

ELLEN DURAND.

BY

EUPHEMIA BARNES.

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TO

MRS. N. H. RIDGELY,

OF SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS,

IN GRATEFUL RECOLLECTION OF KINDNESS,

WHICH

THOUGH RENDERED YEARS SINCE,

Yet Remains Warm in the Heart of

THE AUTHOR.

# ELLEN DURAND.

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## INTRODUCTION.

IN that part of the city of Baltimore designated, in those days, as "the New Quarter," lived, in one of the more beautiful of the pretty residences which lined the street, the family of Caldwell; a name which, though respectable in itself, had yet derived its "*éclat*," principally, from an alliance with the DURANDS, the immediate descendants of a French gentleman, who, giving up the fascinations of rank and title, and largely sacrificing his fortune in consequence, emigrated to the United States, that he might assist in carrying out a principle, which he had now despaired of ever seeing adopted in his own country—a free representative form of Government.

It is with the unmarried sister of Mrs. Caldwell, ELLEN DURAND (a lady celebrated for her beauty, intelligence, and a grace of manner lovely as it was rare), that these

simple "*heart histories*" have to do; a lady, who, though she had now arrived at an age that was considered "uncertain," yet remained the theme of speculation and curiosity, that one so gifted by nature, and favored by every "outward circumstance," should have remained so long a time single—and who even *now*, when she made her appearances in society, which were rare, drew after her the silent homage and admiration of the opposite sex.

There was a story that was familiar in everybody's mouth, of Miss Durand's affections having been shamefully trifled with, a year or so after she had made her debut into society, by a young man, a Mr. DULANY, of fascinating exterior and of considerable pretension, who came from the south, and who had made quite a "stir" among the belles of those days—that she seemed never to have recovered from the wound which that arch-coquet (Dulany) had inflicted upon her heart. Be that as it may, it is of *those* days that we write, and of the feelings and motives which swayed the actors, which will be best unfolded through the own *heart thoughts* and reminiscences of Ellen. It is when her heart sinks—sick—sick—that we take up the recital of that which—*she may not know*.

It was at the close of the summer of 1832, a year which will always be remembered, as marking the advent of the

Asiatic Cholera on our shores, with which disease we have nothing to do, excepting as it affected the health and oppressed the spirits of Ellen Durand, who, as she lay alone in her room, helplessly weak from a severe attack of the prevalent disease, weary, listless, having exhausted all the means of amusement that her weak eyes would permit, was, by the accidental discovery of an old "rack," or "basket," filled with cards, plunged into a dreamy review of the "past;" each card, as she glanced at the name engraved there, or written in pencil, recalling the history of some friend till now nearly or quite forgotten, connecting their past with their *present* state, reviving early friendships (though not early love, *that* had been omnipresent), and awakening her to the interests and to the duties of life. The train of reminiscences and of thought which this simple circumstance had given rise to (whether the result of *accident*, or designed by an all-wise Providence, to fit her gently, soothingly, for the change that was coming), gave new life to her being, and caused her to break away from the selfishness which had wrapped itself round her as a mantle, and which comprised the one great fault of ELLEN DURAND.



## CHAPTER I.

AH! me. Six long weeks have I lain here, and listened to the continued din of bread-carts. water-carts.

### ERRATA.

- On the 41st page, the eleventh line from the top, for "red" read *real*.  
" 123rd " " thirteenth " " " " "settled" read *seethed*.  
" 134th " " fifth line " " " "then" read *there*.  
" 222nd " " top line, for "dress" read *dues*.  
" 123rd " " third line from the bottom, for "even" read *ever*.

THE CLOCK IS STRIKING AT THE MOMENT, THREE, FOUR. Four o'clock! The doctor said I might get up at four, and sit up until bedtime, if I wished. I'll ring the bell. No one comes. I'll ring again. So, Ellenora, the chambermaid, has come up, eh!

"What is it you want, Miss Ellen?"

"Want! Why did not some one else come up before?"

"Why, Julia said, that she had waited on you all day, and it was now Maria's turn; and Maria said,

## CHAPTER I.

AH! me. Six long weeks have I lain here, and listened to the continued din of bread-carts, water-carts, baggage-cars, and the mournful rumbling carriages. To me it is mournful—it seems to tell a story, as it goes along, of sadness, suffering, and tears! How dingy this room looks; cobwebs are streaming from all the corners, and dust on everything; they merely smooth things over, now that I am sick, and cannot help myself.

Oh! how tired I am! I'll turn over on my right side—the change is no better, it aches as bad as the left! The clock is striking in the hall—one, two, three, four. Four o'clock! The doctor said I might get up at four, and sit up until bedtime, if I wished. I'll ring the bell. No one comes. I'll ring again. So, Ellenora, the chambermaid, has come up, eh!

“What is it you want, Miss Ellen?”

“Want! Why did not some one else come up before?”

“Why, Julia said, that she had waited on you all day, and it was now Maria's turn; and Maria said,

that she had tended aunt Ellen all day yesterday, and thought that Julia ought to do it all day to day; and so Mrs. Caldwell was displeased with them for acting so, toward their aunt, who had always done so much for them, and been so kind, and told them they ought to be ashamed of themselves—when she sent me up.”

I’ll say nothing in answer, though my heart is wounded—wounded to the core.

“I wish to get up, Ellenora. Place the large rocking-chair near the east window, for there is a pleasant shade there, now; throw open the blinds; that will do; now I can have more air.”

I rise now, more weak and trembling from the wound that is in my heart, with difficulty put on my wrapper and slippers, and totter to my chair, into which I slowly place myself.

“That will do, Ellenora. Stay—bring a stool, to rest my feet upon; my fan; the stand, also, you had better place by me, it will be more convenient. So, that will do. You may go, now.”

I lean back; I feel that something is wanting, yet; something to occupy and amuse.

“Ellenora?”

She cannot be but a few steps from the door. I *feel* that she hears, but does not heed. I ring—she comes slowly back, and stands at the door. I will not notice her, which she seeing, says “Ma’am?” impatiently, too. Aha! I will exact a respectful demeanor from *you*,

Miss, at least. I’ll say again, “Ellenora?” My firmness has conquered her; she has come in, and now how respectfully she stands before me.

“Is there anything more, you wish, Miss Ellen?”

“Yes, if you please, Ellenora, look in my wardrobe, there, on the upper shelf on the right-hand side, you will see a mahogany box; bring it to me; set it on the stand. You can go, now.”

The breeze blows softly on my temples, as I rock myself gently in my chair. I am feeling much refreshed, since I rose. And now I look at my box on the stand—little repository of forgotten things, for years unexplored, What can you contain? Nothing, that I can think of, but faded ribbons,\* and other articles of a lady’s toilet, which it always was my passion to save. Yes, for having once used an article which pleased me, I never *could* endure throwing it away—no, nor *giving*. I had much prefer buying new things for gifts, even for the poor, rather than that which *I* had once used, should be carelessly handled by others, and a very great compliment to a friend it is (if they only knew it), when I present them with an article of *my* wearing.

And so, also, of thy lovers! Oh! Ellen Durand! has not the keenest vexations which thou hast endured in this life, been caused by the successive marriage of each rejected beau? Thou wouldst have them all remain sighing for thee, and likest not that another

should occupy the heart which *thou* hadst filled. Be not so tenacious, Miss Ellen Durand. All thy first admirers have long since passed into the regions of matrimony—thy later ones will ere long follow. And, remember, thy youth passed with the bachelorhood of thy *first* admirers—*thy prime is on the wane*—and as reason whispers this I fall back with a groan—my prime is on the wane! my first lovers all gone! Oh! why do I jest thus? As I think this a pang shoots through my heart—as I whisper, No! not all gone—Oh! William.

That last sigh, and pang, brought with them a gleam of sunshine. I feel cheerful, again, and looking at my box, think I would like to see the old ribbons and things it contains, again; and now I'll place it in my lap, and open the lid. Fudge! What's all this? The contents of this box are certainly literary—musty looking pamphlets, with learned titles. I have no eyesight for them further, so I'll throw them on the floor, to rid them of the mildew, and for an airing.

What could have possessed me, to pack these ugly things in this box? and these? two or three old book-covers, and a newspaper. Really, Ellen! But, doubtless, dear, they are mementos?

And now, I'll take out, carefully, this irregularly-shaped bundle, of which I see several, done up in soft, white paper, and feeling very light. I open it tenderly, for there seems to be something crumbling

about it—an aromatic odor, withal, issues from it—and! a bouquet of flowers! (the broken, withered stems held together by a blue ribbon, almost blinding me with their dust) is exposed to view.

Bah! I exclaim, tossing them out of the window, where they are scattered by the winds of heaven, what do I want of this? He that gave it to me, is at this day, the father of five children. As I say this, and look down at the other, and no doubt similar, bundles, I burst out into such a spasmodical, ho, ho, ho! he, he, he! ha, ha, ha—so loud and long, that the door flew open, and my niece, Julia, has come flying in, to know if aunt won't have a cup of valerian tea—as mother thought you were getting a nervous fit.

I place my hand firmly on my side, to still its beatings, as I say, “No! no! Julia, child, tell your mother I am very comfortable, and never was more *composed* in my life.”

Less reverently, but still with a careful touch, will I now open one, two, three, four more bundles, making five in all, turning my head aside as I open each one, so as not again to be blinded by the dust of past fancies. Ah! *here* is one, with the blossom of the peach, the ranunculus, the moss-rose with its bud, globe amaranth, and bay leaf. Well do I know who gave me *this* bouquet; how expressive of his attentions to me—ay! of his *character*. I'll lean back in my chair, and muse—muse of Orville Dulany!

You seemed true—Orville! true—as you were generous, tender, and chivalric. Your eye, and every feature of your face, beamed an absorbing admiration; the tones of your voice, in its soft, delicate, modulations, expressed, as no language *could*, admiration! Oh! I was fascinated—charmed—but I never *loved* you, Orville Dulany! There is a feeling of closeness and suffocation rising in my throat. I must dispel it, and will proceed, again, to examine my box. Ah! I see a slight division of wood, which I will raise, and, what do I see beneath it? A card-basket! filled to the brim with notes and cards! I am overjoyed! With difficulty can I restrain myself from screaming with delight.

What a repository of mementos, slight though they be, are contained in this small basket! What recollections and associations will each small card, and note, recall to my mind! What a fund of *history* is here! requiring but the magic touch of memory to unfold.

Not a card, not a note will I displace, but lovingly replace the basket in the box, for not now could I indulge in old memories, uninterrupted.

## CHAPTER II.

'T is morning; what a luxury is relief from pain! I am up again and sitting in my easy chair, round by this south window, for here, now, is the pleasant shade; the soft wind blows gently on me, and I think what a boon is health to life—life with its fitful changes, its joys, its griefs, its bounding hope and black despair—incentives all to its keener relish—for as the ebb and flow of the ocean is necessary for its purity, even so is life, which without these would stagnate—for through the mists of uncertainty which surround us there always flash the rays of hope, the charm of life.

I think of the ray of hope, which since yesterday even, brightly illumines my path, around which before was fast-spreading darkness. I think of William—and memory carries me far into the lapse of years—of a plain, quiet boy of fifteen, who was very kind to me—a wild, restless child of ten years, who was always ready to help me in my plays, to make a hoop, or point an arrow, and when in the cool of evening I would be out on the pavement at play with my companions,

William would be there—leaning against a house or tree with folded arms—watching, and whenever I looked toward him for sympathy or approval, I found it already speaking in his countenance, and whether off among the hills which surrounded our city, or rambling on the common, still he would be there—his glance ever on me.

I think of the time, when about leaving for college, he came to bid me good-by; “I shall be gone a long, long time, Ellen—five years.” “*Five years!*” I exclaim, “and never come home *once* in all that time?” “Oh yes, Ellen, every vacation-time, but I shall be so lonely away off there—you must write to me Ellen, often;” “Why! won’t your mother and brothers write to you?” I exclaim, with great simplicity. “Oh! yes, they will write every week,” he said, smiling so cheerfully, “but I want *you* to write, Ellen, too.” I promise that I will, and tell him how many heads I get in a week, at school, and all about the cherries and apples in the garden.

The five years passed. At first I missed the kind attentions of William. There were other boys that called themselves my lovers, that gave me bouquets of flowers, and said they loved me. I told them that my father did not approve of little girls having lovers, beside I was too busy studying my lessons; I had no time to love, but I felt pleased, and sorry, too, that

they should love me so, and would think of the soul-entranced gaze of William, and wonder why *he* did not love me, too.

I became very fond of my studies, and when not engaged at my regular lessons, would read the works recommended by my father.

My father! as I think of thee, what memories crowd on my heart! Cut down in thy manhood’s prime—when thy hopes had never seemed so high, or thy prospects so bright as then! Such nobility of soul and mind; thy adopted country, society, the suffering and unhappy, lost a protector and friend in *thee*, my father—and Ellen, can she ever have such a counselor and guide?

\* \* \* \*

Again I think of William, and of my letters, toward the close of his absence—of how historical and learned they had become. I no longer spoke of the cherries and apples in the garden—faintly I smile as memory recalls one—a dissertation on the qualities of two rival candidates for the throne of Poland, and his answer, in which William said that he would rather I would write *a letter more of myself*.

Oh! that sweet springtime of my youth, how bright, and fair, and true, then appeared the world! to what delicious reveries did my fancy give birth, the effects of my first romance—“The Children of the Abbey.” What accidents and misfortunes would assail me, from

which I was always rescued by a tall, slender gentleman, with black hair and whiskers, the very counterpart of the hero of my romance, and how romantic it would be, to be an orphan—half-orphan, alas! I had been from early childhood.

I think of the period of these vain, idle imaginings, and of the sad heart-subduing reality which soon came—in the death of my father.

How desolate, bleak, and heartless, now appeared the world. I thought I could never more know grief.

\* \* \* \*

I think of my sister and her grief—of her marriage shortly after; of the promise which she exacted from her husband, that *her* home should be *mine* always; of the sale of the old house and furniture, and of our removal into the new; of the feeling of desolation which gathered heavily on my soul; of the anxiety of that sister and her husband who liked not to see such continued depression of spirits in one so young; of their kind resolve to send me away to visit among our relations and his, that the change and travel might do away with the weight that was upon my heart.

It was after an absence of six months that I returned and found William also had come. He was much changed, although I had seen him at every vacation except the last, yet in eighteen months his figure had become broad and heavy. How full of joyous life he

was—and oh! so kind, how deeply he entered into my sorrows—he was more than ever my brother.

I think of the time when the mother of William lost her property, never great, but the dear lady had intended it as a capital for her two sons to begin business with; of her resignation and dependence upon Providence; of the determination and resolution of her eldest son, not to be cast down—he seemed to be roused anew to exertion—I think of the despondency and despair of William.

Ah! I could not comprehend it, and blamed him, in my heart, to be so wretched about the loss of money. I felt less esteem for him—I thought he wanted energy.

Again I think of my eighteenth birth-day! how bright and joyous the world appeared *then*, which was to be opened to my view.

That party which sister gave to her friends to welcome the young debutant—and I was to be launched forth into a world of gayety and pleasure, how my fancy pictured troops of lovers—and, as I had been initiated into the characters of the beaux about town—how I considered and reflected upon whose attentions I would accept, and whose not!

Imagination even now becomes warm, as memory recalls that night. I seemed to be filled to intoxication—with a sense of my own attractiveness. Nor was I to be blamed, if sight and hearing had failed me, then, I could have resisted the bewildering sensation.

And William, too, was there. He looked morose, and fixed upon every one, with whom I danced, or talked, such a strange, heavy stare, that I began to wonder how I had ever thought him so gentle and pleasant.

I think of the next day, and the next—of the continued succession of calls—ladies and gentlemen, eager to congratulate us on my successful *entrée* into society; of the allusions of ladies to certain gentlemen, whom they more than hinted, had returned home overwhelmed with love; the powerful influence which, despite my better reason, all this had upon my imagination; of the sleepless nights spent in recalling every word, look, the very tone of voice—which again bewildered and thrilled upon my fancy, even more than they had done when they first fell from the moustached lips of my admirers, to be caught up and treasured by an idle fancy—I will not say *vain*—for who, in their inmost heart, can say that they are not susceptible to flattery?

The memories and experiences of years come in review before me—I can think of none who are not susceptible—not one—our life, *woman's life*, is made up of trifles—little do you consider—ye *lords of creation*—the effect which a few moments of idle compliment have upon an inexperienced woman, be she young or old; what is to *you* but the filling up of an odd moment of your existence, often is to her a *lifetime*.

Not so with her who has run the gauntlet of a season

in society—*there* tact and a knowledge of the world *only* are to be gained—and that keen perception of the delicate shades, character and feeling, which enables one to seize upon and improve, to their own advantage, any little trait that would pass unnoticed by the indiscriminating observer—and which, beside rendering one's self more entertaining and agreeable, and the more to be desired, is also more gratifying to the person, who feels himself, and is, inspired with more confidence—for *all* have their points, upon which they pique themselves.

And *thou*, Ellen, hast thine! Oh! Ellen, Ellen, I hear a voice within me say—remember the old adage, “self praise is half vanity.”

No! it is *not* vanity. Why be hypocritically modest, and protest my numerous imperfections! no, no—I will be candid with *myself*, at least—and, like Buffon, acknowledge to a consciousness of my own attractions.

Oh! Ellen (I feel myself blushing at the thought; I *wish* I had more self-control), I never caught the reflection of myself in a mirror when in company, that I did not blush—thereby causing ill-natured remarks on my vanity.

I *do* wish I had more self-control—as a woman of my age—yes! yes! Ellen, acknowledge—out with it—of—of—thirty-five, should have, at *thirty-five*!

Oh! vanity! where is the strength thou but now didst give me? Why do I sink, helplessly, back on



my chair, and my arms fall listlessly by my side? thirty-five! and no adoring husband to call me wife—no sweet, prattling child, to say to me, mother—to nurse me in sickness—to be my guide and support in old age—

Oh God! how have I frittered away my existence! how many manly hearts have I rejected, who would have been my glory and pride—and not be as I now am, dependent on the divided affections of a sister, and the forced attentions of her children—

Ah! my own generation of young friends have long since become fathers and mothers of families; the second are fast leaving me—all are becoming the center of loving circles, while I—I—am at the outskirts of one.

Like a dream comes to me the memory of other days—and as the voices of my early friends—the sighing of this soft south breeze.

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My card basket! but, what is this small parcel, in the corner of the box? *a fine gold chain, fastened with a stud.* Alas! well do I remember when this was clasped round my head by *that*—Oh! William—the dust of the flowers yesterday even prevented my discovering *this* precious memento, even as the vain manners and false appearance of their givers in days of yore—did thy sterling qualities—

And now, as (with that knowledge of the world

which experience has now given me), I view the characters of my early admirers, I feel that *as* pure gold were *thy* qualities compared to theirs. \* \* \*

Oh! blessed thought, beaming like sunshine across my desolate path, as I tremblingly ask myself, may not thy love, William, remain strong and pure, even as this chain?

How light my heart is!—I could dance a pirouette, I feel so merry—were it not that I am weak, and have a little, very little, rheumatism in my bones.

Well, well, I'll turn these cards out into my lap—there is many a reminiscence that will be revived again in thy memory, by looking these over—and in recalling past events, and tracing them up to the present—thou wilt have food for thought, occupation, and amusement for a week, Ellen Durand, beside fighting thy battles over again, so nice and cool, in thy easy chair.

*Caruthers Wallingford!* What changes a few years make in some people! 'tis but a short time since, that I met Caruthers in the street; I thought, this time, there was a little more of the old life in his manner, as he bowed in passing; but still, who would recognize in the bent figure, threadbare pepper-and-salt clothes, gray shaggy hair, with hat pressed down square and tight upon his temples, and shambling gait—the cheery, trim, spruce Caruthers Wallingford, of sixteen years ago (heigho! that I should remember that far back—

I shall certainly never let on, before my young acquaintances, that I can do so), *Mr. Wallingford*, now.

Let me see—why is it that we are not more intimate? I called there last—to be sure, it was more than a year—yes, two years—true! that was a return-general for several of *Mrs. Wallingford's*, who was not ceremonious with me, as I always entreated of her not to be—she knows how my time is necessarily taken up with—with—ah! what?

But, she has not returned my call—so that it is *her* fault, that we are not more intimate. Why! do I reason thus? am I feeling quite satisfied with myself?

Here—here is the poor creature's card.

*Eveline Hawley—for Ellen.* Yes, we were not wont, in days gone by, to address each other as *Mrs.* and *Miss*—no! I called you *Eva!* sweet *Eva!* years after you were led to the altar by *Caruthers Wallingford*, as I had done when we were school girls together—then why this change?

My thoughts go back—back—to the days of my childhood, and memory traces the history of *Caruthers* and *Eveline Wallingford*—

Even now, you appear to me, *Eva*, as when we were young girls together. I think of your gentle, cheerful face, upon which there always sat a look of care—of my wonder how it was, that you never stopped to play with us after school hours—or join us in our walks—or so rarely attend our little parties—and I blush with

shame, as I recall our taunts and gibes on your faded frocks, and the untidy way in which they were put on.

I think of my astonishment, when I first visited your father's house, and saw your mother seated in a large arm-chair upon rollers—and learned that you were both housekeeper and chief nurse for the family. When my young mind perceived, in part, the reason of that look of care—I no longer wondered at your untidy dress, and your haste to get home, *Eva*—and as the tears trickled down my cheeks, I said,

You have no kind sister to wash and dress you, as I have—have you, *Eva*? No, indeed, laughed *Eva*; I wash and dress myself, and *Bubby*, too; and beside, she added, I have to come down and see about breakfast, in the morning—give out things to the cook—then set the table—by that time mother is ready to get up—when father and I help her out of bed, on to her chair.

Oh my! I exclaimed, I could not do all of *that*—no, indeed—nor *half*.

You are not accustomed to it, said *Eveline* with a resigned air, and then you are so young—I am older, a great deal older than you.

How old are you, *Eva*? I asked—for I will be eleven in April.

Only eleven! exclaimed *Eveline*—and with the same emphasis that a hale, active old woman would proclaim

her years to an astonished listener—why I will be *tw-e-l-v-e* years old next December.

Humph! Eva, you are only a little more than a year older than me—that's not much.

A year! why Ellen, a *year* is a long, long time. Poor Eveline, a year, which to *me* seemed fraught with sunshine and lightness, as it sped on its course, was to her, a weary length, filled with care. Her mind was under a continual pressure, the consciousness of *responsibility*, so that she was a woman in thought, ere yet she had ceased to be a child in years, and she was, in very truth, older, much older than I.

Now I think of the new phase of life—which was opened to my view, through this discovery of your trials. Eva, when I first learned that intelligence, gentleness and worth could be found under a faded and torn calico frock—I no longer made sport of little girls who were poorly clad, for I thought, they also *may* have sick mothers, and no one to attend them, like poor Eva.

Strong and quick in my feelings, I became your fast friend, protector, and defender. Soon no one ventured to sneer or gibe at you—with Ellen Durand by.

There was one girl, coarse and rough, the daughter of a retired huckster—*merchant*, I should say. Did he not engage in the wholesale dry-goods business for five years, by way of refining not only himself but his *gold*? What an unnecessary process it was! and no doubt he thought

so himself, after he had acquired a few years' experience in the *polite* world.

Ho, ho! poor fool! did you not know that *gold* is an exceeding *fine* refiner in this blessed republican country? did you not know that *much gold* gives to the possessors a charmed influence—potent as certain fairy drops—which, 't is said, when dropped upon the eyes of mortals, gives to all objects which they behold a peculiar charm?

The fairy drops and the gold, possess strong points of resemblance—with this difference—the charm of the gold, equally as delusive, reverses the influence, covering its possessors, when they are ungainly, decrepit or maimed, with the mantle of beauty and grace—endowing those that are coarse and vulgar of speech, with an *honest frankness*—an independence *truly commendable*—(*bah!*) causing their numerous breaches against good taste and good manners, to be *little eccentricities*, spreading, in fact, the soft mantle of *charity* over all, that would be vulgar, positively outrageous, in a poor person, not at all to be borne.

Over *all*, did I say? Verily the genteel and intelligent poor, have to possess all the attractions and grace of an Alcibiades, to entitle them to one little fold of that beautiful and voluminous mantle of charity, so lavishly thrown over the possessor of that magic charm, gold. Yes! delusive as the drops—and as *lasting*.

Well this girl—this Dorothy Gubbins—no, Gub—

Gubbins—that's it—came to our school, just as Eva was about to leave it. Her rude jests on Eva's faded clothes would raise a laugh among many of the girls who had already attached themselves, like parasites, round Dorothy, laughing at her sayings, petting and praising her—no doubt, following up the instructions of your mammas—who thought it would be an advantage for you, when you *came out*, to be intimate with the daughter of the rich Gubbins—for well do I know the heart of a young girl. If she be of a refined and gentle nature she associates naturally with those whose feelings assimilate to her own, and when I see *such* a one seek the society of the low and coarse, I know that there is another influence at work within her.

Oh! fathers and mothers, if you would consider more the *characters*, of those you select as playmates for your children, and less as to the number of *thousands*, their parents may possess, you would not have so many blackened hearts and characters to answer for.

I'll say that timidly to myself—not *for anything* would I let these same papas and mammas hear me. Oh! ho! (they would say) 't is all very easy to talk about—but we all know that "bachelors and old maids' children are always the best governed."

Then broader will grow the grin, and louder the laugh. Bah! two or three such senseless peltings satisfied *me*. And why should not we know best? Are not our minds and hearts unbiased, free and open to

notice cause and effect? And have not the *unmarried* more opportunities, for observing character, than the *married*!

Say what they will, this way of governing a whole family of children (with characters as dissimilar as light is from darkness), by one system, is a miserable way.

But it is a thankless office to offer a suggestion—even when one's own nieces are to be benefited by it; for didn't I, after a week's revolving and managing of my ideas (so as to appear not to *advise*), and much cautious circumlocution, at last say to sister—sister, don't you think that our Julia is rather of an impatient, impetuous turn of character? *Certainly* I do, says sister. Well, so it seems to *me*. Do you not think, sister, that if you were not to *advise* her so much, that is, you know (beginning to flounder, for I saw her mouth puckering up), say *less*, and more, more to the point, as I observe she goes to sleep, or to—to pouting—before you are through?—

*Perhaps*, Ellen, says sister, between her teeth, as you seem to know *more* about the *management* of children, than I, you had better take, and raise them yourself.

I slip off up stairs to my own room, where I can sit free from cares of family and children, and when I wish, indulge, undisturbed, in reminiscences of times gone by, and in visions of those to come—heigho!

There was something early wanting in your character, Eva, which, though I always *felt*, it was not until I had acquired that experience, which society only can give, that I could *define* self-respect.

The coarse raillery of Dorothy Gubbins and her associates, made you shrink away into corners, and hang your head like a guilty thing—when, in fact, you felt outraged and indignant—your diffident, retiring nature lacked the courage which a strong sense of self-respect, *only*, can give, to cope with the prosperous vulgar.

It was after my visit to your father's house, I remember, that I took your part with so much enthusiasm, and all the *naïveté* and ignorance of a school-girl.

How *dare* you, Miss Dorothy Gubbins, I exclaimed, talk that way to the daughter of a gentleman, and one too, who was *born* a gentleman, I would add significantly. Yes, I was *young* then, *very*. I did not know the *weight* and value of dollars. Dorothy, also, though she had some faint glimmerings, had not the knowledge of their value—which she very soon after acquired.

Strange! when a person of high standing, and whose position is fixed and acknowledged, takes the part, and becomes the friend of an hitherto obscure or despised person, how soon the position of the one befriended is changed!—as it is in the great world, so is it in the little. It soon became *fashionable* in the school to admire Eveline Hawley, and many, and assiduous were the offers Eva received from the girls, to go home with

her, and assist her with her work, that she might go out with us on our excursions.

And Eva—all this love and kindness wrought a change in you—you seemed like a new being—you became light-hearted and mischievous—that look of care seemed almost erased from your brow, and for years it was considered indispensable, when inviting Ellen Durand to a party, to invite her friend, Eveline Hawley, also.

The increasing sickness of your mother, requiring more of your care, it became necessary that you should leave school a year before your time; now how we all missed the gentle, light-hearted Eva—her mild face no longer appeared in our disputes, to soften away our asperities by making us laugh.

I think of the months spent by the side of that invalid mother—of the affection which failed not, neither did it weary or sleep, which, though the eye grew dim, the cheek pale, and the step had a leaden sound, there yet went forth a voice from the heart—cheering, fond and true, to the soul of thy mother.

Oh! Eva—thou didst fulfill the faithful daughter's part—strength for which thou didst so earnestly pray.

I think of the return home, after thy mother was laid in her last resting-place; of the grief which broke out and overwhelmed you like a flood—when forgetting thy father, who was yet left to thee in the world, thou didst fall senseless across the threshold of that room,

wherein had centered thy all of hope, and joy, and cares, and sorrows, since early childhood!

The being who had looked up to you, and claimed from you (through that indefinable sympathy which exists only between mother and daughter), your tender cares and anxious solicitude *was gone*—there was a blank in the room, and in thy *heart*!

Such a good daughter as you were, Eva, could not remain unnoticed or unsought after, and though your cheek looked thin and wan, and you had lost that light gayety of manner which is so attractive, yet that expression of subdued, sad gentleness, rendered you all the more attractive to the gentlemen whom you met in society, many of whom visited your father's house; for, whatever may be the faults of these men, (and I must say that they are pretty numerous), they yet have that one redeeming point in their character, which remains fresh, pure and beautiful to the eye and heart—as an oasis in the desert—it is their respectful admiration and love for the faithful, true, and pure in woman.

I knew well who were the most attentive of your admirers—though not out in society myself, at this time, yet I had left school, and was perfecting myself in certain accomplishments at home. Our friendship, though, seemed to grow and increase with time, and what a pleasure it was for me, I remember, to go and sleep all night with Eva—no, not *sleep*, for we invariably *talked* until sunrise—when you would tell me

all about what Mr. such and such-a-one said, and how Miss so-and-so looked, with many a little anecdote descriptive of their characters and manners.

It was then that I learned all about Augusta Williard and Caruthers Wallingford—two young men—dissimilar as the antipodes in character and mind, but who were alike in one thing—their love and admiration of *thee*.

