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ELLEN GRANT;

OR,

Fashionable Life in New York.



[The interview between Dr. Boyden and Miss Trott.]

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ELLEN GRANT: OR, THE WANTON'S REVENGE.

BY A MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK BAR.

CHAPTER I.

'Refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness,
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency.'

(THE SICK CHAMBER).

How do you feel this morning my dear?
asked a certain knight of the pestle and mortar,
as he entered the sick chamber of a female
patient whom he had been drugging and dosing
for several weeks.

'Oh, doctor, I can hardly tell,' she replied in
feeble, tremulous voice, turning her deep
blue eyes upon the physician as if she looked
to him for restoration to health. 'It seems to
me I'm not much better than I was six weeks
ago. Do you think I am?'

'Certainly, my dear Catharine, I do,' he re-
plied, feeling her pulse and rubbing her burn-
ing palm, 'in fact, I can truly say I know you
are much better. Your symptoms are de-
cidedly more favorable, and your disease is
gradually yielding to the power of my medi-
cines. Such a disease as yours, my good girl,
cannot at once be eradicated from the system.
It must be the work of time. But I can assure
you my prescriptions operate just as I designed
they should operate.'

'I'm very glad to hear it,' said the lovely,
but feeble patient. My dear mother says she
hopes your medicines, have a good effect. 'O,
how I long to get well, go into the country and
enjoy its pure air, and green fields! We
should have gone ere this but for my sick-
ness.'

'I hope you will be able to make that de-
lightful excursion before the warm season
closes,' he said, pressing her emaciated hand
and gazing fondly into her bright eyes.

'O, doctor, if you should cure me so that I
could go into the country mother wouldn't be
grudge almost any amount of money,' she re-
plied. 'What indeed is money compared with
good health?'

'True, my dear, Catharine, riches cannot be
enjoyed, while the system is racked with pain,
and the strength fails,' he answered.

'Mother, has great confidence in your skill
and judgment,' she said.

'And may I not hope, that her good daugh-
ter has?' he inquired, running his hand round
her side, under a pretence of feeling her heart
beat, and of noting its pulsations.

She shrunk from his touch, for he had never
before attempted to make such an examina-
tion. Noting her delicacy and wishing to con-
ceal his bad motives, if any he had, he con-
tinued, 'I'm quite sure your circulation is
gradually improving. Your heart beats strong-
er and with much more regularity.'

She made no reply, but secretly wished her
case did not require such an examination. He
still continued to rub the palm of his hand up-
on her smooth side and press it down gently
upon the place where he could feel the pulsa-
tions of her heart. It is quite possible, may
probably, that he would not have been thus
particular in his examinations, if her mother
had been present. As the daughter said, the
good mother had much confidence in his skill
and judgment. It seemed to Catharine that he
kept his hand upon her side longer than was
necessary for any medical purpose, but still she
presumed, this man of pills and potions knew
better than she did, therefore she remained as
quiet as she could during the operation. After
thus manipulating awhile, he gently and slowly
withdrew his hand. And, as he did so, there
was one point of attraction, upon which his
palm lingered as if it had been attracted by
some powerful magnet. She nervously shrunk
and, before he was aware of it, turned upon
her other side. This movement separated his
hand from its resting place, and broke the cir-
cle of the electrical fluid which seemed to be
passing through the skilful physician. He be-
gan to perceive that his practice was not alto-
gether so agreeable to his patient as he hoped
it would be, still he flattered himself that his
success was not very bad for a first effort.
Catharine Watson, was a most beautiful and
lovely girl, but we hope the doctor will not be
excused by our readers, on that account. A
physician's virtue, ought to be equal to any
emergency, and able to resist any temptation,
but then there are some sons of Esculapius
whose virtue hangs loosely about them in times
of trial and temptation.

'I believe I must increase the number of
the powders I left yesterday,' he continued.
'You must take them four times in twenty-four
hours, instead of twice, for I find they have a

decidedly good effect upon the circulation of your blood. Your blood is thin, and herein lies the main cause of your present debility. There is not iron enough in that circulating fluid, and hence your system has run down."

"I remember you stated in one of your lectures that a portion of the blood is composed of iron. How strange that is!"

"We are indeed fearfully and wonderfully made," he replied, assuming quite a sacerdotal look, and speaking in a religious tone.

Now, be it understood by the reader, that doctor Hooker was a member of the orthodox church, in good and regular standing; and so was the widow Watson, the mother of the lovely Catharine.

"True, indeed, doctor," she replied; "mother admires your lectures because you so often allude to the great Being who made us all. She thinks you are doing much good in the moral and religious world by your lectures, as well as giving the people information in physiology and medical science generally."

"I always endeavor, my dear Catharine, to point out a moral in all my lectures," he answered. "That can be done in medical lectures very conveniently, for every part of the human system suggests the idea of great design and skill, and these in their turn carry the mind up to the great source of all things. O, I love to speak to the people and remind them of the God who made them, and who constantly upholds them."

"Mother says your lecture-room is almost equal to the pulpit," she said.

"I rejoice to receive the approbation of so good a woman as your mother," he answered. "I prize the opinions of such women very highly, I assure you. We are placed in this world to do all the good we can. The word *userful* is written all over every object beneath the sun in characters of light, and shall man be the only useless thing upon earth? No, no, dear Catharine, I love the world just so far as I can make myself useful in it."

At that moment the widow Watson entered the room and heard the closing sentence of the doctor's remarks.

"That's an excellent idea you have just advanced," said the mother. "I love to hear you give such good advice and make such valuable suggestions to my daughter, at the same time you are prescribing remedies for her diseased body. Physicians have opportunities to do a world of good, for while they are ministering to the wants of the body, they can feed the immortal mind."

"That is indeed true, madam, but I fear my brethren sadly neglect such golden opportunities," he replied, casting an eye upon the lovely countenance of his patient, and watching the heavings of her bosom.

Ah, if that good mother had known where the doctor's hand had been, she would probably have liked his preaching better than his practice. But his cloak of religion was over all, and the kind pious mother could not penetrate the veil. Doctor Hooker was a wonderful tactician. He was very far from being a fool so far as the science of human nature was concerned. He studied deeply and diligently the hearts of men and women, so that he might steer his bark over the ocean of life smoothly, and without meeting with disastrous winds and fatal shipwrecks.

"I have the same fears," replied the widow. "Physicians are too prone to be infidels: and

one writer affirms that the study of the medical profession has a tendency towards infidelity. But such a thought always appeared strange to me, and especially so, since I have had the pleasure of attending your lectures."

"It is indeed strange, passing strange," he replied. "Every bone and nerve in our systems reminds me of Him who numbers the hairs of our heads. Strange that any decently learned physician can be an infidel!"

"So it is indeed," replied the pious widow. "People who hear your lectures will be driven out of such infidel notions, or they must be remarkable for their ignorance and stupidity. If I had never been a believer before in divine revelation, I should since I have heard your invaluable lectures. Permit me to say, doctor, that I consider the moral and religious instructions of your lectures more valuable than other parts of them."

"I might infer from that, my dear madam, that I do not give you so much instruction in medical and physiological science as I ought," he replied, smiling, and still remembering his sensations while he was counting the pulsations of his patient's heart.

"O, no, not at all," she replied. "All I intended to say is this, that the soul is vastly more valuable than the body. The interests of the latter sink into nothingness almost when compared with those of the former."

"I understand and fully appreciate what you say," he replied. "You really flatter me by your remarks."

"I'm too far advanced in life to attempt any thing of that character, doctor," she said smiling. "But how do you think my daughter gets along? Does she improve, think you?"

"My medicines work exceedingly favorably," he answered, wishing to blind the daughter's eyes to a portion of his practice on that occasion. "I have given Catharine a more thorough examination this morning than I ever have before, and my opinion is that the circulation of her blood is decidedly improving."

"I'm rejoiced to hear it," said the mother. "I hope you will neglect no means which you may deem useful and beneficial."

The doctor thought he should not neglect any means which he deemed essential to the furtherance of his plans and designs.

"I shall try all the means and appliances which medical skill and science may suggest," he answered. "And I can assure you, my dear madam, that I think your daughter will soon begin to gain strength. I suppose you are aware that medicines, when they first begin to operate and contend with disease, sometimes make the patient feel weaker, but that's no unfavorable symptom."

"It seems to me that you advanced something of that character in one of your lectures," said the mother.

"You're right," he replied; "I did make such a statement, and my experience and observation confirm it every day."

Thus they conversed until the doctor took his leave of mother and daughter. Our readers may be told that our scene opens in the higher circles of society, as it is found in the metropolis of the Empire State. Doctor Hooker was not only celebrated for his skill in medical science, but also for his extreme piety and great philanthropy. He was a man about forty-five years of age, well educated, fine looking, and easy and graceful in his manners. The widow Watson had but one child, and that was Catharine, the doctor's patient. She was exceed-

ingly lovely and voluptuous-looking when in good health, and even now in her sickness her beauty attracted the attention of her attending physician. Catharine was nearly eighteen years of age, and of surpassing beauty. Her health had been declining for several months, but if she had been the daughter of a poor woman, she would not have been considered so very sick as she was now. The heart of this good mother was bound up in the heart of her beautiful daughter. Her husband had been dead some three or four years, but he left to his widow and daughter a splendid fortune, so that Catharine was considered, and justly too, a great heiress. Mrs. Watson was a good woman, as the world goes. And in fact she did possess a kind, benevolent heart, but she had not quite so much brains in her head as she had money in her purse. Doctor Hooker had studied well her character, and was highly pleased in being called as the family physician of the Watsons. This honor may be attributed to his very ingenious lectures which, from time to time, he gave the citizens of New York. The widow heard him lecture, and from that moment resolved to employ him in case there should be any sickness in her family. Soon after this her daughter began to feel unwell, and he was employed, as the reader already knows. Doctor Hooker was a married man, and had a wife and three daughters, the eldest of whom was about as old as Catharine Watson. It is possible that after he was called to see Catharine, he might have wished he was a widower; but we will not anticipate what is to come.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEGRO SERVANT'S LOVE AND COURTSHIP.

THE transition from the parlor to the kitchen is easy, for the Widow Watson's kitchen was as spacious as her parlor was splendid. And, it often happens that more correct information of a household may be obtained in the former place, than in the latter. Servants sometimes tell more truths than their masters; at any rate, there is less disguise among them. Many an ill-favored slave utters a beautiful truth. It is not to be expected, that a woman like the widow Watson, lived without some of the colored population, to wait and tend upon her; for such an expectation would be unreasonable.

She had a darkey whose name was John Lingo. In the family he was usually called 'Lingo,' but whether he derived this nickname from his great volubility of tongue, or whether it was a corruption of Linigo, we have no means of judging. And it is not material one way, or the other. Fashionable families sometimes have very peculiar, if not very learned or classical notions. It was so with Mrs. Watson, notwithstanding her great piety, and many other christian graces, she was very high over the instep, or, in other words, she considered herself and daughter, as moving in the very first circles of fashionable life, and hence she adopted many practices in relation to the government of her household, for giving odd, if not classical names, to her horses, birds, and other live animals. Whenever she gave out a new name, (and she was quite fond of changing names) Lingo was always sure to show his ivory, and the white of one eye at least. He very reasonably expected that his own name would be changed very soon, for some one more sonorous, and often spoke of it to the cook, another of the African race, whose

name was Jenny Fanning. Soon after this negro woman became a member of the Watson family, her mistress taxed her ingenuity very severely and almost exhausted her nomenclature to find a short, odd, and sweetly sounding name for her cook. After calling her by different names, as often as once a week, for more than three months, as Lingo was ready to swear, she finally hit upon Laningo, so the cook was called by that name, very much to the amazement of Lingo. The very day this name was given out by the widow, the two darkeys held a long talk upon the subject. Lingo was mightily pleased and shook his sides well.

"Mistress hab a new name for you," said Lingo, as he came running into the kitchen with the news, for to him it was first announced by the widow.

"And what is it?" asked the cook, as she cast her large dark eyes upon Lingo, and smiled sweetly, as he thought.

"Janingo!" he replied, laughing as if he would split his sides. "Janingo! Missus alway hab a go to her names. Lingo and Janingo! Don't dey sound well togadder?"

That was the nearest that this negro ever came to popping the question to the cook, a matter he had long contemplated, although he lacked the courage to do so in a plain concise manner.

"Which you think sound best?" she asked, seeming to disregard his question entirely, and looking him full in the face.

Lingo was sorry she had avoided the issue he had at that moment screwed up his courage to make, for a moment lost in such an emergency sometimes produces bad results. He was at no loss to answer her question, still he much preferred that she had answered his. He felt the blood rushing back to his heart, and producing a strange confusion in that tender region.

"Me tink Janingo, sound de most musical," he replied, looking slyly at the cook, out of the corner of his left eye, and placing his right hand upon his hip, with his arm akimbo.

"Why so?" she inquired, still smiling sweetly, as Lingo verily believed.

"Because it is longer and softer," he replied.

"Ah, Lingo, you do flatter dis child, dat's a fac," said the cook. "De gemem, alway flatter de ladies, dat's anoder fac, and no mistake at all." "Dis nigger alway speak de truth, and dat's anoder fac," he replied.

"Ah, Lingo, we ladies hardly ebber know what de gem'em mean by what dey say," she answered, in accents partaking somewhat of the melancholy.

"O, Janingo! Janingo!" he exclaimed, laying his hand upon his heart and looking unutterable things. "How dis child lub to speak dat name!"

"Tuk yer hand from dat tender spot," she said, seizing his wrist and moving his hand from his breast.

"And what for does Janingo wish me to do dat?" he anxiously inquired, while she stood nervously grasping his wrist.

"It make me feel so here," she replied, placing one hand upon her left side, and still holding his wrist with the other.

"O, Janingo, how can you do so?" he asked, moving her hand from her side, and holding her wrist. "You'll kill dis child wid your kindness!"

There they stood, holding each other's wrist, and gazing silently into each other's ebony face. Not a word was uttered by either for some

minutes, but their hearts seemed to believe in the doctrine of close communion, however silent their lips might be. Lingo trembled in every muscle, and felt the magnetic fluid running from his grasped wrist over every part of his system. Never before had he experienced such peculiar sensations. His thick lips quivered, and his eyes seemed to be fastened as if by hooks of steel upon the countenance of the cook. She stood it much better than he did, for her nerves were stronger. The reason was she had not been in love so long as Lingo had. He began to love her soon after she came into the family; but she did not begin to cherish any affection for him until she discovered some symptoms of love on his part. Love untold for any considerable length of time has a very peculiar effect upon the nervous system, as all can bear witness who have experienced such sensations.

'O, dear Ja—' said Lingo in a subdued and tremulous tone of voice.

But the sensitive negro could not finish the sentence. Neither Janingo nor the world can ever know what was passing in his heart at that moment, for the lips never gave utterance to the emotion. He said no more, but his head sank upon her shoulder, and the wool of their heads came together. It was a moment of deep and exciting interest to these negroes. Let those who boast whiter skins than theirs laugh and sneer at them, if they please; but their hearts were human, and actuated by the same emotions which press those in higher life. There was just such love as all would feel under the same circumstances, and just as pure in the sight of Heaven as if their skins had been as white as snow.

So powerful, and at the same time so soothing, were Lingo's emotions, that he actually felt drowsy, and would have gone to sleep upon his beloved one's shoulder, if nothing had disturbed him. Talk of other sedatives, opium, tobacco, or the best regulias, but what are they compared to the sensations produced in the heart of Lingo by the widow Watson's cook? It seemed to him that the sweets of a whole life were crowded into that single moment. He would have been willing to have toiled hard for years for the sake of that brief enjoyment. Even if he was drowsy, it was that kind of sweet rest which the human soul loves so well. It was not a dream, yet it possessed all the charms of a most delightful dream. Janingo moved and that motion awoke him from his blissful reverie. She would not have moved so soon, but she was tired of standing so long.

'What was you going to say?' she asked, in a voice whose tones fell like sweetest music upon his ears.

'Me nebber can remember dat again,' he said, raising his head from her shoulder. 'A thousand odder thoughts crowd upon me so fast dat it be impossible to remember totter from one. O, Janingo, me lub you as I do my own life.'

'Dere!' she exclaimed; 'dat's what you was going to say. Don't you tink it was?'

'I believe it was, dat's a fac,' he replied, recovering from his dreamy state and rolling out the white of his eyes.

'Can you say dat now on mature reflection?' she inquired.

'A thousand times I could say dat and speak de truth ebbery time,' he replied, gazing most fondly upon her.

'Den you may say it and I'll believe it; but

de gem'mem sometime deceive de weaker sec,' she said, still nervously pressing his wrist which she retained in her warm hand.

'Den I do say dat, and am ready to swear it before de whole world,' he exclaimed, in a voice which might have been heard in the parlor, if any one had been listening.

'O, speak lower, or poor Missus Catharine will hear you,' she said. 'I pity dat good gal, she is so feeble.'

'And I pity de young dandy who lub her so hard; but I heard Missus say totter day dat she could nebber lub him,' he replied.

'Dat is a hard case indeed,' she said; 'when one lubs anoder, it is a pity dat totter don't lub too.'

'How sensible you speak on dat particular subject,' said Lingo, feeling the force of her remarks, more especially from a consideration of his own case. 'You speak de words ob wisdom. O Janingo, I knowd you was a sensible woman de first time I looked at you arter you come into dis house.'

'And how did you know dat?' she asked, feeling much flattered.

'By de looks of your dark eyes, and de expression on your lips,' he replied, gazing upon her protruded lips, and wishing his were fastened upon them.

'O, Lingo, you know considerable, dat's a fac,' she said, blushing, and leaning her head upon one side.

'But one ting I don't know,' he said, assuming a serious look.

'And what is dat?' she asked, looking at him quite anxiously.

'I don't know dat you lub me,' he replied, in a voice that told how deep and anxious were his feelings.

'Den you may know it now,' she said, 'for true as de moon shine in de night I lub you as much as you lub me.'

In those few words there was more consolation to Lingo than he could find language to express. He was so much affected that he could not stand any longer, but sank into a chair. She was apparently somewhat alarmed that he might have a fainting fit, and asked him if he would not have some water.

'O, no, I be not dry, but I be so glad,' he said, reaching out his hand and taking hold of hers.

Whether he pulled her towards him or not, she acted as if he did, and gently settled into his lap, throwing her arm round his tawny neck and resting her cheek upon the wool of his head. The battle was fought and the victory won—and a loud report, as if a beer bottle had thrown out its cork, rang through the kitchen. A second and a third report proclaimed the victory. Such kissing was never before witnessed in that culinary department. Negroes have lips peculiarly adapted to such operations. Their thickness and muscular energy render kissing a very easy task. And it would take an ear very nice in the hearing of sounds to tell which of these lovers made the louder report. We must leave them for the present to their own peculiar enjoyment. They loved, and sincerely too, and let not the more refined sneer at them, for such is the feeling which populates the world. The same good Being planted the passion in the heart of the African, as well as in that of the European. Let all love and live together.

It has been seen by the conversation of these colored servants that Catharine Watson had a lover besides the doctor who was attending

her in her sickness. She had one, but as yet she had not reciprocated his affection. Edwin Gordon was the unfortunate young man. He had loved her for many months most devotedly, but she could not return his love. The mother was anxious to bring about the match, for young Gordon was rich and left with a large fortune. He too had more money than brains. Encouraged by the mother, he pressed his suit with a perseverance worthy of a better cause. No wonder the negro servants had compassion for him. Doctor Hooker knew how devoted Edwin was in his attachment to his patient, but he also knew that she did not reciprocate her lover's affection, and was glad of it for reasons which may appear in subsequent pages of these chronicles of city life.

CHAPTER III.

THE MEETING OF THE SEDUCED AND SEDUCER.

'WHAT a confounded old hypocrite doctor Hooker is,' said Ellen Grant, to her companion Jane Trot, as they were promenading in Broadway one afternoon, arm in arm, and dressed out in white bonnets and gay colored silks.

'Why so?' asked Jane. 'Have you employed him, and did he charge you more than other physicians?'

'Employed him!' repeated Ellen. 'No, but he has employed me to the tune of one five spot.'

'No!' said Jane in much surprise. 'I don't believe one word of it, and yet he's none to good, if he is a member of the church. But then he's too much of a coward. He would be afraid of being caught.'

'It is just as true as I'm now walking in Broadway,' answered Ellen. 'But he had 'nt the most distant idea that I know him, I met him in the street, and led the poor man astray, as his brother Christians would say, if they knew how he yielded to my temptations. He told me that he belonged in Boston, and that his name was Oliver Hartshorn, I told him I had a high opinion of the Boston gentleman, for I once lived there myself.'

'Well done, Ellen Grant!' exclaimed Jane, laughing and giggling. 'I have come to the conclusion that all these pretended Christians are rank hypocrites. They make professions for mere outside show. The devil will get all such, if he gets any body.'

'He's sure of 'em as a thief in a mill,' replied Ellen. 'It amuses me very much to see what long faces they will put on one day in seven, and then spend three nights out of six in what their ministers are pleased to term debauchery. O, the hypocrites! And the ministers are not a bit better than their long-faced hearers. If it were not for these church members, we should not be able to appear in Broadway, with our silks and satins.'

Alas! it is to be feared that there is too much truth in what these courtizans say! When professors of religion thus conduct themselves, how is it possible that the vicious and unbelieving can be made to place confidence in Christianity? naturally inclined to infidelity, they will feel strengthened in their opposition to religion in all its forms by such examples as doctor Hooker and others of like stamp, set before them. A heavy responsibility rests upon the professing Christians! It will be better in the day of judgment for the courtizans, than for such vile hypocrites. The Saviour of the world has taught us a lesson, which must never be forgotten. A woman

was brought before him and accused of a bad crime by the professors of religion. He looked into the hearts of her accusers and saw that they were more vile than she was. They clamored to have her stoned to death, but mark the power of his language and sentiment, 'Let him that is without sin cast the first stone.' The sins of the frail woman were forgiven, and she was told to go and sin no more. What a severe and scorching rebuke to the hypocrites who accused her! So it is at the present day. No doubt, doctor Hooker would be the first to accuse Ellen Grant of being a vicious character. But how little accusations from such a source would avail in the eye of Omniscience. How could such a man cast the first stone at the frail and abandoned Ellen! And how deeply does such a hypocrite wound the course of virtue? A wonderful reformer is such a man! He not only furnishes his money to support such characters as Ellen Grant, but actually encourages them more in their sinful course than the veriest libertine could. The time will come when all such masks must be stripped off, and the wearers stand forth in all their naked deformity. Justice may be sometimes slow in her movements on earth, but nevertheless, she is sure at last. There is no nook or corner in the universe of God where the hypocrite can successfully hide his faults. They must—they will come to light sooner or later. And the really good and virtuous may derive much encouragement from such a consideration. It may seem sometimes in this wicked world, that the vile and corrupt, will go unpunished, for they flourish and prosper in worldly gear, even more than the good, but punishment is as certain as death itself. One can be as easily avoided as the other.

'There, who's that dandy appearing fellow?' whispered Jane Trot, as she saw a finely dressed man walking just ahead of them very pompously.

'I don't know, but he feels well at any rate,' replied Ellen. 'Let us keep along after him and see where he goes.'

'Agreed,' said Jane; 'he may be game. Think he belongs to the codfish aristocracy. Gracious, how he struts! The fellow has money, or intends to make folks believe he has, at any rate. Now can you tell by his dress, his motions, and gait, what he does for a living?'

'No; I'm beat there,' replied Ellen. 'I can usually form a pretty good guess when I see a man, but I must confess I am at a loss to guess him out. He's not a stranger in the city, I reckon; but he may be from Philadelphia. He has a little of that touch about him. However, he may be a New Yorker.'

They leisurely followed on, keeping at a respectful distance from the pompous dandy as he strutted up Broadway. At last he turned out of Broadway and went into Chatham street, followed by the giggling girls. Having nothing else to do, they were determined to follow him so long as he continued his promenade. He had not proceeded far in Chatham street before he entered a door over which was painted in gilt letters, 'Doctor Boydenen, Female Physician, who has practiced in all the Hospitals of Europe.'

'By heavens!' whispered Ellen, pressing the arm of her companion; 'he's one of 'em!'

'One of whom?' asked Jane, laughing.

'One of the thousand quacks who infest the city, and suck in the greenhorns,' replied Ellen. 'Let us call upon him.'

'But what shall we say?' inquired Jane. 'How shall we introduce ourselves? We must have some excuse, or we shall appear ridiculous.'

'Leave that to me,' replied Ellen. 'I can manage so as not to get into any bad scrape. I don't believe the fellow knows more than we do. He hasn't been long in the city, or we should have noticed his sign before.'

'Now I recollect seeing his advertisement in one of the morning papers,' said Jane. 'He has just opened his shop here.'

'And no doubt wants customers,' said Ellen. 'Come, let us go in. We look well enough to pass for ladies of rank and fashion: I really wish to have some conversation with him. He's rather a good looking fellow, and perhaps he has humbugged the people and made some money.'

'But what will you say?' asked Jane, feeling as much curiosity to see him as her companion, but being rather more cautious.

'I'll tell him my tooth or heart aches, if I can't think of any thing else,' replied Ellen.

'Do you suppose he has any compound good for the heart ache?' laughingly inquired Jane.

'He may have money and that's the best remedy I know of for such a disease in this world,' answered the reckless Ellen. 'But let us be cautious and appear as chaste and modest as doctor Hooker himself. Humbug is the order of the day, and why shouldn't we have a share in it? We have always been too frank and open-hearted, showing our true colors, but now let us put on a disguise and act some other part. The doctor himself is a great humbug, and let us see who can proceed the furthest in the noble art.'

'But will you assume the mask of religion?' asked Jane.

'No, by heavens, I'll never do that, come what may,' answered Ellen. 'I have seen so much of that kind of humbug that I will never practise it, but then we can appear like very modest, virtuous, pretty ladies without descending to put on the mask of religion.'

Ellen Grant felt sore upon this particular subject, and well she might. If she hated one thing more than another, it was the hypocrite in religion. Once she was a virtuous country girl, much respected and beloved by a large circle of acquaintance. Her parents were pious members of the Methodist church. She was addressed by a young Methodist minister whose name was Francis Dermot. He won her affections and promised to marry her, but he succeeded in seducing her, and then left for parts unknown. She gave birth to a daughter who died soon after she was born. Soon after both her parents died. Her pride was wounded, and she left her native town in the country and sought the city where she became a wanton in spite of all her early companions. Dermot was a young man of fine talents and could preach and pray so as to draw the tears from his congregation. All her friends and acquaintances congratulated her on her prospect of obtaining such an excellent, talented husband. Her good parents were highly pleased with their daughter's prospects in life. But alas! a dark cloud came over them, and the beautiful, active and intelligent Ellen Grant fell in an evil hour, and became what we now find her. She mortally hated religion in all its forms, and especially the denomination of Methodists. Now three years had passed since her fall, but she had heard nothing from her seducer.

While they were thus conversing they had

passed Boyden's office some distance, but Ellen was bent upon giving the physician a call, so they returned back. Just before they reached the office the doctor came out and stood upon the front steps leading to his room. Ellen saw his face and trembled, but he did not have a fair view of her countenance.

'Let us turn back again!' whispered Ellen, suddenly turning on her heel and leading her companion away with her.

'Your courage fails after all,' said Jane, hurrying to keep pace with her nervous companion.

'Say nothing,' replied Ellen, in a tremulous voice. 'I know that doctor but too well! O, God! if I had gone into his office!'

'But what's the trouble?' anxiously inquired Jane. 'Is he an old friend?'

'A devil incarnate!' replied Ellen, feeling hate rankling in her bosom. 'That quack is Francis Dermot, once a Methodist priest, who addressed me under a promise of marriage. Yes, and the villain won my affections, but I hate him now worse than poison. Revenge I must and will have.'

'Did he leave you without telling you where he was going?' asked Jane.

'Yes, the vile seducer did leave me, and soon after I gave birth to a daughter whose remains lie in a country church-yard more than a hundred miles from this city,' replied Ellen, in accents of voice that showed how deep and poignant were her emotions. 'Revenge! Yes, I have sworn it before high heaven! I must have it!'

'But you would not stain your hands with his blood, would you?' asked her companion.

'Anything, everything, so that I be revenged upon the vile hypocrite!' replied the exasperated girl. 'O, how he would pray the tears from the eyes of his pious hearers, while the devil was in his heart! Ought not such a villain to be punished most severely? I pray heaven I may be made the instrument. But death is not punishment enough. It is too quick over. I must invent something else to torment him, ere he goes down to the grave, but what that shall be I know not now.'

'Why, Ellen, you are in a high state of excitement!' said Jane. 'What should you have done, if you had gone into his office?'

'Plunged this into his black heart,' replied Ellen, pulling a dirk from her bosom.

'Then indeed it is fortunate that we did not go in,' said Jane, 'for we should both have been arrested and thrown into the Tombs!'

'Imprisonment there would be sweet, knowing that I had rid the world of so vile a hypocrite as ever breathed the vital air,' said Ellen. 'But I will not let out his heart's blood at present. I must devise some other means of torture. If I could so disfigure myself that he could not recognise me, I could play him a game that would mortify his pride worse than death. But that I cannot do, for he would recognise me at once.'

'Not if you would cork your face, and appear to him as a negro girl,' said Jane. 'I believe that might be done.'

'But my voice would betray me, I fear,' replied Ellen.

'You can counterfeit that so that he would not recognise you,' said Jane. 'Anything that I can do, you shall be done cheerfully.'

'The voice is the most difficult thing in the world to counterfeit,' answered Ellen. 'Yes, that voice which has often told him I loved him. O how can I counterfeit that?'

'To tell him that you now hate him, would change the tone of your voice,' said Jane. 'I believe you could deceive him. At any rate, I think I could, if I was placed in your circumstances.'

'He's a shrewd fellow,' said Ellen; 'but he knows nothing about the medical profession. O, I hope he will not leave the city!'

'He probably will not as he has just come,' replied Jane.

Thus they conversed until they reached the house where they boarded. Ellen thought of a thousand things, but not one of which seemed to strike her as warranting success in her determination to be avenged upon her seducer. Her emotions had been so violent that she was much exhausted, and sought her chamber where she slept, and dreamed of revenge. The reader will not now be surprised that this unfortunate girl should foster and foster cherish rash prejudices against every thing in the form of religion. It was true, as the girls suggested, that doctor Boyden had just removed to the city and opened his office. He saw them as he stood in front of his office, but he did not recognise Ellen. He came from the South, where he had been practising his quackery, but he was not so successful as he could wish, and therefore thought he would try his fortunes in the city of New York, where humbugs of all kinds have a more spacious field for operation.

CHAPTER IV.

DOCTOR BOYDEN'S INTERVIEW WITH A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

Doctor Boyden, alias Francis Dermot, had several professional calls, and began to think that he had made an excellent move in coming to the city of New York. His practice increased every day. Several females had called upon him for medical advice and prescriptions. When a customer called, his first object was to ascertain the nature and disposition of the person rather than investigate the disease for which his skill was sought. He was very careful to measure the intelligence of such customer so that he might graduate his practice accordingly. If his patient was ignorant, then he would appear more learned and bombastic and show off with an air of great pomposity; if he found one somewhat shrewd and cunning, he would haul in his horns and assume a becoming modesty on the occasion, so that he succeeded in pleasing all in some good degree. However, he did not often have occasion to appear very modest and unassuming, for those who generally sought his advice and medical aid were not remarkable for their intelligence. He was ambitious enough to aspire to practice among the aristocracy of the city, but as yet his aspirations were not gratified, as his practice was confined to the most humble walks of life.

One morning he was sitting in his office and waiting for calls, when a young lady entered very modestly, she was dressed in very becoming style, rich but not gaudy. Her face was very expressive and her form quite symmetrical. The doctor was much pleased with her appearance and strained a nerve to be exceedingly polite and affable.

'Good morning madam,' he said rising and bowing very gracefully. 'Please be seated.' She took a chair and began to fan herself, for the air was warm.

'Have I the pleasure of addressing doctor

Boyden?' she asked, in a very musical voice, and casting a pair of black eyes upon him.

'That is my name,' he replied, beginning to feel quite interested in his fair visitor, and thinking he might soon be introduced to the upper ten.

'I noticed your advertisements in the papers and thought I would call, but I suppose mother would scold me, if she knew it,' she said, still keeping her eyes fastened upon him.

'Why so?' he inquired smiling very graciously.

'O, sir, she thinks there's nobody like our family physician in the world,' she replied. 'He has doctored in our family a good many years, but he hadn't skill enough to save my father, and one sister. They died about a year ago within one month of each other. It was a sad blow upon our family.'

'It was indeed,' he answered. 'What was the matter with your sister?'

'O, sir, she died of a disease of the heart!' she replied, while a tear stood trembling in her dark eye. 'I believe if a skillful doctor had been employed her life might have been saved. Father died of a dropsy in the chest.'

'A very bad complaint, but not worse than that which hurried your dear sister into the grave,' he replied, sympathising with the apparent grief of his fair customer.

'Do you think you could have helped them?' she asked, wiping the tear from her bright eye, and gazing upon him with much anxiety.

'I have had much practice in such complaints and seldom lose a patient,' he replied. 'I believe the practice here is different from that in Europe where I have passed many years of my life. The European hospitals furnish a fine opportunity to learn the nature of diseases and the best mode of treating them.'

'I should think so,' she answered. 'I suppose you have seen a hundred cases of heart disease, have you not?'

'More than a thousand, madam, in the different hospitals of Europe,' he replied. 'I flatter myself that my extensive practice in that disease has made me tolerably well acquainted with it. I wish I could have seen your sister before she died, but I was more than three thousand miles from her then. I was in one of the London hospitals, but my practice was not confined to them. I was frequently called into the first families of the Kingdom. About the time your sister died, according to your account, I was attending a duchess whose heart was very much diseased.'

'And did you cure her?' anxiously inquired the girl.

'Entirely my dear,' he replied. 'In less than two months after I began to prescribe for her, she was a well woman.'

'Indeed?' she said, gazing with much surprise upon the lying quack.

'O, I wish mother would call you to see my sister.'

'Then you have another sister?' he asked.

'Yes sir, and only one,' she replied; 'and she seems to be troubled in the same way my other sister was. Do you think you could cure her?'

'Very probable,' he replied. 'I should be pleased to see her.'

'I came purposely to consult you, but mother does not know it,' she said. 'My sister and I were reading your advertisement last evening, and I told her I would call and see you unknown to mother.'

'I should think your mother would have

objections to my calling and seeing your sister. Certainly I should not prescribe unless requested, therefore I could do her no injury.'

'True, sir, but mother is very particular about all her servants and everything about our household,' she said.

He began to think that he was conversing with a daughter of one of the first families in the city, and therefore he was the more anxious to make their acquaintance. Besides, he was really pleased with the beauty of the young lady; and strange as it may seem the thought struck him that he might marry her. As she had no father, he imagined that she might be the more easily conquered. As the reader has already learned, he was not destitute of skill in such matters.

'Your mother is right,' he replied. 'I should be very particular myself if I had the management of a household.'

'You and your wife board, I conclude,' she said, looking archly at him.

'Wife!' he repeated, smiling; 'I have never yet sustained that endearing relation which the husband holds to his wife.'

'Not married?' she ejaculated in apparent surprise; 'and such a good-looking man, too! Indeed I'm very much surprised!'

'You may be surprised, but nevertheless I am a bachelor,' he said. 'I have the name in my own country of being very difficult and particular.'

'I should suppose you would have found some European lady who would have filled your eye,' she answered.

'Permit me to say, madam, that I think the American ladies excel the European in beauty and personal charms,' he replied, smiling.

'I'm surprised to hear that, for I supposed such was not the fact,' she said.

'The more I see of the American ladies the more am I convinced that they do really excel in beauty the ladies of the old world,' he answered. 'Your very presence here now strengthens and confirms that conviction.'

She thought he was laying it on pretty thick for a first introduction, but she was determined to be up even with him at any rate.

'I thank you for the compliment,' she replied, smiling most sweetly. 'And permit me to say that I think the gentlemen of Europe have better forms and more manly beauty than the Americans.'

'Please accept my thanks for your compliment to my countrymen,' he said, shaking her cordially by the hand, and even retaining it in his nervous grasp.

She did not at first withdraw it, but let it remain just long enough to excite him and not compromise her modesty. She was shrewd it must be confessed.

'O, I should like to go to Europe!' she exclaimed, gently withdrawing her hand and gazing fondly into his face. And we should have gone, if father had not died.

'Perhaps you may go yet,' he said. 'Money will find out friends all over the world.'

'Mother has money enough, but then we should not dare to go alone,' she replied.

'You can go after you become the wife of some rich man,' he said.

'Rich man!' she repeated, 'I don't look for riches in a husband, but for something else more valuable.'

'The reason is because you have a fortune yourself,' he said smiling.

'There may be something in that,' she replied. 'Our dear father left us a large fortune,

but I would give all mine to have him back again.'

'I suppose so, but money has not power to restore the dead to life,' he said.

'It does wonders in this world, but it can't do that.'

'True indeed!' she replied, 'But to return to our first subject, I will speak with my mother about calling you to visit my sister, I think I can prevail upon her to consent notwithstanding she is so very particular. I know my sister will be very anxious to see you professionally.'

He expressed his great willingness to serve them in his professional line, and she politely took her leave. Doctor Boyden was highly gratified with her visit. His hopes ran high, and he anticipated great pleasure in being on familiar terms with the widow and her lovely daughters. His prospects now looked bright and promising. He believed he should soon be called to cure a disease of the heart, with which a beautiful and rich daughter was afflicted. He had much rather undertake to prescribe for such a disease than to try to set a broken finger, for in the former case he could practice as he pleased without being detected, but in the latter he feared detection. Being ignorant of medical skill and surgical science, he chose to practice upon those diseases which were the farthest from human sight.

It seemed to him that the young lady who had just visited him was rather bold in speaking upon the subject of marriage, and bandying compliments with him; but then on reflection he concluded that there is much less or false delicacy among the high-bred and fashionable ladies than in the middle walks of life. Thus reasoning he found a sufficient excuse for all her seeming boldness and familiarity. He had been accustomed to be on very familiar terms with the women, especially before his vicious conduct drove him from the Methodist connection. Among them he was once esteemed very high for his glib tongue and apparent fervor in the cause of his Master. At a love feast no divine could go before him. His exhortations, prayers, and social talk were considered as emanations from Heaven, by all the brethren and sisters too. It seemed to the latter that a love-feast was always blessed by his presence. Even while he was practising his hellish work of seducing Ellen Grant, his ministrations in the pulpit, in social meetings, and round the family altar, were received with great favor and much enthusiasm. The elder brother of the faith looked to him as a great reformer in the church, for his preaching was pungent and powerful, if not deep and logical. For several months after he was licensed to preach, he rode a very high horse, and the people would flock to hear him in great multitudes. But the devil was in his heart, and he finally showed his true colors. There was great excitement among the brethren and sisters when his seduction case came to the light. But even then he had many friends and sympathisers. Even some of the pious sisters went so far as to throw all the blame upon poor Ellen Grant. Having always envied her beauty, they did not hesitate to say that she seduced him. Their love for him was so great that they would have been willing to restore him and again sit under his preaching. But the elder brethren were too wise to jeopardise the interests of their society by such a movement. Knowing what the world would say they were glad he took himself out of the way. Never

was woman so much slandered and talked about as Ellen Grant after she fell. More than nine-tenths of the women blamed her more than they did the young, the eloquent, and the pious Dermot. But little sympathy did she get from her own sex. If she had received as much as he did, it might have saved her from a life of prostitution. But Ellen was the most beautiful girl in the town where she was born, and that beauty proved a curse to her in more ways than one. It was the cause of her fall, and after she fell it kept her down. The maledictions of her own sex were like a millstone about her neck: she could not rise if she would, for the finger of scorn was continually pointed at her, and more especially by her own sex too.

She gave birth to her illegitimate child, saw it buried in the church-yard of her native town, and within sight of her father's house, saw the sneering countenances of her female acquaintances in which there was not one look of pity or expression of sympathy, watched round the sick-beds of her parents, closed their eyes in death and followed them to the grave, and all this without any expressions of sympathy or kindness from her own sex, how could she bear up under such a burden? What young woman has nerves for such an emergency? In an evil hour, and under the pressure of bad influences she fled from the green hills and pleasant valleys of her native town and sought a residence in the city. She thought the world would forever despise her, and she resolved to despise and hate the world. Fatal resolution! It is a rock on which many a girl has wrecked all their hopes. Such was Ellen Grant when first brought to the notice of the reader in the pages of these chronicles, more of her sad and reckless life is yet to be developed. How terrible is the scorn of the world! How it blasts the hopes and blights the prospects of the young and beautiful!

CHAPTER V.

TRAITS IN TOM TURNER'S CHARACTER.

'Did you find the rascal in his office?' asked Ellen Grant as Jane Trott came humming and laughing into the house.

'O, yes, and had a beautiful interview with him,' replied Jane. 'He's quite a gentlemanly fellow. I can assure you.'

Ellen walked the room in great agitation. It was evident her feelings were wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement. She walked some time without uttering a word. At last turning on her heel and bringing her right foot firmly upon the floor she said, 'Think the plan will work well? Gentlemanly fellow! now don't use the word gentlemanly again when speaking of that hellish hypocrite!'

'Why, Ellen, you are ten times as much enraged as you were before I started to see the doctor,' said Jane laughing.

'Well, I can't help it, he has treated me so villainously,' replied Ellen, working her fingers and grating her teeth. 'I wish these fingers and nails were in his eyes this moment, I guess he would be troubled to see the sun or moon again. But no matter. What think you of our plan?'

'I think we can make it work to a charm,' she replied. 'He really thinks I am the daughter of a very rich widowed mother. Although he's a shrewd one I think we can come over him.'

'And did he think he could cure the heart

ache?' asked Ellen. 'O, the wretch! Cure the heart ache forsooth! He knows better how to make a heart ache than to cure it when it does ache. But fiddlestick! my heart shall not ache for such a scamp. The disease of the heart! yes, that was it. Well, does he profess to have skill in such complaints?'

'O, yes, he has cured more than a thousand cases in European hospitals, besides prescribing for dukes, duchesses, lords and ladies,' replied Jane.

'O, heavens, what a tremendous liar the villain is!' exclaimed Ellen. 'It seems to me now that this mode of seeking revenge will be too slow. I long to see the blood streaming from his black heart.'

'Don't be so impatient and wrathful,' said Jane. 'The slower the process, the surer the punishment. I believe my skill is a match for his any day. Let us be calm and will bleed him yet to his heart's content.'

'Well, well, I'll try to curb my feelings,' said the excited Ellen. 'His vile conduct and rank hypocrisy has made one wanton, and now let him marry another to pay for it. Do you think the fellow has money?'

'My impression is, that he has,' answered Jane. 'If so, we must contrive to get our finger upon it.'

'That's what I was thinking of,' said Ellen.

'You think you have made a good hit upon him, do you?'

'I have no doubt of it,' replied Jane. 'The expression of his countenance indicated it, so far as I could judge.'

'He has a very susceptible heart, I always knew, but would to heaven it had been made of cast iron, or that mine had, before I had ever seen the hypocritical scoundrel!' exclaimed Ellen. 'It seems to me that I shall never be satisfied until I poison him or plunge a dagger into his wicked heart.'

'No, no, Ellen, be calm and wait until he almost or quite becomes my husband,' said Jane. 'My husband! no, no, I can never go quite so far as that!'

'No matter whether you do or not,' said Ellen. 'We'll get him between the porch and the altar at any rate, as I used to hear him say when he was preaching to large and crowded congregations, O, the memory of those days bring a sickness over my very soul!'

'Then don't think of them,' said Jane laughing.

'But how can I help it? But I will forget all but my revenge. That will rankle in my bosom while life lasts, or until I see him a corpse or a miserable vagabond, I don't care much which. Yes, I do too, for a corpse can't suffer, but a vagabond upon the earth may.'

Thus these girls conversed and laid their plans for the punishment of the quack doctor, or a Methodist parson, as Ellen sometimes called him. While they were thus conferring together, and anticipating their triumph over the quack, other scenes were being acted which claim a record upon our pages. The characters which compose this drama of city life, have not all made their entrances, and none their exits. Soon after Jane Trott left the office of doctor Boyden, a man whose name was Tom Turner, entered. Now Tom needed no physic, nor teeth extracted, nor disease of the heart prescribed for. But knowing Boyden was a new comer, and read his flaming notices in the papers, he had a curiosity to see the gentleman and converse with him. Tom had a tremendous desire to see all that was going on in the

city. He was a peculiar kind of a person. There were some just like him, yet he was like everybody else, that is, he was the representative in his own person and habits of several classes of human society. In one thing, however, he was different from all others. Tom Turner could touch, pitch and be clean. That his heart was in the right place, all his acts proved most clearly. But how he lived and dressed so well was a mystery to his most intimate friends and acquaintances. Certainly he was not a day laborer, doing such jobs of work as he might find, nor had he any trade or profession, yet he always paid his bill promptly, and what is still more remarkable, he never borrowed any money. Some might call him a gentle loafer, but Tom was not liable to such a charge. True, he was round in every part of the city, seeing the good and evil actions of men and women, for the relief of human distress, and that too quite often, but where it came from, was the great mystery. To do good seemed to be his chief employment, and his greatest happiness. Having the tact to suit himself to any kind of society, he never failed to make himself agreeable. His dress was uniformly a snuff brown coat and pants and a green vest, and greatly out of fashion in their cut, and not much in. He was always more particular about the color of his cloth than how it was cut, and yet he never failed to tell his tailor not to make his garments in the extreme of fashion. His hats were always made according to order, varying but little from one season to another in their style. His neckerchief was always white, and his boots were well polished. His wardrobe was by no means extensive, for he generally put on a suit and wore it as long as it was decent, then gave it to some poor man and purchased another. Many of his snuff colored suits covered poor men's backs. His hats, too, he devoted to the same charitable purposes, so that he always looked neat, but never gaudy. Some said he had made a league with the devil, for they could not account for his money upon any other supposition, but his kind acts and virtuous life gave the lie direct to such a charge. He never boasted of his good actions, and he had no bad ones to repent of. Besides, he knew how to keep his own secrets. He would not hesitate to converse with bad women at any time, or enter a gambling room; yet he never was corrupted by the influence of either, or driven one single step from the path of virtue and honor. He would often chide a sinner of either sex, but he did it so gently and with such a good grace that if he failed to correct an evil, he never gave offence to any mortal. Among all his other good qualities he possessed a good fund of wit and humor which he drew from as occasion might call. He was often found in oyster saloons where more liquor was drank than oysters eaten, yet he never put the cup to his own lips, or to his neighbors. Wherever he was known, he was beloved and respected, but yet his best friends and most intimate acquaintances could never take his measure. His character was involved in mystery, and past finding out. The drunkard would feel gently rebuked by his presence, the wanton feel ashamed when she heard his voice the pompous dandy look down when he saw his plain dress, the gambler wish he could tell where his money came from when he stood beside the gaming table watching the play, and the priest desire his knowledge of the various phases of human life when he saw him enter

his church. Tom Turner was indeed a *genie*, and yet he seemed to be like everybody, while nobody was like him.

As he entered Boyden's office he politely touched his hat, and seated himself facing the doctor. There was mildness, yet shrewdness in his eye, and benevolence shone from every lineament of his countenance. The quack was at a loss to determine what kind of a character was before him. His first impression was that Tom was a kind of half Quaker, but his remarks soon rubbed out that impression, and left the doctor still more in doubt and perplexity. His next impression was that he was a Methodist priest, but the only indication of that was his white neckerchief. Tom appeared as simple and unsophisticated as he could. He generally assumed such a character when he was taking the dimensions of a stranger. In this instance he appeared unusually simple and single-hearted, the better to draw out the quack. Having read the advertisements of the doctor, Tom had his suspicions that all was not right; still he was always slow to pre-judge any person. Before judging he invariably looked well to the evidence, so that he might not have occasion to change his verdict. Boyden very politely passed the usual salutations when Tom entered, and then waited for him to make known his business.

Tom was in no hurry to speak, but sat in silence, looking at the doctor in a very simple and unaffected manner, so much so that Boyden didn't know whether he was quizzing him or not. He finally concluded, however, that his visitor was somewhat of a simpleton. That was just the impression which Tom wished to make.

'A very fine morning, sir,' continued the doctor.

'The sun does shine brightly upon this great city,' replied Tom, gazing out of the window, as if he was desirous of seeing the evidence which established the truth of his remark. 'But how little we regard his blest beams! The blessing is too common, so we don't prize it as we should, if it were half the time in an eclipse.'

'There's more truth than poetry in that, sir,' said Boyden, smiling.

'The sun shines upon us without being asked to do so,' said Tom, still gazing through the window, and turning his head over his right shoulder, that he might have a clear view of the sunshine out doors.

'That's very true,' said the doctor, wondering what he would say next.

'And it don't boast of what it does,' said Tom, turning his head still further round.

'Did ye ever think of that?'

'I must confess such a thought never occurred to me,' replied the doctor.

'Well, there's no harm in thinking such a thought is there?' asked Tom.

'Certainly not,' replied the doctor, still more and more surprised at his guest. 'Have you a family, sir?'

'O, yes, a very large one,' answered Tom, turning his face from the window and gazing upon the doctor.

'Perhaps some of them are rich?' said the doctor.

'Quite a number of them,' replied Tom.

'And perhaps they need a physician,' said Boyden, hoping he should now be employed as the physician of such a numerous family.

'Yes, both for souls and bodies,' replied Tom.

Boyden voluntarily started, for it seemed to him that Tom might know him by his speaking of a physician for the soul, as he once acted in that capacity. However, he soon recovered himself, and asked—

'What do you mean by that? I don't fully understand you. How many compose your family? You say it is very large.'

'The whole city is my family,' replied Tom. 'And when I go out of the city, everybody I see I consider members of my family.'

'I now comprehend you,' said the doctor, smiling and feeling quite relieved from his embarrassment. 'A father must have long arms to encircle so many.'

'True, and those his arms cannot encircle his heart may reach,' said Tom, while a benevolent smile played upon his pleasant countenance. 'You have lately come to the city, I conclude.'

'Direct from Europe,' replied the doctor, 'I have had very extensive practice in the old world, and so I thought I would cross the waters and let the new world have some of the benefit of my experience!'

'That was a good resolution of yours,' said Tom, looking rather slyly. 'We have among us a good many physicians from Europe.'

'Indeed!' replied the doctor. 'I was not aware of that.'

'I judge so from the advertisements I see in the newspapers,' said Tom, looking still more cunning upon the doctor.

Boyden didn't relish the last remark Tom made. He began to think he had found a troublesome customer, and wished he would leave his office. Tom noticed his uneasiness and that confirmed him in his opinion that Boyden was a real ignorant quack. During a few minutes silenced reigned supreme, such a state was oppressive to the doctor, but Tom sat as calm as a summer's morning. His nerves were always strung alike, nothing disturbed him, for he was the same under all circumstances.

'Then you have not been long in this country?' continued Tom.

'But a few weeks, sir,' replied the doctor, feeling a kind of choking in his utterance which he could not help—although he tried hard to remedy the difficulty.

'You'll find a great field to do good in,' said Tom. 'And may I indulge the hope that you will improve it?'

The doctor didn't like such catechisms and made no reply, for he now had no doubt but Tom was quizzing him.

'Silence always gives consent, and so I will not trouble you any more at present,' said Tom, rising and very politely taking his leave. The doctor thought if Tom was a fair specimen of New York character, he might find more trouble in getting along than he anticipated. But the hope of marrying an heiress kept his heart whole.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DANDY'S LOVE VISIT, AND A MOTHER'S VOLUBILITY.

WHAT emotions agitate the heart of the lover when he enters the sick chamber of his beloved one! Edwin Gordon was the only son of a wealthy merchant, and the pet, if not the spoiled child, of his father and mother. They had done every thing for their darling son which a profusion of money would purchase.

His ward-robe was costly and splendid, and he had been sent to the best schools and colleges, but how often it happens in this world that money and brains do not go together? Young Gordon made but poor progress in his studies, although his fond mother thought he possessed a remarkable genius. And as proof of this she said Edwin was not obliged to study half so much as other boys, and yet he got through college just as soon as they did. This was a consoling reflection to Mrs. Gordon, and she spoke of it with pride and satisfaction. Edwin too derived consolation from the same source his fond mother did, for she often made his boasts that he could learn as much in an hour as some of the students could in a whole day.

The mother would listen to such remarks of her son with proud satisfaction, and gaze upon him with a well settled conviction that he would at some future day become a great man and make a noise in the world. Edwin was a well formed young man and quite good looking, at least, his mother thought he was exceedingly handsome as well as talented. Now his skin was smooth and his hair curled beautifully about his forehead and temples, and by dint of great exertion and pains on the part of the barber, he had succeeded in raising a small crop of hair upon his upper lip. The mother looked upon this appendage with great delight, for in her mind it was a great addition to his manly beauty. Besides, she thought it gave him the air of a foreigner, and Mrs. Gordon was very fond of aping foreign manners. A coat of arms was painted upon her carriage and her coachman wore a suit of livery after her own fashion. She planned it out and gave written instructions to the tailor. Young Edwin might be considered a dandy of the first water and a fit representative of a numerous class of young men who are constantly seen in Broadway, flourishing their slender canes and strutting like turkey cocks before gazing multitudes. As before intimated, Young Gordon was not troubled with an extra amount of brains. Although he had studied several languages for the express purpose of qualifying him for foreign travel by particular direction of the fond mother, yet he could scarcely read a single sentence in any language except his own vernacular. True, he had learned a few words of the French and Italian, and these his mother made him repeat over quite often. It was an exercise she delighted to hear. When he was pronouncing these words, she would imagine she saw him an ambassador to some foreign Court. Such visions would raise her to the third heavens, and she would fall upon his neck and kiss him. Now the father was not quite so much of a fool as the mother, yet she had made him somewhat silly in his notions about his son. Sometimes even a silly and vain wife exercises much influence over a husband. Left to himself Mr. Gordon might have been quite a sensible man, but the fond mother's plastic hand was upon him, and he too thought Edwin was a remarkable son.

Nearly four years had elapsed since the young dandy had left college, but he had not studied any of the learned professions. His mother would not consent to his trouting his brains with such studies. She said he was learned enough, besides, studying a profession looked too much like a business transaction. The son entertained the same opinions. It must be confessed that they came to very wise conclusions, for he would not have made a very bright and shining light either in the

pulpit, at the bar, or in the dissecting-room. As the father was connected with a large mercantile house, he was somewhat anxious for his son to study law, that he might be qualified to give legal opinions in cases which often came up in his extensive dealings with the world; but the mother overruled all her husband's desires in this respect and put a veto upon them. And the pet was permitted to roam at large and act the gentleman.

Sometime previous to his leaving the halls of learning and bearing with him the sheep-skin horns of the college, he fell desperately in love with Catharine Watson, whose mother was on a par with Mrs. Gordon. These ladies were of high rank, placed there by wealth, and their views in many respects exactly corresponded. They were desirous of having their families more intimately connected, therefore they encouraged Edwin's love for Catharine; but the girl was never pleased with him. It always seemed to her that he had not brains enough in his head to make an interesting and agreeable husband. This conclusion was, no doubt, a very just one. Catharine was exceedingly beautiful, and possessed more sense than both the mothers, with the learned Edwin included. True, she had her weak points, but then she was too good for a dandy.

He entered the house of Mrs. Watson one afternoon for the purpose of seeing Catharine. He often came, but she did not wish to see him; and since she was confined to her chamber by sickness, he had very seldom seen her. When he rang the door bell the mother was in the chamber with her daughter. The negro servant, Lingo, announced the summons and conducted the lover to the parlor.

'How is your mistress Catharine, to-day?' asked Edwin in a tremulous voice.

'Doctor Hooker, de family physician, say he be better,' replied Lingo.

'I'm exceedingly rejoiced to hear such a favorable report,' said the dandy.

'No doubt Massa Gordon be glad, and so is dis nigger glad, and ebbery body be glad,' answered Lingo. 'Missus Catharine be a lubly maiden, and no wonder the gem'em of fashion fall in lub with her. O, Missus be a lubly creature! and she be so kind to me and Janingo! We shall be sorry when Massa Gordon take her away from dis house, but den white folks will be married as well as de colored population. It be all right. O, Missus make a lubly wife!'

'Did you ever hear her speak of being married?' asked Edwin, wishing to pump something out of the negro.

Unrequited love, like the drowning man, will catch at straws. And this young dandy was anxious to find out what little the negro might know, although he feared the report might be unfavorable.

'O, Massa Gordon, Lingo knows what lub is,' said the negro, scratching his wool and turning out the white of his left eye; 'and he know too how a gem'em feel when he don't know whether the lady lub him.'

The dandy didn't like the turn the negro had given to the conversation, but he made the best of it and pursued his inquiries. Lingo saw that the dandy's nerves were affected, but he appeared not to notice it. Now there were actually more brains under the negro's wool than under the fine curls and glossy hair of Gordon. Lingo knew his man, and governed himself accordingly.

'Then you have been in love, have you?' asked Edwin, forcing a smile.

'Massa Gordon may well say dat,' replied the darkey, casting a very cunning glance at Gordon out of one corner of his eye, and smiling. 'The lubly Janingo know dat too. O, Massa Gordon, how happy two hearts be when dey feel dat dey lub one totter! Dis nigger now knows what true lub is, and so does the lubly Janingo! he! he! he!'

'You seem to be very happy,' said Gordon. 'Lub make anybody happy, specially when 'tis met mor'n half de way,' replied Lingo, still laughing and grinning.

'Well, Lingo, what have you heard your mistress Catharine say?' he asked.

'O, me no hear her say much about lub matters, but Janingo heard her speak many tings to her modder.'

'And what were they?' anxiously inquired Gordon.

'O, Massa Gordon, me no right to tell, for Janingo overheard Missus and Catharine talking, but she said I mustn't tell of it,' replied the negro. 'Lub in Janingo's heart make her free with me, and she tell all she know and hear.'

'It can't do any hurt to tell me, Lingo,' said Gordon, taking from his well filled purse a half a dollar and presenting it to him. 'There, take that, and I will never reveal any secrets you may communicate to me.'

Lingo took the shining silver and held it the palm of his hand. Looking at the money, he said—

'O, Massa Gordon, money hab power to unlock many secrets, but I fear Janingo will find all out. She knows a great deal, if she does stand and tend de roasting meat.'

'She shall never hear one lip of what you may say,' answered Gordon, placing another half dollar in his hand.

'O, Massa Gordon, you be berry rich and generous,' said Lingo, tossing up the money and making it jingle in his hand. 'Dat be sweet music to dis child's ears. Now, Massa Gordon, honor bright! as you say, it can do no hurt for me to tell you, but Massa Gordon must keep it close in his breast.'

'I promise it upon my honor,' said Gordon, growing more and more anxious to hear what Catharine and her mother had said.

'Well, den, Janingo hear Missus Catharine say she never could lub you,' said the negro, opening wide his eyes, as if the secret had escaped through those avenues.

The young dandy was struck with surprise, although he had heard Catharine intimate the same thing, but not in such plain language, nor in such unqualified terms. The negro's declaration brought a mildew upon his heart, and he wished he had not pumped him so hard. He really felt as if a fool and his money were soon parted. He walked the room in great agitation, looked out of the window, flourished his cane, played with his watch-chain, tipped his beaver jauntily upon his head, and looked at his watch to see the time of day. The negro was pleased by the exhibition, but he kept a sober countenance and concealed his emotions. It was fun for Lingo to see a dandy in love.

'What o'clock is it, Massa Gordon?' asked the negro. 'Nearly four,' he replied, thrusting his watch into his pocket and looking wild.

'There, Missus be coming down de stairs,' said Lingo, leaving the room.

Mrs. Watson now entered and greeted the young man very cordially.

'Why, bless me, Edwin, I didn't know you were here, or I should have come down before,' she said, shaking him cordially by the hand, and convincing him that some mothers are more easily courted than their daughters.

He passed the compliments of the day with her, but seemed low spirited.

'Dear me!' she continued, 'you don't look well, Edwin! Do you feel indisposed? And how is your dear mother to-day? Catharine seems to be gaining very fast. Doctor Hooker understands her case exactly. O, he's an excellent physician. I don't know what we should do without him. I was in hopes your dear mother would have called to-day, the weather is so fine. Has she rode out to-day? Dear me, Edwin, it seems to me you are not feeling quite so well as usual. Certainly there is a shade of sorrow upon your face. Perhaps your head aches. Have you been looking over the foreign languages and refreshing your memory with them? Edwin, you mustn't read too much. Your dear mother informs me that you frequently look over your classics, I think she called them. I know you have made your head ache.'

And without waiting for any answers to her numerous questions, she ran for the smelling bottle and thrust it up to his nose. 'There,' she continued, 'that always make my head feel better when it aches. Does it not yours? Take good long snuffs and it will clear your head.'

'I think it does make me feel better,' he replied, snuffing up the highly perfumed sal volatile, and feeling willing that she might think his head did ache. But the pain was lower down than his head where the fumes of a smelling bottle could not reach.

'I knew it would make you feel better,' she said, rubbing his forehead with the palm of her hand. 'Why, your forehead is quite feverish, Edwin, you must not read much, but give your brains time to rest. The mind needs rest as much as the body as doctor Hooker says. By the way, the doctor is going to give a course of lectures to young gentlemen, and I think it would be well for you to attend. I intend to consult your mother about it. Doctor Hooker makes every thing appear perfectly plain in his lectures. O, I wish Catharine had been well enough to attend his course of lectures which he has recently been giving to young ladies. I hear them highly spoken of. But he says many good things to Catharine every time he visits her, and gives her much valuable information. O, such a doctor is worth having in a family! Catharine grows more and more pleased with him every day. I suppose you would like to see her. I will run up and tell her you are here. Perhaps she feels well enough to see you this afternoon.'

And away she hurried up stairs to ask her daughter if she would admit her lover to her presence, but Catharine begged her mother not to let him enter her chamber, for she did not wish to see him. The mother urged, but the daughter declared she could not see him that day. The kind lady went down, 'I'm very sorry, but Catharine says she does not feel quite strong enough to see you this afternoon,' she said, 'Poor girl! I know she wants to see you, but she is afraid it will make her nervous. You must call again soon. Doctor Hooker is opposed to her receiving many visitors until she gains more strength. He said this morn-

ing he thought she would soon be able to ride out. The doctor is very kind, and says he will accompany her when she rides; I hope he will, for then he could tell exactly how it affected her. You must ride with her one of these days.'

Thus she ran on for more than a half an hour, not giving the dandy a chance to put in a word edgewise. But he was glad of that, for he did not feel much like talking. Lingo had given him a dose a little too strong for the gastric juice of his stomach, and he felt an oppressive load upon his tender heart. After listening to the mother's long yarn, he departed with exceedingly painful emotions. An imaginative person may fancy how a dandy in love must feel, but it would be a difficult task to describe his emotions. Soon as Lingo received his bribe and imparted his great secret to young Gordon, he sought the cook-room and there related all that had passed. We are sorry to say that Lingo did not stick to the truth quite so much as he ought, for his 'lubly Janingo,' as he always called her, never had requested him to keep that secret. He gave her one of the half dollars, and he was so kind that he even thrust the silver into her greasy bosom, at the same time kissing her with a loud report. Lingo's diffidence had very much worn off. They had a very cheerful and happy interview, for he related the whole story and how young Gordon received it. The cook was highly pleased and shook her fat sides with laughter. They could not help contrasting their love affairs with Catharine and Edwin. And it required no great force of reasoning to convince them that love in the kitchen was more extatic and full of joy than love in the parlor. Lingo made many witty remarks upon the subject, and the cook listened to them with a vast deal of pleasure. These negroes were indeed a happy couple. Love is a common blessing, shared by the poor as well as the rich. Money cannot purchase it for the splendid palace, nor can poverty drive it from the humble cottage.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STRANGE CHILD.

THE materials, the warp and woof, of our narrative lie thickly scattered over the 'moral seas' of human life. The trouble is, not the want of incidents, but how to make a selection from them. Life in the city differs from life in the country, and yet human nature is the same the world over, but the city draws within its precincts many characters and incidents not so easily found in the country. It has been often said that circumstances make the man, and the remark, no doubt, has much of truth for its foundation. It would astonish those who lead a quiet country life where but one family, however small, occupy a single house, to see the great number of families that congregate in the city under one roof. The Five Points in our city show how much humanity can suffer and yet have a being.

As Tom Turner was passing through that sink of filth and moral degradation early one morning, he heard the sharp voice of a woman, evidently pitched upon the scolding key, and the same time the sound of a whiplash and the cry of a child. Tom's ears were always open to the cries of the suffering and distressed. He stopped and listened.

"There, take that you little devil!" said a woman in a large wooden building close by where Tom stood.

He heard what the termagant said, and it was enough. He entered this abode of poverty and wretchedness. The sounds came from one of the upper stories, and so he ascended two flights of stairs, amid dirt and rubbish and ragged, squalid children, more than a score of families resided under this roof, and the effluvia that came from every hole and window was enough to give any one the cholera, or some other fatal disease. But Tom Turner heard the cry of distress, and pushed ahead, regardless of all obstacles, however formidable they might have appeared under other circumstances. Although he was a bachelor, yet he did not hate a baby's cry, especially when that cry indicated suffering or distress. On reaching the top of the second flight of stairs, he found a door open and entered a small square room, the floor of which was covered with dirt and greasy, ragged bedclothes. One small pine table of which was covered with dingy broken dishes stood in one corner and three or four crazy chairs were scattered about, some upon their legs and others upon their beam-ends. A middle aged woman sat upon a stool near the window, while a little girl, apparently a year old, was lying at her feet. The woman held a stick in her hand, but she threw it down when Tom entered, as if she was ashamed of what she had been doing.

