

in the morning. As usual, he talked about various matters ; and at last, probably just as he was going away, he said he wanted some arsenic for an experiment.' 'Mr Cross,—Mr Cross,—before you go to your drawer for the arsenic, look at that boy's face! Look at it steadily ; look till he quails ; and then leap upon him and hold him !' Mr Cross does not look. He *sells* the arsenic (yes, *sells*, for somehow during that walk, in which he has disposed of the bundle [of manuscripts], he has procured the necessary pence), and lives to repent it. Chatterton, the arsenic in his pocket, does not return to his lodging immediately, but walks about, God only knows where, through the vast town. 'He returned,' continued Mrs Angell, 'about seven in the evening, looking very pale and dejected, and would not eat anything, but sat moping by the fire with his chin on his knees, and muttering rhymes in some old language to her. After some hours he got up to go to bed, and he then kissed her,—a thing he had never done before.' Mrs Angell, what can that kiss mean? Detain the boy ; he is mad ; he is not fit to be left alone ; arouse the whole street rather than let him go. She does let him go, and lives to repent it. 'He went up stairs,' she says, 'stamping on every stair as he went slowly up, as if he would break it.' She hears him reach his room. He enters, and locks the door behind him.

"The devil was abroad that night in the sleeping city. Down narrow and squalid courts his presence was felt, where savage men clutched miserable women by the throat, and the neighbourhood was roused by yells of murder, and the barking of dogs, and the shrieks of children. Up in wretched garrets his presence was felt, where solitary mothers gazed on their infants, and longed to kill them. He was in the niches of dark bridges, where outcasts lay huddled together, and some of them stood up from time to time, and looked over at the dim stream below. He was in the uneasy hearts of undiscovered forgers, and of ruined men plotting mischief. He was in prison cells, where condemned criminals condoled with each other in obscene songs and blasphemy. What he achieved that night in and about the vast city came duly out into light and history. But of all the spots over which the Black Shadow hung, the chief, for that night at least, was a certain undistinguished house in the narrow street, which thousands who now dwell in London pass and repass, scarce observing it, every day of their lives, as they go and come along the thoroughfare of Holborn. At the door of one house in that quiet street the Horrid Shape watched ; through that door he passed in towards midnight ; and from that door, having done his work, he emerged before it was morning.

"On the morrow, Saturday the 25th August, Mrs Angell noticed that her lodger did not come down at the time expected. As he had lain longer than usual, however, on the day before, she was not alarmed.