Caruthers, for so I learned soon afterward to call him, was of a joyous disposition, sociable and fond of pleasure, elaborately particular and precise in his dress; it became a saying among his friends, when speaking of anything neat and nice, they would say, “nice—yes, nice as Caruthers Wallingford.”

I think of you, Caruthers Wallingford, as you were *then*, when you stood before the world a *prosperous man*—when your society was courted and sought after, as all such men are—when, with head erect and a light and easy step, you would salute your friends, in passing, with a courteous and graceful wave of the hand—when in certain seasons, carriages three-deep lined your curbstone, and all the *élite* of the city thronged to the fashionable store of Wallingfords.

Yes! and withal, he was so liberal and so *accommodating*—never tormenting people about the pay—so dashing and gay—it was a real pleasure to deal at *Wallingfords*’.

Well, you saw and loved Eva, and at your first visit

to her father's house, you met one who seemed as if he were domesticated in the family, when your quick perception told you that you were not alone in your love of Eva—it was Augustus Williard—and you saw that though Eva favored him not at all, yet the father *did*. Quick and hasty, you could not brook opposition, and at a late oyster supper, that night, with your friends, you made a bet that Eveline Hawley should be your wife in less than six months!—*and she was*.

Poor Williard! he had known Eva from her infancy, for he was a boy, ten years of age, engaged in her father's house, (as errand boy, and to assist the gardener) when she was born—for Mr. Hawley once had a magnificent place, in what was then the suburbs.

I remember well, Eva, the handsome old house, (wherein you said you were born), with its heavy colonnade running along the front and rear, and the dark vine that had grown on the north wall, that had fastened its tendrils round every brick, until it became part and parcel of the wall. There were two old elm trees in the rear of the house, that locked their aged limbs together—it was meet that they should thus grow—sole remnants of a once mighty forest, they stood in all their primeval strength and majesty, together locked—together brave the blasts of the elements, and when the stroke of the woodman shall come—together fall!

There was a paved street, then, running before the

house, where once the lawn was, and how fond you were of tracing in the dust with your little feet, and showing me where the avenue led, and where the beautiful grass grew—when you would tell me how fond your mother was of rolling about on it with you—when you were so that you could just toddle about after her, and how happy you all were then, and how trouble soon came—bankruptcy to the father, sickness to the mother, and *all* was changed.

Ah! I think of the history of Mr. Hawley, but too common in this grasping, covetous, avaricious world. Why is it, that the noble, generous, true-hearted man, must also possess the opposites, and be close and calculating, to prevent himself from being pillaged in every transaction with his fellows?

Raised in the possession of every comfort and luxury, Mr. Hawley had never known what the real cares of life were—generous and noble in his nature, upon inheriting his father's fortune, he took pleasure in assisting the struggling and deserving man, and like many others, he could not find it in his heart to resist going security for his friends, neglecting the precautionary measures of securing himself upon their property, in case of their failure to pay, as a prudent man would do. Many of these friends, finding themselves rid of the annoying visits of their creditors, in course of time, made themselves delightfully comfortable, engaging again with alacrity in the business of money-



making, and if, at times, thoughts of their just debts crossed their minds, they would say—*Hawley is a stanch man—he won't feel it—it is like a drop in the bucket to him; we will pay, of course, but plenty of time for that!—no hurry now!* And so these men, without any predetermined intention or thought of doing evil, by *post-poning* to some *conveniently* future time, to return that which was *not* their own, did, nevertheless, steal and pillage from the generous, noble-hearted Hawley his entire property; and when Hawley, finding his fortune dwindling away, did violence to his feelings, and going to these men whom he had assisted and *saved*—representing his difficulties, and the necessity he was in, of being repaid his own—they protested their surprise, and at the same time their sorrow and regret (bah!) at their inability to pay, and as *years* passed, and Hawley became reduced to the position they were in when I first knew them, these same men, apparently prosperous—now living with their families in ease and comfort—would say, with a patronising air, speaking of their victim:

*Poor Hawley—a fine fellow—he is a bad manager, though—was rich once—had a fine property—ran through with it all.*

Bah! how knowledge and observation of the world does disgust one with it!

In what contrast rises the character of one (and I must confess in my secret soul, that it is a refreshing contrast), who, instead of being duped, *dupes the world*;

one who defrauds not, but pays every man his own, to a penny, and yet dupes the world—who studies human nature—seizes upon its fancies and vanities, and administers to them for his own benefit—of one, who, from his earliest infancy, learned to struggle, and cope with the world—of *Augustus Williard*—whose sharp and quick intelligence, and the untiring perseverance which he displayed in seizing upon every moment of time, to study and improve himself, excited the interest and attention of Mr. Hawley, who, from being his master, became his patron—and when he was twelve years of age sent him to school, dressing him respectably.

In three years' time, Augustus declared that he had education *enough*—he thought it was time for him to go out into the world again, and work for himself—and one day he disappeared, without bidding any one good-by, except yourself—so you used to tell me, Eva.

You were then just five years old, playing in the garden alone, when he came, when he caught you up and strained you to his breast so tight, that you kicked and screamed for him to let you go—then he covered you with kisses, and asked you if you would not be his little wife when you grew up—and you, putting out your lips poutingly, said, No! you would have no such bad boy as he was—when placing you on the ground, he ran quickly away, and you saw him not again for a long—long while.

Five years after, when the storm had spent its force



over the unfortunate Hawley, and his wife had become bed-ridden, the door-bell rang, and in walked, unannounced, Augustus Williard—tall and straight, with a physiognomy more sharp and intelligent than ever—great was the surprise of Mr. and Mrs. Hawley.

Oh! I remember well, how I used to sit with eyes, ears, and mouth, wide open, listening to the recital of the eccentric excursions of Augustus Williard, which his friends would dwell upon with delighted fondness—recounting every particular—while Eva would occasionally introduce, by way of episode, some little recollection of her own—until I grew up to feel an intense interest in his numerous schemes and projects.

Very straight and clear was the account Master Augustus gave of himself.

He had bound himself as apprentice to a carpenter in another and distant city—studied hard of evenings—when the thought occurred to him, that as an architect he could make more money—whereupon he commenced the study of architecture; and, finding that his education was not sufficient to study it to advantage, and having now become a master workman, he had entered college for six months; upon leaving which, he had returned to his trade—and saved some money.

“And what are you going to do with your money?” I asked, said Mr. Hawley—for I felt anxious to advise him to secure it in bank stocks, or something of that kind, so that he would not be tempted to spend it.

“Invest it in clocks, sir!” respectfully said Augustus.

“Clocks!—why! what will you do with clocks, when you get them? Beside, clocks are expensive things.”

“Yes, sir; but I am going on to ‘head-quarters,’ where I can get them for less—to Connecticut,” said Augustus, with a shrewd look of calculation.

“Clocks and Connecticut,” said Mr. Hawley, laughing heartily; “and how much have you to begin with, as capital?”

Augustus named the sum of his fortune.

“Why, my dear boy!” said Mr. Hawley, in a kind and expostulating tone, “*that* will no more than pay your expenses there and back again to where you wish to sell your clocks.”

“Hu-m-m,” said Augustus, whistling through his teeth, “I reckon it *would* do that thing; but, sir, I do not intend letting a *dollar* of my money go toward paying my expenses. I am going to *work my way*.”

“Ah! well, that’s all right, my boy; but when you return with your clocks, you will find them rather cumbersome and expensive, to stop and work your way.”

“I reckon *I would*,” replied he, emphatically; “but you see, sir, by disposing occasionally of a clock—with the tin-ware, which I am going to take along for the purpose—”

"Oh! ho!" exclaimed Mr. Hawley, "and so, you are going to have a regular cargo of notions, eh?"

"I suppose so," said Augustus, imperturbably; "you see, sir, in this way, by traveling through the country and small villages, I shall pay my way across the mountains—where I intend going—when, *once* on the other side, I intend traveling through the western part of Virginia and Ohio—looking out all the time for a good place to settle in. And when I shall have disposed of all my clocks, I will then have some little capital left, with which to commence being carpenter and architect."

"I was amazed," said Mr. Hawley, sadly, "at the enterprising spirit and close calculations of this youth of twenty; and I felt rebuked, that I should have thought, for a moment, to advise about the disposition of his little fortune—one, who, from his infancy, had learned to creep *up* the hill of fortune; I, who had done naught but *come down*."

Now, at this distance of time, I think of that incident, and of the whispered explanation Eva gave me, soon as we were alone.

Oh! Ella—soon as Augustus told us that, father leaned over on his knees, burying his face in his hands; then he sprang up, and seizing Augustus' hand, cried, "God bless and prosper you, my boy!" and then rushed out of the room. Indeed, she said, I could see that father was so—so grieved—about some-

thing—and Augustus, he leaned over on the back of his chair, and I could see that he trembled so—and when he rose, his eyes were all red and swollen up—then he went and stood by mother, and talked a few minutes, and kissed her hand. As he turned to go out he picked me up again, as when I was a little thing, and carrying me out in the hall, said, "Eva! you must continue to be a good girl—nurse your mother, and love her and your father, more than anybody on earth."

Then he took out of his pocket, such a nice wax doll, and gave it to me, with ~~real~~ <sup>real</sup> hair, and *such* eyes. Oh! Ellen, they move just like ours do—for I have got it yet, in the bureau drawer—then he kissed me, ever so many times, calling me *darling*, and went away again, and we have not seen him since.

Six years after that, Augustus Williard again appeared in the house of his benefactor. It was then that I first became acquainted with this singular being, in whom was concentrated the peculiar genius of my countrymen of the north.

He looked well, did Augustus. His slender, sinewy figure, was clothed in black, while from his watch-fob a profusion of gold chain and seals depended. But what could detract from the interest of that keen, black eye, and shrewd, intelligent countenance! His manner, too, had that admixture of openness, ease, and dashing freedom, characteristic of the man, who, what-

ever may betide, will still "*go ahead.*" He entertained, withal, that delicate, almost chivalrous respect, toward woman—which seems *innate*, and which *marks*, both at home and abroad, the *American gentleman*.

Mr. Hawley no longer meditated advising his erratic young "protégé," but listened, with an absorbed interest, to the account which he gave of his adventures.

He met with greater success than he had anticipated with his clocks, and having concluded to live in Ohio, looked around for a place to settle in. For three years he wandered about, from town to town, from the lake, at the north, to the Ohio river, at the south, occasionally working at his trade, but most generally engaged in furnishing plans in architecture, for which he was always liberally paid. Once, in the course of that time, finding himself in a place where *shoes* seemed greatly needed, he conceived the idea of learning the "*shoemakers' trade,*" and supplying the surrounding country with shoes of his own make. After working at this, with all due diligence, for three months, he felt convinced that stitching and tacking were not his *forte*, so throwing away his "*awl and last,*" and taking off his apron, he proceeded again on his travels.

"Hearing," said Augustus (while the eye of his benefactor sparkled at the interest of his recital), "that within a few years, a city had sprung up on the shores of the Ohio, which was fast becoming the center of

trade and manufactures, I hastened thither, knowing that my knowledge of the science of architecture would be in great demand, in such a place.

"I can not describe to you, sir, the scene which burst upon my view, on the first appearance of this city of my destination. Imbosomed in a valley of about twelve miles in circumference, through which winds the beautiful Ohio, with its tributary the Licking, surrounded by a beautiful circlet of hills, rising to a great height, by gentle, picturesque slopes, lay, yet surrounded by its primeval forests, this '*Gem of the Wilderness*'—this '*Queen City,*' *Cincinnati*.

"I thought that if fortune and prosperity could be obtained, by the wooing, they could be there. In a few days my card appeared in the different papers, stating that,

"Augustus Williard, Esq., had arrived in the city, from the east, with the intention of making it his permanent place of residence—that, at present, Mr. Williard could be found at the Broadway Hotel, where he would be happy to receive any orders in his profession, as draughtsman in Architecture. Mr. Williard is also prepared to take up contracts for building," etc., etc.

"I think you are not very gentle, in your wooing of the dame," laughed Mr. Hawley, "but have attacked her by a regular coup-de-main."

"Yes," said Augustus, gayly, "I find that to humble one's-self, and to supplicate, is but to excite her

contempt; and that, true to her feminine nature, she grants her favors, more willingly, to those who display ardor and determination in the pursuit."

"You said nothing about your talents as a cobbler."

"*Not a word*," said Augustus, dryly, "but,"—

"But what?"

"I have not *yet* forgotten my *unshod* countrymen, and I intend to—"

"Not to cobble again, surely!" interrupted Mr. Hawley, anxiously.

"Not at all," replied Augustus, with a shrewd, quizzical look, "but, as I am going to take out another supply of *clocks*, to dispose of this winter, I thought I would add an assortment of *shoes*."

"What!" Mr. Hawley exclaimed, his countenance becoming a perfect blank—"and give up all those fine contracts, and the reputation you have acquired as an architect?"

"By *no means*, *my dear sir*," replied Augustus, emphatically. "In the winter, you know, all out-door building must cease, and I have very good master workmen in my employ, who attend to the carpenter work in the winter, and as idleness, you know, sir, is not compatible with my disposition, nor *profitable*, I concluded to come east—get another stock of *notions*, and go round, until spring, *peddling*."

"Well, Augustus," replied Mr. Hawley, "you are a practical exemplification of the falsity of the old adage,

and the only one I ever met with, "that a rolling stone gathers no moss," as yours not only gains, but has become so large as to require assistance in rolling it."

It was at this second visit, that Williard asked permission of his benefactor to address his daughter—at least to *think* of her, he said, so that if ever he should be blessed with her love, he might feel sure of the approval of the father.

That father, who, in the days of his prosperity, would have listened with feelings of contempt and indignation to such a proposition, now that adversity had opened his eyes to the true sources of happiness and prosperity, listened with a pleased, satisfied ear, to the passionate avowal of the young man—for in the enterprising spirit and strong will, which Williard displayed, he saw the foundation for a future prosperity, which had once been his—while under an apparently sordid and calculating exterior, the heart of his young friend was, in reality, filled with gentleness and charity, with all that adds refinement and dignity to the character.

And you, Eva—when your father, in breaking the subject to you, entered into a most perspicuous account of the "manner of a man" he would like to have, for husband to his daughter, when, in process of time, she should take one unto herself, felt as if mounting on wings of air, to the clouds, with visions of a perfect husband in prospective, and began to think that you were, already, quite old enough; but, when your father,

narrowing his descriptive circles to a point, said, that *such a one* was your young friend, Augustus Williard! then did your wings of air suddenly plump you down into the bottom of a well—and a very cold and damp one it was, too, with no water to rise up in!

“What! marry a clock-peddler and cobbler! father!” you exclaimed, turning up your nose with a most disdainful—“*pshaw!* Beside,” you added (seeing your father about to expostulate), “he is too *old*—and I—I—am too young to marry.”

Mildly, gently, did the father explain; for he would not, for aught in the world, influence his daughter against her feelings.

“Augustus but wished you to think kindly of him, my dear, and not forget him when he is away, struggling and toiling for fortune, and that you will permit him to correspond with you.”

I think of the last visit of that young man, who, though you had previously twice refused him, was still buoyed up with the hope, that she who was the object of his boyish dreams—around whom had gathered the hopes and aspirations of his manhood—would yet appreciate his great unchanging love. But no! you were strangely cold, and exhibited no trace of feeling or sympathy, for one who had garnered up his hopes of social happiness and love in you.

I think of the final parting with you, to which I was a most unwilling witness, as thinking it would relieve

your mutual embarrassment, you had insisted on my being present.

Poor Williard! the quickness and vigor of his mind seemed gone—he looked blank and unsettled, with his eyes fixed upon vacancy. Oh! that long, intensely painful silence! When *you*, Eva, not having the courage to do so before, *looked up*, when, at the sight of your unfortunate lover, some chord in your heart was touched, for you burst into an agony of tears!

*That sound*, coming from his Eva, acted like an electric shock on Williard. Springing up, he cleared the room at one bound, and clasped you to his bosom!

Yes, darling! he murmured, in a low tone of agony, (as you faintly struggled to release yourself) you were a little thing in these arms once!

Your cheek lay close to his breast, and as he bent his head, you again made a slight struggle to get away. *May I*—he whispered—*it is the last time!*

Your lips met, in one long, long embrace, and he was gone—Augustus Williard had parted from the idol of his life and love—*forever!*

Well, now as I ponder on that incident, and subject it to an analysis, with my present experience, I feel that Augustus Williard *was* beloved by Eveline Hawley, or else why that grief—if it was not the first awakening to the *conviction* of the fact?

Yes, I see it all. Eva, accustomed from her childhood to look upon Augustus as a protégé of her father's,

and from his birth an inferior, also, received all this love and kindness as a matter of course, as her due, and at the first intimation of a more serious intention, you were surprised, and thought yourself greatly shocked!

So much for papas letting their daughters know that Mr. such and such-a-one has serious intentions—it spoils the romance of the thing—they feel as if they were but obeying orders in loving Mr. such and such-a-one. No, they should leave them to make the discovery through *another* language, and when papas particularly prefer Mr. so-and-so for a son-in-law, they should add a dash of opposition, *spiced* with detraction, by way of relish.

Dear me! some men are such *stupid*s, one would suppose they *never had been young*.

I think of you, Eva, when not long after you stood before the altar, and there plighted your troth to Caruthers Wallingford—to be his through weal and woe, until death did you part.

What was it that called a sudden paleness to your cheek, as Wallingford turned to salute his bride? Ah! was it not the recollection of that hour when a desolate, broken heart murmured—*darling*!

I think of the father during that trying ceremony. Who, asked the minister, looking round, giveth this woman to this man? I do! said the father, as he stepped forward, and as with a trembling hand he placed Eva's in that of Wallingford's. "Take her," he said,

"she is a jewel without price"—then sinking into a seat, he buried his face in his hands and wept. \* \* \* \*

You were married, Eva, and getting into a carriage now become your own—you were escorted to your new abode by *troops* of friends.

*Everybody* was talking about the extremely good match that Eveline Hawley had made, *for a poor girl*, and when Mr. Hawley was congratulated, I would sometimes see him cast his eyes upon the ground, but say nothing, and at other times say—Mr. Wallingford is very, very kind.

Five years passed—during which time the world seemed to prosper with Wallingford, and his house was the center of social gayety. They were charming people, those Wallingfords, *everybody* said so. At that time there went a cry throughout the country of *hard times*. Many of the *oldest* and best houses had succumbed to these same hard times, when one day it came out that *Wallingford* was unable to meet his liabilities to a large amount. *Everybody* had been expecting that, all along—*nobody* was astonished.

A man who never collects his dues, of course, will never be able to pay his debts when the time comes, exclaimed certain people, who were in the habit of running up yearly bills at his establishment—without paying for them. *Of course*, they again exclaimed, and thus having said this—as if relieved from all blame—they thought that *sympathy* would be altogether *wrong*.

And *now* came the trials of Eveline Wallingford. Your childhood, with the care of an invalid mother, and of a household, were as sunshine, compared to this—for *then* youth's bright hopes were before you—for thy Wallingford became, literally, a *broken-down man*—for with loss of fortune, there came in its train, as if that was not enough, loss of spirits, and of *energy*. Alas! when a man sinks supinely down, to lament, instead of proceeding vigorously to *retrieve* his fortune, he is lost.

Wallingford in adversity was the reverse of Wallingford in prosperity—his rich, manly voice and open countenance became querulous and morose, and his joyous, dashing manner, sly and suspicious.

What a change was this for you, Eva!—your gentle nature had never before to encounter a trial like this—however, like a good, dear little wife, as you were, you never *blamed* him.

*Poor Caruthers*, you would say, he is so harassed and oppressed, it is wonderful how he keeps up his spirits as he does—and *no* man ever displayed *more* energy, you were quite sure—under such an accumulation of disasters.

Heigh-ho! what would these cross, ill-natured men do, these husbands, I mean, if they had not their wives alongside, to smooth away ugliness, and make them amiable and devoted—when in fact they are—well! well! I won't say, but I have heard men talk to their

wives, in *such* a way, oh! oh! that made my very blood *boil*. Oh! but I would have given it to them, had it been me, instead of boo-hoo-ing away, with their hearts running out of their eyes, like those silly wives.

And where now, Eva, are the troops of friends that rejoiced in the name—when you could well have spared their attentions? Your name is forgotten, and your countenance is not recognized as you are met in the street! Alas! such are the changes produced in this world, by the ever-turning wheel of fortune. “This casting off of old friends for the sake of the new,” is becoming too generally practiced to excite remark—but that I should neglect the playmate of my childhood, and the cherished friend of years; that I should become careless and throw from me so rare a gem, as a true, sincere, devoted friend, and for why? Ah! truly is sickness good for *us*, and wholesome to the soul—with return of health and strength, will I hasten to thee—more dear now than ever, yes!

“Thy voice prevails; dear friend, my gentle friend!  
This long shut heart for thee, shall be unsealed.”

Now as I think, I feel that Mr. Hawley had foreseen these traits in the character of Wallingford, from the first, and lived to see them but too surely verified—and Augustus Williard! bright as was the path marked out for him, by his admiring benefactor, has yet gone far beyond his fondest anticipations. Yes, away in that beautiful city, which he was wont to call the



"*Gem of the Wilderness*," lives Augustus Williard—a bachelor—eh! and *crusty* no doubt.

Several rows of fine buildings, unincumbered, bring him in a free rent-roll of thousands; but not as peddler, or even as *architect*, has Williard for years been known to his fellow citizens—but as *lecturer*, where he is known, not only in his adopted State, but in that of the neighboring ones also—where he goes lecturing upon whatever subject may be most popular at the time. In these excursions, he frequently realizes many thousands.

But, if Augustus Williard is still eager in the pursuit of wealth, it is not that he may hoard it up, as does the miser—no, no, his donations to the orphan's institutions, and the school which he lately founded for destitute boys—prove the generosity and charity of his nature.

Ah, no! it is not *thus* I account for Williard's untiring energy in the pursuit of money-making; it is a strong and energetic mind, trying to forget, in the occupation and toil of life, that there is a *void* in his heart—a pain, which time does not assuage, but adds with its increasing burden, to his loneliness and desolation.

Yes! sickness is healthful to the soul—for in the reminiscences of the past, every feeling and thought of our hearts passes in review before us, and our every action is submitted to a tribunal, from which no flight

could avail us. *Conscience* faces us wherever we would turn, from which there is no appeal—and thus, by a review of the past, we can shape our course for the future, by the knowledge and experience which that past has given us.

Yes! dearest Eva, conscience stands up and before my face—tells me that it is *worldliness* that has caused my neglect of you—*pride*—it was all very well while you would continue to come and see me, but when you expected a few *return* calls—which is right and proper—the case is quite different.

Preposterous! I would say to myself—how can Eva *expect* me to go crowding my way, among all those greasy market-women, and climb up those narrow stairs where they live, over that twopenny store of Wallingford's? What could I say, if some of my friends were to see me? say that I was going to my seamstress—I have known that done.

No! no! thank heaven, I was never so sunk in worldliness as *that*.

Perfectly absurd! again I would exclaim, for Eva to *expect* her old acquaintances to visit her—she can not dress as they do—how would she look among them?

Not so would *I speak*—no, indeed! but with my most winning manner (for when I desire it, I am *conscious* of a winning manner), I would say:

You know, Eveline, how the time of a person who



goes out much in society is taken up; really! I hardly have time to think!—now you will *come*—won't you? and then, Judas-like, I would finish with a kiss—and Eva, half doubting, half believing—but carried away by the warmth and sincerity of my manner, would promise not to wait for me—and with that sad, sweet smile upon her lips would depart.

How would she look? Alas! how have I truckled to the world's opinions? Could a more intelligent or refined mind be found in all my circle of acquaintances than Eveline Wallingford's? No, no! Where is that enthusiasm for the aristocracy of mind and manner, and that contempt for mere worldly wealth, with which I first entered life's arena?

Ah! those who think that they can be *in* the world but not *of* it, and hope to maintain the same freshness and purity of feeling, often find, when it is too late, that its insidious opinions and maxims have hardened their hearts.

It is *this* which arrays the idea of poverty with terrors—it is *this* which brings loneliness and neglect to the sick and dying. If in our days of prosperity and health, we cultivated the friendship of the good and true, without regard to wealth or station, *poverty* would be stripped of its terrors, and sickness of one half its pains.

### CHAPTER III.

THICKLY crowd on my mind the incidents of my early days, and many are the familiar faces (that rise to the eye of memory) with whom I was once on terms of intimate companionship. I think of the "times" "we girls" used to have—of the long, confidential chats, in which we pictured our future lives, and laugh, now, as I think of the portraits we drew of the "*men we would marry!*"

Heigh-ho! the *possible* contingency of "*old maid-ism*" never entered our heads. I am sure it never did *mine*.

But, how few, *if any*, have realized in the reality, the ardent pictures of their imaginations, or pause to think of accidents to the heart—of unrequited love?

Alas! alas! there are many things to step in between youth and the future, which *hope* draws, to mar and blot!

There was Bella Lightner, with her bright, rosy, intelligent face, so sensible and so good—who *could* help loving Bella? Nobody, I used to think, and so thought everybody. Bella was a favorite everywhere—nobody ever doubted what Bella said, for they knew

that she was the very soul of truth and plainness. Sometimes she would come down upon a person's head with a "*cap*" that "*fitted*," oh so nice—in the shape of "a piece of her mind"—then that person would (looking up into her eye and seeing no malice, nor any other evil thing) say, "Yes, Bella, you are right; it is so."

Bright were the pictures we drew for Bella—for her we planned the cottage—beautifully imbowered in magnificent elms, and vines climbing over lattice and porch, while flowering shrubs perfumed the air—the lawn, thick studded with evergreens, should descend from before her door, in lovely undulating slopes, green and sparkling in the sunshine, down to the broad Patapsco, as it swept past the base.

And there *we* (who were to be the favored ones, and always the most welcome) were to go, in strawberry times, and with our own hands gather the pulpy fruit; then, descending into the ice-house, down on the hill-side, we would skim the rich yellow cream, to eat with our berries. Then we were to have *such* a frolic on the grass, under the shade of those tall elms, with one of the most roystering and mischievous "little boys," with eyes *just* like his mother's, and *her* dimple right there on his right cheek.

And there, too, in its "basket carriage," would be "*the baby*," kicking and shouting its wants to get out, too—the little "*Toby*"—when one of us would take it out, and setting it down upon the grass, play "patty-

cake, patty-cake, baker's man" with it, until the little thing would fairly cry with delight—then all the others, seeing us have so much fun, would come, and sitting down upon the grass, bake cakes, too, and sing about the "Old woman who went to Bambury cross," and the "Pussy who visited the Queen."

Heigh-ho! and then "*our husbands*," (who of course could not be expected to leave their business all day), would come for us in the nicest little sail-boat! By this time the grass would be all wet with dew, and we would all retire to the pretty porch, when supper would soon be announced. Then there would follow a little playful, gallant rivalry between *our husbands*, as to who should escort our *hostess*, *Bella*, into the supper room—and *her* husband, quietly stealing us off meantime, and getting us seated at the table before they came in.

After supper, with many mutual promises to exchange visits soon and oft, we got on board of our boat and sailed away in the moonlight, to our homes in the arid, dusty city—for we pictured a country life for none but Bella.

We drew none such for Mary Trueman, whose soul seemed just suited for a small, precise house in town—one of those genteel kind of nonentities, who never have any opinion of their own, out of the ordinary course of things, who look with a nervous kind of horror upon any female friend (viewing them as highly "coarse and

masculine") who should chance to discuss upon topics other than "*music, crotchet and cross-stitch.*"

And there, too, was Matilda Beresford, a cold, inanimate beauty—we viewed her as artists do the sculptured marble—we admired her finely proportioned form, and the clear smoothness of her complexion, but *as* marble, she seemed soulless and without feeling. The pure red and white of her complexion was never suffused by a deeper dye—her jet-black eyelashes fringed eyes that were large and fixed. Indeed, Matilda never seemed to wink. If her eyelash drooped, it was for effect, and when elevated, it was to express cold surprise. Her coral lips never parted or showed her teeth of pearl, but to utter some well coined sentence, or cutting sarcasm, hurled without feeling or propriety. Her laugh, low and abrupt, seemed to flow rather from a spirit of derision than of mirth. But when Matilda *moved*, then would the beauty of form disappear in the awkwardness of motion, for she had a "big foot"—yes, large and flat. For Matilda Beresford we could plan no future, and if we had been so inclined, her chilling coldness would have repelled all such, so we decided among ourselves, that *her* husband would be some lawyer, soulless and cold as herself.

Not that we thought the profession generally cold and heartless, no, no!—some of our choicest beaux were lawyers. Preëminent among them, for a true,

joyous and noble heart, was Ned Stevens—the most companionable of men for all moods, but more especially for that of the frolicksome, was Ned. He had, when he chose, the most quizzical expression of countenance—would keep the whole company in a roar with his jokes, though none would join more heartily in the laughter, sometimes, at his own sayings, than he.

Bright would grow Bella's eyes, and round her rosy lips and deepening dimple, smiles would sparkle and play like sunbeams at the mention of his name. And he! when his eye met Bella's, assumed a softened expression, and the joyous richness of his voice became subdued and tender in its inflections. And Bella! all her independent, determined little ways would soften into timidity when in *his* presence, and all her opinions and thoughts were but the mirror and echo of his own—so suited by nature did they seem, that it was the thought of each heart that looked upon them—surely these two beings were intended by God to be blended into one.

I think of the night of the trip in a sail-boat, up the Patapsco. Ah! I have been in many a water jaunt, but I think of none on which memory dwells with such trembling interest as this one.

'Twas a lovely night—the clear blue of the firmament and the bright stars were mirrored at our feet—so clear and calm was the water, so quiet and subdued our feelings, that we seemed floating in space.

There was Ned Stevens and Bella, and William—my William, at the rudder—Matilda Beresford and a Dr. Whittler, Mary Trueman, she sat nearest to William, and Orville Dulany—who, leaning his arm on the side of the boat, his head resting on his hand, while his right slightly played with his watch seals—seemed lost to all other sense of presence but the beautiful, unclouded night—and me!