As Tom approached the woman, the little girl looked up with a singular expression of countenance, and held out her hands towards him. It was not in Tom's nature to resist such an appeal. He seized the child and pressed it to his bosom, while the woman stared at him with a demoniacal look. Having heard a description of Tom's dress and character from some of the inmates of these abodes of misery and want, she concluded he must be the person, and therefore curbed her vile tongue. Wherever he was known his moral power was always felt. Even the most abandoned would be checked by his influence, and the uplifted dagger stayed by his benevolent look. The dress of the child had once been genteel, but now it was greasy and torn. The little girl nervously clung to his bosom, and threw her arms about his neck as if she was afraid of being rudely torn from his embraces. Her hair was naturally fine and curled about her neck, but now it was matted and tangled, looking as if it had not been combed for weeks. The deep blue eyes, regular features, clear, but unwashed skin, finely shaped head and full round forehead made up a *tout ensemble* of beauty rarely to be met with in one so young. Tom first gazed upon the lovely face of the girl and then upon the coarse features of the woman, and the conviction upon his mind was irresistible, that they could not be mother and child. "Ah, you little cross witch, I suppose you think you have found your father," said the woman. "But your father is a better looking man than Tom Turner. You'll not see him again very soon."

At the sound of her rough voice the little girl rested more closely to his bosom. And he pressed her with beating heart. He had witnessed a vast deal of human misery, and seen distress in all its appalling forms, but he never felt so deep an interest in any child as he did that moment in that little girl. He was somewhat surprised that the woman pronounced

his name, as he had no recollection of ever seeing her before.

How do you know my name is Tom Turner? he asked, pressing his lips upon the little girl's forehead and kissing her.

"By your dress and looks generally," she replied. "I've heard enough about you to know you any where."

"You've heard no ill, I hope," he said, trying to comb out the tangles in the child's hair with his fingers.

"You're an odd sort of a body, I reckon," she replied. "But what do you think of my little girl? Ain't she pretty?"

"Are you this little girl's mother?" he inquired, gazing intently upon her.

"Why do you ask?" she said. "Don't you think she resembles me?"

"I must confess I cannot trace the least resemblance," he replied.

"It is often said a good cow may have a bad calf, and why may we not change the rule, and say, a bad cow may have a good calf?" she answered, while a smile passed over her coarse features.

"That's honest and frank in you to change the old maxim," he said. "But tell me truly, if you're the mother of this little girl."

"I did not give birth to her, but I'm now the only mother who cares for her," she replied.

"How long has she been with you?" he inquired.

"A few weeks only," she replied. "She's more trouble than she's worth."

"But why did she cry a short time since?" he asked, feeling anxious to know, as she was so quiet in his arms.

"She was hungry and cried for bread, so I whipped her to make her quiet," replied the hard-hearted woman.

"That was cruel in you to whip a hungry child," he said in a reproving voice.

"But I told the little jade I was going after some bread soon," she replied. "She eats as often as I do, and it seems as if she wants to eat more."

"Ah, that is sad indeed," he said. "What is her name?"

"Fanny," she replied. "She has but one name, but who gave her that, whether father, or mother, is more than I know."

"Do you know the name of her parents?" he asked.

"I do not," she replied. "Be patient and I will tell you all I know."

"Do so, for I feel quite an interest to learn more about her."

"About three weeks ago I met a well dressed man in Murray street," she said. "It was nearly ten o'clock in the evening. He had that girl in his arms. He stopped and looked at me a moment in the light of a street lamp. Said he, 'don't you want a little girl, if you can have some money with her?' I told him yes. So he handed me the girl and three ten dollar bills. I told him to give me more money, but he said he couldn't do that, so I took the child and the money."

"Did he not say anything more?" he asked.

"Only that I mustn't ask any more questions," she replied.

"Strange conduct truly," he said. "Do you think the man was the father of the child?"

"I have always supposed so," she replied. "I made a hard bargain of it, but then I hoped I should see him again, and get more money, or

I should have given away the child before now."

"What is your name?" he asked.

"I'm not ashamed of my name," she replied, sharply. "It seems to me you are quite full of your catechisms. For my part I think I have been free to tell you all about the child as far as I know."

"You have indeed," he answered. "I will not ask again for your name."

"Lord love you, sir, my name is the widow Higgins," she said. "I have seen better days, but my husband, ran away, then died. I married a second husband and he was worse than the first. Six months after our marriage he ran away, and may the devil find him, for I shall not hunt for him, so good riddance to them all. My name was Higgins before I was married at all, and now I call myself the widow Higgins. The devil take the men, and I'm sure he has got or will get both of my husbands. It is lucky for me that I didn't have any children by them, for I don't like the breed."

The more Tom talked with this woman, the more was her true character developed. He had resolved from the first to have the child, even if no small sum of money must be advanced.

"I suppose you intend to keep this little girl as you have none of your own," said Tom.

"Keep her!" she repeated, while the thought struck her that he might buy the child. "Why she was given to me, and I suppose I shall keep her until she's called for by some one who has a better right to her than I have. I think her father will be glad to pay me another thirty dollars for her yet."

"Suppose any one should offer you ten dollars for the child," asked Tom, "would you not take that sum?"

"No, no, thirty dollars is my price," she replied. "I shall get that, one of these days. Fanny is pretty, no one can deny that. True, I don't keep her so well dressed and so clean as some folks would. But then this washing children so much hurts their growth. They are always the most healthy and grow the fastest in the dirt."

"I believe some women think so," said Tom, smiling. "At any rate their practice would seem to warrant such a conclusion, especially if they desire the health and growth of their children, for they keep them in the dirt. Now I have different notions in regard to training up children."

"You talk about training up children!" said the widow Higgins, laughing.

"Why don't you think I hold Fanny in a natural way?" he asked.

"Any man can hold a child I suppose who has strength enough, but then what is that to do with the proper training of children?" she inquired. "No, no, Tom Turner, you know but little about such things. You might know enough to feed them when hungry."

"Better do that than strike them when they cry for hunger," he replied.

"Yes, and soon your course would give the child the upperhand of you," she said. "Children must be made to mind when they are hungry as well as at other times. Spare the rod and spoil the child, would you?"

"I might spare the rod and save the child," he replied. "Obedience, that is the right kind of obedience comes from love, and not from fear. But few in this world know how to bring up children."

"Well, it is marvellous how you came by so much wisdom," she said, laughing in his face, and hitching her fat form round upon the stool.

"I have seen many children, lived with them and their parents, and studied their dispositions," he replied. "That's the way to get wisdom in such matters. If a child is hungry I should stop its crying by feeding, and not by flogging it."

"Still talking about that," she said, "why, I stopped the little jade's crying, and you could not have done more with bread."

"Yes, but she felt as if you were doing wrong, young as she is," said Tom. "Children know more than some grown persons think they do. True, you stopped her crying with the rod, but she don't like you for it. Such a course might ensure obedience of one kind, but it could never produce any love along with it."

"Well, give me thirty dollars and take the child and see what your great wisdom can do," she said.

"Are you really poor?" he asked, looking at her quite earnestly.

"Poor!" she repeated. "Yes, poor as a church mouse. Look round my room, and satisfy yourself. See the broken chairs and dishes and the ragged cloths upon the floor."

"And the dirt," said Tom, smiling.

"Yes, and the dirt," she replied. "All these things prove poverty. I haven't time to clean up, for I'm obliged to pay five dollars a week for this room, and to get the money I work hard. True, I let out a part of it to three other women such as I am. If I did not, I should never be able to pay the rent. O, the owner of this building get a world of money for it every year from the poor devils who occupy it. He receives more every year than the house is worth."

"I have no doubt of it," he replied. "But you don't drink any liquor I hope."

"To be sure I drink a good deal of Croton water this hot weather and tea when I can get it," she replied.

"But do you drink any ardent spirits?" he inquired, looking her full in the face.

"There are several women in this house who drink twice as much as I do," she replied.

"Then you do drink some?" he said.

"I always speak the truth and shame the devil," she replied. "I do drink sometimes when I have been working hard."

"You may shame the devil by telling the truth, but you please him by drinking ardent spirits," he replied.

"But don't you sometimes take the social glass?" she asked.

"Never! no, never!" he replied. "Not a drop has passed my lips for several years, and I never mean to drink again."

"Well, well, you can act your pleasure," she said. "But what about the child? Do you want to give me my price for her?"

"I will give you ten dollars in money and ten dollars in clothes and food," he replied.

"Not a cent less than thirty dollars will I take," she said. "Fanny is a beautiful girl and she will soon grow up. There's scarcely a little girl in the whole city so handsome as Fanny. See what beautiful blue eyes she has. Come, hand over and take her."

If the widow Higgins had been a good woman, Tom would not dare hesitate about the price, but he feared she would spend the money for liquor. When he gave money, he always saw to it that it would be well expend-

ed. This woman was not one of his objects of charity, for she was healthy, fat, strong and saucy, with virtue hanging very loosely about her. He wished the child had been found in the care of a better woman, but as it was, he could not go away without Fanny if she cost ten times as much as the woman asked. After bargaining some time, he paid her ten dollars in money and went to a store with her and purchased fifteen dollars worth of clothing and food. He took the child to his boarding house. Never had benevolent Tom as he was often called seen a happier day than this, a new feeling seemed to be born in his soul, somewhat akin to that which a man feels on the birth of his first child. Fanny was soon cleaned from the dirt in which she was found and new dresses purchased, and a more beautiful little girl was not to be found in the city. She was as blithe as a bird, and made Tom Turner a happier man than he ever was before.

CHAPTER VIII.

MORE ABOUT THE CHILD—AND THE BENEFITS OF WASHING.

It is not to be expected that such a nice, neat, good-hearted man as Tom Turner would long remain without admirers from the softer sex. Every body who knew him or even heard of him very much respected him. And although he could not be considered a lady's man in the common acceptation of that phrase, yet there was one maiden who had set her cap for him. To say that Tom didn't know how to make love would be doing him great injustice, for he had the power of paying the agreeable to the ladies if he had been disposed to exercise it, but he was never known to court a woman in his life. It was generally supposed by those who knew him best that he was never in love. Such was the fact, strange as it may seem, and yet he was by no means a hater of the sex. His heart was big enough to embrace all in its benevolent folds. True, he was a bachelor and always expected to live one, but he was not a sour and morose one. Having never been disappointed in love, either by death or the fickleness of woman, he looked calmly upon the tender sex and admired them for their beauty, and especially for their charity and works of benevolence.

Yes, Tom Turner knew how to prize the good qualities of woman, still he hadn't the most distant idea of becoming a husband to any one. But Miss Betty Barnes, a tall, slim, straight lady, about thirty eight years of age, loved Tom, and yet he never moved a single finger to make her love him, therefore he was not in the fault. Having practiced no arts to win her affections, nor made a single move in that direction, he felt no responsibility. He was not aware that she had any very special regard for him until he was told so by the widow lady with whom he boarded and from whom he received more favors than as yet appeared upon these pages. Betty resided in the next block, and often visited the widow Penrose whose house Turner made his home. Betty was a kind hearted person, and she loved Turner more than twelve months before she showed the least symptom of it, or divulged the secret to mortal ears. Holding on as long as she could, at last she unbosomed herself to the widow Penrose very much to that lady's surprise and astonishment. This was done but a few days before Tom purchased his darling Fanny, as he called her. The widow

Penrose could not keep the secret and so revealed it to Tom the very day before he brought Fanny home. Aunt Betty, as Tom and others familiarly called her, sat at her window and saw Turner pass with a child in his arms. Her feelings on that occasion can not be described. A thousand thoughts crowded upon her mind, thoughts that never occurred to her before, or if they did, they were but shadowny, dreamy things.

'O,' said she within herself as he passed her residence. 'There goes that good man with a beautiful little girl in his arms! I wonder who she can be? and why is he carrying her along the street? Perhaps he has seen the mother, perhaps the mother is young, handsome and poor. Tom would take a poor girl sooner than a rich one. Who knows but the mother of that child has made some impression upon his heart? I wish I knew all about it. The widow Penrose hinted to me that if he ever married at all he would be more likely to marry a poor girl than a rich one. Sometimes I wish I was poor myself, and yet I'm not very rich, my income not being more than enough to support me genteely as I now live. O, if I was the mother of that beautiful child, and he the father!

The fair maiden blushed at her own thoughts and buried her face in her hands. It seemed to her that she ought not to indulge in such visions. But how could she help when she loved Tom and saw the little girl nestling in his bosom. Miss Betty Barnes must not be censured by the reader for entertaining such thoughts. The occasion called them forth, and even if they were sinful, her blushes sufficiently atoned for them. Let it be understood, now and forever, that this maiden was strictly a virtuous woman. Her love was of the purest kind. There was scarcely any alloy in it, her heart was drawn out towards Tom Turner by his virtues alone, she loved him because she believed he was a kind, benevolent, tender hearted man. To live in splendor with him was not her controlling motive, for she didn't know as he was worth a cent in the world. Such selfish and ambitious thoughts and aspirations never entered her heart, she would be willing to live with him in the most humble cottage, and even a dinner of herbs with him would be a luxury, compared with the most sumptuous fare partaken with any other mortal.

As we have before stated, aunt Betty was a tall, slim person, her countenance was not decidedly handsome, but yet there was much benevolence in the expression of her blue eyes. In person she was very genteel and always as neat as wax, she was a prudent, neat and skillful housekeeper. She had a place for every thing, and every thing was always found in its place. Her mind was not of a high order, and yet she was blessed with a good share of common sense. Notwithstanding she had lived single so long and age had sprinkled her head with a few scattering grey hairs, yet there was a spice of the romantic in the elements of her composition. In her solitary moments, and she had many of them, she would often indulge in some pleasing reveries, especially since her heart had been drawn out towards the benevolent Tom Turner. Her imagination would sometimes transport her into fairy regions, and this power seemed to increase rather than diminish with her years. But then this can be accounted for upon rational principles, she was now decidedly in love and she was

fully conscious of her state. For many months she had been dreaming of the joys which a union with Tom would bring to her soul, but how to broach the subject to him was the great problem which she labored to solve. Sometimes she regretted that she had concealed her passion so long, but now one step had been taken. She had no doubt but the widow Penrose had communicated the secret to Tom, for she did not caution her against it. True her heart was relieved of one burden, but then an additional one was imposed upon it by this very act which produces that relief, so long as the secret of her love was put up in her own bosom and shut out from the world, she did not feel that diffidence which always attends upon the declaration of the tender passion, but now she supposed, and had reason to believe that not only the widow Penrose, but also Tom himself was made acquainted with the secret. That consideration produced a kind of diffidence she never experienced before, having had no interview with him since the revelation of the secret, she dreaded one, and yet she much desired one, for she was curious to see and note the peculiar expressions of his countenance, to that hour she looked forward with extreme anxiety. When she saw him pass with the child, the thought struck her that it would be a favorable opportunity to call on the widow Penrose, and yet, some how or other she preferred to have Tom call on her. Miss Betty was in a sad quandary, she rose from her seat at the window, walked the room, looked into the mirror several times, sat down again, took out her smelling bottle, put it to her nose, snuffed up the volatile particles, rubbed her forehead and even felt her own pulse. But all these movements produced only momentary satisfaction, the great question still held a prominent place in her mind. To see Tom face to face, after the secret of her love had been disclosed to him, was the one thing needful in the present emergency.

While all these thoughts and emotions were pressing her heart, Tom proceeded quietly to the widow's and deposited his precious burden safely in the house. He was not a father and never expected to be, but he felt very like one on this occasion. The widow Penrose was both surprised and pleased. Tom sat down and little Fanny still kept her arms clinging about his neck. It seemed as if she dared not let go her hold lest she might be again in the power of the woman from whom she had been purchased by her benevolent protector.

'Where in the world did you pick up that beautiful child?' exclaimed the widow, running towards him to take a nearer view of Fanny through her spectacles. This movement only made the little girl cling the closer to him, for she feared the presence of any woman since she had been badly and cruelly treated by the rough widow Higgins.

'A piece of cake, for the child is hungry,' replied Tom, resting his cheek on Fanny's head, and loving her with all a father's fondness.

'She shall have it,' said the widow Penrose, in a voice which seemed to relax Fanny's embrace round her protector's neck.

The cake was soon brought, and the kind widow presented it to the child with her own hand. There was an expression of kindness on the widow's countenance which fell like sunshine upon Fanny's soul. The instincts of a child unerring. They seem to enable it to penetrate the very hearts of all who are in

its presence. There is something marvellous in these instincts. They seem to be given to children to supply the place of knowledge which is acquired in after years. Fanny took the cake and ate it as if she was indeed suffering the pangs of hunger. All the time she was eating, her deep blue eyes were fastened upon the good widow as if they would read her inmost thoughts and feelings. Never did Tom hear sweeter music than that made by Fanny while she was masticating that cake. All the instruments and voices in the world could not have produced such dulcet sounds to his ears as the noise the little girl made in masticating that piece of cake. Having Fanny lisped in his ear, 'water;' O, what a delightful sound was that!

'Water,' said Tom, pressing her to his bosom more closely for that single word, for it was the first one he had heard her utter.

'She shall have water and more cake too,' said the widow, hurrying away and to bring the articles.

Fanny drank and then ate another piece of cake, all the time gazing upon the widow as if she would make herself sure that the widow Penrose was not another widow Higgins. And the little thing was not long in coming to a correct conclusion upon the subject. Her instincts could discover nothing but kindness and benevolence in every feature of the good woman's face.

'Some water to wash her and a comb,' said Tom, smiling upon his precious charge. These things were soon prepared by the good woman.

'Let me wash her and comb her hair,' said the widow.

'Will you go to the lady and be washed?' asked Tom, addressing Fanny.

The little girl stretched forth her tiny hands to the widow who joyfully took her in her arms and washed her face and combed her hair. Never did the widow Penrose do an act in her life which gave her more pleasure than this.

'O, what a little beauty!' she exclaimed after she had washed Fanny and combed out her matted hair. 'She's the most beautiful child I ever saw!'

'And she's not afraid of you, thank heaven!' replied Tom. 'This day's cup of joy is full and running over.'

The widow Penrose never had any children. Her husband died a year after her marriage, leaving her a large fortune, but she never would consent to marry again although she had received many offers from men of wealth and the highest respectability. The beauty of Fanny's countenance, her fine glossy curls and her apparent fondness for the widow made a deep impression upon the good woman's heart. She was too old to feel like a mother, having lived over three score years, but it seemed to her that Fanny was a granddaughter. Such were the emotions that swelled her kind, good heart. The fondness of a grandmother for her daughter's or son's children is known and felt the world over; and the feeling which this good widow exercised toward the little stranger was very nearly akin to those hallowed emotions. She would hold Fanny awhile, and then Tom would take her and dandle her upon his knee. So she was kept passing from one to the other for some time. Fanny was perfectly willing to go to either, and that highly pleased them.

'You asked me some time ago were I found her,' said Tom.

'Yes, and I should like to know,' said the widow, peering at the lovely face of the little girl through her spectacles, and occasionally kissing her.

'Now let me hold her a little while,' said Tom, 'and I will tell you all about.'

He took the child and related all the circumstances of his finding her, and the amount he paid to get her. The widow was astonished at the narration.

'O, how fortunate you were in finding such a girl and relieving her from such a life as she must have lived with that cruel woman,' said the widow.

'I heard the blow, and the dear creature's cry,' said Tom.

'There seems to be a special Providence in it,' said the widow. 'But who can be the guilty parents, to suffer such an interesting child to be separated from them?'

'That's the question,' replied Tom. 'No doubt she's an illegitimate.'

'None the worse for that, for she had no agency in her birth,' replied the woman. 'We'll keep her under this roof and train her up. I wouldn't part with her on any consideration. Heaven has sent her here, and faithfully must our new duties be discharged. My money will go freely for such a benevolent work. We must have some new dresses for her.'

'I will go now and purchase a new slip and some under clothes,' he said. 'She must be washed all over, and a clean dress put upon her.'

'Do so, and I will thoroughly wash her in the meantime,' she replied.

Tom started to go out and Fanny gazed after him as if she hated to have him leave her. He saw the expression of her countenance, came back, kissed her and told her what he was going for and that he would soon be back. Fanny smiled and he passed out. The widow now proceeded to give the child a thorough washing which she much needed, for she was very dirty.

'O, what a beautiful face you have,' said the widow as she stripped off her dirty clothes, and began to wash the baby. 'There now your skin shows its pure whiteness, you'll feel much better after this. The woman you lived with was a dirty slut. He will soon come back with a new frock for you,' Fanny looked up into her face and smiled. 'Yes, you shall not wear such dirty clothes as these are, you shall have pretty dresses and clean ones because you are a good girl, yes, I know you are a good girl, I see it in your blue eyes. O, I wish you could talk enough to tell me who your mother is and where she lives, but I'll be a mother to you.'

Thus she continued to talk to Fanny while she was washing her, and until Tom arrived with the new clothes. When he came in, Fanny smiled and ran to receive her new frock which was a very pretty one. The widow now took off a shawl she had thrown over her after washing, and put on her new clothes. Tom displayed good taste in the purchase of the articles, and good judgment too, for the frock fitted as well as if she had been measured for it. 'Now she looks charming indeed,' said the widow standing her upon the floor, dressed in her new garments.

'That she does,' replied Tom, while Fanny kept looking at her new frock and stood still as if she was afraid of injuring it if she moved.

'How nicely it fits?'

'And what a beautiful form too,' replied the

widow, running her hands over the child's back and smoothing down her dress. 'See how straight she is! What a lovely girl she'll make when she grows up!'

'Indeed she will,' he replied, gazing fondly upon his precious charge.

Becoming used to her new dress, and feeling the good effects of her washing, Fanny began to run round the room and play. A mother would not be more pleased with her first born than they were with Fanny. It seemed to them that a new era in their existence had opened before them, one felt like a father and the other like a grandmother. Every half hour Fanny grew more and more familiar and playful. Surely a new existence was her lot; at least she felt as if she was breathing another atmosphere. A happier trio could not be found under one roof.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MAIDEN'S INTERVIEW WITH HER BELOVED ONE.

WHEN a maiden is in love the heart is never easy, be it old or young. Love brings every thing down upon a level, turning the cottage into a palace and spreading a bright halo over all earthly objects. Miss Betty Barnes was in a high state of excitement ever since she saw Tom Turner pass her window with that beautiful girl. All household operations were suspended on her part, and she gave herself up to pleasing dreams and strange imaginings. Twice had she put on her bonnet and shawl to go over to the widow Penrose's and as many times taken them off again, but the third trial was successful, and she left her domicile with light steps and a beating heart. Tom Turner she must see that day, or surely a restless night would be her lot. The city clock told the hour of four in the afternoon, and her trembling hand was upon the knob that moved the bell in the house of widow Penrose, at the moment little Fanny was gamboling like a lamb about the room, for she was washed and dressed, Tom and the widow sat gazing upon her and admiring her beauty and motions.

'There, that's aunt Betty's ring!' said the widow, looking at Tom and smiling. 'She always gives the bell a peculiar motion.'

'Yes, she does it neatly as she does every thing else,' replied Tom, half laughing, while the widow answered the summons and ushered aunt Betty into the room.

'Dear me!' exclaimed Betty, glancing at Tom and fixing her eyes on Fanny. 'What a beautiful little girl! Whose child is it?'

She made those sudden exclamations to cover up her peculiar feelings as boys sometimes whistle in the dark to keep up their courage. She approached Fanny, but the child was afraid and ran into Tom's arms.

'It is our child,' replied the widow. 'And a most lovely creature she is.'

'And where's her mother?' anxiously exclaimed Betty, fearing that Tom might have been familiar with the mother, the child loved him so well.

'We know not the mother nor father,' replied Tom, going on and telling aunt Betty how he found the child, and how she was placed in the care of the widow Higgins.

Aunt Betty listened with marked attention to Tom's narrative, devouring every word and gazing upon the narrator. She was glad she came, for the rough edge of the interview was worn off by talking about the young stranger.

'Well, that's wonderful, yes, providential!' said Betty, gazing first on Tom and then on Fanny. 'How singular! and what a beautiful girl? O, I rejoice that the good little creature has fallen into such good hands.'

'Our thanks for the compliment,' replied Tom, catching Betty's eyes for a moment, but they soon turned upon the child.

Now there was nothing sharp or terrible in Tom's eyes, for they always wore a very mild look, but some how or other, aunt Betty could not gaze into them at that time but for a moment.

'If it be a compliment, it is well deserved,' answered Betty, attempting to take Fanny and kiss her but she clung to her protector. 'Dear me, I wish the little girl was not so bashful! Come to me, my sweet little girl.'

'Yes, go to aunt Betty and let her kiss you,' said Tom.

Fanny ran out the length of her arm, and held up her face, at the same time holding Tom's hand fast in her's, lest she might be taken away. Betty kissed her, and Fanny immediately fell back into Tom's embrace.

'O, what a sweet little girl,' said aunt Betty, 'I should like to have just such a one.'

The widow Penrose smiled and Tom looked cunning and good natured. Aunt Betty began to think she had committed some slight error, but she could not recollect what she said last, for she was thinking about Tom so intently that she did not mind what she did say. At last the sentence came to her memory and at the same moment came blushes on her cheeks. 'I should like to have just such a one,' kept running over her mind, and the red blood running into her cheeks. 'Why did I make such an unguarded remark?' she asked herself, 'I meant well enough, but the widow looks as if she was putting a false construction upon my language. Tom, too, may think strange of it.' All were silent for a few moments, and that state was much worse than a noisy one for aunt Betty. How to get over it she did not know. At last she thought she would make use of Fanny again as a subject, but she was cautious not to commit another impropriety at all events.

'Strange a mother could be so cruel as to part with such a beautiful girl,' said aunt Betty, in a tremulous voice.

'Some mothers act very strangely, but perhaps Fanny's father is the most in fault,' replied Tom. 'It was a well dressed, good-looking man, who gave her to the widow Higgins.'

'And do you think he could be her father?'

asked Betty, looking very serious.

'Very likely, or one employed by him,' answered Tom.

'Think she was born in the city?' asked Betty.

'I hardly know what to think,' replied Tom. 'I shall make all the inquiries within my power, and see if I can trace out her parentage.'

'I would so, but I wouldn't let the child go, if you do find her parents, unless they are better than I think they are,' said aunt Betty. 'But I need not give you that caution.'

'That's very true,' said the widow. 'We will not part with Fanny until we are compelled to. She will be a great deal of company for me.'

'So she would for me,' replied aunt Betty. 'I love such little girls dearly. I was always fond of children, especially pretty ones. When you become tired of Fanny I will take her.'

'Tired of Fanny?' repeated the widow.

'That time I trust will never come. I am also fond of handsome children, and surely Fanny is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. Don't you think so?'

'O, yes, indeed I do, and I wish she would let me hold her,' replied Betty.

'Fanny, won't you go and sit in the lady's lap?' said Tom, 'she'll be very kind to you.'

'O, yes, come little dear,' said aunt Betty. 'I won't hold you very long.'

She approached Tom, and extended her hands, but Fanny nestled more closely to his bosom. If she did not persuade the child, she obtained another object quite as gratifying to her; she stood close beside him, she loved as she did her own life. She talked and coaxed the little girl in her very best and sweetest style, but in vain, Fanny would not consent to be taken in her arms. Betty was somewhat mortified, but she made the best of it. She did not think Tom would think any the worse of her for that, still she would like to have dandled Fanny a few moments, just to show him that she knew how to handle children. But Tom needed no proof of that, for he entertained a good opinion of aunt Betty's domestic qualities. He always knew she was an excellent housekeeper, but did not suppose she was in love with him until he had the information from a very reliable source. He was of such an even temperament that scarcely anything ever moved him. This came the nearest to it of anything he ever experienced in his life. No man, however even tempered or stoical he may be, can be told that a woman sincerely loves him without feeling some change come over the spirit of his dream. Perhaps Tom would feel such a change as little as any one, but after all, Betty Barnes now appeared differently to him from what she ever did before. We don't say that he saw more charms in her person, or that he discovered defects which had hitherto escaped his observation. But there was a change even in the feelings of the even-tempered, kind-hearted Tom Turner. He loved humility and devoted his life to the relief of human misery, without ever thinking of being loved. Whenever he did a good deed, or relieved a fellow from a burden of any kind, he cared not for the world. A consciousness of having done his duty was all the reward he asked or expected. He knew nothing, or rather he cared not about the different religions that prevailed in the world. His observation and experience had taught him to place no confidence in churches or their different creeds. He placed them all in one category and judged each individual by his works rather than by the peculiar faith he professed to believe. A church member was no more to him than one without the pale of the church. He had no prejudices or sectarian feelings, for he often did things which the bigoted and superstitious would condemn. He would visit places in which most church members would not dare to be seen, and many would deem it very sinful to visit them. And it might be so with them, for they could not, like him, touch pitch and be clean. This was a remarkable trait in his character—one which distinguished him from almost every body else. He could go where sin most abounded, and commit no sin, but do good. He might be surrounded by temptations the most enticing and dangerous, but they reached not his heart. It was just as natural for him to do good under any circumstances, as it was to breathe. The vile propensities of his nature were in complete sub-

jection to his will and better principles, and yet boasting was the last thing for him to think of. The applause of the world formed no motives for his actions. And does the reader wonder why aunt Betty Barnes loved him as she did? Surely Tom Turner was a very lovable man everybody must acknowledge.

Aunt Betty carried as long as she thought prudent and then took her leave without holding Fanny, or showing Tom her tact in dandling children.

'Aunt Betty Barnes is really a good woman,' said the widow. 'Don't you think so?'

'She's very well,' he replied. 'If all the women were as good as she, there would be less misery in the world than there now is.'

'I believe that's true,' she replied. 'But how do you account for her loving you in preference to all other men?'

Tom smiled, but made no immediate answer; in fact he could neither frame an answer to suit himself nor satisfy the widow, therefore he observed the most prudent course and said nothing. But the widow did not stop there.

'You have never courted her any, have you?' she continued, laughing.

'That's a question I can readily answer,' he replied. 'I never have courted her nor any other woman, I supposed you knew that before.'

'So I did, but ladies seldom love unless the gentlemen first make a move in that direction,' said the widow, placing her spectacles upon the top of her forehead, and looking at him in a humorous manner.

'I conclude that's the way of the world in general,' he replied smiling. 'But it seems aunt Betty is an exception to the general rule, if what she says be true.'

'And you don't doubt her word, I trust,' said the widow.

'I should not upon any other subject, but I cannot perceive why she loves me,' he replied. 'There's nothing about me to captivate a woman I am quite sure. I believe this little girl really loves me, but then she would not for the same acts if she was eighteen or twenty years old. She might then have felt grateful, but women make quite a distinction between love and gratitude, I have always supposed it was quite as easy to make them feel grateful as to feel the power of love, and much more so for me. I have no tact in making conquests of female hearts, and never desired to have.'

'Well, you have made one conquest and didn't know it,' she said. 'Aunt Betty has loved you more than a year, and kept the secret locked up in her own heart.'

'More than a year!' repeated Tom, in surprise. 'More than a year! You did not name that when you spoke to me on the subject before.'

'True, I did not, for I thought I told you enough for once,' she answered.

'You did,' he briefly replied, casting his eyes upon the floor as if he was in deep meditation.

'You will certainly have pity for her, if you can't reciprocate her affection,' said the widow, smiling.

'I shall,' was his laconic answer, still apparently engaged in deep thought.

The widow had hit the nail upon the head exactly. Tom did exercise much pity towards aunt Betty since he had learned her feelings towards him.

'First pity and then love,' said the widow.

'Do you think it often works so?' asked Tom in much simplicity.

'It may in some particular cases,' she replied. 'You know you differ from most men, and hence your pity may grow into love. The pity of other men might remain pity, and nothing else.'

'I cannot tell,' he replied. 'I'm not skilled in such matters. Did you pity your husband before you loved him? Experience is the best instructor, we are told. And now what does that schoolmaster teach you? I have no experience upon the subject.'

'My husband did not need my pity and therefore did not have it,' replied the good old lady.

'Then how came you to love him?' he asked.

'Because he first loved me,' she replied. 'But remember, he did not love me a year before he told me his love.'

'I mark that,' said Tom, gazing earnestly upon her.

'Soon as he began to love me he began to show it, and even to tell me of it,' she replied. 'My husband was a frank open-hearted man.'

'I think he must have been,' he said.

'If he had concealed his attachment, and never have given me any evidence of it, I probably should not have loved and not become a widow,' she replied.

'I mark that too,' he answered, feeling new light break into his mind in matters of love.

'There are many ways over which love travels to seek its object,' she said.

'I believe it,' was his brief answer.

'And would it be strange if you should love aunt Betty?' she asked, smiling.

'The question I can't answer,' he replied. 'I have no thought of loving.'

'True, but yet there may be causes which will set you to thinking,' she said.

'It may be so,' he answered, still apparently wrapped in deep meditation.

'If talking about love makes out according to a French maxim, then Tom Turner was in a fair way to become a lover. Strange as it may seem to the reader, the widow Penrose gave Tom many new ideas upon this subject, ideas which never entered his head before. That he had a cupidity to love and love deeply too, there can be no doubt. But his life had thus far been so simple, and his mind and heart were so much taken up in doing good that he had no time to think of love. He took it for granted that he was to remain a bachelor his life long, and therefore never thought of being married, and he would not have thought of the subject, if aunt Betty had kept her secret. One thing was certain, he did really pity aunt Betty for loving him so long without telling him of it, but whether that pity, according to the theory and philosophy of the widow Penrose, would terminate in love, was a problem he could never solve. The subject began seriously to engage his thoughts, and it became a matter of so much interest that he could not, if he would, drive it from his mind. Surely Tom Turner began to change somewhat his views of human life. What the result of that change may be must form a portion of subsequent chapters.'

CHAPTER X. THE FATAL RIDE.

'It seems to me that doctor Hooker comes oftener to see Missus Catharine than he need

to now she's got so well,' said Lingo to the cook, cocking his left eye and looking exceedingly wise.

'He want more fee,' replied Janingo, while a smile played round her thick lips. 'Dese doctors lub de money, and so come often to earn it.'

'Dat's a fac, my lubly Janingo,' replied the negro. 'But may be, he want some oder ting as well as de fee, he! he! he!'

'Why Lingo, how you talk!' she said, affecting much surprise. 'If missus hear you say dat, you would lose your place.'

'But she can't hear it, for we keep each oder's secrets berry close now,' he replied. 'Now me tell you something I seed myself. Doctor Hooker did what master Gordon lub to do, but he nebber did for mistress, Catharine would 'nt let him, for she now lub him as we lub.'

'And what was dat?' she asked, looking him full in the face.

'He kiss her on her lips and a good while too,' he replied. 'I see him through de window dis berry day, and no mistake. Dat's one way to give de medicine, ah, Janingo, doctor Hooker be one old rat, if he does belong to de church of de Saviour.'

'Are you sure you seed him do that ting, and a married man too?' she asked, gazing upon her lover with much astonishment.

'My eyes nebber deceive me,' he replied. 'I seed him as plain as de nose on you face. Ah, de doctor is one of 'em I reckon, if he does were a long face. Didnt you ebber make any rich discoveries?'

'To be frank wid you Lingo, I have thought he lubed to rub de ointment wid his hand he put on her side,' she said.

'Ah, dat be more evidence!' said Lingo. 'He rub wid his hand too much and too long I fear. Such a ting can't be necessary, for de ointment would go into de skin without so much of dat rubbing. Don't you tink it would? Why he rub her more dan you do de turkey before you roast him.'

'What a comparison Lingo!' she exclaimed, opening wide her orbits of vision and laughing at his wit.

'But it be one dat makes de truth appear more plain,' he said. 'I tink dese figures of speech make tings show right out what dey be. Missus Catharine be a berry lubly gal, and no wonder doctor Hooker lubs to gib her de medicines. I guess master Gordon would lub to be her doctor, but he can't do dat ting. De ole rats do know more dan de young mice, don't you think dey do Janingo? Ah, de ole doctor hab a fine chance doctoring de handsome gals.'

'O, I pity young massa Gordon!' she said. 'He lubs her wid his whole heart, but de ole doctor hab all de advantage ob him.'

'I shouldnt tink Missus Catharine would let de ole doctor kiss her,' he said.

'Ah, her nerves be weak and he is often wid her,' she replied. 'Dat makes a great difference.'

'You speak like de book,' said Lingo. 'You see into tings farder dan some white folks. Her modder tinks butter wouldnt melt in de doctor's mouth, he's so pious and good. But what be sich piety along side Missus Catharine's beauty?'

'Den, de carriage came up to de door and de doctor in it,' she said. 'He going to ride out wid Missus Catharine to day. I heard Missus say so.'

True, as the servants said, doctor Hooker had made his arrangements to ride out with his lovely patient. He thought it more prudent for him to accompany her as he could then see what effects the ride might produce upon her. The kind mother felt under very great obligations to the doctor for his willingness to step so far aside from the line of his profession as to accompany her daughter in an excursion for her health. Soon preparations were made and the doctor and his patient were snugly seated in a close carriage. The driver was ordered to take the Bloomingdale road and drive from the noise and confusion of the city. Away rolled the carriage as directed, and the pious doctor was in his element.

'It is a beautiful day,' he said, feeling her pulse, and gazing fondly into her lovely face. 'Your circulation is quite good to-day, I'm confident this exercise will be very beneficial to you.'

'I hope it will prove so,' she replied. 'The motion of the carriage really animates me, after being confined to my room so long.'

'Certainly it will,' he said, rubbing his palm upon her delicate cheek. 'The red blood begins to circulate freely in your capillaries, giving a fine glow to your cheeks and restoring you to your former beauty. What would young Gordon say, if he could see you now?'

'O, doctor, don't speak of him,' she replied, impatiently. 'I never wish to hear his name mentioned again.'

'But your mother is very anxious for you to become his wife,' he said.

'I know it, and it is strange she is so,' she replied. 'She knows I cannot bear him, and yet she urges me to marry him. It seems to me as if she was resolved to make me miserable.'

'It is quite remarkable that she continues to urge you to such a union, when she knows your opposition to it,' he said, throwing his arm about her waist and pressing her to his side. 'Gordon was never made for you. His disposition and yours are diametrically opposed to each other. Your marriage with him would result in misery to both of you, I have always entertained such an opinion, but I have thought it prudent not to express it to your mother.'

'I know you have, but I have never told her so, as you requested me not to do it,' she said.

'You did right,' he replied. 'It could do no good, and it might do injury, for your mother is so set upon the match, that she might be angry with me, if she knew I expressed an opinion unfavorable to it. O, Catharine, I feel a deep interest in your welfare and prosperity. Never have I had a patient who has so much interested me. By some means or other, your society has become really essential to my happiness. There is an unseen power at work in my heart over which I have no control.'

And the licentious hypocrite pressed her to his bosom, and printed on her lips a burning passionate kiss. She partially resisted him, but her opposition was quite feeble, owing perhaps, to her weak nerves, as the cook intimated to her lover.

'But doctor, you have a wife,' she said, in a tremulous voice, taking her lips from his, and breathing more freely.

'True, dear Catharine, but I married her more in obedience to the will of my parents and her's than for any real love I had for her,' he replied, nervously pressing her hand which he still retained in his grasp. 'It is from such experience that I have been taught how to

council you. Should you marry Gordon, your life would be miserable, and your domestic peace be on a par with mine. I thought I was doing my duty when I yielded obedience to my father's will, and gratified my mother's choice. But, alas! they were wrong to drive me into such a union. I see it all clearly now as if it were written by a sunbeam upon the clear blue sky."

Catharine listened with an interest to what he said, but her heart was too full to make any reply. She was just in a state to appreciate his remarks, and the libertine knew it. For several weeks she entertained suspicions that he loved her, but now the demonstration of the fact was too strong to be resisted. She trembled, and yet there was a charm in the affair which seriously affected her romantic notions of love. Artfully and gradually had he approached her, during all her confinement to her sick chamber, until he had stolen upon her heart almost insensibly. Such a declaration as he now made to her would have shocked her sense of propriety and startled her nerves to an extent he could not have controlled, if he had made it when first called to visit her as a patient. But she received it now with much less surprise, especially since he so artfully qualified it by allusions to his own marriage. She now saw more clearly the danger of becoming the wife of young Gordon, than she ever did before, and her mother's wishes for such an union never appeared so terrible as they did at that moment. The wily doctor watched every expression of her countenance, and read her very thoughts in her face. He was fully convinced that he had compounded a medicine peculiarly well adapted to the case.

They rode sometime in silence, for he knew his case was working better without words at that moment than it would with: so he let it work, watching the symptoms with a skilful eye and noting all the effects. At last he broke the silence. "You perceive now, dear Catharine, how it happens that I feel such a deep interest in your person," he continued, throwing the whole power of his dark eyes upon her as the subtle serpent gazes upon the fluttering bird ere she falls into his devouring jaws.

"I do see it," was his brief reply. And the good girl spoke the truth, she did see it all as clearly as he pretended to see it, and pitied him, and she highly esteemed him too for obeying his parents at such a great sacrifice of his own happiness. He must possess a good heart, she thought, who would make such a sacrifice. But she could not make up her mind to become such a martyr on the altar of parental obedience, especially since he had advised her to a different course. The thought occurred to her at that moment and she wished he was not a married man. From what he immediately said, it seems as if the devil himself had given him power to read her thoughts.

"My wife is much out of health, and her continuance on earth cannot be long," he replied, watching her closely to observe the effect of his remarks upon her mind.

"Is she indeed?" she asked, while the blood mantled her cheeks.

"Her health is very much impaired," he replied. "Much more so than she's aware of, I should not be surprised if she didn't live three months, and even a shorter period."

"Indeed!" was the only word she uttered, but that word was full of meaning as the accents and tones of her voice in speaking it too plainly told him to be mistaken. Now,

whether his wife was really diseased in such a manner as he represented may more fully appear hereafter.

"It would be wrong for me to desire her death, and I would not entertain such a wish for worlds, but there is a Providence watching over us all," he said, assuming quite a pious look. "If he who gave her life takes it away, I shall bow with humble submission to the decree. It often happens in this world that strange and unlooked for events occur in the providence of God which have a material bearing upon our happiness or misery. It is known to me that I have been deprived of that domestic bliss which I am so well qualified by nature to enjoy. And it may be known to Heaven, if death should interpose and clear the way for that joy of which I have been so long deprived, it will be my duty to send up from the unseen altar of my heart grateful emotions and humble thanks to that Power which orders the event."

Catharine listened with an interest she never experienced before, but she remained silent and thoughtful. He endeavored to read her thoughts while he was thus conversing, and he succeeded but too well.

During all the time he was thus artfully using his tongue, his hands were not idle. He was evidently a believer not only in the eloquence of the tongue but also in certain manifestations. These he kept up the more powerfully to impress his remarks upon her mind and heart. Poor Catharine Watson was indeed in bad hands.

"You will not hint to your kind, good mother anything I have said," he continued, "I would not have her know it on any account, she's an excellent woman, but she entertains some wrong notions concerning the subject of matrimony."

"I'm now fully convinced of it," she replied. "And strange that Gordon's mother is so anxious to have me marry him when she knows I do not love him."

"Not so strange after all when we consider the nature of Mrs. Gordon's mind," he replied. "She has not a very strong intellect, and her son takes much after her."

"I believe," she said, "I always thought he was rather silly."

"A capital word to represent his mental imbecility," he said smiling and pressing her more closely to his side. "He is indeed a silly fellow as you say, but his mother thinks he is a wonderful scholar, especially in the languages. Well, mothers are sometimes weak as well as their children."

"Indeed they are, and I don't know who is the weakest, his mother or he."

"Not much to choose, I reckon," he replied, smiling most sweetly upon her.

"Speaking of Edwin's knowledge of the languages, he really makes me feel sick when I hear him attempt to repeat some French phrases," she said. "I wish you could hear him."

"I have occasionally heard him use some queer terms, but then I suppose he shows off more before you than he does before other people," he replied.

"Probably he does, for he often greets me in French," she said.

"But it would trouble even a Frenchman to understand him I conclude."

"No doubt of that, for he's a poor scholar," she said.

Poor Edwin Gordon was severely handled between them. But they did not care that

justice to him, for he was really weak in the garret. The motives of the doctor, however, in thus traducing this dandy, are not to be justified. The carriage was driven slowly as the doctor desired, having now gone beyond the limits of the city proper, the doctor conceived the idea of stopping soon as they reached a convenient place. Catharine said the motion of the carriage did not fatigue her at all, but the doctor thought it best to tarry awhile at a public-house and rest. At last they came to one and the horses were driven to the door. "Now," said the doctor "we'll stop awhile and rest."

"I don't feel the need of any rest," said Catharine.

"Perhaps you do not now, but you will unless you lie down awhile," he said. "I know the nature of these things better than you. To lie down and rest awhile will greatly increase the benefits of the remainder of the ride."

Of course she yielded to his better judgment, and they entered a small public-house. The doctor called for a chamber where his patient could rest awhile. They were shown to one, and Catharine threw herself on a bed according to his direction. He sat by the window a few moments, but not long. Taking a seat by the bed-side, he held her pulse.

"O, your circulation has greatly improved," he said, pressing her wrist, and gazing into her lovely face. "A healthy glow is upon your cheek, and I must kiss it once."

He did kiss it, but one kiss satisfies not the libertine. Catharine's beauty never looked more bewitchingly lovely to him than on that moment.

"I'm happy to see you looking so well," he continued, dropping his head upon the pillow beside her's. And soon we shall drop the curtain and hide the scene from human eyes."

"O, doctor, what would your wife say, if she saw you in this position?" asked Catharine, with a trembling voice and beating heart.

"She will never know it," he replied, pressing his cheek against her's. "O, dear Catharine, would to heaven I could feel as happy with her as I do now with you? But the fates have ordered it otherwise. Disease is upon her, and soon death will hurry her to the grave. And may Heaven's will be done?"

We close the doors and windows of that room, and no more ask the reader to enter it. With a wish in his heart that death would remove his wife from this to another world, he sought the ruin of an innocent and lovely girl. How he succeeded may yet appear in these chronicles. We leave them together in that fatal chamber. And may the reader mark well the character of doctor Hooker: yes, the pious, praying doctor Hooker. Does not such vile hypocrisy deserve the hottest vial of Heaven's wrath? Can such a heartless, abandoned villain expect to escape the punishment that is promised to all such offenders? No, punishment for such offences is sure, although it may be slow in coming. But come it will at last, and with terrible power. Doctor Hooker is sowing vile seeds, and his harvest must be a miserable one. The prince of darkness looked through the key hole into that room and said within his own black heart, "He'll be mine ere long, and I have millions like him in my dominions." And never did his Satanic majesty utter a greater truth. O, ye hypocrites! Terrible is your doom!

The widow Watson's door bell gives out a loud ring and Mrs. Gordon is asked into the parlor in her silks and satins. The widow was rejoiced to see her, for they were somewhat alike. *Similis simile*, we dislike the use of a foreign language. But we were thinking of Mr. Gordon's son Edwin when we penned the phrase. On that score we are quite sure our readers will excuse the pedantry, for such we consider it.

"O, I'm so fatigued!" said Mrs. Gordon, sinking upon a sofa. "I took it into my head to walk this time, but walking does really overcome me." I think I shall not try it again, for our beautiful span of greys don't have half exercise enough. Edwin walks quite often, he says he can contemplate better in walking than in riding, he thinks a great deal. I often tell him he must let his mind rest, but he says he loves to think over the classics. But dear me, how is Catharine this afternoon?"

"Would you believe it?" replied the widow. "She has gone out to ride!"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Gordon. "I am astonished!"

"Yes, and doctor Hooker was kind enough to accompany her," said the weak headed widow. "Such a doctor as he is worth having, he has paid great attention to my daughter during her sickness, and even now is as attentive as ever. He is a most excellent man, I don't know what Catharine would have done without him."

"How long have they been gone?" anxiously inquired the mother of Edwin.

"Nearly two hours," replied the widow. "I didn't expect they would be gone so long. Catharine stands the ride nicely, or they would have been back before now."

"I rejoice to hear it," said Mrs. Gordon, "I wish Edwin could have gone with them, he would have been so delighted. He must take our carriage and ride out with her often now, she's so far recovered as to bear it."

"I should be glad to have them, but Catharine don't seem to fancy Edwin so much as I could wish," said the fond mother. "But I think her attachment is a growing one."

"O, she can't help loving Edwin!" replied Mrs. Gordon. "The more she sees him the better she will like him, Edwin's mind has great resources. I'm very often astonished to see how much he has got in his head. The French and even the Italian language comes very natural to him."

"They do indeed, and I tell Catharine she might learn a good deal from him, but she says she don't care a fig about any language but her own," said the widow.

"It is very strange," replied Mrs. Gordon. "Very strange indeed, she might learn so that they could converse together in French, that would be delightful."

"It would, indeed," replied the widow. "I should delight to hear him talk French."

"You must try to prevail upon her to learn," said Mrs. Gordon. "The time may come when she will wish for such an accomplishment, I shouldn't wonder at all if Edwin went to a foreign Court one of those days. Mrs. Piper told me the other day that he is finely cut out for a foreign minister, and she knows, for she has been at Paris and London both. Catharine ought to think of those things and qualify herself to move in the highest sphere."

'True, she had, and now she has almost recovered her health, I intend to impress it on her mind. She did take some lessons in French two or three years ago, but she didn't like the study, and so gave it up.'

'Well, she ought to begin again, and Edwin will hear her lessons,' said Mrs. Gordon. 'Mrs. Piper says he pronounces the French beautifully, and that is the most difficult part of the language. He would soon learn Catharine to pronounce. O, he read to me the other afternoon in a French book, and it sounded beautifully, I tried to pronounce it, but I made a poor hand at it. Edwin says persons must begin young if they wish to be good French scholars. I'm glad he commenced the study when he did, Edwin would shine in Paris.'

'I think he would,' replied the widow. 'I wish Catharine could see him in a different light, but she insists upon it that she does not and cannot love him, and does not want to marry him.'

'She'll soon get over those foolish, girlish whims, and love the harder for it,' said Mrs. Gordon. 'That's the way these things often work, I have known a great many such instances in the course of my life, girls will have their peculiar notions for awhile, but when Catharine is married she will be happy. Edwin is finely cut out to make a woman happy. Mrs. Piper told me so the last time she called at our house, and Mrs. Piper knows for she has travelled almost all over the world, she says also that Edwin would improve very much by foreign travel. Soon as they are married they must make the tour of Europe. I was talking with my husband about it last night and told him what Mrs. Piper said.'

'And what did he think upon the subject?' asked the widow.

'He thought very favorably indeed,' replied this ambitious, proud mother. 'His opinions of Edwin correspond with Mrs. Piper's wonderfully.'

'I'm glad to hear it,' said the widow, feeling more and more anxious for the marriage. 'I will give Catharine a piece of my mind soon as she returns from her ride. Perhaps doctor Hooker might have influence over her, for she thinks a great deal of him.'

'There, that's well thought of,' answered Mrs. Gordon. 'The doctor would be an excellent man to advise with her, I know he thinks very highly of Edwin, from what he told me the other day; he said Edwin was a very elegant, accomplished scholar, but then that's no more than what every body says who converse with him. O, by the way let me tell you, Monsieur Bouchette called upon us last Monday, and it would have done your soul good to have heard him and Edwin talk French. Bouchette was astonished at Edwin's fluency in the language, for he told me so. He says if Edwin would reside in Paris a year, he would become one of the most accomplished French scholars in the world. Why, would you believe it! they talked nearly ten minutes and neither of them uttered a word of English, only Bouchette once and a while corrected some little faults in Edwin.'

'I wish Catharine could have heard them,' said the widow.

'O, she must have been highly delighted,' said Mrs. Gordon. 'I can assure you there was music in their conversation, it seemed to me sometimes that Edwin was really a Parisian he talked so natural!'

The widow now rang the bell and the negro appeared.

'Some wine, Lingo,' said the widow.

'Yes, missus,' replied Lingo, leaving the room and soon returning with the desired liquor.

The ladies drank freely and their tongues received quite an impulse. While they were mibbing Lingo thought he would put in a word, for the widow often indulged him in such liberties.

'Missus Catharine gone a good while,' said he. 'Guess the ride do her much good.'

'I hope so,' replied Mrs. Gordon. 'The poor girl has been sick a good while.'

'Ah, doctor Hooker care her,' replied Lingo, wishing to express an opinion which he knew would correspond with that of his mistress. 'He berry tentative to missus.'

'Yes, Lingo, he's an excellent physician,' said the widow. 'You can retire now, Lingo passed out and soon found the cook with whom he had an interesting interview, telling her what his mistress said about the doctor, and laughing at her folly.'

'You have an excellent negro servant,' said Mrs. Gordon. 'He's very talkative, yet very respectful and obedient.'

'He is indeed, or he would not tarry under this roof,' replied the widow. 'Don't you think I have given him a musical name?'

'I do indeed and a very appropriate one too,' answered Mrs. Gordon.

'His real name is John Linigo, and so I changed it to Lingo,' said the widow, feeling proud of her ingenuity. 'My cook's name was Jenny Fanning, so I altered that to Janinigo, you perceive it now partakes of both her original names, yet it is neither of them. I'm extravagantly fond of odd, musical names.'

'You really possess great ingenuity in manufacturing them,' said Mrs. Gordon. 'I don't see how you could think of them so.'

'O, it only requires a little practice and attention,' replied the widow.

'I think Edwin could invent a great many ingenious names, he knows so many languages,' said Mrs. Gordon.

'He could beyond a doubt,' replied the widow. 'I will ask him to name my parrot the first time he comes here, I have been trying to get a new name for her some days, as I'm tired of the old one.'

'He could think of some Italian name that would be beautiful indeed,' replied the anxious mother of the learned dandy.

'O, that would be very fine!' exclaimed the widow. 'I must have an Italian name for my dear parrot! and perhaps he could learn the bird to speak it, he is so good at pronouncing.'

'No doubt he could,' said Mrs. Gordon. 'I will speak to him about it this very evening, so that he can be looking over his classics. Your dear bird shall have an Italian name, Edwin will be delighted to give it one.'

Thus these silly, aristocratic women talked for more than an hour and yet Catharine and the doctor had not arrived. But Mrs. Watson did not seem much alarmed at their long absence, for she had perfect confidence in the doctor, and believed he would keep her daughter riding just as long as he thought it would do her good. While these pinks of the aristocracy were descending upon parrots and dandies, the negro servants were holding forth in their peculiar way. And it must be acknowledged

aged that the darkies developed more real good sense and manifested more shrewdness than either of the ladies. Thus it often happens in this world that better intellect is found in the kitchen than in the parlor. Even negro servants often laugh at the follies and weaknesses of their masters and mistresses, and with good reason too. Lingo and his beloved cook sooner guessed out the true character of doctor Hooker than his mistress did. Blinded by pride and prejudice, she had not a single correct notion of the licentious physician's character. He could pray with her if occasion required it, and assume the livery of heaven at the same time he was artfully concocting his plans to seduce and ruin her daughter. He was a consummate scoundrel, yet he appeared to her, and even to the church with which he was in close communion a saint. Thus had he lived from year to year, assuming great piety and deceiving the very elect. Mrs. Gordon became somewhat impatient, for she came on purpose to see her son's beloved, and did not wish to leave without the sight.

'Really, Catharine has taken a very long ride,' she said. 'I'm afraid it will be too much for her.'

'O, doctor Hooker is the best judge, for he is with her and can see just how much she can bear,' replied the mother.

'But then some accident may have happened from careless driving,' said Mrs. Gordon, I wish they had taken our coachman and carriage, for he is a very safe and careful driver. 'O, if the horses should become frightened and run away, what a dreadful thing it would be!'

'Doctor Hooker is a cautious man,' replied the widow. 'He would not employ a driver unless he knew he was careful, besides, the horses appeared very quiet and kind, I don't mean to bring on any trouble so long as the doctor is with her. I had rather trust her with him than any other man, he's so good, kind and careful.'

'Well, we ought to hope for the best,' said Mrs. Gordon. 'But it does seem to me that Catharine is taking a very long ride for the first one. If I tarry much longer, I must send for my coachman and carriage.'

'Lingo shall go now after them,' said the widow.

'I don't care if he does, and if Edwin is at the house, Lingo may tell him to come too,' said Mrs. Gordon.

'I'm glad you thought of that,' answered the widow, ringing the bell for the negro who was despatched on the errand, for Mrs. Gordon did not feel like walking home, it was so late in the afternoon. In the course of a half an hour Mrs. Gordon's carriage drove up to door with Edwin in it, and Lingo on the box with the driver. Immediately behind was the carriage with the doctor and Catharine, so that they all arrived at the same time. Catharine was surprised and vexed to find Edwin and his mother there, but she concealed her feelings and made the best of it. Edwin tried to put on his usual pompous airs, but his heart was heavy and sad.

The doctor handed Catharine from the carriage and waited upon her into the house, she looked care-worn, but she put the best foot forward, and appeared as cheerful as she could. There was a peculiar expression on her countenance which showed that there was something bearing with considerable weight upon her heart. The mother did not discover any

thing of the kind, but Mrs. Gordon fancied she did.

'Dear me,' she said, 'it seems to me, Catharine, that you look fatigued, I'm afraid you have ridden too far.'

'I should look out for that madam,' said the doctor appearing somewhat nettled with the lady's interference with his business.

'O, yes doctor, I suppose you did, and you could tell better than we can,' said Mrs. Gordon.

Catharine remained silent, but a canker worm was evidently eating at her heart. Edwin sat and fondly gazed upon her in silence, consequently he did not utter a single French term. This was somewhat remarkable, for when at the widow Watson's, he generally used up all he knew both of Italian and French. Never did Catharine find the task so difficult to appear cheerful as she did at that moment. The villainous doctor saw it all and trembled for his sins, especially lest Catharine's nerves should give way and he become exposed in all his moral deformity. To make the matter more sure, he advised Catharine to go to her chamber and lie down. She very willingly consented to that agreement, and sought her chamber. The doctor then departed, leaving Mrs. Gordon and her hopeful son still there.

'O, Edwin, Mrs. Watson wishes you to find a good Italian name for her parrot?' exclaimed the overcoming mother. 'You can do it, can you not, my son?'

'O, yes, when I go home and look over my Italian books,' he replied.

'I should esteem it a great favor if you would,' said Mrs. Watson.

The young dandy again promised to perform that wonderful feat, and in doing so repeated over a few words of Italian, with a small sprinkling of French, greatly to the joy of his mother and the astonishment of the widow. Soon after they departed, and the widow repaired to her daughter's chamber. Catharine was sorrowful and could have shed a flood of tears, but she restrained herself in her mother's presence. That night was a sad and sorrowful one for Catharine Watson, before half the night was gone, her pillow was wet with her tears.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TWO VILE BUT ABLE TACTICIANS.

'GRACIOUS GOD!' mentally exclaimed doctor Boyden as he met in Broadway Tom Turner and his little Fanny. 'How came that strange fellow by that child? By what power of magic has she been placed in his arms? Why did he call at my office the other day and conduct himself so strangely? Does he know me and the history of my life? No, it can't be, and yet he may have made a league with the devil for aught I know! It seems to me the world is changing. Well, I must hurry on my nuptials with the fair heiress and secure myself against the worst that may happen. This world is a great theatre and for the last few years I have played some singular parts, both comedy and tragedy have been my lot. The fellow looks as if he intended to speak to me. What sort of a genius is he? He looks clever enough, but the devil may be in his heart after all. Humanity assumes some strange phases as I have good reason to know.' While these thoughts were passing rapidly through his brains, he and Tom with the child in his arms, were approaching each other. The doctor would gladly have crossed over upon the other side of the street and avoided a meeting, but considerations of prudence forbade him as he was quite near Tom before the thought occurred to him. They met and a pleasant smile was upon the countenance of Tom, and Fanny looked blithe and happy as a bird, she looked just as if she didn't wish to be any where else.

'Good morning,' said Tom, holding up Fanny that the doctor might have a full view of her lovely face. 'Did you ever see a more lovely creature? Don't the sight of her make you wish you had such an one to play with you in your office when patients don't crowd it? By the way, have you as many calls as you expected? I suppose you can cure all sorts of diseases. We have a good many such doctors in our city. People needn't die now according to the doctor's advertisements in the newspapers.'

Boyden was fairly taken by surprise and hardly knew which way to turn, or what to say. The little girl too seemed to add quite as much to his embarrassment as Tom's singular remarks, for she kept staring at him as if she had seen him before. The quack was really troubled and could not at first, with all his power of self-control, help showing that he was much disconcerted. Tom's benevolent, yet searching eyes were upon him, and that also added to his trouble and embarrassment. Tom noticed his uneasiness and very naturally concluded that his remarks about doctoring were the cause of that uneasiness. Tom was now entirely satisfied that he was facing an artful quack, and he always entertained a very poor opinion of such characters. His heart was pained when he reflected how tremendously the people were humbugged by empirics, such characters were employed by the rich. Tom would not have felt so much grieved, but he too well knew that the poor were the greater sufferers, therefore he looked upon all quacks as great evils in society. He was glad the doctor felt the force of his remarks, for he intended to set him to thinking upon his own humbugging course. True, Tom was always careful not to wound, unnecessarily, any one's feelings, but he held most sacred the rule, 'the greatest happiness of the greatest num-

ber.' That was the axiom of his life, and the one that governed all his feelings and actions. 'You are well, I hope,' continued Tom. 'It would be hard indeed to suffer sickness yourself while curing every body else of their diseases.'

'I'm not aware of being indisposed,' replied the doctor, first gazing upon the child and then upon her protector, in a somewhat wild, embarrassed manner.

'I'm glad to hear it,' said Tom. 'I hope you will always enjoy the blessings of good health, for without it, men cannot make themselves useful in this life. And now don't you think this is a most beautiful little girl? I could tell you how I happened to find her, but perhaps it would not interest you as it does me. There's a great mystery about her parentage, no one knows any thing about. Cruel indeed must be either father or mother who would willingly part with such a darling daughter.'

'I can't stop to hear more of your long yarn,' said the doctor impatiently. 'If you love the child, take good care of it, and perhaps you'll get your reward.'

'Perhaps get my reward!' repeated Tom, placing a strong emphasis on the first word. 'The reward is sure as heaven's promise, I feel it in here, the place where rewards for all good deeds are felt.'

While Tom's hand was on his honest breast, the doctor went on his way, wondering how the strange genius came into possession of that child, and at the same time fearing Tom might know more than he had yet brought to light, he was just such a peculiar character as a quack and deceiver might well fear. It is not surprising that Boyden should give Tom more credit for shrewdness and cunning than he really possessed, although he was by no means destitute of such qualities. But the doctor's guilty conscience magnified every thing which might possibly affect his own character, especially at this time when he was every day expecting a call to visit one of the upper families of the city and to win the affections of one of the daughters. Jane Trott had visited him twice, recently to tell him that her mother would no doubt, finally consent to his prescribing for her sister as her attending physician she said did her no good, but she seemed to be growing worse. To partially qualify himself, that is, so that he might talk learnedly upon the nature of diseases of the heart, he purchased a book treating upon that dangerous complaint and read it thoroughly. He was quite sure to master all the technical terms and stow them away in his memory for future use.

After promenading Broadway awhile, he returned to his office, he had not been long in his office before Jane Trott made her appearance. She had rigged herself out in her very best style, and looked extremely pretty; at least, the doctor thought she did. He bid her a most hearty welcome to his office and gave her a very cordial reception. He felt quite positive that his polite manner, good-looking person and glib conversational powers had made an impression upon her heart. The wily Methodist parson never let any good opportunities pass unimproved when a handsome girl is in the way, having successfully practised libertinism among several of the sisters when he attended camp-meetings and love-feasts, he had become quite well skilled in that kind of business. The only difference between him and doctor Hooker was this; the latter was a regu-

lar bred, talented physician and a perfect hypocrite in religion, while the former did not now make any pretensions to religion, having some time previously thrown off that cloak, and was really ignorant of medical science. Boyden, however, possessed the gift of gab in an eminent degree, being quite as fluent as Hooker, although not so correct in the use of language. Like many others of the clerical profession among the denomination of methodists, he had taken up the sacred vocation with but a very limited education, scarcely understanding the first rudiments of English grammar, yet while he held forth from the pulpit he had at his command some very high sounding phrases. He was exceedingly gifted in painting the terrors of hell so that many of the backsliding sisters could almost feel the flames flash in their faces, and he was often equally happy in his descriptions of the joys of heaven. While discoursing upon the latter subject, some of the good brethren and sisters would seem to be transported to these blissful regions, or at least to catch a glimpse of them, so powerful was his preaching in their estimation.

'You have been out to take a walk,' said Jane. 'I should think you would, studying so hard as you do, I never come here, but I see you with a book in your hand.'

The doctor was reading a treatise on affections of the heart when she entered, just having taken the book from the shelf.

'How do you know I have been taking a walk?' he asked. 'Did you see me?'

'Surely I did although I was a great distance behind you,' she replied. 'I would distinguish your form and motions among a thousand, you have a remarkably easy motion when you walk, I admire graceful walking in a gentleman as well as in a lady, there are comparatively few graceful walkers.'

That was hitting the nail on the head sure enough, for he prided himself on his form and graceful motions, he always strutted when he was a minister of the gospel, so much so that some of the good old methodists sometimes feared he was too proud. This was the only fault ever found with him until his moral deformity was fully developed. Since he had assumed the medical profession and removed to the city of New York, he was more pompous than ever.

