity of wood was now put over what I may call the two bodies, when a tremendous shout of applause rent the air, with clapping of hands and other tokens of satisfaction. About a quarter of an hour was now spent in requisite preparations, when torches were applied to different parts of the pile. No sooner did the flames arise than the unfortunate victim unable to endure the suffocation and pain, struggled vigorously to extricate herself from the pile; and as the flames waxed more fierce her exertions became almost supernatural, till at last, with a tremendous spring she landed on her feet about ten paces from the pile, and entreated the by standers to save her from what she felt was too great a trial. The Brahmins however, insisted on her re-mounting the pile and undergoing what was her own choice. She refused and was instantly cut down with a sword and thrown upon the flaming pile. It so happened that several Mussulmans of the Aleegole were present and abhoring the inhuman acts of the Brahmins, commenced upbraiding them: words and abuse ensued, till the Moslems enraged drew their swords, cut down a Hoozooriah and wounded several. The multitude of spectators soon dispersed, and thus was finished a ceremony at which every feeling mind must revolt with disgust. Many such instances however occur, and force or stimulating drugs are always had recourse to, to compel the unfortunate victim to undergo the cruel sacrifice.

The following touching incident, we cut from the N. Y. Mirror.

An eminent clergyman one evening became the subject of conversation, & wonder was expressed that he was never married. 'That wonder,' said Miss Porter, 'was once expressed to the reverend gentleman himself in my hearing, and he told a story in answer which I will tell you and—perhaps slight as it may seem, it is the history of other hearts, as sensitive & delicate as his own. Soon after his ordination he preached once every Sabbath for a Clergyman, in a small village not twenty miles from London.—Among his auditors from Sunday to Sunday, he observed a young lady, who always occupied a certain seat, and whose close attention began insensibly to grow to him an object of thought and pleasure. She left the church as soon as service was over, and it so chanced that he went on for a year without knowing her name, but his sermon was not written without many a tho't how she would approve it, nor preached with satisfaction unless he read approbation in her face.—Gradually he came to think of her at other times than when writing sermons and to wish to see her on other days than Sundays—but the weeks slipped on, and though he fancied that she grew paler and thinner, he never brought himself to the resolution either to ask her name or to seek to speak with her. By those silent steps however, love had worked into his heart, and he made up his mind to seek her acquaintance and marry her, if possible: when one day he was sent for to minister at a funeral. The face of the corpse was the same that had looked up to him Sunday after Sunday, till he learned to make it part of his religion and his life. He was unable to perform the service & another clergyman officiated; & after she was buried, her father took him aside and begged his pardon for giving him pain—but he could not resist the impulse to tell him that his daughter had mentioned his name with her last breath, and he was afraid a concealed affection for him had hurried her to the grave. Since that said the clergyman in question, my heart has been dead within me, and I look forward only. I shall speak to her in heaven.

THE TOWN OF LYNN.

Professor INGRAHAM, in his last new work 'The Young Genius,' thus characterizes this Town as the 'vast cordwainery of the Union.

'The very pleasant and thriving town of Lynn is the paradise of shoemakers.—Its young men, early transferred from the cradle to the last, cut teeth and leather in one same time; and its pretty maidens learn to bind shoes with the induction of the A, B, ABS. Lovers exchange hearts over a kid slipper, & swear eternal fidelity upon a lapstone. If they get married they ask old Dr. WAXEND, the parson, if he will STICH them together, and they will pay him in hides and shoe mending. Whipping their children they call TANNING, and the rod they use as a COWHIDE. The little boys swear by hides and leather,' and play at games which they call 'high or low quarters,' and 'heel and toe.' A child newly born is a LAYSTONE, and the ages of children are known by the number of the shoe they wear. Boys are called rights, and girls lefts, an old maid is an 'old slipper' and a bachelor an 'old boot.' The street doors to their dwellings are insteps, and a man in a overcoat is 'boxed. The fields about the town are 'patches' and a fellow half-seas over is 'half soled.' They never see an oak tree but they directly calculate the number of pegs it will make, and when they behold bees at work they reflect that the only end of wax is a waxend. They look on all cattle and sheep as only leather growing and believe that hogs were only made to produce bristles. Its lapstones would pave Broadway, and its Lasts, if piled together would make a monument higher than that on Bunker's Hill.'

ANOTHER SHOWER OF FLESH & BLOOD.

An extraordinary sensation was created in Jersey City, on Tuesday, by the fall of a substance resembling bloody flesh, in pieces varying from the size of a dime to a twenty five cent piece. The rumor of the mysterious shower soon spread round the city, and people gathered from all quarters to examine the substance.—The Millerites were particularly interrested in the matter, and contended that it was one of the very last 'Signs of the Times,' urging all to look for the immediate dissolution of old mother Earth; several venerable ladies took the hint and made instaneous preparation for going off. Even the most sceptical in Father Miller's doctrines suspected something might happen: and looked upon the flakes of bloody matter with no little consternation. We confess the affair is rather strange, and calculated to puzzle the wisest heads. It appears that the shower fell upon a small space, probably not over eight hundred feet square; & the flakes resembled pieces of bloody flesh more closely than any thing to which we can compare them.—Wherever the flakes fell on linen, the 'blood' gradually spread over the cloth, leaving a thick, fleshy substance in the centre of the stain, which gave out an offensive, fetid smell. The clothes lines within the bounds of the shower were almost all well stocked with newly washed garments, and the flakes fell so thick that even the smallest garments were stained all having to be washed immediately. It is our opinion that an *aqueous meteor* did all the mischief.—Y. Sun.

A CURIOUS PIECE OF STATISTICS.—An eastern paper remarks:

'We frequently see accounts in newspapers, of what are called 'cases of conscience,' that is to say, of people sending money anonymously to those whom they have wronged; and oftentimes the sums are of very small amount. What at the first blush looks rather odd, is the fact, that none of these 'cases of conscience' have grown out cheating printers—no one instance has yet been mentioned in which a man has sent money to the publisher of a newspaper, whom he had defrauded.' There is nothing personal in this paragraph.

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