Our souls seemed to blend in unison, and with his eyes bent upon me, he seemed to divine and anticipate my every thought, while his voice, subdued and low, and intended only for my ear, thrilled upon me like a melody. Soon, even, this low murmur ceased, and with my face turned upward, I remained gazing upon the stars, while a strange fascination came over me, and I *knew* that Dulany's eyes were fixed upon me, with that witchery of expression that always surrounded me like a spell.

\* \* \* \* \*

An impatient exclamation from William, accompanied by a stamp of his foot that shook the boat, dispelled my trance.

"What, not impatient, Billy?" interrogated Ned Stevens, with a laugh. *He*, Ned, had been having a cozy talk with Bella.

Dulany, with arched eyebrow, and a slight curling of his lower lip, gave me a glance which seemed to say, impatient!—in such a time as *this*?

But William's exclamation had excited within me a feeling of remorse. I knew not why, but I felt a *consciousness* of having done something wrong, and Dulany's scarcely perceptible sneer offended me; for was it not directed against my first and best friend? my William? Slightly excusing myself to Dulany, I crept back, stepping in between the Doctor and Matilda, in order to get to the stern, where William and Mary Trueman were.

"That's right, Ellen," exclaimed Mary, yawning, "come over and keep us awake. I am nearly tired to death; and there's Mr. Berthoud has had his eyes on you all the time you have been asleep."

"Asleep!" muttered William, between his teeth, while I *saw* that his lips were white and compressed, and the expression of his face sullen, almost fierce—while his eyes carefully avoided mine.

"Miss Trueman and myself are much indebted to you, Miss Durand, and regret that you should, for a moment, deprive yourself of company that has proved itself so agreeable to you."

*Miss Durand!* Oh! how cold! I almost shuddered. Never before, had William called me *Miss Durand*. What had I lost?—I hardly knew why, or *how*, but at that moment I would have given *worlds*, if he had only called me—*Ellen*.

"Speak for yourself, if you please," said Mary, laughing (not noticing our countenances—indeed her mind

was too contracted to *see*, if she had). "I don't regret Ellen's joining us—beside (she added in a whisper), I don't think Mr. Dulany's an agreeable person at all, he is always talking about things nobody understands."

"You are right, Miss Trueman," said William, sadly, "I should have alluded, only to *myself*. I am conscious of being at all times unattractive."

I would have protested against William's opinion of himself, but his forbidding look prevented all nearer approach to a reconciliation. Crouching down at his feet, my head drooping listlessly over the side, I remained looking into the water, where there was no longer a firmament mirrored—but dark and agitated, long lines of little waves came rippling up.

"Turn her about, Billy," exclaimed Ned Stevens, "the wind 'is just in the right quarter for home—and see! our 'cap' is nearly full."

Soon we were speeding home! Home! how I wished I had never left it. Mary's remark about William's never taking his eyes off of me, troubled me. The more my thoughts dwelt upon it, the more perplexed I became. Can it be, I asked myself, that he! No! no! I rejected the thought of a possibility of his loving me! quickly as I had uttered it. How absurd of me! I was vexed at my folly for supposing so, even for a moment. He never compliments me, like other men—and if he admires me, why don't he *say so*.

And thus, having convinced myself, that he felt no

other interest in me than that of a friend, I began to think that he was assuming prerogatives to himself, over me, that he had no right to do—that he had no right to reply to me in such a bluff way. As an incentive to this, I recalled to mind, that he never had liked Dulany, from the first; always speaking of him as a deceitful, hypocritical fellow—'twas nothing but *prejudice*, I knew, for Orville Dulany was the very soul of sincerity and truth—it shone in every feature of his face. I would trust his face the world over. I will *show* you, *sir*, thought I (my heart filling up with pride), that you must be more considerate and attentive, if you wish to retain the friendship of Ellen Durand.

And so, having hardened my heart against my best friend, and hearing a bantering conversation going on, at the other end of the boat, between Dulany, Ned, and Bella, I exclaimed, in a beseeching tone—

"How merry you are, over there; do, pray, Mr. Dulany, take pity on me, and assist me over there, too!"

Oh, God! had I but known—but no, I was *blind, blind!*

He sprang back, and assisted me over, with a greater degree of tenderness than I would have permitted at any other time. But *then* I *triumphed* over it. Placing his foot firmly on the bottom, he proposed that we should stand for a few moments. I consented—his arm supporting me.

We were then passing one of those few spots on the

Patapsco that can be called beautiful—undulating hills descending in lovely slopes, and covered with a bright green verdure, to the water's edge. We could see the little groves of tall trees covering their tops, while scattered, here and there, were little clumps of the native cedar, and other evergreens.

"Let me see," said Dr. Whittler, thoughtfully, "this must be the place, Mr. Stevens, from the description I read of it in the papers, that was sold a few days ago for a country seat. I understand that you are the purchaser—is it so?"

"Yes!" said Ned, laughingly, "I had a spare thousand, or so, which troubled me, and I thought I could rid myself of it in no better way, than by buying that.

This little piece of news created quite a sensation among several of us. Dulany sighed, and gently pressed me with his arm. I understood it to imply, as well as if he had *said it*—Oh that the place was *mine*; how happy, then, to be there with *you*. How well he could *act*!

"Aha!" said the Doctor, silyly, "and when are we to have a *house* upon it, with all the fixtures and *appurtenances* thereto belonging?"

"Don't know," replied Ned, as he adjusted the sail. "Time shows all things."

Dulany and myself had sat down, and we were all chatting merrily, excepting William. (Alas! now I know what a sinking heart is, and a lost hope). Even

Matilda Beresford had thawed a little, and surprised us with an occasional sally, that had more of fun than satire in it.

"*There*, ladies," exclaimed Ned Stevens, as he pointed to a large house, that loomed up against the sky, surrounded by a large space of open and cleared ground, "there is a chance for you. Report says the gentleman is '*out*' for a wife."

"Yes, and he is one that is not to be had every day," interposed the Doctor.

"And *rich*," exclaimed Ned.

"Yes, and a widower, to boot," put in the Doctor.

"Really!" said Matilda.

"You can have carriage and horses at your command, and plenty of pin-money," continued Ned Stevens.

"Only two children, and they *out of the way*," added the Doctor.

"Girls! I do believe that they are talking of old Mr. Gubbins," exclaimed Mary Trueman.

"Bah!" ejaculated Bella, contemptuously.

"Humph!" said Ned, "I am sure he is a very fine old gentleman—beside, Bella, I hear that he is smitten with *you*—beyond all recovery."

"Oh! Ned," murmured Bella, in a choking voice.

When they were speaking of the pretty place which Ned had bought, I *knew*, though I could not *see*, that Bella's pretty face was covered with blushes, and smiles, bright and sweet, playing about her lips; but *then* I *felt*

that those bright eyes were obscured by tears—that sobs were struggling for utterance through quivering lips.

William suddenly joined in our conversation, and engaged the attention of the party upon a different subject—ever considerate, and delicate in his perceptions, his sensitive, feeling heart, just writhing under a similar wound, felt all the more keenly for Bella, who, I knew, thanked him in her heart. And I! all my pride left me in a moment—I longed to touch his hand, and say—*William*.

Soon we were on land again—when we all separated—and Dulany escorted me home—but with many of us, the *incidents* of that jaunt have since loomed up like clouds, dark and lowering, upon our happiness.

*A very fine old gentleman—plenty of pin-money!*—that remark of Ned Stevens falls upon my heart, as of something callous and cold, even now; and memory returns to her earliest recollections—and I think of the time, when yet a little girl, I used to go “*toddlng*” to market, holding on to the hand of my nurse, with a “wee” basket on my arm, to put my “*marketing*” in—and how, when returning home, *my basket* loaded with a peach, an egg, and a small potato, I deposited it in the hands of my mother, with a vast idea of *its* importance to the family.

At such times, I recollect, we always stopped at huckster John’s—for *there* we could always get the

“nicest butter,” done up in the “whitest” cloths—and there, too, were always the freshest and earliest vegetables—for the word of John, and his wife, Martha, was known to be good, and when *they* said anything was fresh, it was believed at once; and accordingly, their stand, extending before the entrance of a little open “booth,” or grocery, was always surrounded by a crowd of persons who knew it was better to stop and wait their turn, than go and buy at other stands, of people they could not depend upon.

Merry, above all, would rise the smart jokes and sayings of John, who knew how to keep a crowd in good humor with himself and each other—then his wife, with her motherly voice and kind smile—there was something so warm and comfortable-looking about Martha.

I think I see her now, with her white linen cap, with broad ruffles, gathered full round the front, which swayed to and fro in the wind, sometimes lying close back to her head, leaving her quite bald-faced—a white kerchief folded smoothly across her broad bosom, its ends fastened down by a blue check apron, which, drawn tight and plain over her, scarcely covered the full rotundity of her person. At her side, and fastened round her by a string, was suspended a square pocket of blue and white calico, where she deposited the money she received for her vegetables—*there*, though, she did not keep *all* her money, I knew—for, from time to

time, I would see her pull up the skirt of her dress on one side, and take out money from another pocket, similar to the one outside, only larger—and which seemed, to my eyes, a perfect “Jack-box,” such a variety of things would she sometimes take out, before arriving at the *wallet* which contained the *reserved funds*, from which it was necessary to make out her change.

Dearly did I love to have Martha take me up—as she sometimes would—and setting me up against her broad breast, ask me if I did not love her—and if I did, to give her a kiss. Devoutly believing I did, I would willingly kiss her—knowing full well, that she would take me back into her little grocery, and give me a great big ginger-cake dog, and a stick of candy just like a “barber’s sign”—or else a sweet glossy rusk, with a raisin stuck in the middle—for Martha kept all these things, and a great many more.

Again, several years after, I remember there was no longer a “huckster’s” stand before the grocery—that the little half cake and half grocery shop had become a *big* grocery—and they no longer kept cakes to sell—and instead of a one-story, it was now a *three-story* house.

Martha no longer assisted in the grocery with her husband—but in her place was their son Gobble, and a negro man. I was forbidden, now, to say *Martha* and *John*, but was told to say Mrs. Gubbins, and Mr. Gubbins.

But Martha—Mrs. Gubbins—could not withdraw herself entirely away from the scene of her former duties—but seated in a back room, which opened into the grocery, she still kept a sharp eye on matters, as she plied the knitting needles.

Engrossed with my studies, I no longer visited the grocery of John Gubbins. Years flew by, and they had passed from my recollection—when one day there came to school a rough-looking girl, with freckled face and coarse red hair—the girls all sneered and cried, Pshaw! what a common, ugly girl! we will have nothing to do with her.

Soon it was whispered about—and before school was out, we all knew that it was Dorothy, daughter of the rich Gubbins, a retired merchant.

Gubbins! I said, musingly, to myself, as I returned home that day—Gubbins! Gubbins!—no! it can’t be a daughter of Martha and John, for this one is a retired *merchant*, and rich! At school the next day, the girls who were loudest in protesting they would have nothing to do with that “ugly girl,” were now twining themselves about her, and making the most loving advances to friendship.

In the “little,” as well as in the great world, it is not long before particular points in the history of persons are found out. Soon I learned the history of Dorothy’s father, and knew that she was the daughter of Martha and John, and sister to Gobble.



At first Dorothy seemed awkward and abashed, at finding herself among so many pretty, genteel-looking girls, and was afraid to speak above her breath—but soon the edge of that feeling wore away, as she began to feel her power, and she stood in all her native vulgarity and coarseness—and, like all other persons indebted to the fortuitous circumstances of wealth *only*, for their respectability, she became arrogant and overbearing toward all who seemed poor.

Dear Eveline, you, with your gentle, submissive nature, became the object of her rude jests, but I defended you. From that time, I date my reformation—yes, for I also had insulted the poor—I also had sneered at the poorly clad—I! who was descended of a noble, generous race.

Ah! if those who occupy high places, by birth and station, act thus, how are the ignorant and vulgar rich to do?

If the intelligent and refined everywhere, would but seek those with whom they can *assimilate*, without regard to worldly considerations, society would be placed upon a firmer basis, because more natural—then the sources of emulation would be changed, and we would *all* aim at similar excellencies.

The force of example is strong—Dorothy, in Eva's case, also received a lesson. At first she appeared bewildered—*how* it was that any person who wore faded and worn clothes should be noticed—at last, compre-

hending the truth, she became a more sensible and wiser girl; and ever after, I remember, manifested a deferential respect for people of intelligence and talent.

As I recall to mind incidents connected with the history of the Gubbins family, I think how wonderful, yet how simple, are the causes which are continually producing such changes among the various classes of society, and think that in my own country, can be more particularly applied the “simile” of the “ever-turning wheel of fortune.”

As with families so with nations, and *vice versa*, but as Coleman somewhere says—“When honest industry raises a family to opulence and honors, its very original lowness sheds luster on its elevation.”

It is only when *forgetting* its original lowness it affects contempt, and sets itself up as judge and arbiter of persons equal to, and superior to itself, or its ancestor, that “all its glory fades.”

I think of the Gubbinses, as they lived *then* in their elegant city residence, on a fashionable street—for John Gubbins had, beside engaging in extensive mercantile operations, speculated largely, and successfully, in western sites for cities, and the prospect was fair that the title, “the millionaire,” would soon be added to plain John Gubbins.

I remember well my first visit to it (for after I had brought Dorothy to a proper appreciation of true gentility, I began to look upon her as rather a good sort

of a girl). Poor Mrs. Gubbins in her elegant four-story mansion, was in a "peck of trouble," but in the midst of it all, she remembered me.

"I'd a knowed you, Miss h'Ellen, even if Dorothy had not tould me so much about you—h'I mind when you was but a 'wee bit' child, h'of seeing you h'at our stall"—here Dorothy said, *mother!* in a menacing tone. "H'I know it, h'I know it; you h'an your father h'are h'always a hushing me h'up—whenever h'I talk of the good *ould times*—them days *were* happy days."

Then came the "peck of trouble." "H'in my young days h'I could 'ave done h'all the work h'in this 'ouse, and here 'ave I *four* servants to do my work—h'an it's jist *tag, tag, tag* h'at their 'eels h'all the livelong, long day." Then there were so many rooms to be kept in order, and withal, they had so many fashionable friends now, that made it necessary that she should keep "dressed up" all the time, and in fact, "she had no peace h'of her life," except—and here the good old soul related to me a little piece of triumphant management of her own. There were many of their old articles that long use had endeared to her, to part with which was like parting with life itself. (Ah! from that moment *I revered* old Martha), "h'an so h'I got John's consent, h'on the condition that h'I should keep them h'all h'out h'of sight! So you see h'I kept h'all my bedroom furniture, h'an a great many h'other things, h'an so sleep h'on our ould bed, h'an 'ave the same

things to cover us, and the same things h'about us as we h'used to 'ave, h'in the good ould time. Thim h'I keep h'all h'in a back room, but thin h'I 'ave h'another which h'I *call* mine—h'an whenever my *ould* friends call, h'I takes them h'up *there*."

Young as I was, the thought struck me even then, as I looked upon Mrs. Gubbins, that the "force of habit is strong." In *outward* dress the old lady had submitted to the requirements of her new station and fortune, but as she went about her house, with the skirt of her dress, and the petticoat immediately next to it, securely pinned up (for no knowledge of a *negligée* had Martha), there depended a quilted and patched calico petticoat, and suspended at her side, the identical blue calico pocket, in its contents still a perfect "Jack-box."

I think of her at a succeeding visit, when the old-fashioned knocker had just been replaced by a bell. She had Dorothy go several times to the door and ring it, while she would stand in the kitchen, and see how *it looked*. At length she became on the *qui vive* for some lady to call, to see how it *went*. Soon she was gratified, for a party of young ladies came up to the entrance. The old lady became so excited that she stood with outstretched neck, listening for the *bell* to ring. Hearing but the usual rap, rap, rap, with their parasol handles, she peeped through the blinds—to her great disappointment, the ladies never appeared to *see* the bell-handle. She could restrain herself no longer—

popping her head out of the window she called out—  
“Ring the bell! h’an h’a servant will h’open the door  
for you.”

I think of Dorothy, as *tugging* at the old lady’s dress, to hold her back, she again exclaimed, in a low tone of keen vexation, *mother!* while the tittering of the ladies could be distinctly heard, as they followed the directions of the old lady—to *ring*—in a manner which threatened to break the bell-rope—and I think how hard it is for a child to be ashamed of its own mother, of the constant tension of their feelings, when she is present, in their momentary expectation of some untoward thing being said or done, and of the *unhappiness* of that mother—when her eyes are open to the fact that she no longer occupies that position in the family that she once did—*Oh! the misery of such a moment, who can tell!* and yet society, everywhere, abounds in such instances.

A young man, in the humble walks of life, poor, uneducated, but industrious, loves with all the enthusiasm of a first passion—some bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl, of his own station in life—he woos and wins—heart joined to heart, hand in hand, they together start in the great race of life—with one will, one desire, one hope. By the operation of that *will*, they make and accumulate a fortune, and as fortune crowns their efforts, they *desire* that their children may enjoy it after them—and this *hope* arrays and blends their future in

all the mild, soft tints of the rainbow—as they picture themselves in the enjoyment of the fruits of their labors, going down the decline of life together—with eyes ever willing to supply their fading sight, and arms ever ready to support their tottering steps of age—of children loving and grateful, eager to make some slight return, for the great debt they owe them—and when their appointed hour shall come—to yield their breath unto God who gave it—to be soothed by the reverence and tears of children, and children’s children.

Such is the desire and hope of that young husband and wife. Years pass away; in the course of which time, household duties have multiplied and closed round the wife, and she no longer goes forth in the world to battle with her husband, but absorbed in the duties of *home*, active and managing with that future still glowing in the horizon of her life—the *world* with its fashions, its opinions and changes, comes to be a dead letter—intent upon that *one* idea—the accumulation of a fortune—she makes all things else give way to it, conquering the vanities natural to her sex, while she revels in visions, of some day indulging them.

With the husband, the increase of his means brings with it also the increased advantages of intercourse with men of refinement, taste, and talent—and as it is impossible to touch pitch, and not be defiled—so also is it impossible to come in contact with such men and

not contract *some* shades of their manner, and imbibe some portion of their opinions.

With increase of means, also, the children are sent to good schools, where they see and associate with the children of the educated and refined—at an age too when their sensibilities and perceptions are the keenest—the result is a little mutual understanding between father and children—which the wife and mother knows not of—it is not *expressed* yet! love and kindly feeling forbid it—beside there has been no provocative so to do—yet *eye* and *tone* express what no *language* could.

The husband, occasionally, dines out, attends political meetings, visits the clubs; he becomes a genteel, fine-looking man. The wife marks the change in his appearance, and glories in *him*, and in his success—but thinks not of *herself*.

At length, the *fortune is made*—the children have arrived at an age which renders it necessary for them to assume a certain style and station in life. They move into a house, built and furnished in a style commensurate to their means—not their tastes. When *that*, which was to prove the *realization* of the long-cherished hopes of the wife—for which she had toiled—for which, for years and years she had devoted her mind, and all her energies, debarring herself of rest, ease, comfort, of all advantages for self-improvement,

of refinement—but proves their *grave*. It is too late to refine and polish *now*—*her habits are fixed*.

To Mrs. Gubbins the change in her husband's manner, I could see, was being *felt*, though not *understood*; for the countenance, which before wore a kindly, benevolent expression, had become changed; it was anxious, and I thought I could trace there a look of pain. She saw that John, her John, was changed, and in her endeavors to revive *old* recollections, and *old* hopes—Martha but made herself the more disagreeable.

Then Dorothy was *always* a self-willed, perverse girl. She said she was her *father's* favorite, and never *did* love her mother, like Gobble. No! Gobble was his mother's own boy—Gobble *always* thought that what his *mother* did was right, and on Gobble did Mrs. Gubbins now place her hopes; and in proportion as the tie of sympathy lessened between her husband, daughter, and herself, did it center on her son. *Gobble* was her stronghold, in which she garnered up her life—her *ship*, on which she had embarked her all of hope saved from wreck on the surging sea of disappointment. But Gobble was at College, and it was two years since the heart of his mother had been *made* glad by the sight of him; for at the vacations he had been invited by several of his school friends to go with them to their southern homes, and John thought it would be better for their son to go about and see the world a little, and Martha acquiesced, as she did in everything that she thought

was for the good of her children—particularly as the hope was held out to her, that he would be more content to remain at home, after that.

Poor Mrs. Gubbins! Often did I sit listening to her, as she became garrulous in her praises of Gobble; for to *my* feelings she appealed, as an object of pity, and in the enthusiasm of my nature, John Gubbins was despised, and Dorothy became a hateful object. So fresh and pure were my feelings *then*, so *innate* my sense of right and wrong, that at such times a sentiment of reverence would mingle with the pity I felt for her—for in Martha there was a spring of genuine feeling, which, though bubbling forth in illiterate expressions, yet were beautified from their primitive simplicity.

Gobble, whom I remembered having seen once in the grocery, as he weighed a pound of spice—sandy-haired and coarse-looking—*Gobble*, the loving, devoted son, my imagination pictured an Adonis in beauty. I became eager and curious to see him, and thought how pleasant it would be to witness the first meeting between mother and son.

## CHAPTER IV.

Six months passed, and that meeting took place; but I was not there to witness it. No! thank Heaven!

I remember it was on the eve of my *entrée* into society that Gobble returned, but I was too much occupied in the anticipation of the event, and had no time to go and congratulate Mrs. Gubbins; but I thought that *now* how happy dear old Mrs. Gubbins must be! and how I should like to see Gobble. A few days afterward he called with Dorothy—(she had been formally introduced into society, a few weeks previous by her father). Ah! yes! and here are their cards—"Miss Dorothy Gubbins," surmounted by a primrose—"Mr. Gobble Gubbins, Esq.," with little cupids turning somersets over a wreath of roses, embossed round the edge. I did not see him then, but at the "entrée" party, which sister gave me soon after, I did. His hair had become darker (as also had Dorothy's), and his appearance more genteel than hers, while his hands, though large, were white and soft.

I remember thinking, he was far from being the Adonis of my imagination, though I felt no disappointment.

Nor did his *reply*, when asking after the health of his mother, that he "believed the old woman was well enough," make any impression on me.

Several weeks after this, and rumor was busy with a grand entertainment that was to come off at Gubbins'. Expectation was on the *qui vive*, for beside the curiosity to see how such people would appear, it was given out, that all the aids that wealth could bring, to charm the eye, and tempt the palate, would be displayed before the guests. It was known, too, that there were several young gentlemen from the south, on a visit there—college chums of Gobble's—handsome and rich, so *rumor* said, and I remember many a fair daughter of aristocratic mammas, were ready to die of vexation, that they had not been allowed to visit the daughter of the plebeian millionaire.

The evening came—ah! with what a teeming brain did I array myself for that party. Visions of the handsome southerners (impetuous and chivalric), floated through my imagination, while hundreds of slaves, dressed in gala costumes, mingled their dusky faces, as trooping over broad plantations, interspersed with groves of the orange and fig, they came to salute their *young mistress*, ("one") whose coming they had seen from their cottages, while I, as I rode along would smile so pleasantly and kindly upon them all, that it would make their very hearts leap for joy, and *he* (whatever his *name* was—one of the southerners though),

sitting beside me, so happy, and so proud, would say (passing his arm fondly round my waist), with eyes beaming with love, all these, and much more, for *thee*, Ellen—then calling some of the old and favorite ones to his side, he would say, "Aunt Judy, aunt Sally, uncle Zip, and Mammy, too, all come! that's right—here is your young mistress, Miss Ellen, you must all love and take care of her."

I shake hands with them, and a great many more, aunts, uncles, mammies, papas, and a few *grannies* beside, and ask them about their children—*each* of which, when spoken of, would run and hide behind some of their mammy's or granny's petticoats, grinning from ear to ear, when the poor things gaining confidence, would enter into a detail of their aches, agers, and rheumatismes; then before leaving the simple, affectionate crowd, to enter the mansion (where the Overseer and *his* family, and the house-servants, are waiting to receive us), I proceed to deliver among them some presents (faugh! as I think of it I am vexed even *now*, that women should make such *ninnies* of themselves), but just at that precise point of time, my fancy poised on its wings (its *exuberance* was *spent*), and left me there—among that crowd of old family slaves, without anything *ready* to give them—what *should* I give them? a *pretty fix* to be in at *such* a time!

And so, too, thought my sister, as, bursting into the

room, already dressed to go, she exclaimed, "What! not ready *yet?*"

"Ellen not ready *yet!*" echoed her husband, on the staircase.

"You are a pretty thing," exclaimed my sister (with eyes flashing with indignation); "why, what *have* you been doing? *three hours* dressing, and not ready *yet!*"

It *was* a fix. There I was, sitting on a low ottoman with one satin slipper on; the other suspended in my hand, in the act of being slipped on my *other* foot, which was reposing on my knee—my hair ready, all to undoing the curl papers. And there was Betty, the house seamstress (my Abigail on all such occasions), standing with my dress gathered up on her arms, ready to slip over my head, so as not to *muss* my hair.

"I give you *twenty* minutes," said sister, with decision, as she was leaving the room; "if not ready *then*, we go without you."

I put on the other slipper—Betty slipped on the dress, and tied on my embroidered sash—while I undid the curls, and twined them round my fingers. I looked at my watch—eighteen minutes of the twenty had passed.

Again my fancy slid away among my imaginary slaves; *again* mooted the vexed question, What *should* I give them?

Bright thought! a calico dress apiece—no favoritism *then*—all alike. But the *color*—the color? What *shall*

be the color? Orange? No! Crimson—it will look so picturesque—against the bright green of the trees and grass.

"Ready?" called up my sister.

"Whoop!" I shouted, joyfully; catching at my shawl, and getting hold merely of the fringe, I dragged it after me down the stairs.

Humph! (I muttered, as I stepped into the carriage), sister might have waited until I *got into the mansion*,—I would like to have seen *the mansion*.

Not once did a thought of those, who, for six weeks, had been the objects of my reveries by day, and my dreams at night, figure in my fancy that evening—no! for not one of them had touched my *heart*.

And therein lies the secret—for until a woman's *heart* is touched, her *fancy* will roam forever; no ties will bind, nor place, nor season control—but spreading its aerial pinions, led on and sustained by *hope* (who, with face sparkling with joyful anticipations, and eyes lustrous with the mild, soft light of love), ever pointeth, with her rosy finger, to the dreamy future.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yes! the *time* was now come, which was to realize the lifelong dreams and hopes of Mrs. Gubbins—when her children, in the enjoyment of the wealth which *her* hands had helped to heap up for them, surrounded by the fashionable and rich, would look up to her with gratitude and *pride*, as founder, in *part*, of their prosperity.



Such were my thoughts as we were borne to the festive scene—for in the midst of my own anticipated victories, I thought *not* of Dorothy's conduct, nor of Gobble's cold reply—but thoughts of dear old Martha—her unaffected, guileless descriptions—and that I would soon witness her happiness at the return of Gobble.

The house shone as if illuminated—and above the music of a fine band swelled the hum of hundreds of voices, and the sliding, measured tread of the dancers.

As we entered the hall, I could see that both suites of rooms were filled—on our right were the dancers, who were treading the mazes of a Scottish reel. I caught a view of Gobble, as he chatted gayly with his partner, a lady whom I had never seen—and my feet tingled to get into the dance too—but no, propriety and etiquette forbid so very rude a thing, as to engage in the amusements of the company without first saluting our host and hostess.

As we fell into the line of visitors that were moving, in solid column, into the rooms on our left, there was many an "inuendo," many a "tit-bit" of scandal, on the vulgarity of our entertainers—many a member of the "old families" would whisper, in a tone half sneer, half apology—

"Only came to see how *such* people would do the thing."

"Yes! *I understand*," expressed by a contemptuous nod and curling lip.

While we stood, awaiting our turn, a voice soft and musical whispered in my ear—

"Fine sport to-night, Miss Durand! but let me withdraw you from this crowd."

"Thank you," I said, "but I have not yet paid my respects to Mr. and Mrs. Gubbins."

"Pho! never mind *them*—anybody else, of course, Miss Durand; but—"

And he gently drew my hand within his arm.

"Excuse me," I replied, as I withdrew my hand; "but I believe not."

"Will not?" he said, gayly. "Ah, well! then I must tear myself away from you, until this fatiguing ceremony is over—until then, *au revoir*."

And this man, the fascination of whose manner had, even then, begun to weave its spell, with a slight wave of his hand gracefully withdrew among the crowd.

Oh! Dulany, I was *young* then—*young*—*young*—or I would have seen through your character as through a veil. I would have known, that a man whose manner is *always* graceful, whose *face is always* wreathed in smiles and sweetness, who never speaks but in tones low, soft, and musical, *is false*; that it is *assumed*, to hide *that* which he would not have *seen*.

I would have known, also, that he who attends to the *proprieties* of life only on *occasions*, is no *true gentleman*—and in *that* one says a great deal.

And there, too, was William, making his way through



the crowd to speak to us—how happy he looked—and his eyes so mild, so soft, as taking my hand, he exclaimed—

“Why, Ella, how late you are! I began to think that you were not coming to-night.”

And then his countenance becoming sad, almost gloomy, he said—

“Can I have the pleasure of dancing the first set with you to-night?”

And when I said, “*Certainly*, William; but what makes you look so sad?” he smiled, but it was a painful smile, as he replied, “Oh! nothing—but I thought you might have some other preference.”

But why, as I think of that night, does my heart sicken, and my blood creep coldly in my veins? It is, that I think of a *broken heart*—a mother’s and of a *wife’s*.

They said you were *ill*, dear old Martha—that you had been *indisposed* for several days. And well do I remember my disappointment, as I looked upon John Gubbins, who, though verging on to sixty, was yet a straight, hale-looking man; and as he stood there, dressed in a suit of blue cloth, coat and pantaloons, with gilt buttons, and yellow vest, and bid his guests welcome, each with a hearty shake of the hand, I thought, what a pity it was, that his dear old *helpmate* was not alongside, to share in the honors of that, their first entertainment; for, to *my* heart, the plump,

comely figure, and kindly smile of the “old wife,” would have diffused a more genial and hospitable glow over the scene than did the daughter’s, because more *fitting*.

Poor Dorothy looked red and uncomfortable, and her arms were quite swollen from the heat of the feathers that were in her sleeves, and the five or six plumes that drooped over her forehead were too many for a *young* lady—and then the flounces and jewelry—altogether, Dorothy *was overdressed*, for her age and for the *hostess*, who should aim at simplicity in dress, that the poorest of her guests may not feel mortified by the comparison.