'You flatter me,' he replied, smiling, and gazing upon her painted face.

Jane used paint, but she put it on with the skill of an artist. Ellen Grant assisted her on this occasion, for Jane visited the doctor this time with a full determination to make a breach in the citadel of his heart as well as to give him the joyful news, that her mother had finally yielded her consent to have him called to see her sister.

'Flatter you!' she repeated in much apparent surprise. 'Why, doctor, I have heard several ladies make the same remark when they saw you pass, although they didn't know you from Adam, and surely they had no intention of flattering you, and neither have I. Flattering or no flattering, you are one of the most graceful walkers I have ever seen in Broadway.'

It must be confessed that this artful courtesan could bespatter him with praise as skillfully as she could paint her own cheeks. It came so thick and fast that he was really taken by surprise. With all his tact among the women, which scarcely ever failed him, he was

now almost *hors de combat*, another phrase which slipped from the nib of the pen ere we were aware of it. We must father the blame for this and not throw it upon the shoulders of Edwin Gordon, his mother's darling dandy. If we do not perpetrate another similar offence against reason and good taste, we trust our readers will pardon us. The doctor was really in a fix, and the red blood came into his cheeks, only think of that! such a hardened sinner as the doctor blushing up to his eyes. Yes, he did blush and the tell-tale crimson was upon his cheeks in spite of himself. Jane saw it mantling there, and could have let off a loud, ringing laugh if strict policy had not forbid it. She was a shrewd creature, only equalled by Ellen Grant, doctor Boyden had fallen into artful hands.

'You seem to look as if I were joking,' she continued. 'It is possible I may have gone further than strict modesty will allow, but I trust you will pardon me when I tell you I have ever been considered too frank and open hearted.'

'Pardon you!' he repeated, recovering from the temporary embarrassment into which her wonderful frankness had thrown him. 'Don't speak of pardon I entreat you. Is it not true that we are apt to look for the same accomplishments in others in which we excel ourselves?'

'I declare there may be some truth in the remark,' she replied. 'But doctor, what do you really mean? Remember, you are talking with a frank, open-hearted person.'

'I mean that you are a most splendid walker yourself,' he replied, watching her closely to see how she took the compliment.

He might have saved himself that trouble, for she could bear a much more fulsome compliment than the one he bestowed upon her. However, she affected a proper feeling on the occasion and appeared to appreciate the compliment as a girl might be expected to do who was exceedingly frank and open-hearted.

'There, doctor, we are even now,' she replied, laughing, and gently striking him upon the shoulder with the handle of her parasol.

It seemed to him he was never so beautifully struck before. She didn't of course strike hard enough to hurt him or make a confusion upon the flesh, yet the gentle blow produced a pleasing sensation which passed all over his system as suddenly as if the parasol stick had been positively charged with electricity. To be thus familiarly love-patted by a beautiful girl and a rich heiress too was a good fortune he did not dream of; at least, he did not think it would come quite so soon. She was so playful and frank on so short an acquaintance that he began to feel as if he was sure of making a conquest, whether the mother would consent to employ him as a physician or not, for he remembered, Jane had not told him of that consent, they were so agreeably engaged that they had scarcely thought of it.

'We may be even, but my compliment has a firmer basis of truth than yours, I'm thinking,' he said.

'Now doctor, I owe you one,' she replied, laughing quite heartily. 'And perhaps I may find some future opportunity to pay you for it; now to the errand which brought me here, mother has consented to have an interview with you, and if she likes your appearance, she will permit you to examine my sister, and I know she will admire your appearance.'

'There, you don't owe me one now,' he re-

plied, smiling very sweetly as he used to among the sisters at a love-feast. 'Then your mother has consented to see me.'

'O, yes, and no doubt employ you, for my dear sister don't improve at all under the care of our present physician,' she replied.

'I will call at any time your mother may appoint,' he said.

'The time is already agreed upon,' she answered. 'We shall expect you at our house to-morrow evening at seven o'clock.'

'I will be there punctually at the time,' he said.

She gave him a card with the name of Mrs. Trott, beautifully printed upon it together with the street and number.

'I hope you will not let other calls interfere with this,' she said. 'For I'm really anxious to have you try your skill upon my sister, sometimes her heart beats quite violently.'

'You may rely upon seeing me there at the appointed time, if my life and health are spared me,' he answered, venturing to play with a curl of her hair which strayed from underneath her small fashionable hat. 'Your hair is very fine, and glossy, do you use any kind of oil?'

'Very little,' she replied, taking hold of his locks and twirling it round her forefinger. 'Your hair is very nearly the color of mine, I must have a lock of it.'

And without further ceremony, she took a pair of scissors from her pocket and clipped off a small lock.

He very quietly submitted to the tonsorial operation, never did a barber produce such a pleasing sensation upon his head as she did.

'I must now have one of your curls in exchange,' he said, seizing the scissors and smiling.

'I have always understood that exchange is no robbery,' she said, holding upon the scissors and one of his fingers also. 'I'm afraid you'll cut off more than I did, and then you'll be obliged to pay me boot.'

'O, no, I'll be careful not to be too avaricious,' he replied, pressing her finger.

'I'm almost afraid to trust you,' she said, still grasping the scissors and artfully working more of her hand into his.

They were both skilful experts, for by a very little management their hands were fast together, and never were scissors more warmly pressed. However, they did not long remain under that pressure, but dropped upon the floor, leaving their hands in closer contact and more sympathetic union. For a few moments the doctor entirely forgot the lock of hair which but a minute before was so great a desideratum. She was cunning and knew too much to let her hand remain long in his, although she had acknowledged herself very open and frank, yet she was determined not to permit her great frankness to swallow up all her modesty. Withdrawing her hand from his warm and nervous grasp, she took the scissors from the floor, and presenting them to him, laughingly said: 'There, take your pay, but stop, you mustn't cut my hair before, but take a lock where it will not be missed. Jane had a profusion of beautiful dark, and was not ashamed to remove her hat. She did so and not only exhibited an abundance of glossy, fine, well-combed hair, but a beautifully shaped head. He cut off a lock, and soon after the artful girl departed, leaving just such an impression upon his heart as she intended from the first. They were both able tacticians,

but Jane had the more skill, she was as cunning as the evil one himself, and he did not fall far behind her, for he had long studied under the same master and attended the same school. Both were good scholars, but a woman's wit is more than a match for that of a man, especially when virtue stands not in the way.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN EXEMPLARY COURTSHIP.

How lonely feels the fair maiden who is approximating that fearful point of time when she must be pronounced an old maid? And especially does she feel that loneliness when love has fixed its seal upon her heart without her knowing whether it will ever be reciprocated or not. Aunt Betty Barnes grew more and more restless and dreamed stranger dreams since Tom Turner had found that beautiful child, nearly a week had elapsed since that event had occurred and he had not darkened her doors. She felt as if he ought to come for he now knew that he had won her heart's best affections, sometimes she feared that Fanny would occupy all his heart, and leave not a single corner for her. Occasionally she would be wrought up to such a pitch that she would feel the spirit of jealousy towards that innocent little girl. Love does play strange tricks with some hearts, and cut up some peculiar arties, it did so with Miss Betty Barnes. Sometimes she feared that her beloved Tom might find the mother of Fanny and fall in love with her, for she was fully persuaded that mother must be very beautiful and fascinating, else she could not have borne such a lovely child. Again she would indulge suspicions that other women beside herself would fall in love with Tom, and she even thought it strange all the women didn't immediately begin to love him. She could get through the day tolerably well, for her household affairs occupied her mind and attention, but her nights! These grew more and more tedious! She would throw her slender form upon the bed in her neatly furnished chamber and give herself up to sad and gloomy reflections, and yet her heart did not break, for gleams of hope occasionally illuminated it, knowing the extreme kindness of Tom's heart, she forced herself sometimes to believe that he must feel for her, she drew some consolation from such a reflection. Her dreams too were sometimes favorable, and when they were so, she placed much confidence in them. One night she was awakened from a sound sleep by dreaming that his arms were about her neck and that he kissed her, she fancied she heard the report of that kiss as distinctly as she ever heard anything in her life, and even after she was fully awake, it seemed to her that she could hear its faint echoes still ringing in her ears. O, how she listened to that music until imagination exhausted its power and the sound died away! Alas! she turned over upon her other side, and said into her heart, 'It was all a dream!' and it was a dream. It has been previously intimated that Tom's feelings had undergone some change since the widow Penrose revealed to him aunt Betty's secret. But for the new interest Fanny had awakened in his breast that change would have been greater than it was.

'You ought to call on aunt Betty,' said the widow Penrose, one afternoon when they were

amusing themselves with Fanny. 'She will think very strange of it, if you don't call.'

'I suppose she will,' was his brief reply, smoothing back Fanny's hair from her polished forehead which had become somewhat tangled over it by her capers about the room.

Fanny looked up into his honest face as if she understood what they were conversing about. O, how he loved to gaze upon her bright blue eyes and fair features! And believe it or not, it is a fact that, at that moment the thought struck his mind whether aunt Betty could bring up a child as well as she could take care of a house, and he looked quite meditative.

'A penny for your thoughts,' said the old lady, laughing. 'Come now tell me what you were thinking about.'

The widow's sudden exclamation drove the thought from his mind so far that he was somewhat troubled to call it back to his memory again.

'I hardly know, but I believe I was thinking about Fanny,' he replied.

Ah, you were also thinking about aunt Betty,' she said, smiling.

'I guess I was,' he answered, beginning to catch his thought which seemed like the faint remembrance of a dream.

Tom Turner never told a lie in his life, at least, he never had since he had passed from his boyhood. He would lose his right hand sooner than utter a falsehood to the widow Penrose.

'I knew you were,' she said. 'Well, she's a very exact person.'

'She is,' replied Tom. 'I believe too, I was thinking about my sister.'

'Strange you haven't heard from her for so long a time,' she said. 'She used to write to you more often than she does now.'

'She did,' he answered. 'I'm expecting a letter from her every day, for I wrote to her more than a fortnight ago to write to me immediately, and that I was alarmed about her. She will write soon. I wonder if she is married? Nearly two years ago she intimated such a thing in her letter, but since then I haven't heard a single word about it. It is very strange.'

'It is indeed singular,' replied the widow. 'Didn't you write her to come to New York as I requested?'

'I did,' he answered. 'I wish she would come, she would be so delighted with little Fanny.'

'When she does come she shall be welcome to my house,' she said.

'I wrote her so,' he replied, while Fanny climbed up into his lap and kissed him.

'O, the good little creature loves you more and more every day,' she said.

'I think she does,' he replied, kissing her back, and she jumped from his lap and ran away to the widow and kissed her.

'And her love for you increases,' he replied.

'I'll mark her my heir,' said the good woman, almost smothering her with kisses, bearing a striking resemblance to those which a grandmother only can give.

'It is strange that we can learn nothing about her parents,' he said. 'I saw the widow Higgins yesterday and questioned, but all I could get from her was that she should know the man who gave her the child if she ever saw him again. She described his looks as well as she could, but she made a poor hand

of it. One thing, however, the man asked her which shows that he thought something of the child, that is, he inquired the number and street where she lived.'

'He may call upon her to see how the child gets along,' she said. 'I wish we could find out who he is.'

'I fear we never shall, but I intend to keep a sharp look out,' replied Tom. 'A thought now strikes me! I will see the woman and get her to follow the man silly, if he ever calls upon her again. A small sum of money will induce her to do that.'

'I like your plan,' she said. 'That seems to be the best way; at any rate, I can think of no other.'

No wonder they were anxious to find out the parents of Fanny, the curiosity was a perfectly natural one. The widow Penrose did not wish to part with the little girl, but she supposed that if the father could be found, he would be willing to give them the child. That gift would give a stronger title than the one acquired from Tom's purchase. Fanny was the subject of constant conversation between these excellent hearted people. If Fanny had cost thrice the amount of money Tom paid for her, it would not have been begrudged by either. That same day Tom went to see the widow Higgins and secured her promises to follow the man and ascertain his residence, if he ever came to inquire about the child. He gave her some money, and promised her more, if she accomplished the object.

Evening came and Tom remembered what the widow Penrose had told him in relation to the propriety of his calling upon aunt Betty, Barnes. He was always disposed to do right and he considered the widow an excellent judge of what is right. No woman's judgement did he estimate more highly than hers, and well he might, for she had made him the almoner of her great charities. Aunt Betsey was sitting at a window that looked out upon the street where she could see the masses of human beings as they passed. She watched the crowds, hoping she might distinguish the form of Tom among them, while waiting she saw many that resembled his, but a nearer view convinced her of her error; still she kept watching and hoping. She did want to see him in her own house, for there she fancied she should have better courage to talk upon that question which was so near her heart. Twilight thickened and the forms of persons became more and more shadowy and less distinct to her view. Her eyes ached with watching, and still she kept peering through the twilight at the crowds thronging the street.

'There's a man with a child in his arms!' she said to herself, rising up to obtain a clearer view. 'It is he as I live! and he turns towards the door!'

But a few moments passed ere the door bell sent out its joyful sounds, and Tom and Fanny were ushered into her best room where every thing was in perfect order.

'Good evening Mr. Turner,' she said, in a voice of trembling. 'I'm happy to see you, and the dear little girl too.'

'I'm glad to see you,' he replied, while Fanny clung fast about his neck.

'Be seated,' she said. 'I have a little chair just big enough for Fanny, one my mother bought for me when I was quite a little girl.'

She hurried into another room and brought in the little chair which had been kept very nice for nearly forty years. She preserved it

her household articles with wonderful care, under her management, time seemed to have no effect upon them, not a particle of dust or dirt was allowed to remain upon her furniture. Tom liked such things, for he was very nice and neat himself.

'There, dear Fanny, sit down in that,' she said, placing the chair near her. 'It is a nice little chair to sit in, and just big enough for you.'

Fanny first looked at the chair and then turned her blue eyes upon Tom, as if she could read in his countenance the wishes of his heart.

'You may sit down in it, if you please,' said he to the little girl. 'It is a pretty little chair.'

Fanny sat in it and kicked her feet and smiled, as much as to say that she admired her location. And she gazed upon aunt Betty and smiled, that smile went directly to aunt Betty's heart.

'She smiles upon both of us,' she said within herself, feeling much joy at that very trifling circumstance.

'She likes the chair,' said Tom, patting Fanny's head and smiling.

'She shall have it,' replied aunt Betty. 'She may carry it home and use it.'

Fanny looked up and smiled again upon the generous maiden, making her little feet fly and appearing very happy.

'O, the dear little creature!' said aunt Betty. 'I do love her so!'

She would fain love any thing she thought Tom loved.

'She's worthy of any one's love,' said Tom, smoothing back her hair.

Aunt Betty also placed her hand upon Fanny's head and did just as Tom did. Their hands even touched, or rather their little fingers. While engaged in that delightful operation, aunt Betty felt a slight shock and so did Mr. Turner as she called him. There was evidently some magnetism even in their little fingers, aunt Betty was never so conscious before, that the little finger was such a sensitive part of the system. Mr. Turner also had somewhat similar impressions. Their little fingers didn't touch but once, for both involuntarily withdrew their hands from Fanny's head at the same moment. They would not have withdrawn them more suddenly or nervously, if the child's head had been a well-charged galvanic battery.

'She is indeed!' replied aunt Betty, gazing upon him to see if she could discover any evidence in his countenance, that he thought she had acted improperly in permitting her little finger to touch his. He also looked at her to ascertain what emotions the collision had excited in her bosom. They were both somewhat embarrassed by the trifling circumstance.

'You're fond of children,' he said.

'I am of such an one as this dear little girl,' she replied. 'O, it is passing strange that a mother could be separated from such a child! But her mother may be dead!'

Tom looked sad and sorrowful, aunt Betty looked so too, but Fanny was blithe and happy in her chair, as a bird upon a branch of a tree.

'Perhaps her mother is dead!' replied Tom, sorrowfully.

'She must be dead and her father cruel!' said aunt Betty. 'O, how fortunate that she has fallen into such good hands! It does my

heart good to think of it. O, if you had not heard her cry and found her!'

'She might have starved, for she was crying for bread at the time,' he replied.

'The dear little creature!' said aunt Betty, wiping a tear from her eye. 'The hand of Providence is in it all!'

And she buried her face in her handkerchief and wept. A tear drop started from Tom's eye and fell upon Fanny's head, and there it stood trembling upon her glossy hair, a living proof of his goodness of heart. It is such feelings and emotions that the angels love to look down upon from their bright abodes. One such a tear is more priceless than rubies, and forever blessed will be the heart which causes it to flow. There was silence in that room for five minutes at least, even Fanny instinctively felt the holy inspiration and remained silent also, not a foot or hand did she stir. There was something peculiar in that stillness, aunt Betty never felt such 'expressive silence' before, she could hear her heart, and its pulsations seemed to speak a heavenly language. At last she gradually removed her handkerchief from her eyes and looked out, but she saw not the tear that Tom had shed, yet his countenance was benignant and expressive. They gazed full into each other's eyes, and in their liquid depths read each other's thoughts and feelings. Simultaneously they looked upon Fanny and she smiled, that smile broke the spell of that stillness, and they began to breathe more freely, but its effects remained in their hearts. Tom began to feel as he never did before, and aunt Betty began to indulge pleasing hopes. She silently blessed the child, for it seemed to her that Fanny was an instrument in the hands of an unseen Power of bringing about such a glorious reconciliation. Yes, she felt that her love was no longer unrequited, but why she so felt she could not exactly tell, for Tom had not yet given her a single word of encouragement. But she knew that actions speak louder than words, and she felt disposed to put the most favorable constructions upon his actions as they had then and there developed themselves.

It was really fortunate for this maiden that she had the faculty to turn matters to so good an account, some women, under the same circumstances, might have looked upon the dark side of the picture. Tom tarried until the clocks told the hour of nine, and we can assure our readers that not an improper action was done on that occasion. He bid aunt Betty good night with feelings which he could not describe himself. She kissed Fanny and hugged her to her bosom. How pure and holy is such love-making, compared with other scenes portrayed in these pages!

Tom went home and the widow catechised him upon the results of his visit. Scarcely knowing what the results were, he could not give her any definite information upon the subject, but she had her own opinions. From the expressions of his countenance and other indications she apprehended that his pity for aunt Betty was growing into a more intense feeling. Tom went to bed, and for the first time in his life he dreamed of a woman. Hitherto he was not in the habit of having visions, and if he did dream, it was generally upon the sufferings of the poor and unfortunate. We could relate his dream about aunt Betty Barnes, but the reader might draw inferences from it

unfavorable to Tom's character. And we have no disposition to record any thing which might seem to tarnish the virgin purity of his character. One thing we may say without doing him injustice. When he awoke from his dream the crimson blood mantled his cheeks, but that only showed how pure he was. A more hardened heart than his would not have sent the blood to the face on account of a dream, whatever that dream might have been.

CHAPTER XIV.

DOCTOR BOYDEN'S DEBUT IN MOTHER TROTT'S CHAMBER.

Great preparations were being made at mother Trott's, as the keeper of the house consented to be called, for the reception of doctor Boyden who was called on a professional visit to her sick daughter. Ellen Grant would have been delighted to represent the sister of Jane Trott, but she feared she could not so disguise herself but that he would recognize her, and then there would be nothing left for her to do but to dink him on the spot. Her vengeance could not be satisfied with such a speedy destruction of its object. She wanted to mortify and punish him longer. A thin, spare, pale-faced girl was engaged to act the part of the sick sister, whose name they called Adriana, thinking that would be quite as sonorous as any other. She was cunning as the devil himself, and for that quality and her alim form and sickly face she was selected. Adriana really looked as if she was suffering from a disease of the heart.

Mother Trott's real name was Eliza Danforth, called by the dandy young men and the older libertines who visited her establishment, 'Old Lize.' She was a pretty, good-looking woman about forty-five years of age. For many years she had been a heartless, cunning bawd and accumulated quite a fortune in her hellish employment. Many a poor girl could date their ruin back to their first acquaintance with her. And if she had been disposed she could have tales unfolded which would have pierced to the hearts of many wives who moved in the upper circles of the city, but whose husband's platters were only clean upon the outside. Old Lize was in possession of many secrets, the revelation of which would have made many a husband's ears tingle who now occupied posts of honor and trust. She could have pointed to more than one doctor Hooker in the city, but she was contented to remain silent so long as money flowed into her coffers. Her house was well known in a certain circle, but the masses of the citizens generally didn't know but its roof sheltered one of the richest and most respectable families to be found within the limits of Manhattan Island, its outside was grand and within it was furnished in splendid and costly style. It was a house in fact resorted to by those who had money to spend, for it was by no means a cheap establishment. Ellen Grant and Jane Trott had been inmates of this house for more than a year, for mother Trott considered them profitable members of her household, and so they were, for the wages of their iniquity was a never failing source of income to her. Adriana had not been an inmate so long as the other girls, but she was well calculated to act the part assigned her in this comedy, if such it could be called. Perhaps moral tragedy would be a more appropri-

ate appellation, nevertheless it was good enough for villainous doctor Boyden.

'If it is not almost seven o'clock, and the scoundrel will soon be here,' said Ellen Grant. 'O, I should like to rush into the room and let out blood from the black heart of the methodist parson.'

'Yes, but you mustn't show your face,' replied old Lize, shaking her fat sides in anticipation of the coming sport.

'I know it,' said Ellen, 'but it will be hard to keep my hands from him.'

'I wish you could get them into the rascal's pocket,' said the old procuress.

'I wonder if he wears the same watch he once said he intended to give me,' said Ellen. 'It was a beautiful watch. The ladies in the society where he preached contributed their money and made him a present of it.'

'Poor weak sisters!' said old Lize. 'And I suppose they held a prayer meeting on the occasion.'

'I shouldn't wonder and a love feast too,' replied Ellen. 'If he has that gold watch now I must contrive to let my fingers get hold of it after we have gone through with the courting part of the performances.'

'I think I shall have the best opportunities to steal it,' said Jane Trott.

'Well, if you can I shall claim half the prize for making the suggestion,' answered Ellen.

'No, by heavens, I always pocket every thing I take without liberty,' said Jane. 'When one runs the risk of being popped into the Tombs, I think she ought to have all she gets.'

'Well, so be it, but I think you will find him too cunning for you in that particular,' said Ellen. 'I can contrive some plan to steal that article hereafter.'

Adriana now entered the room, and they all burst out into a loud laugh.

'How's your heart this evening, dear sister?' asked Jane.

'O, it beats prodigiously,' replied the pale faced, heartless girl, laughing.

'Dear daughter, you ought not to leave your room, for I expect the doctor soon,' said old Lize, breaking out into a loud laugh.

'O, dear mother, I will go back before he comes,' replied Adriana. 'Do you think the air in this part of the house will injure me?'

A roar of laughter was the reply to the heartless girl's question. Thus these women talked and laughed until the doctor rung the door bell. Ellen immediately absconded and Adriana scampered to her room. Mother Trott and her lovely daughter waited until the servant ushered in the doctor. He entered with beating heart; for he was about to try an experiment full of interest to him.

As he entered Jane and old Lize rose to receive him.

'My mother, doctor Boyden,' she said, running to meet him and shaking his hand.

'Good evening, doctor,' said old Lize extending her hand very gracefully. 'I'm happy to meet you, please to be seated, a fine evening.'

'Take a seat upon the sofa, doctor,' said Jane, ready to burst with laughter.

He sat down as Jane directed him and she took a seat on the same sofa, while old Lize gracefully sank into a mahogany rocking chair. They made a most interesting trio. Three such wonderful characters seldom assemble together in one room, Jane and old Lize were dressed in superb style. They certainly did

look like mother and daughter and of the upper ten too, June had used the paint most skillfully, and a violent perspiration could not have changed the smoothness and hues of the pretended mother's cheeks. The truth is, they had made their toilet with good taste and remarkable skill. The doctor looked at the mother, and she gazed at him. The door leading to an adjoining room was left partially open, where Ellen stationed herself as a listener, occasionally she obtained a glimpse of his face, and the blood would boil in her veins. Her feelings may be imagined by one who had been treated as she had by him, but they never can be described. She stood there trampling in every muscle and grating her teeth like one in madness, the shock was a powerful one, but the hope of seeking revenge kept her from sinking under the pressure.

'I'm informed by my daughter that you have had much experience in diseases of the heart in foreign countries,' said the mother.

'I have, madam, had a long, and perhaps I may say without being considered vain, and a very successful one.'

'O, the consummate liar!' said Ellen within her own excited heart. 'How I should love to pounce upon him and tear the flesh from his cheeks and his eyes from their sockets! But he must be made to suffer more than that!'

'I have a daughter who has been sometime troubled with a disease of the heart,' said old Lize.

'I understand so,' he replied, assuming a very wise look.

At that moment Ellen's eyes were fastened upon him and she could hardly restrain herself. To do so, she was obliged to turn away from beholding him, for the sight of his face kindled the fires of hell in her soul.

'Now I must frank and inform you that I'm very particular who I employ as a physician in my family. Death has made great ravages in this house, taking away a son and daughter and removing a dear husband from the sight of my eyes into the land of darkness and silence.'

'Well, old Lize is quite as pathetic as he used to be when he stood in the pulpit and talked of the fine blooming damsels who would be found in the ball room one night and in their graves the next,' said Ellen in her own heart.

'I commend you for the exercise of such prudence,' he replied. 'It is the duty of a mother to see that her daughter's health and lives are not placed in unskillful hands. Many a lovely daughter and promising son have been hurried down to a premature grave by employing empirics who know nothing about the organization of the human system, and if it were possible, even less of the nature of disease to which all flesh is heir.'

'I like your sentiments much,' she replied.

'I told you, dear mother, that you would be pleased to employ the gentleman,' said Jane, gazing fondly upon the quack.

'The thing works admirably,' thought Ellen. 'All play their parts well. How I should love to rush into the room and stand before him with a dagger gleaming in my hand! He's a coward, no doubt, all such scamps prove themselves cowards when their courage is brought to the test.'

'Your daughter seems to have confidence in me, and I hope and believe you may not be

disappointed in any trust you may commit to my care,' he said.

'I don't know as I have any reasons for such apprehensions, but the life of a daughter is very precious in the sight of a mother,' she replied. 'I understand you have been employed by some of the first families in London.'

'I have, dear madam, and most successfully too,' he replied. 'You must pardon my frankness and seeming want of modesty. A physician who has practised in the hospitals of Europe and been called to visit professionally the best families in the largest cities of the old world would not be likely to feel any of that false delicacy or excessive modesty which physicians of a more limited practice and experience might reasonably feel.'

'Hear! hear!' mentally exclaimed Ellen. 'Did ever any body hear such consummate insinuation before? Gracious God! I must silence that lying, boasting tongue ere it deceives and destroys any more victims, by distilling its moral poison.'

'There is much reasonableness and truth in your remarks,' said old Lize, almost ready to split her sides with laughing. 'Jane too had excessive hard work to control her countenance on the occasion, but both of them managed with much adroitness and skill.'

'I would not urge to see your daughter, for I never obtrude my professional services on any one,' he said. 'I believe I know much about the diseases of the heart, and it would be strange if I did not after the almost unlimited practice I had before I crossed the broad Atlantic.'

'The broad Atlantic!' repeated Ellen to herself. 'The broad-Atlantic forsooth. Would to heavens you were at the bottom of it, and being devoured by sharks!'

'I think you told me you once cured a duchess in London of the heart disease,' said Jane, glancing towards the door and catching one of Ellen's eyes as she stood peeping into the room.

'I did, and after some of the most celebrated physicians of London had pronounced her case incurable,' he replied.

'That must have given you a great reputation in London,' said old Lize, while a concealed smile lurked in her eyes.

'True, all the papers spoke of it in terms of great praise, and in consequence of it I had many calls into the higher families,' he replied.

'O, the methodist parson!' thought Jane. 'My God! I shall burst with indignation!' Her feelings were so intensely excited that several times she was almost upon the point of bolting into the room and exposing his devilry on the spot, and punishing it too most severely.

'And why did you leave such a brilliant and profitable practice?' asked old Lize.

'That question was somewhat embarrassing, for it seemed to imply a suspicion on the part of the rich mother that he was, what in fact he really was, an empiric. But he kept on a bold face and cudgelled his brains for an answer.'

'True, my dear madam, I'm not surprised that such a question suggested itself to your mind,' he replied. 'But I became fatigued with excessive practice and had a curiosity to see young and growing Americans, I might have remained in London or Paris and worn

myself out there, in the services of the rich and noble of the land, but then I should never have seen what lies upon this side of the Atlantic. I'm not sorry I tore myself away from my old associations, for my mind needed rest from its labors.'

'You did well,' she replied. 'And it is quite probable that the Americans will yet rejoice that you formed such a resolution. I'm perfectly satisfied to have you not only examine, but also to prescribe for my daughter, according to your best skill and judgment.'

'There, I'm so glad!' exclaimed Jane rising from the sofa and even slapping her hands. 'Adriana will be cured now, I have every reason to believe. I will go and tell her.'

And away the shrewd girl ran out of the room under a pretence of communicating the joyful tidings to her sister.

'You must excuse my daughter for appearing so enthusiastic, for she dearly loves her sister and most ardently desires her restoration to health,' said old Lize, turning her head to conceal a smile she felt coming.

'O, she's quite excusable,' he said. 'I like to witness such developments of sisterly affection. It is one of the most pleasing pictures in our world.'

'Some how or other Jane seems to feel quite confident that your skill will be the means of restoring her sister to health again,' she said.

'I hope that confidence is not misplaced,' he replied.

'I should not wonder if Jane was more pleased with you than you may be aware of,' she said, looking rather archly at him.

'I dare say, madam, she's not so much pleased with me as I am with her,' he replied smiling.

'Well, well, doctor, I always let my daughters suit themselves,' she said.

'By heavens, old Lize plays the cards well,' said Ellen within herself.

The anxious mother now led the way to her daughter's chamber, followed by the almost overjoyed doctor. Ellen quickly moved to her other listening post which had been previously prepared by her. Adriana sat in a richly furnished room, gently motioning herself in a rocking chair. As the doctor entered she cast upon him a pair of very modest blue eyes, Jane was standing by her side. Old Lize introduced the doctor very gracefully and even tenderly, for she wished to appear quite sensitive in the sick chamber of her daughter. Sitting down by her side, he felt of her pulse and looked exceedingly wise.

'Well, doctor, don't you think my heart is very much diseased?' asked Adriana in quite a feeble voice.

'Your circulation evidently points in that direction,' he gravely replied, for he now assumed a gravity and wisdom becoming the responsibility of his position.

'Do you think her heart is quite as bad as the duchess you cured in London?' anxiously inquired Jane.

'I think the disease has not made so much progress in your sister's case as it had that of the duchess to whom you alluded,' he answered. 'However, if it had been left much longer without the appropriate remedies, the cure might have soon defied the power of medical skill.'

'Then you think you can help my daughter,' said old Lize.

'I have not the least doubt of it madam,' he replied, while the excited Ellen Grant stood

with her ear to a door slightly ajar, listening most intently and cursing the hypocrite in her heart. Suffice it to say that after a long examination of the case and talking very learnedly upon it, he prepared lots of powders done up neatly in bits of clean white paper, and paraded several small vials containing brilliantly colored and highly perfumed liquids upon the table. He proceeded with much apparent caution and great gravity as if the life of his patient hung upon a slender thread and the least mistake in his practice might fever it and his lovely patient drop into an early grave. Having passed a long evening in the rich chamber and parlor, he took his leave feeling sure of becoming allied with a rich aristocratic family. Such a time as these women had after he was gone, we have no room to describe. The reader, however, can imagine it.

CHAPTER XV.

HOW A DOCTOR REASONS.

It was the opinion of the widow Watson that Catharine's ride with the doctor did not materially benefit her health, and Lingo and his beloved, had no doubt upon the subject, for they expressed their qualified opinion that she rode altogether too far.

The fond mother was not so fully satisfied as her servants were, for she did not like to make up a decided opinion until she had consulted the pious Hooker. One thing was quite certain; Catharine had been more sad and sorrowful since the ride than she was before. But the widow, wishing to look upon the bright side of the picture, flattered herself that low spirits were not always symptoms of bad health. She had catechised Catharine, but the latter continued to say, and with truth too, that riding did not hurt her. Now, Mrs. Watson was not one of the most observing women in the world, if she had been, her suspicions might have been excited that doctor Hooker was not that pious humble Christian he assumed to be, but the credulous and loving mother would as soon have suspected an angel in heaven of being given to licentiousness as the pious Hooker.

Lingo and the cook confidentially talked the matter over quite often, and sometimes expressed opinions adverse to the doctor. Lingo was quite a logician in his way, and when he once got an idea in his head he was very apt to follow it out in every possible ramification, turning over and looking at it as a thing capable of as many forms as Proteus. Ever since he saw the doctor kiss Catharine, the impression it made upon his mind at the time, had not only remained but deepened every day, until it had become quite a bug bear.

'Now,' said he to the cook, several days after the ride. 'I didn't like the kiss which I seed the doctor giving to Missus Catharine, and I like it less and less de more I tink ob it.'

'It was an unbecoming ting in de doctor when he hab a wife and children,' she replied.

'It was too long atogedder!' said he. 'You don't tink he could be gibbing her medicine wid his month, do you, Janingo?'

'Why, Lingo, how you 'spress yourself,' she replied, almost blushing, and laughing out of the left corner of her mouth.

Lingo cocked his right eye very knowingly, but made no other reply. She admired his wit, at the same time she exhibited a specimen of her extreme delicacy. She did sometimes

take the notion into her head of being very modest, and he did not admire her the less for that. Lingo loved vanity of character and disposition, especially such as the cook often displayed.

'You hab, Lingo, some berry odd notions about doctoring,' she continued.

'I tink doctor Hooker has too,' he replied. 'Now, can you tell dis child why he kiss Missus Catharine so long when she so sick? I should'n't tink she could breathe de vital atmosphere when she so hemmed in by de doctor's face and whiskers.'

The cook shook her sides as if she was never so tickled in her life, and Lingo joined in most heartily. The doctor wore an enormous pair of whiskers which fact ought to be known in order that the pith of Lingo's remarks may be fully appreciated. Not being able to raise any whiskers himself he was rather inclined to ridicule those appendages on other men's faces. Now the cook sometimes secretly wished that Lingo could grow a little more wool on his face, for he was almost as beardless as a North American Indian.

'And what you tink make missus so sad and solemnly?' he continued.

'Dere Lingo, you got me,' she replied. 'Dat question I can't answer, she does seem solemnly, dat's a fac. I seed her dis morning soon arter she riz from de bed, and her beautiful blue eyes looked kinder red like as if she had been weeping more dan sleeping.'

'Ah, dear Janingo, dat means more dan meets de eye as de poet say,' he replied. 'Missus Catharine no hab sich red eyes once, until she be tended by doctor Hooker. Do you tink he gib her de medicine dat make red eyes?'

'Why, Lingo, I nebber hear of sich medicine in de whole course ob my life,' she replied.

'I should'n't wonder if he hab some pills dat make de tears come,' he said.

'Dis nigger tasted of one once so bitter dat it made him cry.'

'Dey be bitter tings, and I nebber take 'em,' she said.

'No, I hope not, for I should feel sorry to see de dear white of your lubly eyes turned all red wid de bitter tings. Ah, something de matter wid her.'

'May be she feel better one ob dese days,' she replied.

The bell now rang, and Lingo hastened to his mistress.

'Lingo, I have almost a good mind to send you after doctor Hooker,' said the widow. 'I went into Catharine's room a few moments ago and found her weeping. I hav'nt scarcely seen the doctor to speak with him since he and Catharine rode out, for when he comes he hurries up to the chamber, stays a little while and then hurries away again without giving me a chance to speak to him. He says he has very rich patients who demands his immediate attention.'

'Dat be berry strange,' replied Lingo. 'De doctor ought tell de modder how de daughter get along, dat's a fac. We be sorry, dat is, myself and Janingo, dat Missus Catharine so down hearted. Don't missus tink she hab too 'ong a ride todder day?'

'That's what I wish to consult the doctor about,' she replied. 'It seems to me Catharine has not been so well since she rode out, but I presume doctor Hooker knows.'

'Yes, de doctor be great man, but de best

miss it sometime perhaps,' he answered. 'Me hear you say dat maxin I tink you call it todder day.'

'True, Lingo, the best may sometimes miss it, but I tink doctor Hooker is a learned man and knows all about the human system,' she said.

'I spose he do know ebbery bone in de cody as plain as Janingo de pies in de pantry,' he said.

Lingo was very careful not to let his mistress know his real opinions, or rather, suspicions, for he dared hardly think, much more say, that the doctor was a bad man. While they were thus talking the doctor arrived, and, stopping hardly long enough to pass the compliments of the day, he hurried up into Catharine's chamber.

'Me saved de trouble of going now,' said the servant. 'The doctor be in great hurry, dat's a fac.'

'He does indeed seem so, but I must see him when he comes down and ascertain how Catharine is,' she replied.

'Why don't missus go right up to de chamber and see?' asked Lingo.

'I have heard the doctor say he did'n't like to have any one present when he visits his patients,' she answered. 'I suppose it kind of confuses his mind to have others present when he's examining the sick.'

'I spose it does,' said Lingo, always agreeing with his mistress, apparently if not in reality. Lingo now left the room and the widow waited for the doctor, determined to make inquiries about her daughter's state. When the doctor entered the chamber he found his patient in tears and much troubled in spirit. She sat in a rocking chair.

He approached her, and taking her hand said, 'Why, dear Catharine, those tears?'

'You know,' was her laconic, but significant reply.

'You must cease to weep, or your mother's suspicions will be excited,' he said, manifesting great anxiety. 'My character and your reputation depend upon your prudent and discreet management. Not for a world must any thing be divulged.'

'But hav'nt we done very wrong?' she anxiously inquired, while the tears started afresh into her eyes, and her bosom heaved with strange emotions.

'Granted, but let us not make the affair worse by our indiscretion and imbecility,' he replied.

'O, doctor, my mind troubles me more than the disease of my body ever did,' she said, in a voice of trembling. 'Would to God, your skill had not cured me! And then I might have died an innocent, virtuous girl, but now O, my God, I dare not even think of the terrible future!'

'For Heaven's sake, for our own sakes, do not entertain such feelings!' he replied. 'Dismiss your fearful forebodings, dry up your tears and be calm. Every thing depends upon your prudence and discretion. We may have done wrong, but Heaven and the holy angels can bear me witness that I love you as woman was seldom ever loved before! It is that love which has driven me on with a mighty impulse I could not resist. The first time I was united to your bedside a new feeling was born in my soul—a feeling no other woman ever awakened in my breast! Whence came that feeling? It must have emanated from the source of all good, I attempted to shake it off, but there

was the hand of a special Providence in it, and I could no more get rid of it than I could tear my heart from my bosom and still live. The great wrong I have done is not in loving you, but marrying a woman whom I did not and could not love. God and my own soul bear me witness! I obeyed the unreasonable commands of my parents and therein lies the great error of my life. But God never forsakes those who love him. Disease has fastened itself upon my wife, and herein I clearly see the evidence that God is good and just to all his children. I shall use my best skill to cure my wife; for it is my duty to do so, but medical skill cannot reach her case. She must die and that before many months have passed. Nay, she may not live a single month. How strange and marvellous are the ways of Providence? At the same time I was called to visit you on a bed of sickness, disease began to attack my wife! It seems to me I can see the great design of Heaven in all this. I was obedient to my parents and consequently have lived without the enjoyment of domestic peace and happiness, but my reward is yet to come, thanks to a kind, overruling Providence. I have suffered as the angels can testify, but there is mercy in store for me as the events of Providence will yet show.'

Delivering himself of the above speech in a very impassioned and earnest manner, and gazing steadily into the deep blue eyes of Catharine, he sealed it with a warm and passionate kiss upon her quivering lips. Like a shock of electricity it passed through her system, seeming to give her new life and energy to bear up under her trouble.

'And you will marry me when your wife dies?' she said, in a tremulous voice.

'Before high Heaven I solemnly promise!' he replied. 'No other thought has entered my mind from the beginning of our acquaintance.'

How strangely is the mind sometimes influenced in this world of temptation and wickedness. No one can question the goodness of Catharine Watson's heart before she came in contact with this consummate libertine. And even after that the kind hearted and benevolent reader will feel disposed to throw the broad mantle of charity over her faults. The course of reasoning adopted by this heartless villain was all wrong, and he knew it. Such logic ought not to have convinced her of his innocence, or justified herself in the course she had taken, but charity will be ready to find many excuses for her, while none can be found for him. It will be borne in mind by the reader that in all his vile proceedings he recognized the hand of a good Providence. That was in keeping with his assumed religious character and well calculated to warp her judgment. She had felt great trouble because her mother had determined that she must marry Edwin Gordon, a young man whom she could not love. The doctor knew this and told her how much he had suffered from obeying his parents in a case similar to hers. Now he lied when he said his marriage was brought about by his parents, for there was no truth in the statement, but he did not lie when he told Catharine he did not love his wife. He did not love her then, but he thought he did when he married her, and probably he did as well as he could love any woman, but such a hypocrite could not love one woman long. He had loved his wife and wanted to be

rid of her. No doubt, if his wife had been dead, he would have been willing to wed Catharine, for he had a very strong passion for her, but how long that passion would last is another question. By his wily, artful, and false logic he succeeded in calming the fears of his victim, and made her believe that the Fates had ordered all for the best. And what is stranger and more unaccountable still, he had succeeded to some extent in quieting her conscience. There can be no doubt but he had won her affections, for he set himself about that work the very moment he began to doctor her. Taking advantage of her weak nerves, and while he was drugging her with his medicines, he commenced his hellish work of seducing her, and how well he succeeded in his efforts has already been shown.

When he entered her chamber and found her in trouble and tears and her conscience doing its work faithfully, he was at once convinced that a severe task was before him, and therefore he buckled on his armor and bent all his energies and ingenuity to the work. His case was no easy one to argue, but he did argue it with a power and skill worthy a better cause.

'You will now I hope and trust endeavor to conceal all from your mother at present, for you know my will and desire,' he continued.

'I will,' she replied, gazing fondly upon him. 'I will not let mother see my tears again, and if I must cry I will do so in secret.'

'I shall rely upon your promise,' he answered, preparing to leave and again imprinting on her lips a kiss. 'There, remember that seal of our love, and do not shed another tear. There is much happiness in store for us. Heaven bless you.'

And he left the room, better satisfied than when he entered, for he believed he had secured his victim and got her within his power. After descending to the parlor where the mother was, he passed on until she stopped him.

'O, doctor, how did you find Catharine?' she anxiously inquired.

'Doing very well,' he replied. 'Her general health is decidedly better and improving.'

'But why is she so low spirited?' she said. 'I found her in tears not long ago. There must be some cause for that, and I am anxious to know what it is. Catharine would never grieve herself unto tears without sufficient cause, for her flow of spirits has always been remarkably good.' Do doctor, tell me and relieve my heart of the burden which now weighs it down.'

'Certainly, madam, you have a right to know, and surely I'm not disposed to withhold any information from you that is within my power,' he answered.

'I know you would tell me,' she said. 'And of course you know the cause.'

'I trust I do,' he replied. 'There are two causes for her low spirits, and the first is her liver is somewhat affected. The liver madam, is a very sluggish organ, and when it is diseased the patient is more or less low spirited. The lungs may be even seriously affected and yet the patient be quite cheerful, but not so when the liver becomes diseased. The organ has a strange and mysterious effect upon the spirits, but you need not give yourself any alarm, I have prescribed a remedy for her complaint which is sure to have the desired effect and that very soon too. I even found

her improving before I left her chamber. You may rest assured that your daughter is doing well.

'I'm glad to hear it,' she replied. 'But what is the other cause of her low spirits? You have a remedy for that I hope.'

'That comes more peculiarly within your province than within mine,' he answered.

'Why, doctor, what do you mean?' she asked, staring at him with intense feeling.

'Miss Catharine does not love young Gordon quite so much as she ought to become his wife,' he replied. 'But of that you can judge as well as I.'

'I think I can,' she answered. 'I know she feels somewhat opposed now but she will feel differently one of those days. Edwin is a nice young man and loves her dearly and devotedly.'

The doctor said no more, but departed, leaving the silly mother in the belief that a diseased liver was the principle cause of Catharine's low spirits. She was rejoiced that it was no worse, for she believed the doctor's skill would effectually heal up her daughter's liver and once more set her spirits flowing in their usual channel.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MULATTO GIRL AND HER POWER.

EVER since his first professional visit to the widow Trott's interesting family, doctor Boyden felt as if he was indeed riding a very high horse. Common men and women could not come within a boat-hook's length of him. He was always pompous and haughty enough even when he was preaching the Gospel of peace under the banner of methodism, but now he swelled and strutted prodigiously, for he felt sure of conquering Miss Jane Trott, whether he effected a cure of her sister's heart or not. There was but one drawback upon his pleasures and that was Tom Turner. There was quite a curiosity in him to learn more of the history and character of that antique individual. It seemed to him, but why he could not tell, that Tom knew him, and yet he hoped he did not, for he flattered himself that not an individual in the city knew him unless Tom did. He was determined, if he again met Turner, to catechise him and see whether he had any knowledge of him by report or otherwise. It is true that Tom gave him more disquietude than every body else. He thought Tom acted rather strangely when he met him with that little girl, still he was disposed to attribute his singular conduct to his naturally singular character. Having studied the science of human nature a great deal and become, as he thought quite a master in it, he was unwilling to let Tom pass without a more thorough examination of his character. Tom appeared to him a singular specimen of humanity, such a specimen as he never before encountered. The fact of his coming so unceremoniously into his office without any apparent motive had a tendency to excite his suspicions, to say nothing of his peculiar conduct while there. But if Tom did know him, or even had been acquainted with him in his psalmist days when thundering into the ears of sinners from the sacred desk, or whispering soft things to the sisters at love-feasts, he had the flattering notion to his soul that he should become the son-in-law of the widow Trott before Tom could materially injure his character or reputation. Once connected with that family he could defy all assaults upon his character from

such a source as he thought, hence his anxiety to drive his courtship with Jane, with all diligence. Thrice had he visited the heart-diseased Adriana, and his ministrations appeared to be attended with a success far beyond his most sanguine hopes and expectations. There was an evident change for the better in the pulsations of her heart, and Jane's he thought improved daily, the former growing more moderate and the latter much accelerated. He began to believe that a patient's faith and confidence in a physician was better than 'drugs and medicines.' And well he might indulge such a belief, for he knew that he had not given Adriana any doses which had virtue in them. All he did was to give her stuff which he knew could not hurt her. Thus far he had performed his part well, but the Trott folk were more than his match in their kind of quackery—for every one, from old Lize down to the slender, pale-faced Adriana, acted their parts in this drama with unsurpassed skill and adroitness.

The last time he visited his patient the crafty Jane whispered in his ear her wish that he would come every day, saying that her mother and Adriana also would like it. Such a request from such a source greatly pleased him, and made him believe that Jane was quite uneasy when he was absent, a very sure sign of increasing love in his estimation. He also began to feel uneasy when he was not in the presence of the artful Jane. Every thing was progressing swimmingly in his opinion, and Ellen Grant entertained a similar opinion. She hated however to know that he felt so grand and happy, but she consoled herself with the reflection that the higher he was raised the more severe would be his fall at last.

One evening just as twilight began to shroud the city with its softness, he was sitting in his office and contemplating a visit to his patient. In fact he had risen and taken his cane for that purpose when a negro girl entered, apparently twenty years of age, and perhaps somewhat older. She wore a bright yellow calico dress, a fiery red shawl and a gaudily colored handkerchief bound round her head in the form of a turban which occupied the place of a bonnet. Her form was very symmetrical and her motions quite easy. She was not black enough for a full blooded African, nor did her features indicate that she was. That European blood was flowing in her veins there could be no doubt, but whether one half, or more, was not so easy to determine; at any rate she would be called quite a handsome mulatto girl in any place, and the doctor so considered. His impression was that she was a servant of some wealthy family and had been sent by her mistress to give him a call in the line of his profession. And he farther and very naturally concluded that his good fortune was owing to the good name the widow Trott and her daughters had given him in the higher circles where they moved. Coming to such pleasing conclusions, he treated the mulatto girl with becoming propriety and asked her to be seated, which polite request she complied with it. The room was rather dark, but hardly dark enough to require a light, so he did not strike one.

'Good evening,' she said, in a voice which betrayed fear or anxiety.

He returned the compliment and took a chair at some little distance from her.

'I suppose your name is doctor Boyden, is it not?' she asked.

'That is my name,' he replied, beginning to feel quite anxious to know what was to come next, and gazing upon her through the twilight.

'I'm glad I found you in your office,' she said. 'My missus is quite sick, and sending your advertisements in the papers she asked me to come and see you, and talk with you about her case.'

'But what can you know about her case?' he asked.

'O, sir, she has told me all about it,' she replied. 'We came from the South a few weeks ago and missus is taken quite unwell.'

'Then why didn't she send for me?' he inquired.

'She's afraid to on account of her husband,' she replied. 'Massa is dreadfully opposed to employing doctors who publish such long advertisements in the papers. He says such are always quacks I think he calls them.'

'Your master may be right, but there are some honorable exceptions to all general rules,' he answered. 'I'm from a foreign country. But what complaint is your mistress suffering under?'

'O, sir, she has a severe pain in her side and her heart flutters very much at nights,' she answered. 'Master thinks she will get over it before long and does not consider it necessary to employ a physician at present.'

'It is very strange that he should have such notions,' he said. 'Why your mistress might die in one of these palpitating spells, if she don't have some prescription.'

'That is just what she fears,' she replied. 'Massa is a great strong man and never is sick, and missus says he thinks nobody else can be sick.'

'I have been acquainted with just such men,' he replied. 'They always make cruel husbands. Then your mistress wishes me to prescribe for her, does she?'

'That is what I came for,' she answered. 'If your medicine does missus good, she will try to prevail on massa to send for you. She's now in a very bad way in my opinion. I told her she ought to have sent to a doctor before now. The palpitating of the heart is a very bad complaint, is it not, doctor?'

'It is indeed, but then if taken in season by a physician who understands it, a cure may be easily effected,' he replied.

'O, sir, I'm glad to hear you say so, for I wouldn't bear to lose my missus she's such a kind woman,' she said. 'Will you prepare some medicine for her?'

'With the greatest pleasure,' he said, mixing a liquid and pouring it into a small vial.

It was made very pleasant to the taste and contained a few drops of laudanum. He was sometime compounding it and making it agreeable to the palate.

'Tell your mistress this medicine I'm compounding is my own preparation,' he said. 'I have used it for hundreds of cures of palpitating of the heart in London and Paris with the most complete success. It is to be taken in small doses.'

'I'm so glad missus sent me here,' she exclaimed, seeming to be much rejoiced.

'There is a little laudanum in it which she may taste or smell, but the most powerful of the ingredients can be neither tasted nor smelt,' he said. 'You will tell your mistress so.'

'O, yes, sir, I will,' she replied. 'But how much and how often must she take it?'

'I was going to write the directions but you can remember,' he said. 'Let her take a teaspoon full on going to bed at night, and a half a one before breakfast in the morning. Be particular to remember the directions, for these are very important.'

'O, I never forget any thing in which my good missus is interested,' she replied.

'Is your master rich?' he asked, thinking about his fee.

'O, very rich,' she replied. 'He owns a large plantation and three hundred slaves.'

'I suppose you are a slave,' he said.

'One of his house servants,' she replied, intending to convey the idea to him that there was a distinction between a house servant and a field slave.

'Then you fare pretty well I conclude,' he said, shaking the vial and thumping the end of it upon the palm of his hand.

'O, very well indeed,' she replied. 'My father was a white man.'

'I presume so,' he said. 'I knew you could not be a full blooded African.'

'I'm no better in the sight of heaven for having white blood in my veins,' she said.

'Perhaps not, but you look better for it,' he replied, giving her the small vial. 'There remember the directions, and I should be pleased to hear from your mistress again and know how my medicine operates.'

'O, sir, you will,' she said. 'And I have no doubt you will be called to visit her. Will you be so good as to tell me what o'clock it is, I'm afraid I have been gone too long. Missus told me to return soon as possible.'

He took out a fine gold watch and told her the time.

'O, what a beautiful watch!' she exclaimed. 'Let me see it. It looks just like the one my missus wears!'

He handed her the watch, she looked at it a moment and thrust it into her bosom. He was perfectly astounded at her movement, and knew not what to make of it. And he was still more surprised when she began to leave his office.

'But stop!' he said moving after. 'You are not going to carry off my watch are you? Besides, you have not paid me for the vial of medicines!'

Turning round and facing him with a wild look, she dashed the vial upon the floor and scattered its contents about the room.

'There!' she exclaimed. 'That is the place for all quack medicines!'

His first thought was that she was suddenly seized with a fit of insanity, but he soon learned to his sorrow that such was not the case.

'You stare with wonder,' she continued. 'But listen, Francis Dermot, thou vile hypocrite, and consummate quack! Hear me and tremble! The flames of hell are already kindled which are to torment you without end!'

He did tremble as she had commanded, but more on account of hearing his true name pronounced than for any thing else. He was so petrified with fear and astonishment that he had completely lost the power of utterance and stood before her trembling in every joint as if she was the Accusing Spirit sent from the unseen world to call up his manifold sins to his memory.

'Ah, you tremble!' she continued, laughing wildly and speaking in a voice of unearthly tones. 'Yes, tremble, as you were wont to

make the weak sisters when you stood in the pulpit and mocked high heaven with your hypocrisy.'

He was so overcome by his own emotions that he sunk into a chair.

'You call for this watch, do you?' she continued, taking it from her bosom and gazing upon it. 'How came you by it? Poor deluded women gave it you. And did you not promise to give it to Ellen Grant? Speak, thou hell-deserving hypocrite.'

'Do you know her?' he asked, convulsively. 'Is she in this city?'

'No matter where she is,' she replied. 'I know her well, and this watch shall be worn in her bosom as a memento of how desperately wicked and horribly depraved a man can become! What think you became of your child who gave birth to in the hour of her deepest sorrow? Is your memory good or has it lost all trace of your deep depravity?'

'Speak and tell me if Ellen is in this city?' he exclaimed in terrible agony.

'Why don't you ask if your child still lives?' she asked. 'Why ask for the ruined mother and pass over your child? The brutes of the field love their offspring and care for them? Are you worse than the brutes that perish? O, miserable man! Beware, or you yet may meet a terrible fate!'

'I never saw the child,' he said in a voice of trembling. 'Does it live?'

'True, you never saw it because you left your victim before the child was born,' she replied. 'But it did breathe and looked out upon the world and found no father! It died, and the cold clouds press heavily upon its bosom. Its spirit has gone to heaven where you can never go.'

'I freely acknowledge you know some portions of the history of my life,' he said.

'Yes, portions enough to sink a score of souls to perdition,' she replied. 'If there are other portions as bad as those I have known, eternity will not be long enough to punish you.'

'Give me back the watch and I will give you twenty dollars in money,' he said.

'Twenty dollars in money!' she repeated, in much contempt. 'Don't you remember the silly women whom you led astray raised a hundred dollars to buy this watch? Ellen Grant has said so. Twenty dollars, forsooth! Ellen wants the watch and she must have it, it has been promised her. Now, give me twenty dollars or I will expose you to the whole city.'

The sweat poured out from every part of his skin and stood in large drops upon his forehead. Who the negro girl could be, or how she obtained so much knowledge of his character he could not divine. However, he concluded that Ellen must be in the city and was watching his movements.

'Be not too cruel,' he said, in an imploring voice. 'Give me back the watch and I will pay you fifty dollars, and that is all the money I've got in my office.'

'You have heard my demand,' she said. 'Refuse to comply and ere tomorrow's sun shall sink in the West, your true character shall be published to the whole city. Do you understand. The watch Ellen, the abused, insulted and neglected Ellen, must have, and twenty dollars must be paid to me or you know the consequences.'

She hurried him and threatened to leave

and expose him while he was sweating and deliberating.

'Quick!' she said. 'Or by heavens I leave you to your own destruction!'

Nervously he thrust his hand into his pocket and handed her twenty dollars, which she took and departed from his office, leaving him to most bitter reflections. How sadly his spirits had fallen within a brief space of time. A half an hour before and he was in the height of his happiness, but now he was sad and disconsolate. But his anticipated marriage to an heiress revived his drooping spirits, and he hurried to visit his patient and pay his devoirs to Jane. He felt the loss of his watch most severely, but he felt the strange manner of its loss much more. If he could have been assured of never meeting that negro girl again, he could have well borne the loss of his favorite watch, but he was fearfully apprehensive that she might appear to him again. His guilty conscience made a coward of him. At one moment he wished he had shot her down in his office, but again he rejoiced that he had not perpetrated the rash deed. Most bitter were his thoughts while hurrying along on his way to visit his patient.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW SOME MOTHER'S ACT WHO HAVE SONS AND DAUGHTERS TO BE MARRIED.

Mrs. Gordon's carriage drove to the door and she alighted and ran bustling into the widow Watson's house, bearing some wonderful news.

'O, Mrs. Watson,' said she. 'My son Edwin has found a beautiful Italian name for your dear parrot! He spent two whole days in looking over his classics before he found one that suited his taste, Edwin is very nice and particular in his literature! Don't you think he contemplates writing a novel? If he does, I dare say it will create quite a sensation in the literary world, for he says it shall be classical in all its parts. It is his opinion that a great deal of the writing now-a-days will not bear the test of criticism, because it is not classical enough. Many now write even novels who don't scarcely know a word of either Italian or French. How can such illiterate people write a novel fit to be read? By the way, how is dear Catharine to-day? I have been so anxious to hear from her! I understand doctor Hooker thinks she's much better. She was somewhat low-spirited two or three days after her ride, but I think you told me that was owing to a slight affection of her liver, and that he would cure it soon. Has he given her any medicine to remedy that trouble? O, I long to see Catharine out again, bright and cheerful as she used to be before she was taken down with sickness. I think you told me that your servants were courting. That's often the case with servants. They are never so attentive to them. Sometimes I have a good mind to have none but men servants in my house, but then they might be running out to the neighbors who keep female help. There seems to be a difficulty any way. Well, we must put up with it I suppose. O, I forgot! Edwin thinks you would be a good person to give a name to the novel he's going to write. He thought of giving it some French name, but is afraid that would not make it sell so well as an English one at this age, for some of

the French novels are not so good as they ought to be. Edwin says they have a bad moral tendency, and he knows. He intends his book shall be high toned in its morals and classical in its style, for he says such an American novel is very much needed now. I think he called it a desideratum which means the same as desired, for he looked out the word in his large dictionary last evening. He will certainly commence writing soon, and I hope you will give his book a name.'

Thus she ran on for nearly a quarter of an hour, without scarcely taking breath, or giving the widow an opportunity of putting in a single word, although she made several attempts to do so. Her mind was so much confused by the many questions Mrs. Gordon asked that she could not distinctly remember only what was said about the new name that had been found by the learned and classical dandy for her parrot. And that she would have hardly remembered but for her over-weening fondness for new names.

'What is the new name Edwin has found for my parrot?' inquired the anxious widow.

'I declare I can't recollect,' replied Mrs. Gordon. 'I intended to have made him write it down on a piece of paper before I came away, but he went out for a walk just before our carriage drove up to the door. But it is a very beautiful sounding one—it is so soft and liquid, I think he calls it.'

'Liquid!' repeated the widow. 'Liquid, why I fear my dear bird would drink it up!'

'Oh, no. He says that don't mean a watery name; but a smooth one. That which flows easily: like a brook gliding down the slope of a hill,' she said. 'These were his very words as near as I can recollect.'

'I now understand!' said the widow; 'O, I wish you could remember it!'

Mrs. Gordon cast her eyes upon the floor, pressed her forehead with the palm of her right hand, and remained some minutes in a deep study, while the widow was every moment expecting the announcement of the much desired new name for her parrot.

At last she broke the silence and said. 'It is quite impossible for me to call it up in my memory. It sounded something like—there, I can't tell what it sounded like! It is strange that it has so entirely escaped my memory. Well, Edwin will tell you what it is. He never forgets such things.'

'I hope he will call soon, for Catharine is well enough to see him now,' said the widow.

'He must come this very evening,' said the mother of the hopeful son. 'Don't you think Catharine will love him?'

'She must love him,' said the widow. 'Our families must be more closely united.'

'Yes, and no matter how soon,' replied Mrs. Gordon. 'We must have a splendid wedding so that the whole city shall talk about it and the newspapers speak of it too. O, it will be a glorious time. And then the bride and bridegroom must come to our house the next day when I shall give a great party.'

'That will be an excellent movement,' answered the widow.

At that moment Catharine entered the room much to the surprise of the excited mothers.

'Why, Catharine!' exclaimed her mother. 'I didn't know you had left your chamber!'

'Dear me,' said Mrs. Gordon. 'How natural it seems to see Catharine once more in the parlor. You feel much better to-day, don't you dear? I am really glad to see you. O,

how Edwin will rejoice when he learns that you have left your chamber! He feels very anxious about you. He said he didn't sleep well last night, he thought so much about you. O, Catharine, let me tell you that he has found a new name for your mother's dear parrot, but I can't remember it. And didn't you know he was going to write a novel? Won't that be grand? Yes, he means to become an author. O, that will give him a great name, don't you think it will dear?'

'That will depend very much on the character of the book,' replied Catharine, feeling absolutely disgusted with her foolish tirade about nothing.

'Indeed it will,' answered Mrs. Gordon. 'He will write a charming and classical novel, for he has got the learning for it. O, I long to see it published! He says he means to commence writing it this very day, and I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he was this very minute in his studio writing and preparing his plot. He calls his chamber his studio. That he says is a Latin word. It is strange how he could have treasured up so many words in his memory! But then he's all the time studying even when he's out promenading. I have no doubt but he has long had it in his mind to write a novel, but he never told me of it until recently. He's going to have some engravings for it too, illustrating, as he calls it, some of the most thrilling scenes in the work. O, I long to see the pictures!'

'I hope he will succeed well in his contemplated enterprise,' said Catharine.

'Thank you, dear Catharine,' replied the excited woman. 'No doubt he will succeed. He must let you read some of the manuscript before it is published. Edwin writes a beautiful hand: it is as plain as print. He was considered the best penman in his class.'

'I should rather see it after it is printed,' replied Catharine, becoming sick of the woman's eternal gabble, and resolving to tell her she could not love her son.

Since doctor Hooker's last interview with her she had felt a stronger necessity of letting her feelings be more distinctly known. The artful doctor exercised a tremendous influence over her. She was now completely within his power, for she felt that her virtue was gone and that her reputation would be ruined in case she did not marry him.

'Your health is so far restored now that we may talk of your's and Edwin's marriage,' said Mrs. Gordon. 'Your mother and I have just been conversing about it. We intend to have the most splendid wedding that ever took place in the city, and I mean to get up a party worthy the occasion. I don't see any necessity of putting it off much longer. I think Edwin could write his novel much better if he were married, he would be so much happier than he is now.'

'Mrs. Gordon,' said Catharine in a tone of voice which could not be well mistaken by any body else except these anxious, excited mothers. 'I do not love your son.'

'O, dear me!' exclaimed Mrs. Gordon. 'You may think so now, but you can't help loving him.'

'I know I don't love him,' said Catharine.

'It is the vulgar and those who have no money that talk and think so much about love,' replied this silly woman. 'Having nothing else they think they must have that. Why, dear Catharine, when I married my husband I didn't really love him more than I did many

other young men, but then he was rich, and I love him now. So it will be with you and Edwin.'

'I dare not run the risk of marrying a man whom I don't love in the hope of loving him afterwards,' answered Catharine.

'Nonsense, child!' said her mother. 'Edwin is a nice young man, and our families ought to be more closely united. When thus united we can be the first in the city. Think of that, Catharine.'

'Yes, think of that!' repeated Mrs. Gordon. 'Think of that! Only think how many young ladies in the city would envy you.'

'I have no desire to be envied,' replied Catharine.

'No wish to be envied!' said Mrs. Gordon, gazing first on the daughter and then on the mother. 'Did you ever! not wish to be envied? Why, dear Catharine life would be dull and insipid if people didn't envy us. Don't you think so Mrs. Watson?'

'Surely I do,' replied the widow. 'I love dearly to have people say. "What a fine dress Mrs. Watson has, what a splendid carriage and beautiful horses she owns, and what a magnificent house she lives in." Such things give a fresh enjoyment to life.'

'There, your mother has expressed my feelings exactly,' said Mrs. Gordon. 'To live and not be talked about, nor make the vulgar stare would be a dull life for me. Why, dear Catharine, you must be more ambitious.'

But all such appeals to Catharine were in vain. She felt as if there could be no enjoyment for her in such things. To doctor Hooker and to him alone she looked for happiness. Beyond him she did not look, and all this side of him was dark and gloomy. If she once possessed any such ambition as Mrs. Gordon talked about, it was all gone from her now. Loving her seducer she had no higher ambition than to throw herself into his arms and hide her shame from an unfeeling world. O, how she wished for the speedy death of his wife, if God had marked her for the grave. She dared not wish it only upon such conditions; for she was not yet so depraved as to desire the death of any. But if Heaven had decreed the death of Mrs. Hooker, she cared not how soon it came. The artful doctor had impressed upon her mind that disease had marked his wife for the grave, and that it was a special interference of Providence to reward him for the sacrifice he had made in his early life. True, it was a singular and dangerous course of reasoning, but the deceitful Hooker had, to a great extent, succeeded in making her believe it, and she now looked to the death of his wife as an occurrence essential to her happiness. He had played a deep game from the commencement of his acquaintance with her. But few libertines had ever played a deeper one, considering the circumstances under which she was placed: Catharine Watson did not naturally possess a corrupt heart, and if she had loved Edwin Gordon, or if her mother had not pressed her to marry the young dandy, knowing she could not reciprocate his affection, she might have been saved from the influence of such reasoning as the doctor practiced to lead her astray. From all this mothers may learn many lessons of wisdom, and forbear to press their daughters into marriages where love is wanting, merely for the sake of gratifying their ambition or cherishing their aristocratic pride. Catharine like

thousands of others, was made what she was by the force of circumstances, and a little more wisdom in her mother might have saved her from such a sad fall. The very course of reasoning which these mothers adopted, was enough to spoil any daughter and poison the moral powers of her nature, although they might not be very corrupt, yet they were heartless and silly. Their views of human life were all wrong, for they derived no pleasures from these sources, which always yield pure joy to the wise and virtuous. To be envied by others was their chief source of pleasure, if such a feeling can be called pleasure. Favored by fortune, they were rich, and knew no joys but such joys as riches afford. Poor specimens of what mothers ought to be!