And I! oh, vanity of vanities! as we promenaded the rooms, was all confusion and timidity, imagining that all eyes were fixed upon *me*—not to admire the wonders of my *dress*—no, for that was simplicity itself. A plain white muslin, with a broad hem and a delicate sprig of flowers embroidered above it—a broad blue sash, also embroidered, confined my waist, fastened at my side by a pearl pin—my sleeves, a single large puff, with point lace falling over the elbow—my hair frizzed in curly puffs above my temples—the back was simply wound round the high tortoise-shell comb, while round my head was twined my mother’s chain of pearls, fastened in the center of my forehead by a crescent of diamonds. These and a fan of carved ivory formed my costume—simple, indeed, in those days of feathers and flowers—no, no! it was not my dress, though I felt *conscious*

that it was beautiful, from its very simplicity. Ah, well, whatever it was, Ellen, thy head was in a delirium of vanity and vexation of spirit, and when thou tookest thy place in the dance, thou felt as if treading the air, and that around thee clustering heads were whispering,

"Who is she? Who is that beautiful young creature?"

"Miss Ellen Durand!"

And that the fine large eyes of the handsome southerners, as they stood with folded arms, surveying the company, when they caught a view of thy form, lit up with renewed interest as they exclaim—

"Who, *who!* is that lady, there—the one with a blue sash?"

"That is our belle of the season—Miss Ellen Durand. Beautiful, is she not? Shall I introduce you?"

"Beautiful indeed (a sigh), a thousand thanks—yes."

So *real* did thy fancy become, that they seemed to be moving up, nearer and nearer, until they stood within a few feet of thee, waiting the conclusion of the dance. Ay, so *busy* wast thou with imaginary and anticipated victories, that thou didst look with great contempt upon a thin, lantern-jawed little man, opposite to thee in the dance, and scarcely deigned to touch his yellow, bony hand with thy plump white fingers, in the balancé and half-promenade.

And when, shortly after, Gobble came up with the same bilious-looking little man, who had stood opposite

to thee in the dance, accompanied by the strange lady with whom you saw him chatting so gayly—and a handsome-looking gentleman, with black hair and whiskers, your heart throbbed, for it told you that the handsome-looking man was one of the southern strangers. But bah! the man was *married*, and that Mrs. Thing-a-ma-gee was his *wife*, and they were on their *wedding tour*—*very* pleasant indeed, *very!*

Ah, well! his plantation was, *without doubt*, a mere *swamp*—his *mansion-house*, a leaky old log-cabin, and the cottages of his negroes—a miserable collection of "tumble-down" huts. As for his *other* southern friend, the man had the jaundice, yellow fever, or *something* perfectly frightful.

*Then* it was—when the saying of the Psalmist had just been exemplified by a *practical* illustration—that I noticed some little flutter and stir among the persons around us, and saw the southern lady, Louisa Beebee, touch her husband's arm, and motion for him to look at some one in the crowd. Following with my eyes the direction of theirs, I saw dear old Martha coming toward us, smiling and curtsying to the different persons whom she knew, as she made her way through the crowd—delighted I cried out:

"Mrs. Gubbins! how glad I am to see you! I understood you were too ill to come down."

"H'I h'am not very well, h'Ellen dear, but h'I thought h'it would do me good to come down h'an see the danc-

ing for h'a while," she said with a sad, kind smile, as she pressed my hand within both her own, then quickly turned to me the southern lady and her husband as apologizing for the interruption, they said:

"Did we understand you aright, Miss Durand, in calling this—a—lady—Mrs. Gubbins?"

"What!" I exclaimed, "not know Mrs. Gubbins and her *guests too*?"

Slowly, and with a confusion and embarrassment of manner almost painful, did the southerner take the hand of the old lady, while his wife held tightly by his arm as she leaned forward with a look of anxious interest, he said:

"Pardon me, madam, I understood that Gobble's and Miss Dorothy's—I should—say—rather—that I was under the *impression*—that—in fact—that—that Mr. *Gubbins* was—a—a—a *widower*, madam!"

No tremor—no excitement was visible in that old lady's manner—as with the pallor of *death* on her face, through which gleamed two bright spots on either cheek, she asked, in a calm tone:

"But, my son, did my *son*—did *Gobble* ever tell you so?"

And the poor southerner—how nervous, how *wretched* he looked, as he stammered out:

"Oh! not at all, madam! I do assure you—indeed, indeed *he never said anything about it—that is*, (correcting himself) *recently*—when he *first* came to college, he

talked of his *dear mother* a great deal—you see it is all quite a mistake in me—in me."

*Then* it was that Gobble—the *faithful, true son*—first perceived from where he stood the unwelcome presence of his mother coming up—with the blackness of night upon his forehead—his lips purple and quivering—he *hissed* in her ear and passed on.

Oh! that low, concentrated sound, as of a *devil's breathing*—it rings in my ear yet, and the gasping of that poor woman, as for breath or utterance, has lived in my dreams through years since.

I think of this—my first lesson of the *great ingratitude in life*—and how horror and surprise rooted me to the spot, as my eyes followed the retreating figure of that *mother*, as she moved heavily along, occasionally supporting herself against the persons of the crowd, as she passed between them, with tottering steps.

I think of William, as with heart swelling with indignation he said, "Ellen, let us leave this house!" and how, pressing his arm, I replied, "Wait."

I know not how I got through those rooms. No! nor through the hall, crowded almost to suffocation; but I remember that, when about to ascend the staircase, the back staircase, an arm was placed gently round my waist, and a voice, soft and trembling, whispered,

"Miss Durand! may I not go with you?—that poor old lady, Mrs. Gubbins! I must see her."

There was an earnestness and feeling in her voice,

and in her eyes; I pressed her hand, there was a *bond of sympathy* between us, and from that moment I felt a regard, an affection for the southern bride—for Louisa Beebee—which years has since ripened into friendship and love.

I led her into a room I *knew well of*, and *there*, on the *old bed*, surrounded by the *old things* (except the three hearts that had once encircled *hers* with their love, and which had made *home* and *old things* precious), lay the old wife and mother, neglected and *broken-hearted*, while her house resounded with feasting and *revelry*—the *means for which* she, in part, had earned by her own hands, through *years* of deprivation and hard toil.

Timidly, fearfully, we sat down at her bedside, for we knew no consolation for a grief like this. How vacant, and how *fixed* was the expression of those eyes! Perhaps if we *say* something, it will break the intensity of that grief! we whispered to each other—and I said,

“Are you ill, my dear Mrs. Gubbins? In pain?”

“H’Ellen!” she said, pressing her hand firmly upon her heart, “my ’eart h’it h’is broken. Oh! my children, my children. My *fault* ’as been that I loved you too well! ’ad your mother loved you less, you would ’ave loved ’er more.”

So fixed and immovable did her eyes remain—so devoid of feeling or expression her countenance—we felt that she was past all hope. No sympathy could reach her more, her heart was broken. \* \* \*

We turned her over, to relieve her position, and thus we left her lying—with her face to the wall. \* \*

At noon the next day the southerners were off, bound to New York—they had received letters, they said, that required their immediate presence there.

Three days after, and a large black coffin, with silver mountings occupied a hearse, with drooping plumes, and twelve men, with long flowing weepers, with solemn tread walked beside it, followed by a carriage with three persons attired in deep mourning, and a long line of other carriages, filled with sympathizing friends, wound slowly into the churchyard, and there, beside an open grave, with spades in hand, stood two men; they took their hats off, reverently, as the procession advanced—it was meet and proper they should, in presence of so much grief!

The mourners and the friends gathered round, and the minister made a prayer and sang a hymn to the great and pure God, who knoweth the hearts of all men, that he would comfort the bereaved husband and children, and sustain them under their great loss. \* \*

The twelve mourners lowered into that open grave—and the two sextons shoveled in the earth, and covered from sight—her who loved but too well.

A moment, and the light rattling sound of carriage-wheels, and a cloud of dust, but marked where a solemn procession had just passed—like a cloud of night.

They said, she long had had a tendency to apoplexy;

that the excitement of a party in the house had brought on an attack, which had proved her death-sickness. *We* knew, the southerners knew otherwise, and the secret of *the broken heart* was never known. It was unwise to tell it, and could have done no good. But *that* Gobble Gubbins has ever since met me with averted eyes, or troubled glances.

Poor, poor, dear old Martha! How happy, thrice blessed, is the old wife, who, in the fullness of her heart can exclaim, in the touching language of Burns,

"John Anderson, my Jo, John, when we were first acquaint,  
Your locks were like the raven, your bonnie brow was brent.  
John Anderson, my Jo, John, we clam the hill thegither,  
And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither.  
Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go,  
And we will sleep thegither, at the foot, John Anderson, my Jo."

But why do my thoughts dwell on the old wife? The *old husband* thought not of her. No, a gay, dashing, old widower, was John Gubbins! And he could drive his gig with the best of the young bloods, and lift his white beaver with as gallant a bow to the belles, in passing. Soon it was noised and bruited about, that the millionaire widower would give a hundred thousand dollars for a wife—a *young wife*—to be deeded and delivered to her so soon as she should pronounce her marriage vows. A hundred thousand for a wife! *a wife!*

Ay, there went some of *thy* hard earnings, dear old Martha.

And he, upon whose head the frosts of near sixty winters had fallen, it was, who had dared to cast glances of love upon you, Bella!—you, the best and most beloved little pet of all.

Ah! well do I know, that with thee the incidents of that sailing jaunt loomed up before thy heart's horizon, small at first, but which spread until all its brightness was obscured by it. I marked you, Bella, as your spirits grew sad and dull, and your steps had lost their lightness, when *he* jested to thee of love, and with another; he, whose image was enshrined, as all that was perfect and manly in your heart. You dared not trust yourself to think he was changed—no, not for one moment. You would press your hand tightly on your burning eye-balls, as if to crush out the thought, while the ever-recurring question of your heart was, "Oh! Ned, how *could* you! Oh! now I see (how dull I was, a very child, so silly), Ned is but trying me. He knows I never would have that horrid old man. But to talk so of the money—anything but that—ah!" and again the starting tears would be pressed back, as the thought came, with a pang through your heart, "Ned! Ned! how could you be so cruel!"

"He that *jests of love* feels it not." That truth came to thee full soon. Ned seemed strangely willing to believe that you favored the old man, and laughed when you protested, with quivering lips, that you would never even see him—and asked, "Why not? A

very good—a very nice man—and you would have plenty of pin-money.”

A sickness came over your heart, and tremblings in your limbs; but what could you say, he had never *said* he loved. No! but if the eye is the seat of the soul, and the tones of the voice the medium of its expression, so surely had he said to thee, Bella, I love.

Oh! shall I ever forget the first awakening of that heart to the conviction, that it was loved *no more!* Elvira Vallean! you little dreamt of the wound you inflicted on your dear friend Bella, when you gave up your pure heart to Ned Stevens—nor when your eye drooped beneath his gaze, with a pleased timidity, that each glance but attuned to fresh misery the heart of your friend.

Oh, if you had had a *mother*, Bella, upon whose bosom you could have wept out your grief—whose all-enduring love and sympathy would have soothed, and if she could, heal the wound of her child. For in whom can we repose such faith and confidence, as our mother? To whom can we fly, when our heart is oppressed with secret grief, so sure of sympathy and love, as our mother? Who, when all the world condemns, yet will excuse and palliate all, but *our mother?*

But no, you were an *orphan* (how much is compressed in that one word!) dependent on the kind charity of an own father's sister.

A thorough-going, practical woman was that Mrs.

Primbody—did everything according to a conscientious sense of duty—the poor woman was positively *persecuted* by it; it never permitted the exercise of the finer feelings of the heart, nor aught of worldly considerations to enter in—no, indeed! all things must submit to this leveler of *impulses*—of all feeling—this tyrant master—this conscientious sense of duty.

It was this *conscientious* sense of duty, that made her take her brother's child and raise it as her own, and try and make “a useful woman of her”—and when she saw (for her eye was quick and sharp), that her niece's cheek grew thin and pale, and her eyes sunken, she divined the cause—but, she always *knew* that Ned Stevens was a trifling fellow—that he was but just flirting with Bella—she had *told* her so, *time and again*—but, no! no!—*he was true and sincere*, and would never love anybody but *her*, she *knew*. She will mind what I say, another time—I take it. She may just *whimper* away. I am not going to encourage any such “gim-crack notions”—I'll show her.

It was this “conscientious sense of duty,” that made her blandly invite the millionaire widower to her house, and kindly encourage his visits—it was her duty to encourage the visits of all proper persons. Mr. Gubbins was none of your “fly-away fellows,” his habits were fixed (sixty years had fixed them); beside, he loved her (ugh!) and was rich—what more could she desire?

Such arguments but excited in you loathing and



disgust. Then others were used—soft and conciliating, for one so practical and thorough-going, and so troubled by a conscientious sense of duty.

True, her uncle Primbody had, by his unceasing efforts, so managed his business as to maintain the family—but times were hard, and there was no knowing the day he might break, and they be plunged into poverty. His health was failing him too, dear man, and some day she might become a disconsolate widow, with the care of the five children—the girls particularly, what would *they* do? From Mr. Gubbins' means, he would, of course, assist them—not that for one moment she would have her dear Bella impute mercenary motives to her—no, God forbid! it was from a conscientious desire to see the child of her brother properly settled in life—purely—with one who would always love and cherish her (ugh! ugh!) and maintain her in a certain style and station.

Such a one was Mr. Gubbins—beside, he would, she knew, afford her dear Bella every means to gratify the generosity and benevolence of her nature—not to say gratitude—which she knew was the paramount principle of her Bella's heart.

With tears did that unhappy girl beseech her aunt to mention the hated name no more—such tears as only an orphan, or the daughter of heartless parents shed, when deprived of all sympathy and love.

With what earnestness you entreated to be allowed

to go forth into the world, and make your own way—you could stand behind a counter, and be a clerk—you could teach school—*anything*—only let you go—then if your uncle, Primbody, should die, you could assist them—oh! so much.

Let you go forth into the world, indeed! (whew! what an array of *conscience* met you there).

*Never*—but as a *wife*—should you leave her protection—a conscientious feeling of duty forbade it. If you really wished to gratify her, and make some return for the care and anxiety they had been at for you, you would do as she wished you to do, and marry Mr. Gubbins; but as for your going out into the world, to support yourself, her conscience would never permit it.

Crushed—almost paralyzed—your sensitive nature withdrew into itself—but *there*, amidst the desolation of your heart, there *yet* shone one small ray of hope, which, with its uncertain light, but made the surrounding darkness more terrible. Ned might still love thee; though, perchance, he knew it not. Elvira was a lovely girl—one of those sweet, gentle creatures, that one cannot help loving, but she had not the depth of character, of soul, that thou hadst—no! it was but a passing fancy—he would yet return. But if he should *not*, oh God! have mercy on the *orphan*.

*Months* passed—that ray of hope yet glimmered on fitfully, faintly—the little spark yet emitted a pale light from amidst the ashes of hope—but that wild,

restless gayety, those lustrous eyes and flushed cheeks, told but too well of the feverish blood that was coursing within.

It was at that time, that people said that Ned Stevens and Elvira Vallean were engaged to be married—and that Bella Lightner, tempted by the rich bait, had accepted the hand of the widower Gubbins.

How loth the heart is, to believe that which it would *not*—and *how willing* to believe that which it *would*—did not people say that you were going to marry? and to one whom you hated—they had even fixed the time—ten days from then—why, then, believe that of Ned?

Oh! I marked you well, Bella; I knew the cause of the flushed cheek and struggling sigh—*would* that thou hadst thus fluttered on, sinking with despair—and again nerved up with hope—till thy own sick heart had cured itself. Time, who, with balm on his wings, binds up the wounded soul, would have shown thee the *unworthiness* of him thou loved—*of him* who had arrested thy *first* fancy—thy first sigh—when, with unfledged wings, thou didst soar after a kindred spirit. But, nestling down, thou didst *fold* thy wings, and strengthened them *not*, by another flight; and did think, that for *thee* there was no other spirit in the wide—wide world.

As the child, who, as he looks up at the hills, and

over the plains, and across the waters, as they stretch out into the blue distance, seeming to mingle with the sky, thinks, that for him there are no other plains, nor hills, nor waters—but that which bounds his young vision is *the world*.

Oh! would that you, Bella, and many *such as you*, had resisted the first strong impulse to desperate acts, and waited; when, from amidst the ashes of your first hopes, your spirit would have arisen, purified from all the idle and crude fancies of a first love—stronger and holier—and with a cleared vision, far more worthy of loving—of being loved. But no! the tearing away of that last thin veil of doubt was rudely done—too rude for thee; and as memory recalls every look and action of that night of the dinner party, so fraught with interest to you and *me*, Bella—though I knew it not—I exclaim again: Come, oh! my William—I was blind—blind!

There were grand old dames of the “old families,” “matrons of the new,” with their maidens and young men—for Mr. Vallean, though a member of the “old families,” yet carried out his republicanism in its literal sense, by extending his hospitalities to persons of intelligence and refinement, without regard to station or *wealth*.

There were Maria Newman, Dorothy Gubbins, and Bella, beside several others of our young lady friends—poor governesses, I remember—whose gentle breeding



and refined appearance were all-sufficient passports for them, with such people as the Valleaus—then there were Ned Stevens, Orville Dulany, William, and several more of the beaux—and, ah, ugh! among them, *old John Gubbins*.

It was on that occasion, too, that the stately aristocratic dame, Madame Le Clerc, gave such a cutting rebuke to the parvenus.

Come! (whispered Dorothy Gubbins—to two or three of us girls, as we were seating ourselves at table), let all of us whose fathers ride in carriages, sit on *this* side—and, exclaimed Madame Le Clerc, in a voice low and deep, but so distinct as to be heard by all present, rising up majestically in her seat, then slowly reseating herself—let all those whose *grandfathers* rode in carriages sit on *this* side.

I have been in many a company since, and have often seen cause to wish, for the sake of the poor, but refined persons present, that there was a Madame Le Clerc there.

How kind my William was that night—how more than even my friend—an expression of softness beamed from his eyes—as they looked into mine—and so gentle, so considerate. Oh, it seemed like old times again, and my heart expanded under the genial influence of his smile, and my soul seemed floating in air—so happy, so childishly happy was I, that I became more than usually brilliant, and flirted with Dulany, more vio-

lently than ever, and he seemed so absorbed in admiration of me that he scarcely noticed poor Maria Newman, sitting opposite to him at table—intently studying the figures in the tablecloth.

I was not surprised at it, though I pitied poor Maria, for had he not always told me that he liked intellect and character in a woman—and by many an ardent word and look did he convey the inference that I was the beau ideal of the woman of his imagination—beside he had just returned from a little pleasure trip to Washington, in company with Maria and several others, and I thought—dear charming Dulany, how he must have been bored—and more than ever endeavored to render myself agreeable to him, to repay the hours of dullness spent with my stupid friend.

And Ned, how cold his gray eyes looked when they were fixed upon Bella—and his manner so confident and patronizing—meant to be kind—and when Bella would laugh that loud, nervous way, my heart would swell with indignation, and I longed to say—Oh, Bella, *his eye* is upon you, do not laugh so, you but betray your secret—and when after such bursts of excitement, her strength gone, she would remain motionless, and with a countenance so lost and sad, that I would exclaim in my heart—laugh, laugh, do but laugh, that sad face but all the more betrays your secret.

Right joyfully then did I comply—when Bella

whispered her request to me—to accompany her up stairs—she was going home.

As we quietly left the room, the mild Elvira followed us out—what! not going home, girls? Only Bella—she has a nervous headache to-night, I said quickly—for the poor girl only answered by a blank, absent look, and said nothing.

Dear Elvira, as you lingered to sympathize and condole with your suffering friend, you knew not that every accent of your soft, sweet voice, fell with a pang upon her heart and foretold too surely, the final knell of her hopes. No, you knew not, or you would not have spoken to the one you did, to see her home. Poor Bella, soon she was ready—too soon, alas!—and we had hardly descended the first flight of steps, and stood looking over the banisters down into the hall, waiting for Elvira to appear with the promised escort, when we heard the fine, rich voice of Ned Stevens, blending in a low hum with the soft, sweet tones of Elvira.

“Will you go with Miss Lightner?”

“Oh yes, if *you* say so.”

“Oh! but I would have you go willingly.”

“Willingly as man can go,” he said, fervently embracing her, “and leave such a”——the last word was sealed on Elvira’s lips, as she reclined, looking up into his face, with her head resting upon his bosom.

Bella’s hand rested for a moment on my arm—its

touch was cold—cold. I shuddered as with a chill, and we both went tottering down the stairs—for the cold tremor had not yet left my limbs—and poor Bella tottering, sinking—would that she had thus sunk.

“Mr. Stevens is waiting to see you home,” said Elvira, as she bent forward to kiss good-night. But Bella turned away her head—not *then* could she receive a kiss from *her*.

I returned to the company that I had left, but I was no longer the brilliant Ellen Durand—the anxiety and sadness that was in my heart betrayed itself in my countenance, and tears would tremble on my eyelids.

I think of thee again, Bella, when three days after I hastened to you—summoned by *your* note—how I had longed to go to you, but felt that to your sensitive, wounded heart, even the presence of friendship would be intrusive. Then, in the midst of heart-breaking tears, I learned that you were going to marry *Old John Gubbins*—the time was fixed—and they were even now occupied in making your bridal attire. I regretted—I repented that I had not related to you the scene of the broken-hearted old wife—but I thought that it was too late then.

*Too late?* when the nuptial vows are plighted—*then*, and *only then* is it *too late*—seriously, sadly, I urged—Bella, he is too *old* for you.

Oh! Ellen, Ellen—murmured the poor girl (press-

ing her hands tightly on her burning eye-ball), I feel that in a little while, I shall be with my father and blessed mother in heaven—in *heaven*, she repeated more calmly—Oh God! let it not be long.

The debt of gratitude I owe for the cares bestowed on me in my infancy—the years of food and shelter demand some return—for such a debt it is but little that money can repay—but it will express my gratitude.

I have not seen him, she said, with an expression of deep loathing—aunt and uncle Primbody arranged it all—I am *not* to see him—until—*until*—I exacted that promise of him. It is the third time that he has proposed, I never *dreamt* of accepting him—*never*—but then *that* night! Ellen—ah my brain reels—reels—*would* that they had given me more time.

*Meantime*—it needed not the whispered confidence of the conscientious aunt Primbody when she called me aside—as I was passing through the hall—to lay open to my view this hastening of the time! Oh! no! reflection might come, and reason take the place of *pride*—with time—it was well to hurry matters—and lastly conscientious withal—for are we not told to improve the fleeting moments as they fly? And Mr. Gubbins was such a dear, kind man, and was so doatingly fond of Bella, that he was disposed to *humor* her fancies—and allow her more time—so I just told him—that he had best “strike while the iron was hot”—that these

young ladies never knew what was best for themselves—and there was no knowing the time she might change her mind.

“But, Mrs. Primbody, he is too old for Bella.”

“Y-e-s—he is *rather* so; but, as I told Bella, ‘it is better to be an old man’s darling, than a young man’s slave,’ beside,” (how the small gray eyes of the conscientious aunt twinkled) “Mr. Gubbins will hardly live long—five years at the most. I notice that he is of a very full habit—tendency of blood to the head—will die of apoplexy some day. When left mistress of herself and her fortune, at an age when she will be most capable of judging, Bella will then be in a position to select and choose for herself.

No! I could not go in and look at the five mantua-makers and little French milliner, as they sat busily at work, making articles to deck the sacrifice.

Six days afterward and a small company of us were gathered round the chancel of St. Paul’s. We had come to see an old man lead to the altar, a young girl to be his bride. We had come to see the completion of a sacrifice. There were those present whose lips curled in disdainful derision, as they looked upon her, whom their sensitive feelings accused of bartering herself away for gold—young men, of manly, noble natures, who would have deemed themselves but too happy to have stood in that old man’s place.

Alas! there are many, many changes to step in between youth and the future which hope draws, to mar and blot—but,

"Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent  
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys  
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,  
Well merited, consume his nights and days."

## CHAPTER V.

WALLINGFORD is dead! 'Tis in vain I sit with pen in my trembling hand, endeavoring to compose my thoughts, to write a few lines of consolation to Eveline—to Eveline!—I! ah! who, when thy husband was stricken down, and thou sawest the damp dews of death gathering heavily on his brow—when his stiffening hand grasped thine, and thy ear was placed close down to his mouth, that thou mightest hear the last faint whisper of that fluttering soul, ere it should wing its way—when all was still, and thou wast left *alone*, who was there to speak words of comfort to thee? Where were the friends of thy youth? Where was Ellen? Ah! so it is,

"To-day the forest leaves are green,  
They'll wither on the morrow,  
And the maiden's laugh be changed ere long,  
To the widow's wail of sorrow.  
Come with the winter's snows, and ask,  
'Where are the forest birds?'  
The answer is a silent one,  
More eloquent than words."

How little do we know of what is passing in the

hearts around us! or how a careless word spoken, may touch a chord we know not of—that this should be one of the *items* of news which sister had treasured up for me, when I should be strong enough to bear the excitement.

“You recollect Eveline Hawley, that was?”

“Yes, yes, certainly—you know we visit.”

“Yes, I do remember, it is some time since though—you know she married George Wallingford, and they lived in such style, for a while?”

“I know. What of her—what of them?”

“Well, nothing, except that he is dead.”

“Eveline’s husband! George Wallingford, dead!” I faintly murmured, falling back, powerless, in my chair.

“Now, now, don’t be so excited about it. Yes, he died about three weeks ago, Ellen,” she said, looking at me anxiously, and speaking in a soothing voice—“I ought not to have told you this, you are too weak to bear any excitement yet; you must be kept more quiet.”

And my sister departed (and without scrutiny or thought of aught below the surface), sends me up a cup of valerian tea. \* \* \*

Again am I alone with my memories. It is better for Ellen to be left alone, they say, to be kept composed and quiet—and they wheeled my chair, noiselessly, round by the south window, and they gave me

my card-basket to look over, and I saw an ill-concealed smile playing around their lips, which plainly said, how weak and childish Ellen is, to be amused with these trifles so long. They do not know, that I see the eyes of my William beaming upon me, ever as of yore, \* \* that, clustering around me are the familiar faces of my youth, shadowy and undefined at first, but with their experiences of life becoming vividly distinct.

Again, the soft, gentle tones of Elvira, and the rich, manly ones of Ned Stevens, play upon my ear, as once they did, when they seemed floating on the full tide of prosperous love; not a cloud was visible to obscure their future—what had they to fear? The Valleaus had given their consent, the day was fixed for the wedding, and the serene Elvira, as she strolled in the quiet moonlight, with her lover, and with linked hands planned the future cottage, to be built on the banks of the Patapsco, would speak with kindling cheek of the pleasure she would derive from the neighborhood of her dear friend, Bella, and from her calm, unsuspecting heart wonder how she could marry such an old man; nor dreamt, that *he*, to whom she had plighted her pure faith, was the cause of that unseemly marriage.

What a wayward creature is man! Ned Stevens, while he felt the assurance that Bella loved him, trifled with and rejected the treasure of her heart (though it was of his own seeking), and rioted in the perfume of another’s love. But when Bella’s eye met his, with a

calm, clear gaze, and the lid no longer drooped, nor the cheek to pale or crimson in his presence, then did Ned Stevens' love (as if first roused to a consciousness of what it had lost), return with an increased power, and the affectionate caresses of Elvira became distasteful to him.

One little year had passed, and Bella, though she never could conquer her feelings of aversion for her husband, had yet become to despise her lover. So it is, when a man once gains the love of a high-souled woman, she endows him with all that is noble, manly, and great; and his attributes are, gentleness, love, and truth. To him she submissively yields. But if!—once fallen from the high pedestal upon which her love had placed him, there is no depth can fathom the hate and contempt she bears him!

Stevens, consuming with the contending feelings of passion and regret, sought alleviation by resorting to all places where chance might favor him with a sight of Bella. He could not believe, that *she* who had loved him once, did not now. He knew the strength and depth of that soul, but he knew not its high tone—its great purity.

The neglected Elvira quickly felt the change, and it was not long ere the high-spirited Vallean broke off, altogether, the slight shadow of an engagement that yet existed between them.

And thus Ned Stevens, hated and despised by her

whose love he had first won—then contemptuously slighted—forsaken by one whom he had engaged to wed—and, goaded by his *friends*, who were maliciously particular that his memory should not flag for want of an occasional reminder, resorted to intoxicating drinks, in the vain hope of drowning the feelings of love and remorse that were raging within him; the clear musical tones and rich laugh—the bright smile and true wit, which had once characterized him, were gone; and few would have recognized in the bloated, swollen face and form—the harsh voice, low and abrupt—the gay, joyous Ned Stevens of a few months previous.

It was at *this* time, when hovering on the brink of a moral ruin, that Stevens was suddenly recalled to sobriety and a better life, by her who had been the indirect and innocent cause of his fall.

And so said people (I remember the whole town rang with it), as the young Mrs. John Gubbins was riding in her carriage down Lombard street, she saw a man, who (if all that is said is true), was once but too dear to her, staggering along, now balancing himself against a post, and now against the wall, when suddenly he slipped and fell rolling into the gutter—the lady got out, and going up to the prostrate man, ordered her footman and coachman to place him in the carriage, and convey him safe to his lodgings—and see that he was well cared for.

It was an old gentleman, who, with others, had



witnessed the scene, that (upon the score of old friendship, as he accompanied her home), playfully expressed his surprise to Bella, at seeing her bestow such kindness upon *him*, upon which Bella, with *loathing* in her looks, replied—

“I would not that any *thing* that had once been the recipient of *my love*, should *wallow in the mire!*”

And this was repeated to Ned, when he became sober. What must have been his feelings, as he thought of what *might* have been?

A few days more and he had gone—and years passed ere we knew whither or where.

Oh! Bella—thou wast amply revenged; it was a harsh rebuke, but timely, that you gave; but no doubt that Ned, in his southern home, now blesses the hand that meted it out to him.

But why do I recall a period so fraught with bliss and misery? why cause to burst afresh the fountains of regret and *hope*, which *years* of schooling had not extinguished, but only trained to a calmer flow? why? of the era of my life, when I first awoke to the blissful realization of love—*love*—in all its thrilling intensity and soul-absorbing power—when was first revealed the delicious sentiment which bound my William to me, with a tie that not even *death* can sever, and I first awoke to my heart's blindness—to my life of—vain folly.

How like a thunder-clap, which startles, but does not

wound, was to me the announcement of your marriage, Dulany? I, who, carried away by your ardent protestations, *insinuated*, rather than said, was meditating a sacrifice of myself, in order to secure the happiness of so very adoring a lover—yes, I would marry him—the charming Dulany should not be a wreck in life.

Oh! vain, foolish imaginings! that shut my eyes to a pure, manly, devoted heart. Oh! thick closed!—which obscured from me my sun of happiness—how like a pall has your remembrance enveloped my life!

Oh! regret! regret! vain regret; how would my soul now hang entranced upon one word from *him*—how prize one moment, in which I could whisper, Ellen loves thee!—loved thee *always!* I was blind—blind!

But no—it cannot be—delicacy forbids; but, upon my lone heart, there yet break gleams of light; say, are they not struck off from thine, William?

\* \* \* \* \*

But, through the intervening lapse of years, there was one spring of pleasure yet left to me—the privilege to *think* of thee, violating no pledge nor confidence. Oh! Dulany, it was no slight boon you gave me!—that of remaining *free*. For sixteen years have I poured out my praises, for sixteen years given thanks.

Too late did the treacherous scales fall from my eyes—too late was the spell which you, Dulany, had so assiduously woven round me, dissolved—and I awoke, as from a dream, into the realities of life—

too late with bursting heart and aching brow—*too late.*

*He*—William—had gone; and on the fly-leaf of that favorite book which he sent me, were written these lines:

“May God soothe and comfort you, my Ellen.

“Forever your friend,

“WILLIAM.”

Ever my kind, noble William, you became sublime in your sympathy, for the grief you supposed Ellen's.

With what a new light *then*, stood out every incident of my life, from my childhood up; how clearly defined Dulany's acts—how, above all, beamed thy kind, thine unalterable, unchangeable love, and my *folly*! But, oh! my William, I was blind—*blind.*

## CHAPTER VI.

THE beams of the setting sun are pouring brightly in at the south window, near which sits the true, the high-souled, the weak and suffering Ellen; her thin hands press convulsively her eyelids, while the deep sob and quivering lip, tell of an inward grief that is but too surely rending the heart-strings of that graceful being.

A sister's step passes stealthily over the threshold—long she looks, and silently, at the compressed hands, the tears trickling from beneath them, and the trembling of that lip. An expression of grief, of perplexity passes over the face of the sister, as she stands musingly, seeming to ponder the cause. Soon the look of doubt is succeeded by one of decision, as she steals quietly out, and slips softly down stairs. “I'll tell you this, Caldwell,” said the sister, closing the door after her, as she stepped into a back room, where her husband sat, awaiting to hear the daily bulletin of the health of his sister-in-law—“we must change this system of quietness for Ellen—'tis her fretting keeps her sick, depend upon it.”



"D—n that Dulany—wish I had shot him sixteen years ago."

"Then you would have killed sister Ellen outright; for with her devotion to him, she could not have borne that—beside making her the town talk, and you know she's been enough of that already."

"Well, well, what has *he* done! but unfitted for the duties of life, one who could not have met her superior in the position of wife and mother," said Caldwell, in a rage, stamping his foot; "to all intents and purposes, she is killed already."

"Well, it is useless to lament now, but what a pity it was that we did not see into the character of the man, and forbid him the house; several of my friends have told me, since then, that they could plainly see he was but trifling with Ellen."

"Pshaw! people will always be saying that—beside, remember Ellen was a little of a coquette herself."

"The most brilliant one of her time," replied the sister triumphantly, with all the pride of her sex, "and would be a star yet, if we could but get her out."

"Yes, your sister is uncommonly youthful-looking for her age. D—n that man, he went beyond the usual limits prescribed for a mere flirtation; from language I myself heard him use, your sister had every reason to believe him deeply attached to her."

"That mean little minx, Maria Newman, whom he did marry, was just fitted for a man like him. By-

the-by, William writes to his mother, that she continues very ill—that the physicians say that she will not recover—may be she is dead and buried even now, you know."

"If she is, it's nothing to me, I only wish I had stretched *him* low, sixteen years ago."

"Yes—but I was thinking, Caldwell, that if, you know, she should die, or is dead, Maria—you know,"

"Well! what of that?"

"Why! that—that—that—Dulany, you know, might perhaps wish—a—Ellen—you know, to be a mother to his—a—ch—"

"What?"

"That perhaps Ellen might yet be happy," said the sister firmly, but immediately bursting into tears.

"If she ever takes him, she's no sister of mine, but I need not fear that, Ellen has too much spirit, she would die rather—"

"If we could but see her happy?"

"We must take other means—try change of air and scene—but what keeps William off there so long? he has never been back to see his mother since he first left—which, I recollect, was a day or two before Dulany's marriage—has he?"

"Never! he and Ellen were always such friends, too, that I am surprised that he has never written to her, though he always inquires very particularly after Ellen's health—so his mother tells me."

"He used to be a strange young man—I never could make him out—queer, his keeping out at Cuba all this time—a regular bach," said Caldwell musingly, "never married, has he?"

"No, he has not—though they say he is exceedingly sensitive on this point—never permitting the most distant bantering."

Late did these two persons talk, question and muse, as to the cause and best mode of proceeding, in regaining the spirits and failing health of their sister, in which they decided that she should be no more left alone, to the indulgence of past reminiscences, but should have cheerful company, from morning until night, until she should be able to travel—the sister secretly determining, that if ever Dulany as a widower, should return to address Ellen, she would aid his wishes with every means in her power, displaying in this, the keen insight with which we mortals generally see into the spring of action, and feelings which agitate the hearts of our fellow-creatures.

## CHAPTER VII.

IN a large, latticed room, in the upper story of a stone house that faced the Bay of Havana, stood looking out upon the water, in an attitude of profound thought, he who lived in the daily dreams of Ellen Durand. O! not inaptly had love described him, though sixteen years had deepened the shades of thought into lines, and thickly sprinkled with gray the jet black hair—yet the eye beamed large, soft and lustrous, and the lips would wreath with a smile, at once sweet and sad, through the heavy beard which surrounded them.

William Berthoud was pronounced strangely interesting by the women of his acquaintance, "fine" by the men, but not "come-at-able;" he won them all by his sad, quiet way, but would permit of no nearer approach; it was only when in the presence of Orville Dulany, that he seemed cross—fretful—ay, even *morose*—when that gentleman would banter him in his amiable, fascinating way.

"Berthoud! (he would say) why *don't* you marry? You should not be so generalizing in your attentions to the fair sex—concentrate—concentrate—a man of your

attractions could not fail to win—suppose you try, surely *some* one could be found to have you. Why there's B——, of the city of Trinidad, offers a hundred thousand dollars to any man who will marry his daughter, beside the chances for a reversion of the 'estate;' to be sure, she is not the most exquisitely *fair* one I ever saw—but, ahem! By-the-by, there's some one in the States, *we wot of*, that might suffer herself to be *consoled* by this time, eh! ha, ha, ha! what—won't! ah, well, (with a shrug) if this little wife of mine ever leaves *me* a widower, I'll have to try my hand there—think I would succeed?"

Despising the littleness which prompted such inuendos, consuming with indignation, that she who was enshrined in his heart as a sacred thing, should be so lightly spoken of—these attacks stung and outraged his keenly sensitive nature—yet William Berthoud could not withdraw himself from the circle which composed the society of Dulany, and into which his evil star had placed him. An influence as of a serpent's spell was around and upon him—he *felt* that its breath was withering his life—yet he could not break himself away and be *free*.

Perhaps, too, the feeling that he was seeing and hearing the being she had loved, and oh! (humiliating to think it) perhaps, too, dearly still, he could ease her lone heart some, by writing home little bits of news of *him*—from which he knew it was regularly carried by

the faithful sister—from this same *home* source he had, during all these years, received accounts of the varying health and spirits of "Miss Ellen," the fluctuations of which he would trace and account for—taking his own true, devoted nature as a criterion.

It was this "nobly sympathetic" feeling which had prompted him, six months previous, to write home the glad tidings (as he thought) that Mrs. Dulany was *ill*—not expected to live—and again, a few days later, that she was dead.

Ellen may yet be happy, he tried to think, congratulatingly, but the thought instead of proving gratifying, ~~settled~~ <sup>fixed</sup> in his brain—unnerved—unmanned him. *She* have him? *him*, the hypocrite—the base, the profligate, the contemner, the mocker of her years of unchanging love! *She*, the nobly true, the fond, devoted heart? Ah! how his thoughts sped away back to his boyhood's home, to all its hopes, to the little thing that clung around him in girlish fondness, and he traced every incident of their lives up—up to the time he last saw and left her at that sweet age of inexperience and timidity, when the heart of the young girl most needs aid—when it first puts forth its tendrils for a something to cling to—a being to guide and sustain—ah! was that *friendship even*?

He remembered that ~~even~~ <sup>even</sup> in sickness, sadness or sorrow, she turned to him, and he had *left her*, when her great trial came—he remembered frequently meet-

ing her eyes fixed wonderingly upon *his*, as if she was endeavoring to read what was there. He recalled her imploring glance and beseeching voice, as she crept over to his side, the night of the "water party"—of her nestling close down to his feet, and a deep red spot gleamed on either cheek, as he remembered her manner *then*—he called himself a brute, a dog—what could she see to admire in him? what was there *to like* in him? He had been a very beast—the wild Indian was more civil than he! Did I ever put forth an effort to please her?—memory replies, never. Did I, when amidst the gay butterflies that surrounded her with their adulation and flattery, her pleased eye would wander to mine—visit her with aught but scowling and fierce glances? I did not—*fool* that I am—and what am I, to win so rich a gem, without the contest—the competition?

William Berthoud continued to stride quickly back and forth; every new epithet which he heaped upon himself causing his nerves to tingle with increased delight. A new and strange joy had seized upon him—an inexpressible bliss—the confines of his room seemed narrow—his soul felt as if soaring into space.

But suddenly he pauses—a thought has flashed across his brain—'tis kindling in his cheek—the deep crimson is mounting to the very roots of his hair—"Ellen, my life—my *soul's* love!" he exclaimed, passionately—a moment, and he had taken the great resolution;

a livid white is now taking the place of the glowing crimson—"Dulany!" he cries, through his set teeth, "you shall *contest* for the prize—not *alone* will you be in the race for Ellen!" Surely, he continued, dreamingly (sitting down to his desk) years of devotion and constant truth should win with woman. I will tell her all, *all*.

Tremblingly he began to write; he got down 'my life—my Ellen'—the appearance of the name overcame him, and he pressed his lips upon it—his tears fell, and mingling with the ink, left the impression of them there; but he heeded it not—his thoughts had leaped away to the period of his boyhood, and as his pen, guided by the newborn hope that was in him, glided on from line to line, it traced the outpourings of his soul there.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"YES," said Orville Dulany, on the evening of the day succeeding the above, as he stood with hat and cane in one hand, and gracefully ran the fingers of the other through his hair, "yes! I could make a dash yet—cut them all out—but I will forbear. Yes! I will just inspire the gentle passion into the bosoms of a few—keep them warm—not too warm—just so as not to *commit* myself, by way of a little pleasurable excitement, and keeping myself in practice—faugh! it's not likely I'll ever be a widower a *second* time, and 'tis a pity to keep the poor creatures sighing after me, like poor Miss Durand, and *she* shall be rewarded, after her years of patient waiting, by the possession of her incomparable Dulany. Ah! in Ellen Durand my children will have a mother *worthy* of the sons and daughters of Orville Dulany, and a consummate fool I was, too, in not making her *the* mother of them! The silly thing, she might have married these years ago—there is Will Berthoud would have risked his life for a kiss of her little finger, ha—ha! but he is a nerveless, innocent dolt—he might have returned there and been victori-

ous long ago—for years of unchanging love *will win* with woman. But he chose to remain writhing and twisting under my fire—ah, ha, ha, ha! well directed and kept up from *interested motives!* William Berthoud, I *hate* you—I have and will cross your every path in life"—saying which, this "respectable" practitioner, placing on his hat (with its "weeper and band") in the most becoming style sallied out to see a friend who was to leave for the Eastern States, early the next morning.

There he goes—the well-to-do "*bereaved widower*"—the soft pitying glances of many a fair dame are cast upon him—always "charming," he was now rendered doubly so, in the eyes of his soft sympathizers. The dear helpless man—with the entire charge of all those little ones! Many and anxious were the inquiries after the "darling children," and of his own particular health—how he had *bore up* under his afflictions—that she had been a rare treasure *to him*—he would never meet with such another! (to which Dulany in his heart "*hoped not*"), with the tearful hope that for his children's sake, he would strive to conquer the violence of his feelings.

To these *last*, the "grieved widower" would bow low—*very* low—and with a heavy sigh, remain with his eyes fixed upon the ground, nervously tapping his boot, with his switch of a cane, as if overcome by a sudden rush of feeling.

In the bosoms of the former, there sprang up a gentle wish—a desire to soothe and cheer the afflicted man, so lovely and interesting-looking in his weepers and band. Upon these Dulany would lift his keen eyes, blending with such an expression of inborn admiration and plaintive melancholy, as to thrill through the hearts, and cause the pretty heads to droop blushing, of the innocent and unwary creatures, who would seek that glance again from the consummate Dulany. Thus he passes through the streets, the “bereaved widower,” occasionally getting a sympathizing grip from the sincere and believing of his own sex, and a passing wink from others, more knowing, until he reaches the quarters of his friend.

## CHAPTER IX.

“AND so, Bedell, this change in your destination makes no difference in the hour of departure—you positively leave for the States at the break of day to-morrow, eh?”

“Positively at break of day, no accident preventing.”

“This will make some weeks’ difference in the time of your arrival, as expected among your friends?—ah!” Dulany said, *archly*.

“I see that you suspect me, and not without reason,” Bedell said, crimsoning deep about the eyes, “you widowers can see everything.”

“We have *experience*.”

“Experience! which may Heaven save me from having—may my Jane live to pillow my dying head upon her bosom.”

“Pshaw! you will get over that, and will see the time that you would as lief have fifty wives, if they died fast enough.”

“What!” said Bedell, drawing back instinctively, as from the presence of evil.

Dulany’s eyes flashed a keen, pitying glance—his lips twitched—with a scarcely perceptible sneer.

"Why!" he said (sighing heavily, bending his eyes to the ground, as he beat his boot nervously with his switch-like cane), "I was but jesting, Bedell!"

"Yes, yes, I know" (said the other hastily, fancying that he had deeply wounded his friend), "but I say, hang those men, they might have sent some one else to New Orleans to transact their business—they might know a poor fellow would like to get home after a year's absence."

"And on the eve of so much happiness too?" said Dulany, sighing heavily again, but this time with a glow of real feeling. This pleased Bedell and removed the remaining shade of doubt upon his previous speech. "Ah! he prized his Maria, as I do my Jane" (he said mentally), and to doubt the sympathy of such a friend, he thought, would be blasphemy and so he told him all, how he was to have been at Baltimore, wind and tide favoring, *on the eve* of a certain day—how these fresh instructions from the heads of the "house," directing him to proceed by way of New Orleans, would necessarily protract his absence some weeks—quite too bad altogether!

"They perhaps are all married, and do not feel for your bachelordom?"

"Yes! there are six of us and all married but me, heigh-ho! By-the-by," he added (mischievously, putting his hand into his breast-coat pocket, and drawing from there a package of sealed letters, then critically

examining the superscription and seal of one of them), "I am inclined to think—that—I—will not be the *only one delayed* in certain matters."

"Ah!" ejaculated Dulany, amused at the simplicity of Bedell, and artfully inclined to draw out the secret affairs of others, as about himself.

"Well, Berthoud!" said Bedell, with a very knowing, pleased look.

"What!"

"Why our Billy!"

"Well, what of him?"

"Is—I suspect—at last——"

"Is he going to be married?" said Dulany quietly, through his set teeth, and thin, white lips.

"You see, I merely suspect it."

"Faugh! is that all?"

"Why, not without good reasons, I assure you."

"Reasons? pray—what are your reasons?"

"The best of reasons—this letter"—continued Bedell roguishly—seeing, but not *heeding* Dulany's peculiar manner.

Dulany's quick eye caught the name on the superscription—a flash of thought, and he had decided what to do.

"What is there about 'this letter?'" said Dulany, lightly, "is there any particular name on it?"

"Part of the name is *very* particular—it has Ellen's name upon it."

Dulany looked into the clear, innocently-joyous eyes of Bedell; he could see that there was no peculiar meaning or hidden knowledge there.

"What peculiar circumstance is there attached to it? the *name* is simple enough."

"Why! Will in his dreams has often roused me, by his whispering of that name."

"Ha, ha! is *that* all the reason that you have for your surmises?"

"Is not that enough," replied Bedell, piqued at the lightness and incredulity with which his confidence (upon so delicate a subject and about so confirmed a bachelor, as their friend Will) was received.

Dulany answered by a shrug, looking very careless, and indifferent.

"But that is not all—it was the 'air' and 'tone' with which he gave me this letter."

"Well, where does this Miss Ellen live? at New Orleans?" inquired Dulany, yawning.

"You forget I was just regretting having to go that way, and among other reasons the delaying of this letter," said Bedell, stiffly.

"Excuse me," answered Dulany (throwing himself on a divan, and yawning with a gape that threatened to dislocate his jaws), "I am feeling confoundedly stupid; this arranging of one's affairs, and getting six children ready for a sea-voyage, is a most fatiguing thing. I have hardly given myself time to sleep."

"What sea-voyage?"

"Why, to the States! I mentioned it to you when I first came in, didn't I?"

"No! When do you leave?"

"In a day or two—three days at farthest. Gad! would it not have been a fine thing for us to have been fellow-passengers? Though that's just the main thing that brought me this evening, to persuade you to postpone. But your saying that your destination was changed, I suppose, made me think that I had said it."

"And your destination, is Baltimore, of course?"

"Yes, to try and make some arrangements for the raising and education of my children."

"Then your time will about suit the next trip of the 'Matilda,' she sails in about three days."

"My arrangements are for her time," said Dulany, calculatingly—relieved at finding that there was a passenger vessel to sail about the time he had hit upon.

"Faith! there's no other chance for you, until she sails, now I think of it, without you go out in the morning's packet, which I was to have gone in," exclaimed Bedell, ruefully.

"Certainly—and 'the letters' which you were to deliver?" replied Dulany, archly.

"Gad! that reminds me; Dulany, you will greatly relieve me by delivering these letters!"



"With pleasure, if it be a relief—or anything else."

"Humph! nothing else. Faith! why! I am too glad to get rid of these. I should have had to travel half of the night about the city, to find some proper person, if you had not dropped in." ~~Then~~ <sup>There</sup> he continued, as he delivered them over to him, "drop half of them into the post-office, when you get there; that is the way I intended doing."

"But this is not all—there is another?" exclaimed Dulany, looking at the superscriptions of the different ones, as he arranged them into a package.

"You mean this," replied Bedell, confusedly, holding up "the letter." "No! no! I promised Will, faithfully, pledged him my word of honor, that I would deliver it into *her* hands—*none but hers*."

"Did you pledge your faith with these? Perhaps it would be unsafe to confide *them* to me," said Dulany, disdainfully tossing them upon the table.

Bedell was painfully puzzled. There *was*, he thought, an inconsistency in what he had done; if he trusted him with some, why not with all? By keeping that one from him, was he not questioning his honor? After all, perhaps, if Berthoud had known that Dulany was going, he would have given it to him in preference. Why not I give it to him? To be sure, he had pledged himself, but could not Dulany deliver it as well as he? He had already told him how important it was; beside, his keeping it would delay it for several weeks, and

might make mischief. I can write the cause of my delay to my Jane, thought Bedell, while poor Will's will be in my pocket. No, no, I will send it on.

These thoughts occupied him but a moment. "I never dreamed of questioning your honor," he said, "but when a fellow's promised, you know." Dulany received it with his eyes cast on the ground; he was too much hurt to look up.

So it seemed to Bedell, who said, gayly, "So, you will see it safely delivered into *her* hands, eh?"

Dulany made a "second indignant" movement, as if to throw this letter after its companions, on the table.

"Come! come! I do not doubt you," exclaimed Bedell, thrusting them all upon him, "I was merely going to say, you must not go slipping in, with your widow-erish, winning ways, between Billy and his Ellen."

Dulany laughed, a genuine, sincere, hearty laugh—loud and long—ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho! He certainly would burst his sides, Bedell thought; he did his "pants"—the buttons flew, right and left.

Ye gods! muttered Dulany, after he parted from Bedell, the game was near slipping through my hands. What a lucky stroke it was, getting that letter! I'd be willing to stake my life, that William Berthoud has been screwing his courage up, all these years, and that this is the *first* letter he has ventured to write to Miss Ellen Durand; and here it is, in these fingers (he said, clutching it), ha, ha, ha! William Berthoud, *I have you!*

What possessed you to confide your letter to that little fool? ha, ha, ha! The glorious Ellen shall read your letter, but *not* until she will have changed her own name for that of *Dulany*. And when will *that* be? It will take me—h—u—m—*six* weeks at *least*, to make arrangements to leave; quite likely two months. Ah! well—humph! he added (as he coolly slipped the letter into his coat pocket), I am in *no hurry*!

Whew—ew! whistled Dulany, suddenly halting, after he had walked about ten minutes at a quick pace. These letters? I must see them into other hands; there's Jim Le Grave ("stars!" but aint I in luck), going by this very morning's packet; let me see—I wonder if I had not better write to Mrs. Caldwell, a line or two (by way of keeping "Ellen's spirits up"), inquiring after the health of her sister, and so on? I think *that* will do the thing. They'll *understand*.

Dulany again proceeded at a quick pace, but a fresh query presented itself to his mind, which he paused again to solve. Let me see; I must try and be in the States; that is Baltimore, by the time Bedell reaches there; it will take him (say fair wind), three days to New Orleans—ten days there, to attend to that little transaction, that fortunate little interference of Providence in my behalf, then say, hu—m—m—m, twenty more to reach Baltimore, by way of Mississippi river and across the mountains; in all, ranging from four and a half to five weeks—which will give me about

t-h-r-e-e w-e-e-k-s to make my preparations in. Pshaw! if the silly fellow *should* happen to get there a day or two before me, he'll be so immersed in his own affairs as to have no brains left for other persons; beside, if I *did* meet him, and he ask (doubtful), I could plead unavoidable detention, accident, and so on—faugh!

And with this expression of contemptuous impatience, having first coolly calculated all the chances, the "bereaved widower" hastened to his office, to carry a part of his plan into immediate execution—that of inditing a letter, soft, plaintive, and insinuating, to add to the list of those he would deliver to Jim Le Grave, who was to sail for the States in the morning.

On the following morning, at break of day, there were two vessels leaving the port and harbor of Havana—not the one which strikes out to the westward, does William Berthoud (who stands at a point which commands a view of the whole bay), direct his gaze; no; but to that one which stretches out boldly, gracefully to the Gulf-stream, leading north—upon *that* has he fixed his eyes. The westward-bound passes, unheeded, out of sight, but long does he remain, fixed, unchanged, until the topmost point of the spars, and the white sails disappear in the dim horizon.

That white sail was to him his messenger bird—carrying tidings to his love. With a sigh of relief William Berthoud turned away—*his mind once made up*—and a strange feeling having come over him, of having

trifled not only with his own, but with another's happiness—a feeling which, in the last few hours, had increased to an almost positive conviction—had made him feverishly restless. Long before daylight had dawned was he down watching the preparations making on board the ship—everybody and everything seemed asleep, and when the appearance of activity was seen on board, it seemed to his sick, impatient spirit, that snails moved faster; and not until the vessel was underway, and its sails no longer appeared as a speck in his sight, did he experience that sigh of relief, when he turned away, no more to think or dream of aught beyond the confines of that one theme, until his soul sickens and his brain inflames from the delay.

From the deck of the vessel, as it moved westward, young Bedell through his telescope saw his friend William, as he stood gazing at the other receding ship; the sight smote upon his conscience—he *felt* why his friend William thus looked—he recollected his friend's repeated objections to his delivering the letter into *any* other hand but *hers*—of his own promise to see it *safe*; but then, why be so uneasy about it? Dulany was a clever fellow, Will's friend, too, he would attend to it; but hang it! he seemed "set," though, to "bore me" last night, and with all his reasoning, Bedell could not get over the conviction, that he had given Dulany the letter *to get rid of him!*

Thoughts of William's years of untiring friendship

swept over him, in return for which this was the only favor he had ever asked of him; again he tried to congratulate himself at having served his friend a "good turn," by securing the delivery of the letter a week or so *sooner* than would otherwise have been the case; still, the vision of William's watching that vessel oppressed him with unaccountable regret, and the volatile, but well-meaning Bedell, went below, and "topped off" a strong brandy sling, to keep off the sea-sickness, he said, and turning into his berth, was soon oblivious of all.

## CHAPTER X.

May you be happy with that happier maid,  
That never could have loved you more than I do—  
But may deserve you better! May your days,  
Like a long, stormless summer glide away,  
And peace and trust be with you! “May you be  
The after patterns of felicity,  
That lovers when they wed, may only wish  
To be as blest as you were; loveliness  
Dwell round about you, like an atmosphere  
Of our soft, southern air, where every flower  
In Hymen’s yellow wreath may bloom and blow.  
Let nature with the strong domestic bond  
Of parent tenderness, unite your hearts  
In holier harmony; . . . . .  
. . . . . for myself  
I will but pray.”

RD. SHEIL’S EVADNE.

’Tis the breaking up of winter—March has come in with its roaring winds and rattling, gloomy rains; the whole sky is overcast, and the rain comes down in torrents—but still there is a warmth in the air that tells of spring—the trees and shrubs are putting forth their tender leaf-buds, unfolding to a new life. Amidst all this gloom, the clouds will break away and the glorious

sun shine out, infusing new life, joy—new hopes into all.

The long winter of *my* life is breaking up; there will be no new hope, nor spring of life open to me *here*; the breaking away of a few clods of the valley will *alone* open to me a new life and a new spring.

Thus said and mused Ellen Durand, as she reclined listlessly in an easy chair, in the drawing-room of her sister’s house, her feet resting upon the fire-fender, glancing alternately from the drenching rain without to an unopened letter which she held in her hand.

There was a faint, flickering smile passed over her face as she said this—a faint expression of joy—but it quickly passed away, and left the same impassive, expressionless impress which it bore before.

It is now six months since we left Ellen, her frail form agitated with all the fluctuations of hope and despair—long was the struggle, and painful the conviction which finally forced itself upon her, of the utter hopelessness of hope—that she had for long years clung to a fancy—a—a dream! She was young and beautiful once, and *he* had loved her; but now—ah! if he loved her *now*, would he have let all these long years pass without coming to *see* her? Would he not have wished to touch her *hand*, to have seen her *smile*—he used to love to?

Oh folly! O madness! how had she dreamed away

her life—*too late* now—had not the iron entered in? Could she be formed anew, and fresh with youth and hope, and love again? Ah! younger, fairer forms engage his attentions now. I am old—old—and rising up, Ellen Durand proceeded to survey herself in one of the full length mirrors which adorned the walls of the room, when she saw there a face which was at all times an index of her heart; the eye was heavy and glazed, the countenance stoical and expressionless, yet smooth, fair and soft, and a form preëminently graceful, which when animated by the bright, impulsive nature that had once reigned within, when *intellect*, quickened by *hope*, shone in the eye and sparkled in the cheek, and wreathed the lips with brightness, had and would still render her the most lovely and fascinating among women.

Ellen saw all this, and coolly calculated what she *would be* in the eyes of men, if her *heart* was not dead. But, what was all the world compared to William? All the wealth that men could bring—the smiles, the devoted hearts—to *one* smile from *him*!

Ellen resumed her seat, and mechanically proceeded to open the letter, which she still held in her hand. She knew who it was from, and felt how changed indeed she was, and dead the native spirit within her, not to open with eagerness one of the ever merry, mirth-provoking epistles of her southern friend, Mrs. Louisa

Beebee, a friend she made years ago, at old Gubbins', the night (be it remembered) that dear old Martha received her death stab. Thus ran the letter:

“CRAWFISH SWAMP, 18—

“When, my dear Ellen, will you visit us at ‘Crawfish Swamp?’ When will you cease talking and begin *acting*? Why, my dear, it is *thirteen years* since I drew from you a promise that you would make us a visit—bless thee, child, I might have had ‘a half a dozen children,’ and they grown up to be as big as you or I are in this time, but—I haven’t, but like a good friend, have kept the house cool and *quiet*, that you might enjoy yourself in it—you ingrate!

“So, you see, *we* will not be troubled out of our propriety with the greasy little fingers of little folks—if *we* come—if we except the fifty or sixty little woolly heads that *will* be peeping in through the cracks, when there is company.

“‘The *cracks*!’ I hear you exclaim—‘what a *way* Louisa has of expressing herself—what lady of refinement—when a door is ‘ajar,’ will say that it is a ‘crack?’ or who ever heard of a window ‘slightly raised,’ as being slightly cracked?’

“Yes! my dear—cracks—I mean exactly what I say—cracks—cracks—through the *wall* where! now you will be thinking of tumble-down bricks and all such fearful things, as happen in large cities—of dwell-

ings built seven-stories high, with thin walls and paper joice—(no such thing), *our* cracks do not indicate any weakness in the walls, or tumble-downativeness, not a bit of it; our walls stand firm as ever, with all the cracks upon them. No! honey, it is nothing but the *chinking* knocked out here and there from between the *logs* which we do not stop up—being admirers of a ‘free circulation’—of that kind of ‘medicine’ which we are all fain to deal in—our natal air.

“We think it’s healthy—come and we’ll cure you of your dyspepsia, darling; every breath of air you breathe fresh; in truth, our house refuses to hold stale air, it also has a penchant for freshness.

“‘*My!* what a house for the Beebees to live in!’ I hear you exclaim again.