'Well, if mother does express your feelings, she does not mine,' said Catharine. 'Your son Edwin may be learned, become an author, be kind and good, and I may respect him for all those qualities, but I never did love him, and I'm quite sure I never can.'

'No doubt you think so now, but we have experience in such matters and consequently know more than you do,' replied Mrs. Gordon.

'Yes, Catharine, you ought to think of that,' said her mother. 'We have been young like yourself, and know what life is, from experience, and surely we know how to advise you. You know we would not advise you to any thing which would make you unhappy.'

'Then do not advise me to become the wife of one whom I do not love, for that makes me unhappy indeed,' replied Catharine. 'I have always told you I could not love Edwin so much as I ought to become his wife, and now I tell you so more strongly than ever. Drive us into a marriage and you will make us both miserable for the remainder of our lives.'

'I know Edwin can never be unhappy with you,' replied Mrs. Gordon. 'He loves you dearly, and how then can he be unhappy?'

'He must possess a strange heart, if he could feel happy in the society of a woman who he knew did not, and could not love him.'

'Ah, dear Catharine, those are such notions as the poor and vulgar entertain,' answered the silly, proud, woman. 'You can't help being happy when you will live in such style, and perhaps accompany Edwin to some foreign court, for it wouldn't be at all surprising if he should be sent there by the government, on account of his great knowledge of the languages.'

'Yes, Catharine, only think of being the wife of an ambassador to the court of Paris or London,' said her mother. 'How you would be gazed upon, and admired and envied under such circumstances? Strange you don't think of all these things! It seems to me you grow less ambitious every day.'

'It seems so to me also,' replied the dandy's mother. 'There isn't a girl in the whole city whose prospects are so flattering as yours. Why Edwin may be talked about all over the world as Shakspeare is, after he has written his novel. Depend upon it, Catharine, there is a great deal in Edwin's head, and every body thinks so who knows him. He's quite young yet for one who knows so much, and every day he's acquiring more knowledge. O, my dear Catharine, you will think differently I hope when you come to see Edwin. It has been some days now since you have seen him'

He will call soon and tell your mother the name he has found in his classics for your mother's parrot.'

After delivering herself of a much longer speech than we have room to record. Mrs. Gordon took formal leave and was driven home. She was by no means discouraged by what Catharine had said, for she still believed her son would soon marry her. The widow was discouraged, for she had set her heart upon Catharine's marriage and believed it would take place ere many months elapsed. How absolutely ridiculous some mothers make themselves!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WAY NOVELS ARE WRITTEN.

'HAVE you commenced your novel yet?' asked Mrs. Gordon, entering the studio of her darling son Edwin soon after her return from the widow Watson's.

He was busily engaged in writing at his fine mahogany desk and had just completed the first twelve lines of his contemplated novel, after severely taxing his brains for more than an hour. Paying no attention to his mother's question and being deeply absorbed in his new enterprise, he read aloud to himself the following: 'It was a splendid day in the month of leafy June when nature had put on her summer robes; the air was clear and balmy, and not a cloud appeared to darken the azure sky which was hung overhead like a silken curtain; soft twilight just began to fall upon the earth and cast its faint shadow upon the green banks of a beautiful rivulet that issued from the distant mountain side and came murmuring along a fertile valley below where the meadow grass grew luxuriantly and gently waved in the coming breeze, the bright stars came out one after another in the blue firmament, and at last, to crown the lonely scene, the full moon arose in its silver splendor and threw her bright beams over hill, dale, streamlet and lake, when a superbly and richly dressed lady of symmetrical form and lovely face, radiant with heavenly beauty, came riding along on a high mettled and dapple grey charger.'

The excited mother stood and listened with breathless attention, while her son, the future great novelist, read the above lines over three times with his pen behind his ear, and his face flushed with the excitement of the composition. He did not notice his mother, nor design to cast one look upon her until he had finished the third reading of his lines; then he looked up, smiled, took his pen from behind his ear, dipped it into his ink-stand and placed himself in an attitude to write. A smile passed over her face, and she remained silent, for she would not disturb him for worlds. He sat in that attitude some time while the mother was intensely anxious to hear the scratching of the pen upon the paper, but the novelist had evidently got against a stump, for his ideas would not flow. It seemed his hand had run out, and not another word was written upon the paper. Again he read what he had written, hoping, perhaps, that would start some new ideas, but if he did indulge such a hope, he was destined to disappointment.

'O, how beautiful are those lines!' she exclaimed. 'I know it is the beginning of your contemplated novel, for it sounds just like a

novel. Mr. James, the great novelist of London, always begins his in the same way.'

'Then you like the beginning, do you mother?' he asked, again attempting to add some more lines, and again failing in the attempt.

'Like them, my dear son!' she repeated, laying her hand upon the crown of his feverish head. 'Who could help liking them? It is the most beautiful language and tender sentiments I ever heard! But my son, you mustn't write too much at one sitting. It may injure your health. You've now composed enough for a whole day, especially in the beginning of your novel. You must take time and not fatigue your mind.'

'Why, mother, I have been less than two hours writing this, and haven't been obliged to copy it but three times!' he replied, taking out his watch and looking at the time.

'Dear me, is it possible?' she exclaimed, bending her head and taking a nearer view of the remarkable exordium of his forth coming novel. 'I should think it would take you a whole day to compose so much and so well too. I wonder what Catharine Watson would say, if she could hear it read?'

'Have you seen her, mother?' he asked, in a voice that told how his little tender heart felt when he heard the mention of her name.

'I have,' she replied. 'She is quite well now, and her mother and I have been talking about your wedding and planning out the splendid times we shall have on the occasion.'

'O, mother, I wish I could be married soon, for I could then write my novel better,' he said.

'There!' she answered. 'Just what I told the widow Watson as I live! We must hasten on your marriage soon as possible.'

'I thought of dear Catharine when I was writing about the beautiful lady who was riding that dapple grey horse just as the full moon arose,' he said.

'It is love that gives you inspiration,' she said. 'You couldn't write so if you didn't love Catharine, think you could, Edwin?'

'I don't think I could mother,' he replied. 'Love fills my mind with fine ideas and my heart with tender sentiments.'

'Put that down on the paper, for it is a beautiful sentence and no doubt it will work into your novel somewhere.'

'So it will,' he said, writing down the words, and then reading them aloud.

'O, it is capital!' she said. 'You must always have pencil and paper ready so when you say any thing beautiful from the inspiration of the moment, you must write it down.'

'I will do so, mother,' he answered. 'I have said enough when I have been conversing with Catharine to make nearly a whole novel.'

'No doubt you have,' she said. 'When you talk with her again you must put down what you write.'

'I will, and some things which she may say,' he answered. 'Catharine used to utter some beautiful sentences before she was sick.'

'More than she does now,' said the mother, while the conversation she had recently held with her came fresh into her memory.

'What does she say now, mother?' he asked.

'O, a good many things,' she replied forbearing to tell him all the girl said lest his feelings might be wounded. 'Catharine's sickness seems to have changed her very

much, for she don't want to get married very soon, but her mother will see to that. She will convince her of her errors. And I reckon I said some things to her she will not very soon forget. But we mustn't talk too much, now you have commenced your novel. My son, go out and walk awhile. It will do you good after so much intense study. Take a pencil and paper with you, and perhaps some thoughts will occur to your mind worthy to be written down.'

Edwin was an obedient son, and did as his mother requested. He went forth and entered the Park where there were crowds of people enjoying the playing of the fountain and inhaling the fresh breezes. While gazing upon the sparkling waters of the fountain, a thought struck him. He sat down upon one of the benches and began to write. The thought was so shadowy and resembled so much the recollection of a dream, that he could not grasp it so as to write it down just in the form it passed through his head. While he was laboring hard to catch it and put it on paper, Tom Turner came along, bearing in his arms his beloved Fanny and showing her all the sights. Seeing Edwin thus engaged, and knowing him to be a dandy from his dress, he thought he would have a brief conversation with him.

'Approaching him,' he said. 'Very much engaged—describing the beauties of the Park perhaps, for some newspaper—a very praiseworthy employment—put into the article that the poor enjoy the fresh air of the Park more than the rich, for while the latter can take their carriages and ride into the country, the former have no place to flee to but the Park and Battery.'

Edwin looked up, and eyed Tom from hat to boots, but made no reply, supposing from his plain dress, that he was hardly worth noticing. Tom understood his feelings, and was determined not to let him off so easily.

'You are well I hope,' continued Tom. 'Or did you come here for fresh air to strengthen a feeble constitution?'

'I'm engaged in writing a novel,' replied Edwin. 'And would not be disturbed.'

'Indeed!' said Tom. 'Perhaps, I could supply you with materials. I have seen humanity in almost all its forms.'

The young novelist began to feel an interest in the conversation, thinking he might obtain some information from plain dressed Tom. Fanny too now arrested his attention, for she looked exceedingly beautiful.

'Is that little girl yours?' asked Edwin.

'She is mine till some one calls who has a better claim to her, for I bought and paid for her,' replied Tom.

'Then she's not your daughter I conclude,' said Edwin.

'A very wise and just conclusion,' replied Tom. 'Who her parents are is more than I can tell.'

'That's very strange,' said Edwin, thinking that the story of the little girl might be a good foundation for his novel.

'No more strange than true,' said Tom. 'I found the little creature at the Five Points with a cross woman in a very hungry state. I have thought of a good name for your novel. A good name will often sell one edition of a bad novel. At that moment two well-dressed fellows apparently fifteen years old commenced fighting but a short distance from where he stood.'

'Protect this child a few moments, and I'll

put an end to that fighting,' said Tom, sitting Fanny into his lap and running towards the fighters who were pelting each other according to their best pugilistic skill. Without ceremony Tom ran between them and separated them out of each other's reach, holding them at arm's length with perfect ease.

'There—fight now,' said Tom. 'If ye can. Look at each other's face and see what lovely countenances ye have. Did ye ever see two young roosters bristle up and try to spar each other?'

The angry lads first looked on each other and then upon the peacemaker. They struggled to clear themselves from his grasp, but their struggles were in vain, for he held them fast and still until they began to grow good natured. Tom was so calm, and so strong and looked so pleasant that they could not resist all these combined influences. At last they burst out into a loud laughter, and thus ended the affray. The cause of their sudden quarrel was a trifling one, and being thus handled by Tom, they felt ashamed and then covered up the whole matter with loud and hearty laughter, not a very unnatural ending of a quarrel, considering all the circumstances after all. The young fellows thanked Tom and went off together laughing. Tom returned to Fanny who was quite uneasy at his absence. The dandy managed very well and taxed his ingenuity to keep her quiet.

'A pretty good incident for a novel,' said Tom. 'They know I wished them no harm, and they couldn't well resist that influence. If I had shown anger they might have kept mad a good while, and perhaps fought again after I let them go.'

'I should'n't have dared to go between them as you did,' said Edwin.

'You're not so strong as I am,' replied Tom. 'I could hold four of them as well as two, if I could grasp them. The fellows didn't mean any hurt, but for a short time they were almost drunk with anger. To be drunk either with rum or passion injures the constitution and temperament of any one.'

'Don't you never get mad?' asked Edwin. 'Never!' replied Tom. 'I regard my own happiness too much for that. A man is a fool to get drunk or yet mad.'

'But your name for my new novel?' said Edwin, thinking more of that than every thing else.

'Fanny, or the Lost Child,' replied Tom.

'That is a pretty name,' said Edwin, writing it down.

'I suppose you mean to have a good deal of love in your novel,' said Tom.

'O, yes, I must have much of that,' replied Edwin.

'True, you must, but have you any experience in love affairs?' asked Tom. 'A man can't write without experience upon any subject very well.'

'O, I have been in love nearly two years,' said Edwin, in all the simplicity of his heart. 'That's very well,' replied Tom, reflecting upon his own case. 'An experience of two years must give a person a good many ideas.'

'But the girl I love does not love me,' said Edwin.

'Then indeed you must be a very strong attachment,' replied Tom, smiling at the frankness and simplicity of the would-be novelist.

'Ah, it is so, and her mother says the girl shall marry me,' said Edwin.

'The mother may be kind to you, but is she not cruel to her daughter?' asked Tom.

'O, I think not, for she will love me after we are married, my mother says.' She's a very handsome girl and you would say so if you should see her. She's the widow Watson's daughter, an only daughter too.

'All very well, but let me tell you it is dangerous to marry a girl who does not love you,' said Tom, very seriously. 'I never would do that. How do you know but she may love some one else? That's an important question for you.'

'I will ask her the next time I see her,' replied Edwin, gazing upon Tom as if he had suggested a new idea to him.

'I would do so, if I were you,' said Tom. 'If she don't love you and never will any one else, then there might not be any danger in marrying her, but I should want to know all about it beforehand. Perhaps she or her mother consents to the marriage because you're rich.'

'She's rich too,' said Edwin.

'O, very well, if you are rich all round you may get along about as well in such matters as the rich generally do,' said Tom.

A little more conversation passed between them and Tom and Fanny passed along. He admired the simplicity of young Gordon, but he was strongly impressed that he would not produce a novel which would create much sensation in the world. He thought he had never encountered before just such a character as this young dandy. Generally dandies were quite obnoxious to him, for he considered them worse than useless, but he was so far favorably impressed in relation to Edwin Gordon that he was unwilling to pronounce him worse than useless. That he was a useless thing he had no doubt, but more than that he would not lay to his charge. The young novelist, after pencilling down several ideas which Tom suggested, left the Park and went home. Tom walked on with Fanny in his arms, thinking that it might be possible he might meet her father or mother. He frequently adopted this course and watched the countenances of men and women as they looked at Fanny, imagining that he could give a pretty good guess, if he should happen to meet either of her parents.

In his wanderings he went past the house where aunt Betty Barnes lived. She saw him coming some time before he came opposite her house and kept her place at the window, hoping he would turn up. But he slowly passed on, so that he could not discover her form, but he did see, as he cautiously turned his eyes, the top of her head, forehead and eyes projecting by a pane of glass in the side of the window. She saw his eyes and gradually withdrew so much of her head as was discoverable, for she did not like to be seen by him peeping in that manner. It was right for aunt Betty to look at him, and we are not prepared to condemn her for feeling as she did. Let those condemn who never perpetrated a worse trick. If she was wrong, then Tom was wrong too, for he turned his eyes towards the window for the same purpose as she peeped behind it. There was more true love in those slight glances than is found in many a palace. Their eyes saw, and their hearts felt. Such love may be sneered at by the proud and aristocratic, but it forms, after all, the basis of true domestic bliss. It gives more real joy than all the riches of the world and its honors

to boot. And if Tom Turner had been asked the question, he would have expressed a similar opinion. Some how or other, aunt Betty's heart fluttered whenever she saw a man carrying a child in his arms. Such is the power of association of ideas. Tom passed on and soon reached the widow Penrose's house. To her he faithfully narrated the incidents of the afternoon, all save his seeing aunt Betty's eyes. That was a secret exclusively belonging to himself.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN INTERVIEW IN WHICH SOME FEAR AND MUCH CURIOSITY IS EXCITED.

Doctor Boyden, ever since the mulatto girl visited him and took his money and watch under such embarrassing circumstances, was exceedingly troubled in his spirit. He was in constant fear lest Ellen Grant herself should confront him next. That she was somewhere in the city and had her eye upon him he had much reason to believe. It seemed strange to him that she employed a negress and did not appear to him in her own person. A thousand conflicting thoughts confused his mind and pressed his heart. He had become so hardened in sin that his conscience did not much trouble him, but his great trouble arose from the fear that he might be exposed before he took Jane Trott before the marriage altar. To be thus connected he thought would secure him against any contingency and arm him for any emergency, therefore he hurried his marriage with a zeal hardly corresponding with good policy or becoming propriety. He had proceeded so far with his courtship as to extort from his beloved Jane a confession that she dearly loved him and could not be happy without him. The pretended mother too occasionally throw out sly hints that he had won the affections of her daughter. He did not deny the fact, but intimated that his love was quite as strong as hers. Old Lize would smile on such occasions and look very wise, never giving him any reason to doubt but that he had secured her approbation as well as the love of her daughter.

He could not have wished for better progress in his courtship, and it would have been entirely satisfactory to him, if it had not been for his fears of exposure through the agency of the mulatto girl. This fear induced him to urge matters so much that Jane and all the inmates of the establishment were tickled almost to death.

'We've got him just where I want him,' said Ellen Grant, one evening after he had been urging Jane to prepare for the wedding soon as possible. 'His disease is of such a nature that bleeding will do him good. His fever runs high and frequent blood-letting will have a decided beneficial effect upon him. True, we have bled him some, but not half enough. I shall never be satisfied so long as a single drop remains in his veins.'

Ellen's figure of speech meant money and not blood, although she was fully ripe for letting the red current out of his veins, but she wished to get all the money he had first.

'Think the fellow has much money?' asked old Lize. 'He may be rather poor, although these quacks pick up a good deal from the credulous and superstitious.'

'O, I think the scoundrel has money, and by heavens I'll draw it out of him by hook or

by crook," replied Ellen. "He owes me more than he's able to pay and I'm determined to get all I can."

"We'll divide all you get equally between us four," said old Lize.

"No," replied Ellen. "That is too bad, for I have been the great sufferer by him and ought to have one half at least. I will consent to the division of the other half between the mother and her two daughters."

"I shall be satisfied with that," said Jane.

"You the greatest sufferer!" said Adriana, addressing Ellen. "I should think the patient was the greatest sufferer. Only think of the suffering occasioned by the heart disease."

"True, but then the doctor has almost cured you of that," replied Ellen, laughing.

They all laughed and finally agreed to Ellen's proposition. This was right, for she was the master spirit of the whole concern, although the others played their parts with much skill and shrewdness. Jane exceeded the expectations of Ellen, and the latter promised her a reward, in case every thing came out as they fondly anticipated. They were now on the full tide of successful experiments, and their prospects were growing brighter and brighter every day. Ellen believed that she was in a fair way to get her revenge, and felt as happy as such a character could feel happiness. It was a kind of negative joy at last, for all her capacity for true enjoyment had been destroyed and her moral powers corrupted.

The more the artful quack reflected upon the mulatto girl the more suspicious he was that Tom Turner had some agency in the transaction, although he had seen him but three times and didn't know he had any other name but Tom. His fears of exposure increased every day, and his suspicions of Tom along with them. Seeing Turner pass his office one afternoon but two days after the mulatto girl appeared to him, he called him in. It so happened at that time that Tom was without Fanny in his arms, although he seldom went out unless she accompanied him. Tom readily came in and sat down.

"You'll excuse me for calling you into my office, but as you called to see me some time since I thought I would renew our acquaintance," said the doctor.

"Make no apology," replied Tom, looking at him rather sharply. "I never make apologies myself, or wish to hear others make them. I'm happy to see you. How do the patients call? I suppose you find business."

"I have quite as many calls as I had reason to expect," replied the doctor.

"I conclude so, for a great many of the people think more highly of those things brought from a foreign country than they do of those manufactured at home, and especially of physicians who have been educated in Europe."

"That may be true," replied the doctor. "And perhaps, therein they show their wisdom, for surely physicians have better opportunities to acquire medical knowledge in an old country than in a new one. Don't you think so?"

"It is possible," replied Tom, looking rather shy as if he might doubt whether the doctor ever saw Europe or not.

Boyden didn't like the expression of Tom's countenance at all, nevertheless he artfully concealed his feelings and appeared not to notice him.

"I think it is not only possible, but also very probable," said the doctor. "There are many

more hospitals in Europe than in this country."

"I suppose so, but do you think there are as many quacks in London as there are in New York?" asked Tom.

Boyden suddenly started, but soon recovered his balance. His suspicions of Tom were every moment being strengthened and confirmed. Tom, noticed his temporary embarrassment although he did not seem to notice it. So far the doctor was glad, yet he feared it was all Tom's cunning.

"I confess I cannot answer your question for I have not been long enough in this city to enable me to know," answered the doctor. "There are a great many empires in London and I presume there are here, for such creatures always infest large towns and cities."

"I think they do," was Tom's brief reply, cocking his left eye while a faint smile passed over his face. The doctor was upon tender hooks, but he preserved his equilibrium as well as he could, beginning to regret that he called Tom in.

"I suppose you have lived in this city many years; perhaps born here," said the doctor, gazing upon Tom and watching every motion of his countenance.

"Several years, but I came originally from the country, some distance from this," replied Tom.

"You are not a professional character I conclude," said the doctor.

"Your conclusion is correct if you mean by professional character, either lawyer, doctor or minister of the gospel," replied Tom, smiling.

It seemed to Boyden that Tom placed more emphasis upon the words, minister of the gospel than upon any other words, but he was not positively sure. It is not at all surprising that he should have such an impression.

"If you would not consider it impertinent I might ask what your business is," said the doctor.

"And if I did consider it impertinent I suppose you would not ask me," replied Tom.

"Certainly I should not," answered the doctor. "However, men are not generally ashamed of their business, if it is a legal and proper one."

"And sometimes they are not ashamed when it is not legal or proper," said Tom.

The doctor winced, for he thought Tom was pointing at him; at any rate, he was apprehensive that such was the fact.

"That is too true," replied Boyden. "Men are sometimes exceedingly bold in their iniquity, and none are more bold and unblushing than quack doctors."

"Except perhaps, hypocritical ministers of the gospel," replied Tom.

The quack again winced and more than ever. With all his tact and power of self-control, he could not for the moment conceal his embarrassment. He verily thought that Tom was acquainted with the history of his life, and wished he had never seen him. It seemed to him that Tom and the negro girl had conspired against him and that he must buy his peace at whatever sacrifice.

Tom noticed his embarrassment, but did not fully understand the cause. Of one thing however, he was quite certain, that is, he was now convinced that he was conversing with a quack of the worst stamp, and meant to follow him up. Tom entertained a poor opinion of quacks and considered them no better than thieves and robbers. Having now, as he believed, found

one of artful and dangerous character, he was disposed to ferret him out.

"I don't know but you are right in making such an exception," said the doctor, after taking some time to reflect on what answer he should make.

"You have seen such characters in the course of your travels have you not?" asked Tom, assuming a wise and somewhat mysterious look.

"I have," replied Boyden, in a voice of trembling, for, some how or other he had somewhat lost his power of self-control. There was something in the character of Tom which he dreaded, and yet could not fathom it.

"Did you ever preach the gospel?" asked Tom.

"Why do you ask such a question?" anxiously inquired the ex-divine, manifesting great symptoms of anxiety and alarm in spite of himself.

"O, nothing, only ministers sometimes leave preaching and take up doctoring," replied Tom, being really suspicious that Boyden was one of those characters.

"Then that was your only object," said the doctor, feeling a little relieved.

A cunning look and a peculiar cocking of the eye was Tom's reply. The doctor became more and more alarmed, and every moment was losing his self-control. Tom let him work believing in the doctrine that it was best to see the operation of one dose and note its effects before administering another. That was good policy on the part of Turner, but exceedingly bad for the quack. Boyden breathed hard, and the sweat began to appear in large drops upon his forehead. He was evidently laboring under some violent emotion as Turner thought, and therefore he let him sweat.

"I believe the fellow knows the history of my life," thought the doctor. "It must be so, or he would not ask such questions, or assume such peculiar looks. I must do something to buy my peace now. I wonder if he has any connection with that mulatto girl? He must have, and no doubt has intercourse with Ellen Grant, and perhaps he may know some other incidents in my life. That child he carries about and fondles so much! I must do some thing, or my marriage with Jane Trott may be blown to the four winds of heaven!"

Such were some of the thoughts that distracted his mind, troubled his soul and almost upset his philosophy. A guilty conscience sometimes not only makes a coward of a man, but also becomes the instrument of his exposure, destroying all self-control and revealing things which otherwise might remain secret. It was unfortunate for Boyden that Turner had such knowledge of human nature. Had he been less skilled in such science it would have been much better for the quack.

"You have not told me your employment," continued the doctor, trying to give another turn to the conversation, and breaking the silence which was growing more oppressive every moment.

"Taking care of little Fanny now employs some portion of my time," said Tom, smiling.

Again the doctor convulsively started as if another sharp instrument had been thrust into him. Tom couldn't understand it all, but he was confident the doctor's heart was corrupt and thought he ought to be showing his influence, for in his opinion such a man might do a great deal of mischief.

"And is that all?" inquired the doctor, still trying to keep his balance and drive away his fears.

"Not all," replied Tom. "I go about seeking objects of distress and misery, and endeavor to relieve them. And neither is that quite all. I study the human heart and expose sin whenever I find it, whether in low or high life, among the rich and learned as well as among the poor and ignorant. All these I do in a humble quiet way. I never mount up into the pulpit."

"There, there!" interrupted the doctor. "Where did you ever know me?"

Tom was now satisfied that Boyden had once been a minister of the gospel and had forsaken the holy vocation for quackery.

"There are quacks in the pulpit as well as among the faculty," continued Tom, without regarding the doctor's earnest question, or seeming to notice it at all. "And there are hypocrites in all professions."

"You have known me," said Boyden. "And where did you first hear of me?"

"I know you now and that's enough," replied Tom.

"Do you know a girl by the name of Ellen Grant?" anxiously inquired Boyden.

"A person must not always tell all he knows," replied Turner, beginning to suspect that Ellen Grant might be the mother of Fanny.

"True, but you can answer me that question," said the doctor, impatiently.

"Tell me if she is the mother of the little girl you have seen me carry, and then I will tell you whether I know Ellen Grant or not," said Tom.

"O, no, she is not," replied the doctor.

With all his shrewdness and adroit management Tom found that he had got upon the wrong scent, at least he had reason to think so from the doctor's manner and tone of voice in answering his question.

"You have answered me truly, have you not?" asked Turner.

"I have as heaven is my judge," replied the doctor.

"Then let me tell you, I never knew Ellen Grant, nor heard of her until now," said Tom.

"And do you know a mulatto girl who came to my office recently?" asked Boyden.

"I know several mulatto girls," replied Tom.

"But do you know that one came to my office a few evenings since?" asked the doctor.

"She never told me so," replied Tom.

"But did you send one?" continued the doctor.

"I never did, and for the first time I have just heard of it," answered Tom, smiling.

The doctor began to breathe more freely and to think he had very foolishly committed himself. How strange it now appeared to him since he had somewhat recovered his senses that he had been so bewildered and alarmed. However, he consoled himself with the reflection that he had not made an open confession of any one of his crimes. He regretted he had mentioned the name of Ellen Grant or alluded to the mulatto girl.

"Well, we have joked for some time, and I don't know as either is the wiser for it," said the doctor, determined now to pass the whole off as a joke and throw dust in Tom's eyes.

"Why, yes, we are some wiser for our conversation," replied Tom. "You have found

out my employment, and I have ascertained that you were once a preacher and that you are now a quack doctor."

"You may draw such inferences if you please but you'll find yourself much mistaken," replied the doctor, now fully resolved to brave it out, for he was really ashamed of himself to think he had permitted so simple a fellow as Tom appeared to be, to circumvent him.

"Perhaps I shall," answered Tom. "It is a long lane that has no turning, and a man is not wise who puts all his eggs into one basket."

"But what do you mean by that?" asked the doctor.

"No matter now," said Tom. "I must be about my business."

Tom left the office and the quack to his own reflections. Gazing after him as he departed, the doctor said to himself: "That is one strange fellow! What a fool I was! I came within an acre of confessing to him and buying him off. I have made, however, a lucky escape. He's nothing but a New York quack after all. But I am sorry I spoke the name of Ellen Grant."

Thus the doctor commenced with himself, while Tom went on his way saying to himself: "I'll find Ellen Grant, if she's in this city. There's some meaning in his alluding to her. Perhaps he has deceived me after all. She may be the mother of Fanny and he the father."

Tom's curiosity was much excited by this interview with the doctor.

CHAPTER XX.

THE STRANGE EMOTIONS OF A WOULD-BE AUTHOR.

EDWIN Gordon ran home from the Park after his interview with Tom Turner, and sought his mother, for the name Tom gave him for his novel pleased him more and more. He was anxious to communicate the fact to his fond mother and ascertain her views upon the subject.

"O, mother!" he exclaimed as he entered the room bearing in his hand the slip of paper upon which was written the name Tom had given and some other scattering thoughts. "I have got a name for my novel!"

"Have you indeed, my son?" she asked, taking the paper he held in his hand and reading it with a deep interest. "Fanny, or the Lost Child! O, what a splendid name! How could you think of it? If it were not so late I would call and see the widow Watson and let her hear it. She would be delighted with it!"

Mothers who have sons that have become authors can appreciate the feelings and emotions of Mrs. Gordon on this occasion, but others cannot, neither can they be described. She read the name over six times and repeated it aloud three times, then dropped her hand that held the paper and gazed upon her promising son with such emotions as but few in this world ever felt. The mother of Shakspeare could not have felt more ecstasy had she lived to know all her son's fame than Mrs. Gordon felt when she was thus gazing upon her hopeful dandy.

"Fanny!" she repeated for the fourth time. "What a charming name! It sounds better and better every time I repeat it. My son, let me hear you speak it."

"Fanny, or the Lost Child!" said the son, with indescribable emotions.

"More musical still to my ears!" she exclaimed. "How could you think of it?"

"It came from inspiration, mother," he replied, carefully concealing from her the source from which he derived the name.

"I believe it my dear Edwin," she said. "You must have it announced in the papers, that a literary gentleman of the city is engaged in writing a novel, called Fanny, or the Lost Child, which will be one of the most remarkable works of this age."

"Would you say in the paper who the author is?" asked Edwin.

"Not at first," she replied. "Let the people wonder for awhile, and have their curiosity excited. When our acquaintances inquire I can whisper in their ears who the author is; in that way it will soon get round."

"So it will, mother," he replied. "What will Catharine think?"

"O, it must make her feel proud!" she replied. "We'll not let her, or her mother know it until we show them the announcement in the paper. You must have it put into the papers to-morrow, the charge won't be more than ten shillings."

"I will write out the notice this evening," he said.

"Do so, and carry it to the printing office to-morrow," she said. "I long to see it in print! How the people will make inquiries! You must write in your best style. O, how glad Mrs. Watson will be! And Catharine too will feel strangely!"

"She must if she has any feelings in her heart," he replied. "Don't you think, mother she will love me more after she sees the notice in the papers?"

"No doubt of it, my dear son," she said. "She must have a heart of stone, if she does not."

Thus conversed the mother and her darling son. Edwin took a hasty supper and repaired to his studio, not however, until his good mother had cautioned him to be careful and not fatigue his mind too much. It might be interesting to watch the movements of this literary young man in his studio while he was cudgelling his brains to bring out a suitable manifesto of his forthcoming novel, but we forbear to intrude on his deep cogitations the result of which the reader may learn in due time. No matter how much or how little a man's pitcher holds, if it is only full, it is all the same. That the pitcher of young Gordon was full no one can doubt, and his mother's was running over. It was fortunate for this dandy that there was something to engage what little mind he possessed, if it had not been so, his love affair with Catharine Watson might have proved disastrous in its results. He was unquestionably a love-sick person, for he loved the widow Watson's daughter to the extent of his very limited capacity. True, his pond was shallow and of small compass, but then it was full. When such a limited body of water breaks its bounds and rushes through its embankments, it does not thunder nor tear up stately trees by the roots, but it leaves the bottom bare and the little fishes panting for breath in the hot sun.

The next morning the young author was seen hurrying towards the Tribune buildings in great haste. His notice was written and his dear mother's approbation secured. All his productions passed the ordeal of her criticism

before they met the public eye. He had labored on his manifesto until the solemn hour of midnight before the finishing touch was given to it. His mother did not retire until the work had been finished and she had inspected it. One thing may seem remarkable, and that is, his mother never made any additions, alterations or emendations in his compositions. She was always so much charmed with them, that she would not have a single word or even a comma changed upon any consideration whatever. In her opinion, the work was perfect when it came from under his hand. During the six hours he labored upon this notice for the Tribune, she sat in an adjacent room, one of her servants keeping some tea hot, and occasionally bringing up some for him to sip. She deemed such a course essential to keep up his spirits under such severe mental exertion. Such a mother is indeed worth having, a son cannot prize such a parent too highly. And be it said to the credit of Edwin, he dearly loved his mother.

The paper came out and Tom Turner in reading it happened to cast his eye upon the notice. Letting the paper fall into his lap, he laughed quite loud, yes, very loud for him, for he seldom only smiled, Fanny started and the widow Penrose threw up her spectacles upon her forehead and looked directly at him, believing that he must be reading something very remarkable or it would not make him laugh so.

"What in the world have you found in the Tribune this morning?" she asked. "Do read it that I may laugh too, if there's any thing very funny."

Tom read the following announcement:

"The citizens of New York, and the country generally, are informed that a literary gentleman of the city of fine genius and extensive erudition is engaged in writing a novel which will be published in due time, to be called Fanny, or the Lost Child. The public may expect a great work, one which will form a new era in American literature. The novel will be sent forth to the public soon as consistent with the magnitude of the enterprise."

"Fanny or the lost child!" repeated the good widow, while Fanny hearing her name looked and smiled. "What in the world does all that mean? You are not the gentleman of fine genius and extensive erudition, who is engaged in writing the novel, are you?"

"No, he's a dandy, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon," replied Tom, continuing to laugh.

"What, Edwin Gordon!" she asked putting down her spectacles and reading the notice.

"Well, I declare, if that don't beat all I have heard yet in Gotham!" "I know both him and his mother well. She's a silly woman, but she's rich, Edwin Gordon write a book! I should almost as soon think of Fanny's writing one. Why, he passed no examination at all, but then the college gave him a degree because his parents are rich. If they had been poor, he never could have had the honors of the college!"

"That's the way in this world," said Tom. "Money furnishes a passport for every thing, giving genius to a weak dandy, and rank to silly mothers. How much humbug there is in this world!"

"But how did the young man get that name," she asked.

"I found him in the Park writing, and gave him the name," replied Tom. "But I did not

expect to see it in the paper so soon. We live in a remarkable age."

"That explains it all," she said. "No wonder you laugh so loud. It is enough to make any one laugh. His mother is putting him up to this work, for I have heard her say that her son was a wonderful scholar, especially in the languages."

While these good persons were thus talking and innocently enjoying themselves, the would-be author was hurrying home from the Tribune office with a dozen or more papers. Such a moment of thrilling joy he never experienced before.

"O, mother, it is published!" he exclaimed as he came running into the parlor out of breath and throwing a bundle of papers in her lap.

He sank upon a sofa, apparently exhausted, while she eagerly read. Four times did she read over the famed announcement before she uttered a word. Never was mother's heart so full before. Dropping the paper into her lap she gazed upon the wonderful genius before her, and the feelings that swelled her bosom at that moment would fill a volume.

"O, my son, I did not once expect to see this!" she exclaimed. "How beautifully it reads! It sounds even better than it did in manuscript! I wonder what Mrs. Watson will say now? I must make her a morning call and you must go with me."

"And we shall see Catharine too," he said, in a voice full of trembling.

"Yes, and you must show her the paper and I will show it to her mother," she said. "O, Catharine must feel proud when she reads it! I know she will."

By nine o'clock that forenoon Mrs. Gordon's carriage was driven to the widow Watson's and Edwin and his mother alighted and entered the house, Catharine was in her chamber.

"Excuse me, my dear Mrs. Watson for making so early a call," said Mrs. Gordon, holding out a Tribune with a trembling hand. "Read my dear Mrs. Watson, read?"

"What shall I read?" asked the widow. "Any terrible news?"

"There, read that," said Mrs. Gordon, pointing to the important paragraph. "Read it, my dear Mrs. Watson, read it, and say if the language is not beautiful!"

The widow adjusted her spectacles and read with very marked attention. Then throwing her glasses back upon her forehead and gazing upon the hopeful son she said: "Is it possible? Who can be writing such a novel? O, I shall purchase it soon as it is published!"

The excited mother pointed to her son, but her emotions choked her utterance.

"What! who! Edwin!" the widow exclaimed, running and embracing him.

"It is he!" ejaculated his almost frantic mother. "It means Edwin! He is the author referred to!"

"I'm astonished!" replied Mrs. Watson, again reading the notice, with a deeper and more thrilling sensation. "O, what joyful news! I guess Catharine will now feel differently!"

"She must if she has a particle of pride or ambition in her heart," replied Mrs. Gordon.

The son sat listening and gazing with beating heart upon the two overjoyed mothers. He was almost carried up into the third heavens of bliss and ecstasy. His eyes were distended, his teeth set and his hands nervously clenched. He could not speak, emotions

so violent crowded upon him so fast. He was full and running over.

'How long do you think it will take him to write it?' asked the widow.

'I don't know, but he writes very easy,' replied his mother. 'How long, my son, before you think you can finish it?'

'In less than two months,' he replied, in a voice choked with agitated feelings.

'Dear me, how fast he can write!' exclaimed the widow. 'A whole book in less than two months! How impatiently I shall wait?'

'And so shall I,' replied his mother. 'I'm afraid he will injure his mind.'

'That's just what I was thinking of,' said the widow. 'O, Edwin, you must be cautious and leave off writing soon as you feel fatigued.'

'I wrote that notice before I arose from the desk night before last and did not feel much fatigued,' he replied. 'It comes natural to me to write.'

'Did you ever?' exclaimed the widow, staring upon the mother of that genius.

'No, I never did,' replied Mrs. Gordon.

'And the world never did! I sat up all the time he was writing for fear something might happen, a blood vessel break or his mind become shocked, but he passed through it all without receiving any injury; didn't you, my son?'

'O, yes, mother, I could have written all night,' he replied.

'There, hear that!' said the mother. 'And all the refreshments he had was an occasional cup of hyson during the whole time.'

'And I could have written it without the tea,' he said, throwing his right leg over his left and swelling out his chest.

'Only hear!' said the excited mother. 'How strong his mind must be!'

'It must indeed!' replied the widow Watson. 'O, now, I think of it! The name for my dear parrot.'

'Yes, Edwin, that beautiful Italian name for Mrs. Watson's dear parrot,' said the mother.

'The young man cast his eyes upon the rich carpet and appeared in a deep study for some time, while the mothers were anxiously waiting.'

'It has now gone from my memory,' he said, rubbing his forehead and looking wildly about the room. 'I can't remember it now.'

'No wonder, since he has been so deeply engaged upon his novel,' said Mrs. Gordon.

'It is a wonder that he can remember any thing except his novel.'

'I think so too,' replied the widow. 'Well, perhaps he will recollect it one of these days.'

'I told him to write it down, but he said he could always remember words, and so he could if he had not been so much engaged on his great work,' said his mother.

'No matter now,' said the widow. 'I must call Catharine from her chamber.'

'Yes, I want her to read the notice,' replied Mrs. Gordon. 'We'll let Edwin show it to her.'

The widow now called her daughter and Catharine very reluctantly came down and entered the parlor. The girl had the marks of sorrow upon her countenance, but she endeavored to conceal them and appear cheerful.

'Good morning, my dear Catharine,' said Mrs. Gordon. 'I'm glad to see you and I guess some body else is too.'

Edwin rose with a paper in his hand and greeted her. They shook hands but her shake

was feeble. There was no cordiality in it, but he was so excited that he did not notice it. He gave her the paper and pointed to the notice of his forthcoming novel, but he was silent while she read. What an intense moment for the lover! And how anxiously all felt save the fair maiden? She read the notice, and then looked at Edwin. His heart leaped into his throat, and it was with much difficulty he spoke.

'I'm the one who is writing the novel!' he said, in trembling accents.

'Yes, it is Edwin!' said his mother.

'Indeed!' replied Catharine, feeling sick at heart instead of being overjoyed as he and the two mothers hoped she would be. 'Then your son intends to become an author.'

'Yes, and how excited the people will be when the book is published,' replied Mrs. Gordon.

'I hope he'll succeed in his first attempt at authorship,' said Catharine, showing a kind of indifference which alarmed the excited mother.

'You don't have any doubts about it I trust and believe, do you?' asked Mrs. Gordon.

'I don't think so much of novels as some persons,' replied Catharine, going to the window and looking out into the street.

'Why, dear Catharine, your sickness has destroyed all your ambition I fear,' said the author's mother.

'It may be so, but it has not destroyed my love for your son—'

'There, I knew she would love him,' interrupted Mrs. Gordon.

'You did not hear me through,' replied Catharine. 'I was about to add when you interrupted me these words—for I never had any, and never can have.'

A shock of electricity could not have startled more, that did the finishing of that sentence. It seemed to Edwin that he should sink through the floor, and the two mothers stood like statues. A few words from the lips of that almost ruined girl dashed their cup of bliss to the ground. Feeling so much wrought up themselves in anticipation of the event which was to make Edwin famous in the literary world, they fondly thought the same feelings would animate her heart. Alas! what ups and downs there are in human life.

How trifling the causes that sometimes change the whole course of our lives? Mrs. Gordon and her son departed with heavy hearts, but still they hoped that Catharine would yet change her mind. The cause of her apparent want of pride and ambition lay deeper than they could fathom. Ignorance blinded their judgments.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE WAY THE MOTHER'S CONSENT WAS ASKED.

NEARLY a week had elapsed since the strange mulatto girl visited doctor Boyden, and he began to feel encouraged that he should never hear from her again. Matters were going along swimmingly in the Trott family. Adriana's heart disease was evidently improving under his administration very much to his own surprise. And Jane Trott's love for him was no longer questionable. It had now assumed a form which he thought could not be mistaken; the pretended mother had smiled her approbation although she had not formally given her consent, but that he hoped to obtain

so long when the nuptials would be celebrated which were to elevate him above the reach of slander and place him beyond the reach of want. There was, but one person whom he now feared, and that was Tom Turner. True, the mulatto girl was in his mind, but she had got his watch and some money and he hoped that might satisfy her. The character of Turner was a great mystery to him, and much employed his thoughts. Turner was now the great lion in his path, although the negress—was still fresh in his memory.

His practice increased every day, and during the week subsequent to the appearance of the mulatto girl, he had sponged from his credulous customers nearly the sum of an hundred dollars. When he came to the city he brought with him about five hundred dollars, the fruit of his devilry in other places, so that he was by no means destitute of funds. While he was sponging others he was only preparing himself to be sponged in turn. Again the mulatto girl made her appearance just at nightfall when he was preparing as before to visit the Trott family. He was just about to leave his office as she entered. A ghost from another world could not have troubled more. The moment she came in a shuddering passed over him, followed by severe perspiration. Her appearance gave him both the fever and ague for which his medical skill furnished no remedy.

'Once more I call,' said the mulatto girl, in unearthly tones of voice, at least they seemed so to him. She was dressed precisely as she was when she made her first appearance, but her countenance was apparently of a darker shade and looked more terrible.

'What would you now?' he asked, trembling and stepping back as if he feared she might inflict some bodily injury upon him.

'Money, more money!' she replied, in a strong, rough voice. 'I must have money, for such are my orders.'

'From whom?' he anxiously inquired.

'From the spirit of the broken-hearted Ellen Grant,' she answered, placing her hands upon her lips and looking daggers at him.

'She's not dead, is she?' he asked, hoping his question would be answered in the affirmative.

'No, and will not die so long as you live!' she replied. 'God will spare her life until she sees your black heart cease to beat and the earth cover your dead body. Money! more money! While you bleed others, you must yourself be bled. Money, I say. Do you hear?'

'I'm poor and have no money,' he said.

'There is a lie in your throat!' she exclaimed. 'You have money and I must have it.'

'But where is my watch?' he asked.

'In a purer bosom than your's ever was even while you were preaching and preparing the way for the weak sisters to present it to you,' she answered.

'Does Ellen Grant wear it?' he inquired.

'She ought to wear it, and if it were set with costly diamonds, it would not compensate her for the deep injury you have inflicted upon her!' she answered.

'Tell me!' he said. 'Does she reside in the city?'

'Money!' she exclaimed. 'Money is what I'm after. It is all you have to give to atone for your past sins and present evil course. Money! Do you hear? I have but little to spare.'

He took a half eagle from his pocket and presented it to her. Placing it in her palm and tossing it up, she said:

'This is too small to quiet the tongue that has so many secrets to reveal. Take it back.'

'It is all the gold I have,' he replied, manifesting much anxiety.

'Then add to it current bills,' she said.

'They will answer just as well.'

He hesitated and looked wild. He had money but he hated to part with it.

'A half eagle to pay such a debt as you owe!' she continued. 'It is but a single drop in the bucket. It amounts to comparatively nothing when placed beside your obligations. What is it compared with a bruised, bleeding heart? Come, it has always been said that delays are dangerous, and if you don't hand over very soon, you'll find the maxim too true for your interest. A hundred dollars I must have. Do you hear me? I tarry not long for an answer.'

'O, God?' he exclaimed in much agony.

'You're too cruel!'

'Not half so much as you have been,' she replied.

'I will give you the same as I did before,' he said.

'Twenty dollars?' she said, assuming a scornful look, and turning upon her heel as if she were about to depart.

'Stay!' he said. 'I will double the sum.'

'You have heard me name the sum once,' she replied. 'Need I do it again?'

'You are cruel indeed!' he said, wishing he had a loaded pistol that he might shoot her dead at his feet, and yet he hadn't the courage for such a deed.

'Remember the Trott family,' she said, looking very wise. 'Do you understand?'

That was a clincher, for he feared she might expose his true character to the family with which he was about to form a connection near and dear.

'Do you know them?' he inquired.

'Ah, you may well ask that?' she replied.

'Let them once know your character and they would instantly spurn you from their doors. There is a Power which reveals all to me. Your whole course is watched by an eye that never sleeps. Do you hear? A hundred dollars! Come.—Do you hesitate?'

And again she turned as if she would instantly leave. He nervously thrust his hand into his pocket and thence drew a roll of bills. Her eyes fell on them and she regretted she had not demanded more, for the bundle looked as if contained twice the amount she demanded.

'Here's all the money I have,' he said, opening the package. 'The bills are small and the amount is not so large as it looks.'

'Let me see how much there is,' she said, taking the money and counting it.

She could not make out but ninety dollars after counting it twice.

'This will do if it is all you have,' she said, rolling up the money and thrusting it into her bosom, while he stood gazing like a criminal before the bar of justice.

'Then take that and keep it as a nest egg,' she said, tossing the half eagle towards him and leaving the office.

'O, heavens, hard is my fate!' he said to himself, walking backwards and forwards in great agitation. 'Who can that wench be? Whoever she is, she must derive her knowledge from Ellen Grant, or from the Evil one.'

himself! She may call upon me again and demand more money; if she does I must be prepared and take her life. I can shoot her in my office and dispose of her body for the purposes of dissection or throw it into the dock in the darkness of night. I must get rid of that blood-sucker some how or other. She will keep sponging me in this way and then, perhaps, reveal all she knows and expose me. But how does she know my contemplated union with the Trott family? There is great mystery in that! Ellen Grant could tell her all the rest, but how does she know that? She says I'm watched by an eye that never sleeps! It is indeed strange, passing strange! No doubt she is the instrument of Ellen Grant, but how does she know of my courtship? There's the mystery! Yes, a mystery I cannot fathom. I'll shoot her if she ever appears in my office again. But that would be attended with extreme danger, for if she did not return that sleepless eye might detect me. She must mean Ellen Grant when she spoke of the eye that never sleeps.

Thus he talked to himself for sometime after the negress departed. He was right in his conjecture of the sleepless eye, for the spirit of revenge never sleeps. It always seeks its object 'with an eye that never winks and a wing that never tires.' His reasoning and conclusions must be correct, for who but the revengeful Ellen Grant could know as much as this mulatto girl told him? Surely he was sadly afflicted and pursued with a vengeance. But he deserved it all and even more, for who can estimate the amount of evil he had already done? He had made one innocent girl a rank infidel, ruined her character, made her hate the world, filled her soul with the full spirit of revenge such as devils feel, and driven her into a life of prostitution! Even these sins are enough to drag a man down to perdition and gender the worm in his breast that never dies. But perhaps, there are other sins to be laid to his charge, even of blacker dye, if such can be found in the catalogue of human offences. Time will show.

With a sad countenance and a heavy heart, the quack found his way to the Trott family, but somewhat later than usual. Ellen Grant knew his ring and hastened from the parlor where she and the others had been having a lively, laughing time.

'Good evening, doctor,' said old Lize. 'You're rather later than usual. Perhaps you have had other calls.'

'I have,' he replied feeling a kind of embarrassment which he could not well shake off.

'Dear me, doctor, I fear you're not as well as usual,' said Jane, straining every nerve to keep a sober countenance. 'You certainly don't look quite so well as you are accustomed to.'

'A slight touch of the headache, that's all,' he replied, willing to let it go that he was somewhat indisposed.

'I should be sorry to have you sick now you have almost cured me,' said the cunning, weasle-faced Adriana.

'I shall soon get over my headache,' he said. 'If it does not become easy before, a good night's rest always carries it off in the morning. My health and constitution are very good. I'm seldom sick.'

'I rejoice to hear it,' said old Lize, looking at the door that opened into an adjoining room and seeing Ellen's dark face, or a small portion of it, for she had not yet rubbed the blacking

from her face which turned her into the mulatto girl who, but a short time previous, had made her appearance in the doctor's office and spunged him out of nearly a hundred dollars. It was as much, yes, and more than this old procuress could do to keep on a sober countenance while she beheld the blackened face and white eyes of Ellen Grant at the door which stood a little ajar. Jane also caught a glimpse of the mulatto face and smiled in spite of all her efforts to restrain herself.

'I think, doctor, the last medicine you gave me has wonderful virtues,' said Adriana. 'Why had'n't you given it to me before?'

'Because, my dear, it was necessary to give you other medicines first to prepare the way for this,' he replied.

'O, now I understand,' she said, smiling at her own simplicity.

'Yes, the doctor has managed your case with wonderful skill,' said old Lize. 'But for him you might now have been in your grave. Our American physicians haven't had the experience in diseases of the heart doctor Boyden has had. We are all under very great obligations to him.'

'Indeed we are,' said Jane, looking at Ellen's partially concealed face and thinking of the money that had just been divided between them. No wonder they all felt under obligations to the doctor. Thus far he had proved a very profitable subject to them, and they were particularly anxious to continue him in the same way. But few or no men, had contributed so largely to their support. The doctor felt the importance of hastening his marriage now more than ever, and wished to have some private conversation with the mother of Jane as he supposed old Lize to be.

'If not inconvenient, I should be pleased to have some private conversation with you,' he said, addressing old Lize.

'O, certainly,' she replied. 'Girls you may retire for a few moments.'

Jane and Adriana passed into the adjoining room where Ellen was. As they opened the door, she slipped behind it. Partially closing the door, they remained and listened.

'I suppose you think it is time for you to have your pay for medical attendance upon my daughter,' said the wily bawd, pretending to think that was the doctor's object in requesting a private interview with her.

'Don't speak of that, my dear madam,' he said. 'That never occurred to me.'

'I can pay you now just as well as at any other time,' she said. 'We were talking about that just before you came. Adriana is very anxious to have the bill discharged. And I think it is high time.'

'I entreat you, dear madam not to mention it,' he said. 'It is a subject I have not thought of. I have quite a different object in view in seeking this interview.'

'I'm ready, doctor, to hear any thing you have to say,' she answered.

'It is well known to you I presume that I have a very great affection for your daughter Jane,' he said in a tremulous voice. 'And I trust our affection is mutual, at least I have strong reasons for believing it so.'

'Hear! hear!' whispered Ellen. 'He's going to ask the old lady's consent!'

A suppressed giggle was the reply from the other girls. It seemed as if they must leave the room or expose themselves by an outburst of laughter.

'I suppose I have witnessed some symp-

oms of that state of feeling,' she replied. 'I have long perceived that my daughter was quite fond of you, but whether you are of her is only known to yourself and Heaven. Jane is an excellent girl, and I should be sorry to have her deceived in the object of her choice.'

'Hear that!' whispered Jane. 'She talks like a good mother who has the interest of her daughters at heart.'

'Yes, she appears like a saint,' whispered Ellen. 'The thing works well. I can bleed him again when he gets a fresh supply of blood.'

'To have her deceived!' repeated the doctor. 'Heaven forbid! I love your daughter as I do my own life and desire to make her my wife. But before that happy event can take place, your consent must be obtained. And, dear Mrs. Trott, I now most respectfully make that request.'

'There, there, the child is born!' whispered old Ellen. 'O, how this darkey would like to rush into the room and stand before the miserable scamp!'

A laugh escaped the girls, but he was so intent upon his business that he did not hear them. They were alarmed lest he did hear them.

Doctor Boyden, a fearful responsibility rests upon the mother when she is about to dispose of her daughters in marriage,' said the old bawd. 'I have been acquainted with you some weeks, and I acknowledge that I can find no fault with you. I believe it is true that you have been instrumental in saving the life of one daughter, and it seems but just that I should give my consent for you to take the other. That consent you have, and when you are married, may Heaven smile upon the union.'

'Heaven! only hear how she puts it on!' whispered Ellen. 'She has made a fine speech on the momentous occasion.'

'Accept the homage of a grateful heart,' he said, bowing and placing his hand upon his breast. 'When I become your son-in-law, may I prove worthy of such a relationship. How long before our union can be consummated? Love such as mine for your daughter is impatient.'

'I am aware of that, for I have been through the mill,' she replied, feeling rather sorry she had used such a homely phrase and somewhat let her dignity down. 'You have my consent and the time for the celebration of the nuptials may be determined by you and my daughter. Any time agreeable to you will meet my most cordial approbation.'

His cup of bliss which had been most essentially drained began to be filled again. He and Jane passed the evening together, but no time was agreed upon for the marriage. She said she would think of it, as some time must necessarily elapse before the consummation of that happy event.

CHAPTER XXII.

NEW CHARACTERS AND A NEW LOCALITY.

THE scene changes from city to country, where the green fields and pure air invigorate the system and make the blood course merrily through the veins. Far back in the country, several days journey from the metropolis of the Empire State, in a green and fertile valley through which a crystal trout brook meandered whose banks were lined with stately

elms and sugar maples was situated a small cottage house, the birth-place of Tom Turner and his sister who still resided there with her good mother. Tom had been absent from the scenes of his boyhood several years. Leaving mother and sister and native home, he sallied forth into the world to seek his fortunes. Nearly three years elapsed after leaving the parental roof before he reached the city of New York. From his earliest youth Turner had been a kind, tender-hearted and unprejudiced person, steering clear of all sectarian feelings or party prejudices, and looking upon the world as it really was.

He had often written to his mother and sister, and the latter had occasionally written to him, but for some time past he had received no letter from her and he began to grow alarmed lest something might have happened. Both mother and sister might be dead for aught he could learn to the contrary, therefore he might be alarmed with good reason. The name of his sister was Elizabeth. She was three years younger than he was, and exceedingly beautiful. There was not one girl in her native town so handsome as she was. That was acknowledged by all who knew her. She was naturally of a very lively and cheerful disposition, making herself very agreeable to old and young and gaining the respect and esteem of all. True, there were some girls who envied her beauty, and consequently were not so really friendly to her as they might have been if she had been less beautiful and engaging. A small boy came into the cottage one morning, bearing the following letter.

'Dear sister.—You must know I feel alarmed about you and dear mother because I have not heard from you so long. Why is it that you have not written me? I fear some accident may have happened to you. My only hope is that your letters have been miscarried. I feel quite sure you cannot have forgotten your brother Thomas. Do write me immediately and relieve my mind from its present anxiety. I still reside with the widow Penrose, who is the best Christian I ever knew. O, Elizabeth, I wish you could see her! Her heart is all kindness, and her only object seems to be to relieve human distress and suffering. She possesses great wealth and her income is very large, which she devotes to charitable purposes, but the world knows it not. Thousands have been relieved by her munificence who knows not the hand from which the bounty came. She seems not to have the least desire to let her left hand know what her right hand doeth. She is indeed a remarkable woman. O, how mother would enjoy her society! So far is she from wishing the world know how much she gives the poor every year that she actually enjoins secrecy upon me. I have now told you more of her character than any one knows except myself. And she is one of the most cheerful and happy women I ever saw. And why should she not be? What can be a source of more pure enjoyment than relieving the distresses of humanity? O, Elizabeth, I always thought much of being charitable and promised myself if I ever was able, to give much to the poor, but the widow Penrose goes far beyond any thing I ever dreamed of even in my most charitable moments. She is very anxious to see you, and so am I. You must come to New York, I have so long desired it that I shall never be contented until I see you here. There is no telling what the widow Penrose might do for you, if you

world come. Write me immediately whether you will come or not; if you say you will come, I will enclose in a letter and send to you money enough to pay the expenses of your journey and leave mother some too, so that she shall not suffer during your absence from home. I would go home and accompany you here, but the widow Penrose cannot spare me so long. I have now been with her a good while and Heaven only knows how long I shall remain under her roof. O, let me tell you I have taken a beautiful child from a poor woman and the widow Penrose thinks every thing of her, and so do I. I reckon you would laugh to see how well I can act the father to the little girl, and the widow shows her all the kindness of a grandmother. O, she's the handsomest and most cheerful little creature you ever saw. It isn't known who her parents are, but I'm constantly upon the look out for them. Strange they could have parted with such an interesting and beautiful child. But there are strange folks in this world besides a good many wicked ones. Let me close by again urging you to write. Do say you will come to New York, for you will never regret it the longest day you live. This is a great city and affords a fine field for charitable doings. Once more I say, write.

Your loving brother,

THOMAS TURNER.

The letter fell from the hands of Elizabeth and she buried her face in her handkerchief. Soon it was wet with her tears and her heart was agitated with strange emotions. At that moment her mother entered the room.

'Why, Elizabeth, crying again?' said her mother. 'I did hope you would not uselessly shed any more tears. What has started them afresh this morning?'

The weeping girl pointed to the letter that lay upon the floor by her side, but made no other reply.

'A letter from William, or from him?' said the mother, taking up the letter and reading it with a deep and thrilling interest. She read it over twice carefully and with emotions a mother only can feel, while her daughter still wept.

'He has not received the last letter I wrote!' said the mother. 'It has never reached him. No wonder he feels so anxious about us. You ought to have written him.'

Elizabeth's tears were the only answer she gave. Her feelings were much excited.

'Come, Elizabeth, dry up your tears,' she continued. 'We ought to rejoice at the good fortune of Thomas. I wish I could see that good widow he lives with. She is just such a woman as he likes, for he always would give away all he had, if he thought any one needed it more than he did. A good Providence, directed his steps to her house.'

'O, mother, how could I see him?' said Elizabeth, in a voice of trembling.

'How often have I told you not to grieve over what is passed,' replied the mother. 'Your tears can do no good now. Repentance has done its work, then why weep so much? Thomas would give any thing to see you.'

'But he knows not what has happened,' sobbed the repentant girl.

'No matter, let all that pass,' answered the mother. 'You have suffered enough already, and why do you unnecessarily afflict yourself? Come, Elizabeth, let me hear no more of the past. Let us look to the future. We have

lives to live, and let us live them like rational beings. The troubles of this world come fast enough without our borrowing them. Dry up your tears and let me hear you read Thomas' letter, for I don't know as I read it all right.'

Elizabeth summoned all the resolution she could and began reading the letter. She got along quite well until she came to the lines which told of the little girl and then she sobbed afresh.

'There, Elizabeth, don't be so foolish!' said the mother. 'Do read all the letter and let me hear it.'

Again summoning her powers, she finished reading the letter even better than she expected. A new feeling seemed to spring up in her heart and the future didn't look so dark and dismal to her. She began to feel as she would like to go to New York and embrace her brother once more. An unseen power seemed now to sustain her and give her new hopes and fresh aspirations. If she had ever committed any offence, she now felt as if that offence was hardened and forgiven. There were not now apparently so many dark and gloomy clouds lowering over her path. In an instant, as it were a change had come over her and she saw that God was good as well as just. Some may not believe in such sudden changes as Elizabeth Turner now felt, but thousands can testify to their truth. Human experience is full of them. When any sin is duly and sufficiently repented of, it will always be forgiven, and the penitent will feel more or less happy according to the constitution and temperament. It is not in accordance with the nature of heavenly mercy that sins, sincerely repented of, should lie heavy upon the soul. The world is a sinful one and suitable laws to govern it are enacted by the Supreme Lawgiver. There is a law for every individual case. Never before had this girl seen such a beautiful blending of justice and mercy as she now beheld. She felt as if her sins were forgiven of Heaven, and would not a brother do the same? That question came up in her mind, and the answer was now ready.

'You have read the letter very well and I'm glad to see you so quiet,' continued her mother. 'I hope you will always remain so and believe in the mercy as well as in the justice of Heaven.'

'I do, mother,' she replied, while a heavenly smile played over her lovely face and her heart was drawn out in grateful thanks to Heaven.

'Now you begin to appear as you used to,' said Mrs. Turner. 'And I rejoice at it. What do you think of accepting your brother's invitation to go to New York?'

'Would you consent to my going?' asked Elizabeth.

'Surely I will,' replied the good woman. 'I have good neighbors and can get along very well during your absence. Thomas would be delighted to see you, and so would the good widow Penrose. And perhaps Thomas might return with you.'

'I will go,' said Elizabeth. 'I will write him immediately.'

'Write two letters lest one might miscarry,' said the mother.

'I will write one, then copy it, and put both into the post office,' said Elizabeth.

'That will be well,' replied her mother.

'Write him that we are well and that you will start for New York soon as you receive his answer.'

Soon Elizabeth collected her writing materials and began to write. She had not been so happy for nearly two years as she was at that moment. Her mother felt happy, for she was not only rejoiced to hear from her long absent son, but also was glad to see her daughter in such a happy frame of mind. There was sunshine about that cottage although dark clouds had been lowering over it for many months. The lovely daughter was almost herself again, and the good mother seemed to renew her age. The birth-place of Tom Turner was once more the scene of domestic joy and peace. How happy would he have been at that moment, could he have known his letter had been received? But the answer was on its way and he was anxiously expecting it. The evening before it came he was passing along Church-street when he saw a well-dressed gentleman come out of a house which he knew was one of ill-fame. Tom thought he knew the man, but he was not certain, so to make it sure he followed him through several streets until he saw him enter his own house.

'Alas, for poor human nature,' said Tom in his heart, as he saw doctor Hooker enter his own house fresh from a brothel. He had some personal acquaintance with the doctor and knew he was a leading member of an orthodox church. Tom had entertained some suspicions of the doctor's piety, for he always thought he made too much show of his religion. It seemed to him sometimes when he heard him exhort and pray in social, religious gatherings that the doctor prayed for the express purpose of being seen of men, still he would not judge him too harshly nor without sufficient evidence. The doctor was apparently a wonderful man in charity, and hence he was on quite familiar terms with the widow Penrose. It was in her house where he first became acquainted with him. He was so different from the widow and spoke so often of the charitable deeds he had done that Tom, in contrasting his boasted religion with that of the widow, that he could not help feeling suspicious that all was not right. The widow too thought he talked too much of what he had done. To have heard him and the widow in conversation, one might have supposed that the widow did nothing for the poor while he was spending a fortune for them every year. Hundreds of the poor he said he had doctored without any compensation, but Tom suspected that he rather stretched the stocking, or that he made bad debts, not intending his visits to the poor as charitable ones in the first instance, but pretending to call them such after he found he could not get his pay. Tom once intimated to the widow after the doctor had been expatiating upon his deeds of charity that the number of such cases might be found charged upon the doctor's books. The widow smiled and thought Tom might not be far from the truth.

The next morning after Tom saw the doctor coming out of that house he happened to meet him in the same street and not far from the house. The doctor always spoke to Tom and treated him very politely, for he knew Tom was a great favorite of the widow Penrose, and therefore he bowed to him for the widow's sake whose good opinions he estimated very highly, not however out of any particular love or respect he had for her, but because her influence was worth securing as she had a large circle of friends and acquaintances besides being very rich.

'Good morning, Tom,' said the doctor. 'How's the widow Penrose?'

'She's quite well, I thank you,' replied Tom, politely bowing.

'You have found no father or mother for your little pet Fanny, have you?' asked the doctor, assuming a hypocritical smile.

'I can find no trace of them yet,' Tom answered. 'It is very strange that either father or mother should part with such a beautiful child. There is good blood flowing in Fanny's veins.'

'It may be so,' said the doctor. 'No doubt she's illegitimate and may have a very rich father, if not wealthy mother. Men in the higher walks of life sometimes conduct very strangely. It is lamentable to think of it.'

'It is indeed,' replied Tom, assuming a peculiar expression of countenance such as he often assumed on certain occasions.

'Men are not always what they seem to be,' said the doctor.

'How very true!' answered Tom. 'Is it much sicker at this time?'

'Somewhat so,' replied the doctor. 'I have a good many patients. I know not how it may be with other physicians.'

'Is there much sickness in that house?' inquired Tom, pointing to the same house from which he saw the doctor come the night previous.