“For the Beebees to live in! indeed, why we are the *aristocrats* of the neighborhood, not *we*—I mean, but the *house*, inasmuch as it has two large rooms (the generality of neighbors having but one) connected together by a broad, covered passage—that is, two separate cabins linked together by a broad, covered way, the whole of which being whitewashed, and covered with running vines, and shaded by the native forest-trees, make it *the* ‘big house’ of the country round.

“Now, now don’t think us so excessively cramped with our ‘two rooms and a shed;’ I tell you our accommodations are magnificently large, for don’t we use our ‘passage-way’ for dining-saloon, sitting and reading-

room generally? and are not there the two wings as bedrooms and parlor?

“Ay! *bed-rooms*, for in one wing isn’t there a nice little bedstead located in each corner of the compass, with great nails driven in, all along the whitewashed rafters, from which to suspend *partitions*—in the shape of a coverlet or blanket, if occasion requires it—(real virtue, dear, you know, needs no stronger partition), and as to the kitchen arrangements, that you know, in southern country life, is generally half-a-mile away, that is, away off among the cottages of the negroes, under the supervision of mammy or aunty, the food from which, comes nicely cooled to table, so that you see our bodies are not burnt up (as with you of the north), with a too hot diet—another refreshing circumstance.

“By-the-by, dear—your old beau is still a bach—‘now who can she mean?’ you think—well I mean that yellow fellow we had in tow with us, on that memorable occasion of our first acquaintance at the Gubbins’ party; his health has recovered here in this swamp, and he no longer looks like the ‘jaundice,’ as you thought. Now don’t you know I *always* thought that he was a little ‘touched’ that evening? certainly he took it upon himself to be very much piqued at your refusal to dance with him that night.

“Now, that I am on the subject of old times, there is a gentleman come lately to live in our neighborhood,

whom George recognizes as having seen at that party; between them they have had some long chats about Baltimore, and ascertained that they have mutual acquaintances there. Mr. Stevens (for that is his name) says that he has seen *you* frequently.

"The reason I mention him is twofold—that you may know we are a civilized people, being that we have a *Baltimorean* among us, and, that to me, there seems something queer about the man.

"George laughs and says that we women are always full of fancies—and that I am indeed keen-sighted, inasmuch as I can see what other persons can not.

"But I notice that Mr. Stevens *squirms* a little, when I introduce the subject of old times, and evidently tries a little, a very little, to evade it—particularly when the Gubbins family are mentioned, I notice that he turns first very red, and then of an ashy paleness—(I've tried him two or three times, so as to make sure) and he becomes, to say the least, 'gruff.'

"Indeed they say he is a very morose man, and horribly abusive toward his slaves—or rather *her* slaves, for he was a poor man when he married his wife—she was one of our southern heiresses—had two or three plantations.

"By the way, that is the way these men of the north mostly act, when they *do* become masters of slaves—(Mr. Stevens is a New Yorker by birth—and they say, was an abolitionist) they slash away right and

left, like the very old Nick, and like all men raised suddenly to power, they do not know how to use it with moderation.

"Mr. Stevens, has a little girl named Bella, just three years old, whom he seems to *idolize*; he will sit for an hour together saying, Bella, Bella, in every tender accent of love; his wife says she can not conceive where he got the name, it not being in her family or his.

"Adieu, dear, I must close this mighty-long epistle—do come and make us that visit this summer—we have the breeze from off the Gulf, and I assure you it is delightful.

"Yours in spirit,

"LOUISA BEEBEE.

"P. S. And who do you think dubbed our beautiful place this creepy name? Why me! when I first came here a bride, there was but one spot, on the whole plantation, where I could descry dry land, and that was the hill-top upon which stood our solitary cabin. I named the place 'Crawfish Swamp,' from the numbers of those little creatures that I saw 'crawfishing' around—they with the innumerable little 'shrimps'—(another delicious delicacy) formed for several years the principal 'staple' of this plantation.

"LOUISA."

"Sister!" exclaimed an eager voice, very soft, "oh sister! see (and Mrs. Caldwell came slipping in myste-

riously, with an open letter in her hand, her face beaming with news), *a letter from Cuba!*"

"Oh God!" faintly exclaimed Ellen, covering her face with her hands—her face bathed in crimson, *she thought of none but William.*

"Here it is, take it, Caldwell is in the other room; don't let him see it—the merest chance—a Mr. Le Grave brought it—I happened to be in the hall and heard some one inquiring for me—if Caldwell—but be sure you do not let him see it."

"I knew it would cure her," said the sister mentally, as with mind much relieved she went to rejoin her husband.

Left alone, Ellen pressed the letter convulsively to her heart—to her lips—her cheeks—her eyes, then slipping it in her bosom, glided out and flew up stairs.

Ah! no more weakness or debility *then*—once in the sanctuary of her own room, her *door* locked, Ellen gave way to a flood of tears—warm, gushing, heart and soul relieving tears—long did she press the treasure in its resting-place, fearful to disturb the blissful *present*, lest it prove a dream. Ah! Heaven.

It was a strong effort for Ellen to compose herself—to be *calm*—for whatever it might be—may be—oh! may be—

The letter was drawn from its resting-place—torn from there—and with all the pent-up feelings of years roused anew in her heart, *the letter is opened!*—

when transfixed, the very pulses of her heart for the moment still, Ellen read:

"HAVANA, Feb'y, 18—

"MRS. CALDWELL—

"Being about to visit, after a protracted absence, the city of my former home (a place to which my feelings have always turned), I write to solicit a renewal of the former kindly feelings which I used to pride myself on, as existing between your family and myself.

"Though it is years, 'my dear madam,' since I had the pleasure of being a sharer in your pleasant family circle, yet the remembrance of it is fresh to my heart—the friends I met there, the cheerfulness and grace which presided over all, and yet, ah! madam, assisted by such a sister, any house could be —; but I pray you to excuse the observation, it is the result of years of *experience*, but even while I plead, I *feel* that you forgive. How is Miss Durand?

"I leave soon for your city, with my motherless little family—they comprise my most anxious cares. I feel that in mentioning this to *you*, I secure the kindly attention and sympathy of a friend.

"Speaking of old acquaintances and associations, our mutual friend, William Berthoud, (of whom I have no doubt you frequently hear) is actually about to commit matrimony!!! The fact is (this in your ear, madam), our friend Will could have married years ago, just by



holding up his little finger (he is a great beau), but he has always aimed at securing a *young* wife—mere girls of fifteen or sixteen—absurd, is it not, in a man of his years?

“Accept, etc.,

“ORVILLE DULANY.”

A moment, and the letter was blazing in the burning grate, into which Ellen had pressed it with her foot. An indignant rage against Dulany for a moment obscured all other feelings—the malice in the concluding part being too apparent—and Ellen screamed wildly for revenge—but the reaction soon came—and—

But why attempt to describe the strugglings of the spirit of a high-souled woman, who finds that she has *life long* treasured up—a—fancy, that her love, *once* so richly prized, once so *sought* for, is *unheeded* now by him—that his glance now seeks *other* eyes—another now drinks in the melody of those full, low tones, once directed to her ear alone—that whether she live or die is no longer of any consequence to *him*! The misery of such a conviction is the test of the character, of the depth of soul and heart of a woman.

Ellen Durand came triumphant out of the ordeal, free from all littleness; seven times tried, her spirit rose, freed from all earthly taint, pure, spiritual, lovely; ay, *sublime* in its future forgetfulness of self.

Henceforward she was no longer *Ellen*—no longer a separate existence—but a being blended into the soul

and happiness of William. She would be his good angel, hovering round him in spirit (had not the *freshness* of his love been hers?), daily to send up *prayers* for him, that she whom he was to marry might always love and be kind to him; that his old age might be crowned with a circlet of little children, twining their soft arms about him—William *loved* children.

Ellen had truly seen through the spirit which dictated Dulany's letter. She felt that it was false—*basely* false—except the statement of his being about to marry, which seemed so direct, she could not think that Dulany would state an unqualified falsehood. That William should at length marry, seemed natural, after his many long and solitary years, spent in a joyless existence; the little remnant of her life she would spend in prayers for him.

If it should be said that such disinterestedness is unnatural, and the instance of Bella Lightner quoted as an example, I should say, that the sentiment with Ellen, had grown with her growth, and was a part of her *existence*; she was married to him in *spirit*—helplessly bound, without power to extricate herself.

Bella Lightner was in all the fever and excitement of a *first* fancy; the sentiment had not yet wound itself into her being, and become a part of her existence—*her life*, a few weeks, or at most, a few months, would have convinced her of that which, a few years after her marriage, she *dearly* learned—that she had yet *to love*.

A week thus passed, and Ellen descended from her room, no longer the morose, fretful invalid—no longer absorbed *in self*—a beautiful spirit shone from her eyes, a gentle radiance lit up the face, a halo of loveliness surrounded her. A *spiritual*, dead to self—open to the *world*—with sympathies alive *for all*, no more to feel or excite passion, for in that presence there was something holy.

Some, under the influence of these feelings, would have withdrawn into a convent, and wrapping themselves in the mantle of selfishness, vainly imagining that they were serving Christ—were leading a Christian life. What! withdrawing from the mutual duties, sympathies and cares, which, in the pilgrimage of life, each has a right to expect of his fellow—a Christian part?

Ah no! say rather the grossest selfishness. Is it a *holy* life? What great virtue is there in the resistance of sin, when its opportunities are necessarily circumscribed within the four walls of a convent?

Does the confined thief deserve any credit for his honesty, when within the walls of his cell, he can find nothing to steal? No; they who in the world shrink not from its duties, but nobly fight the great battle of life—who, without the distinguishing insignia of a *uniform* to proclaim the fact, yet humbly, bravely bear their cross, unknown to any other eye but Him who sees into the spirit of all acts—ah! to such, indeed, it will be said, "*well and faithfully done!*"

## CHAPTER XI.

"Thinkest thou  
That I could live, and let thee go  
Who art my life itself? No—no."

MOORE.

MRS. CALDWELL was pleased yet pained with the change in Ellen—there was a sweet *resignation* in her, that she could not divine; she felt puzzled, and more than ever, looked anxiously forward to the appearance of Dulany.

At this time, Ellen's attention was unexpectedly called to the subject of traveling again, by a letter which she received from an old friend—a friend with whom she had been in correspondence lately. This letter was from Eveline, dated *Cincinnati*, the superscription of which was in Williard's handwriting; yes, *Williard's*; couldn't Ellen tell? for wasn't there at the conclusion of Eva's neat, gliding hand—in which she gave a timid, sweet and rather a confused account of her *second* marriage, trying to explain it away, evidently rather shamefacedly, and concluding by begging her friend to come out and spend the summer

with them, and witness their—their happiness (oh Eva—Eva—I am shaking my finger at you)—well, I say, wasn't there at the bottom of all this an erratic epistle, with the signature of "Augustus Williard," dashed beneath it in the unmistakable style of that gentleman?

Ellen received this intelligence with an intensity of delight which may be imagined, but can only be fully conceived by those who have suffered years in the presence of a faint hope, the uncertainty of which but made the long years drag on the more painfully. This unaffected joy of Ellen's was alloyed by one pang, one fleeting thought, that for *her* there was *no* such hope—had he not forgotten her! But it was the last, returning tenderness came like a flood, and Ellen felt that, to witness happiness, such as Williard's, she would travel the world over.

Oh, yes! she must go; to the unmitigated astonishment of her sister, she must go out west, and spend the summer, and remain during the winter, quite likely, south, at Mrs. Beebe's. From thence, quietly to join some little party on an excursion to Cuba, and, unrecognized, to breathe the air and enjoy the presence of William, was soon the hope toward which the heart of Ellen Durand had set.

"What! at *such* a time, to go gadding out west?" Mrs. Caldwell was lost in astonishment, and she eagerly remonstrated with Ellen, giving as a reason, that she

did not think she was *quite* strong enough to travel, yet awhile—forgetting, in her new anxiety, that she had been urging the necessity of a change of scene and air, upon her sister, for weeks past; to which Ellen replied, that three weeks would necessarily elapse before her arrangements would be completed, when she would be quite well, and sufficiently able to travel.

Still the affectionate sister pondered, why Ellen should revive an old friendship for Eveline Hawley, with such mad-cap zeal, and go tripping it away out there, when the long-wished-for chance was just rising into view. But after a week spent in fruitlessly divining the cause—why? Mrs. Caldwell was suddenly electrified with an idea, which caused her to clap her hands and scream aloud with delight.

Oh! spirit of the Durands! Yes; Ellen is *right* in going off. What! stick at home, and say, submissively, "Ah! Mr. Dulany—come at last. I hope, sir, you will think me worthy to be your second wife; indeed, sir, I'm very good, and kind to children. I've been sighing, and crying my eyes out, for these sixteen years, during which time I've become extremely reduced in fat, as you see, sir, beside having refused some extremely eligible offers of marriage, sir; all for you, sir; but, you see, I could not marry, boo-ho-ho—for thoughts of you, ho-ho-boo-ho-ho, sir." All of which, and much *more*, would her meek air, and plaintive voice, *speak*.

O! dignity of womanhood! (that scamp, Dulany, is an unmitigated egotist, too; wonder at Ellen's liking him—fact is, women are *all* fools) preserve a sister of *mine* from such humiliation! Yes; you act with the right spirit. Let him seek *you* out, if he would find you. Humph! Caldwell would assuredly kick you out, Monsieur, if he found you setting foot in his castle. And to the passive surprise of our Ellen, her sister became exceedingly solicitous that she should be off. Busily active in her assistance, and nervously impatient, when her preparations were complete, Ellen proposed devoting the final week to visiting among her old friends.

Faugh! leave going to see them, until she should get back—her health was of much more importance. In truth, the good sister was becoming a little terrified, lest Dulany might surprise them, by an earlier visit, and she had two good reasons for wishing to get Ellen off.

So! Williard has gained the prize, at last, and got his Eva, his darling! safe into the haven of his home. And how did this come to pass? Why! the most natural way possible. Williard (when the news of Wallingford's death reached him, which was not until several months after the event), had an instantaneous call from his business, "east;" positively necessary that he should be on in a—"certain time." Accordingly, he embarked on the fleetest steamer to be found at the wharf, in *those* times, bound for Wheeling—which,

however, proved, by Williard's *own* showing, to be the *slowest* on the waters. No steamboat captain ever had a more "efficient" passenger. Williard assisted at all the landings—at woodpiles, measuring and "packing" in the wood, infusing new activity into the drowsy deckhands—and when the boat was again under-way, condemning the way of carrying in wood by *hand*, as being too primitive, and injurious to "progress," that he would some day invent a machine, by which the wood could be transported on board the boat *body-aceously*, and thus escape these "stupid" delays.

We will not enter into all the details of his staging it across the mountains; how when the stage sunk into a "rut," Williard's "shoulder" was the first at "the wheel;" how, when the stage broke down, altogether, Williard was the first who started off to the next "stand" to procure horses and assistance—starting back some one else with the same, having found, upon arriving there, another stage, just departing—with a vacant seat, beside the driver.

The people in the former stage, remarked, that the gentleman, in leaving that way, had parted from his "baggage;" but the truth was, Williard, in the impetuosity of his character, had *forgot* baggage!—that which incased his sinewy, vigorous frame, was all the baggage-portable which he had brought with him—that, and pockets well filled with the "wherewithal," which Williard never trusted any man to carry, but

himself (and which his characteristic shrewdness suggested would be greatly needed in Eva's case), comprised Augustus Williard's outfit, as with a tumultuous, wild joy at his heart (that heart which had seemed withered by its iron bondage of seventeen years), as he sped on his way—hope giving him wings—that perhaps, at no distant day, Heaven would favor him with a more agreeable return than that derived from the mere pleasure of possessing the power to assist and relieve the daughter of his benefactor.

Arrived at Baltimore, Williard soon found from the poor neighbors, who lived around Wallingford's little stand, that his Eva would not greet his eyes for days yet, as she had, a few weeks after her husband's death, left for New York—which was six months since.

Difficulties in the way but added spirit and ardency to an indomitable will, such as animated the character of Augustus Williard.

Arrived at New York, six days were spent in the most active search and inquiry (*lost*—so it seemed to Williard), ere he arrived at the long-cherished image of his heart—to which, as years closed around him, with their weary cycles, he was fast yielding a species of idolatry.

Well—he found “the widow” plunged in grief, and what seemed to her inextricable difficulties, her eyes swollen and red from weeping. But she was *free*—he was *free*—two very important points in the case, that did not escape Williard.

Well, to make a short story short, Williard's impetuosity confounded and confused Eveline—she is bewildered out of her little wits. Williard attends to everything, manages everything, pays all the bills—she knows nothing—no, not even about herself. Williard, too, vows that if he is not back in Cincinnati by a *certain day*, he will lose his entire fortune—but declares, nevertheless, that he will not leave without his Eveline—he is not going to let her give him the *second* slip.

Eveline is grieved and puzzled—she knows not what to do—she wishes not to be ungrateful for all of Williard's love and kindness—at the same time, she would like to grieve for Wallingford two or three years longer—what between her sympathy for the living and grief for the dead, she was driven to a curious dilemma.

But to have Augustus lose his fortune (that fortune which he had toiled so hard to make, and for her sake, too,) was not to be thought of; so, one day, just six weeks after Williard's arrival, in the midst of his entreaties, Eveline told him, petulantly, to send straightway for a priest, and she would marry him!

Williard took advantage of this consent “mighty quick,” and there were not wanting “quick runners” in the house, on such an errand as that—and, before Eveline had time to think, she was *married*! in her widow's weeds, with her hair all awry, the little petulant scorn still hanging about her lips. But Williard's strong arms, as they clasped her in a passionate

embrace, brought her to a perception of "the facts of the case."

What! only eight months a widow, and married? What would the spirit of Wallingford think? What would *the world* say? She who had always soundly condemned a widow's easily marrying, and maintained, in many an argument, that widows should withdraw entirely from society for *three years*!—she married!

Mortified and vexed at the impropriety of the thing, Eveline, in her confusion, hid her face—but it was on Williard's shoulder; and he had no objection to her being often mortified and confused, provided she laid her head there.

## CHAPTER XII.

AMONG the visits which Ellen proposed making, and to which her heart the most feelingly turned, was Bella—the once bright, sparkling little pet of the social circle, who, when *we* last heard of her, was the timid, helpless, dependent, sacrificing all to *please*—now become the proud, imperious, haughty woman, caring, to all *appearance*, for naught but that which suited the caprice of the moment, relentlessly setting aside friendships of long standing, if they should chance to conflict with her opinions or ideas; at times permitting the near approaches of that numerous class of sycophants, who ever creep humbly round the feet of the millionaire, for the temporary excitement their society gave her, of torturing them into every chameleon hue and shade of opinion.

If Bella had any hate—beyond her husband and they which had his blood running in their veins—it was for those who bestowed their friendship according to the apparent wealth or prosperity of the individual, and which was the hidden reason of the seemingly capricious ruptures of her friendships.

If a *rich* friend should propose, confidentially, that

"we"—so-and-so—"should keep to ourselves, and form a clique," she at once perceives that it is not *herself* that is the attraction, but her "moneyed" resources.

But her contempt for those who think, that because with elegant *surroundings* she must necessarily be happy, is extreme.

But there is one person to whom Bella is united in the bonds of sympathy, and that individual a member of her husband's family.

Gobble Gubbins, for whom Bella conceived an instinctive aversion from his first entrance into the family, had yet a sweet, mild, inoffensive little wife, between whom and Bella there sprung up a secret intelligence—eye to eye, heart to heart—there needed no explanation—*both* had been forced to marry; unlike in temperament and character, yet this knowledge united them in the warmest friendship for life—and though Gobble, after the first five years of their married life, had been expelled from *her* part of the establishment of his father, and never suffered to set foot into it thereafter, yet he servilely submitted to this contemptuous exclusion of himself—never objecting to his wife's intimacy there—meanly hoping that it would result in a larger legacy being left to him than to his sister, when his father should come to die.

"That he who is a bad son, will never make a good husband," is a rule to which, I think, there is seldom an exception. The son who could inflict such a sting on

the heart of his fond old mother, and remorselessly see her sinking under it, could not be expected to yield kindness or respectful attention to his wife. Thus Gobble Gubbins, who was the most assiduously gallant and attentive of men before marriage, treated his wife with the coarseness and brutality of a fiend after it.

Dorothy and her husband were in no better odor with the mother-in-law (the husband a refined, well educated, intelligent man), might have been, were it not for Bella's conviction, and the opinion of people generally, that *such* a man could have taken *such* a woman for his wife, from no other motive than that of money only.

But dear old Martha, thy love was great through the medium of Bella—it shall so come to pass, that to thy son's *children* (the little things that you had looked forward to, in your dreams of *future* happiness—ah! they *would* have loved you) shall be allotted a greater portion of thy hard-gained earnings, than shall be allotted to the children of thy daughter.

But, it was said that Bella hated all that had the blood of her husband running in their veins—it should not be said *all*.

Bella, in the first five years of her married life, became the mother of two children. When the first one—a boy—was first brought to the sight of the mother, and she perceived in its features, or thought she perceived the image of its hated father, in an outburst



of disgust and rage, which threatened her life, she ordered the child to be taken away, and for it never again to be brought into her presence!

Start not, sisters, and exclaim, "What an unnatural, fiend-like heart!" Remember, that in her marriage, Bella had had every feeling of *her* heart outraged—think of the weakness of frail humanity—and that Bella was but *mortal*.

The little baby, thus banished from the presence of its mother; was taken into the house of the kind, conscientious aunt Primbody, from *perfectly* disinterested motives, of course; perhaps her conscience did trouble her, and she felt called on thereby to preserve the peace, as much as in her lay. *To be sure*, there was a great intimacy sprung up, between her and old Mr. Gubbins, in consequence thereof, and he began to view her as the staunchest friend he had, or ever had had, ample proofs of which he gave in the many valuable and costly pres- — — — but we won't say (do not like to be uncharitable), will just wait a bit—we will not anticipate.

Three years after this, the second child, a daughter, was born. In it Bella recognized her own helpless infancy, and her heart turned to it with all the intense, fond love of a mother.

At this time Bella began to think, seriously, of carrying into execution a project, which had been seething in her brain for two or three years. Her debt of grati-

tude paid for, after her marriage, Bella began to see into the true character and *motives* of her dear aunt Primbody. She felt that *she* had been sacrificed that the *family* might rise through the aid and influence of wealth. This conviction inspired Bella with an unbounded contempt for her conscientious aunt. *Money*, she exclaimed, will *indeed* repay *that* woman. Accordingly, but three years after her marriage, Bella, to the surprise and consternation of old John Gubbins (who could see no necessity for so *much* gratitude), insisted upon taking ten thousand dollars of *her* portion, for the purchase of a comfortable and tolerably handsome city residence for that lady, with the addition of two thousand more, with which to furnish it, into which, having seen her aunt, uncle, and cousins, Primbodies, snugly ensconced therein, Bella never permitted herself to set foot.

And *thus*, as we said, her debt of gratitude paid, Bella began to think, seriously, of withdrawing herself from a position that was revolting to every feature of her nature. To continue to live longer with a man, and to be expected to yield love and obedience to him, as *her husband*—a man whose very touch was loathsome, whose very appearance filled her with disgust—was a sacrifice which she felt that nature nor reason called upon her to make. He had children, young and old, and grandchildren, to amuse him—he would not be left alone. The marriage was not of her own choos-



ing—it had been forced upon her. With *his* knowledge of all the facts, if he had possessed the least refinement of soul, he would not have permitted such an outrage; he would have stood for the *protector* instead. But no! he was basely intent upon his own selfish gratification; what thought or cared he for *hers*—and Bella hated him.

“I will go as I came,” said Bella, “with this exception (embracing her baby), in *poverty*. I know the world more, now; I can indeed, *work my way*.”

This resolution she communicated to the old man—it was a stormy interview. He could not see *why*? It was the aim of his life to please her. He had surrounded her with everything that heart could desire. What more *could* she wish for?

Long was it before Bella could impress it upon his mind, that *himself* was the objection (so stupid and dead did he seem to every feeling but that of *self*), and that the *surroundings* were by no means disagreeable.

“Sir!” said Bella, “when you married me, you well remember, that you were sixty years of age—myself was but seventeen. There is, therefore, forty-three years difference between us. Suppose, that instead, you had been compelled to marry a woman thirty or forty years your senior! Your wishing to leave her would, certainly, have excited no surprise on my part, even if she had *surrounded* you with *rubies*.”

John Gubbins sank abashed under this withering

rebuke, as it fell from the lips of his youthful and handsome wife. He felt the force of the supposition, and for the first time saw in her—helpless, outraged womanhood. Little circumstances, at the time not noticed in the blindness and selfishness of his passion, but which he then considered as merely the whims and freaks of a child-wife, now rushed upon his soul, and sickened his heart! He recalled to mind the various conversations had with the aunt, previous to the marriage; how that her niece was in love with a “fly-away” young fellow—but never to mind that, ’t was but a girlish fancy, she’d get over it pretty quick, with such a fine, good man for a husband; never to mind the fancies of these young girls, they never knew what was good for themselves; dress her handsomely and set her up with a carriage, and she’d soon be as happy as a lark.

He remembered the little *sealed note*, addressed to himself by that young creature, in which she prayed him to grant her *one* favor—not to insist on seeing her, until—until—and the tear-blots which rendered it impossible to decipher the rest; the anger of her aunt at her niece sending such a note, saying that Bella had been spoiled by over-indulgence—there was no end to her fancies.

*He now saw it all!*—shame—mortification—that he had acted such a part! That, instead of being the protector, and shielding the poor oppressed orphan,

befitting his age and *means*, and which would have insured to him the grateful love of this young creature, he had selfishly considered but *himself*, only, and oppressed, instead of protected, the dependent young orphan.

Bella, who with a clear glance, had stood watching the old man, as he sat crouchingly down, with his face buried in his hands, and who, with a woman's quickness, had divined every thought that was passing through his mind, now, for the first time, felt an emotion of pity for him—the first feeling, other than that of hate, she had ever entertained toward him.

Silently she withdrew, with the conviction at her heart, that he would do that which was right and just, and that hereafter his behavior toward her, would be that of a father.

That night John Gubbins crept stealthily up, like a guilty thing, into one of the upper chambers of his mansion. The next morning, before sunrise, he set out upon a walk; the cane seemed necessary to him now, for although sixty-five years of age, yet when last seen he had walked erect, with a firm step—but the last few hours had made him prematurely decrepid. The path which he took, led out to the suburbs, and was not an entire new one to him. He had gone that road twice before—the last time now nearly six years ago. The first time, as one of the stockholders in a new cemetery, to be laid out in the locality, he wished

to select one of the most conspicuous lots for himself, as a burying-place for his family—the last time it was with an impatient spirit that he had staid to see a few clods of the valley thrown upon a “member of his family”—of whom he had grown tired.

He wandered about, knowing that he would find the spot by the “tomb” which, as he had selected the plan of, written the “epitaph,” and paid the cost, he knew must be there. The stillness of death did indeed reign over the place, and the breeze, as it rustled through the leaves, seemed to whisper from each grave, to this conscience-stricken man—neglect—*neglect!*

But suddenly, ere yet he was aware of his proximity to the spot, there stood before him, in cold, calm sublimity, a superbly chaste, white marble tomb, with

“MY WIFE,”

MARTHA,

carved in large, deep letters on the passionless stone.

The cold, white marble smote him as with the calm, clear eye of a reproving spirit—“Behold me (it seemed to say) a monument to the *pride* of the millionaire”—*below* down through the thick grass, through the oppressive weight of that senseless marble—seemed yet to beam eyes of affection, that *ever* shone “with welcome to”—*John*—a voice low and sweet whispered to him—a voice that was *always* kind and *true* to *John*—an arm and hand wound fondly round his neck—the fingers brushed

tenderly his hair, from his hot temples—and the kindly, anxious voice breathed—“John! *my* John, you are *weary*”—as it always used, when he returned to his home, care and toil-worn from his conflict with the world.

In the utter check to his pride and worldly passions, John Gubbins' soul longed and sickened for the kindly sympathy and counsel of his “old wife.”

“Martha! my wife—my *soul's* wife,” he moaned—throwing himself helplessly upon the ground—near the only woman that had ever *loved* him—and clutching at the long grass as it grew rank and high against the sides of the monument.

He would fain have laid *over* the ground that covered that faithful breast—cold though it was now—but there—*pride*—had stepped in to debar him from *that* small pleasure, unsatisfactory though it would be, for the broad monument covered the ground many feet round and about those faithful remains—as it had done for the last few (now bitterly remembered) years of their married life.

“Oh! Martha—that we had been content with our state,” he groaned, “we were *happy* then.”

Three days after this Bella received all the atonement that lay in John Gubbins' power to offer her—after having craved her forgiveness for marrying her, he proceeded with the kindness and consideration of a father, to advise her what to do—which was to the eyes

of the *world*—to continue to remain as his wife, to occupy a part of his mansion for her separate use—to which part he would have additions made that she might keep her own servants—in fact, maintain a separate establishment, having no connection with his—into the bounds of which, he would *never enter*—in this way she would avoid the odium of a separation—as a divorce, under the circumstances (and he regretted it for *her* sake), could not be had.

To the feeling of pity, which Bella had entertained for him during the last few days, was now added that of respect—but it lessened her feeling of loathing toward the man as her *husband*—not a bit the less—as friend and *father* she could respect him—indeed *love* and respect, but as *husband*! oh! Heaven defend!—and thus—relieved of his presence Bella seemed like a freed bird, and felt that now she could enter a little into the enjoyment of life again.

### CHAPTER XIII.

TEN years had passed since the period of which we have been writing and that in which Ellen Durand started out on her tour of visits to her friends—*ten years* and John Gubbins *still* lives—his death gloated on by an avaricious son, and impatiently looked for by the needy son-in-law.

The walk on that unhappy morning to the grave of the “old wife,” is still continued as a habit—it is *there* he goes now, and sitting on some stone facing the tomb, will sit for hours leaning his chin upon his hands, his elbows resting upon his knees, indulging in seeming communion and reminiscences of the “good old times,” when people and things were better than they were now—and there were not so many “gimcrack” ways as there were now. In this way old John Gubbins has acquired a habit of talking to himself, which is perceptible by the moving of his lips, even when he is away in the streets of the city—a very common habit for old age to get into.

In these rambles he is very frequently accompanied by his little son (Bella's child), now a lad of thirteen

years, who listens to stories of his *grandmother*, for so he has learned to speak of the “old wife,” and wonders if she ever *could* have possessed just *one-sixteenth* part of his mother's good qualities—as to beauty, no woman that he had ever seen “came up” to *his* mother yet.

Alas! poor boy—he worshiped his mother as a being superior to earthly mortals—*she* was the center of all his aspirations; to gain her approving eye, above all to have her *smile* on him!—what would he not dare? to be kissed, to have her lips rest for a moment on his! that was a bliss too great for Heaven to grant to him! nevertheless, for that he longed—for want of that—a great void grew in his heart which naught else would satisfy. What visions and plans of future life filled his mind, of what he would do to *win* her love—she should yet smile on him.

The thought of a wife—that usual point of a boy's aspirations, which enters his mind almost as quickly as he can talk, and to which ambition, glory, riches tend—paled before that one great want of his life—glory indeed was to be attained, but it was toward the accomplishment of the *one* great object—*his mother's love*.

To watch for her as she passed in and out; to be in wait and catch the sounds of her voice—ay, to be blinded by the dust of her carriage wheels, were the pleasures of his life.

Between his little sister and himself there existed the warmest and most enthusiastic affection; the young

lad would greet the presence of the little Bella as a being fresh from a brighter land; he would place his arms round her neck and kiss her tenderly—softly—was she not aromatic with the heaven of his mother's love? beside, his little sister was the only being his mother seemed to love—she *must* be very superior—quite perfect—to be sure there was sister Gubbins (Gobble's wife), his ma seemed to like her too, and *there* the boy would love to go and hear her talk of his mother, which he could do, if Gobble was not by—Gobble always acted so like a dog though (in truth, Gobble hated the boy, he looked upon him as a taker away of so much of his inheritance).

*Three times* in the boy's life, and a long interval between, he had been permitted into the presence, and to *ride* out with his mother! he sat in the front seat, his mother and sister sitting on the back seat.

Oh! how proud and happy! he was afraid to speak, he scarcely breathed, and in his effort to keep out of the way and not be any trouble, he drew his legs up under him, that his feet might not soil or touch in any way his mamma's dress—making himself so ungainly and awkward-looking, that he but the more helped to remind Bella of his hated Gubbins' blood.

But to return to our Ellen, who having accomplished the most of her visits proceeded to make that one which was most near to her heart—poor, dear Bella—but in order to ascertain whether Bella was in town, or at her

country seat, she must do violence to her feelings, by stopping in at "good aunt Primbody's," to inquire.

It had been many years since Ellen had crossed the threshold of that *worthy* lady. She found her comfortably—ay! elegantly "fixed," and very meek and submissive in her dependence upon Providence.

The world had gone well with her, she said. Mr. Primbody, good man, had been spared to her; he was now fifty-six, a hale, stout, active gentleman as one need see. Of her four girls, the youngest had recently got married to a "well-to-do" young man; the three others bid fair to be, like Miss Durand, old maids; but if the young men didn't wish to marry them, they needn't; they had a house of their own, thank God; she would force them on *no* man. The two boys had become fine, flourishing men of business, under the care and assistance of dear, kind Mr. Gubbins (which was a return for sundry kind acts of hers, the lady hinted); poor, dear man, how he does *live on*; who would have thought it? he was of such a full habit; looked so like an apoplectic fit! But God's will be done. Bella has proved an ungracious wife to him; she hasn't lived with him these years and years—ah! And Ellen's face beamed forth a joy—for the thought of Bella continuing to live with that "miserable old sinner" (as she always spoke of him—to *herself*), had often made her heart-sick.

"But I must say, her conduct to me," continued the

worthy aunt, as she spread herself out, complacently, in her elegantly carved easy-chair, "is great encouragement to any Christian, God-fearing woman, who, like me, has conscientiously performed her duty."

Now, be it known, that this "estimable" lady, for reasons sundry and divers, never "let out" the coldness that existed between herself and niece, but on the contrary gave her friends to understand, that herself, daughters, and niece, were thick as "newly-congealed milk." Ellen, involuntarily, shook her dress, and stamped her feet upon the ground, on leaving the domicile of this precious aunt Primbody, feeling as if some impurity must have clung to her, from contact with such vicious sophistry.

So, thought Ellen, Bella is living separately from that man. That explains many things I used to notice in my visits there—thank Heaven she is not living with him *now*.

The friends are once more together. There they sit, the memories of fifteen years, and of years before the fifteen, when their hearts were free and light, and of all that had gone on between them, crowding upon them. But how great the change! How unlike the countenances of each; and how like, yet *unlike*, their destinies, since, with arms linked round each other's waists, they had walked out in the mild, soft nights of summer, and indulged in dreamy visions of the future, when—they should be married.

There they sit—the one, callous and cold; there is no play of expression upon the features; there is a dimple there, still, but it seems to be *cut* out of the smooth, white marble; her sentences are measured and stern, her demeanor lifeless and stiff. The *other*—a yielding softness pervades her manner, a countenance that beams with a seraphic sweetness, eyes large and mild, that were fixed upon her friend, with an expression of angelic sympathy, that seemed to *feel* and *see* all.

Just then the door was thrown wide open, and a beautiful little girl, ten years of age, bounded in. "Ma? ma?" The marble figure became instinct with life, as it stretched out its arms to enfold the bright creature; but suddenly, the blackness of night overshadowed her face, as her glance fell upon the crouching, trembling figure of a boy of thirteen years, who stood, half bent, in an attitude of entreaty and fright, in the doorway.

"Oh! ma, ma! *May* he—*just* a minute. I promised him you would!" said the little girl (beseechingly), her eyes filling with tears.

"*Begone!*" said Bella, stamping her foot in her rage.

The boy seemed ready to sink, and his face became quite pale, as he turned, tottering, out.

"Ma! ma! I told him you would!" cried the sweet creature, reprovingly, springing after him, and placing her arm, soothingly, round his neck, as they went out.

"Oh! Bella, she is like what you *were*," cried Ellen (with a full heart, forgetting herself), "the same jet-black curls, the same dimple, the same kind, noble, disinter—"

"Ellen! Ellen!" and Bella had thrown herself into the other's arms, and the long pent-up fountains burst forth at the touch and true sympathy of a friend.

But these are but spots of green verdure in the dreamy waste, they will not free Bella of the shackles to which she is *life*-bound.

Ah! poor, poor, dear Bella! What matters her fortune of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars (for, dear sisters, the property that was settled on her had risen to that value during these fifteen—these fifteen miserable years), if her heart is ground down by an iron bondage, and sinks under the oppression of the weight. Believe me, the poor obscure milliner, or dressmaker, who busily plies her needle in some small attic, or little back-parlor of a shop, is happier, and far more to be envied, than such a one as Bella—for they are free and independent; free, to choose the heart they like best, and if they can not get *the* one, to go their own way and maintain themselves—happy, like Ellen, in the *privilege* of being free.

I remember, in my childhood, of reading a story, the moral of which did not strike me then. A princess was traveling, in her gilt coach, along a road that led over the green fields. She saw a peasant girl tripping

about, wherever her fancy led her, or there was a flower to pick. The princess lamented her hard fate, that *she*, also, could not stroll about and select a path for herself, wherever her fancy might lead her. The peasant girl, looking on the golden carriage of the princess, also lamented her hard fate, that she could not ride about, but was compelled always to walk. *Each envied the other.* At last the princess took the peasant girl in, to ride with her; the glitter and novelty of the coach, at first, amused her, but she soon grew weary upon finding that that which she thought gold, at a distance, proved, upon a closer inspection, mere gilding. Then the place seemed close and confined; beside, the flowers she passed, now appeared more beautiful than ever; the little shady groves more inviting to rest under; while from the hill-tops, she fancied, there must be more beautiful views than any she had yet seen. The coach then began to appear like a prison-house to the peasant girl. She wanted to enjoy all those things—she longed to be *free*. The coach stopped and let her out; but alas! for the poor princess! she was bound to the coach—she must go on in her cheerless prison-house.

The dusk of evening is approaching, and still the friends sit with hands linked—the one has poured out her heart, and feels humanized and subdued by the unwonted relief. The other listens, but still keeps



her own *heart's* secret—she mingles her tears of sympathy, and her looks and manner express what words *could* not.

Poor Bella! she clings to that hand, as if there, only, was a true appreciation; she feels as if the world will close hard and un pitying around her—she again will be *alone*.

Bella's life, at the outset, had been spent in grappling with stern facts; her views of human nature had served to incrust her heart in a casing of stone. With Ellen, life had been reveled away in an imaginary dream, in which she was free—to *hope*; and though the awakening was severe, yet her heart was not imbibited—there was a balm to assuage the pain.

Bella was not free to hope—*hope* could only open to her, through a painful casualty—through sickness and *death*!

"See," cried Ellen (softly pointing to the setting sun, which, throughout the day, had been obscured by thick clouds, but which now burst out in unclouded splendor), "there *is hope*—at the last!"

"Ah!" sighed Bella, with a timid smile, "*hope*!" she exclaimed suddenly, with a bitter fierceness, pointing to the pavement below—at old John Gubbins, who came walking slowly along, talking to himself, with his hands folded behind him, as was his habit.

Ellen looked, and her speaking countenance betrayed the sinking of her heart.

"He will live until he is ninety, at least—his father lived to be ninety-six—he belongs to a long-lived family," continued Bella, slowly, her countenance relaxing into its usual expressionless impress.

This is a revolting picture, dear reader, and yet, who among us that does not know of at least *one* such instance, in our *experience* of life? We hear of Miss so-and-so marrying rich old "this and that," or *rather* (we add, in a tone of sarcasm right satisfactory to ourselves) his *gold*. A speculation, out and out; plain as your nose. Well, he will "pop off" some of these days, and leave her a dashing young widow, to choose and pick for herself.

"I must say, she does well 'to make hay while the sun shines'—she could operate well as a financier," adds some cynic.

"This is just such a transaction as occurs daily in our cities, the bonds of which are never *legalized*, nor the price *quite so high*!" says an inveterate.

While one and all of us turn up our eyes, our noses, and hold up our hands, in holy detestation of the act of *perjury*!!

How few think of *that* which has *gone on before*—of that which, previous to the announcement that Miss Smith had, or was about to marry rich old Mr. Dotard,



and the brilliant account of her bridal dress, her presents of jewels, the splendor of her establishment—how few, we say, pause to think, that *perhaps* Miss Smith's heart is not at all taken with all this finery—this show and parade—sick—sick—that her very soul revolts from the splendor around her—that is looking with envy on the girls of the humble poor, with their simple calico frocks, and sees *now*—too late, alas!—how that she might have gone and done likewise. But, *too late*—the golden hour in which to choose happiness or misery, is *past*—too late she sees into worldly motives—the heartlessness that directed the advice of her—*friends*. *Too late* she finds, that in a state of excitement and grief, when love and *hope* seemed fled, reckless and desperate, she had made the final and *irremediable* leap, into that which oftentimes proves a *lifetime* of misery.

Reader—dear reader—remember “*Bella Lightner*,” and before you condemn, think of *that* which may have *gone on before*!

As a general thing, if you will observe, it is mostly *orphan girls* that enter into marriages of this kind—the reasons why are obvious—but if there *be* a girl, who, with kind parents or friends and *home*, contracts such a marriage as this, merely for the sake of an “establishment,” and the prospect of a final reversion of his money to her, and probable speedy death for *himself*, if, I say,

there be such a girl—or rather *such a wife*—then in the language of Sheridan, in that inimitable “School for Scandal,” I would exclaim, with Mrs. ———, “May your husband live these fifty years!” and that, dear reader—*that* would be a very—a very severe thing to wish, indeed.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE two months passed, and found the preparations of Dulany yet incomplete—it is seemingly strange for a man so enthusiastic and quick in his feelings, and so prompt in securing their gratification—but we have seen, that through all this seemingly ardent nature, lay a vein of cool, cold calculation, that considers well before it leaps. Now, it had occurred to Dulany, when in the midst of the most active preparations (and about three weeks after the departure of Bedell), as just possible, that the letter of William Berthoud *might* contain some useful information for himself; at all events, he thought he could enjoy the lovesick Berthoud's declarations. It will be but anticipating, he reasoned (as conscience faintly interposed, ere honor had altogether fled), Miss Durand will show it to me herself, after a while—at all events, pshaw!—*he opened the letter!*

He opened the letter—the very beginning seemed to annoy and disturb him; his eye glances rapidly over the lines—soon a wild rage seized him—he dashed the letter on the floor, and stamped upon it in his fury—but now his rage *concentrated*, and his countenance

exhibited an expression the most diabolical. “Hah!” he muttered through his set teeth, “I will be revenged—*doubly revenged!* William Berthoud! pray for death by the stiletto—the blade of steel aimed at the heart will be bliss compared to that to which I have doomed you—or by the raging fever of the epidemic,—it would be a soothing balm compared to that with which I will consume you.” When, picking up the letter, he carefully removed all stains of dust—then folded and resealed it as before.

The six weeks had passed, allowing liberally for delays, in which William Berthoud had schooled himself to await, in tolerable patience, for an answer to his letter—had *schooled* himself, for his impatient, restless spirit had expected it in four weeks and a day, so closely had he calculated the arrival there, and the return of the vessel, with the probable time it would take for his Ellen to reply.

The four weeks and a day came to an end at last, and William, nearly sinking under the alternations of his hopes, repaired to the harbor to watch the coming of the packet. “He would not be in haste,” he repeated frequently to himself, as he quickened his steps, “it was folly, quite, to look for an answer *so soon.*” But when the packet came in, and the mail was examined, and there was no letter for him! (ah! there *were* letters, but none from *her*) then he turned bitterly away, cursing his folly—that she should still think of *him*—that

she ever *had* thought of him! But with the morrow's sun rose new hopes.

It was really ridiculous in him, as if a correspondence could be carried on by machinery, and letters and messages be written and delivered in a stated time—its very absurdity made him laugh, and he took up what had now become his daily practice—a walk to the haven—to look out for vessels coming in.

Night again brought a blank to his hopes, and overspread him with its mantle of doubt, to be again dispelled by the morning's dawn—and cheered and sustained by the freshness of the hope which it typifies.

Five weeks thus passed, and William Berthoud received a hasty note (which had been written four weeks previously, but delayed in the hands of the person by whom it had been sent), from young Bedell, at New Orleans, stating that he had been changed in his course, but would be in Baltimore very soon.

The weak young man took this way to explain the delay of the letter to his friend—that he might relieve the strange oppression of his feelings—but *had not the courage to mention having given up his charge to Dulany.*

This information acted as an electric shock on the sinking heart of Berthoud—again was he re-nerved to life and *hope*, again did his soul revel in bright visions of future bliss—again did he recall the beseeching Ellen as she crept back to him in the boat, nestling down at his feet, as she fixed upon him her large eyes

so full of penitence. Ah! those eyes had always sought for sympathy, from *him*—again were his arms stretched out wildly and clasped tightly over his breast as he cried—come—come—my Ellen—*my wife.*

That night he slept—as he had not for weeks—slept in peace—sweet peace reigned within and around him, a heavenly spirit fanned him with her wings, smoothed his pillow—laid balm upon his heart, and softly held his weary head, while her mild, soft glance, beaming with its sympathy for human suffering and love—stilled the tumult of his soul.

The next night, and the next—a week did this heavenly spirit visit him with her balm—her gentle sympathy for human woe, spreading within and around him a soft revivifying calm, into which no disturbing or startling dream would dare enter—exhausted nature—slept.

A week thus passed, and it was the last night now in which the heavenly watcher could keep guard. Softly she fanned him and her sighs filled the air—it was like the low hum of plaintive distant music borne on the wind. William awoke—he thought his Ellen had *come*—the spirit soothed his head on her breast, and laid fresh balm to his heart. Weary soul (she whispered sadly), I must go—we may soothe, we may ease, but we can not keep those—who are yet what we once were—mortals—each from his allotment of woe—alas! alas! *yours* is at hand, and the spirit kissed that pale

forehead, with the sympathy of the beatified—who see but can not avert the blow, then winged away heavily—for she felt kindred sympathy for this mortal's woe.

William awoke with a start, refreshed but restless—why! how I have slept, he thought—it is time to begin to look now, the packet must have come in by this time—(and he hastily dressed himself, continuing to speculate on the probabilities meantime) Bedell must have reached there in four weeks and a half, at the utmost limit, counting the usual delays, and there have elapsed since that, about twelve days—oh yes, there will surely be an answer by this day's packet—and William Berthoud with trembling, uneven steps, fearing, yet hoping, walked away to the harbor.

But why is it that Orville Dulany is about him so? he does not seem to be watching, and yet his eye is ever fixed upon him with its clear, cold gaze—it was as though the eye of a basilisk was ever upon him—he is beginning to feel uncomfortable—it oppresses him strangely.

"Berthoud," asked Dulany one morning—"have you heard from Bedell yet?"

"Yes," replied he moving away nervously—"from New Orleans."

"New Orleans!" screamed Dulany fiercely, but biting his lip, he added indifferently, "Oh! I understood that he was going direct to the Eastern States?"

"*So did I,*" ejaculated Berthoud, inadvertently.

"Well!" what does he say of himself? when is he going to be married?"

"Does not say—that is—I believe—O! well here it is—(nervously giving him the note), good morning!"

Berthoud sprang forward, inhaling a long breath, as if just stepping out into the fresh air—was he ever to be free from the presence of that man? there was a quick step behind him.

"Berthoud," said Dulany in a tone of cool irony, "*much obliged, I am satisfied,*" lifting his hat with sarcastic politeness.

As he passed him Berthoud heard a low laugh—deep, devilish—it frenzied him, he threw away the note, *he felt* that that laugh was directed at him.

No letter, no letter—that cold gray eye is omnipresent day and night, it is his nightmare, he struggles under its weight, but its hideous influence is upon him, it restrains all action, though it does not thought, he is like a person paralyzed all over except the head.

"Berthoud," again called out Dulany one day (facing him and speaking very slow as he fixed his gray eye piercingly upon him), "Bedell, I hear, has arrived in Baltimore, we may expect shortly—to hear of his marriage."

"Ah!" replied Berthoud, his pale haggard face lit up with a sudden joy, "those cold gray eyes emitting a strange gleam, and the oppressive, insolent irony of

that manner losing its effect, in the fresh impulse which this gave, to hope.

But night came—and with it reflection—thought. If Bedell had been heard from why was it? why is it he had received no reply?—surely Ellen had too much respect for him to treat him with slight—no!—no! O! happy thought, Bedell being delayed and about to be married too, was no doubt drawn into such a round of excitement, and of pleasing preparation, that—for a few days—he forgot—to deliver the letter—the most *natural thing* in the world, William felt.

That night he tossed about restlessly—eager for the dawn—*it certainly would* bring with it the wished-for letter. He slept—but feverishly—those cold, gray eyes ever rested heavily upon him in sleep, and on his memory when awake. Sleep brought with it no soothing balm—and morning—no letter.

Days passed, and the fainting spirit and sinking frame of Berthoud could scarce drag itself to the haven—the nightmare had tightened its folds around him—the paralysis was creeping up to the brain—he scarce had free thought but for one idea—the letter—his eyes were protruded, swollen and restless, they had long since lost their mild, soft light—and still—he *looked* out over the bay, straining his gaze to catch the first glimpse of the white sail, which was to bring him the message from his love—still his faithful heart—

ever considerate and true—varied not—in its pleas for Ellen.

No mother's tenderness ever softened or excused more than William, for her whose gentle image he had treasured in his heart as a sacred thing—the memory of whose sweet, childish dependence, and winning grace, but twined itself the more closely, with time, round his heart—with the beseeching glance which had appealed to *him*.

“Berthoud,” exclaimed Dulany (suddenly appearing before his victim and speaking very quickly as he stood straining his gaze, where now only he seemed to *live*), “I have news from friend Bedell; he has been married several weeks—and”—changing his quick speech to a tone measured and deep—“*I will have an engagement there myself in a few weeks.*”

“Ellen Durand! *never*”—shouted William Berthoud, stung to madness, springing up in the air, and felling to the ground his diabolical persecutor. Dulany, strong and vigorous, rose lightly to his feet, but slightly bruised, and looked gloatingly down upon the progress of his work.

“Ha! hah!” he chuckled fiercely—as William (the blood gurgling in streams out of his mouth) rolled helplessly over on his back—he *had fainted*—“So! *you* had read Dulany's character from the *first*—eh?—and ‘had warned her.’ Ho! ho! ‘You acted *wrong* in leaving as you did’—‘You—you alone had been to blame’—

so—so—it was *you*—Miss Ellen Durand was pining for all this time—you—*you*.”

No! that faithful, warm-hearted man—Mr. Dulany—would permit of *no* one to see his *friend* safely to his lodgings but *himself*—the poor fellow had had a fit, he said, and fell upon his best friend, as they saw—he would recover shortly he hoped, though he must confess, he thought he was in rather a bad way.

William Berthoud's quiet mode of life had endeared him to but few, and *those* few were not near; his acquaintances were not many, therefore there was but slight opposition made to so *zealous a friend* having him to himself.

Dulany learned from the physician, that several hours would elapse before Berthoud's return to consciousness. He hastened to his home to make a rapid toilet, to efface and cover up all appearance of bruise and dust,—it suited his plan of operations to be present, at the returning consciousness of his victim.

In a few hours Dulany returned—he had never looked so prim, so fastidiously neat. He found attending the couch of the unconscious man, beside the physician and attending nurse, a poor Luceomoo negro, whose whole soul was devoted to Berthoud (and whose freedom Berthoud had purchased), kneeling by the bedside, with one of his protector's hands in his, and weeping bitterly. The sight displeased Dulany—he would have no love nor sympathy surround that man.

“He is *reviving*,” said the physician, who sat on Berthoud's right, feeling his pulse. “Mr. Dulany, I will now leave him with you for a few minutes; other patients require my attentions just now,” he continued, giving minute directions what was to be done when the sick man revived, “he will,” he added, “revive *perfectly conscious*, but helplessly weak; the strictest quiet must be observed—no excitement, and he will recover; if otherwise, I will not answer for the consequences.”

Dulany smiled grimly, as he took the vacated seat of the physician, and the hand.

Ere many minutes passed, Berthoud gave signs, by sight, of returning consciousness—when Dulany, bending low over him, *his* eyes were fixed upon Berthoud's eyes—his *breath* mingled with the sick man's.

William Berthoud, with a deep, heavy sigh, faintly opened his eyes—the Luceomoo negro sprang to his feet, with a cry of joy, and bent over his dear master, as he loved to call him—he would like to have been the *first* to catch that precious glance—but above—upon his breast—*lay the nightmare*—looking down upon him were those cold gray eyes, which excited to madness their victim.

The physician found his patient in a state of wild frenzy; his attendants, assisted by his invaluable friend, Dulany, had great difficulty in restraining him upon his bed—the blood was spouting forth anew, and the probability was, of his sinking rapidly under the violent

hemorrhage. The "crisis" was a critical one—it had passed, and for the worse!—God's will be done—he had hoped otherwise—the symptoms had certainly warranted it; they were such as to indicate a change for the better—as it is, he might linger on for three or four weeks yet, but would still continue under the influence of the present excitement. It frequently happened, however, to patients thus affected, that returning consciousness came before the final change—he hoped it would be so with Mr. Berthoud.

The doctor took his leave, and so shortly after did the "friend," Dulany—but not until he had exchanged fierce glances with the Luceomoo negro, who showed his large, white teeth at him, and, in fact, seemed in almost as great a state of frenzy as his poor, doomed master.

The faithful Luceomoo, had he been questioned, or allowed to speak, could have explained the case with all simplicity and clearness, to the mind of the physician—he had a whole volume of reminiscences which he had noted down in his head, the "key" to which had been furnished him in that last closing scene, which had nearly driven to frenzy servant as well as master. But, alas! the poor Luceomoo—one little hour had scarce elapsed, when two of the Police entered, and putting manacles upon him, carried him off to prison, on the complaint of a Mr. Dulany, they said, who accused him of stealing—where he must stay until it was found out whether he was guilty or not.

Language could not describe the rage and grief of the poor Luceomoo—he would have destroyed himself in his cell, as is common with the people of that tribe, when very unhappy, but for the thought that he might yet get out, to soothe and comfort his master.

Three weeks passed, and ah! how pitiful, at times, were the ravings of William—"Wilt thou not write me, Ellen? me one little line—one *for William*—what—not?" then it would seem as if the nightmare bore heavily upon him again—and the *gray eyes* were gazing into his soul.

Three weeks had thus passed, when Dulany, seeing that his victim still lingered on, and that there was no immediate prospect of death, concluded to leave for three or four days, on an excursion to the country, cautioning the friends and attendants of Berthoud to *send for him*, if reason returned, or evidences of approaching death.

Demon-like, he thirsted to witness the last throes of his victim, and yet, dear reader, this man—was *highly respectable*—and not at all likely to be accused of any misdemeanor, much less *crime*, in his life—he was, in fact, *one of our most respectable citizens!*

And now the final hour is approaching, and William has awoke to—consciousness! With what joy does his attendant friends (for ah! dear reader, they *were* friends) welcome the return to reason, for they had feared their friend would make his departure in this heart-rending



way—they withdrew gently from him, and sat quietly off at distances—they scarcely breathed, they so feared committing some exciting thing that would produce again the terrible reaction—they grieved to lose their friend—he had endeared himself to them by years of unwearied kindness—acts—such as brothers only do.

Long he lay, but seemed restless at first—the “gray eyes” were still troubling him—but now he lies quiet—perfectly quiet—the kind watchers *feel*, though they cannot quite see him, that he is revolving his situation in his mind—where is he? how came he there? what has been the matter?—and they agreed, by little written notes to each other, that as they did not know what were the influences that had brought this state of mind upon him—they had best keep quiet, and neither move nor speak, until he should desire them to, and then, only answer as he asked.

In this way his mind would gain strength, it would be necessary, as doubtless he had some “dear ones at home,” to whom it would be a pleasure for him to send some last word. This *Ellen*, too—there was something in all this that touched a chord in the manly, devoted hearts of these young men—they *felt* that there was a sad history here—that in his plaintive appeals to *Ellen*, which had often wrung tears from them, lay the secret of their friend’s peculiarly sad, quiet manner, and of his retired life.

William Berthoud lay for hours thus, faintly and

with difficulty has he finally grasped the different events which preceded this awakening—he feels himself weak, strangely weak—as if he were sinking away into the arms of death. He raises his hand—it is attenuated as after long sickness—*surely it must have been so—he knew* he was going mad—he felt that it would be so, but how long? He could ask—there were watchers near—he felt their presence, heard distinctly their breathing—there was a kindness, a gentleness pervading the atmosphere—there were friends near—*none but friends!*

This consciousness distilled an indescribable peace within his soul—no! he would not ask how long—sufficient that the *great trial* was past—the ordeal through which *all* must go—the *pangs of death!* Yes, the storm of life was past for *him*—he had now but to yield up his breath—to God!

The hours winged their way, sweetly, calmly by, and now, from the breathings of the watchers, Berthoud knew that they were asleep. Dear friends, your bodies, but not your *friendships*; weary—for many days and nights have you watched, and tired not; but now this change for the better has reacted on you, the claims of wearied nature are listened to, and you sleep. Their sonorous breathing comes pleasantly upon the ear of William; a heavenly quiet now reigns within and around him; he raises his head softly and looks at the



sleepers; they were sitting in what seemed uncomfortable positions, but their sleep was profound. William Berthoud listened to the distant hum without—the strife of life—and looked upon the sleepers, that type of death, within. He thought of the strife of *his* life, and of that in which it would end, of which *sleep* was but the type. Everything, from his childhood up, now passed before him in calm review. He thought of the unsatisfying nature of life \* \* \* \*

\* but now, a burst of tenderness is pervading his being; he is thinking of Ellen and *her* happiness—free of *self*—the benignity of the spiritual has conquered the human nature. He thinks of Dulany calmly, now; those gray eyes (thanks to the faithful watchers, and Oh! God is kind), have lost their power. He sees, he thinks, into it all, now—she certainly had every reason to think that her William had forgotten her. Had he not been so selfishly occupied with his *own* feelings, the thought as to the possible state of hers, would have crossed him sooner than it did; then all would have been well; he was very much to blame, nor deserved the happiness he had aspired to. Dulany had, quite likely, gained her consent (before his explanation had arrived there), which she would the more readily grant, as Dulany had, quite likely (being of an artful and insidious address), persuaded her to believe that he had always preferred her, but married the

other from pique, or jealousy, perhaps (the man was certainly equal to any deed), yes; for her sake, he would forgive him.

The sleepers have awakened with a bound; they feel like guilty things, so fearful are they of having done something wrong, but are reassured by Berthoud, who, raising his head, smiles upon them, and extending his hand—that smile, 't is *Berthoud's*, they spring forward, and grasping the extended hand, burst into convulsive sobs.

It was evening of the second day of Berthoud's return to reason. Dulany had been sent for, at Berthoud's request. He felt that he had but a few hours to stay—he would do all quickly. He had his will drawn up; it was *signed* (thanks that he had the strength to do it); his two kind watchers had read and witnessed it, amidst a fresh outbreak of tears—but still he looked anxiously at the entrance—longingly. He evidently wished for somebody; the considerate friends divined, intuitively, who! they had between them prepared an answer ready for him, when he should ask.

“You are looking for your faithful negro friend.”

“Yes,” sighed William, “my good, kind Luceomoo, where is he? He is ever with me, when I am sick; I had thought he was weary with watching—but he must have rested sufficiently by this time.”

“Oh, yes! poor fellow,” replied they, “he never wearied, day and night, and tended you with the most

faithful love; but he was attacked with the "epidemic," and though recovering, your physician says he must be kept quiet; his anxiety about you makes it go hard with him, though.

"Be careful to keep the news of my—death, from him," said William, gently.

These truly kind friends exchanged congratulatory glances, at the success of their fib. The truth is, they had been told by the attendant, the circumstances of the poor negro's captivity, and they had expressed themselves to Dulany about it, in a straight-forward, honest way, telling him that it was, under the circumstances, an unrighteous, cruel act, and that no *friend* would have done so damnable a thing.

Midnight drew nigh; the last sands of the glass of William Berthoud's life were rapidly running out, and Dulany had not yet come—but be sure if he does not, it will not be through any fault of his; his diabolical nature would not forego a pleasure so exquisite. Ah! here he comes! with the stealthy tread of a cat. Now, were it not that we know that that style of walk is habitual to him, we would suppose that it was out of regard to a *sick friend*.