The doctor suddenly started as if he had discovered a poisonous reptile crossing his path. Tom marked him well and particularly noted the workings of his countenance and the expressions of his eyes. These furnished plenary evidence to Tom's mind that the doctor was not what he ought to be.

'Why do you ask that question?' inquired the doctor, somewhat recovering his balance and appearing calm.

'O, nothing in particular, only I thought I saw you coming out of that house last evening,' replied Tom.

Again the doctor showed symptoms of embarrassment, but soon recovered his power of self-control of which he possessed no ordinary share.

'You must have been mistaken in the person,' said the doctor. 'I believe I have no patients in this street; at any rate, I'm quite sure I have none in that house.'

'I may be mistaken,' replied Tom. 'We are all liable to mistakes, but I really thought I saw you coming from that house.'

'In the darkness of the night, or in the flickering of the gas lights, it is a very easy thing to mistake one person for another,' said the doctor. 'I have been myself mistaken many times.'

'It is very true, but I never saw one man resemble another so much as that one did you,' said Tom. 'He wore the same kind and color of dress and hat that you now have on, I could have almost sworn it was you.'

'No doubt you thought so,' replied the doctor. 'You now have another proof, added, to the thousands you have experienced in the course of your life, no doubt, of the liability to mistakes.'

'We ought to be careful and make as few mistakes as possible,' said Tom.

They now separated and each went on his way, the doctor believing that he had pulled the wool over Tom's eyes, and Tom having no doubt but the doctor was a consummate hypocrite.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MORE OF DOCTOR HOOKER—AND TOM TURNER'S
NOTIONS OF LOVE.

DOCTOR HOOKER began to feel uneasy after his interview with Tom Turner. He did not like to have his character known to any mortal. It seemed as if he feared the All-seeing less than he did the human eye. Thus far in life he had succeeded admirably well in concealing from the world his hypocrisy, and he was anxious to continue the same course. If he could either blind Tom's eyes, or keep his tongue still by bribing, he felt as if he should be secure. Having screwed his courage up to the commission of almost any crime known to human or divine laws, he wished to keep himself free from all interruptions. Some events were about to occur in his life which he did not once dream of, bad as his heart was. He had become so much enamored of Catharine Watson that he was determined to follow her up at whatever sacrifice. His wife was in the way, but then being a physician he had the means of killing, as well as curing. For several months he had represented his wife's health as being quite bad, vastly more so than it really was; in fact he had persuaded her to believe that she was quite indisposed, whereas if he had encouraged instead of discouraging her she would scarcely have thought of being sick at all.

Mrs. Hooker was a very amiable, good-hearted, kind woman, but she was never very beautiful, and since she had borne several children, her personal charms were much diminished. She was a member of the same church with her husband, but unlike him, she was what she professed to be, a real Christian. There was no hypocrisy in the elements of her religious character. Loving her husband, she was somewhat blind to his faults, but that blindness gradually wore away and she began to feel as if he did not love her as a man ought to love his wife. This painful feeling increased for she had such proof of the falling off of his attachment to her as the world had no knowledge of. A thousand little things were occurring every day and night which were calculated to excite her suspicions, if not stir up the spirit of jealousy. She was far from being a jealous woman naturally, and hence she continued to live quietly and peaceably with her husband. He was not aware that she entertained the least suspicion of his honesty and fidelity although he might have known, and probably did know, that his conduct was bad enough to rouse the spirit of jealousy in any woman. Knowing her to be an exceedingly modest, virtuous and somewhat reserved, he flattered himself that he must necessarily and constantly throw dust in her eyes. Physicians have great advantages over other husbands, for they can be out every night in the week and at a late hour too, and their wives be none the wiser for it. It is a very unfortunate thing for a naturally jealous woman to have a doctor for a husband, for the very character of their profession and practice has a tendency to excite a jealous spirit. And physicians too, are thrown into more temptations than most other men, and hence the importance that they should be men of sterling worth and integrity. A black hearted doctor is a dangerous man in the community and his power is much to be dreaded, especially when

he assumes the resemblance of virtue and religion and has free access to all sorts of society. Mrs. Watson believed his visits to her house were as pure as angel's visits although they were not so far between, and at the same time she could not have admitted a more dangerous man to her house. It is very important that all mothers who have beautiful daughters should be very cautious who they employ as physicians, for a bad physician at heart, however scientific and skilful he may be, is at all times a dangerous character.

After Tom Turner saw doctor Hooker come out of that house of assignation, and especially since he denied the fact of his having been there, he was disposed to keep on the doctor's track and learn more of his movements. Now Turner had no feelings towards Hooker which called for revenge, and he did not thus pursue him because he wished to gratify a private figure, for he had none, but it was for the good of others that he thus kept on the doctor's track. No man knew better than Tom Turner the danger of harboring, trusting or employing a licentious physician. From his knowledge of city life, he really believed that many virtuous and innocent females owed their downfall to bad physicians, in fact he had heard several young women confess as much. Now Tom had too much good sense and judgment to believe all the stories wantonly told, yet he believed they did sometimes speak the truth and shame the devil. He could not be called an officious or meddlesome person, and yet his inquiries about Hooker might be viewed in that light. But when his motives are duly appreciated, we are willing to free him from any such charge. Having a slight acquaintance with the widow Watson and her daughter, he was not long in ascertaining what physician they employed when sick. Since he had met Edwin Gordon in the Park and given him a name for his forthcoming novel, he had visited the house and became better acquainted with this aspiring young author. Edwin had requested him not to tell his mother where the name of the novel came from. Tom was willing to gratify his vanity by keeping the matter a secret. He was not long in learning the characters of both mother and son and governed himself accordingly. As young Gordon was more vain than wicked Tom could bear with him. Mrs. Gordon too, was not a black hearted woman, although many of her notions of human life were not only erroneous, but supremely ridiculous. Her powers of mind were not remarkable for strength or vigor, but riches made her ambitious, and her vanity scarcely knew any bounds. Her heart being bound up in her son Edwin, she really imagined that he would soon have a world-wide literary fame. If she had thought less of him and managed differently, he might have formed a more just and reasonable estimate of his own powers and been less vain.

From the moment he met Tom in the Park, and got from him the name for his novel, he formed a kind of attachment to him, which subsequent interviews rather increased than diminished. The truth is, Tom was a character different from any he had ever been acquainted with, consequently there was a novelty about him which had many charms for the young author. In addition to all this, Edwin could learn some new ideas from Tom which could be successfully introduced into his forthcoming volume, and therefore he was anxious to cultivate the acquaintance of Tom.

Two or three interviews gave Tom quite a control over the young man. Strange minds will always govern the weaker. The social interviews which occasionally took place between Tom, the young author and his doting mother were very often amusing, at least Turner thought so. Although Tom was the best hearted fellow that ever lived and endeavored to do all the good he could, yet he was fond of amusement of an innocent kind and loved to examine and even scrutinize the distinctive traits of human character, whether developed in man or woman. All human beings undergo certain changes in the course of their lives, and Turner was by no means entirely free from such changes. Before he saw and became acquainted with aunt Betty Barnes, he was a different person from what he was afterwards. There was so much of the milk of human kindness in the elements of his nature that he could not feel indifferent towards the woman who had disclosed her love for him. No, Turner's heart was not made of flint. Miss Barnes now employed many of his thoughts by day and formed the basis of some of his dreams by night. The widow Penrose noticed the change love had wrought in his heart and rejoiced at it, for she very rationally concluded that he would enjoy more real happiness now than he did previous to his newborn feelings. The widow was a pure Christian woman and wished every body well, but especially did she desire to see Tom's cup of bliss full and running over, for she knew he was worthy of all the blessings which usually fall to the lot of humanity. Although in her estimation he was a most excellent character, yet she believed that to love and be loved by a worthy woman would make him almost a perfect man.

Every day from the light of his own experience he was acquiring new ideas upon the subject of love. True, he always had more or less theory upon the matter and gave it much consideration, but now he had clearer views and could testify from what he had seen and felt. A few days after his meeting Edwin Gordon in the Park we find him in conversation with Mrs. Gordon, while the young scholar was in his studio busily engaged upon his novel. She always called Tom, Squire Turner, but why he could not divine, for he was not aware that he resembled a Justice of the Peace in his outward man. No doubt the good woman thought she discovered such a resemblance, or she might have given him such an appellation, thinking it would flatter his pride and blow up his vanity, but she greatly mistook his character. However, he did not say to her he was not a Squire, but permitted her without let or hindrance to still give him the title. True, it sometimes brought a smile upon his face, but then he neither felt nor discovered any vanity on that account.

'O, Squire Turner, you have no idea how intently my son is engaged upon his new work' she said. 'If the truth could be known I have no doubt we should find that he is writing more than half the nights.'

'I perceived when I first became acquainted with your son that he was very studious,' replied Tom.

'Studious indeed!' she repeated. 'Now, Squire Turner, don't you think such close application to his mental labor and such constant and intense thinking will injure his mind?'

'Indeed, madam, I cannot say, but some

minds are capable of enduring a vast deal of study and thinking,' he answered.

'I think so, and it appears to me my son possesses such a mind, or he must have exhausted it long ago,' she said. 'It would surprise you, Squire Turner, to know how much he has laid up in his memory. It seems to me he has some gifts which no other person possesses. He has wonderful power of memory. O, it is astonishing to think how many Italian and French words he can repeat! I could not in a whole life learn half so many and remember them.'

'Perhaps not,' replied Tom, smiling at the tender, affectionate mother. 'All are not gifted alike in this world. Your son has had great advantages in early life for learning.'

'Indeed he has,' she replied. 'We have kept him at school, determined to develop the full powers of his mind. And I now expect we shall reap our reward. I wish you could see him while engaged in composing and notice the peculiar attitude in which he sits. He almost constantly keeps his left hand upon his forehead. You have noticed, Squire Turner, what a high forehead he has, have you not?'

'I have I think,' he replied.

Now, be it known to the reader, that Tom did not utter any falsehood merely for the sake of agreeing with this fond mother, for the young man did have quite a high, smooth forehead; but then it was one of that peculiar character which denoted not great intellectual strength. There are some even high, broad foreheads which indicate mental stupidity rather than vigor and strength.

'Depend upon it, Squire Turner,' she continued, 'the world will yet be astonished with something which my son's forehead now covers. The machinery is at work, and will soon produce something worthy the name of Gordon.'

'How far along has he got in his novel?' asked Tom.

'I understood him to say this morning that if he was not disturbed in his studies, he will have written nearly or quite ten pages before he sleeps. Don't you think he ought to take wine quite often when he is composing?'

'Indeed, madam, I'm no friend to artificial stimulants of any kind,' said Tom. 'My opinion is, that in the long run they do more hurt than good. When your son feels his intellectual vigor exhausted, it will be much better for him to rest than to take wine or any other stimulating drink. The deep-thinking mind needs rest as much as the hard-working body. Both must have it or they will soon become useless.'

'That is just what I have told Edwin,' she replied, 'and I wish you would give him the same advice. He thinks very much of you, Squire Turner, and perhaps you might be of essential service to him in his present labors. By the way, don't you think Catharine Watson is so foolish as to say she cannot love Edwin. Did ever any one hear the like of that?'

'And does he continue to love her?' he asked.

'He does indeed,' she answered. 'Her mother and I have had many conversations upon the subject. We intend they shall be married before many months pass away.'

'It is very strange that he should continue to love her when she does not return the compliment,' he said. 'It seems to me I could never love a woman under such circumstances.'

'But my son began to love her before she

know anything about it,' she said. 'What would you do in such a case, Squire Turner?' 'I should quit her at once and forever,' he replied, placing his left foot firmly upon the floor, and his right hand upon his hip.

'But when one's in love it is not so easy a thing to get rid of it,' she replied. 'Were you ever in love, Squire Turner?'

A slight blush was Squire Turner's only answer. It had been so recently he experienced such things that he felt a certain kind of diffidence he could not conveniently shake off.

'Your tongue is silent, but the tell-tale blush upon your cheeks gives me the answer,' she continued, smiling. 'Catharine's mother and myself think she will love him after they are married.'

'It is not wise for any one to put all his eggs in one basket,' replied Tom. 'Do not compel your son to marry a woman who does not love him. It will be a dangerous experiment, madam; depend upon that.'

'But then the widow Watson and myself wish our estates to become united in one,' she replied. 'There has always existed an intimacy between our families, and we wish to be more united. Catharine and Edwin will inherit large estates, which will at once place them in the foremost ranks of society.'

'But where love is wanting such a union cannot be a happy one,' he said. 'Money has great power in this world, but it cannot always purchase bliss. Does doctor Hooker still continue to visit Catharine?'

'He does, and for my part I cannot see any necessity for it,' she replied. 'Catharine's health is quite restored; but then I suppose the doctor wishes to make out a large bill, knowing the mother is so able to pay it.'

'I believe doctor Hooker has an extensive practice, and visits all classes of society,' said Tom, looking rather wise, as if he meant something more than fell upon the ear. But Mrs. Gordon did not take, and Tom never slandered any one. They conversed for some time longer, but Tom was not able to make her view things in the same light he saw them in, and so departed. She and the Squire could never think alike if they had talked unto doomsday.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MULATTO GIRL'S LETTER AND THE BRIBE.

Doctor Boyden was sitting very quietly in his office, thinking of his anticipated connection with the Trott family, and partially believing he should hear no more from the mulatto girl or Ellen Grant, when the penny post-man came in and handed him a letter. Breaking the seal he commenced reading the following letter:

'REV. FRANCIS DERMOT—You perceive I call you by your own name upon the inside of this note, while I place your facetious one upon the outside. That is enough to show you that I know my man. Yes, too well do I know you. But for you I might now be a virtuous girl, and a believer in divine revelation. You have made me what I am, an infidel and a wanton. First an infidel, for who could believe there is any virtue in Christianity after seeing such a hypocrite as you have proved yourself to be? Why, Rev. Mr. Dermot, don't you remember what a rousing, reforming preacher you used to be? How many tears your eloquence has

caused to flow, and how many silly women have seized upon the skirts of your garments and implored you to pray for them? Yes, and even old sinners have been touched by your pathetic appeals and asked your prayers? Yes, your prayers! O, my God! ask the prayers of a hypocrite! And how much, think you, such prayers would avail them or you! Think, O think of what you were accustomed to do after retiring from an evening prayer meeting? How most solemnly you promised marriage, and upon that false basis you erected a beautiful structure. But, alas! how soon it tumbled into ruins! O, no! there could be no harm, you often said; because you were the same as married in the sight of heaven. Yes, and you victim too readily believed your hellish story! Did you not know a child was born of whom you was father? Where is that infant child! Did you ever ask yourself that question? Ah! its body lies buried in a distant churchyard, but its pure spirit has flown to regions where father nor mother can ever behold it more! But you made the mother an infidel, and she may not believe in a hereafter! Would to God it were so! But no matter; the dead are buried, and we have no more to do with them! How to live, to clothe and feed the body, and keep clear of the alms-house is the question. You sponge money from your patients; yes, steal it from them, and even worse than that; for while you empty their purses, you fill their stomachs with nauseating drugs. Yes, steal and give poison to your victims! Better, a thousand times better for the world, if you would again go back to the pulpit, and there remind your hearers of their sins, and make old sinners tremble in view of the bottomless pit, which you were wont to uncover so skillfully. Yes, and make the tender-hearted maidens cry, kneel before the altar, and with tremulous voice ask for your prayers! O, gracious God! Yes, there must be a hell and a devil, else why do such villains as you are inhabit this earth! But no matter, for you must see to that yourself. I have another object in view. I suppose you are by this time aware that it is somewhat expensive living in this city. Well, we cannot live without money.'

He read as far as this, and the letter dropped from his trembling hand.

'I am to be victimised again!' he exclaimed even in quite a loud voice, while Tom Turner stood looking through the window, and witnessing his agitation. Tom came for the purpose of calling upon him, but seeing him thus engaged, he thought he would wait until the doctor got through. He then took up the letter and read as follows:—

'My expenses exceed my income now, and you must make up the deficiency. While you are bleeding your credulous and foolish patients I must bleed you. That you perfectly understand by this time, I think, if not you must indeed be an exceedingly dull scholar. Money soon slips through my fingers, for silks and satins can't be bought with a song. I must dress richly and in fashionable style, for the business you have compelled me to follow requires it. I must now bleed you to the tune of just one hundred dollars. That sum I must have, or you may hear from me in a manner more terrible than this. Enclose one hundred dollars, or rather two fifty dollar bills, of current money in a letter; direct the letter to Jane—not Trott—but to Jane Dermot. This must be done before to-morrow's sun shall rise, or you'll see more trouble than ever yet felt to

your lot, I write as if I were the veritable Ellen Grant herself—perhaps I am and perhaps I am not—and it is none of your business who I am, so long as Ellen Grant will eventually receive the money. Remember before to-morrow's sun shall rise! Forget it, or neglect to do as herein directed, and a terrible fate awaits you. Mark that. I have power to call many to my aid. Think of the rich Trott family.

'THE MULATTO GIRL.'

'Gracious heavens, how I am pursued by this infernal negress!' he continued to soliloquise. 'A hundred dollars more! Is it possible that she can be Ellen Grant herself? Did that girl black her face and deceive me thus? No, no, it can't be! She has employed some cunning wench as an agent to bleed me as she terms it. Yes—bleed me!—and with a vengeance too! The demand is an outrageous one! If she had called for ten dollars, or even twenty, it would have been more rational. A hundred dollars! That's monstrous! But what shall I do? Why does not Jane Trott appoint the day for our marriage? Her mother has given her consent, and surely Jane loves me most devotedly. Then why does she not fix upon the time for our marriage? Why does she postpone it so long? What reason can she have for such a proceeding? There seems to be some mystery in all this, and yet every thing appears fair. I must enclose the money to this Jane Dermot, and then hasten on my marriage. Jane Dermot! The infernal jade has assumed my own name! I hope and trust this will be the last instalment. Soon as I'm married I shall propose a travelling excursion, for I must leave the city for a few months, at least, to get rid of this infernal bloodsucker. It will take nearly all the money I have, but it must go, or I shall be exposed! If I could meet that negress again I would have revenge, and stop her in this career; but she's too crafty to be thus caught. Dearly indeed am I paying for the whistle! Valuable watch gone, and money constantly going! Well, my marriage must atone for all these sad misfortunes. What a saucy letter she has written—but no matter—the money must go as directed this time.'

He now sat down and began to write, but finally concluded not to write a word; therefore he enclosed two fifty dollar bills in a blank letter, carefully sealed it, and put on the superscription as ordered. It seemed strange and mysterious to him that she called for two fifty dollar bills, for that very day he had received them. He began to fear that he was in a strange conspiracy in which many were engaged; believing that the mulatto girl knew that he had received such money, or that she was inspired by the devil himself, and gifted with strange powers. These thoughts greatly troubled him. The bills came from the bank that day in the morning, for he received them there himself. No one knew he had them except the cashier. True, in the course of the day, he had shown them to Jane Trott, because they were beautifully engraved; but then she could not, in his opinion, be one of the conspirators with whom he seemed to be surrounded. After enclosing them in the blank letter, and directing it to Jane Dermot, he reflected much upon the subject; but he could come to no conclusion satisfactory to himself. While he was thus reflecting, Tom Turner entered his office and very politely saluted him. Tom knew how to be polite; in fact, politeness was very natural to him. The quack was very

sorry to see Tom at such a moment, when he was so much embarrassed; but he was fully resolved to be on his guard, and not act such a foolish part as he did at a previous interview with Tom.

'How is business in the line of your profession?' asked Tom. 'Are there any particular diseases prevailing now?'

'What do you mean by particular diseases?' inquired the doctor, fearing Tom might allude to his patient in the Trott family.

How true to the life is the maxim that a guilty conscience needs no accuser? Although the doctor was a shrewd, adroit man, as his life thus far has shown him to be, yet, some how or other, Tom Turner's character was still a mystery to him, and he knew not how to take him. He feared Tom was one of the conspirators who were engaged against him, and that he knew the mulatto girl. The fact of Tom's coming in just at the time he received the letter from Jane Dermot raised his suspicions that Turner was engaged in the plot and knew all the secrets.

'Why, doctor, you know that certain kinds of diseases prevail more than others at certain seasons of the year,' replied Tom. 'Have you not been out of the pulpit long enough to know that?'

'Out of the pulpit!' repeated the doctor, evidently embarrassed, but striving to control himself. 'I thought we had finished our joking at our last interview.'

'I'm not joking at all,' said Tom. 'I was never more earnest or sincere in my life than I am now. You wouldn't so far lose sight of yourself as to forget that you once officiated as a minister of the Gospel, would you?'

'You seem to talk as if you knew I had been a preacher,' replied Boyden.

'Why, doctor, you don't pretend to deny it, do you?' inquired Tom, while a very peculiar and expressive smile passed over his benevolent face.

'Have I not denied it? Did I not say to you at another interview that all our conversation was but a joke—and I supposed you received it as such—but there are some persons in this world who don't know how to take a joke, or to give one. I begin to think you belong to that class.'

'And I begin to think your whole life is but a joke,' replied Tom. 'But, doctor, let me tell you that joking ought not to be found in the pulpit, nor among doctors. These professions are too serious to make a joke of. The soul and body are all there is of a man, and if these are thus to be trifled with, then is human life a mere dream. How much better a man feels doing good, and relieving the distresses incident to humanity, than he does practising deception, and holding out false colors.'

'You can think of me as you please,' replied the doctor, feeling quite nettled with Tom's remarks, and still endeavoring to show a bold front. 'I don't know why it is that you follow me thus. I have done you no injury, and have no disposition to hurt a hair of your head.'

'You may not injure me, nor desire to, but can you lay your hand upon your heart and say you have injured no one else?' asked Tom. 'How will you answer that question? Come, doctor, be frank and candid as I am, and confess you have practised quackery in the pulpit and are now practising it in the medical profession.'

The doctor gazed upon Tom some time in

silence, and tried to read his thoughts; but he found a hard customer to deal with. There was a conviction upon his guilty mind that Tom knew him and could expose his character to the people of the city. He seriously debated the question in his own mind whether it was best to attempt to offer Tom a bribe or not, to keep his tongue still. But there were strong objections to such a course; for if he offered a bribe that would imply a confession of his guilt, and he was not prepared to go into the confessional yet, because Tom might be ignorant of the dark passages in the history of his life. Besides all these objections, Tom might not be such a character as could be bribed under any circumstances. The doctor was in a very perplexing quandary, and wished he was out of it; but how to effect his escape was the great question. The character of Tom was so different from any one he had ever encountered, that he was afraid to approach him with a bribe, and yet he was very anxious to quiet him in some way.

'You don't seem inclined to answer my questions,' continued Tom. 'Perhaps Ellen Grant could answer them, were she present.'

In spite of all his power of self-control, the doctor winced at the mention of her name, and betrayed symptoms of guilt. Tom's eye was upon him.

'What have you to do with Ellen Grant?' asked the doctor, in a sullen manner.

'Nothing,' replied Tom, beginning to think that Ellen Grant was really the mother of Fanny, although the doctor had denied it, and in a manner, too, which convinced Tom at the time that the denial was an honest one.

'Then why do you speak of her?' inquired the doctor. 'You have told me you don't know such a girl, and then why do you mention her name?'

'Because the mention of it seems to thrill your nerves,' replied Tom. 'If I did not know her once I may know her now. Perhaps you have been deceiving me. Dare you say you do not know her?'

'I have told you once and that must suffice,' answered Boyden, determined not to commit himself farther, for he was satisfied that Tom could not be bribed; therefore he was too shrewd to incur the danger of offering a bribe.

'All very well,' said Tom. 'Time will show all things. Perhaps I may see the girl ere long and then I can learn more.'

'Do you expect to see her?' anxiously inquired Boyden, beginning to feel his boldness diminish, and his fears to rise.

'Surely I do have such an expectation,' replied Turner. 'I may see her before I sleep, and may not until to-morrow.'

The doctor became more and more uneasy and embarrassed, and almost made up his mind to attempt to purchase his peace of Tom.

'You have money enough I suppose,' said the doctor, in a tremulous voice.

'O, no,' answered Tom, 'I could use to good purpose much more than I have. I suppose you have enough of the article?'

'I'm not in a very suffering condition,' replied the doctor. 'Perhaps I could let you have a ten spot if it would do you any good.'

'Should you give me that amount I would endeavor to apply it to charitable purposes,' said Tom. 'Ten dollars well appropriated, will sometimes relieve a great deal of human distress and misery. If you can trust me I will be your almoner.'

'I suppose if I should give you the money you would say nothing about me,' said the doctor.

'Surely not,' replied Tom. 'I dispense much charity, and those who receive the benefits of it never know who furnishes the money. Some people are very charitable, and at the same time so modest, that they do not wish their names to come before the public at all. I like such persons. Heaven knows where the money comes from if the world don't, and that's enough.'

The doctor tried him still farther, until Tom well understood the doctor's object. He then indignantly refused the money and departed, leaving Boyden in a worse condition than he was before. Circumstances pressed heavily upon the quack.

CHAPTER XXV.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN TOM TURNER AND ELLEN GRANT.

WHILE Tom Turner was standing in front of the post-office, he saw two girls coming from the ladies' window, one of them having a letter in her hand. He knew well enough to what class they belonged, but it seemed to him from their actions and looks that they felt a deep interest about something. As they passed him he overheard one of them say, 'By heavens, the doctor dared not disobey instructions! I shall bleed him till he can't run another drop.' These remarks arrested the attention of Tom, and he cautiously followed them. There was quite a crowd in the street, and he ventured to keep close behind them.

'Open the letter,' said the other one, 'and see if the money is inclosed.'

'I know it is by the feeling of the letter,' replied the first speaker. 'He dares not refuse the modest requests of the mulatto girl. However, there is not so much of a crowd now and I will break the seal.'

Turner heard a part of the above—just enough to induce him to believe that they were conversing about the quack doctor. As one of them began to open the letter he fell a little more in the rear, but not so far as to lose sight of them. The reader need not be told that these girls were Ellen Grant and Jane Trotter. Turner might have seen them before, but they were strangers to him.

'There's the two fifty spots just as I ordered,' said Ellen. 'There's some fun in having such control over a man, especially when he happens to have the needful in his pocket.'

'Let us see what my lover has written,' said Jane.

'Not a word in answer to the long letter of the mulatto girl,' replied Ellen.

'No matter,' said Jane. 'These pictures are worth more than any thing the quack could write.'

'I believe you,' said her companion. 'The fellow, however, could write a good love letter, I'm quite certain, for I have received several from him in years past.'

'How long, think you, we can keep him along in this way?' asked Jane.

'You can judge best about that,' replied Ellen. 'What did he say last evening when he visited you? The letter was put into the post-office yesterday.'

'O, I never saw him so anxious during our courtship!' replied Jane, laughing. 'He urged

me to appoint the time for the wedding more anxiously than ever.'

'And what could you say?' asked Ellen, giggling so loud that Tom heard her very distinctly behind.

'O, I told him it was a great thing to be married, and that he must give me time for consideration,' replied Jane. 'He said his love was so ardent that he might seem too anxious to me, but I must excuse him: I replied that my love was as ardent as his, for I had never seen a man before I could even listen to on the subject of marriage.'

'And you kissed him, I suppose, at the same time you told him that abominable lie,' said Ellen, laughing.

'I did; but not until he had kissed me,' answered Jane. 'I begin to think the fellow really loves me.'

'O, don't mention it,' said Ellen, feeling a strong contempt for him. 'The villain is not capable of loving any woman. If he didn't suppose you were rich, and would inherit a large fortune, he wouldn't love you long. You would soon see his back. He's the most accomplished scoundrel I ever met.'

'Accomplished as he is he has found his match this time,' said Jane. 'But I have thought of another thing.'

'Well, what maggot has crept into your head now?' asked Ellen.

'Let us divide this money between us, and let Old Lize whistle,' replied Jane. 'She will never know that any has been received. And why should she share in it? We have to pay her enough in all conscience. She's a real old sponge, sucking up every thing that comes in her way.'

'Will you keep all a secret?' inquired Ellen. 'To be sure I will,' replied Jane. 'It is as much for my interest as it is for yours to keep the secret.'

'That's true,' answered Ellen, giving Jane one of the bills. 'Take half and let Old Lize whistle, as you say. But it is really too bad to cheat your dear mother.'

'Yes, and sister Adriana too,' answered the heartless Jane, laughing. 'Now we must be careful not to commit ourselves before the cunning old thing, for she is as shrewd as ten devils. Besides, she knew you wrote to him, for she read your letter.'

'I know it; but then it is an easy thing to say I have received no answer,' replied Ellen. 'No doubt she will be making her inquiries the moment we enter the house. A more miserly person I never saw—and she's rich too—I am glad you suggested the idea of cheating her.'

'Rich!' repeated Jane, 'I have heard persons say she is worth more than twenty thousand dollars, and yet a shilling looks as large to her as a full moon.'

'Yes, and she has received her fortune from us, and others like us,' replied Ellen. 'She's a perfect old screw as ever breathed. She's all the time talking about her heavy rents coming due, when they say she has actually bought the house we live in. It is now ten o'clock.'

'I wish I had such a watch as that,' said Jane. 'Do you think this fifty dollar bill would purchase as good a one?'

'The weak sisters paid over a hundred for this,' replied Ellen. 'It is a first-rate time-keeper. I haven't turned a hand upon it since it came into my possession. Watches are cheaper now than when this was bought. Have you a notion of buying one?'

'I think of it,' answered Jane; 'but if I should, I suppose Old Lize would wonder where I got the money.'

'Let her wonder,' said Ellen. 'It is none of her business; you are not in her debt.'

'No; I should have good luck to owe her any thing,' said Jane. 'She's sure to get her part of the fees as soon as they are paid over.'

They had now arrived home and entered the house. Tom passed by and marked the number of the house, intending to return soon and learn more.

'Well, girls, what luck this time?' asked Old Lize. 'Did you find any thing in the post-office?'

'No answer from him,' replied Ellen. 'I'm thinking a letter don't scare him so much as the face and eyes of a mulatto girl.'

'I'm sorry your plan didn't work,' said Old Lize. 'You must black up and appear to him again about twilight some evening, for we can't keep him along in this way a great while longer. One of these days he will begin to smell a rat, and strange he hasn't before now. It is a hard game for me to play. I'm heartily sick of acting the rich and virtuous mother. If he wouldn't come so often I could better bear the burden.'

'Well, I'm sick of acting the virtuous daughter,' said Jane, laughing, and thinking of the fifty dollar bill concealed in her bosom.

'And I'm impatient to plunge a dagger into his wicked heart,' said Ellen.

'Never kill the hen that lays the golden egg,' replied Old Lize.

'But I'm afraid he's about done laying,' answered Ellen.

'The mulatto girl can make him lay a few more eggs I reckon,' said Old Lize. 'You must try him, at any rate, soon.'

'But I'm afraid he may kill me,' said Ellen. 'He was savage, indeed, the last time I appeared to him; besides, I don't think he has much money.'

'He's receiving large fees every day, more or less,' replied old Lize. 'I think he is quacking into a good business. Suppose, Jane, you should conclude to marry him?'

'Marry him!' repeated Jane. 'You'll never catch me in that pew. No—I haven't the most distant thought of such a connection.'

The door bell rang and Tom Turner now entered. They hardly knew what to make of him, for it so happened they had no acquaintance with him, although he was known to many girls of the city whose fame was no better than theirs. His plain, snuff-colored coat, and his rather unfashionable hat, made them at first think he was a greenhorn from the country.

'A good morning to ye all,' said Tom, bowing very politely, and scanning each one's countenance, to see if he could find one lineament that resembled his beloved little Fanny.

'The same to you sir,' replied Old Lize. 'Do you reside in the city, sir?'

'I reckon I do, madam,' he replied; 'but I was born far back in the country. Does Ellen Grant reside under this roof? I wish to see her.'

'There—I knew he must be after me!' exclaimed Ellen, running towards him and taking him by the hand. 'Come, uncle, look at me and you'll see Ellen Grant; yes, the beautiful Ellen.'

Tom gazed upon her, and verily thought, for the moment, that he did discover in her countenance some resemblance to Fanny.

'I will speak with you alone, if you please,' she said.

'O, certainly, uncle,' she replied, leading the way into another room and conducting Tom with her. 'Take a seat upon the sofa, uncle.'

'But why do you call me uncle?' he asked, smiling.

'O, because you look so slick and smooth,' she replied, kissing him.

He very deliberately took out his handkerchief and wiped off the kiss. Tom never allowed such a stain to remain upon his lips no longer than while he could wipe it off. He was incorruptible. No wanton had power over him.

'Well, now, that's a good one,' she continued. 'You never, uncle, had a sweeter kiss in your life, and yet you wipe it off.'

'Little Fanny gives me purer ones,' he replied.

'And pray who's little Fanny?' she asked, tossing her head and laughing.

'A little girl who knows not her father nor mother,' he replied.

'Well, I suppose she had father and mother both, or did she drop down from the clouds?' she inquired.

'O, she's pure enough to come from such a high region,' he said, 'but then I suppose she was born of woman.'

'Very likely, and don't you know who that woman is?' she asked.

'Indeed I do not—do you?' he said, thinking from the words and manner of her question that she might be the mother of his darling.

'How should I know when I never saw the child?' she replied. 'It is generally more difficult to find the father than the mother of a child. Don't you think so?'

'I know but little about those things,' he replied. 'Have you any acquaintance with doctor Boyden, as he calls himself?'

Ellen cast her eyes upon the floor and breathed hard. She began to think that Tom might have known her in earlier life, although she might not remember him. Violent emotions agitated her heart. Tom thought he should now get some clue to the parentage of his Fanny.

'Why do you ask?' she anxiously inquired, gazing full into his face, as if she would read his inmost thoughts. 'Do you know him?'

'I have some acquaintance with him,' he replied. 'He's not the father or Fanny, is he?'

'Gracious heavens!' she exclaimed, covering her face with her hands.

'And is he the father?' asked Tom, feeling much agitation for him, as he generally was very calm and collected.

She made no answer, but her thoughts were upon her own child.

'And perhaps you may be the mother,' he continued.

'O, my God!' she exclaimed. 'Where did you come from? Did you ever see me before you saw me in this city?'

'Never,' he replied. 'But answer my questions and relieve me of this suspense.'

'O, I have given birth to a child,' she replied, 'but it died before I came to this city.'

'And was doctor Boyden the father?' he asked.

'Francis Dermot is the father; the same scamp who now calls himself doctor Boyden,' she answered.

'And was he a preacher of the Gospel?' asked Tom.

'Yes—of the Methodist denomination,' she

replied. 'But you must have known him, and perhaps me also.'

'I never knew neither of you,' he replied; 'but I have drawn some things from him in conversation which he wishes he had kept back. I consider him a dangerous character, and therefore wished to learn more of his history.'

'But how did you hear of my name?' she asked.

He now told her how her name happened to be mentioned by the doctor, which fact the reader already knows.

'Then I find you are not the mother of but one child, and that is dead,' he said, in a sad, sorrowful manner.

'Such is the fact,' she replied. 'The villain, under the garb of religion, deceived me. O, sir, he was a powerful preacher, and what they called a great reformation preacher. He has reformed me, indeed! He found me an innocent and virtuous girl in the country—ruined my character—made me an infidel—a hater of my own race—a reviler of all sacred things—and, at last, what you now find me—a wanton! But, by heavens, I have got some revenge, and I intend to have more, if my life is spared me.'

'Revenge is sweet, we are told, but the spirit which seeks it is a bad one,' he replied.

'It may seem so to you now, but suppose you were a girl and had been used by him as I have been?' she asked; 'or suppose you had a sister served as I have been by the rascal, what would you then think of that spirit which seeks revenge?'

'I have one sister; but O I cannot tell how I should feel if she were thus abused!' he replied. 'I think you said his real name was Francis Dermot.'

'Yes the Rev. Francis Dermot,' she replied, snapping her fingers and biting her lips in rage. 'He has bled some, but he must bleed more.'

'You have not committed any violence upon his body, have you?' he asked, supposing she had attempted to murder him.

'O, not yet,' she replied, pulling the watch and the fifty dollar bill from her bosom. 'These I have bled out of him, and more, but when I cannot get such things I will draw his heart's blood.'

'During this interview she told Tom all that had taken place in relation to the doctor, and he promised to assist her to do every thing except the actual shedding of his blood. Giving her much salutary advice, he took his leave promising to see her again and also to visit the doctor.'

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE YOUNG MOTHER AND THE CHILD.

As Tom Turner was leisurely walking along the Bowery, on his return home from his visit to Ellen Grant, and reflecting upon the base character of doctor Boyden, he met a very handsome young woman with an infant in her arms not more than three or four months old. The peculiar expression upon the countenance of the young woman attracted his notice, and induced him to address her in words of kindness. Tom was a close observer of the human countenance, and long practice had given him a wonderful faculty of reading the character in the countenance. But few persons could equal him in that particular science. It was seldom

as ever made a mistake. His business being a charitable one, and his office to minister to the wants of the poor, he became an extraordinary judge of the human countenance. Beggars of all descriptions were severely scrutinized by him, and their true characters could not escape his keen and searching eye. Immediate distress he always relieved, to the extent of his means, without regard to the character of the individual sufferer; but in distributing the turkis which the good widow Penrose placed at his disposal, he always endeavored to give them to the really deserving. He and the widow divided the unfortunate, into three distinct classes—the Lord's poor, the devil's poor, and the poor devils. The first class he considered as having the strongest claims upon the widow's bounty, and yet he universally relieved the pressing wants of the other two classes as circumstances might justify. Poor devils never received much at his hands, except in cases of absolute distress and starvation; and the devil's poor, or those who made themselves so by their own bad habits and wicked conduct, he usually passed by, unless by his contributions he could relieve immediate distress, or lay the foundation for future reformation. As the young woman was about to pass him, the child cried and appeared to be troubled.

'Keep still now, and let your father hear your cry,' she said, drawing the infant closer to her bosom, and trying to quiet it.

'Perhaps a pin pricks the child,' said Tom, gazing into her sorrowful face.

'It may be so, for my babe is usually very quiet,' she replied, in tones of grief, taking off some of the outside clothes and handing them to Tom. 'Hold those, if you please, and I'll see what the trouble is.'

'Certainly,' answered Tom, taking the clothes upon his arm, and looking at the young mother as she sought for the pins. The child cried still more loudly.

'He's a beautiful babe,' continued Tom; 'I hope you will soon relieve it.'

'There,' she said, pulling out a large pin and holding it up, 'you were right; this pin was sticking in the child's back. I'm greatly obliged to you for your kindness.'

The child was quiet, and Tom fancied it looked at him and smiled.

'You're very welcome,' he replied. 'How pleasant it is to do good; and how trifling a cause will sometimes produce a great effect. A moment ago your babe was suffering keen distress, but now it is quiet and happy. The incident furnishes us a good lesson, and teaches us to be watchful, and endeavor to stop the cries of humanity whenever they fall upon our ears.'

'I like the sentiments,' she replied. 'Would to heaven the burden that presses upon my heart could be as easily removed as the pin was from my babe's back.'

'Then you are the mother of this babe, are you?' he asked, in accents of kindness.

'With shame and confusion of face I must confess it,' she replied, while a tear stood trembling in her large blue eye.

'The child is illegitimate, I suppose,' said Tom.

'Your supposition is correct,' she replied. 'O, the cruel doctor—'

But her sobs and sighs choked her utterance, and she did not finish what she intended to say. Her heart was too full and she could only sigh, not articulate.

'The cruel doctor!' repeated Tom, thinking

that Boyden might be the sinner who had broken this woman's heart. 'What doctor has been so cruel?'

'You look good, and the tones of your voice are kind,' she said. 'Can I safely trust you with the secret?'

Heaven knows you can,' he answered; 'and perhaps I can assist you.'

'You may have power to relieve the wants of the body, but you cannot remove the load of grief that presses down my soul! I was deceived, most cruelly deceived, or I should never have become a mother!'

'Nothing more likely,' he replied. 'But who is the vile man that has thus deceived you?'

'Doctor Hooker!' she answered, in deep accents of grief.

'I know him,' he said. 'For some time I have respected him, but now I know his deep depravity and base hypocrisy! Then he's the father of your child?'

'He is,' she replied. 'I was unwell and employed him. He—'

She could not finish the sentence she was so much overcome by her own feelings.

'I understand,' he replied. 'The hypocrite doctored you, and while administering his medicines he made love.'

'Yes, and promises of marriage!' she cried.

'And you knew not he was a married man, did you?' he asked.

Indeed he told me he was a single man, and would marry me,' she answered. 'Even up to the time I gave birth to this little girl he promised marriage, but after that sad event, which has brought such disgrace upon me, he informed me he could never become my husband. He procured me a boarding-house, presided over the birth of my babe, and promised to furnish me money until I was able to take care of myself.'

'And has he not kept his promise?' inquired Tom.

'Nearly a month's board is now due and I haven't heard a word from him,' she answered. 'The house where I board is a bad house, and the woman who keeps it a bad woman. I knew it not until weeks after my child was born.'

'And what did he say to you the last time you saw him?' he asked.

'O, God! I blush to answer your question!' she sobbed; 'but you look and talk like an honest man, and I will answer. He said I could get a good living by becoming a wanton!'

'O, the wretched hypocrite!' exclaimed Tom. 'I am glad I have met you here at this time. And I suppose the woman also wishes you to live a life of prostitution!'

'She does; but this body of mine shall die of starvation first, and my babe find an infant's grave before I will yield to such solicitations! She says I must leave her house then, and thanks to heaven that I had strength to leave it, and wander in the streets a beggar as I now am wandering.'

'You shall not wander in the streets as a beggar,' he answered.

'I was going to call upon doctor Hooker, if I could find his house,' she said.

'No, do not call on him at his house,' he replied. 'His wife is an excellent woman, and your visit might give her great pain. She's not answerable for his faults, and ought not suffer on account of them. Go with me and I will see the doctor.'

He now led the way to the house of the widow Penrose, carrying the babe himself, and

relieving her from the burden. They passed the house of aunt Betty Barnes. As usual she was at the window and saw Tom passing with an infant in his arms, closely followed by the mother.

'What in the world has Mr. Turner found now?' said aunt Betty. 'A child—a very young child—an infant in his arms, as I'm a living woman! Who can they be, and why is he carrying the child? The mother is young, and perhaps handsome too! Yes, she has a handsome form. O, Mr. Turner is a tender-hearted man, but then he can't fall in love with any one else! And yet men sometimes take strange turns in this world! If he has found another Fanny, and loves her as well as he does the first one, his heart will be pretty well occupied. Perhaps she may be the mother of Fanny! I wish I knew who she is! If he finds the mother of Fanny I fear he might love her as he loves the child so dearly! I must go over and see. No doubt he is going home. O, one trouble comes close after another in this world!'

Aunt Betty went immediately to her toilet to prepare herself for her visit to the house of the widow Penrose. She was always particular about her dress, but she was now more so than ever before. Every pin must be stuck into her dress with a peculiar angle, and every curl adjusted exactly so. She wore false curls, for her own hair, about the temples, was somewhat gray. A nicer person was seldom or never seen. Aunt Betty was an extraordinary maiden, and since she had felt the magic power of love, she was more extraordinary than ever, for it seemed to rejuvenate her, and give her some graceful airs and most sweet smiles.

Tom entered the house with the infant in his arms, followed by the young and handsome mother, whom he introduced to the kind widow. Everything Tom did was all right in her estimation, for she believed he could do no wrong. Little Fanny seemed delighted with the child, and hugged and kissed it to the great satisfaction of Tom and the widow. The child also seemed to be much pleased, for it smiled as little Fanny was so fondly caressing it. The widow kindly asked the young mother to lay off her bonnet and shawl and be seated. She did so, and showed a most beautiful face; but there were some lines in her lovely countenance which told there was a worm gnawing at her heart. The widow noted these marks, and her soul was drawn out in pity towards the young, handsome, but unfortunate mother. Tom told the widow all he knew with regard to the new comers, and started after doctor Hooker.

'What may I call your name?' asked the widow, in a voice whose kind tones sank deep into the young mother's heart, and made her feel as if she was indeed in the house of a friend, who would not forsake in this her time of trouble.

'O, kind madam, I'm ashamed to confess my name, disgraced as it has been,' replied the mother, placing her trembling hand upon her heaving bosom, 'but there is something in here that tells me I have found a friend in need, and I will give you my name, it is Alice Johnson.'

And she buried her face in her hands, and the tears streamed through her fingers and fell in drops upon the head of her child.

'Weep not, my dear woman,' said the widow. 'We all sometimes sin more or less, but there is a Power that forgives.'

'I know it, but if my poor mother should hear of my misfortune it would break her heart,' replied Alice, still sobbing as if her own heart would break.

'Your mother need not know it,' said the widow. 'Where does she live? In the city?'

'O, no, far from the city some hundreds of miles,' replied Alice. 'She lives in the State of Maine, and is poor, although she gets a comfortable living. I used to send her some of my earnings, but I have not recently. I had a letter from her a week since, in which she gave me much advice and caution, but it was too late. The false deed was done against which she so earnestly cautioned me. O, if I had heeded the advice and caution when I left her to come to this city, I might now have been a happy and innocent girl.'

'Well, well, dry up your tears,' replied the good widow. 'You will not suffer any more. You have sincerely repented of your misdoings with that vile, hypocritical doctor, and what is better than all, you have indignantly refused to dwell in the haunts of vice, although circumstances powerfully pressed you to such a life.'

'O, dear madam, your kind voice sinks deep into my heart!' exclaimed Alice, rising from her seat and kissing the good old lady's benevolent face.

Ah! such a kiss as that was worth having. It spoke volumes for the good widow, whose heart and hand were always open to relieve the distresses of the poor and unfortunate. Angels could witness such an exhibition, and say there was still virtue upon the earth. They did witness that kiss, and think you the young mother's crime is not blotted out from the records of heaven. Never had the widow Penrose felt more pure joy than she felt that moment. Well could she say, 'How much more blessed it is to give than to receive.'

'I'm glad you have come under my roof,' said the widow. 'The man who conducted you hither is a pure Christian, although he never joined any church on earth; but he will be a member of the church in heaven. He goes about doing good, and I wish I could say as much of the proud professors of religion. But I will not censure where I cannot praise. I hope for the best.'

'The man who conducted me here is good,' said Alice. 'The expression of his countenance and the tones of his voice told me that the first word I heard him speak. Is he your son?'

'No, dear, he's no relative of mine; but he lives with me,' she replied. 'What employment was you engaged in before you met doctor Hooker?'

'I was a coat maker,' replied Alice, 'and would to heaven I had continued in that employment. But I was sick with a fever, and was advised to send for doctor Hooker: I did send; but, alas! his visits have proved my ruin!'

'That is all past, and let it be forgotten,' said the widow. 'You're young yet, and the remainder of your days may be happy. Can you do housework?'

'O, yes; my mother taught me that ere I came to this city,' answered Alice.

'Then you shall live with me, and do what you can besides taking care of your child,' said the widow. 'My chambermaid left me yesterday, and has gone home, for her health is very poor. My work is light, and I can help you in the care of your child.'

'O, dear madam how can I repay you for

such kindness,' exclaimed Alice, wiping the tears of joy from her clear blue eyes. 'Heaven has not forgotten me, although I'm not worthy to be remembered!'

A gentle ringing of the door-bell now summoned the good old widow to the door, for she was not too proud to go to the door herself. The young mother suddenly started.

'Be not alarmed, my dear,' said the widow; 'that ring is aunt Betty's, a nice maiden lady who often calls here. Thomas has not had time to bring the doctor yet.'

Aunt Betty Barnes now entered and was introduced to the young mother. Little Fanny had become so well acquainted with her that she ran to greet her. Aunt Betty first covered Fanny's face with kisses, and then gazed upon the beautiful countenance of the young mother with a strange mixture of conflicting emotions. Good and kind hearted as aunt Betty was, she could not help feeling a small touch of jealousy, for the young mother was exceedingly beautiful. Even grief seemed to make her countenance more lovely. Aunt Betty's feelings were so much excited, that she rose and peered into the child's face to see if it was handsome. Alas! she found more beauty there than she loved to see, for the infant was beautifully formed, and its countenance exceedingly interesting. Aunt Betty loved to gaze upon beautiful children under ordinary circumstances, but some how or other she wished this child was not quite so lovely and interesting. However, to her credit be it said, aunt Betty tried to repress her feelings, for she knew she was wrong in thus wishing. She would then gaze upon the young mother, but that countenance gave her still more disquietude. It seemed to her that Mr. Turner, as she called him, must fall in love with such a woman, especially since she had given birth to such a lovely and interesting child. It was hard work for aunt Betty to control her feelings. Love does play sad tricks even with honest hearts. Having so long kept her love a secret, or as it were, shut up like a fire in her bones, she could not at all times keep out of sight that spirit of jealousy which always feeds the flame. For some time there was silence in that room, which will be broken in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE THOUSAND DOLLAR CHECK.

THERE was one thing which bore heavily on the heart of Miss Barnes, that was, whether this handsome young woman was the mother of Fanny; for, if she was, it seemed to her that Mr. Turner must love her. She did not like to ask the question direct, for she thought it was an awful thing to be the mother of two illegitimate children. She brought Fanny along and placed her beside the child, that she might look into both their faces at about the same time, and see if they resembled each other enough to be sisters. She was very particular in this examination, so much so that the mother and the widow Penrose could but notice her.

'Do they look like sisters?' asked Alice Johnson, in a trembling voice.

'Indeed I cannot tell, there's so much difference in their ages,' replied aunt Betty, being almost convinced they were truly sisters. Her heart beat with strange emotions, and she hated

to ask whether they were sisters for fear the answer might be in the affirmative.

The young mother made no more conversation upon that subject, and so the widow Penrose thought she would put in a word.

'Which do you think, aunt Betty, looks the prettiest?' inquired the widow, guessing out the trouble aunt Betty felt.

'I declare I cannot tell, but Fanny is the oldest, and more interesting on that account,' answered aunt Betty.

'Can't you trace a family resemblance between them?' asked the widow.

'I don't know but there may be,' replied aunt Betty, much agitated.

'Their eyes are of the same shade of blue,' said Alice.

Aunt Betty was now fully satisfied that this handsome young woman was the mother of both children, and yet she indulged a feeble hope that such was not the case.

'They are so,' said aunt Betty, peering first into the eyes of Fanny, and then into the infant's. 'Are you the mother of both children?'

'Gracious heavens!' exclaimed Alice Johnson, holding up her hands and gazing wildly about the room, greatly to the surprise of aunt Betty.

'Dear me, what is the matter?' anxiously inquired aunt Betty. 'Have I asked an improper question?'

'O, no,' replied Alice, 'your question is a proper one, but I was thinking what a dreadful thing it would be to be the mother of two illegitimate children! I have sinned once, and may heaven guard me from committing a second offence!'

Aunt Betty looked wild, but did not fully comprehend what the woman's exclamation meant. The widow saw her trouble and came to her relief.

'Did you think this lady was the mother of Fanny?' asked the widow.

'I really had that impression,' replied Miss Barnes. 'Is it not so?'

'O, no, dear madam, I'm the mother of but one child,' answered Alice Johnson.

Aunt Betty felt as if a great burden was instantly removed from her heart, and she breathed more freely. She had not yet learned where Mr. Turner was. She was anxious to know, and yet felt some delicacy about inquiring.

'It is about time for Thomas to return,' said the widow.

'O, I dread his coming!' replied Alice, pressing her child closer to her bosom.

Aunt Betty suddenly started, as if a pin had got out of place and pricked her. What thoughts will sometimes press a lover's heart! Strange as it may seem, nevertheless it is true, that a thought darted into aunt Betty's mind that Mr. Turner might be the father of that young child, and that the mother had come to him for relief. The reader can judge what an awful effect such a thought must have had on a person situated as Miss Barnes was at that moment. Never before had she felt such terrible emotions. She rose from her seat and went to the window, but she couldn't remain there long. She walked across the room, her form erect and genteel, her steps short, her eyes sparkling, and her lips trembling. She dared not ask any question lest what was now somewhat uncertain might become a dreadful reality. The young mother couldn't divine the cause of such extreme agitation, and began

to think she might have said something wrong. 'Have I said anything improper?' asked Alice, gazing upon the agitated maiden, as her tall, slender, straight form was stalking about the room.

'O, heavens!' exclaimed aunt Betty, sinking into a chair, and burying her face in a nice black silk apron which she wore.

'Why, aunt Betty, what is the matter?' asked the widow Penrose, running towards her and pulling the apron from her face.

Aunt Betty looked up through her tears and saw the benevolent face of the good widow, but her emotions were too big for utterance. She trembled, and the tears stood glittering in her eyes, but she could not speak.

'Are you not well?' continued the widow, beginning to fear she might have an ill turn of the body as well as one of the mind.

'Lead me into another room,' said aunt Betty, in a tremulous voice.

The widow conducted her to an adjoining room and entreated her to lie down upon a bed; but it was not a bed she needed, only an explanation.

'O, I have a dreadful fear upon my heart!' said aunt Betty, as she sank into an easy-chair which stood in the room.

'And pray what is that fear?' asked the widow, sitting down beside her, and rubbing the palms of her hands, as if that might prevent her from going into a fit, which the good old lady really feared might happen to her friend; for she never saw her so much agitated before.

'O, widow Penrose, your age prevents all these troubles!' said aunt Betty.

'What troubles?' inquired the widow. 'I don't understand you.'

'That young mother in the other room!' replied aunt Betty, pointing towards the room with her long, tremulous finger.

'Well, what of her?' impatiently asked the widow. 'True, she has been unfortunate, but she has sincerely repented of all her crimes.'

'Where is Mr. Turner?' anxiously inquired the trembling maiden.

'Gone after doctor Hooker,' replied the widow.

'Is the woman going to have another child?' asked Miss Barnes.

'Why, aunt Betty, how you talk,' said the widow. 'The woman has now in her arms a child only three months old.'

'I know it; but I'm so agitated that I didn't know what I said,' answered aunt Betty.

'But tell me the great fear that troubles you so much,' said the widow.

'O, Mrs. Penrose, I sometimes wish I had never loved,' said aunt Betty. 'The men are often deceitful and break the hearts of the women.'

'True, for that woman has been terribly deceived, and by one, too, who I once thought was a good man,' replied the widow.

'Then it is just as I feared!' exclaimed aunt Betty, throwing her head back upon the chair and breathing hard.

'What have you feared?' asked the widow.

'That Mr. Turner is the father of that young child,' replied aunt Betty, lowering her head and resting her chin upon her breast, as if the vital spark had actually flown from her form.

'Why, aunt Betty Barnes!' exclaimed the widow, in great surprise.

'What is there the spirit of jealousy cannot do! Thomas the father of that child! What a thought to enter your head! Was there ever any thing like it on the face of the whole

earth? Why, aunt Betty, you are beside yourself! Thomas never could be guilty of such a thing!'

'Then he's not the father, is he?' asked aunt Betty.

'No, indeed, but doctor Hooker is,' replied the widow.

At that moment the young mother entered the room, as aunt Betty's fears were quieted.

'Is the lady better?' asked Alice, supposing she had been almost in a fit.

'Very much better now,' replied the widow, smiling.

They now went back into the other room and seated themselves. Aunt Betty was quite restored, and seemed to feel better for having been so much agitated. True, her heart had been sad and sorrowful, but the dark clouds had passed away, and the sun shone more brightly.

Aunt Betty learned why the young mother dreaded to meet the doctor, and was glad she had come over so as to be a witness of the scene which was about to take place.

All were now anxiously waiting for the coming of Tom and the doctor; but no one could experience such emotions as that young mother.

While they were thus waiting, Tom had just rang the doctor's door-bell, and as good luck would have it, he found the guilty man at home.

The doctor didn't like to see Turner; but he treated him politely, at the same time he feared that Tom had come for no good to him.

'How's the widow Penrose to-day?' asked the doctor.

'Quite well, I thank you,' replied Tom.

'But there's a young woman at our house who is quite ill, and you must go and see her.'

'What's her name?' asked the doctor.

'I have not asked her name,' replied Tom.

'What disease is she laboring under?' inquired the doctor.

'Not being a doctor I couldn't say,' answered Tom; 'but she appears to be in much distress, and perhaps you can relieve her. I hope you will find it convenient to go now.'

'Certainly. I will accompany you,' said the doctor, taking his hat and coat and starting off with Tom.

'How long has the woman been at your house?' asked the doctor, as they were walking along together.

'But a short time,' replied Tom.

'Taken suddenly I suppose,' said the doctor.

'Was she well when she came there?'

'I think she had been complaining before she entered the house,' answered Tom. 'At any rate she appears to be in much distress now.'

'Is she a young woman?' inquired the doctor.

'Not over twenty I should judge,' replied Tom.

'Does she appear like a lady?' asked Hooker.

'Perhaps I'm not a judge of a lady, but she's very handsome. I seldom ever see a more beautiful girl.'

'That's well. I will try my skill to relieve her from her distress.'

'I hope you will, for I believe you can afford her relief if any doctor in the city can,' answered Tom.

'Much obliged for the compliment,' said the doctor.

'No compliment at all; a mere matter of fact,' replied Tom.

'A better compliment still,' said the doctor smiling. 'I believe you have learned to flat-

ter.' 'O, no, I never could be a flatterer,' said Tom. 'It takes the doctors to do up such things in style.'

'True, Tom, a little flattery sometimes is better than a dose of medicine,' replied the doctor.

'Especially when a female happens to be a beautiful woman,' said Tom.

'Very well said; very well, indeed, Tom,' replied Hooker. 'Such can be more easily flattered than full grown, coarse men.'

'Well, doctor, you know if any one does, for you have had a large experience and an extensive practice,' answered Tom, with much gravity.

'I hardly know how to take that, whether as a compliment or not,' said Hooker, being somewhat suspicious that Tom was alluding to some of his faults.

'If your conscience is clear you will receive it as a compliment, but if your conscience upbraids you it may seem otherwise,' said Tom.

'Much depends upon the state of the conscience in this world. Conscience makes cowards of some while it makes devils of others.'

'Rather harsh language Tom for so meek a man as you to use,' said the doctor. 'You're not in the habit, I believe, of using such terms in conversation.'

'Perhaps I'm not, but circumstances alter cases,' said Tom.

It is true, as the doctor said, that Tom was not in the habit of using harsh language, or of brow-beating any one, but if he ever felt like pouncing upon a man in his life he felt like pouncing upon the hypocritical doctor.

Tom hated a hypocrite much more than any other character, for he viewed them as vastly more dangerous in the community than the openly wicked and profane.

They had now arrived in front of the house, and aunt Betty sat at the window looking out.

Her eyes met Tom's through the glass, and a smile passed over her smooth face.

Tom was glad she was there to witness the exhibition.

The widow Penrose was sitting in an armed rocking-chair, with Fanny's head in her lap, and Alice Johnson sat rocking her babe in a smaller chair.

'They are coming,' said aunt Betty. 'Mr. Turner has found the doctor.'

Alice's countenance turned pale, and her heart almost leaped into her throat; but she nerved herself for the interview, knowing she was among kind friends.

Tom entered first, followed by the doctor, while the head of Alice was bowed down upon that of her child, so that the doctor did not at first recognise her.

'Behold your patient!' said Tom, stepping one pace to the left and pointing to the young mother, who at that moment raised her head, when the eyes of the seduced and the seducer met in wild confusion.

Strong as the doctor's nerves were, he could not well stand such a shock.

They gazed in silence, but the doctor trembled as if he would sink through the floor, while the young mother controlled her feelings with a power beyond her most sanguine expectations.

There was something that sustained her of which she had not dreamed. No doubt the influence of the good widow strengthened and nerved her for the interview.

'Hold up the child and let the father see it,' said Tom.

The mother did hold it up, but the child gazed for a moment upon its father's face and then shrunk back into its mother's bosom, as if it instinctively saw the wickedness of the man in his countenance.

'Have you no remedy for such a disease?' continued Tom. 'Remember I told you that no other doctor could prescribe for the patient so well as you.'

The doctor turned his eyes upon Tom and looked daggers; but he was silent, for he knew he was in their power.

Aunt Betty sat and admired the address of Mr. Turner on the occasion. She thought he managed the affair with consummate skill; and so he did.

The doctor was caught in a trap at last, from which there was no escape, and he was perfectly aware of it.

'Will you prescribe?' continued Tom, while the widow Penrose looked on and thought how the wicked are sometimes punished in this world.

'What shall I prescribe?' anxiously inquired the doctor, in much trouble.

'Money! money!' repeated Tom. 'You have no other medicine for such a complaint. See your own child and its almost heart-broken mother? They must have food and clothing and where to lay their heads. Even the savage beasts of the wood provide for their own offspring, and shall a man, a member of a Christian church, do less?'

Aunt Betty thought she never heard such eloquence in her life as came from the lips of Tom at that moment.

It made the *gooseflesh* come on her slender arms, and brought the tears into her eyes.

The young mother sat in silence, but that silence was more eloquent than words to the doctor.

Tom managed the finances of the young mother, and made the doctor give his check to her for a thousand dollars; but Tom would not give his promise not to expose the doctor's character, but he assured him he should do so if he did not pay the money.

The check was given and the hypocrite departed, with a heart more sorely pressed than he ever experienced before.

If he could have been assured that his character would not be exposed he might have felt some better, but that assurance he could not get from Tom Turner.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TAKING TEA UNDER MOST FAVORABLE AUSPICES.

HAVING made one physician do justice, Tom Turner thought he would call on another. He was quite well satisfied with Hooker's visit to the young mother, but he had not seen doctor Boyden since he learned his history and character from Ellen Grant.

He was really a thorn in the sides of these physicians. Knowing them to be wicked and dangerous men in the community, he was determined to destroy their influence so far as he could do it in a proper manner.

He hardly knew which of the two was the more wicked and dangerous. One had preached the Gospel while he was a libertine, and the other was a leading member of an orthodox church, while he was serving the devil.

Both were just such characters as Tom Turner utterly despised from the very bottom of his soul.

And knowing their characters so well as he now did, it is not strange that he followed upon their tracks; and who will say he was not engaged in a good work? Can he be accused of being actuated by unworthy motives? The candid reader will judge.

Not long after doctor Hooker signed his check for a thousand dollars, and gave it to Alice Johnson, Tom accompanied aunt Betty

to her house. While on the way she was very talkative. It was the first time she ever walked with him in the streets. He politely gave her his arm, and locked in, they walked along. Now Tom had some ear for music, and a propensity to time and measure; but it would seem that aunt Betty was destitute of those qualities, for he could not keep step with her, although he made several attempts to do so, occasionally changing his feet, and trying to put his left foot forward at the same moment she did hers; but his efforts were in vain, for she would be either too quick for him or too slow, but generally too quick, frequently stepping twice to his once, and when he hurried to overtake her foot and be even with it, she felt the impulse and would hasten her step also; so that he was sure to put his foot upon the *pave* at least half a second after she did, which entirely destroyed that time and measure which he so much admired in walking. He at last gave it up; for all his attempts to keep time only made the matter worse, so they jogged along very unevenly, jostling each other, and not unfrequently digging away at each other's sides with their elbows. Some people might have considered this a bad omen, auguring a future rupture in their domestic relations, and presaging some domestic troubles, but Tom Turner had no superstition in the elements of his composition, but looked at everything in the light of reason and common sense.

Knowing how ardently she loved him, and how long she concealed her passion before she disclosed it to mortal ears, he very rationally concluded that she was somewhat nervous, and that she would in time keep more even pace with him. He never, for a moment, entered into the philosophy of the thing, and supposed her uneven step to be occasioned by an organic defect in her nature. Some meek scholars than he, and more acute physiologists, might have attributed her irregular gait to a want of a "musical ear," or to some other defect in her organization; but Tom didn't trouble his head with such studies. He did not dive so deeply into such science and philosophy. He believed aunt Betty was a very well, if not perfectly, organized woman. No one kept her house in finer order than she did, for everything was in its proper place, so that she could put her hand upon it in a very dark night without a candle. He had never taken tea with her, but she had been on the point of inviting him several times, and would have done so if her courage had not failed her, or her modesty and delicacy forbid.

'How that doctor Hooker must have felt when you said, "Behold your patient!" and she raised her head,' said aunt Betty. 'I could not have believed he was such a man if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, and heard it with my own ears. How in the world, Mr. Turner, did you happen to suspect him even before you saw that unfortunate woman?' 'He seemed to me always to profess too much piety, and to put on too long a face,' he replied. 'Such proud professions always raise my suspicions. If a man is really good at heart, he will never boast of it. Some men put all their eggs into one basket.'

The last phrase was a favorite one with Tom, and he often used it. Aunt Betty smiled, and shortened and hastened her steps, inasmuch that she was fairly in advance of him without knowing it.

'You must have studied human nature a great deal,' she said. 'I don't believe there's

scarcely another person in the city who would have suspected doctor Hooker, for every body thinks he's a very pious man.'

'Well they may if they believe his boastings,' he replied. 'I have long had my eye upon him, and I'm following the track of another physician, or a pretended one.'

'And who is that, pray?' she inquired. 'One who has not been a long resident in the city,' he replied. 'You probably have not heard of him. He calls himself doctor Boyden, from Europe, but he never crossed the Atlantic in his life.'

'O, I have seen his advertisements in the papers,' she said.

'Yes, he deals out his falsehoods in the papers quite liberally,' he said. 'I intend to give him a call before night.'

'Would you not have time enough after tea?' she asked, feeling as if she must invite him to take tea with her, and yet hardly knowing how to screw her courage up to that sticking place.

'I should prefer to call upon him near night-fall,' he answered.