"Berthoud!" he said (appearing suddenly, and without notice, at the bedside, and fixing upon his victim those large gray eyes, which gleamed with a fiendish joy)—

"Dulany!" said Berthoud, solemnly—calmly re-

turning that look. Dulany averted his eyes quickly; that fixed, reproving gaze seemed to have burnt into them.

"Dulany!" said William Berthoud, again (even more solemnly), "we have both—to render—an account to—the same God. I—forgive you—for *her sake—all*. May she be happy—may she have children, that will be a comfort and honor to her—in her old age. I pray that she may live to be old"—and then, after a silence in which his sinking respiration seemed painful, he resumed. "I have left—(it is a pleasure and privilege—for me to do so—would not *her* children be *mine*), the bulk of my estate to your—to *Ellen's* children—if she should—be blessed—with any. If not—it will revert—to the children of—my brother."

"My God! my God! this is too much—too much!"—shrieked Dulany, rushing wildly out, from the presence of his noble, sacrificed victim.

Oh! had he upbraided! had he but *cursed*! But now, whose is the victory! Berthoud, your high-souled magnanimity will be—the *gray eyes* to Dulany! Ay! *worse*. He will seek, by travel, by dissipation, by religious vows—but in vain, to rid himself of that consuming thing, which is burning in his soul—an accusing conscience!

There is something in the presence of *death*—of the dying—that impresses a lesson on the mind, which no reflection nor homily can. 'Tis when the face is turned

helplessly *upward*, and the compressed lips, the pinched nose, and stiffened fingers, tell us, that the animating principle is no more, the *spirit* has fled, and that that cold, stiffened body, upon which we were wont to lavish our love, or visit with our hate—is a mass of corruption—can no longer feel our love, nor wither under our tortures; that the occupant is gone, far, far beyond our puny reach, that we feel the complete *littleness* of all earthly passions—"the vanity and vexation of *all* things."

Ah! 'tis then, too, as we look at that helpless, upturned face, we think of the reproachful glance, the gentle pleading against our harshness. The ungratified wish—so simple—Oh, why, *why* did we not grant it—of our many, many complaints—of our fault-findings! How miserably *little* do they all now appear? Can language express the contempt we feel for ourselves, there in the presence of the grandeur of death? How *could* we ever have attached so much importance to trifles, more insignificant even than trifles! Oh! then we creep about humbly—we would *undo all*! Oh! that we could bring back life—life—just *life*. How differently we would act—then we would show how great our love—how deep our repentance—but gone—gone— \* \*

Oh, death! we ever *shrink* from and fear you—but 'tis in thy presence only—that we bow to the majesty of thy power.

"Remorse—*remorse*," groaned Orville Dulany (grinding his teeth and clutching his nails deep into his flesh,

as he walked rapidly away, he cared not where, so he was in swift, fierce motion), "Spare him, Oh God! let him but live—live—*live*."

'T is in vain—*gone*, is the object of your hate—Orville Dulany—of seventeen years' unceasing malicious persecutions—*he*—the nobility of whose soul, *first* filled you with a sense of your own littleness—which made you meanly hate—not having the honesty to admire—which caused you to put forth the fascinations (which the hypocritical and deceitful always exert), to undermine his bud of happiness—to imbitter, to *poison* his fount of life—yes, the poison which has blasted *him*—has rebounded upon yourself, with that increased power which conscience always gives—*remorse*.

Atonement! the thought has come like a drop of rain on the burning brain of Dulany, it would bring pleasure to his last moments. Yes! he would hasten to William Berthoud—while there was yet life—and give him *the letter*! he would explain to him that what he had intimated was false—*all* false.

Dulany retraced his course quickly—*madly*. Oh! that he could fly! but his feet were of lead—lead. But he was a great distance off—he had been *hours* walking—*If he could but get there!*

*He has arrived*, parched and breathless, he pushes wildly past the silent attendant at the entrance—and grasping the letter in his outstretched hand—bounds with one mad spring into the room. \* \* \*

The friends have left—but—through folds of a white sheet—are the distinctly-marked outlines of the human form beneath—the *head folded, arms, and upright feet!* The attendant was startled by the leaden sound—as of a heavy body falling—Dulany had dropped—*senseless to the floor.*

What a fearful retribution was there! to be deprived of that small privilege which, slight though it seems, would have been of life-importance to *him*—it would have sweetened the bitterness, which hereafter will be his, and have taken from remorse some of its sting—but no—that *was denied him*—the victim was *gone*—away—alike from his persecutor, as from his *atonement.* Oh! horror! that alone which was left to him *now, was remorse.*

Dulany has again clung to the possibility of atonement such as it *could* be now; he inclosed the letter to Miss Durand—in one from himself to Mrs. Caldwell—stating (for the old Adam was in him still) that it had been found among the effects of his late friend, whom he presumes must have labored under some mistake as to having sent it, as he evidently had been in expectation of some reply, as they could gather from his frequent ravings—throughout the delirium with which his deceased friend was afflicted for some three weeks. It was this knowledge, together with the fact that his friend though perfectly sensible for some hours previous, had yet died with the name of “*Ellen*” on his

lips—and to the last, breathing blessings on her, which led him to suppose that the letter would possess peculiar interest to Miss Durand.

And the poor Luceomoo negro was set free at last—it was his privilege and sad pleasure to dress for the grave his beloved master, laying many little presents on his breast as he did so, to take to the *other land*—as remembrances of the gratitude of his “*Luceomoo.*”

Now—that William Berthoud is *dead*—we will, like friends of the departed generally—stand near his lifeless remains and talk of that which he—was.

Of that which he—*was?* Ah! who, that has just returned from hearing the dull, leaden sound of the earth as it was shoveled in upon the lifeless breast of a dear relative or friend, can calmly talk of that which he *was?* how harshly such an analysis vibrates upon the ear! how cold upon the heart.

No! no! the memory of William Berthoud will ever be a sad, sainted presence in our heart—for in it is blended the noblest and most tender attributes pertaining to the character of man.

“But why!” exclaims the impatient reader, “did he trust to the uncertainties of letter-writing? Why did he not go to Miss Ellen Durand?”

Why? why did not *we* do thus, and so, upon certain occasions of our lives, as we have oftentimes seen since? How much better it would have been!

## CHAPTER XV.

WHEN Mrs. Caldwell had got her sister off, and she was positively *en route* for the far, far west, she for the first time breathed freely—"now," she exclaimed exultingly, "*let him come.*" During the ensuing three or four weeks, she enjoyed in prospective the humbled crest of the arrogant coquette, when he should come, upon finding that the lady, whom he intended to honor with his august notice and possible alliance, and whom he expected to find crawling upon her knees to him, had gone (*after* hearing of his expected arrival too), upon a journey of indefinite length, with full preparations to spend a year, and that consequently, there would be some little wooing to be done and other difficulties to surmount—the thing was delightful—but as time passed, and Dulany came not, she became exceedingly vexed and indignant.

"It is but another *ruse* of this arch hypocrite," she cried, crimsoning with mortification, "he merely did it to keep hope alive, or to revive it if it had become extinct—just from a Satanic pleasure that he takes in trifling with the feelings of woman—he quite likely has

fifty of them there jiggling about on tiptoe, all thinking at this minute, that he is dead in love with them—and he, quite likely, has run off with some young heirless, not sixteen years old, or eloped with some man's wife—more likely than any other—talk of William Berthoud's *penchant* for young girls—humph!

There was one little circumstance, however, in all this, at which Mrs. Caldwell secretly rejoiced, which was that she never had *once* mentioned it, to either of her half-dozen confidential friends, which had several times, when speaking of Ellen and her prospects of health, been very much tempted to do—*now* it was a *secret*—this second trifling with the feelings of her sister, between that sister and herself.

But this self-congratulation, was but a passing feeling, her anxiety for her sister deepened, for she could not but reflect, that if Dulany's letter had so excited *her* hopes, what must its effect have been upon the heart of her sister? she had seen what a complete change it had wrought—a deep, mysterious change—a sweet heavenly repose seemed to have come over her spirit, instead of the fever of expectation and hope, as one would have supposed, which only showed how complete was *her* faith in him, and *love*. Oh! the thought had always roused her indignation against Dulany, and as months passed, with the news that Ellen was *sinking*, this feeling increased to an intensity that imbittered every feeling and joy of her existence.

Time passed along, and with it came the *second* letter from Dulany (inclosing *the one* from William), in which he said that the visit to Baltimore, which he had hoped to make, he found himself obliged to postpone—indefinitely—he could not say *when* he could allow himself that pleasure—as regards, however, their esteemed friend, William Berthoud, it might be gratifying to Miss Durand to know, that he died with *her name* on his lips, breathing blessings on her to the last! The whole style of this letter was a kind of *last word* affair—a patronizing—“though I can not marry the young lady myself, it may prove a solace to her to know that there was some one else who would have esteemed it a privilege.”

The contempt with which the indignant sister read the specious epistle cannot be conceived, now, although Mrs. Caldwell had never experienced any *trouble of the heart*—the course of her love having gone on smooth, yet, with a woman's true divination, she *felt* how the heart would turn away sick, from the proffered love of any but the *one* (and the affectionate sister was right there, though *wrong* as to the person), still she thought if William had been attached to Ellen, and died with expressions of love for her on his lips, it would be soothing for her to know it, as she always had *liked* William, ay, loved him as a sister. Yes, she would write to Ellen the news of his death, and mention the manner of it—but she would not make her heart sick by sending his letter just yet, as the contrast of the love of one

and cold sophistry of the other, would but wound. Thus reasoning, Mrs. Caldwell laid the letter—*the letter*—in her workstand drawer, intending, when she should write, not to say how she came by the news, but merely that she had *heard* so-and-so. Let her hope on, thought she, faint as it is—it will be better than the certainty that I have received.

Since the above, six weeks had elapsed—September's heat was giving way in advance to October's cool winds, when little Julia Caldwell received permission to put her ma's workstand to “rights”—a great privilege, as it was only at such times that the girls could get to see the many wonderful things that it contained.

Mrs. Caldwell was sitting apart, mechanically endeavoring to sew, but the blinding tears poured fast and bitterly, for her heart is not with the present—it is far away—back into the years that have closed so mercilessly over her—ay! closed—the tomb is not more irrevocable in its embrace of the dead, than are those years that are *passed*. She weeps, for the great responsibility of having in charge the happiness of the young, has just dawned upon her mind. She feels that she *can* err with the best feelings and intentions—*has* miserably erred. \* \* \* \* \* that the young have as immortal souls as her own, born with separate feelings, instincts, *character*—that they are to be moulded and gently *led*—not governed—compelled. She weeps—the grim mantle of self-sufficiency,

with which she was wont to clothe herself and clasp to her bosom, has dissolved in *tears*, and she stands with a meek heart and contrite spirit, praying for that aid and counsel in guiding the young which can come only from above.

Does she look anxiously for Dulany's coming now? Ah no! a new phase of life has opened to her—she sees differently now—she feels that he *dare* not come—weep, sister, weep! Think, for though a sister, you are a *mother* still—that that which has wrecked hers, may prove *their* happiness—think of the loud laugh and merry jests, that are always hushed to fearful whispers, at *your* approach—think that they never have any jokes to tell you, or descriptions of tricks they have performed on people, or pranks they have cut—is it that they have become such models of propriety under your system of training, as never to cut pranks? or is it that they are not *children* after all, but *old people*.

Weep—weep—it will soften thy heart as dews from Heaven, and make that of thee which thy children will love and strive to imitate.

“Ma—ma!” cried Julia (pressing her hand upon a pile of old letters, which she had been fixing together very straight and square), “why here’s a letter directed to aunt Ellen, and the seal’s not broken yet.”

“My God!” gasped Mrs. Caldwell, coming forward and picking up the letter carefully, as she clasped it in both her hands, “I *had forgotten it!*”

The missive is speeding on its way, guarded by unseen spirits from all harm—for it is destined as a message from above—a summons of *death* to one whose spirit is already as one of the beatified—as *one of them* freed from the bitterness, the *sting* which would have attended the call.



## CHAPTER XVI.

What a world were this,  
How unendurable its weight, if they  
Whom death hath sundered, did not meet again.

SOUTHEY.

THE beautiful Ohio sweeps swiftly, silently on—its undulating, graceful hill-sides clothed in the gorgeous drapery of autumn—upon the highest spur of hills jutting out from the east of its “Queen City,” stands a stone edifice, without any pretensions at ornament, plain and substantial—around it lies an extended garden and park, as yet under but slight cultivation. It is the property of Augustus Williard! In one of their rides about the suburbs of the city, his Eva, fixing her eyes upon the place, exclaimed, “How lovely? Ah! that place reminds me of my—of our old home, dearest.”

In less than six weeks, our Williard, (ever fortunate in his speculations) had found the proprietor but too anxious to exchange his *visions* of a “family homestead,” which was to have gone down to his “descendants,” and on which he had already sunk a fortune, for a ready *in hand* “consideration,” and Williard had the supreme

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happiness of presenting to his bride—to the daughter of his early benefactor—a house and grounds exceeding her own early home in extent and elegance, in which he had been but too thankful to have the situation of *errand-boy* to the—gardener.

But what is it that has so subdued our wild, erratic Williard? that has so called forth the noblest and tenderest feelings of his nature—that makes him so cling to his Eveline, his *wife*, that a moment's separation fills him with alarm?

'Tis his Eveline's friend—his guest—Ellen Durand, whose sweet, seraphic smile and gentle sympathy in his happiness, combined with a being that seems literally to *exhale* away, to daily become more ethereal, has long since been read by the feeling heart of Williard, whose keenest sympathies are for a grief that might have been—that *was* his—filling it with terrors, lest he might yet lose his darling.

The long summer months had passed away, bearing with them the fast failing strength of Ellen Durand; but she heeded it not, for she had no object in life but to send up prayers for *him*, and if she thought of herself, it was to tremble, lest she might pass away ere yet she had *seen him*—for *that* her heart sickened.

The fall of the leaf, and the melancholy sighing of the wind through the leafless tree-tops, seemed to whisper to the spirit of Ellen a new song, of a resurrection—a brighter life to the withered hope-leaflets that lay

strewn upon the ground, that had budded, bloomed and—died—there was a faint, low music borne on the wind, as if from the cord of some distant eolian harp, which seemed to whisper—Ellen, *come!*

Ellen looked from whence it came, for its melody thrilled through her being, but she could see nothing, nor hear—but the plaintive dirge of Nature—but now a change came over her spirit—she feels a strange longing to be *free*—a rejoicing at the prospect of death!

Soon there comes news from the sister—a letter—William Berthoud is dead—died, breathing her name to the last. Then Ellen knew it was the spirit of William that was calling her \* \* \*

When Augustus Williard reflected upon the circumstances attending the sad story of William Berthoud and Ellen Durand, his shrewd penetration perceived at once that there had been treachery somewhere, and he was not long in fixing it, in his mind, upon Orville Dulany, but too *late* now for an explanation—Berthoud was dead. But still he felt, that there must have been some message—letter, perhaps (if that scoundrel Dulany had not kept it back), that would be grateful to the heart of his guest; and, at his suggestion, Eva wrote to Mrs. Caldwell, telling her all. How that her Williard's own feeling heart had been the "key" to Ellen's; of his suspicions that there had been an *under-current* going on, all these years, of which Dulany had had the management, that had continued to keep up

the separation, pleading for information (nothing too slight to the heart of their Ellen), of the last moments of William.

The reply came. The heart of the poor sister was overwhelmed with grief and regret—she blamed herself as innocently aiding to keep up the misunderstanding. She saw it *all*, now. She remembered, that in William's letters to his mother and brother, there were the never-failing inquiries after the health of Miss Ellen, and of her indiscreet assurances and blind opinions, that her sister still clung to her old attachment for Orville Dulany. Oh! if she had but *questioned* Ellen, all might have been well. Her poor, dear, dear sister. She, *alone*, had killed her. It was her blind confidence in her own discernment, combined with the current reports of *that* time and the present, which had so deceived her; nor did she ever dream of a possibility of their being mistaken.

Inclosed was the letter of Dulany, that Ellen might read, with her own eyes, that which was said of William, in the shock to her feelings quite forgetting *the one* that was inclosed in Dulany's, and it was not until several weeks after, that she became reminded of it, as we have seen.

Can language describe the reaction in the feelings of our Ellen, when, from the holy state of resignation to all claims upon the heart of William, for whose happiness she had trained herself to consider it as a

privilege to *pray*—to receive the delicious assurance that he had never wandered, but remained faithful and true to his *first* love—his Ellen!—ah! died with her name on his lips—blessing her name to the last.

“Oh! William!” and the still-lovely Ellen (stretching out her arms, and clasping her thin, transparent hands, as she reposed, helplessly weak, upon a sofa, her countenance irradiating with a bright, seraphic smile), cried “*come—my William!*”

Not long—not long, will the vail be spread between two such natures; not long ere they be blended into one; and sympathizing, beatified spirits are clustering joyfully round, to witness the blest union.

“Ellen! dear?” said the gentle Eveline, entering softly, with two letters in her hand, one of which she had been reading, “here’s news from your sister, and, dearest (stooping down and kissing her tenderly, trembling violently as she did so), a letter from *him!*”

“Why, Eva! you were too abrupt,” whispered the anxious Williard (who had stood waiting in an adjoining room, as Eva entered), “you should have imparted it more gradually.”

“I know it,” said Eveline, bursting into tears, “but after I got in, my heart sank within me. She is sinking, Williard, sinking rapidly”—and the two remained near, in a state of painful solicitude, for they feared the effects of that letter.

At last, is there to be an explanation—a *communion*—

between two beings, who have from childhood loved, but whom the stern fates have kept separated—and whose only *assurance* of such, has been—conviction—at each heart—now—now—

Ellen has remained wrapt and motionless, the letter clasped in an *embrace* to her heart; but now her lips move, and an eager *joyousness* pervades her entire being, as she reads—

“MY LIFE—MY ELLEN:—

“Like as the imprisoned bird, torn from its mate, pines for its companion, so has my soul longed for *thee*—light of my life! But a ray of hope has irradiated like a sunbeam in through the bars of my prison-house—which makes within its hitherto desolate confines, a sparkling joy—I may yet be—free. List! friend of my soul:

“While yet a mere boy, my passion for thee made me tremble; it seemed to foreshadow to my spirit the cloud that has since enveloped my life. I would follow you to your playgrounds, for in your graceful play of motion only, did my eye find delight—in your bright smile and beaming eyes did I seem to live.

“I went to College (it brought many blushes of shame to my cheeks), but, dearest, I could not concentrate my thoughts away from thee. I had fancied myself *necessary* to you; my jealous nature now pictured me as

superseded by *other* boys—Ellen would forget her William—before that thought, ambition paled.

“*I did not get the degrees for which I had entered College!*”

“I returned home to *stay*—my Ellen was in grief—more than ever did she seem to repose on me. I became unspeakably happy, for *again* had I become necessary to her. Two years passed thus, the only unclouded period of my life. Oh Ellen! I reveled in a quiet bliss, the depth of which you then could have no conception of—you were all my own—a beauteous rosebud, not yet expanded to the eyes of men. But the time came, when your soft beauty could no longer be veiled from the public gaze—you must make your entrée into society.

“Proper as it was, and from your position necessary, yet the thought that I would no longer have you to *myself*—that men of superior abilities and attractions to me would pay their court to you—would compete for those smiles—and oh, Ellen! render themselves more agreeable to you than plain *William*, whom you had always seen. These fears (with the knowledge of how mere “exterior” do take the fancies and deceive the hearts of inexperienced young girls), filled my heart with the most jealous forebodings—then, too, my knowledge of my kind (for, dearest, though young in years, I was yet *old* in knowledge of the world), made me tremble at the seductions which I knew would be cast around you.

“You went into society; but, previous to that era in

your life, there occurred an event in mine, to which *you* paid but little attention, but which affected *my*—dare I say it?—our whole existence; my mother lost her property!

“Oh, my sweet love! with that loss went my hopes of happiness. I erred—miserably erred—but it seemed to blast my power of action; for one thought only, seethed my brain—that I must give up you—for I had intended, dearest, in a little while, after you had seen a little of the world for *yourself*, and was capable of judging what was best for your own happiness, of proffering to you my humble love—humble but great in the concentration of its devotion to you.

“My regard for your happiness, more precious to me than my own life, it was that sealed my lips, for early I saw in you, dearest, a disposition to sacrifice your own comfort and *feelings*, to gratify or *please* those whom you thought loved you, and I would have my Ellen’s choice directed by her *own* feelings and not by that of others.

“You once bantered me, dearest, on my gloomy looks about the loss of property, and your eye expressed its surprise, its disappointment, in my *character*—*I felt it*—ah! *you knew not all!*”

“At the time of that loss, my brother (far more blest than I) was engaged to be married, the *time* was fixed—that loss made it necessary that the engagement should be postponed a year, during which time my brother would be able to provide a suitable support.

"On the first intimation of her loss my mother, knowing of my brother's engagement, came to me, and throwing herself into my arms cried, 'My son, upon you will I depend, you are disengaged and *free*—ah! you, I *know*, will never let me feel the loss of property.'

"Heaven help me, my sweet love, but my feelings toward my mother were *cold*, to that which I bore my Ellen. But duty to a parent prevailed.

"I should have *confided* to her, the state of my feelings, then all would have been well, but in the utter prostration of my hopes I became paralyzed, I could not ask you to come down from your position of elegant ease, to share the fortunes of a poor man—the very thought teemed with selfishness, and filled me with anxious alarms, and then too, dearest, my heart was torn with all the pangs of jealousy. \* \* \*

\* \* \* "Your *entrée* into society was successful beyond all precedent—you became the theme of song, your fame spread even to other cities—men competed for your smile—*your hand*—as my heart had felt it would be, long previous. Ah! Ellen! what could thy jealous *William* do, but *look on*, which he did, even adding fuel to the passion that was consuming him.

"As a mother watches over and endeavors to guard from harm an only child, so did I follow you round in your path of reckless gayety, to preserve you from designing, bad men.

"My friend—we *quarreled* once—need I mention his

name—or has the *sunbeam* sparkled into my prison-house but to lead me astray?—no! no! there's a *something* whispers to my heart, that the sunbeam is heaven-born and heaven-sent.

"Orville Dulany! I feared that man's dangerous fascinations—and, you know, dearest, I cautioned you—and *we* quarreled. O! my love, my heart was frequently pained—outraged—by hearing that man's boasts in the open streets and public saloons, of his power over the heart of—Ellen Durand. 'T was when he finally convinced me, by his own personal intimations, that you *loved* him, that the light of my life seemed to have gone out—all *hope* had fled. Yet then, if it were *possible*, you became more precious and dear to my heart—I *knew the grief*, that would be my Ellen's.

"It was at that dinner party at Valteau's I first learned of Dulany's engagement to Maria Newman. Ah! as I looked upon you, knowing the joy that was nestling at your heart, making you more sweetly joyous—more sparkling than ever—a sickness came over my soul; as I thought of the blight that would soon come, I had no courage to remain and witness a wound I had not power to heal—to see my precious rosebud—withering—dying—I fled. \* \* \*

"Long years have passed since then. My only aim in life has been (if I have had any aim), to get that, *the want* of which I deem the foundation of my desolate, cheerless life—*money*.

"For that I have become exacting in my <sup>dress</sup>~~dress~~, penuriously close in my habits, allowing myself but the mere necessities of existence—and for why—ah! for why—I know not—but it became a morbid, craving appetite—a never-satisfied desire.

"From the smiles of woman, my heart has ever turned away—sick—ah! *they were not the smiles for which my spirit yearned*—which beamed around me in boyhood, and yet later became a soft, steady light, the *memory* of which has subdued, has *humanized* me—through the long, lonely, cheerless years that have passed. She who clung round me in girlish fondness, whose large, soft eyes, ever sought sympathy in mine, O! say sweet friend, has the sunbeam sparkled in but to plunge me into a darker night? Is William *beloved*? Even now my arms are stretched forth to enfold thee—light of my life! \* — \* \* \*

"——. ——."

William and Eveline heard a low, joyous cry, they sprang into the room in time to catch the last faint whisper of Ellen Durand, as, with her large, bright eyes fixed upon space, her face lit up as with a passing sunbeam, she cried (faintly lifting up her stiffening hands), "William! my William!"

A tremor seemed to shake to its center, the strong, sinewy frame of Augustus Williard, a deadly paleness overspread his cheek, as clasping Eva to his breast he murmured—"my *darling*."

## CHAPTER XVII

Revenge, at first though sweet,  
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils.

PARADISE LOST.

AND what became of Orville Dulany? will say the reader—surely he met with his deserts.

Indeed he did! a wretched, miserable end—but we will not anticipate.

An uneasy conscience seeks excitement—requires it to drown thought. Orville Dulany plunged into all the gayety and dissipation of the Island—but still—there were ever borne on his ear, as well through the wildest sounds of revelry as upon the stillness of night, the solemn, calm tones of William Berthoud—"I forgive you." He drank deep of the intoxicating draught, it inflamed his eyes, but never his *blood*, it seemed to strengthen—ay! to *cool* his brain—Oh! *remorse*.

Everything around him speaking so of former scenes, it was that kept up this state of nervous excitement—'t was but imagination—he would try change of scene—travel.

But where? not to the United States—for his fears

whispered him that the circumstances of the love and death of William Berthoud had spread from Florida to Maine. No, he would go to Europe, there amid scenes of which he was already familiar in history, poetry and song, he would, he thought, shake off this feeling—*this low, deep whisper, that was omnipresent.*

But we will not trace his course; it is needless to say that *there*, as well as here, the “still, small voice” followed him—there was no relief—none. A new resource has just occurred to him—meeting with a young Creole girl, whose parents he had known in the Island, Dulany again put forth his fascinations, hoping that in the endearments of love, and the society of a new, *young* wife, the whisper would be dissipated—modified—at least he would not be *alone*.

Fascinated, charmed, the scarcely fledged Creole dove fluttered into the net spread for her, and Dulany had little difficulty in gaining her consent to an elopement.

But one little year had not elapsed ere the terrified heart sped away, with outstretched wings, to the parent cote, her fresh heart and bright young life blasted for long years to come by this one rash, inconsiderate act.

Some seven years after the death of William Berthoud, Augustus Williard happening to be “east,” on business, met, in passing down Baltimore-street, a gentleman whom he knew by sight, but mostly by *reputation*—Orville Dulany!

As a tiger springs on its prey, so did the indignant Williard seize the conscience-stricken Dulany, holding him in his powerful grasp firmly, with one hand, while with the other he applied to his back a most vigorous caneing! “There,” he said in one deep, concentrated whisper, for there was a crowd around, setting straight upon his feet the wretched man, “*this* for William Berthoud and Ellen Durand!”

Blind with rage and mortification, Dulany made his way to his hotel—*how* he got to it he knew not. After so many years had elapsed, and no suspicion seeming to attach to him, Dulany, conquering his fears of an exposure, (as if any *eye* but his *own* could *possibly* know—absurd!) ventured to make a visit to Baltimore. Upon his arrival at the hotel, he was again overcome by his old fears, and for three days never ventured forth from his room, ordering his meals to be brought up to him. This was the first time he had ventured out—he was walking along, nerving himself to meet the eye of a Berthoud or a Caldwell, when he was overtaken by the quick, avenging arm of Augustus Williard!

And now—now what resource was there left to him but *death*! Hell had no torments like this—his name would be in every one’s mouth—and—how?

The people of the hotel were startled by a loud report, as of a pistol—they hastened to the room from whence the sound came, and on knocking and receiving no answer, broke open the door, and found that the strange



man from the south, who had confined himself so closely to his room, had—*blown out his brains!*

Between Caldwell and Augustus Williard, there sprang up a coldness which exists to this day—Caldwell never forgiving Williard's taking from him his long-wished for revenge—he insisting, that as the brother-in-law of Ellen Durand, who had grown up under his eye, also, he was the proper person. To which Williard pleads the necessity there was for *prompt, vigorous* action.

After Bedell had been married several years, he happened to mention to his wife his feelings about failing to deliver a certain letter which a dear, kind friend had confided to him. Her woman's heart and woman's wit, quick to catch at anything that savored of romance, as he unfolded the little circumstances connected with it, both before and *since*—of the death of poor Will, and of Miss Durand, the lady to whom he was to convey it to—once so celebrated for her extraordinary beauty—made a connected story of it—her intuitive perceptions discovered *love* in Dulany—rivalry between the two men. Bedell became heart-sick when she mentioned to him her thoughts, and at her suggestion he called on Mrs. Caldwell, to ascertain, he said, whether Miss Durand, on a certain time, had ever received a letter, which, as it had been confided to his charge by a friend, and he had placed it in the hands of Mr. Dulany, who again had given it over to be delivered by a Mr. Le Grave, he felt anxious to know whether it had been received in

proper time, or whether it had ever reached its destination at all, or not.

This information confirmed the worst fears of Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell—they immediately communicated it to Eveline and Williard, as also to the brother of William, which led to the final conviction in their minds of Dulany's treachery!

Well now—will the reader exclaim—now it's "read and done"—it is no more than what we have seen and known, *after all!*

Neither is it—it is nothing more than what is taking place around us every day of the year, the world round. Wherever there beats a human heart, there nestles a simple heart-history—none so humble as not to have their own little experience—witness—"Barkis is willin'," of Dickens.

But, plead my friends, why don't you have it more stirring—more thrilling—have *more hearts* introduced?

I know what you mean—kind of *conglomerate* it—a mess of "big and little," great and stirring people and incidents in it!

Ah! my dears, *that* is the prerogative of the newspapers, to give an account of the deaths and marriages—of disasters by sea and land—of war and *shipwreck!*

It is the duty of the novelist to go humbly about, lay together the mangled remains of some *one* body, and then portray the feelings that *once* beat in that

heart—the heart that now lies cold. It was the prerogative of the newspapers to give an account of the shipwreck of the Arctic—of the faithful Captain Luce, and of the most faithful, most noble *Holland!*

It will now be the province of the novelist to portray these instances of sublime devotion to duty—that they may be as bright beacon-lights of example to mariners—to mariners! ay! to all who have a *duty to perform* through all time to come.

THE END.