Now the way was fairly opened, and she knew it, yet she hesitated; and every moment of delay but increased her embarrassment. This she felt, and yet she still delayed. He expected an invitation and anxiously waited for it. Neither spoke for some time. He didn't speak because he was waiting for her to ask him to tea, and she couldn't speak because her delicacy paralyzed her tongue. Thus they walked along with unequal steps and strange emotions for several rods. At last aunt Betty was determined not to let so good an opportunity slip through her fingers.

'Mr. Turner,' said she, 'I should be pleased to have you take tea with me this evening, if convenient.'

'It will be very convenient and pleasing to me,' he replied.

Aunt Betty took three steps at that moment while he was taking one, and even dragged him along, so much so that he was obliged to hurry his speed to keep up with her. His answer seemed to infuse new life and energy into her limbs. She felt as if her greatest task was performed.

'At what time do you take tea?' he continued, in a very pleasant voice.

'At six o'clock precisely,' she replied. 'I'm very particular about the hours of my meals. I think regularity in such things is very conducive to health. You must bring little Fanny with you.'

'O, certainly, she must come,' he replied. 'It is strange I can learn nothing of her father or mother. I wish I could. No doubt they are very smart and respectable as the world goes.'

'That is just my opinion,' she answered, feeling very much inclined to agree with Tom in all his notions and opinions. 'Fanny is a wonderful little girl, and her mother must be a very smart woman. I sometimes, Mr. Turner, blush for my sex. O, it is dreadful to think how some women conduct themselves in this world.'

'True, indeed,' he replied. 'Human nature is very frail and weak in the time of temptation.'

'It is so indeed, Mr. Turner,' she answered. 'We have abundant occasion for the exercise of pity and compassion. It is a strange world we live in, but after all it is a happy one; don't you think so, Mr. Turner?'

'It is indeed, for the very good reason that

we here have abundant opportunities for doing good, and helping our fellow creatures.'

'That is precisely the view I take of the world,' she replied. 'I rejoice to find that we think so much alike.'

'It is a very fortunate circumstance,' he answered, smiling.

'Especially since we have formed such a relationship to each other,' she replied, while she felt the red blood coming into her cheeks.

'Quite true,' he answered, almost blushing himself.

They had now arrived at her house, and he accompanied her into her very neat and well-furnished parlor, where scarcely a fly was to be seen, nor a particle of dust. She bid him be seated on the sofa. Tom felt well, as his countenance showed. Everything was sweet and clean, and no bad effluvia about the house. The air was very pure, and rendered fragrant by a large monthly rose-bush which stood at one of the front windows, thickly covered with beautiful roses in full bloom. Tom thought he never saw such a beautiful rose bush in his life. The leaves were as bright and green as if they had recently been washed by a shower. Tom was no botanist, but then he loved to look upon flowers and smell their fragrance. Aunt Betty had devoted much time not only in cultivating flowers, but in studying the science of them.

'What efforts nature makes to please us,' said Tom, pointing to the splendid rosebush. 'There's evidence of it enough to satisfy any one.'

'Do you think that's a handsome rosebush?' she inquired, taking a seat on the sofa not far distant from him, even within the reach of his hand, if he had been disposed to extend his arm in that direction.

'A most splendid one,' he replied. 'I don't see how you make it bear so well.'

'Flowers need care and attention and then they will grow,' she said. 'Would you believe it, three years ago that was a very small bush and bore only two roses.'

'It is remarkable indeed,' he replied, rising and going to the bush, followed by her.

'There's a very beautiful rose,' she said, pointing to a particular one with her finger, that had a fine ring upon it. 'Yesterday that was in the bud, and this morning it bloomed out in all its beauty.'

He carefully took one of the leaves between his thumb and forefinger, and in doing so touched the side of her hand.

'How smooth and velvet-like the leaves are?' he said, feeling more sensibly the touch of her hand than he did the smoothness of the rose-leaf.

'O, they are beautiful and fresh when they first burst out from the bud,' she replied, experiencing a kind of electrical shock from the touch of his finger, such as she never felt before.

She could bear swift witness at that moment that a lover's hand is indeed a powerful magnet; and he, too, could give in the same testimony if he had been called on to testify. There is more or less of the earth in the purest love here below. Everything is somewhat alloyed. No candid and reasonable person will pretend to dispute the fact that Tom Turner's love was as pure as the human heart ever felt. And surely there is no evidence to show that aunt Betty's was not equally pure. True, hers had been of longer standing than his, but we are not authorized by any philosophical or meta-

physical principles to say that her love was less pure on that account.

'Indeed they are,' he replied, feeling his hand drawn towards hers by a strange magnetic power which he could not resist.

And he did not resist it, but took her hand in his and pressed it with emotions such as true lovers can only feel. O, what a thrilling moment was that for the maiden as well as for him. He held her hand, and, thanks to Fate, she did not withdraw it from his warm and nervous grasp. For the time being the rose-bush was forgotten and all its beautiful and fragrant flowers. Their hearts were too much engaged to allow them to think of any earthly object, however beautiful. Their eyes met and dreams of bliss floated across their imaginations. By some unaccountable phenomena Tom's lips were brought into contact with her's, and such a kiss angels might well approve. True, there might have been somewhat of earth in it, but then it was as pure as circumstances would permit. Although it was a kiss over a rosebush, yet it could not be called a kiss "*sub rosa*." It was not a very long one, and there was less of earth and more of heaven in it on that account.

Aunt Betty Barnes was a happy woman and Tom was by no means an unhappy man. They left the rosebush and sat down upon the sofa again, there conversing as true lovers usually converse. And how swiftly the time flew. They could take no note of it its flight was so rapid. Aunt Betty had an Irish servant girl who had lived with her three years. Her name was Bridget. She was a faithful servant and well acquainted with all her mistress's ways. Bridget thought very strange of it that her mistress had not called her and given her some directions about preparing tea as was her usual custom. It was then nearly six o'clock and the tea-kettle was not boiling. But the reader may not be alarmed for aunt Betty, for she had not invited her lover to sip a cup of tea with her without being prepared. The biscuit-cake and preserves were all prepared in fine order. True, aunt Betty had taken no note of time and was not aware of its being so late. Bridget was uneasy, for aunt Betty had taught her to be prompt, for the old family clock stood in the front hall, keeping exact time. The servant girl looked at the clock and at that moment it was on the stroke of six.

'Dear me,' said Bridget to herself, 'and sure mistress has forgotten the time, and has company too! I must speak to her.'

Now Bridget was a shrewd girl as well as prompt and faithful; and she knew something too about the matter of love affairs, for she received company once a week from a Patlander who was over head and ears in love with her. She gently knocked at the parlor door just at the moment Tom was imprinting on aunt Betty's lips a second kiss. It might, and probably would have been longer, and consequently less pure than the first one but for the interruption of Bridget. Her knocking snapped it off very suddenly, and aunt Betty went to the door.

'And sure mistress, the clock has told six, and I have received no orders to prepare tea,' said Bridget, looking sly out of one corner of her eye, while the blushes were mantling the cheeks of her mistress.

'Six o'clock!' repeated aunt Betty, much surprised. 'Then kindle the fire quick and prepare tea.'

Bridget turned away with an arch smile upon

her fat face and went about her work. Aunt Betty returned to the sofa again.

'Dear me, Mr. Turner,' she said, 'I had no idea it was so late! How the hours have passed! I didn't suppose it was more than four o'clock!'

'I was not aware of its being so late,' he replied, smiling. 'Time does fly more rapidly under some circumstances than under others.'

'I believe we have good evidence of that this afternoon,' she replied, while a smile passed over her yet blushing face. 'I was never more surprised in my life than when Bridget knocked at the door and told me the time.'

'I wish she had postponed her visit about a minute longer,' said Tom, smiling.

Aunt Betty gently twigg'd a lock of his hair and looked very happy. She had really begun to act out the lover as well as he. All these little things drove diffidence from their hearts and made them more familiar and social. Before the tea-kettle boiled aunt Betty received the third kiss, which sealed their union. Turner now felt that love indeed is an interesting reality. He was more thoroughly convinced of it than he was ever before. Aunt Betty hadn't doubted it for years, but now she had witnessed some of its blessed fruits. If all courtship were as pure as Tom's and aunt Betty's, there would be less corruption in the world than there is now.

Bridget announced that tea was ready. Aunt Betty ran into the dining-room to see if everything was properly placed upon the table, and then returned and invited Tom in. The table was nicely set and the fare was excellent. A better cup of tea and nicer biscuit he thought he never tasted. They sat facing each other, and aunt Betty almost felt as if she was turning out tea for her husband.

'Dear me!' she exclaimed, when turning out Tom's second cup of tea, 'we have forgotten little Fanny! I wish she was here; it would be so delightful to see her lovely face and beautiful curls! But then she must come next time.'

'So she shall,' he replied. 'I should admire to see her sitting by your side.'

'I have a set of very small cups and saucers which will please her much,' she said.

She now rang the bell and Bridget entered.

'Bring me one of those small cups and saucers,' she continued.

Bridget soon brought the articles and Tom expressed his admiration of them. They finished their tea and again adjourned to the parlor, where Tom tarried until nightfall, forgetting his intended visit to doctor Boyden, and hurrying home. The widow Penrose soon learned the cause of his long absence and smiled. Alice Johnson was highly gratified with her new abode, and felt under great obligations to Tom Turner.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE STORY OF THE YOUNG MOTHER.

THE next morning after Tom had taken tea with aunt Betty, in such favorable and even highly exciting circumstances, the penny post-man brought him the following letter which greatly pleased him:

'DEAR BROTHER.—Your kind letter came safe to hand and found me and our dear mother in the enjoyment of good health, which is

one of earth's best blessings. You may well suppose we are very anxious to see you, for it seems almost an age since we sat down together under our paternal roof. We rejoice to hear that you are placed in such happy circumstances. Would to heaven I had—but no, I will not complain to you in a letter; and yet you must know all if God permits us to meet once more. You say you wish me to come to New York. O! Thomas, I long to see you, yet I feel—no; I must not write so! Mother says I had better go, and I have concluded to comply with your request. Soon as I receive another letter from you I shall start for your city. I would write more, but I trust we shall soon meet and then we can talk days and weeks together. You complain because I have not written so often as I ought. I feel as if I were in fault, but I think the last letter I wrote never reached you, for if it had you would not complain quite so much. O, how fortunate you are to find such a woman as the widow Penrose. Mother would be delighted to see her. Write me on the receipt of this. When we meet I will tell you all. Do not think I am very unhappy when you read the broken sentences of this letter. I am not now so unhappy as I have been. O! Thomas, this is a world of temptation; but you are fortunate and I rejoice at it. Give my best regards to the widow Penrose, and may heaven bless her for her kindness to you. Again I entreat you not to think I am unhappy. I need not write more and I ought not to have written less.

From your loving sister.

ELIZABETH.

Three times did the good brother read the above letter, and then handed it to the widow Penrose, who read it quite as many times. There were certain passages in it which neither could understand. It was evident to both, however, that she had experienced some trouble. Tom was silent and thoughtful while the widow was reading the letter. He was sorrowful and sad to think of certain passages in his sister's letter. 'Deeply did he reflect upon them and endeavored to conjure out their meaning. He thought of a thousand things but none seemed to satisfy him. After much reflection he finally came to the conclusion that his sister's heart had been won by some young man who left her, disappointed in love. How natural for him to arrive at such a conclusion after his recent experience in love affairs! But for this experience he would not probably have formed such an opinion. He was anxious to hear what the widow would say upon the subject.

'Your sister has written an excellent letter, and I rejoice that she concludes to come here,' said the widow. 'I like the general tenor of her remarks, for it convinces me that she possesses a good heart. I think much more of a good heart than I do of a handsome face.'

'She has both,' replied Tom; 'but what can she mean by certain passages in her letter and her constant urging me not to think she's unhappy? She attempts to write something but does not finish it. Ah! I hope she has not—but I will not express an opinion until I hear yours, for you are the best judge. Now what do you think?'

'I see there are some things rather blind,' she replied; 'but no matter, she seems to be happy now. Are you willing Miss Johnson should read the letter?'

'O, certainly,' he answered, handing the young mother the letter, who read it with much attention and feeling. While she was reading Tom noticed a tear come into her eye. A moment more and he saw it drop upon the letter.

'I'm very foolish,' said the young mother, wiping away another tear ere it followed the previous one, 'but I have seen so much trouble recently that I am quite nervous and sensitive. Your sister has written a beautiful letter. There is a great deal of feeling in every line of it, and most perhaps where the least is expressed.'

'That is just what I think, but expressed better than I could have done it,' said Tom.

'I don't think your sister is unhappy now,' said Alice Johnson.

'But it seems she has been,' replied Tom, 'and what do you think was the cause?'

The young mother shook her head but made no reply; the expression of her countenance, however, told that she had an opinion but did not like to express it. The truth is, she feared, or rather was impressed with the conviction while reading the letter, that the writer had suffered in the same way she had, but she did not like to tell Tom so. It seemed to her the lines, breathed the same feeling she had experienced. That was all quite natural, for she would be likely to exercise that kind of sympathy.

'I know what your opinion is,' said the widow, addressing Tom, and smiling.

'What is it,' asked he.

'You think she has been disappointed in love,' she replied.

'You're right,' he answered, 'that is my opinion. The letter reads to me just like it; but I may be mistaken after all. I hope I am.'

'Then you think such a disappointment a very great calamity,' said the widow. 'You might not have thought so a few weeks ago.'

There was so much truth in the widow's statement that he did not feel disposed to deny it. His recent experience had taught him how grievous such a disappointment must be.

'I should like to hear your opinion,' he said, addressing the young mother.

'O sir, I have no settled opinion,' she replied. 'We may indulge in many thoughts upon such a subject, and not one of them be correct. It is all guess work. Your sister may have been disappointed, but I trust not so cruelly as I have been.'

'I trust so too,' he answered, with much feeling. 'I hope there are no doctor Hookers living so far back in the country. Such villains generally congregate in the city, where they can have a more spacious field for their operations.'

'It would seem so,' she replied. 'Do you think the check is good he gave me yesterday?'

'No doubt of it,' he replied. 'Soon as the banks are open I will go and get your money. I presume doctor Hooker is rich, for he has an extensive practice.'

Tom was right in saying the check was good, for Hooker had deposited fifteen hundred dollars in the bank but a few days before. But he was not so wealthy as Tom and many others supposed. Although he had an extensive practice and charged high, yet he was very far from being rich. He had but little money besides this deposit, and the house he lived in was mortgaged for nearly as much as it was worth. He was miserly enough, but some how or other money would slip through his fingers

strangely. He was one of that class of men who are never born to be rich. Sometimes he was troubled for money to meet his current expenses. It cost him a good deal to live and sustain his reputation as a member of the church. Having acquired a false character he was compelled to contribute largely to support it. His brethren in the church looked up to him as an example; and to keep his name up he was obliged to spend considerable sums of money in various ways. The members of his church generally supposed he was a man of wealth, and he was not disposed to have them think otherwise. He was fond of riches and the power they give a man, and hence his connection with Catharine Watson. She would inherit a large estate, and, but for his wife, he would marry her.

'I would be much obliged to you if you would get me the money,' said Alice. 'I have been deceived so much by him that I can't help indulging fears that he may have deceived me again. I hope you will not think me miserly because I thus talk about the money. I have a child to support and no parents able to help me. I'm too proud to go to an alms-house.'

'No danger of that so long as I live,' said the widow.

'And no danger of it so long as the doctor lives, for we have him in our power,' replied Tom. 'He is proud of his name and character, false as they are, and would give another check rather than be exposed. But there is time enough yet. Perhaps we'll try him again at some future day. Such men ought to pay for all the ruin they occasion, and so far as I have the power to compel them they shall do it.'

'That's right,' said the widow. 'All the damage persons do they ought to make good.'

The young mother gazed upon the widow, and looked as if it was not in the power of doctor Hooker to repair the damage he had occasioned her. The widow read her thoughts in the expressions of her countenance. Women have a sort of instinct that men know nothing about. Tom was not aware of what was passing in their minds.

'If it is in their power,' said Alice Johnson, in accents of grief.

'I know,' replied the widow, quickly. 'There are some wrongs men do they can never repair.'

'I can bear mournful testimony to the truth of that,' said Alice. 'If Hooker had all the money in the city at his disposal, and would give it all to me, it could not heal the wound he has opened in my heart.'

'True, very true,' answered Tom. 'A thousand dollar check nor a hundred thousand dollar one cannot make a plaster big enough for such a wound. But I must go and write a letter to my sister: it must be put into the post-office this forenoon.'

'Yes, and enclose two fifty dollar bills, one for your mother and the other for your sister,' said the widow.

'As much as that?' asked Tom.

'Just that amount,' replied the widow. 'No more and no less.'

The widow Penrose was always very prompt and decided in all her business affairs. Being left with a large fortune she knew well how to manage it. Her income was very large, and she devoted the whole of it, except enough for her own expenses, to charitable purposes; but no mortal knew it save Tom Turner. He repaired to his chamber and wrote his letter.

'Mr. Turner is one of the most kind-hearted men I ever saw,' said Alice, after he had gone to his chamber.

'I have always found him so,' replied the widow. 'I don't know how I could get along without him. He's a pure Christian, and yet he belongs to no church.'

'Church!' repeated Alice. 'Well do I remember what doctor Hooker said to me the first time he visited me as a patient. He took hold of my hand and pressed it, saying he hoped I was a good Christian and belonged to the evangelical church. I told him I was not a professor of religion, but that my poor mother was. He also stated that he had been a member of the church and hoped to see me one or many months should pass.'

'You were quite sick then, were you?' asked the widow.

'I had a fever fastened upon me, the doctor said,' she answered. 'I was quite feeble, and had a severe pain in my head and back. He prescribed for me, and inquired into the history of my life, and I told him all.'

'Well, how did the hypocrite proceed in his subsequent visits?' inquired the widow.

'He came to see me as often as three or four times a week,' she replied. 'I think his prescriptions were good. After the second week of my confinement I began to grow better very fast, and then he began to court me and tell how much he loved me.'

'He said nothing about his being a married man of course,' continued the widow.

'O, no, he represented himself as a widower, his wife having been dead several years. He said he never expected to be married again, but the first time he saw me he said I forcibly reminded him of his wife, and that I very much resembled her both in form and face.'

'O, the cunning rascal!' exclaimed the widow. 'I wish Thomas had demanded a two thousand dollar check instead of one.'

'Indeed he was cunning, for he made me believe he loved me sincerely,' replied the young mother, sighing and shedding tears.

'Don't weep any more,' said the good widow, in soothing tones of voice. 'Go on and let me know more of the villain's actions.'

'O, madam, his declarations of love were very ardent, and his promises of marriage solemn and apparently sincere,' answered the young mother. 'I believed him; yes, loved him, and fell from that virtue which I once prized so highly!'

She wept in spite of all her powers of self-control and the remonstrances of the widow Penrose. How could she help weeping when such memories crowded upon her?

'When you found you must become a mother what did he then say?' asked the widow, feeling a touch of a woman's curiosity.

'He still promised me marriage,' replied Alice. 'I urged him to appoint the time, but he put me off with various excuses, some of which appeared reasonable at the time, and others excited my suspicions. I told him I could not give birth to his child and live before our marriage. He said he was negotiating for a house and purchasing furniture, for when his wife died he sold both his house and all his furniture. I knew not when my child would be born: he set the time more than two months longer than it ought to have been set, and I became a mother before I was aware of the near approach of that fearful period. He deceived me from beginning to end. Had I loved

him less he might not have so easily deceived me. I loved him and placed all confidence in him, yet at times my heart was troubled with suspicions; but even then I felt as if I was doing him injustice, and it grieved me.'

'O, that the villain should have had such love!' exclaimed the indignant widow. 'But he will be punished for such flagrant sins. Heaven is just! After the child was born what did he say about marriage?'

'He still promised, but less frequently and more faintly, until at last he confessed he was a married man,' she answered.

'How could he excuse himself then?' asked the widow.

'He said his great love for me must be taken as some apology for his vile conduct: and further, that when he first began to love me he thought his wife had such a disease upon her that she could not get well, but she had partially recovered, and he intended to marry me if she had died. He said he never loved his wife as he did me, and acknowledged he had deceived me in some particulars, but that his great love for me was the cause of all he had done.'

'O, the vile deceiver!' exclaimed the widow. 'Was there ever such wickedness on the earth before? There must be punishment somewhere for such a wretch! But what is worse than all his other sins, if any difference can be made among sins so black, he advised you to become a wanton!'

'Yes and the woman of the house where I boarded urged me to such a course,' she replied. 'But I told them both I would die of starvation first, and see my child breathe its last upon my breast!'

'Heaven bless you and your child!' said the widow, while the tears filled her own eyes in spite of all her power of self-control.

The young mother gave up to her feelings and wept bitterly. The widow did not attempt to remonstrate, for she had as much as she could well do to take care of her own case. The good woman held out as long as she could, but the story of the young mother sank deep into her benevolent soul, and the tears flowed freely. Never before had she listened to such a tale.

Having finished his letter, Tom came down from his chamber into the room and saw them thus weeping. He divined the cause and passed out on his way to the post-office.

'Make the vile hypocrite give another check or expose his vile character to the world,' said the widow to Tom, just as he had stepped from the door.

But he heard her not and passed on. We leave the women in tears, for they were last at the cross and first at the sepulchre.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE DREAM AND THE NEGRO.

As may be well supposed our two doctors were in extreme trouble. Every hour increased their embarrassments and made them feel the necessity of expediting their business. Tom Turner was now a lion in the way of both, for he had most successfully ferreted out their true characters, and could expose them to the world at any moment he pleased. True, doctor Boyden was not so fully in Tom's power as doctor Hooker was, for Tom had not yet seen him since his interview with Ellen Grant, from

whom he learned the secret history of Boyden, alias Francis Dermot. The thousand dollar check was a serious draft upon doctor Hooker's funds, and made him feel the urgent necessity of being up and doing before a worse crisis should happen in his affairs. He still continued his visits to Catharine Watson, although she did not need any more medical advice or prescriptions. However, pretending to her mother that she still needed some tonics, he continued his visits, and occasionally gave her some cordials and other innocent medicines at the same time he was making love to her, and assuring her that his wife could not remain on earth much longer. Strange as it may seem, still it is true, that Catharine loved him with a devotedness worthy a better man. A pressure of peculiar circumstances, over which she had no control, forced her to love him, and yet all was kept a secret from her mother. Her negro servant knew more about the affair than she did. Lingo and the cook had frequent conversations upon the subject, and thought it very strange that the doctor should be so regular in his attendance, especially since their young mistress had so far recovered her health, as they supposed, as not to need a physician.

Lingo was shrewd, and exhibited the white of his eye to the cook in a very cunning manner every time Hooker called.

'There, doctor be come agin,' he said to his beloved Lingo, in the cook-room, where he spent all his leisure moments. 'I tink he gih her medicine now ebbery time he come.'

'Ah, doctor be a berry lubbing man,' replied the cook. 'He be kind to his patients.' 'Yes, when dey happen to be lubly as young missus is,' said he, showing his ivory. 'He lub to make good many visits to sich patients as young missus.'

'De more visits de more money,' replied the cook.

'And de more kisses too; dats a fac,' he replied. 'He no lub his wife, I tink, as a man ought to lub her. He lub young missus more. He tink more ob de chicken dan ob de ole hen.'

'Why, Lingo, how you spress yerself,' she said, covering her face with a napkin she held in her hand to hide her blushes, and yet admiring the wit of Lingo.

'Do you tink there be any pulse in de lips?' he asked, smiling.

'Why do you ask sich a question?' she said, partially uncovering her face and peering at her lover with one eye.

'Cause de doctor sometimes put his fingers on missus's lips,' he replied, 'and den his own lips too.'

'Dere, Lingo, dat will do,' she answered. 'I see doctor do dat same ting myself. O! if missus only know it!'

'She blind cause doctor member ob de church,' he said. 'Ah, dear Lingo, all be not gold dat glistens, dat's a fac which experience teaches us all.'

While they were thus conversing the doctor arrived. This was the next morning after Tom Turner had bled him so freely. He was evidently much careworn, but he endeavored to be cheerful and lively. Catharine was in her chamber, and her mother met him in the front hall. He was sorry for that, as he always preferred seeing the daughter without encountering the loquacious mother.

'How's Catharine this morning?' he asked, forcing a smile upon his face.

'I hardly know, doctor,' she replied. 'It seems to me Catharine has more mental than bodily pain. She appears quite sorrowful at times. Don't you think it would be better for her not to keep her chamber so much?'

'Perhaps it might; but, dear madam, your daughter's liver is not entirely restored to a healthy action yet,' he replied. 'The liver, as I have told you, is a very sluggish organ, and when diseased it takes some time to fully cure it. My prescriptions have the desired effect, but the warm, sultry air keeps her back; however, she is doing very well. Patients afflicted with such a disease will always have their ups and downs.'

'I suppose they will,' she replied, swallowing every dose the doctor gave her. 'I was talking with her last evening about the marriage with young Gordon. O! by the way, doctor, that young man is progressing finely with his novel. He has already written over more than half a quire of paper, and his mother says it reads beautifully. She reads every page as fast as he writes it. That young man will yet become celebrated in the world. Mrs. Gordon thinks what he has written is even better than some of Dickens' productions.'

'That's not very great praise,' replied the doctor. 'Dickens don't amount to much.'

'So many think,' she answered; 'but if Edwin acquires his fame it will be a proud thing for our families.'

'Perhaps it may,' he replied, feeling a contempt he dared not express.

'Speaking of the disease of the liver reminds me of what Mrs. Gordon said a day or two since. It is her opinion that marriage frequently operates favorably upon the liver complaint. What is your opinion, doctor?'

'It generally has a more salutary effect upon the heart than upon the liver, I believe,' he replied, smiling in spite of the trouble that was pressing him.

'True, but may it not effect the liver also?' she asked. 'I think Mrs. Gordon once told me that she heard a physician say so.'

'He must have been a consummate quack then,' he replied, 'and surely we have enough of them about in these days. Mrs. Watson I have more than once told you that marriage without love deranges the whole system, and is even injurious to the health of the body, to say nothing of the mind. Your daughter does not love young Gordon, and to force her into a marriage with him will prove an injury to both. The secret of your daughter's occasionally appearing sad and sorrowful may be found in her repugnance to this contemptible marriage.'

'You and I, doctor, always argue very well, but upon this subject we don't think alike,' she answered. 'Edwin Gordon is a very suitable match for my daughter. Our families have always been on very intimate terms, and moved in the same circle. Catharine may think she don't love him now, but she would feel differently after marriage, especially when Edwin's name, as a popular author, is blazoned in all the newspapers. This love some folks talk so much about, will do very well for the poor who havn't anything else, so I heard Mrs. Piper say the other day, and she has travelled all over England and France, and some in Germany. She says also it will do very well to be introduced into novels, but rich and fashionable people are above it. The matches in England among the aristocracy are not based upon love she says, but upon rank and such things.'

'Mrs. Piper can express any opinion she pleases, but I shall retain my own,' he answered. 'I believe love in America is essential to domestic happiness, whatever may be the state of society among the lords and ladies of England. I will now go and see how your daughter is.'

'Do so, doctor, and try to comfort her,' she said. 'Catharine appeared very sad at the breakfast table this morning. If you find your medicine does her liver good do give her more of it.'

'I will see to that,' he replied, hurrying to Catharine's chamber, glad to get away from the self-loquacious mother.

As her mother stated, Catharine was indeed sad and sorrowful. His first salutation was a pressure of the hand and an impassioned kiss upon her trembling lips. Tears were in her eyes when he entered the room, for she had been weeping.

'I'm sorry to see these tears, my dear Catharine,' he said, laying the palm of his hand upon her moist forehead. 'You must be more cheerful. Everything will work favorably yet, and we shall live a happy life.'

'Your wife—' she sobbed. 'O, I'm wicked to have such thoughts!'

'I know what you would inquire,' he said. 'My wife is really failing very fast. Her disease has assumed such a form as to defy the power of medical skill.'

'It has seemed to me all night as if my heart would break!' she said. 'I could not control my feelings! O, doctor, we have done wrong! My conscience stings me to the very soul! I dare not wish for your wife's death, and yet such a terrible wish sometimes enters my head! Suppose I should die when such a desire is in my soul! O, the thought is dreadful! I cannot endure it! I scarcely slept a wink the whole night long, and I feel feverish this morning!'

He examined her pulse and found the circulation altogether too rapid for a healthy condition of the body. She was indeed threatened with a fever and he administered accordingly.

'Now, dear Catharine, be calm and quiet,' he said pressing her trembling form to his bosom. 'The medicine I leave you will make you feel better.'

'But how can you prescribe for a guilty conscience,' she exclaimed, resting her head upon his shoulder and gazing imploringly into his face. 'What medicine have you to blunt the stings that are piercing my very soul! O, doctor, we have done wrong, and God has seen us!'

'Why, Catharine, I'm surprised at your agony,' he said, pressing her still closer to his guilty heart. 'We may have done some wrong, but it was love, pure love that has brought us together. The ways of Providence are inscrutable, and often great good comes out of small evils. I feel in the lowest depths of my soul that Heaven designed us for each other! It must be so! For many years I have made great sacrifices, and Heaven never forgets him who makes such from a sense of duty. Why is it that we love each other so much? Why is disease fast removing my wife from earthly scenes? O, Catharine, these questions involve great mysteries, but the day is not far distant when the skies will be bright over our heads, and we shall be able to see the hand of a good Providence in all things!'

'Then why do I feel these terrible upbraids of conscience?' she anxiously inquired.

'They drive sleep from my eye lids and pierce me through with many sorrows.'

She then took a Bible from her work-table, and, holding it up, continued, 'I read last evening in this good Book that no adulterer shall ever enter the Kingdom of Heaven! O, my God! and fornicators must also be excluded from those blissful regions! How can we escape such terrible denunciations? We are in that category and how can we escape?'

'Why, dear Catharine, how terribly you are agitated!' he replied as calmly as he could, for her words, tones of voice and manner seriously affected him. Obdurate and wicked as his heart was, he could not altogether resist the influence of such appeals. For years he had not heard such a sermon. It cut him to the quick, and yet he did not lose his balance. Having much at stake and driven to desperation by recent circumstances, he called upon all his energies to nerve him for the emergency. A crisis in his affairs was evidently approaching and he must be prepared to meet it. He was surrounded by dangers upon every hand. Deep thoughts agitated his bosom.

'What power can change the language of Holy Writ?' she demanded. 'What circumstances can change our guilt, or avert such denunciations.'

'God looks upon the heart, and—'

'Ah, therein lies our danger,' she interrupted, in a voice whose terrible tones rang through the chambers of his soul.

'But hear me, dear girl,' he said. 'I have not finished what I intended to say before you interrupted. I believe all the Bible says, but as I was saying God looks upon the heart—at the intentions, wishes and thoughts; it is these that constitute the . . . Of all crimes and especially of those two to which you have alluded. Do you for a moment imagine that such offences are laid to our charge when they lack the very essence which constitutes crime? Have you ever wished, intended, or even thought of committing such a crime as the Scriptures denounce so terribly and afflict such a penalty to?'

'O, doctor, I hardly know what to think, but conscience tells me I have done wrong,' she replied, feeling for the time being as if she never wished or intended to perpetrate such a crime as they were conversing about.

'I know you never did, and holy angels can bear me witness I never did,' he answered. 'Our motives have been pure while our acts may seem to be criminal, but, O, dear Catharine, remember, God only looks at the motives of the human heart! It is these and these only that constitute crime in the sight of Heaven.'

What tremendous and dangerous power the wicked sometimes exercise in this world! This arch villain had great control over this girl and blinded her judgment, even blunting the stings of her conscience by his sophistry and making crimes appear to her as if they had lost their essence and would escape the penalties pronounced against them in Holy Writ. He saw that his course of reasoning had the desired effect upon her mind and he followed it up with many ingenious illustrations and artful devices. Doctor Hooker possessed talents of no ordinary kind, but he was as destitute of moral principle as his infernal master himself.

'I knew, you were laboring under some wrong impressions,' he continued, pressing

her to his bosom and lavishing his kisses upon her. 'To talk of our having committed such crimes! O, no, Catharine, that is an idle fancy, and all comes from a diseased imagination. Such impressions as you have been entertaining would dethrone reason in time, if they were not driven from the mind before they had taken too rank a hold. It is in this way that persons sometimes become crazy on the subject of religion and at last think there is no hope for them. I have found several such in the course of my practice. They were made insane by a false course of reasoning. One wrong step taken and followed up perseveringly, will certainly lead to disastrous consequences.'

Having said these and many more words, the arch scoundrel took his leave.

Poor Catharine's mind was bewildered and the power of conscience partially destroyed. She was not in so much agony as before, yet she was not happy. There was a worm gnawing at her heart which could not be quieted. The faithful monitor within, although somewhat paralyzed, was not destroyed. After he left, she threw herself upon the bed and slept, but her slumbers were disturbed by frightful dreams.

She dreamed that the doctor's wife was struggling in the agonies of death. She distinctly saw the poor sufferer's haggard countenance and her eyes roll back as if death was about fixing his seal upon them. She thought she stood by the bedside of the sick woman and heard her say, 'O, my God! and must I die! No, my husband never loved me, but some wanton has pillowed his head upon her bosom. O, that I could have lived long enough to have found out the woman who has caused me all this trouble! Why am I so suddenly ill? Two hours ago I was not sick although my husband told me I was and gave me medicine! What a burning is in my stomach! Perhaps he has poisoned me!'

'She's poisoned!' exclaimed Catharine in a loud voice, springing from the bed and gazing wildly about the room.

The door of her chamber was partially open and Lingo was in the room adjoining and heard her exclamation. He thought she was dying and rushed into her chamber. She stood like a statue in the middle of the room. Soon as the faithful negro entered, she ran her fingers through her hair and looked as if she was bereft of her senses.

'What do matter, missus?' he asked, gently approaching her, and gazing upon her wild countenance. 'Missus, more unwell dis morning?'

'Did I say anything, Lingo?' she inquired, beginning to come to her senses.

'I thought you said, missus, "She's poisoned,"' he replied. 'You not poisoned I hope. Doctor lub you too well for dat.'

'I was dreaming that some one was poisoned and dying,' she said. 'It gave me a terrible fright.'

'Dreams sometime be full of trouble as de sparks go up de chimney,' he said.

'Japingo sometimes hab strange dreams and so do ebbery body I pose.'

'What did you mean, Lingo, by saying that the doctor loves me too well for that?' she asked, looking full into his ebony face.

'O, missus, me didnt know but you thought you were poisoned yerself by the doctor,' he replied. 'But doctor lub you too well to do

dat ting. Doctor's a member ob de church and don't poison folks.'

'Well, Lingo, you neednt say any thing to mother about my dream,' she said. 'I feel better now, and don't need your assistance.'

'Dis child tell no tales out ob school,' he replied, leaving the room and going directly to the cook to whom he related the whole affair, Catharine was unhappy.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE APPALLING DEATH BY POISON.

The scene changes from dreams to realities. Doctor Hooker had become desperate, and his deep depravity was ripe for any thing. After leaving Catharine Watson in the state of mind which the reader has seen, he repaired to his own house. His wife was in tolerable health, although she never was blessed with a robust constitution. For some months he had been telling her that he feared her health was failing, and occasionally gave her medicine. By taking such a course he had really injured his wife's health, and made her more nervous than she otherwise would have been.

'It seems to me husband that you have not felt so well as usual for a day or two past,' she said, soon after he returned from his visit to Miss Watson.

'What makes you think so?' he asked.

'You were more restless last night and did not sleep so well as usual,' she replied. 'And your countenance looks as if you were troubled about something. Have you met with any loss?'

'No, I have met with no loss,' he replied. 'Your nerves have become so weak that you see things in a false light. I can see that your health is failing every day, but you may not be aware of it.'

'I fear I grow weaker,' she replied, believing all he told her, for she took it for granted that he knew better than she did.

'I must change my course of medicine,' he said. 'I have recently been thinking of your case and of some new remedies.'

'I wish you would prepare something nice, for it seems to me the medicine I have been taking has done me no good,' she answered.

'I will compound some new,' he replied. 'I think I can give you something now that will produce an effect. The remedies I have heretofore administered have not been powerful enough to reach the cause of your complaints. You have a decidedly nervous affection, and it must be met by powerful remedies, I have been thinking of one remedy several days which will, no doubt, help you.'

He now went into his medicine room and prepared a subtle and deadly poison for her, a deed he had long contemplated, but one which he had not the courage to perform until circumstances had driven him to it. It so happened that there was no person in the house except himself and wife.

While mixing the fatal dose, he said within his own depraved heart, 'I'm a ruined man if I don't do something to relieve me from my present embarrassments. My affair with that Johnson girl is already known, but I may keep the secret where it is by giving more money. No doubt that infernal Tom Turner who's in every body's mess, will be for bleeding me again in the name of charity or justice of which he pretends to be the great champion.

I wish this dose was down his throat. I might have poisoned the girl and saved all this trouble and the money besides, which he has drawn from me. I thought of it several times but I didn't think she would leave her boarding-place so soon. If she had not met that strange fellow, every thing might have worked well enough. I neglected her too long, therefore lies my great error. But I vainly hoped, being pinched by poverty, she would become a wanton, I made a sad mistake there. The woman always told me she believed she could prevail upon her at last, she, too, was greatly mistaken. The virtue of Alice was too strong for us. Well, what is past can't be remedied, and I must guard against the future. My wife must be put out of the way, I have longed tried to make her believe she was sick and could not live long, but in that I have but partially succeeded. Her hold on life is apparently as strong as mine. Catharine Watson loves me, and when my wife is in her grave I can marry her. She will inherit more than two hundred thousand dollars when the old widow, her mother, kicks the bucket. True, the vain and proud woman has set her heart on wedding her daughter to that brainless young Gordon, but I can manage that well enough, when my wife is disposed of. And this dose will do that job without fail! For months I have told all those who have inquired that my wife was troubled with a disease that would carry her to her grave, so the public mind is somewhat prepared for that event. Yes, the dose must be administered! And let the devil steady my hand as I present it to her lips!

With such thoughts running through his depraved, corrupted mind, he passed into the room where his wife was.

'Here wife, take this,' he said, handing her a tumbler containing the fatal dose. 'After much study and deliberation I have prepared this for you, and I have no doubt it will have a beneficial effect. It may make you a little sick at first, but it will do you good in the end.'

'What is it, husband?' she asked, receiving the fatal glass from his hand, and just touching her lips to it.

A compound of several articles both from the mineral and vegetable kingdoms,' he replied. 'How does it taste?'

'Rather sweet, and not disagreeable,' she replied, drinking it off. 'There, it is down at any rate, whether it does me good or not. Why, husband, it seems to me your eyes look wild!'

'You're nervous, my dear,' he replied, nervously himself for the terrible occasion. 'The medicine will make you less so, for that is the design of it. You needn't be alarmed, if it should make you feel sick for a little while.'

'O, I shall not be alarmed,' she replied. 'You know what you have given me.'

He now went back into his room and engaged in compounding medicines, thumping with his pestle and making considerable noise to drown his own thoughts and reflections.

Not much time elapsed before she came running into the room where the doctor was, saying, 'There's a terrible burning in my stomach, husband, and I feel thirsty!'

'I supposed you would,' he replied, still pounding in his mortar and appearing quite indifferent. 'It is the natural effect of the medicines my dear. You promised not to be alarmed.'

'I know I did, but I feel very bad and the feeling grows worse and worse,' she replied, placing her hand on her breast and gazing wildly upon her husband. 'O, dear, I feel such pains—such a burning sensation, so very thirsty! May I not take some water? I never felt such terrible sensations before!'

'You may have a little water, but you must not drink much,' he said.

She hurried back after some water and he kept pounding, but the sound of his pestle and mortar could not drown the thunders of his own conscience. She drank some water, got as far back as the parlor where she took the fatal draught and screamed. She sunk into a chair and he came in to quiet her lest her screams might be heard by the passers-by. He wanted no witnesses in the event of death who might carry tales abroad.

'Be quiet, my dear,' he said. 'You'll soon feel better. The medicine will certainly do you good, although it may give you pain now.'

'I can't be quiet,' she answered, shrieking loudly and tumbling from the chair upon the floor.

At that moment Tom Turner was passing by, and hearing the cries of distress, he rushed into the room without the ceremony of ringing. When Tom's ears were saluted with the cries of distress or the shrieks of despair he never stood upon ceremonies, but rushed to the scene. When he entered, the doctor stood over the prostrate form of his wife, witnessing her writhings and struggles. His eyes fell on Tom, and oh, how terrible were his feelings! If an angel had descended and stood before him, ready to fly up to the gates of heaven with the damning deed, the doctor would not have felt so bad as he did to see Tom Turner, the man whom he feared more than all other beings in this or another world.

'Help, husband, or I die,' shrieked the woman, writhing in dreadful agony, and frothing at the mouth.

The doctor was evidently embarrassed, not so much however, by his conscience as by the presence of Tom Turner. He stood like a statue, not knowing what to do or which way to turn. For the time being he seemed to have lost his balance.

'Cannot something be done to relieve the terrible pains of this woman?' asked Turner, bending over her and partially raising her up.

'O, my God!' she continued. 'What burning pains in my stomach! I can't live much longer unless I get relief. Do, husband, give me something! That medicine you—'

'The spasms seem to be occasioned by convulsion fits,' quickly interrupted the agitated doctor before his wife had finished her sentence. 'They may pass off soon.'

And he took hold of her trembling hand and assisted Tom to raise her up and place her upon the sofa. They changed her place, but she kept the pain, and a most agonizing one it was too. The potion given her was evidently a powerful one and producing death rapidly.

'I can't lie here!' she exclaimed, extending her hands towards Tom and rolling her eyes upon her husband as if she were conscious of what he had done.

'O, husband, that medicine you—'

'I fear this convulsion fit will prove fatal!' suddenly interrupted the trembling and embarrassed husband, fearing his wife would tell Turner that she had just been taking medicine.

'Then why not give her some remedy, if you know of any?' inquired Tom.

'O, dear, I dare not take any more medicine,' she exclaimed, leaping from the sofa and falling upon the floor in most terrible agony. 'Water! O, some water!' she continued, rolling over and violently bringing her knees up to her chin as if her soul were about to leave its earthly tabernacle.

'Why not let her have some water?' asked Tom, feeling his sympathy strongly excited, and wishing to do something to relieve her distress. 'Water sometimes does wonders. Shall I give her some water? Her agony is truly appalling!'

'She may have some water,' replied the doctor.

Tom ran after some and soon brought it, while he was gone she exclaimed.

'O, that medicine you give me! O, husband, what was it?'

'Say no more about that,' he replied. 'Perhaps some water may relieve you.'

Tom didn't distinctly hear what she said, but he did hear the doctor's reply. The water was given her by Tom. Raising up her head he placed the tumbler to her parched lips, she took some, but her spasms were so severe that she could not swallow it, but it flew from her mouth and nose over Tom's hand upon the floor.

'She's too far gone to drink!' said Tom. 'Have you no remedy for such a case, doctor? Why not fly to your medicine room and prepare something?'

But the doctor was too cunning to leave her alone with Tom. He feared she might in his absence speak of that medicine again.

'She can't take any thing until her spasms subside,' answered the doctor.

'Then she'll never take more upon earth!' said Tom, casting a look upon the doctor which struck him to the very soul.

'I fear it,' said the doctor, assuming a look of pity and grief as if he was about to lose his dearly beloved wife.

'O, God, have mercy!' she cried in a feeble and trembling voice, partially rolling over and struggling for breath.

'Shall we not remove her to the sofa again or place upon a bed?' said Tom.

'O! O! what burning here!' she feebly cried, placing her hand upon her breast and gazing wildly upon them.

'Do not let us suffer her to die upon the floor,' said Tom.

'I fear it will injure her to attempt moving her,' said the husband.

'And can you not prescribe something?' anxiously inquired Tom.

'O, God! it feels like poi—' But she did not but half utter the word before the doctor rubbed his hand over her mouth and said, 'The death damps are on her face!' And he appeared to feel much agony. He had spoken the truth. The death damps were on her face and her powers of utterance in this world were forever gone. A few more struggles—a slight twitching of the muscles, a rolling back of the eyes—and dropping of the under jaw, and she was dead. Her spirit had flown to those regions, where it is feared her husband's will never be allowed to enter. Tom Turner witnessed that scene with emotions that cannot be described. Although his mind was almost wholly absorbed with the excruciating distress of the woman, yet her sayings and the doctor's looks and replies did not escape his notice. If

he had not previously found out that the doctor was a black-hearted villain and a consummate hypocrite as ever walked this earth or breathed this air, he might not have observed all his looks and actions so numerous as he did. Not a word or look of the dying woman or of her husband passed unobserved by Tom Turner, except those that took place while he was gone after water.

'She's dead!' said Tom, in accents of heart-felt grief. 'And what a death?'

'Yes, those convulsion fits are sometimes exceedingly distressing and suddenly fatal,' replied the doctor. 'Perhaps you have never seen a person die with them before.'

'I have not,' replied Tom, gazing upon the doctor with strange emotions.

'I have witnessed several deaths occasioned by these fits in the course of my practice,' said the doctor. 'Sometimes they yield to the power of medicine when their first attacks are not very violent, but when they seize a person so violently as they did my poor wife, it is in vain to administer medicine, even of the most powerful kind. I have tried it in several instances but without effect.'

'Have you ever witnessed a case so severe as this,' asked Tom, in a manner and tone of voice which was not at all agreeable to the doctor.

'I think not more than three or four,' replied the doctor. 'This was indeed as severe an attack as I ever witnessed. When she was first taken before you came in, her spasms were dreadfully violent. I feared she would not survive. She has been a long time predisposed to such a disease. Several weeks ago she had some light shocks, and I have been fearing them ever since.'

'I'm not accustomed to such complaints, but I did not suppose they occasioned such burning sensations in the stomach as your wife seemed to feel,' said Tom. The doctor suddenly started, but soon recovered his equilibrium, Tom's eye, however, was fastened upon him.

'O, yes, they are often attended by such burnings in the stomach,' said the doctor.

'I once saw an unfortunate young woman die,' said Tom. 'She had been seduced by a villain and abandoned. Her condition was more than she could bear. She took poison to destroy herself.'

The doctor started and for a moment looked wild. Apparently not noticing him, Tom continued, 'I happened to be present soon after she swallowed the fatal dose, and your wife's struggles reminded me of that same. The poor girl died and she had the same burning sensations in the stomach that occasioned your wife so much suffering.'

'Fits of convulsion affect all parts of the system,' replied the doctor, wishing to drop the subject, for it had taken a turn very far from being agreeable to him. 'O, this is a severe blow to me, for my wife was an excellent woman. I shall never look upon her like again.'

'I think she was a good woman,' replied Tom. 'Shall I go and call for some help? The living must bury the dead. The same offices we perform for them must be performed for us at some future day.'

'True, but you know not the grief a husband feels who has lost a good wife,' said the doctor, appearing very serious and sanctimonious.

'Perhaps you would like to have some of

your friends or acquaintances called,' continued Tom. 'The members of your church, or your minister, any persons you may be pleased to name I will inform of your sad misfortune.'

'I would not trouble you,' replied the doctor, 'I see my maid-servant coming, I will send by her.'

Tom did not like to afflict the afflicted too much. Having given the doctor some hints, he departed, not however, until some ladies arrived to care for the dead. The very sudden death of Mrs. Hooker, produced quite a sensation in the neighborhood and among her friends and acquaintances. Tom was on his way to visit doctor Boyden when he heard the screams of the poisoned woman, but he did not pursue his intention. He returned home, after first calling on aunt Betty Barnes and informing her of all that had happened. He did not communicate his suspicions to any one at that time that he thought Mrs. Hooker was poisoned by her husband, although he did entertain such suspicions. He reserved them for future use, or until he was better satisfied of their foundation in truth.

CHAPTER XXXII.

TOM TURNER'S IDEAS OF JUSTICE.

THE next day after Mrs. Hooker died she was buried. It was thought by some that the body ought to be kept longer for decency's sake if for no other reason; but the doctor was anxious to have the body consigned to the grave as soon as possible, giving as a reason that the weather was warm, and that, if kept another day, it might send forth unhealthy effluvia. But the true reason was, he knew that the evidence of his guilt might be found in the contents of the stomach; and he feared Tom Turner, although he flattered himself that Tom did not really suspect him. There was a large concourse of people at the funeral, and the doctor put on the habiliments of woe, and apparently mourned as a good Christian should mourn under such circumstances. A large portion of the church attended the funeral, and the doctor's minister prayed and exhorted in a very pathetic and moving manner. There were but few dry eyes in that large congregation, and the bereaved husband wept more than all, as it became him to weep on such an occasion. Turner attended the funeral and observed all the proceedings with much care and attention. Mrs. Hooker as well as her husband stood high in the church, and many mourners went about the streets. The doctor saw Tom Turner at the funeral and he trembled.

That same evening after the funeral ceremonies were over and the earth covered the mortal remains of his wife, the doctor was found at the widow Watson's. The widow was at the funeral but Catharine was not. Her feelings on hearing of the death of Mrs. Hooker were a strange mixture of fear, joy, and even sorrow. It would be impossible to describe the emotions that agitated her heart, for she could not tell what they were herself. At one moment she would rejoice, and at the next conscience would admonish her that such joy was wrong, and a sadness would come over her soul.

'O, doctor, you have met with a great loss,' said the widow Watson.

'I have indeed,' he replied, assuming a seri-

ous manner. 'My wife was a good woman, and we lived very happily together. I noticed you were at the funeral. There was a large congregation present on the mournful occasion. It was a great source of consolation to me to see so many people ready to sympathize with me and to show their respect for the memory of my dear deceased partner, with whom I had lived so long and so happily. I did not see your daughter present.'

'No, she said she did not feel quite well enough to attend,' she replied.

'Perhaps it is as well she did not attend,' he said. 'Persons in her state ought to avoid large crowds and close rooms as much as possible. Catharine has often reminded me of my wife, their temper and dispositions were so much alike.'

'I was not aware of that,' she replied.

'You might not be, for you were not so intimately acquainted with her as you would have been had you seen her more frequently and in her own house and by her own fireside too.'

'I suppose not,' she replied, being somewhat flattered by the comparison, for she had a high opinion of the doctor's wife.

'There was a sweetness of temperament and an evenness, if I may so express it, about her which compares in a remarkable manner with Catharine. This similarity of temperament has often forced itself upon my mind when I have been conversing with your daughter. O! madam, she is indeed a lovely girl! There are but few like her in our city!'

'I think Catharine a fine girl and of sweet disposition, but she entertains some foolish notions about love affairs,' replied the widow. 'It is the strangest thing in nature that she still persists in saying that she does not and cannot love Edwin Gordon, one of the finest young men, and one of the best scholars in our country.'

'I esteem her more highly because she has such exalted ideas of love,' he replied. 'Depend upon it, Mrs. Watson, your daughter's soul is spun from the finest of heaven's warp and woof, if I may be allowed thus to express myself. Her mind is of a high order, and her soul refined and elevated.'

'And so is Edwin Gordon's,' she answered. 'Where can you find a more beautiful scholar than he is? His mother read to me this morning three or four pages of the novel he is writing; and, doctor, the language is choice and fine.'

'I'm really afraid you and his mother overrate his intellectual powers; but I would say nothing to injure the young man in your estimation or in that of his devoted mother. I confess I have not the evidence of his great scholarship that you seem to have.'

'Well, then, you must hear his novel read, or that part of it which he has written, and you must be satisfied of his scholarship,' she replied.

'We will not dispute about the matter,' he said. 'I will go and see Catharine, and watch the operation of my prescriptions.'

He repaired to Catharine's chamber and found her in that state of mind which we have endeavored to describe, and which was occasioned by hearing of the death of the doctor's wife. It may seem strange to the reader that Mrs. Watson never suspected the doctor of any improper intercourse with her daughter. The very conversation she had just had with him would be enough to arouse the suspicions of a

good old farmer's wife if he had said as much to her when he was doctoring her daughter. But the widow Watson was a lady of rank and fashion, and not remarkable for her intellectual organization. She seemed to soar above poor human nature, or it might be, she fell below it. One thing is quite certain, the doctor had managed so as to blind her eyes most essentially; he could not have succeeded so well with mothers in the humbler walks of life.

'O, dear Catharine, you have heard the news, I suppose!' he said, seizing her hand and pressing it to his lips.

'I have, and how strange it seems to me!' she replied. 'And how very sudden, too! It seems like a dream!'

'I always told you the ways of Providence were just to all, although they might not seem so at first,' he said. 'The years of sacrifice I have undergone are now no more. I have not been forgotten of heaven. Your very sickness was designed to bring us together. God is continually edifying good from evil, as a good poet has happily expressed it.'

'But how extremely sudden was her death!' she said. 'Did she suffer much in her last struggles?'

'True, her death was sudden at last; but then a fatal disease had been wasting her life-blood for many months,' he replied, leaning his head upon her shoulder and encircling her waist with his arm. 'Her struggles were severe, but short, for she died in a fit at last.'

'In a fit!' she repeated, manifesting surprise. 'Yes, her disease predisposed her to spasms, and a fit was the immediate cause of her death, but for that she might have continued several weeks longer,' he replied. 'You know I have told you she might die suddenly; I knew the fatal tendency of her disease.'

'O, doctor, such a dream as I had yesterday soon after you went away!' she said. 'I fell into a slumber and dreamed that I stood by the bedside of your wife—witnessed her struggles—heard her say you did not love her—wished she could find the woman—yes, the wanton who had pillowed your head upon her bosom!'

'Dreams sometimes play strange tricks with us,' he replied. 'I suppose your dream awoke you, did it not?'

'It did, when I thought she said you had poisoned her!' she replied.

An electric shock from a powerfully charged battery could not have made him start more suddenly. Instantly his head was raised from her shoulder and his arm was withdrawn from her waist. His sudden movements frightened her, and she sprang from her chair to her feet. His first thought was that Tom Turner had been to see her and communicated his suspicions. Both were in a strange dilemma. She was naturally nervous, and the peculiar circumstances under which she was then placed, made her more so. His guilty conscience lashed him and made him a coward for a moment, but he was determined to brave it out, after a brief consideration, for he had too much at stake to yield it without a struggle.

'How strange that we should both be so frightened with the relation of a dream,' he said, rising up and taking her by the hand. But there are periods when the nerves are unstrung and slight causes produce strange effects upon us.'

'O, I was frightened when I dreamed and your sudden movements frightened me still

more than the dream did!' she replied, still looking wildly about the room.

'I believe I'm more nervous to-day than usual,' he replied; 'but it is not so much to be wondered at after all, considering what I have gone through for the last few hours.'

'O, doctor, I have felt strangely since I heard of your wife's death!' she said. 'I'm afraid I have wished the event to happen, but I have tried not to wish so.'

'Dear Catharine, calm your fears,' he replied, sitting down and taking her in his lap. 'We are in the hands and under the control of a good Providence, who cares for and watches over us both when we sleep and when we wake. We were designed to live and love together. And how mysterious the ways of Providence by which that design is made manifest.'

'Indeed all seems like a dream and mystery to me,' she replied.

'All clouds will soon pass away and bright skies will be over our heads, as I have often told you,' he answered. 'We must be married, and that before long.'

'But mother!' she replied. 'O, she's determined that I shall wed that young Edwin, whom I dislike more and more every time I see him. I suppose he loves me, and he has a heart good enough; but I can't love him—no, never!'

'You shall not marry him, for the God of heaven has ordered it otherwise,' he answered. 'Before many days I can convince your mother of her great error. I think she will consent to our marriage.'

'But the recent death of your wife!' she said, in much surprise. 'A long time must elapse before it would be proper for you to marry.'

'Under ordinary circumstances it might be so, but the designs of heaven must be executed,' he said. 'Don't you recollect what the immortal bard of Avon has said, "Tis divinity that shapes our ends rough hew them how we may."'

'I remember reading it,' she answered; 'but mother is determined upon my marriage with Edwin Gordon.'

'And heaven has decreed that you shall become my wife,' he replied, 'and which, think you, will prove the more powerful, heaven's decree, or a mother's will?'

'O, doctor, you always say things I never thought of before,' she replied, reclining her head upon his shoulder and yielding to the power of fate.

His power over her was greater than she could resist. From his first visit to her to this last he had managed with consummate skill and adroitness. He took her in hand when she was weak and followed her with a perseverance worthy a more righteous enterprise. Had she not been fooled by her mother in relation to the young author, the doctor might never have obtained such control over her mind and affections. Early learning the state of her feelings towards the young dandy and the course her mother was pursuing, he artfully contrived to make these the basis of her seduction; and the reader knows the success that has crowned his efforts. We leave them for the present and turn to the other physician who figures in our drama of city life.

Doctor Boyden still pressed his suit and urged his marriage with a zeal which was hardly becoming a gentleman of his cloth. But he was sorely pressed on every side. He and

doctor Hooker were now in circumstances somewhat similar, although it must be acknowledged that Hooker was in the most sad and alarming condition. Both had been bled freely and still liable to be: besides, they feared their character might be exposed to the public, hence this great solicitude to be married and secure themselves against future want. Boyden saw the ghost of the mulatto girl in his dreams almost every night, and Hooker feared Tom Turner more than all things else. Never were two knights of the mortar and pestle in a worse dilemma, and most acutely did they feel it. Both had tact and talent, but fortune seemed to be turned against them. Boyden had just returned from a visit to his beloved Jane, and sat down in his office to meditate upon his situation and the circumstances that surrounded him. Jane still postponed their marriage in a manner most unaccountable to him, for she confessed her love and even showed it by her actions.

'Strange, she postpones it so long, when she appears to love me so devotedly!' he said within himself, 'I'm liable every day to be exposed and then farewell to all my anticipated greatness! Another letter may be soon in the Post Office, or that infernal black girl may appear, and heaven knows I cannot honor many more draughts upon my purse. I wish I had killed her the first time she appeared to me, and then I might have some peace of my life, but I'm now in constant fear and dread. There is some mystery in all this which I cannot penetrate. It seems to me Jane's mother appears different from what she did, and even Jane herself acts strangely sometimes, but I may be mistaken. I presume I am. My fears make me see things through a false medium. That strange Tom too sometimes haunts me, but after all I believe he was only quizzing me. I can't think he ever knew me.' At this moment Turner entered and bowed very politely. This was the first time he had seen the doctor since his interview with Ellen Grant.

'A very sudden death and large funeral,' said Tom.

'Who?' asked the doctor, wishing he would answer the question and retire.

'Doctor Hooker's wife, and a nice woman she was,' replied Tom.

'I have heard of him, but I did not hear of his wife's death,' replied Boyden. 'What was her complaint?'

'Convulsion fits, her husband said,' answered Tom. 'And I suppose he ought to know. Doctors know a good deal, do they not?'

'Some know a good deal more than others, I presume,' replied Boyden.

'I think that is correct, but which in your opinion knows the most, the doctors or the ministers of the Gospel?'

Boyden did not like the question, and made no immediate reply.

'In other words,' continued Tom with a serious face, 'in which character did you know the most, as doctor Boyden or the Rev. Francis Dermott?'

The doctor was struck as with a thunder-clap from a cloudless sky, for he was satisfied that Turner knew him and his character, but whence he derived his information was involved in mystery. The doctor was in trouble and Tom saw it very clearly. He now believed Ellen Grant had told him the truth, for he never believed the story of a wanton fully without corroborating circumstances.

'You seem to be embarrassed,' continued

Tom. My question was not an improper one, was it?'

'Where did you ever know me,' inquired the excited doctor.

'You don't suppose I'm a woman; do you?' asked Tom.

'O, no; but have you known me in years past?' continued Boyden.

'You appear so anxious, I didn't know but you might imagine I was Ellen Grant, in disguise,' replied Tom, keeping a very serious countenance.

The doctor grew more and more embarrassed and knew not what to say, for Turner was now close upon him, and he felt it seriously.

'Come, doctor, I have a proposition to make to you,' continued Tom.

'And what is it?' asked Boyden, in much agitation.

'I hold to this rule,' replied Tom: 'A man is bound, in justice, to repair all the mischief he has done in life.'

'A very good rule, provided a man has it in his power,' said Boyden.

'The rule is good even without that proviso,' said Tom. 'Now, what I have to say is this: While a minister of the Gospel, you won the affections of Ellen Grant, seduced her, left her to her fate—she became a mother, the child died and was buried in a distant church-yard, and then, worse than all, she became an infidel, a hater of this glorious world, and, at last, sank into a life of prostitution! These sins are upon your shoulders—this blood is found in the skirts of your garments! I speak plain, but Heaven knows I speak the truth. Now, your duty is plain. Give this girl money to support her, and she may forsake her evil course of life. It is all you can do. No, you can do more—you can marry her, if she desires it, but I don't think she does, for she feels as if it would degrade her to become your wife. Think of that! To become your wife would disgrace even a wanton!'

'Say no more,' replied the doctor, breathing very hard, 'I have but a hundred dollars in the world for my business has not been so profitable recently, as I could wish. I will give you half this money, yes, the whole, if you will say no more.'

'I will take the half and see that it is conveyed safely to Ellen Grant's hands,' replied Tom. 'It may be the means of saving her from further prostitution; but remember, you must hand over more soon as you are able.'

'Where is Ellen Grant?' he inquired. 'Is she in the city?'

'No matter, she shall have the money,' answered Tom, very seriously. 'When you marry the heiress, you will be able, perhaps, to contribute more.'

The poor doctor asked many questions, but he received no satisfactory answers. Tom was cautious, but he told the doctor just enough to convince him that his character was perfectly known. Boyden paid over the money and Tom departed.

Does the reader doubt the honesty of Tom Turner? Does he think the money will not be faithfully paid over? Such sins cannot be laid to the charge of Tom Turner.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE FALSE REASONING OF THOSE WHO LIVE WICKED LIVES.

'HERE are fifty dollars,' said Tom Turner to

Ellen Grant, handing her the money. 'It is yours, not mine and came from him who calls himself doctor Boyden. Take it and use it prudently, quit your present mode of living, for if you do not, you will find an early grave. Believe not that all men are villains because he has proved himself to be one; think not there are no good ministers of the Gospel because one has proved himself to be a hypocrite; think not there is no virtue in the world because you have seen so much of vice; and finally, Ellen Grant, put not all your eggs in one basket.'

'By gracious, Tom, you have preached a good sermon,' she replied, laughing. 'If you had been my preacher instead of that snake in the grass, Frank Dermot, I might not have been here now. To tell the truth I am sometimes and that quite often, sick of life, I may appear lively and cheerful, for I try to be so, but tears are sure to follow.'

'I know how it is,' he replied. 'Break off your sins at once; resolve that you will no longer live such a life.'

'But men are not so good as you may think they are,' she said, showing him a five dollar bank note. 'This came from a rich, respectable man as the world goes. Yes, and a man who lives in a splendid house and has a wife and daughter. Bless your soul, Tom, if you should see him at home with his family you would not think butter could scarcely melt in his mouth. And believe me, there are thousands of the same sort. Virtue, forsooth! where can you find it? not on earth surely, I am so situated that I can find out men's real characters better than a virtuous woman, if there be such a creature as a virtuous woman which I very much doubt.'

'Ah, there's the rock upon which you split,' he replied. 'Let me tell you again not to shirk there are no virtuous men or women because you meet with hypocrites. Abandon the idea as not true that every person has his or her price.'

'I believe, Tom, you come the nearest to being a good Christian of any one I have ever seen,' she replied. 'If any body could persuade me to become better, you are the man of all others.'

'Remember the time when you were virtuous and innocent,' he said. 'There was such a time; was there not?'

'By heavens, there was!' she replied, casting her eyes down in deep thought.

'Then keep it before your mind,' he answered. 'Remember those happy, innocent days before the destroyer came, and resolve to be so again.'

A tear stood trembling in the eye of this wanton which convinced Tom that she was not yet totally depraved. She was silent and thoughtful. A good spirit was evidently striving within her, and he knew it, most vividly did her innocent girlhood come up in her memory, and she contrasted it with her present state. A thought struck her mind that she would try to get back to such a happy life again. He said no more, but left her thus reflecting. Soon as he was out of her sight, she counted over her money, and the spirit of revenge returned upon her and drove away every thing else. How feeble was her resolution to go back to an innocent life!

'That Tom Turner is a Christian but he's the only one I know,' she said to herself. 'Frank Dermot still bleeds, but how much more such blood he has I know not, I have

sworn to be revenged upon him, and I will be unless he leaves the city. The mulatto girl has not done with him yet. I cannot be as Tom Turner would have me so long as Frank Dermot lives. This world is not big enough to hold us both.'

Thus she communed with her own spirit. Revenge was the one great thought that seemed to absorb all the powers of her mind, and she but faintly remembered the lessons Turner endeavored to impress upon her mind.

Soon after Tom paid over the money to Ellen Grant, he entered the house of widow Penrose, with a letter in his hand, from his sister. Little Fanny came running up to him, and, climbing into his lap, kissed him. She grew more beautiful every day, and he loved her as if she was his own child.

'I have a letter from my sister,' he said to the widow, giving it to her to read.

She read it carefully through, and was highly gratified.

'Then we may expect your sister soon,' said the widow; 'I'm really glad.'

'Yes; I shall now expect her every day,' he replied. 'She seems to write in better spirits than she did before.'

'She does; but yet there appears to be something pressing her heart,' she replied, 'I hope it is nothing very serious.'

The widow now handed the letter to Alice Johnson, who read it with peculiar emotion, for she had been impressed with the belief that Tom's sister was suffering the stings of unrequited love as she was.

'And what do you think, Miss Johnson,' asked Tom.

'As your sister will soon arrive, I don't think it is worth while troubling ourselves with conjectures,' replied Alice.

'That's what I think,' said the widow. 'Let us suspend our opinions for the present, for the arrival of your sister will solve all doubts upon the subject. I have been thinking of the death of Mrs. Hooker, and the more I think of it the stranger it appears.'

'I must go and see the doctor myself,' said Tom. 'The death of his wife may not seem so strange, when the cause of it is fully ascertained.'

'Why, Thomas, what can you mean,' asked the widow.

'Physicians can administer drugs to kill as well as to cure,' he replied, assuming a very serious countenance.

The widow, and Alice too, gazed upon him in great astonishment, but said nothing.

'We'll say no more upon that subject now,' said Tom, leaving the house and seeking the doctor.

He found him in the medicine-room where he compounded the drug that hurried his wife into the grave. He was then engaged in pounding a mixture in his mortar, for some patient. When Turner entered, a shuddering came over him, but he endeavored to be as calm as possible.

'That mortar has compounded many medicines,' said Tom, looking wise.

'Yes; I have used it several years,' replied the doctor, assuming a calmness and indifference which he did not feel.

'I suppose you sometimes mix poisons there as well as other medicines,' inquired Tom.

Tom's remark arrested the pestle in the air as the doctor raised it to give another strike. His muscles seemed to be paralyzed and he

for the moment, so great was the shock upon his nerves that Tom had given him. He seemed to have lost the power of speech as well as the power to use the pistol. If Tom ever had any doubt of his guilt previously, he had none now, but he did not rush the matter upon the doctor at that time.

'My business does not concern the dead, but the living,' continued Tom.

'What mean you?' inquired the doctor, with emotions he could not conceal.

'You shall hear,' Tom replied. 'A thousand dollars is but a trifling compensation for a broken, bleeding heart, and a tarnished name. Miss Alice Johnson must have another thousand; remember, she has a child to support!'

'As God is my judge, I have not a thousand dollars in the world,' replied the doctor, breathing very hard, and looking wild. 'True, I am supposed by some to be rich, and that has been a curse and not a blessing to me. Sums of money have been drawn from me when I have not been able to pay them, but I have paid to keep up my name and reputation.'

'Then I must make five hundred dollars do for the present,' said Tom.

'But that is every dollar I have in the world, and my house here is mortgaged for as much as it is worth, at least, as much as it will sell for at auction. And would you rob me of all I have?'

'And did you not rob Miss Johnson of that which is much more priceless than gold or silver?' asked Tom. 'True, you cannot restore that to her which you have taken from her, but you can support her and child.'

'I will give you a hundred dollars now, and when an event takes place which I anticipate, I will pay enough more to make up the five hundred. I shall probably marry an only daughter who will inherit a large estate.'

'I heard something about a widow Watson's daughter a short time since to whom you have been attentive for several weeks, when she did not need particularly, any medical advice,' replied Tom.

'From whom did you derive your information?' asked the doctor, feeling much astonished.

'Through young Gordon, and he learned the facts from the black servant of the widow Watson,' replied Tom. 'Do you expect to marry the young woman?'

'I do,' replied the doctor. 'But as I have placed this confidence in you, I trust you will not betray me. You have the power to prevent this marriage and ruin my reputation. I have indeed been unfortunate, and in an evil hour I was tempted to do wrong, but let my contemplated marriage take place and you shall be most generously rewarded. I will raise a thousand dollars, and it may be divided equally between you and Miss Johnson.'

'I'm not cruel, but I love to see justice done,' said Tom. 'Give Miss Johnson a check for two hundred and fifty dollars now; I will not take but half what you have, I had supposed you were rich, but I'm inclined to believe you are not so.'

'Indeed I am not,' replied the doctor. 'Wait until my nuptials are celebrated and I will give you the thousand dollars.'

'I'm a person of few words,' said Tom: 'you can pay the sum I demand or not just as you please. If you do not you may hear a voice from the grave.'

With a trembling hand and beating heart the

doctor filed out a check for the two hundred and fifty dollars and gave it to Tom.

'I take the check for the benefit of an abused girl, but I make no promises of secrecy,' said Tom. 'You are a dangerous man in the community, and it is my duty to prevent your doing more mischief. Do you not expect to hear a voice from your wife's grave?'

Tom said no more—but left him trembling in every muscle. The doctor was in a sad situation; dark clouds hung over him threatening a fearful storm.

'A voice from my wife's grave!' he said in his own soul. 'Does that fellow really suspect me of poisoning my wife? and does he intend to communicate his suspicions to others, have the body exhumed, and request a post-mortem examination. O! God, I fear him! O! that I could get the same dose down his neck that hurried my wife to the tomb! Dark and gloomy clouds are lowering over my path—a fearful storm may yet burst upon my devoted head! What can I do? He has the power to ruin me for ever in this world, and my prospects for another are not very flattering. Would that I could get him out of the way, and then I might hope! He saw enough when my wife died to raise violent suspicions against me, and the arsenic is still in her stomach! I fear there may be evidence enough to convict me! But my previous good reputation may save me from the condemning power of such circumstantial evidence. But, alas! Alice Johnson has become a mother, and that circumstance must destroy the good reputation which I flattered myself I enjoyed! Time does indeed press me hard. If Catharine Watson could command a good portion of her property I could induce her to fly with me to a foreign country—but she cannot now. A thought strikes me! I have yet the reputation of being wealthy—my credit is good enough to raise a sufficient sum to start with. This is my only salvation. I must see Catharine and arrange our flight until these storms blow over. That Turner cannot be bribed with any sum. I fear! I wish I had tempted him with a sum four times as large as I offered him—but then I fear it would have been in vain!'

Thus soliloquized this consummate, black-hearted hypocrite. True, as he feared, murky clouds were round about him, threatening a tempest which he could not survive if it burst upon him. Having made some arrangements by which he could raise money, he sought Miss Watson to consult with her. His soul was so troubled that he could not conceal from her the emotions he felt.

'Why, doctor, your countenance looks as if you were much troubled,' she said.

'I am exceedingly troubled,' he replied; 'and it is on your account. I love you so I can never be happy without you. But alas! I fear your mother is determined upon your marriage with that silly dandy—and Mrs. Gordon too is doing all in her power to bring it about. Never were two mothers so fully bent upon any enterprise as your mother and Mrs. Gordon are upon your marriage with that would-be author. It is really sickening to think of his writing a novel, and worse to think of you becoming his wife.'

'I never can marry him!' exclaimed Catharine, with tears in her eyes. 'Strange mother will insist upon it when she knows it must make me miserable!'

'O, dear Catharine, how can I give you up to another when Heaven has designed us for

each other!' he said, folding her to his bosom and imprinting hot kisses upon her lips.

He said no more for some minutes, but held her in his embrace, believing silence for a time would be more eloquent than words. At last, he continued, I did hope your mother would think better of it, but I am now satisfied that she cannot be driven from her purpose. What shall be done? You must not become the wife of Edwin Gordon!'

'O, I cannot!' she exclaimed. 'It would break my heart! It seems to me death would be more welcome than that.'

'Death would indeed be more welcome to me than to see you made miserable by becoming his wife,' he replied. 'No, no, dear Catharine I cannot—I must not, and Heaven authorizes me to say I will not see you become his wife! But what can we do? she most anxiously inquired.'

'Fly with me to foreign climes and we shall be happy,' he replied, pressing her still closer to his agitated bosom, and most anxiously waiting to hear her reply. But hard breathing and violent agitation were her only answer. There was a terrible conflict in her soul which deprived her of the power of utterance. She laid her head upon his bosom and sobbed like a child. He, too, forced the crocodile tears into his own eyes and sighed like a furnace, most adroitly did he play his part. For nearly five minutes not a word was spoken by either. Catharine was in extreme agony. She felt as if flying from her mother would break her heart, and she knew if she married young Gordon she would be most miserable. She was in a sad dilemma. She believed the doctor loved her as he did his life, but what to do, she did not know.

'Dear Catharine, what say you?' he continued. 'Will you go with me and be happy, or stay here and be miserable? With you accompany me or not, I go, for I cannot stay here and see you the wife of another.'

She trembled like a child, she nestled more closely in his bosom.

'We can return after a time and all will be well,' he continued. 'Come, dear Catharine, let me hear that answer which is to make me happy or miserable.'

'O, doctor, what a dreadful situation I'm placed in!' she answered, 'I cannot become the wife of Edwin Gordon, and yet how can I leave my dear mother!'

'If you remain here, you must become his wife,' he replied. 'If you fly with me your mother will know the reason, and in due time become reconciled, for she will see her error and wish for our return.'

'Do with me as you please,' she sobbed, being so much agitated that he could not only hear her breast beat, but put its throbbings against his breast.

The victory was over, and he pressed her to his bosom and covered her with kisses. He left her and immediately began preparations for the elopement. In the mean time Tom Turner was not idle, although he did not suppose the doctor was making arrangements for such a movement. Tom thought he would again tempt him with a larger bribe, for he was aware the doctor would raise money upon his credit as he then stood in the community. The first person to whom Tom related his suspicions that the doctor had poisoned his wife was the widow Penrose. He told her all the circumstances, what he saw and heard at the death of the woman and what had passed between

him and the doctor since. After weighing the matter deliberately, the widow could have no doubt of the doctor's guilt and advised Tom to have the affair investigated lest the wicked man might poison some body else. Tom needed no further council upon the subject. He then proceeded to the officers of justice and related to them all the facts and circumstances within his knowledge. They also were convinced that the doctor had perpetrated the appalling crime and cautiously commenced operations preliminary to a thorough investigation of the whole case. Slowly but surely did they proceed, for it was an important affair, and the doctor stood high in the community.

The next day after Turner had revealed the facts and circumstances to the proper authorities, his sister arrived in one of the north river boats. As she stepped from the boat upon the wharf a host of cabmen and hack drivers surrounded her. Being thus pressed by such a hungry swarm she hardly knew which way to turn. A young carpenter seeing her trouble and somewhat smitten with her beauty, elbowed his way through the crowd of drivers and told her he would see that she was safely conveyed to the place where she wished to go. His genteel appearance, benevolent face and kind voice won her regard, and she took his arm very much to the disappointment of a score of hackmen. The name this carpenter was George Campbell. He was of Scotch descent and a young man of excellent character and extraordinary abilities. Having been a resident of the city some few years he had acquired by his industry and ingenuity a very handsome property. He owned one fine house besides having money invested in profitable stocks. Campbell hired a carriage and rode with her to the house of the widow Penrose, but he did not go in. However, he did not forget the number of the widow's house nor the street where it stood. And surely remembering so much he would not be likely to forget the fair maiden whom he had thus befriended. When she entered the house Tom and little Fanny were out, but the good widow Penrose was instinctively impressed that the stranger was Tom's sister, and she soon ascertained the fact. The widow was highly pleased with her first appearance, and subsequent conversation pleased her still more. The widow noticed a kind of melancholy shade upon the countenance of Elizabeth Turner and the same thing was more distinctly discovered by Alice Johnson, but that only heightened her beauty in the estimation of both. Elizabeth Turner was a very lovely and interesting girl and her appearance and conversation greatly pleased the widow. The sister was anxious to see her brother, and his return was every minute expected, for he did not go to be gone long. His return and its results will be found in the next and last chapter of these chronicles.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

'You have a sweet little babe,' said Elizabeth Turner, addressing Alice Johnson, and kissing her child. 'What bright blue eyes? It is quite young, but it has a very expressive face.'

Ah, who can tell what emotions agitated the heart of Elizabeth at that moment! And the young mother too felt strange beatings of the heart. There was something in the tones of Elizabeth's voice and in her manner of addressing her child that made a strong impres-

sion upon the young mother's heart, but why it was so she could not tell.

'You are fond of children I reckon,' said the widow. 'It is a good mark in a girl, I wish Thomas would come and let you see our little Fanny. You will be delighted with her.' At that moment footsteps were heard, and Tom entered bearing Fanny in his arms. What a meeting was that? Elizabeth shrieked the moment her eyes fell upon the little girl, and sank back into a chair. The mother never can forget the face of her child. Neither the brother, nor the widow understood the cause of that wild shriek, but Alice Johnson did, or believed she did. Tom was astonished and thought his sister was seized with a fit.

'Place Fanny in her arms and let her nestle once more upon her mother's bosom,' said Alice Johnson. 'How can the mother forget her child! There is something that whispers me that Fanny's mother is at last found!'

'She is my child!' exclaimed Elizabeth, reaching out her hands to receive her child.

Little Fanny had not forgotten her mother's voice, but she flew into her mother's arms and nestled upon her bosom, while Tom and the widow stood gazing upon the scene with emotions that cannot be described.

'Is Fanny indeed your child?' anxiously inquired Tom.

'She is,' said Elizabeth, folding the child more closely to her breast, 'and although it may cover my face with blushes to confess the past, yet I will not disown the being to whom I have given birth! O, Thomas spurn me not because I have been led astray from the path of virtue by an accomplished villain!'

'He's the last person in the world who would do such a deed!' said Alice Johnson, in a voice that told how deeply she felt, and how strong was her sympathy.

'Yes never were truer words spoken,' said the widow. 'Thomas knows how to sympathize with the unfortunate and to forgive the penitent. It is the business of his life.'

'Spurn you, my dear sister!' he said, throwing his arms about her neck and kissing her, and Fanny also. 'Never utter such words again! But who is the base villain that has thus abused you?'

'It is impossible for me to tell you his real name, for no doubt he assumed a fictitious one!' she replied. 'He called himself Augustus Frederick Carleton. He came into our neighborhood and taught a school one winter, and he was greatly beloved by the scholars, and their parents. He said he had money enough and only kept school for the pleasure of doing good, and yet he received the pay, for the people would make him take it.'

'And no doubt the villain was willing enough to receive it,' said the widow.

'It proved so afterwards,' replied Elizabeth. 'The people thought there was no body like him, especially the professors of religion, for he was most able in prayer and eloquent in exhortation, but he never said to what denomination he belonged: in fact he represented himself as belonging to the church of Christ, and that he loved all Christians of every sect and name. Our dear mother was delighted with him as every body else was, and O! Thomas! by his arts and blandishments he won my affections and made the most solemn promises of marriage!'

'O, what villains some men are!' exclaimed Alice Johnson, for she could hold in no longer after hearing so much of Elizabeth's story.—

'Every word is true, for I feel it in my inmost soul! But I must not interrupt you. I'll say go on and excuse me, for I could not help speaking.'

'I have not much more to say,' replied Elizabeth, pressing her child to her bosom.

'But how came the villain by the child?' asked the agitated brother.

'After the child was born he still continued his promises of marriage,' she answered. 'He said he expected remittances of money from England, for he represented himself as an Englishman belonging to a rich and noble family. Besides, he wished to obtain the consent of his mother, who was still living, to his marriage before it was celebrated. His mother told him when he left England for this country, never to become a husband until she gave her consent, if she was living, and he said he had most religiously promised her not to do so. The people believed him and so did mother, but I began to have some doubts and misgivings, for I thought towards the last of our acquaintance I discovered some defects in his character which had previously escaped my notice. Occasionally he would speak cross to me when I was expressing my anxiety in relation to the affair, but with the people of the town he grew more and more popular. He was artful and accomplished. He was so popular as an instructor that the people subscribed liberally for him to continue the school as a private one, until the summer. He did so, and it cost him nothing for board, for almost every family were anxious to have him board with them.'

At last I received a letter without any name post marked in a town in another State warning me against the pretended Englishman. The writer stated that he had been through our town and knew him as an impostor, and therefore gave me this warning after he returned home, and expressed regret that he did not do it sooner. He further stated that he had once been a preacher and was obliged to run away or account for his bad conduct. The writer told me to shew him the letter and particularly the post mark and watch his countenance when he read it. I did so and his color changed and for a moment he tremble, but he soon regained his self-possession and pronounced the letter a tissue of falsehoods and slander, but my suspicions were raised and I told him I feared the letter was too true. That exasperated him somewhat and he threatened to leave me. I told him his love could not be very strong if he could leave me under such circumstances. One word brought another, and we sometimes found ourselves disputing in a manner not at all becoming. Such altercations not unfrequently attend guilty love like ours. After I showed him the letter our separation grew more and more probable every day, and yet mother and the people knew it not. Pride made me conceal it and policy induced him to keep the whole affair a secret. I did not even shew the letter to mother or even hint I had such an one until after he had gone. One day told him I should write the Postmaster of the town where my letter was post marked. This only angered him the more, but still I thought I could discover evidences of his guilt, and these evidences I could not wink out of sight, no doubt he heard I should write, and therefore laid his plans accordingly. At last our love seemed at times to be turned into hate, but none knew it but us. He still was highly esteemed by all. None seemed to

doubt his honesty and sincerity as a Christian, for he was listened to in prayer meetings with more attention than our minister received, and once during the absence of the minister on account of sickness, he was requested by the deacons of the church to read a sermon. He very readily consented to officiate, but when he ascended the pulpit he told the audience he felt it to be his duty to give his own ideas instead of reading from the book those of others. He did so, and preached two most eloquent and heart-stirring sermons. The people were delighted. This happened but a few days before he left. Our domestic troubles increased and finally I frankly told him I did not believe he was ever in England in his life. He was highly exasperated and shewed any thing but a Christian spirit, and yet all was kept a secret from the public, for pride and policy forbid us from saying aught to any one upon the subject. I grew unhappy, and mother noticed it, but she knew not the real cause. Our child was nearly eight months old, and still no remittances of money or consent of a mother came from England. I despaired, but shut up my grief in my own bosom. He sometimes taunted me and accused me of every virtue. That was more than I could well bear, and I retorted upon him and began to hate him as much as I ever loved him. But to be short. He one morning took the child out for a ride, saying he might be absent until evening. Evening came, but neither he nor the child. My feeling may be imagined by a mother who has lost a child, but they cannot be described. The next day I learned that he not only collected all that was due to him for his school keeping, but that he had borrowed money of more than twenty persons. We have never heard of him since. Such is the story of your sister's life, and can you now pardon and forgive her?'

'A thousand times,' said Tom, embracing and kissing her. 'You have found the child, and that is more consequence, a hundred fold, than to find the father.' 'O, heavens!' she exclaimed, 'I never wish to see him again! For I am comparatively happy now.' The sight of him might excite emotions which would trouble me.'

'No, I never should wish to see him, if I were you,' said Alice Johnson who had listened to the story throughout in silence and in tears.

The widow Penrose was most deeply interested in the tale Elizabeth had told, and loved her as much as she did her brother. She was happy to have such a woman under her roof.

Tom had some suspicions who the rascal might be who had thus seduced his beloved sister, but he kept them to himself as he had other matters to attend to.

All the papers having been prepared, an officer called on Tom and wished him to accompany him in search of doctor Hooker, for the purpose of arresting him. All the proceedings thus far were founded on Tom's testimony. Hooker was first to be arrested on a charge of poisoning his wife, and then his wife's body was to be exhumed and a post-mortem examination gone through with. Tom readily accompanied the officer to the doctor's house; but he was not at home. Tom led the way to the widow Watson's, where he expected to find him; but the doctor and Catharine had ridden out together, as Mrs. Watson informed them.

'Ridden out with your daughter!' said Tom, in much surprise. 'How long did he expect to be gone?'

'He said I must not be alarmed if they did not return until evening,' replied the widow, looking wild as if something had happened.

'He has eloped with your daughter,' said Tom. 'He's a great villain!'

'Eloped!' repeated the widow. 'O, dear, do go after them. It seems to me now that he looked strangely when he came here this morning. They haven't been long gone.'

Tom and the officer immediately hastened to the piers on North River, expecting the doctor had gone there for the purpose of getting on board a steamboat. They were right in their conjectures, for just as they reached the dock Tom saw the doctor and his victim standing upon the deck—and the boat was moving out into the river. Tom waved his hat and sung out lustily that they had a murderer on board. Word passed along through the crowd on the boat and came to the Captain's ears that a murderer was on board. He immediately gave orders to reverse the engine. The progress of the boat stopped just as she had passed into the stream. The doctor had heard all—and worse than that he saw Tom Turner waving his hat and knew that he was the murderer sought for. He trembled as if he would sink through the deck of the boat. O, what appalling emotions pressed his heart at that moment. Catharine looked into his wild countenance and shook like a leaf stirred by the cold autumn winds—but she knew not the terrible feeling that was agitating his soul.

'I will never be arrested!' exclaimed the doctor in wildest agony, leaping over the rail of the boat and plunging into the water.

Catharine shrieked and fell upon the deck.

'A man overboard!' many voices exclaimed. There was great excitement and confusion upon the boat and the wharf. The waters of the Hudson closed over the guilty doctor, and his spirit took its flight to another world before his body could be taken from the water. The boat came up to the wharf and Turner was soon beside the trembling Catharine. He took her ashore and accompanied her home in a carriage, while several small boats pushed out in search of the drowned man. In the course of a few hours the body was found. The readers need not be told what emotions pressed the heart of the widow Watson when all the facts were related to her. The doctor intended to pass up the river and go out west; but his plans were frustrated and he cheated the law of its victim. Catharine Watson went to her chamber, and she never came from it until she was brought out a corpse. The shock was more than her feeble constitution could bear. A brain fever seized her, and in less than a week she rested in the 'narrow house appointed for all the living.'

Edwin Gordon followed the body of his beloved Catharine to the grave as a mourner—but he never finished his novel. His mother attributed his failure to complete his book to the death of Catharine, for that sad event so wrought upon his tender heart, that he could never compose afterwards with that wonderful ease and facility he did before, as his fond mother declared. Fortunate indeed was it for the memory of Catharine that the secret was never known that she intended to elope with doctor Hooker. That secret was now in the grave and could not be revealed—for the dead tell no tales. It was, however, generally believed that the doctor intended to clear out, and most feelingly did those believe it of whom he had borrowed money.

On the day Hooker drowned himself in the Hudson doctor Boyden paid a visit to Jane Trott.

'You have really postponed our intended marriage long enough,' said Boyden, manifesting great impatience.

'I know I have postponed it some time, but then you know, doctor, it is a great thing for a woman to change her name and situation in life,' replied the artful Jane Trott. 'My object is only to learn more about your moral character—moral character you know is everything in a husband.'

Ellen Grant who stood at the door listening could not restrain her laughter.

'Who's that laughing?' asked the doctor, looking towards the door whence the giggling proceeded.

'Indeed I cannot say,' replied Jane. 'Perhaps the house is haunted by witches.'

'You're the only witch in it, I reckon,' he said, playfully twisting one of her curls with his finger and kissing her. 'Come, dear Jane, let us appoint the day and the hour which shall make us one during life.'

'I could not now,' she replied, smiling. 'I will consult with mother upon the subject.'

Thus they conversed for some time; but Jane appointed no time for the marriage, and he repaired to his office. Soon after Tom Turner entered and began to converse in his own peculiar way. Boyden did not feel at all well, and the sight of Tom made him feel worse.

'Well, Rev. Mr. Dermot, one guilty doctor has cheated the gallows out of its victim,' said Tom. 'The way of the transgressor is indeed hard: don't you think so?'

'I have found it so, but I mean to repent—yes, I have repented,' replied the doctor. 'Soon as I become the lawful husband of Jane Trott I will pay you over some money.'

'But I want some now,' said Tom. 'I have little Fanny to provide for, and don't you think you ought to give her something? You remember seeing me with the little girl, do you not?'

'I do,' replied the doctor, in a voice of trembling.

'O, I wish she had a better father!' said Tom, fastening his keen eyes upon him.

'Do you know her father?' asked the doctor. 'Yes, and her mother too,' replied Tom. 'You are her father and her mother is my sister!'

'O, heavens!' exclaimed the doctor. 'Is Elizabeth Turner your sister?'

'She is, thou villain!' replied Tom. 'She is in the city, but she desires not to see you.'

The doctor trembled and feared Tom might kill him upon the spot; but he greatly mistook the character of Tom Turner, for this was the first time he ever called a man a villain to his face, and he hoped it would be the last.

'Come, your money; for that's all you can do to atone for your wickedness,' continued Tom. 'Your money, or a full exposure of your character before the sun shall go down!'

The doctor handed him over all he had, which amounted to the sum of eighty dollars. Tom gave him back a ten dollar bill, saying: 'I will not take every dollar, because I have not the heart to see a man entirely destitute however wicked he may be.'

'You're very kind,' said the doctor, trembling.

'Perhaps I'm altogether too kind, but there's such a thing as heaping coals of fire upon a man's head,' said Tom. 'I do not wish to be

your avenger, but you cannot escape punishment even in this world. And what do you think will become of you in another world? Don't you never think about that doctor, reverend, schoolmaster, or whatever title you may wear? I should much rather be hung between the earth and the heavens for a crime of which I was innocent, than to wear your conscience for a single day. You have been guilty of the worst crimes known in the catalogue of human offences. True, you have not committed murder as doctor Hooker did, but you have done almost every thing else that is wicked.'

'O, spare me, Mr. Turner, and I will reward you most generously!' said the doctor, walking about his office in great agitation. 'Spare me now, I know I have been a wicked man, but soon as I'm married to the girl I love and become a member of the Trott family, I will give your sister a handsome sum of money and even take the child and support her.'

'Take and support my little Fanny!' repeated Tom, manifesting great surprise and gazing intently upon the villain. 'Take Fanny! never! Would to Heaven there was none of your blood in her veins! But early training and kind treatment will destroy the ill effects of such blood and make her a good girl. No, no, vile man, you shall never see that child again. She can never be carried into the Trott family!'

Tom could not help smiling at his last remark. The idea of Fanny's becoming a member of the Trott family relaxed the muscles of his face in spite of his efforts to look grave and serious!'

'Why do you smile?' asked the doctor. 'I'm sure the little girl would be taken good care of in such a family.'

'Wouldn't your wife feel a kind of jealousy if Fanny should live with you?' asked Tom.

'My wife need not know that I'm the father of the child!' replied Boyden.

'Hypocrisy again!' said Tom. 'It has been your trade so long that it has become a part of your very nature.'

'I confess, Mr. Turner, I have been a hypocrite; but I now intend to lead an honest life. I'm resolved upon that!'

'But suppose Miss Trott should give you the slip?' asked Turner.

'She loves me too well for that,' he replied.

'True, you have the power to ruin my character, and if Miss Trott should hear what I have done, her pride might be stronger than her love, and she might reject me at last.'

'I ruin your character!' repeated Tom. 'You have done that already. But how long before you expect to lead Miss Trott before the hymeneal altar?'

'I'm urging her at every interview I have with her,' replied Boyden. 'She hesitates not to declare her love for me, but she wishes to learn more of my moral character and standing before she becomes my wife.'

'Miss Trott is a very wise girl,' said Tom, smiling.

'Now, Mr. Turner, you have me in your power, I well know; but if you will not expose me, I will do anything in my power you may ask me to do. My business is not as good as it was a few years ago; but when I'm married I shall have money enough; and depend upon it you shall be a sharer of my good fortune. You can expose my character and ruin my prospects!'

'I don't think it will be necessary for me to have any further agency in your affairs. Heaven

is just, and the wicked must be punished. I will not be in the way of your marriage!'

'Heaven bless you for that!' exclaimed the overjoyed doctor. 'No other person, except you and your sister, can prevent my marriage. If you will keep quiet, a month will not elapse before I am the husband of Miss Trott.'

'I'll keep quiet about that,' said Tom, laughing in his sleeve, and leaving the doctor's office.

'I said no person but Turner and his sister could prevent my marriage,' said the doctor to himself, sitting down and musing. 'But I may be mistaken in that. Ellen Grant has that power, but I trust she's not in the city. And then there is that infernal negro girl! I wonder who she can be! And then threatening letters! I'm fearing every day I shall receive another one in which more money will be demanded! I have now but ten dollars in the world, and that was spared me by that strange mortal Tom Turner.'

While he was thus reflecting upon his situation, the penny-postman handed him a letter. He trembled as he broke the seal. He read as follows: 'Frank Dermot, thou villain, I must bleed you again, I want money and must have it, I know the secrets of your life and they shall be made known unless you inclose a fifty dollar bill in a letter and put it into the Post-office and directed to Helen Louisa Cantwell. You understand me. H. L. C.'

'Gracious God!' exclaimed the doctor, rising and walking furiously about his office. 'What shall I do! How can I raise the money! Ah, some one is coming. Perhaps a good patient.'

A dandy looking fellow entered the office and inquired for doctor Boyden.

'I am that person,' said the doctor.

'Very well, I wish to consult you upon a very important case,' said the dandy.

'I will hear your wish with pleasure,' replied the doctor, bowing and asking the fellow to be seated.

'I've a dem'd sharp pain in my side,' said the dandy, sitting down and placing his hand upon his side. 'I've had it for three days and nights. I've tried gin, brandy, and other liquors, but the pain is still here. Think you can help it? I have money, but I don't want this cursed pain.'

'I think I can cure you, my dear sir,' answered the doctor, sitting down beside his patient and feeling his pulse. 'Your circulation is bad, and needs very much to be regulated. Your blood does not circulate freely over all portions of your system as it would were you in a healthy state.'

'Very likely, doctor,' said the patient. 'I have just arrived from England, and dem my eyes if I like to trust American physicians. I want no one to physic me unless he has studied in England and practised in the hospitals of Europe.'

'You're right there,' answered the doctor. 'The Americans have but a small experience in the science of physic. I have spent many years in England and upon the continent, and practised in many hospitals.'

'I supposed you had from reading your advertisements in the papers,' replied the young Englishman.

'A large portion of my practice comes from foreigners,' said the doctor. 'True, I have recently been introduced to some wealthy American families who move in the upper circles and consider themselves as belonging to the aristocracy. And so they do, but there is no true

aristocracy here as there is in good old England.'

'Upon my soul, doctor, I believe you,' said the patient. 'I have been here but a few weeks, and I have seen no real gentlemen and ladies, or rather, I should say, true noblemen and accomplished ladies.'

'Our opinions are indeed very similar,' said the doctor, still holding the wrist of his patient and examining his countenance.

'Well, doctor, what do you think ails me?' asked the English dandy.

'Were you not sea-sick in your passage over the Atlantic?' asked the doctor.

'Most dem'd sick, I can assure you. More than half the way I was so sick I couldn't take my wine.'

'I understand your cure perfectly,' said the doctor. 'I suppose you vomited a good deal during the first part of your passage.'

'I did indeed until I could raise nothing but my kneecaps,' replied the dandy, 'and I thought they would come up!'

'I had the same impressions on my passage. I was very sick.'

'And did you after your arrival here have a pain in your side,' asked the dandy.

'I did indeed,' replied the doctor. 'By constant straining for so long a time the liver became affected and the muscles leading from it to the side were disarranged and that gave me pain. The blood too was in a commotion for some time and that needed regulating.'

The doctor now prepared two vials of liquid in which opium formed the principal medical ingredient. In fact it was similar to paregoric, although he put something into it to give it an agreeable taste and smell. The stuff in both vials were alike only one of them was colored so as to make it look different. The vials were labelled, 'morning and evening.'

'You must take ten drops of this before you retire, and eleven drops of the other in the morning when you rise,' said the doctor. 'The medicine is powerful in such cases as yours. American physicians know nothing about this medicine, and I don't intend they shall unless I receive a round sum for giving them the information.'

'I would not if I were you,' said the foolish young man. 'What is your fee?'

'When one of my own countrymen call upon me for professional aid I generally tell them to give me what they please. If they are wealthy they pay me accordingly, and if they are poor I charge them nothing. This medicine I have given you was invented and prepared by a celebrated German physician who slumbers in his grave. I attended him during his last sickness, and just before he died he revealed the secret to me.'

While he was talking, the young Englishman drew out a splendid purse and gave the doctor two doubloons, which he received with thanks.

'May I be permitted to inquire your name?' asked the doctor.

'My name is Frederick Augustus Stevenson,' he replied.

'I should be pleased to make your further acquaintance,' said the doctor. 'I should be pleased to see you often at my office. I shall expect you to call soon and tell me how my medicine operates.'

'I shall do so,' replied the dandy, leaving the office with the two small vials of paregoric in his pocket. This opportune visit was very acceptable to the doctor, for he was really in a

strait. He soon got his doubloons changed into paper money and enclosed twenty-five dollars to Helen Louisa Cantwell in a letter.

CHAPTER XXXV.

'By heavens, I've got it!' exclaimed Jane Trott, as she came from the Post-office, running into Ellen Grant's room and bearing a letter. 'It contains money I know by the feeling of it.'

She gave it to Ellen who opened it. It was from the doctor and signed Frank.

'But twenty-five dollars as I live,' said Ellen. 'A half a loaf is better than no bread,' replied Jane. 'My mother always said be thankful for half a loaf.'

'The fellow writes as if he was really poor,' said Ellen. 'I've no doubt he has hard work to meet his current expenses.'

'Current expenses!' repeated Jane, laughing. 'To have such a creature as you are bleeding him every week or two is quite enough to drain out any man's purse unless he possessed a million.'

'Now Jane you have often heard me say that I intend to live a virtuous life after I have got my revenge upon the miserable devil,' said Ellen.

'Yes, I have, and believe as much of it as I pleased,' replied Jane. 'When you become what you are pleased to call virtuous the sky will fall and I shall catch larks. I think we are now about as virtuous as women in general are.'

'I often have the same impressions, but on reflection, I'm inclined to believe that some women are virtuous even above any temptation,' said Ellen, looking thoughtful.

'Show me such a woman and I will show you the wings on her back,' answered Jane.

'Then you think such a woman must have flown from some other sphere,' said Ellen. 'She couldn't be born of earth.'

'Yes, she must be an angel, and 'm thinking angels don't visit this world,' replied Jane, laughing. 'True, the men sometimes call us angels.'

'I know the doctor calls you one, whether he believes it or not,' said Ellen.

'I believe the fellow really loves me,' said Jane. 'But upon my soul I haven't the least fancy for him. He's quite disagreeable to me, I suppose he might have been more fascinating a few years ago, at least you thought so.'

'Don't mention it,' exclaimed Ellen. 'Such memories make me feel sick of heart, and I long to be the death of him!'

'You'll never injure him,' said Jane. 'I mean you'll never injure his person, but his fame you have been the death of already, I wish he was rich.'

'If he was you would marry him, I conclude,' said Ellen laughing.

'Never!' replied Jane. 'But I would contrive some plan to get some of his money.'

'I'm sure I always give you some when I receive it in a letter from him,' said Ellen. 'I would let him live months longer, if he had money, and yet I don't know as I could be satisfied to wait for my revenge much longer, I ache to plunge this dirk into him. I purchased it for that express purpose, and I have sworn to do it. Heaven will justify such a deed. Why, Jane, I dreamt last night that a spirit appeared to me and told me I was the

instrument chosen by Heaven to stop his earthly career. And O, God!'

'What now!' demanded Jane. 'You seem unusually agitated! What's the matter?' 'I thought that spirit was my child!' replied Ellen, gazing upon Jane through the tears that stood trembling in her eyes.

They were both silent for some minutes, at last Jane broke the silence and said, 'I can never shed tears for a dream, and I'm astonished to see you thus affected.'

'You may be astonished, but I often cry and wish there was no past to my life,' said Jane. 'O, if I could begin my life anew!'

'It would be fine, I confess, if one could begin life again and have the experience which life gives, but that is an impossibility,' replied Jane.

'Well, well, let us drop the subject,' said Ellen. 'It will be time enough for me to think of such things after I have made his blood run from his black heart.'

The door-bell now rang and they heard it in the chamber. The sun had just gone down.

'There,' said Ellen, 'that's the doctor's ring.'

'I believe my soul it is,' replied Jane. 'He comes to-night mighty early. In fact I did expect a visit from him this evening. But he's in a devil of a hurry for the nuptials.'

'O, how I should like to meet him face to face while he's urging you to become his wife!'

'I shall not receive many more visits from him,' said Jane. 'I'm about sick of such kind of work; but I suppose I must hold on a while longer, especially if his money holds out. I conclude he is constantly receiving some fees from his practice.'

'I'm thinking his fees grow less every day,' replied Ellen.

Jane went below, not however until she made her toilet for the occasion. Ellen sat in her chamber and reflected upon her past life. It seemed to her that she could never be contented until she had her revenge. She looked beyond that and thought she saw some bright spots. All this side looked dark and gloomy. Murder was in her heart, fixed there by a power over which she felt she had no control. The dream she had during the last night seemed like a voice from the other world. In that dream she distinctly saw her child and heard its infant voice commanding her to slay its father by the will of heaven. The dream seemed to turn her seeking revenge into a kind of sacred duty.

'O, how distinct was that infant's voice!' she mentally exclaimed. 'My father and mother used to believe in dreams. They always said some dreams were the whisperings of angels who continually hover about us when we sleep. Yes, the villain must die by my hand! I have sworn it, and who knows but that cherub who appeared to me last night saw the recording angel write down my oath.'

She threw herself upon the bed and sought sleep, but she sought it in vain. She was so much excited that she arose, drew the dirk from her bosom, and held it up in the faint twilight that came through the window that she might see its shining blade. It was not a very long instrument.

'Oh! good, faithful steel!' she said, 'I shall have work for thee soon. I bought it with the villain's money, which I made him give me through fear. This instrument is short, but a well directed blow will reach his wicked heart. I will go down and listen to what the

villain says. Jane will leave the door ajar for me.'

She went down and concealed herself so that she could hear what passed between the doctor and Jane. The doctor was evidently very anxious, for his voice trembled when Jane entered, and he saluted her,

'My dear, I hope you are well this evening,' said the doctor, rising and shaking her hand very cordially.

'Quite well, I thank you,' she replied, turning her head a little to hide a smile.

They sat down upon a sofa very cosily together. Although the doctor possessed much tact, yet on this occasion he felt a degree of embarrassment which was unusual with him. Feeling the necessity of being married as soon as possible, and fearing if it was not consummated soon it might never be, he could not conduct himself so well as he might under other circumstances. Ellen did not take up her listening post until the doctor and Jane were fairly into the midst of the subject which pressed so heavily upon his heart. The preliminary part of the conversation we shall pass over. For the doctor's emotions were such, that he was a good while in getting it to the gist of the matter.

'My dear Miss Trott,' he said, 'I have been a long time paying my addresses to you, and it seems to me we ought to appoint the day for our nuptials. If I loved you less I might exercise more patience in this waiting, but as it is I hope we shall now fix the day, and no distant one.'

'Indeed, doctor, I feel as anxious as you do,' she replied. 'But marriage is a bargain of such magnitude and importance that it ought not to be made hastily. That I love you sincerely my heart bears swift witness, and for that very reason, my judgment tells me to be cautious.'

It is but a short time since we became acquainted with each other. Our births were in different countries; and therefore we ought not to be governed so much by the passion of love as not to reflect seriously upon the matter. Sudden marriages are too often repented of, besides, it is said by those who have had more experience in such matters than we have, that the days of courting are the happiest in our lives.'

'Very well said, indeed,' mentally said Ellen, as she stood listening.

'I know our days pass happily now, but I feel as if our married ones would be still more happy,' he replied.

'They might be so,' she answered, turning her head and catching the eye of Ellen through the crack of the door. 'But really, doctor, I'm not prepared now to appoint our wedding day. I have known some ladies who thought they loved when courting, but marriage afterwards proved them much mistaken in their fond notions. It might be so with me.'

'O, my dear, it never can be,' he said. 'You'll find me improve on acquaintance. And my reason for making such a statement is, I know that I deeply, sincerely, fondly love you. It becomes me not to praise myself, but I may be permitted to speak of my great love for you. I have seen the ladies of almost every civilised country, but I have never seen one I love as I do you. In truth I may say I never saw any but you whom I loved at all.'

'Well, doctor, I suppose I can say I never have loved any man but you,' she replied. 'And still I would not imprudently hurry my marriage. I have seen, within the circle of

my acquaintance, too many unhappy marriages to hurry my own, however much I may love the man of my choice.'

He urged her by every consideration he could think of, but still she would not appoint the nuptial day. It was partially agreed between Ellen and Jane that this should be his last visit; or rather they thought they would surprise him and make him fear that Jane would finally reject his offers. During his visit, Ellen was to throw his last letter into the room, through the opening of the door, and Jane was to make strange of it.

'Now suppose, doctor, after a longer acquaintance, I should come to the conclusion that I was mistaken in my love,' said Jane.

'O, heaven!' he exclaimed, 'You don't have any fears of that, do you?'

'I can't say as I do, but still our hearts often deceive us,' she replied, the girls are strange creatures and the men call us fickle. I suppose we are somewhat so. Now I don't think my love for you has increased much for the last two weeks. Do you think yours has for me?'

'Every day and hour increase my love,' he said, in a tremulous voice.

'And then if we postpone our marriage three or six months you will love me warmly enough to become my husband,' she replied.

'My God!' he exclaimed, 'Before half that time expired I should die of love! No, no, dear Miss Trott, don't talk of months, but of days only, and let them be few.'

At that moment his letter in which he sent the twenty-five dollars was thrown into the room. It fell upon the floor within a foot of them.

'What in the world is that?' asked Jane, jumping up and seizing the letter. 'A letter, as I live!'

She reads it to herself and then continues, 'It is not a love letter, but seems to be a business transaction. There was money inclosed in it once. I wish it was in it now, signed Frank, a short sweet name, what can it all mean. I'm sure no one in this house can have received such a letter. Where could it come from? Did it drop down from the ceiling? Signed Frank!' he exclaimed rising up and looking wildly about.

'It is!' she replied, 'Do you know a gentleman of that name?'

'O, no, I am not aware I do!' he replied, suppressing his feelings and trying to appear calm and collected.

Jane didn't appear to notice his embarrassment and gave him the letter. He read the letter and preserved his equilibrium the best way he could. But he had not self-control enough to keep from trembling. He began to suspect that Jane was playing some trick upon him, and yet he could see no evidence of it in her countenance, words nor actions. She managed the affair with consummate skill and adroitness.

'Isn't that a funny title,' she said, looking slyly at Ellen through the opening of the door, and then gazing upon him.

'I don't understand why such a letter should be thrown into this room,' he replied, appearing quite calm considering the circumstances in which he was placed.

'I believe we have witches in our house,' said Jane smiling.

'Are you acquainted with any young lady whose circumstances in life are such as to war

rant her receiving such a letter? he anxiously inquired.

'Indeed I'm not,' she replied. 'But the strangest part of the affair is that the letter should find its way into this room. There is witchcraft about it, I will go into the hall and see if any body is there.'

She passed out and Ellen made good her retreat. Returning shortly she told him she saw no one. Soon after the doctor took his leave, not, however, before he once more alluded to the subject of his marriage and urged her to appoint the day that should make them one. After he was gone, these girls came together and the reader can imagine what they said. They laughed heartily and very much at the expense of the unfortunate doctor who found his way to his office. It seemed to him as if the fates had conspired against him. He entered his office and sat down, feeling as if his case was desperate. The negro girl, Tom Turner, the letters he received demanding money, the interview he had with Jane that evening, the strange appearance of that letter in the room, all combined to make him feel miserable and disconsolate. He sat a long time musing upon his condition and circumstances. There was but one hope for him, and that was not a very bright one. He began seriously to think of leaving the city in case his marriage should fall through of which he now entertained some very alarming fears.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE next day Tom Turner visited the doctor who had passed a restless, troubled night. Turner had not seen him for several days, but he knew the progress he made in his courtship with that trollop Jane Trott. In fact he saw her the next morning after the doctor had his last interview with her, and learned all that transpired on that evening. It was a great point with Tom to learn all he could before he saw the villain, because he could then tell better how to manage and what to say. It was in the afternoon when he entered the office of the villain. Boyden had quite a number of patients that day and received some forty dollars for his prescriptions. As the doctor saw Tom coming his heart sank within him, for he hoped he should never see him again.

'Any patients to day?' asked Tom, looking rather grave.

'Business some what dull, Mr. Turner,' replied the doctor, assuming a very pleasant manner and showing Turner much cringing and respect.

'Boyden, the less business you have the better will it be for the public,' said Turner. You know and I know that you are the greatest quack out of prison.'

'Prison!' repeated the doctor, looking wild. 'Yes, out of prison,' replied Turner. 'But why do you start so?'

'I believe I have recently grown nervous,' answered the doctor.

'Such a conscience as you carry about is enough to make any man nervous,' replied Tom.

'Now, Mr. Turner, I know I have done wrong, but I intend to set about a reformation as soon as I'm connected by marriage with the Trott family.'

'Connected with the Trott family?' repeated Turner, while a smile played over his usually grave face.

The doctor saw that smile and trembled, for the letter that was thrown into the room and the peculiar turn of the conversation he had with Jane at the last interview with her, had awakened suspicions which Turner's manner tended very much to increase. Turner closely observed the varying expressions of his countenance and knew that a worm was gnawing at his heart.

'You repeat me,' said the doctor, in a trembling voice.

'Do you believe in witchcraft?' asked Turner, apparently regardless of the doctor's last remark.

'Why do you ask?' inquired Boyden, gazing upon him as if he would read the inmost thoughts of Tom's heart.

'O, I can give no particular reason,' replied Tom.

'I believe you have some important reason,' said the doctor, 'and one which may deeply concern me.'

'Did you ever see anything that looked as if witches had a hand in its production?' asked Turner. 'I mean, have you recently seen any such thing?'

'Do speak out plain to me,' said Boyden, manifesting much impatience.

'Surely my question is a plain one,' replied Turner. 'If it is not I know not how I can make it any more plain. Will you answer it?'

'I know of nothing,' replied the doctor. 'Perhaps I ought to except one thing, and that is, I'm very much puzzled to know how you find out so many things. It seems sometimes to me that witches help you.'

'And may they not sometimes throw letters into a room and no one tell where they come from?' asked Turner.

'Good heaven!' exclaimed the doctor: 'I'm forced to believe you're a wizard!'

'I can assure you I'm no such creature,' answered Tom, quite coolly and calmly. 'But why do you betray so much anxiety? Has a letter appeared to you strangely?'

'You know every secret passage of my life,' muttered the doctor. 'You must be endowed with supernatural powers. Tell me all, and keep me in suspense no longer! I'm greatly amazed!'

'If I know your life so well, what good would it do you to be told what you already know?' asked Turner. 'Come, what about the letter? I should like to know if the witches have been playing you any trick. Come, be frank and confess all your sins and then repent of them.'

'Have you any acquaintance with the Trott family?' inquired the doctor.

'I have occasionally seen some of the members of that family, but I have never sought for any familiarity with them,' replied Tom. 'They move in a circle quite beyond my reach, mind you, doctor. I don't say whether that circle is so far above or below me that I cannot reach it.'

'O, heavens!' exclaimed the doctor in much agony, 'I fear I'm terribly deceived!'

'And have you not terribly deceived others?' asked Turner. 'Then what reason have you to complain of being deceived yourself?'

'But am I deceived?' anxiously inquired Boyden. 'Speak and tell me!'

'How can I tell whether you are or are not?' asked Turner. 'Do you really love the girl whom you wish to marry? or are you de-

ceiving her as you have others? Do you suppose she is a great heiress?'

'Is she not rich?' asked the doctor, 'is there not great wealth in that family?'

'She don't inherit so much as her mother's good name,' replied Turner.

'Who is she? what is she?' asked Boyden. 'Do tell me all you know?'

'You pretend to belong to one of the learned professions and ask me such questions?' replied Turner. 'You must find out by your own learning.'

Turner said no more, but immediately left the office. The anxious doctor called to him to come back, but Turner was deaf to his entreaties, and departed leaving poor Boyden in great trouble. He walked about his office for some time and at last sat down in sadness and sorrow.

'Have I been deceived by Jane Trott?' he mentally asked. 'Is she not what she pretends to be? Who knows but she may be a wanton? O, God! Can it be that I who have deceived so many am myself thus deceived at last? How have I been blinded to such a degree? That letter! Where did it come from? O, heavens! I believe Ellen Grant is in this city, and that Turner knows it! It would not be safe for me to meet her now! She has a proud heart and a terrible temper! I must see Jane Trott and ascertain how these things are! I believe she loves me! What a fool I have been to urge our marriage so strenuously! I must now take another tack and appear somewhat indifferent and see what effect that will have upon her. If she does really love me, my apparent indifference will excite her feelings and make her show herself in her true colours. If she has thus deceived me I will be revenged upon her! But how can I be revenged? That is an important question. I fear I shall be compelled to leave this city! Surely I must if that girl is what I now fear she is! I must have one more interview with her.'

Thus communed this villain with his own troubled soul. He began to see the dangers that surrounded him, and he thought he must prepare to shun them. The next evening he again visited the Trott family. He entered the house and a servant conducted him to the parlor. The servant girl told him Miss Trott was at home, but she believed she had company. That information struck him like a thunder-clap, still he endeavored to calm his feelings as best he could. In the room overhead he heard talking and laughing, and there was a man's voice he was quite sure. He was greatly excited, and gazed about the room in which he sat with strange feelings. True, the parlor was richly carpeted and all the furniture was splendid, and yet it did not seem then to look so rich and splendid as it had done on previous occasions. There was something in the atmosphere he breathed that made his heart sick. The talking and laughing continued in the room above, and no person appeared to greet his coming. The servant girl entered and told him Miss Trott would come directly. 'Is she in the room above?' he anxiously inquired.

'She is, sir,' replied the girl, making quite a low courtesy, and smiling.

'Who is with her?' he asked, looking the servant girl full in the face.

'I don't know the gentleman's name, sir,' she replied, leaving the room without waiting to be again questioned.

He was now in more trouble than ever, and

sat most impatiently. At last Jane entered the room smiling, and appearing exceedingly gay and happy.

'Good evening, doctor,' she said, tripping along towards him and shaking hands.

'Good evening,' he coldly replied, and more coldly returning the shaking of hands.

'Bless my stars, doctor Boyden, how feeble your shake is and how cold your hand feels!' she said, 'what in the world is the matter with you?'

'Nothing that I'm aware of,' he replied.

'You must be unwell I think,' she said.

'Your hand is so cold I think your heart must be diseased.'

'I believe my heart is well enough,' he replied, withdrawing his hand from hers.

'Why, doctor, you act and look just as if you heard I'm not an heiress!' she continued smiling.

'Whom did you leave in the room above?' he asked, gazing severely upon her.

'Lieutenant Marvin of the American Navy,' she replied, 'O, he's a delightful man and full of anecdotes and fun! Don't you think our naval officers are fine fellows?'

'A naval officer! a delightful man!' he repeated in great astonishment.

'Why, he is indeed!' she replied, 'I think you would like him, if you were acquainted with him. He has visited all parts of the world. You and he could talk understandingly about London and Paris and all Europe, for he has visited those places as well as you.'

'Is he an acquaintance or a relative of yours?' he asked.

'No blood relation, but we are a little acquainted,' she said.

'Miss Trott, if you esteem the company of that officer so very highly, perhaps you had better keep it,' he said, in a very emphatic manner.

'I don't suppose he will remain long in the city, doctor,' she said, 'I think he said he sails next week.'

'He does indeed!' he replied, 'I wish he had sailed last week.'

'Jealous, by heavens!' she exclaimed, 'That is the best proof you have ever given that you love me! Now, doctor, suppose I was a poor girl do you think you should love me still?'

'I'm not sure that I love you at all,' he replied.

'Indeed!' she said, throwing up her head and looking scornful. 'Well, I'm quite sure I don't love you.'

'Am I then deceived?' he asked, looking wildly at her.

'Not so much as you have deceived others,' she answered.

'Then you're not what you pretended to be!' he said.

'And are you what you pretended to be?' she inquired, laughing.

'I'm not a wanton!' he replied, walking about the room in great agitation.

'But you are a hypocrite and a libertine!' she answered.

'Death and fury!' he exclaimed, grating his teeth and clenching his hands.

'O, doctor don't use rough language,' she said. 'Can't you pray now as fervently as you used to do in the country, when you seduced and forsook a good old deacon's daughter?'

'Oh, God!' he exclaimed. 'Then indeed I am most outrageously deceived.'

'Yes; and we should have continued so do-

seize you months longer if your money had sold out!" she answered, most provokingly.

"Who do you mean by 'we'?" he demanded, betraying both fear and anger.

"No matter," she replied, "you may find out hereafter—and perhaps sooner than you may wish."

"Do you know that deacon's daughter of whom you just spoke?" he asked.

"I cannot answer such a question," she replied. "I don't wish to treat you with gross impoliteness, but really my time is precious, now that Lieutenant Marvin is waiting for me. I promised him I would return soon. Call again some other time, parson Dermott, when I'm not engaged and when your purse is not so empty."

That was more than he could bear, and he hurried from the room. It would seem that this villain had received punishment enough for his crimes; but there was one woman whose love was turned to hate, and who had not yet got her full revenge. Boyden passed a miserable night, and the next day he began to make preparations to leave the city. And the evening came, and he was resolved to be off the next morning—for great fear possessed him. But how uncertain are all human calculations! That evening Ellen Grant appeared to him in his office, in her disguised character of the mulatto girl. As she entered, he rose and appeared much agitated and frightened. She watched his motions with a keen eye and a heart bent on revenge, lest he might attempt to do her some violence.

"Away!" he exclaimed, "I have no more money. You and others have taken all I had. Leave my office!"

"Do you know who speaks to you?" asked Ellen, in her natural voice. "O, you miserable man! Tremble for your black sins as you have made others tremble and shed tears under your preaching."

"It is Ellen Grant!" he exclaimed, stepping back as if he feared her power.

"You have once in your life spoken the truth," she replied; "I was once innocent and virtuous, but your vile hypocrisy made me an infidel, and your deceit and cruelty made me a wanton! Now take a wanton's revenge!"

In a moment she flew at him before he had time to defend himself and plunged a dagger deep into his heart. He fell upon the floor a dead man and she made her escape. No human eye saw that dreadful crime. The dead body lay in its blood all night and was not found until morning. The next day Ellen Grant left the city and went South. And strange as it may seem, she had promised herself to live a virtuous life, if she could be revenged on her foul betrayer, and that promise she faithfully kept. But alas! she was a murderess. And although no human being knew she was one, yet she knew it herself, and was most unhappy. In less than six months from that time she died of yellow fever in the city of New Orleans, but during that six months she lived a virtuous and repentant life. And who dares limit the divine mercy and say she was not forgiven? Jane Trott did not reform, but continued in her career of vice and degradation; and if any one wishes to see Tom Turner he can be found the head of aunt Betty Barnes' house. Tom married aunt Betty, and loved her because she first loved him. George Campbell the industrious and worthy carpenter, became the husband of Tom Turner's sister. Little Fanny was given to Tom and aunt Betty

who love her as if she was their own child. The widow Penrose still lives and continues Tom as the almoner of her bounty. Tom sent for his mother who lives part of the time with him and part with her daughter. The negro servants of the widow Watson became man and wife without losing their place.

The widow Watson and Mrs. Gordon are often together, lamenting the death of the once lovely Catharine. But one death is not enough to give them correct views of human life. They still remain heartless, fashionable ladies, and only regret that Catharine died, and that Edwin Gordon did not become her husband. As we have said so much respecting Edwin's talents, as a writer, it is but just that we let our readers have an opportunity to peruse the book we have so often alluded to. To assuage his sorrow, for the loss of Catharine, he devoted his time to its completion, and we he give it, with all its short-comings; merely promising that he had changed its title, plot and characters, a dozen times, from its first inception to its termination.

EDWIN'S NOVEL.

Almost every writer of fiction, now-a-days, begins his story in the leafy month of June, when all nature is clad in her richest attire—when the beautiful rose is in full bloom and scenting the air, far and wide, with its delightful fragrance—when the apple trees (if the scene happens to be laid in the country) are white with myriads of blossoms, and covered with honey bees and humming birds, feeding luxuriously upon the sweetness they afford to these industrious and beautiful creatures—when the painted and gorgeous butterflies are wheeling in hobbling, uneven flight across the way, or lighting, perchance, upon some place in it wet by a recent shower, or when the bright, shining yellow bird is hovering over a bed of thistles, feeding upon the delicate seeds which grow in their downy heads, and it may be, carrying away in her finely moulded beak little parcels of down to finish her nest and make it soft and comfortable for the young which she fondly hopes will soon burst their shelly coverings, and make an entrance into this breathing world.

The writers aforesaid not only take this most enchanting month of all the year, but the brightest and most beautiful day in the month. And still more particular as to time, they take the morning when the glorious sun had just risen, diffusing his bright beams over "shrub, flower and tree," and lighting up the dew drops which still linger and sparkle upon them as if the earth were filled with diamonds,—or, perhaps, it may be more agreeable to their taste to commence their story just as soft twilight has fallen upon the world, and the full, round moon begins to send up her silver rays across the eastern skies, giving notice to lovers and all other inhabitants of this moving planet, whose eyes may be turned towards the eastern horizon, that soon her broad disk will make its appearance and chase away the shades of night.

How exceedingly fortunate Novelists are in being able, at any time, to make the stars twinkle in the distant firmament, to bring up the fair moon from her rest, if any she ever have, and bid her shine upon the dark tresses of some beautiful female as she hangs lovingly upon the arm of her gallant, or, it may be off her gay deceiver, in some evening pro-

menade. We might, perhaps, take this course, and pursue this beaten track, if we were left to range through the regions of fancy, without being trammelled by facts,—stubborn facts,—and the sober realities of human life. But we are not thus left free to roam; whithersoever imagination may lead us. Our path lays along the rugged highways which are continually thronged with beings like ourselves, and from these wayfarers on life's thorny road, our characters must be taken which may appear in these chronicles.

Now, we cast no blame upon those authors who love to make their readers, or try to make them, revel in moonlight; for it is a much easier task to paint out a butterfly, or describe the vermilion tints of the rose, than to portray, with truthfulness, the deep feelings of the human soul, or the more tender emotions of the heart. While some may be pleased with a vivid description of a romantic landscape, or of purling brook, placid lake, or beautiful cascade, there are others, and a large majority, too, whose mind need to be fed with more substantial food. This latter class will not be contented with butterflies, however beautiful they may be; or with moonshine, however soft and silvery it may appear. Something more substantial—more intellectual, more full of passion and sentiment—something which they have felt, or hope to feel, will be required before the immortal part of human nature can be satisfied. Portray some passion, or emotion which is common to our nature,—show its height and depth—its length and breadth, and you will strike a chord in the heart of the reader which will vibrate and become responsive to the truth of what you write. He will feel as if you are dealing in realities,—and not leading him through the world of fiction. When he has finished the story, he will almost believe he has been in company with the characters who figure in it, and that he has previously been acquainted with them, so natural and familiar do they seem to him.

The history from which we intend to draw the facts which will compose the "wool and warp" of these chronicles compels us to commence our story in the cold month of December, in the year 1800, at which time certain philanthropic and kind-hearted females had formed a society then, and now called, "*The Boston Female Asylum*." The meeting to organize this charitable association of females was holden at the house of Mrs. Jonathan Mason in the month of September, previous to December, when our tale commences. In that day it was not common for ladies to step aside from their domestic duties, and associate themselves together for benevolent purposes, but a deep, yet timid feeling, prompted many ladies at that time to band themselves together the better to afford relief to the many orphan children who were living wretched, miserable lives in this city. They saw that the pinching hand of poverty was laid upon many an orphan, while their own children were blithe and happy in the enjoyment of all the necessities and even luxuries of life, and their hearts were moved by holy impulses to provide a place where the physical wants, and intellectual culture of the orphan might be cared for.—Some of their husbands, philanthropic and kind as their wives, encouraged this new movement in society, but others, more hard-hearted and aristocratic, either looked upon it as a wild chimera, or laughed to scorn their better halves for engaging in such an enterprise. They

thought it was a shame for women to step aside from their domestic duties, and appear as members of any organized society. Such things, they believed, came exclusively within the province of the men, and women had no right to make such public demonstrations of their feelings, however holy and pure they might be. This latter class of husbands laughed at their wives, threw ridicule upon their plans, and treated the whole movement as the wildest notion that ever entered the heart of woman; but these angels of mercy were not to be driven from their enterprise. The spirit of philanthropy had descended from Heaven, and awakened emotions in their hearts which no earthly power could control.

In order to show what some of these good women had to contend with, and to exhibit to the reader the nature of the opposition they had to meet, we cannot do better than to give a portion of a dialogue which transpired between Mrs. Dumont and her husband, early in the morning of the day when the second meeting of this society was to take place. And before we do so, we will state that the dialogue was had before the worthy couple rose from their bed, and while a snow storm was driving against the windows of their dormitory with considerable violence. Mrs. Dumont had just awakened from her slumber, and the first thought which struck her mind on waking, was the meeting of the infant society which had just been formed to save young children from pinching want, and wretched poverty.

"Does it snow?" inquired Mrs. Dumont of her husband, fearing the day would be an unpropitious one for their second meeting.

"I should think so from the pelting on the window blinds," he replied. "A bad day, my dear, for your band of fanatics to hold their contemplated meeting. A snow storm like this will rather dampen the ardor of your new-born and foolish feelings. Why—the very elements have conspired against you. Strange, women who have heretofore been thought sensible and discreet, should so far forget themselves as to chase such a phantom!"

"In such storms as this I always think more of the poor and suffering than when the weather is mild and pleasant," replied the wife. "How many, think you, will rise from their wretched beds this morning, and find nothing to build a fire to warm themselves, and nothing to cook for breakfast. Ah, husband! you've always had enough of the good things of this life, and do not think of how many, this moment, are suffering for the necessities of existence. I do not wish you to suffer yourself, but I do wish your pride and riches did not so entirely quench the spirit of philanthropy in your heart."

"It appears to me, wife, that you and a few other women will absolutely run mad on your newly awakened zeal for the good of others," he coldly answered. "Nineteen-twentieths of all these poor, distressed creatures who have so much enlisted your sympathies, have made themselves so by laziness, drunkenness or some other vice."

"Did not the Saviour of the world say, 'the poor ye shall always have,' and shall we whom fortune has smiled upon, look with cold-blooded indifference upon the sufferings and miseries of humanity?" inquired the wife, in accents which told how deeply her heart was imbued with the spirit of kindness and love.

"It is true, we have the poor always among us," he replied. "We have the Lord's poor, the devil's poor, and poor devils, and if you have

agacity enough to make a selection among those three classes, and will show me some of the first class, I may, perhaps, be willing to lend my assistance, but, until then, I think I shall hold back; for surely, Christian woman as you profess to be, you would not be willing to see your husband untie his purse strings to relieve the necessities of the devil's poor, or poor devils.

'Why—Mr. Dumont, you talk strangely this morning,' said the wife.

'My talk is not more strange than your wild, fanciful notions,' he replied. 'You and your associates will soon have the vanity to believe, if you continue as you begun in your new-fangled organization, that the government of the whole moral world rests upon your shoulders.'

'There are moral duties upon our shoulders and upon yours, which must be performed, or in the last day of accounts, we shall all be weighed in the balance and found wanting,' she answered. 'No, no, husband, we are not a band of fanatics. Our object is only to relieve suffering humanity, and surely there is nothing fanatical in that. The beasts of the field and the fowls of the air have sympathy for each other, and is there not more reason that we should love one another, and try to bind up the broken-hearted, and relieve the distresses of our race? You'll make our society a handsome donation yet, I trust. We must have funds or we cannot carry out the object we have in view.'

'Donation! Funds!' he repeated. 'Yes, that's the next thing of course—begging—well, all you'll get from me, I'm thinking, will not do much to support the little squalling brats your society may pick up about town. I wish, wife, you had been blessed with children; for in that case, your very enlarged sympathies might have been confined within the limits of our own household, and not gone abroad in search of fancied objects of distress.'

At this moment the loud cry of a child was heard in another room.

'What's that, wife?' anxiously inquired the husband. 'Is it the crying of a child, or am I dreaming about children as you appear to have been?'

'Tis no dream, husband,' she replied. 'There the little innocent cries again. It is the voice of an infant. How came a child here so early? I must see it.'

The kind-hearted woman, suddenly arose from her bed, and, hurrying on her clothes, ran to the room from which the sound proceeded. She soon ascertained what instrument it was that discoursed that kind of music. When she entered the room, she saw a handle basket in the middle of the floor, and the maid, Polly Jenkins, engaged in removing from it some flannels. Mrs. Dumont flew to the basket, and soon held in her arms a beautifully formed infant, apparently about six months old.

'Where in the world, Polly, did this sweet little creature come from?' inquired Mrs. Dumont in breathless anxiety, folding it to her swelling bosom, and brushing away the tears from its fair cheeks with her warm kisses.

'I don't know, indeed, where it came from, or who it belongs to,' said the anxious maid. 'I found the sweet little innocent in that basket in the front entry. It hadn't been there but a few moments; for I had just unfastened the front door, and the basket was covered

with snow. Oh! the dear little creature must be cold.'

'Oh, no it isn't,' replied Mrs. Dumont, still pressing the child to her bosom, and gazing into its blue eyes with all a mother's fondness. 'See! a smile is on the little cherub's sweet lips!'

True enough, the child did smile most sweetly as it turned its eyes upon the benevolent face of the good matron, instinctively recognizing, as it were, a friend in her who thus fondly clasped it to her breast. There is something truly wonderful in the instincts of a young child. Nature has given it power to read the "human face divine." It can tell when the lineaments of the countenance beam with benevolence and kindness, or exhibit evidence of different qualities.

While Mrs. Dumont was pressing the child in her nervous embrace, her husband entered the room. She ran towards him, and holding it up before him, exclaimed, 'See, here! what a beautiful little girl some wicked mother has left in our front entry this morning.'

The child instinctively shrunk back from the gaze of Mr. Dumont, as if it discovered anything but a father's kindness in the expression of his countenance, and clung to the bosom of the wife, nestling there as if it were anxious to hide itself from danger.

'Isn't it a beautiful creature,' said Mrs. Dumont. 'What a cruel woman the mother must be to abandon such an innocent being to the cold charities of an unfeeling world.'

'Well, my dear, I think you act out the mother to a charm,' he said rather gruffly. 'What a pity you couldn't have had some of your own, you seem so fond of this little brat.'

'Little brat!' echoed the wife sorrowfully. 'If I had, I should pity them for having such a father, if you should treat them with as much cold neglect as you appear to this one.'

'Perhaps I might be more tender-hearted towards my own, than towards this bantling that has been so unceremoniously thrust upon us,' he replied. 'I must confess I'm not extravagantly fond of the music of the nursery, and perhaps I ought to bless my stars that I married a woman who has never borne any of the squalling creatures.'

The wife made no reply, but still hugged the little stranger in silence. She never liked the subject to which her husband had alluded. She loved children, and always regretted that she was not a mother. It was not the first time, by hundreds, that he had thrown out such innuendoes.

'Well, wife,' he continued, 'you've found a young customer for your new society. You can go to your meeting with your arms full of patronage. No doubt your associates will superstitiously believe this little stranger among us, was sent of Heaven in token of approbation. Fanatics are prepared to believe almost anything, especially female fanatics.'

'I think I shall keep the child myself,' said the wife. 'It seems to be so happy in its new home, and is so handsome and interesting.'

'No, no, wife. I can't consent to such an arrangement as that,' he replied. 'I don't wish to have any new members added to our family except we know the breed of them; this child may be the daughter of a pirate for aught we know.'

'Well, if it is, the child's not to be blamed for that,' she replied. 'It is now so young, I. it has such a father as you speak of, we can

train it to become a good girl. Education is everything.'

'Education!' he repeated. 'It is an old adage and a true one, I believe, that what's bad in the bone will come out in the flesh. And we may be quite certain from the manner in which the child was left here that the mother is a poor, miserable and unnatural wretch. I don't want such a bread in my household.'

'Our society will take care of the child, and train it up in the way it should go,' she replied.

'We have now several donations from good, Christian husbands, and no doubt shall have many more, which will enable us to minister to the comfort and happiness of many an orphan child. Depend upon it, husband, God will open the hearts of the wealthy, and our society will flourish and become the instrument of good to thousands yet. The time is coming when it will neither be thought a sin, nor a shame, for women to associate themselves together, and form regularly organized societies.'

'Yes, and soon they'll want to vote, become members of the Legislature, and hold offices. And when such a state of things is brought about, and these new developments in society take place, who'll take care of the babies, if the women, under such circumstances, should have any?' he inquired, while a smile of contempt played around his lips.

'You have a great deal to say about babies, it seems to me,' said the wife.

'Very well. Why shouldn't I talk about babies now, since one of that class of humanity has called us together?' he inquired.

Polly Jenkins, modest soul! hung her head as if the name of baby was too much for a blushing maiden to hear. Mr. Dumont had, in months past, even gone so far as to joke Polly about "little responsibilities," and she was now fearful lest he might on this occasion do the same. The wife made no answer to her husband's last remark, wishing to change the subject.

'What say you, wife, to the propriety of advertising the infant in the public papers?' he continued.

'Of what use would that be?' she replied. 'The child, no doubt, was left here by its unnatural mother, or by her order, and therefore it is not best, for she knows where it is.'

'All this is well enough,' he replied. 'But we do not know but the father has taken this method in order to have got rid of the child. It is very likely, too, it is illegitimate. Perhaps the poor mother may now be suffering the keenest anguish on account of its abduction.'

'Why should the father wish to take such a course?' she inquired. 'He would not have to take care of it, for the whole burden falls upon the poor mother.'

'You don't understand the provisions of the law made in such cases,' he said. 'It may be the mother of this child has sworn it upon a man, and the court may order that the reputed father should pay a certain sum per week for its support and maintenance. Now if he can get rid of the child, perhaps, he thinks the court would remit his sentence. There are a thousand inducements for a man, under such circumstances, to get rid of an illegitimate child.'

Although the wife did not place much confidence in what her husband said, yet the possibility of the child's being torn from the arms of its mother, and carried away from her care and protection, affected her almost to tears.

'He must be a cruel monster to do such a

thing,' said Polly; 'such a man ought to be shot. Oh! it makes my heart bleed to think of such cruel conduct in a man. The men are monsters, and I always thought so.'

'Why, Polly, you're very sensitive this morning because you happened to find a baby,' he said.

'I'm not more so than usual that I know of,' replied the maiden. 'The men are cruel monsters, and would break a woman's heart just as quick as they would break a pipe stem.'

'Well, but, Polly, just hear to reason,' he replied. 'Is it more cruel for a man to carry off his child than it is for the mother to abandon it to a cold, unfeeling world. Of the two cases I think the mother is more cruel and unnatural.'

'Either is bad enough, in all conscience,' replied Polly. 'In such abominable, wicked actions it is difficult to tell which is worst.'

'You wouldn't abandon your own baby so, would you, Polly?' he inquired, in a provoking, sarcastic manner.

Polly blushed, and the red blood mantled all over her cheeks, quite up to her forehead and temples, but she made no reply.

'Warm a little milk,' said Mrs. Dumont to the maid. 'Perhaps the dear little creature may be hungry.'

'No doubt it is; for it was carried away this morning early, before the sweet innocent had its breakfast,' replied Polly, chucking the child under the chin, and hurrying away to do the bidding of her mistress.

Mr. Dumont was a man about fifty years of age, of handsome person, and possessing a good outside character. He was always considered as belonging to that part of the community which sustains wholesome laws and good order, and so he did outwardly. He was not a professor of religion, as the reader has already reason to suppose, but he was quite regular in his attendance upon public worship, and contributed of his subsistence to support the ministration of the Gospel. He never exposed his own true feelings to the public as fully as he had to his wife, and she never knew all his feelings. There were some sins he was in the habit of committing which he carefully concealed from her, lest a knowledge of them might arouse her jealousy, and break up their domestic arrangements.

It seems almost a mystery that some husbands can so long and so successfully deceive their wives. But if the doctrine be true that love is blind, then we may find in Mrs. Dumont's affection for her husband some excuse for the want of skill and shrewdness to detect his most besetting sins. She never dreamed he went after other women, and was disloyal to the marriage bed. She knew of no particular sin she wished him to break off; all she desired was that he might become orthodox at least, and join the same church of which she was a member. Had she, however, even suspected his true character, she would have been much more miserable than she then was, or, perchance, died of a broken heart; for her sensibilities were exceedingly acute, and her nerves most delicately strung. He was not a professor of religion, and this she most sincerely regretted, but then she believed he was an honest man, so far as he could be without regeneration. Her constant prayers were for his conversion, not that this change would make him more faithful to the marriage covenant, but because she believed it was essential to his soul's salvation in the coming world.

Long had she prayed that his eyes might be opened to see the plague of his own heart. To hear him pray before the family altar, or even ask a blessing at the table, before partaking of the meals, would have afforded her infinite joy, but she never saw him in such an attitude, or heard such sounds from his lips—on the contrary, he was opposed to all such ceremonies, and now even laughed at her piety as a sort of innocent fanaticism, or the effect of a naturally sensitive heart. He never actually forbade her attendance upon concerts for prayer, or week-day meetings, but he always told her he thought one day in seven was full enough for all such purposes. Such, in brief, was the character of Mr. Dumont.

We must now carry the reader back to a point in time two or three years previous to the commencement of our story, and to the happening of events previously recorded. At that day, a little old-fashioned wooden house stood on Washington street, nearly, or quite half way from Dock square to Roxbury, tenanted by a very old lady and her grand-daughter, a lovely and beautiful girl of about twenty years of age. The grand-mother had lived there more than three score years and ten, the time usually allotted to man, and seen many changes happening around her during her early pilgrimage. The name of this young lady was Catharine Goodwin, an only child of her grand-mother, whose name was Comstock. Catharine's parents were both dead, and since their death she had lived with this old lady, who regarded her with great fondness, and doted upon her, as she was the only relative she had living. Catharine loved her grand-mother, and did all in her power to ease her down the declivity of life. They were poor, but honest and industrious according to their strength. The old lady, it is true, was unable to do much, but the grand-daughter was very active, and capable and industrious, working early and late, and exhibiting much tact in gaining a comfortable livelihood for herself and grand-mother.

It is not reasonable to suppose that such a beautiful female as Catharine Goodwin would be without admirers for any great length of time, especially situated as she was without a mother to watch over, and a father to counsel and advise her. There are always men enough, both married and single, in a city like Boston, who devote much of their time in seeking out unprotected females. Catharine was always well pleased with the society of the other sex; but this furnishes no evidence against her character; for, notwithstanding she was pleased with the attention of the gentlemen, and had also the power to please them, yet she was virtuous, and conducted herself with becoming propriety on all occasions. A young house-carpenter had been paying his addresses to her for several months, but his person, manner and conversation, never fully satisfied her. He was honest and industrious, and but a year or two older than she was. It always seemed to her that he was too young, if not absolutely green. She did not feel as if she could look up to him for counsel or protection. Being of a silent turn, and somewhat diffident withal, he made but slow progress in winning her affections. Still she received his attentions, or rather suffered him to continue his visits. Nothing had as yet ever passed between them in relation to marriage. It was a subject which the young man dared not broach in her hearing, and there was no particular necessity for

it, as he was not in a situation at that time to form a relation with any female.

Modest, diffident and unassuming as he was, still he deeply and ardently loved Catharine. It is not unfrequently the case that those who talk less love more. It was not so with this young mechanic. Although his tongue was silent he was a great thinker. Having a mathematical cast of mind, he was quite prone to follow out an idea whenever he got one in his head, and to make the most of it. Miss Goodwin had awakened a flame in his heart, to which he was continually adding fuel by his hard thinking. The name of this young mechanic was George Sumner. He also was destitute of parental counsel and advice; for his father and mother both died soon after he attained his majority. Thus at an early age he was thrown upon his own resources. He would probably have been more successful in his love affair with Catharine, had he been a few years older, and less diffident.

Some young ladies might have loved him the more for his apparent modesty and diffidence, but Catharine was of a different temperament. Active, lively, and smart herself, she wanted to see some evidence of like qualities in him who might be her future husband. Such were the feelings of this young couple, and such the nature of their courtship when this modest mechanic was destined to meet a more formidable opposition in another suitor for the fair Catharine, (if suitor he could be called) than he found in her peculiar temperament and disposition.

The record of that time compels us to bring Mr. Dumont before the reader in a more unfavorable aspect than he appeared in the first chapter. Sly, cautious, and cunning he had always succeeded in blinding his wife's eyes to his most besetting sin—a love for every handsome girl he met whenever he supposed there might be an opportunity of circumventing her. He had met Catharine several times in the street, and was attracted by her graceful motions, fine form and handsome face. Becoming so much interested in her appearance that he was determined to follow her, and ascertain at what house she stopped. He did so, and traced her to the small house where her grandmother resided.

One evening he ventured to enter the house under a pretence of examining it previous to purchase of it. He told the inmates that he contemplated buying the situation as the owner was desirous of selling it.

'How long have you lived here?' he inquired, addressing the old lady who was rather deaf, and watching the movements and appearance of the younger one.

'Its going on five years,' replied Mrs. Comstock, 'but how much longer we shall be able to occupy it is more than I can tell. The rent comes rather high, and my grand-daughter there is obliged to work too hard to pay it. We must get a place on a less public street where the rent will come lower.'

'How much do you have to pay?' he inquired.

'A hundred and twenty-five dollars,' she replied. 'My husband left me a little property, but it is all gone now, and Catharine is obliged to make a slave of herself. She's a good girl and very kind to me, but I can't bear to see her work so hard. She frequently sits up half the night sewing.'

'The house is offered to me at a bargain, and I think I shall purchase it,' he answered. 'The value of it will rise, and I believe I can't make

a better investment of my money. To be sure the house itself isn't worth much, but the land it stands on will be valuable one of these days.'

'If you buy it I suppose we should be obliged to move out of it,' said Catharine, in such a musical pleasant voice that he wanted to kiss her that very moment. 'I've been thinking several months past of getting another place. Two rooms will be as much as we require, and the rent will come much cheaper.'

'Oh, no, you need not remove, if I do make the purchase,' he said, assuming one of his most gracious smiles, and looking intently into Catharine's deep blue eyes, and upon her full red lips. 'I can afford to let you have it for half of what you now pay, and if I get no rent at all I should not cry about it.'

'May heaven bless your soul,' said the old lady. 'And Catharine and I too will bless you for your kindness. I don't want but little of this world's goods now, and shall not want that but a short time longer, my health is so feeble. Death has taken from me my husband and all my relatives but Catharine. And I should be willing to follow them now if it were not for wishing to see her happily settled before I leave the world. She is the only tie which binds me to the earth, or makes me wish to live. I can do no good now—my days are nearly spent and the sands of my life almost run out.'

'To see her happily settled,' he repeated over to himself. 'I will win her affections, if I have power enough to do so. Yes. She's worth a struggle at all events. This house I will buy, and that will add to my influence over both of them. At the price I shall have to pay for it, I can afford to let them have it very low.'

'I hope you will live a good many years yet, and see your granddaughter well married,' he replied. 'I have seen her in the street several times. I remember her face and form well. I feel quite an interest already in her welfare.'

'You are a married man, I suppose,' said the old lady.

This was a question he didn't exactly know how to answer. He was not determined which would be the best policy—whether to say he was a married man, and so attempt to gain the affections of Catharine and keep her as a mistress, or to say he was not married, and pay his addresses to her in the character of a lover who sought her hand in marriage, but he finally concluded to adopt a sort of middle course, leaving the affair involved in some uncertainty that he might be uncommitted, and free to shape any future course which might be the most likely to insure him success in his unholy purposes.

'I have been married,' he replied in a peculiar tone of voice which plainly shadowed forth the hypocrisy of his soul, but they saw it not.

'Lost your wife then,' answered the old lady. 'You can sympathize with me, for I've lost a kind husband whom I loved most sincerely. Have you any children?'

'I have none,' he replied. 'My wife never bore any of those little pledges of our affection. Poor woman! She always thought she should have been happier, if it had been the will of heaven to give her some, for she was very fond of children, and delighted to have them prattling round her.'

'Ah! it is pleasant to have these objects of endearment about us, but when they die and go into the land of darkness and silence as

mine have, we keenly feel the loss,' replied the good old lady, in a voice trembling with age and emotion.

'That is very true,' he replied. 'The more objects of endearment we have, the greater must our anxiety be, lest sickness or death should overtake them. I've often thought if I had been blessed with children, I should have felt so much solicitude on their account that my life would not have been so tranquil as it has been.'

The grandmother now began to think of retiring, as her bed time had arrived, besides, she was disposed to give the supposed widower a chance with Catharine, if he should have anything to say of a private nature. She was really flattered with the idea that Mr. Dumont might marry her grand-daughter. She liked his appearance, and, old as she was, thought Catharine would have a better home to marry him than she would if she married the young mechanic. Having lived a good many years in the world, and having learnt much, from experience and observation. She knew that widowers were very apt to fall in love when they happen to be in company with handsome girls, and therefore she was disposed to give their present guest an opportunity of being with Catharine alone.

'Come, Catharine, it is time for me to retire,' she said. 'Excuse me, sir, for leaving you, you must find an apology for it in my old age and infirmity.'

'O, certainly, Madam,' he replied, glad she was going to bed.

She and Catharine now went into an adjoining room where she slept.

'That gentleman is rich, and wants a wife,' said the old lady in a loud voice in consequence of being somewhat deaf.

'Speak lower,' said Catharine, 'or he will overhear you.'

This was a very proper caution to the old lady, for Dumont did hear quite plainly what she said, and his curiosity was excited to hear more, but Catharine's admonition prevented him from catching any more of what was said. 'He may like you,' continued the grandmother, in a low tone of voice. 'You must mind how you behave yourself, I should rather have him as he has no children, than live young Sumner, for no doubt he has a fine house, handsomely furnished, and everything at hand.'

'Why—grandmother he is old enough to be my father,' replied Catharine.

'He's not so very old I'm sure,' replied the old lady. 'He's quite young looking.'

Now it was true as the old lady said, for he was quite young looking for a man of his age. Strange as it may seem, Catharine was pleased with this widower's short as their interview had been. A splendid house, magnificently furnished rooms, servants to wait and tend, and carriages to ride in, flitted across her imagination, and excited her ambition. She contrasted all these splendid things with her pleasant situation, and the one she would be placed in if she married young Sumner, a poor mechanic who had nothing but his hands. With these airy castles floating about her imagination she put her grandmother in bed and again entered the room where Mr. Dumont was. It was yet quite early in the evening, and Dumont meant to make all the impression upon her heart he could during this, his first interview.

'How kind you are to your grandmother,' he said, parting the hair over her polished

forehead, and looking most unmannerly into the depths of her dark blue eyes.

'This is a good sign. You would make an excellent house-keeper,' he continued, taking her hand and gently pressing it.

Modestly drawing her hand from his grasp, she replied, 'My grandmother has always been very good to me, and I should be most ungrateful, did I not take good care of her in her old age. It is true I have to be very industrious with my needle to meet our expenses, but then I have always felt willing to work.'

'No doubt of it when the circumstances in which you and your grandmother are placed demand it,' he replied. 'But you would not work so hard, would you, if you were wealthy?'

'I suppose I should not, but I think I should be more happy to be industrious than to live an idle life,' she answered.

'How should you like to be the mistress of a handsome, well-furnished house?' he inquired, laying his hand upon her shoulder, and twirling her long curls with his fingers.

She made no answer, but modestly cast her eyes upon the floor. He at once saw she was pleased with the idea. Her pride and ambition were excited, and he was determined to pull upon all strings which would hold.

'I have such a house, and it needs some woman to preside over it,' he continued, still toying with the ringlets of her hair, and longing to fasten his lips to hers. 'You have no beau, I suppose, have you?'

She hesitated to make any answer, and a silence prevailed. At this moment a knocking was heard at the door. She answered the call, and George Sumner entered. Seeing Mr. Dumont, and no grandmother present, he was troubled to know what this could all mean. He was reluctant to believe that a man so advanced in years as Mr. Dumont appeared to be could become his rival, and yet his jealousy was somewhat aroused. He didn't like the idea of finding him, old as he was, with Catharine alone. If the old lady had been present it would have taken off the 'wire edge,' somewhat, but loving her so ardently as he did, and finding her alone with a man, and in the evening too, he could not well avoid feeling the spirit of jealousy rise in his breast. And who could blame him for feeling such an emotion under existing circumstances? Although diffident, yet, as we have before seen, he had a heart which felt most keenly.

Dumont looked upon him as rather an intruder, although from her silence when he inquired if she had a beau, he inferred that this young intruder came in that character. The young mechanic was exceedingly uneasy, and wished he was out in the street again, and yet he was unwilling to go and leave his loved one with another man. Things seemed strange to his embarrassed mind. Catharine did not introduce him to Mr. Dumont for the very good reason that she had not yet learnt who Dumont was, or what his name was. Sumner took a chair at the farther side of the room, and held his hat in his hand, for Catharine was so much embarrassed that she had forgotten to take it and put it away.

For several minutes they all three sat in silence. Dumont could find enough to say, but he waited to see what the young man had to offer; but he waited in vain, for the young lover's mouth was as closely sealed as a frog's in dog days, when no music is heard from the bog or fen. Dumont now became convinced that the young man was paying his addresses

to Catharine, and he knew enough of the female heart to believe that if such was the fact, and she loved him, his task would be much more difficult to conquer her, old, experienced and rich as he was.

After waiting for the young man to make some movement, until his patience was well nigh exhausted, he thought he would break the silence.

'You recollect the subject of our conversation when this young gentleman came in,' he said, addressing the embarrassed Catharine. 'I feel a deep interest in the answer which you may give to the question I asked you. Future proceedings may entirely turn on that answer.'

Catharine trembled, but made no reply. Young Sumner stared, but could not for his life divine what was in the wind. But this mysterious movement on the part of Dumont fully aroused that jealous spirit which so much magnifies every object. 'Future proceedings,' he repeated over to himself. 'Future proceedings! What proceedings? What can all this mean?'

Dumont noticing the embarrassed state of Catharine's mind, and the surprise and jealousy of young Sumner, he continued:

'I would not press you for an answer this evening. Some other time will do just as well. I will now take my leave. Perhaps I may call again. This house I have pretty much made up my mind to purchase, and if I do the rent shall be made easy.'

He now passed into the front entry, but before he left he called to Catharine, and said:

'A word with you, if you please, before I leave.'

She went into the entry, and he, taking her by the hand, and nervously pressing it, said in a suppressed tone of voice, 'I fear that young man is your lover, but be cautious how you connect yourself with poverty, or with a youth who cannot sustain and support you in that style which your intellectual and physical accomplishments would seem to require. I will place you in a situation in which you will be happy, and make the last days of your good grandmother her best ones. May Heaven bless you.'

With these parting words, spoken as if she had made a deep impression upon his heart, he imprinted upon her lips a warm and passionate kiss, and left the house. She returned to the room with strange feelings pressing her heart. Young Sumner sat trembling and silent. A thousand conflicting emotions crowded his soul, and for the first time in his life he felt spirit of revenge was roused in his breast. He believed that Dumont was a base deceiver and black-hearted libertine. Young and inexperienced as he was, he was not wholly destitute of the science of human nature. Although diffident, he was a young man of deep thought and much reflection.

Catharine felt embarrassed, and did not like the death-like silence which brooded over them, but how to break it, or what to say very much puzzled her. At last summoning resolution she said, 'George, the gentleman who has just left thinks of purchasing this house. I hope he will, for then the rent will come lower.'

The young lover did not make any immediate reply, but he could not make a selection of the ten thousand thousand thoughts which were running through his mind, or make up his mind what to say first. One thing he would

know more than anything else, that is, whether this man had ever visited there before. This bore with heavy weight upon his mind. Finally screwing up his courage to the utmost, he inquired in a voice tremulous with fear and jealousy, 'Has that man ever been here before?'

'Never,' replied Catharine. 'At any rate, I never saw him in this house before.'

This answer seemed to quiet his nerves in some degree, although he was still ill at ease, for he was fearful she might have seen him elsewhere. This fact he also wished to ascertain, if he could, without exhibiting to the watchful Catharine any symptoms of the jealousy which was ranking in his heart. He knew he was jealous, but he did not wish her to know it for various reasons.

'Have you ever seen him before?' he modestly inquired.

'I have met him in the streets, but never spoke with him before this evening,' she replied.

He was rejoiced to hear her talk thus, and yet it seemed to him the conduct of the man was very mysterious and singular for a first interview. He was anxious to have a full explanation of the character of his visit, but his extreme modesty forbade his pursuing the inquiry any farther that evening.

Catharine was fully sensible of the feelings of her lover, but she pitied more than she really loved him.

'I don't think we shall ever be married,' she said. 'It never has seemed to me that such a consummation would ever take place. I highly respect you—believe you to be honest and sincere, and feel that you're good enough, perhaps too good for me, but love has not its seal upon my heart. I would fully reciprocate your attachment if I could. I've hoped for it I prayed for it, but I do not love as I ought, to insure our happiness in such a relation.'

This is cold language to a lover at any time, but especially was it so to young Sumner on this occasion. It was not enough to satisfy his heart that she thought him honest, sincere, and good enough for her. She had never talked quite so plainly to him before, although she had not unfrequently thrown out some very broad hints of what her feelings were; but his heart had been thus far kept whole by his continually hoping for a change in her feelings—one more favorable to a prospect of his marriage with her.

She saw the effects her remarks had upon him, and would willingly have relieved him from the wounds she had necessarily inflicted on his heart, but she could not do so without doing wrong.

'I'm sorry to be obliged to disclose to you my feelings,' she continued, while he sat in silence, 'but duty seems to require it at my hands. I fear I have in months past given you too much encouragement to hope, but I could not well avoid it. I did not know but that my feelings might undergo a change more favorable to you, and for this reason I have received your visits.'

The young man's emotions were such that he could keep silence no longer, but rising up he said, with trembling lips and swelling chest, 'I may be jealous, and you will think so, but I warn you against the arts of that man who has visited you this evening. Excuse me when I step so far out of my usual course as to say, I do not like his appearance. There is a lurking devil in his eye, and treachery and deceit upon his tongue. I hope, I pray, yes most

anxiously pray, that you may be saved from the power of his blandishments. I will not embarrass you any more this evening with my presence.'

'Stay! but you will come again, will you not?' she anxiously exclaimed.

'I hope to see you again and give you farther warning,' he replied, taking his leave again.

We left Mrs. Dumont, the little stranger, the maid, who first discovered it in the front entry, and Mr. Dumont, in his own house, talking and wondering about the foundling. The wife was exceedingly anxious to keep the child and adopt it as her own, but the husband was not to be moved by her entreaties. Polly Jenkins, too, was very solicitous that her mistress should keep it.

'See!' said the maid, as she gave it some milk, while Mrs. Dumont held it to her bosom. 'See, Mr. Dumont, how the sweet little creature sucks the milk, and how much gratitude it expresses with its dear blue eyes! You will let it stay here I know.'

Having drank the milk, the child turned its bright blue eyes upon Mrs. Dumont's benevolent face, and a smile passed over its lovely features. She hugged the glad infant to her breast with all a mother's fondness.

'See!' continued the tender-hearted Polly, 'it smiles and is happy. Do let your wife keep the little innocent.'

'Nonsense!' gruffly responded Mr. Dumont.

'Women are always pleased with trifles. Thus far in life I've escaped the squalling of children, and I'm too old now to listen, with any degree of patience, to the music of the nursery.'

'I will take care of it,' said Polly, looking most imploringly into the hard face of Mr. Dumont. 'I will keep it so that you can't hear it cry.'

'Keep it so I can't hear it cry!' he repeated. 'Where, pray, would you put it so that its crying would not reach my ears? I heard the brat squalling this morning before I was out of my bed. No, no. You might stow it away in the attic, or down in the cellar, still its shrill voice would penetrate every room in the house. I hate such kind of music, and am not disposed to have it about my premises.'

'Why need you be so cruel as to call it a squalling brat,' said Mrs. Dumont, feeling as if the epithet was altogether too harsh to be applied to such a beautiful child that still nestled in her bosom, and smiled most sweetly upon her.

'What is it but a squalling brat?' he replied.

'It is a laughing little beauty,' said Polly, 'and may have good blood in its veins. Who knows but some great, rich gentleman of the city, one of the grandees, may be its father?'

'You don't suppose the grandee's wife would thus dispose of her own offspring, do you, Polly?' he asked. 'I hope better things of that class of the community.'

'Ah! it may not be his wife's child,' she replied, while an arch smile passed over her thin face. 'Sometimes men are the fathers of children who are not born of their own lawful wives, nor in their own houses.'

'Well, Polly, you're quite hard upon our sex this morning,' he said smiling, yet feeling that the maid was not very wide off the truth after all. 'Suppose you hunt up the author of this mischief—find out who the father is, and if the breed and blood are good, perhaps, I may consent to its adoption into my family.'

'You talk strangely,' said the wife. 'I wish

you would sometimes leave off talking, especially upon certain subjects. I don't think this a very suitable one for such displays.'

'I'm sure I shall not attempt to hunt up such kind of men,' said Polly. 'I've no wish to breathe in such an atmosphere. I should much rather have the measles than to fall into their company.'

'Whew! Polly,' he exclaimed. 'Your age makes your blood cold. A few years ago you might not have made such a remark.'

The maid did not like to hear such conversation, nor did the wife, for both looked at the speaker coldly, but made no reply.

'You needn't look so sour, Polly,' he continued, 'for you are not so far advanced yet but you may stir up some heart to beat for you. Let me see. How old are you, Polly? Not quite forty, I think. Oh! there's hopes in your case. Never mind—keep up your courage, and you may yet get a husband, but it would be quite doubtful whether he would have any children born in his own house.'

He emphasized very strongly upon the last part of the sentence, and looked at the tortured maid most provokingly.

'The snow storm increases, I believe,' said Polly, going to the window and looking up the street. 'It will be a bad day for the meeting of the new society. I'm very sorry; but you can go in a carriage,' she continued, addressing Mrs. Dumont.

'Yes,' replied the somewhat disturbed husband. 'Yes, wife, you shall have a carriage to protect you against the inclemencies of the storm, and the young stranger also. I suppose it will take more than a north-east snow storm to cool down your new-born zeal in the cause of humanity, and that of your associates.'

'I hope we're something more than fair-weather philanthropists,' said the wife. 'Wind and weather will not change principles,—they are eternal, and subject to no change. I believe, husband, we have commenced a good work, and God helping us, we mean to persevere in it, and do all the good we can while we're permitted to breathe this lower air. The time will soon come when our work on earth will be done, and we shall go to our reward, whatever it may be.'

'Every new organization needs help, and you'll find some husbands, (being controlled by their wives,) that will open their purses, no doubt,' he replied. 'I suppose you'll consider this child a kind of God-send to stir up the impulses of your heart, and make you feel still more zealous in the cause of orphans.'

'I trust we shall find generous and philanthropic men who will stand ready to lend their aid to our enterprise,' she replied. 'I wish you would do the same. It would greatly rejoice my heart.'

The child now began to cry furiously, and to act as if in great pain.

'There, there, wife, do put the squalling creature back into the basket, and I will call a carriage for you, and you can make a deposit of it in your society,' he said, manifesting great impatience, and walking the room in great haste. 'This child shall be the first beneficiary of your wonderful association. It will make quite a high-sounding beginning. It certainly will pass for an orphan, for no one knows whether the forsaken thing has father or mother. It will be really a romantic affair, and I think square very well with your zeal and fanaticism.'

'Then do you mean to drive the little angel

from your house?' inquired Polly, while she was assisting Mrs. Dumont in quieting the child, who continued to cry, very much to the apparent annoyance of the fretful husband.

'Yes, I do,' he replied, placing his fingers in his ears, and walking backward and forward very impatiently, 'and the sooner the better. Such music I cannot, and will not hear. I would as soon have a young hyena in my house as such a squalling thing. Away with it out of my hearing.'

Having in years past been a nurse, Polly soon discovered the cause of the child's spasms. It had been nestling so long in Mrs. Dumont's bosom, and she had embraced it so closely, that a pin which fastened the little sufferer's frock became loosened, turned point inwards, and stuck in its back. The instrument of the child's suffering was speedily removed by the anxious maid. The pain suddenly ceased, and the child turned its bright blue eyes upon Polly, and a smile of joy, like a moonbeam upon the placid waters of a peaceful lake, played over its beautiful features, giving to its fair countenance a heavenly aspect.

'Look! Mr. Dumont,' said Polly. 'See how pleasant and sweet are its looks. The dear soul was not to be blamed for crying when a pin was goading its dear little back. Such a thing would make a grown up person feel quite uneasy, I reckon.'

Mr. Dumont looked into the face of the child, saw its bewitching smiles, and could not but feel a conviction that he seldom, if ever, beheld more beauty and innocence in any infant. The sight almost disarmed him of his prejudices and ill-natured feeling.

'Does it not look as if it were dropped from the clouds, and pure as the spirit that made it?' continued the animated and overjoyed maid. 'Don't you almost relent what you have said?'

'It is a thousand pities, Polly, you could not have borne a child yourself, you are so very fond of this one,' he replied. 'You would have made an exceedingly fond mother; but, alas! the day has gone by, and now you are left to pour your heart's best feelings upon others' offspring.'

'What time does the society meet?' inquired Polly, addressing Mrs. Dumont, and purposely avoiding any reply to the impassible husband.

'Two o'clock this afternoon,' answered the mistress.

Mr. Dumont looked coldly upon the maid as if he did not like the manner in which she passed by his jokes. This was not the first time she had treated him with silent contempt when he cracked his jokes upon such indelicate subjects. Such conduct from a maid servant was anything but pleasing to him; but being conscious that his conduct merited such treatment he did not upbraid her for it, but let it pass without any apparent notice.

'Where do you meet?' inquired Polly. 'I hope it is not far off, the storm is so violent.'

'We meet at the same house where we held our first meeting, and organized our society,' she replied. 'Mrs. Mason, good woman, was exceedingly rejoiced that we met at her house to form the "Female Asylum," and expressed an ardent wish that we might use it for our future meetings, so long as it might be convenient to do so.'

'Who's your chairman?' inquired Mr. Dumont, placing much emphasis on the word man, intending thereby to heap ridicule upon

the whole concern; for he viewed the enterprise as a species of fanaticism, or false philanthropy, and all those who were engaged in it as a band of superstitious, over-zealous women, who were led by foolish impulses, and a zeal without knowledge.

'We have no such officer,' replied the wife, in a laconic manner. 'Mrs. Hannah Stillman is the First Directress, and a good woman she is, too. And I've often heard you speak of her husband as one of the most talented and able ministers in all the town.'

'True, he is a very popular minister, and well calculated to lead silly women astray, if he were so disposed,' he replied. 'And, besides this, a talented man may have a weak woman for his wife. I've known several instances of the kind. It is the craft of the clergyman to please and blindfold the women, especially those who they believe can control their husbands. In this way they get a very generous support, and a luxurious living.'

'Yes, and a wicked man may have a good, Christian woman for his wife,' interrupted Polly, who could not restrain herself from putting in her ear. 'And still further, a weak man may have a wise wife. I have seen instances of both kinds in the course of my short life.'

'Why, Polly, your life has not been so very short, I'm sure, for you have lived long enough in the world to have acquired some knowledge from observation and experience, if you were never married, or knew what it was to be a mother,' he answered in a most provoking manner.

Again the irritated maid turned her eyes from the speaker, and began to play with the child, apparently indifferent, or regardless of what he said. Mrs. Dumont still held the foundling, and gazed into its bright eyes, and upon its laughing lips. She was so deeply interested in the little stranger that had been so strangely and mysteriously ushered into the family circle, that she did not listen so attentively to the dialogue between her husband and the maid servant, as she might under other circumstances. After some more conversation had passed between the parties, it was finally determined that the child must be carried that day to the new society, to be disposed of as might be thought most expedient and proper; for Mr. Dumont still remained inexorable, and would not consent at any rate to have it remain under his roof.

We must now ask the reader to go with us to the house of Mrs. Mason, and look in upon an association of ladies who had assembled in considerable numbers, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather; for the storm yet raged with unabated fury. But nothing could dampen the ardor, or quench the benevolent spirit of these ladies, who were the founders of the "BOSTON FEMALE ASYLUM." There was a determination, a zeal, and perseverance in their composition which put at defiance all opposition, whether it came in the shape of ridicule, or assumed any other form. They could not be drawn from their purpose. These worthy matrons were called fanatics, zealots, silly women, and a variety of other names, but the spirit of love and benevolence had taken up its abode in their hearts, and spurred them on in their noble enterprise against a heavy tide of opposition which set against them from every direction. As we have before intimated, organized societies were not then, as now, the order of the day, even among the "lords of

creation," and associations of females were still more rare and strange.

At this time the town of Boston contained but twenty thousand inhabitants, and the only public charitable institutions in existence, except the Almshouse, were the Boston Marine Society, founded in the year 1842—the Boston Humane Society, founded in 1785—and the Boston Dispensary, founded in 1796. Now the city contains more than a hundred thousand inhabitants, and societies, both male and female, too numerous to mention in a work of this kind.

We will not waste time in describing the room where these ladies held their meeting, or in giving a particular account of the furniture which adorned it. Suffice it to say, there were chairs, tables and writing apparatus, sufficient to accommodate the members of this new organization. Punctual to the hour of two o'clock, nearly all had arrived who originated the plan, and soon more besides. The meeting was called to order by the First Directress, and they proceeded to the work which had called them together. At this meeting, the Treasurer reported that she had received donations to the amount of three hundred and eighty dollars, and annual subscriptions to two hundred and ninety-one dollars. This was very encouraging to the hearts of these noble matrons.

'We now are all here, except Mrs. Dumont,' said the First Directress. 'I really hope the storm will not prevent her attendance. In an enterprise of this nature, we must not heed the strife of elements, nor the storms of opposition which seem to beset us. Our designs will be approved of Heaven, and eventually we shall overcome all opposition. If the Lord is with us, who can be against us?'

'Mrs. Dumont will certainly be here unless sickness detains her at home,' replied Mrs. Dorris, the Second Directress.

'Yes, I'll answer for Mrs. Dumont,' said Priscilla Short, one of the managers. 'It will take a more severe storm than this to keep her at home, if there's a carriage to be had in the town. It is true, her husband laughs at her, and ridicules our movement, and so do a good many others, but that will not quench the spirit of Mrs. Dumont. Her soul rises above all these things.'

While these dialogues were going on, an old lady came into the room, leading a little child by the name of Betsy Do. It was her niece. Having lost her parents when five years of age, she was received by this old lady, her aunt, poor but affectionate, who adopted her as her own.

'I have been sick,' said this old lady, 'and I am poor. Will you take this girl and bring her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord? I heard you had formed a society for the relief of orphans, and, notwithstanding the severity of the storm, and my feeble state of health, yet I have come to ask your charity for my little girl. A spirit prompted me to come even to-day which I could not resist. Here she is—a good little girl and a bright one. She has no parents, and I'm too poor to feed and clothe her any longer. Would to heaven I could! but the chilling blasts of poverty surround me, and I have not the means to support her. Will you take my little girl under your care and protection? A kind-hearted gentleman told me yesterday you would.'

The hearts of all were touched by the simple tale of this old lady. The proposition was dis-

passed, and a unanimous vote passed in favor of taking the child.

'We will take the little girl,' said the directress, and pray for the best of heaven's blessings to descend upon your aged head.'

'Thank God! this place is provided for my little girl,' exclaimed the old aunt in a tremulous voice, which showed the deep emotions of gratitude which swelled her bosom. 'My faith in heaven is unshaken. I foresee much good that you will do. Mind not the frowns of the heartless world. Receive the heart-felt thanks of a poor feeble woman.' And she knelt down and, lifting up her hands towards heaven, breathed a silent prayer. She then rose, and, placing her withered, trembling hands upon the head of the little girl, pronounced a blessing upon her. The orphan looked up at her old aunt, and a tear stood in her bright eye, while a heavenly smile played round her quivering lips.

'It is enough!' said the old lady. 'I'm satisfied. I can now depart in peace.'

With tottering steps and a swelling heart she took her leave, but not, however, before several ladies had given her quite a lot of silver money, and bespoke a carriage to convey her to her solitary abode through the peltings of the storm.

This incident impressed the minds of these sisters of charity with much solemnity, and made them feel as if their enterprise was indeed approved of heaven. Their hearts were encouraged and their hands strengthened to go on in the work which was so gloriously begun.

'I will ascertain where this good woman lives,' said Mrs. Stillman. 'The remnant of her days must be made comfortable. God sent her here with this little girl, and may the same Being guide us in all our movements.'

At this moment a carriage was driven to the door, and a woman with an infant in her arms stepped out.

'There—Mrs. Dumont has come,' said Mrs. Mason, looking out of the window.

No: it is not Mrs. Dumont,' said the directress, 'for she has no children. It must be some one else.'

The question of identity was soon settled, for Mrs. Dumont entered the room with the little foundling in her arms.

'Why—Mrs. Dumont!' exclaimed Mrs. Mason, 'where in the world did this sweet little child come from?'

'I know not, unless it was dropped from the clouds,' she replied. 'My maid found it early this morning safely bestowed in a basket in our front entry.'

Mrs. Mason lifted up her hands in surprise, while the rest of the company were almost speechless with wonder and astonishment.

'What little girl is this?' enquired Mrs. Dumont, gazing upon the child which the aged woman had just left.

On being told, she continued: 'Then my little infant will not be the first to be received by our society. I hoped it might be, but no matter, let the object of charity come in the order heaven directs, and I will not murmur.'

After they had got over the surprise occasioned by the arrival of these two children under such strange and peculiar circumstances, they proceeded to a further organization of their society, by appointing Mrs. Susanna Draper to take the children who might be presented to board and instruct them, under the supervision of the managers, at a compensation of one dollar and fifty cents per week for each child.

During the discussion, one of the members inquired: 'Can we afford to give so much, or will our funds allow us to take both children now?'

'Oh! draw on my bank of faith,' replied Mrs. Smith. 'God will open the hearts of our husbands and others, and ample provision will be made.'

An objection was now raised against receiving the infant Mrs. Dumont brought, because they did not know whether it was an orphan or not; for the original design of some of the managers, was to confine the privilege of admission to those who had "neither father nor mother."

After somewhat of a prolonged discussion upon the question, a vote was taken and the child admitted by a decided majority, although some of the members felt it to be their duty to advocate a strict adherence to the rule, and voted accordingly.

Madam Perkins, after the vote was declared, rose and laid upon the table a ten dollar bill as a mark of her approbation of the decision. That was an act characteristic of that noble-minded lady—the mother of James and Thomas H. Perkins, whose names will never be forgotten while the largest public institutions of their native city remain to attest their munificence, and every cause of mercy might bear witness to their charity. Of that charity the Asylum has been a large partaker.

Had these women been acquainted with the law in relation to illegitimate children, perhaps they might have been saved a long discussion, for the legal maxim is, that such children are "nullius filius," the offspring of nobody.

The meeting continued till quite nightfall, and many of the members tarried during the evening, so anxious were they to carry out their plans of benevolence and charity. The little girl left by her aunt, and the infant found by Mrs. Dumont's maid, were taken home by Mrs. Draper, where everything was done for them that could be done to make them happy. Mrs. Dumont shed tears when the little creature was taken from her arms to be transferred to another's, for she became greatly attached to it, both on account of its beauty and the strange manner in which it had been introduced into her house. Before they parted, Mrs. Dumont covered the infant's face with kisses mingled with tears. They were kisses in which her husband was remembered with pain, and not with those emotions which give pleasure to the good wife's heart.

George Sumner, ever after he met Mr. Dumont at the house of Mrs. Comstock, in company with his beloved Catharine, watched the movements of this old libertine with an interest and feeling which none can know, but he who truly and sincerely loves, and fears that the object of his affection is in danger of being torn from him. So long as there is life, there is hope, it is said, and the maxim was true in the case of our young mechanic; for, notwithstanding Miss Goodwin had entirely discarded him, and accepted the proposals of Mr. Dumont, and even, as she verily believed, became engaged to him with a fair prospect of being married. Yet young Sumner's heart still hoped that something would turn up to break the engagement, and again set her at liberty. This hope kept up his spirits; but, while he hoped, the thought not unfrequently flashed upon his mind that he could murder the old rascal in secret, and in that way again be permitted to address Catharine.

The thought of murder was dreadful to him

at first, but the more he contemplated such an awful deed, the more familiar it became to him, and was disarmed of some of its terrors, still he was not yet ripe for the perpetration of such a crime. His love for Catharine was deep and strong, and it seemed to him that no earthly power could abate it, nor any event happen which could change it, not even her connection in marriage with his rich rival. He knew not that Mr. Dumont was still a married man, if he had, this knowledge would have greatly increased his hopes; for he believed Catharine had too much virtue to ever become the mistress of any man, however rich or captivating he might be. Could he have known the designs of Dumont, the thought of murdering him might have lost its greatest terrors, but as it was, he endeavored to drive it from his heart with all the resolution he could muster—still it would occasionally force itself upon his mind in spite of all his efforts to prevent it. During a year he lived with both love and murder in his heart. It was seldom he saw Catharine during this time, but his love for her would occasionally drive him beyond the bounds which his cooler judgment prescribed, and would call upon her, but always with fear and trembling.

We will spare ourself the trouble of tracing the serpent-like course which the wily and black-hearted Dumont pursued, in order to gratify his own base passions, and bring ruin and disgrace upon this fair maiden, and save our readers the pain of reading the account of the progress which resulted in both these ends. In less than six months from his first interview with Miss Goodwin, he had succeeded in his hellish purposes, but he did so under the most solemn promises of a speedy marriage. As yet, young Sumner knew nothing of the progress of events. He was perfectly in the dark as to the peculiar circumstances in which the object of his love was placed; neither did he find out until within a few weeks previous to her becoming a mother. A year had nearly elapsed since Dumont's first acquaintance with Catharine, before the heart-rending truth flashed upon the young mechanic's mind. About the time, or just previous to the period when he first learnt she had been seduced he ascertained that Dumont was a married man. This news gave him joy, and it was not long before he communicated the fact to Catharine. She too had remained in ignorance of the fact that her seducer was a husband, and that all his promises of marrying her were like ropes of sand, and designed only as a means of the more speedily accomplishing her ruin. She knew that before many weeks she would become a mother, but still she hoped and flattered herself with the idea that she should become a wife before she became a mother. As the time approximated nearer and nearer when she must pass that Rubicon to which all women look with so much interest and fear, and trembling, Dumont was louder and apparently more earnest and sincere in his declarations and promises of marriage. Upon this hope and upon these promises she relied for what little of comfort and consolation she enjoyed. In the order of events it was reserved for her discarded lover to communicate to her the astounding intelligence, that the man who was continually promising was not in the situation to fulfil his promise.

The same day, and in less than an hour after George Sumner ascertained that Mr. Dumont was a married man, he hastened to in-

form Catharine, hoping that such intelligence would entirely break up the connection that existed between her and Dumont, and open a way for him to be reinstated in the character of her lover. He found her busily engaged round the sick bed of her grandmother, who was, apparently, fast going down to that narrow house appointed for the living. She was somewhat surprised at this visit of her discarded lover, but much more astonished at the agitation of his countenance, and the wildness of his looks, for usually his face wore the aspect of mildness, and even bashfulness. She knew when she first saw him enter the room, that something extraordinary had happened.

'Why—George,' she said. 'What ails you that you appear so wild and agitated? I never saw you so much excited before.'

With trembling voice and beating heart he answered her by asking another question.

'Do you still receive the attentions of Mr. Dumont?' he inquired.

'Why do you ask such a question, in such an agitated manner?' she said. 'Speak! and tell me. Suspense is more intolerable than the worst of news. If you know anything do speak it out.'

She was exceedingly nervous, and for reasons which the reader must anticipate. Mr. Dumont kept putting off the day of marriage from week to week until her patience was almost exhausted, and her fears greatly alarmed—besides, her only relation on earth was fast sinking away into the tomb, and she felt as if she might soon be left alone in the world. The trembling and agitated Sumner did not answer but stood in silence gazing upon her with strange feelings.

From the agitation and nervousness she manifested, he inferred that she was already in possession of the information he came to communicate, and hence his silence and hesitation to speak.

'Do, George, if you are my friend, speak, and not torture me with your silence and agitated looks,' she continued, stepping towards him and seizing his hand nervously. 'Why will you keep me in suspense?'

He felt the touch of her trembling hand pass through his nerves like the electric fluid, waking all his former feelings and emotions and adding to them new life and energy.

'I came to tell you something of interest, but you know it already,' he replied.

'Know what?' she anxiously exclaimed. 'I don't know anything, but I'm filled with dreadful forebodings. Your countenance—your eyes, every muscle in your face, all tell me that something is pressing heavily upon your heart. Speak it out and we shall both be relieved.'

'Something does press upon my heart, and has for a long time,' he replied. 'You know I love you most deeply, passionately and fondly, but my affection is unrequited, and may Heaven give me strength to bear up under this sad reverse of fortune.'

'There is something beyond all that—something which interests me as well as you!' she impatiently answered. 'You never looked so before. Whatever else lies heavily on your heart, and presses down your spirits, let me know it, and immediately too. I cannot brook this delay. Will you speak and tell me all?'

'I came to tell you Mr. Dumont has a wife and lives with her, but I suppose you knew it before,' he replied with modest, downcast looks.

'Has a wife and lives with her!' she ex-

claimed in great agitation. 'Oh! my God! then I'm ruined. My reputation is gone, and I must be miserable.'

'Oh, say not so,' he replied. 'You must not be miserable. You will not.'

'I am even now miserable. Why did I not know this before? It is now forever too late,' she replied, sinking into a chair and covering her face with her hands.

Her spirits were broken down, and she sobbed like a child. The young lover looked upon her in utter amazement; for as yet he was ignorant of the cause of her excessive weeping. He thought it was unrequited love. This single thought absorbed his mind to the exclusion of almost every other.

'How sad, and yet how like are our own feelings,' he said within his own troubled heart. 'We can sympathise if we cannot mutually love. In her distress she will feel grateful for this tender emotion of my heart, and her gratitude is worth more than the love of any other woman.'

'Do you know for a certainty that Mr. Dumont is married?' she inquired, in a voice choked by sighs and weeping, uncovering her face and lifting her streaming eyes upon him.

'I do indeed know the fact, or I would not have come here to-night,' he answered. 'Do you love him so much as to give you all these painful feelings you manifest?'

'It is not all that,' she replied. 'A worse pain is upon me than the pang of unrequited love. Oh, God! Would that I had died when an infant.'

'Why are you so agitated if you do not love him?' he anxiously inquired, feeling a new hope springing up in his soul as he thought of her not loving him.

Disregarding the question and turning her eyes towards heaven, she exclaimed in the agony of her soul, 'God! I thank thee that thou hast determined to take my poor grandmother home to Thyself before my shame shall have been published to the world. Ah! I'm dreaming! She may yet live to witness my disgrace, and her aged heart may be wrung with the keenest anguish at my fall from virtue!'

She placed her trembling hands upon her throbbing temples, and, thrusting her fingers into her tangled hair, and wildly rolling her eyes, walked the room in great agitation.

'No, I will not wish for her death!' she continued; 'let it come in God's own time, even if not till I shall have passed that climacteric in woman's life to which my sex look with such thrilling interest and fearful forebodings. No, no! Let her live, and be it my care and duty to smooth her passage to the grave, whenever it shall please heaven to call her to that final resting place from the cares and troubles of this life. Oh, God! Pardon me for indulging for a single moment a wish for her death. I will drive it back to the dark place whence it originated, and suffer it no more to occupy a place in my mind.'

While she was thus speaking and walking the room, more like a poor maniac than one in possession of reason, the young lover stood and gazed upon her with fear and trembling.

'A worse pain than unrequited love!' he said within himself, feeling in his own heart that earth or hell had no worse pain than that, and still remaining ignorant of the cause of his loved one's distress and anguish. 'What can it be? Why should she wish that she had died in her infancy?'

In the innocence and purity of his own heart, he did not dream that such a pure girl as he supposed her to be would fall from virtue. It would be the last thought that would enter his mind. He conjectured everything else, while a thousand conflicting emotions swelled his breast.

Summoning all his power, he inquired, 'What more excruciating pain than the pang of unrequited love has come upon you?'

Confronting him, and casting her eyes upon him as if she would penetrate the inmost recesses of his soul, she asked in a clear voice:

'Are not the stings of an upbraiding and guilty conscience worse?'

'Oh, heavens! Your nature is too pure to commit a crime!' he replied, while he turned his eyes from her searching gaze and cast them upon the floor. 'You have not perpetrated any deed of darkness or of blood, have you? No, no, you have not—you could not. Why did I ask such a question?'

'No! I have not stained my hands in the blood of our race,' she replied; 'but—'

He sprang towards her overjoyed, and interrupting her before she had finished her remark, said, 'Thank heaven! I can breathe freely again. The thought of murder is dreadful. It has haunted me for many months past, but my hands have been stayed from committing such a deed.'

Disengaging herself from his embrace, and motioning him away, she replied, 'Back! your love is too pure to be returned by me. Suffer me not to embrace you, even were I to offer such a return for your kindness and love. Hear me publish my own shame, for you are yet apparently ignorant of my condition. Love has blinded your eyes, but my tongue can reveal the secret, and it is proper that I should do so, however painful to me it may be thus to acknowledge my sin before him who has so often declared his love for me. But the awful truth must be told, I shall soon become the mother of an illegitimate child, and the heartless, faithless Dumont is my seducer. O, God! the truth is out, and such love as yours must spurn me from your presence!'

An earthquake would not have more alarmed this young lover than this declaration of Catharine. The announcement caused the blood to rush in a fearful tide to his brain—his heart beat with violent emotions—his breathings could almost be heard in the street—his head became bewildered—and he staggered and fell upon the floor as if a fit of apoplexy had seized him. She stood transfixed with grief and amazement, and looked upon him as one she had pierced with many sorrows. Her own afflictions were, for the moment, merged in his, and she forgot everything else but him who was prostrate before her.

Having recovered somewhat from her surprise and embarrassment, she took hold of his hand and attempted to raise him up, but her feeble effort proved unavailing, for he still laid with his face buried in his hands apparently lifeless. After remaining in that recumbent position a short time, he roused himself up, much to the relief of his companion, who blamed herself for being the cause of so much trouble.

'Rise up George and think no more of me,' she said in a voice whose accents sounded more like love to him than ever before. 'Rise up, and not make yourself unhappy because I am.'

He rose up and fixing his eyes upon her in a burning gaze, said in a voice trembling with

emotion, 'He shall die, but I will love you still.'

'Who shall die?' she hurriedly asked, not understanding at the moment to whom he alluded.

'The old libertine who has promised you marriage and upon the strength of that promise has seduced you,' he replied.

'It is a most appalling crime to shed human blood,' she said.

'Not worse than to break such a heart as yours,' he replied. 'Yes. It is the last drop that makes the cup run over. The sad intelligence which you have communicated to me fixes my determination to strike him to the heart. He must not be allowed time or space to ruin another female.'

She did not at this time remonstrate against his committing such a crime so much as she would under other circumstances; for the moment this young mechanic told her Dumont had a wife a strange feeling sprang up in her heart. She felt as if his blood ought to flow, still she was not prepared for such a demonstration. It seemed strange to her that the unassuming, diffident mechanic should appear so changed in manner and appearance. The truth is that she never learnt his true character, but circumstances had developed it. His whole soul was roused, and all its energies concentrated on a single thought, and that thought was the death of him who had betrayed the only female he had ever loved. Long had this thought occupied his mind, but never till now had he fully resolved to wreak his vengeance upon the man who had robbed him of all he held dear on earth.

'You would not commit murder, would you?' she inquired. 'No crime in the catalogue of human sins is so black as this. Beware how you let the dark spirit of revenge lead you on. He may deserve to die, but He has the only right to take life who gave it. Vengeance belongs not to you or me.'

'True, but I feel an impulse which I cannot resist,' he replied, nervously clenching his hands, and flushing his eyes. 'I hate him, but I love you yet.'

'Are you fully determined upon the deed of blood?' she inquired.

'I am, and shall commit it unless unforeseen circumstances shall change my mind,' he replied. 'Years may roll away, but if my feelings do not change I shall never be satisfied until this weapon (pulling a small dagger from his bosom) shall reek with his heart's blood.'

Her feelings recoiled at the sight of the shining steel.

'I fear me,' she exclaimed, 'that disappointment has bereft you of reason. Put back the dreaded blade, for the sight of it makes my blood run cold in my veins. It were better for me who have suffered most to do the deed, than for you.'

'Ah! a woman's hand, especially such as yours, would lose its energy ere the point of the instrument had reached the seat of life,' he replied. 'No, no. It is for me to revenge your wrongs, and redress my own grievances. I'm young, but I have energy and determination enough for the emergency.'

After some conversation had passed between them the lover took his leave, but not however, before she had invited him to call again—a thing she had not done for more than a year. The truth is, she now began to feel lonely, and knowing Sumner loved her sincerely, she wished for his company. If she could

have known that he possessed so much energy of character as he then manifested she would have reciprocated his affection, and saved herself from ruin and disgrace. Now she began to love him in spite of all outward circumstances in which she was placed. The very moment she began to feel emotions of gratitude, if not of absolute affection, towards Sumner. The impressions came upon her, but she knew not from whence. She was even surprised that she had not returned the young man's affection.

'Why did I not love him?' she said to herself as soon as he had taken his departure. 'Ah! pride and ambition led me astray. Dumont's riches influenced me. A fine mansion, splendidly furnished, dazzled my eyes and blinded me so that I could not see my right course. Dumont never loved me. His whole course with me has been marked with wickedness and deception from beginning to end; but he has obtained his object and I am left to mourn and repent. If George should kill him! No, no. He will not do that horrible act. Would to Heaven he had died before he ever saw me.'

Her grandmother now made a noise as if she had just awoken from slumber, and the litful but unfortunate Catharine hastened to the sick bed.

'Give me a little more of that balm tea,' said the sick woman. 'I feel very thirsty. I believe I have been asleep.'

Catharine gave her some tea which seemed to revive her somewhat, at any rate, it made her talkative.

'I shall not be with you long, Catharine,' she said. 'My sun is about to set, but I am almost afraid to see it go down. I've no desire to live only to see you well settled in life. Where is Mr. Dumont? I've not seen him for several days. When shall you be married?'

These questions of the old lady were any thing but pleasant to the grand daughter. She was at loss what answer to make to these inquiries. Being somewhat deaf and partially blind the grandmother was not aware of Catharine's situation; for she had carefully and cautiously concealed it from her. She would not have let her know it for worlds.

'Mr. Dumont was here a short time ago,' replied Catharine. 'You was so unwell that day I did not ask him into your room.'

'Well, dear child, I want to see you married before I leave you for the other world,' she said. 'I don't understand why you put it off so long, Catharine.'

'There is time enough yet,' she replied, while a tear started into her eye and a sigh escaped from her bosom, but the old lady did not see the one, or hear the other.

'True, you're young yet,' she answered, 'but then I shall not be here much longer. I feel that my time is short. I'm old and my constitution is broken. Sometimes I fear that Mr. Dumont has deceived you, and will never make you his wife. Men act strangely sometimes—especially widowers. We can never tell when they love half so well as we can young men.'

Catharine felt too keenly the truth of her grand-mother's remarks, but she made no reply.

'You say nothing,' continued the old lady. 'Have you doubts and misgivings about his sincerity? Have you seen anything in him lately to excite your suspicion?'

'Do not talk so much, grand-mother,' said

Catharine, impatiently. 'I fear it will injure you, feeble as you are.'

'I feel anxious about you,' replied the good woman. 'I want to see Mr. Dumont and talk with him. I know he has been good to us in buying this house, and giving us the rent; but yet he may have some selfish views for all that. You are handsome, and he may have some bad designs upon you after all, but I hope and pray not.'

'Do not weary yourself with such considerations,' said Catharine. 'I will try to guard myself.'

'Would to God I had guarded myself,' she said in her heart. 'The advice from my only friend comes too late. No, she's not my only friend. I will not do injustice to George Sumner, even in my thought. He is my friend as well as lover. Those words are still fresh in my memory: "I hate him but love you still!" Oh, God! why did I turn away such a true-hearted man, and accept a devil in human form! This thought cuts me to the quick. Oh, the dazzling power and deceitful nature of riches! Would to heaven I had had more love and less pride and ambition! Then, perhaps, I might have listened to the counsels of my grandmother with profit, but now—oh, the thought is madness! How can I see him who has thus deceived and ruined me? What shall I say when he comes?'

'What ails you, Catharine?' said the old lady. 'It seems to me I can hear you talking to yourself.'

True enough, the old lady did hear her; for she was so much agitated, and her heart so torn and lacerated, that the young maiden did soliloquise much louder than she was aware of.

'Oh! no, grand-mother, you're dreaming,' replied Catharine. 'I fear me you are more unwell this evening than usual. Do keep yourself quiet and not borrow any trouble on my account. The greatest pleasure I have is in standing by your bedside and ministering to your wants.'

Truer words never fell from maiden's lips, for this unfortunate girl's only happiness now existed in the performance of her filial duties. These she had always faithfully discharged, but they now seemed her only source of consolation.

The next day after the second meeting of the Female Asylum society, when the little girl and strange infant were admitted as fit subjects of its charity, Mrs. Stillman called the hack-driver, who carried the old lady home in the snow storm from the meeting, and wished him to drive her to this good woman's residence. The carriage stopped before an old shattered house, in the outskirts of the town, which had the appearance of being the very embodiment of poverty itself. Mrs. Stillman's heart almost shrank back at the sight, but there was a spirit of benevolence deep seated in her soul, which urged her on in her errand of mercy. She knocked at the door, and an old woman, with wrinkled face, dirty cap and tattered dress made her appearance, but it was not the person whom Mrs. Stillman was seeking.

'Is there an old lady residing in this house?' inquired Mrs. Stillman.

'An' sure I live here, and am not I an old lady?' replied the old woman in a peculiar brogue, which plainly told Mrs. Stillman that she came from the Emerald Isle.

'You are, indeed, an aged woman from your appearance,' answered Mrs. Stillman, 'and I hope and trust as good as you are old.'

'Ah! you may well say that,' she said. 'You hope I'm as good as I'm old, and I hope so too, but self-praise goes but a little ways, as we used to say in swate Ireland. I've lived here more than thirty years, and no one can say I've chafed them out of a single cent.'

'Very glad to hear it,' said Mrs. Stillman. 'You don't live alone here, do you?'

'Sure I do, for my husband has been dead several long years, good man,' she replied. 'He died in a fit, with a hod of mortar on his shoulder. He had but one failing, and that was, he would drink whiskey sometimes until he got quite boozey, but then he never struck me a blow for all that.'

'Is there no other lady under this roof?' inquired Mrs. Stillman, feeling impatient to find her who left the little girl in the care of their society.

'O, yes, swate lady,' she answered. 'There is an old lady who lives under this roof, and very near the rafters, too. She's in the garret, poor woman, and very sick, too. I wait and tend upon her when I have time. She come home with lots of silver money yesterday, which, she said, some fine ladies gave her when she left her swate little girl with them. That's a nice child, dear little crathur. I always loved her. She is so kind.'

'Will you show me the way to the sick woman's room?' asked Mrs. Stillman.

'An' sure I will do that same thing,' she replied, leading the way up two flights of broken, dirty stairs, and ushering Mrs. Stillman into a small room very scantily furnished. The object of her search was reclining upon a poor bed, her back being turned towards them when they entered this miserable apartment. Hearing the noise of their footsteps, the sick woman partially turned over, and attempted to raise herself upon her elbow, but her strength failed her, and she fell back upon the bed with a mournful sigh.

'I never shall rise again,' said the sick woman, in a tremulous feeble voice, 'until I am raised from the grave in the great and last day.'

Mrs. Stillman flew to the bedside, and in a voice which seemed to the old lady like an angel's, said, 'Don't you know me? Don't you remember seeing me yesterday?'

'Who are you?' feebly inquired the sick woman, reaching out her wrinkled, skeleton hand and tremblingly grasping Mrs. Stillman's. 'Is my dream realized? I dreamt just now that I saw an angel descend, and smile upon me. Oh, no. Your hand is flesh and blood like mine, but much warmer. It is a good woman's hand, and I feel as if it was a freindly one. O, my little girl! If I could see her once more I should die in peace.'

'You shall see her,' said Mrs. Stillman, hurrying down stairs to tell the hack-driver to go to Mrs. Drapers and bring the girl here soon as possible.

'Who is that woman?' inquired the sick woman of her old attendant. How does she know where to find little Emma?'

'O, she's an angel of a woman,' replied the old Irish lady. 'And she knows everything.'

'Did she tell you her name?' she asked, with great anxiety.

'To be sure she didn't, and I didn't ask her, but she's a rich lady I dare be bound to say, and charitable, and kind, and good,' she replied.

Mrs. Stillman now returned, and taking the sick woman's hand said, 'You remember of

being at a meeting yesterday in the snow-storm where you left a little girl.'

'Indeed I do remember it well,' she answered, looking Mrs. Stillman full in the face as if she was anxious to recognize some feature she had seen before.

'Were you there? I saw so many I can't remember faces.'

'I was there, and hope I shall live to attend a good many more such meetings,' replied Mrs. Stillman, smoothing back the grey locks which lay scattered over her wrinkled forehead.

'Heaven bless you and all the others,' replied the old lady, nervously pressing her companion's hand, while a smile played over her shrivelled lips, and lighted up her emaciated countenance. 'Then you saw my little Emma? O! I know you all will be mother's to the good girl. I felt it yesterday, and I feel it now. Something whispered to me when I first heard of your society that little Emma would be well taken care of. But how I want to see her before I die.'

'I hope your life will be spared you awhile longer,' said Mrs. Stillman. 'But whether it is or not, it rejoices in my heart to witness in you such a preparation for the solemn hour of death.'

'Ah my ministering angel. I feel that I must soon exchange worlds, and that too before the sun shall sink away to rest,' she replied, raising her hands towards Heaven and moving her lips as if she were already holding converse with good spirits.

'Not so soon as that I hope,' replied Mrs. Stillman, feeling alarmed at her peculiar tone of voice, and the unearthly aspect of her countenance.

Mrs. Stillman dropped the sick woman's dry, parched hand, and walked across the room, at some distance from the bed. 'Why is it,' said she, within herself, 'that I who have seen so many die, should feel so strangely alarmed now? She's a christian woman and will die the christian's death, but yet I have mysterious feelings. I never saw such a countenance as she has. It seems as if death were pictured upon it in all its terrors, and yet she smiles. There she turns her dark eyes upon me, and beckons me with her trembling hand to come to her. I will go in spite of my strange feelings.'

The good woman approached the bed, but with agitated nerves and trembling steps. The sick woman again reached out her hand. Mrs. Stillman seized it with a convulsive motion, and said, 'Little Emma will soon be here, I've sent for her.'

The old lady smiled, and the tears ran down her furrowed cheeks, but made no reply except what was written legibly in every lineament of her countenance. While holding her hand, Mrs. Stillman gazed upon her features, and thought she never saw such a heavenly expression in any human face.

Suddenly starting and withdrawing her hand from Mrs. Stillman's, she said in an anxious voice scarcely above a whisper, 'Thank Heaven that my hearing and sight have been preserved for me. Hush! I hear footsteps on the stairs below. It is Emma's little pattering feet! Yes, I've heard them so many times I can't be mistaken. Oh! that I could run to meet her! and she made an effort to rise partially up in the bed, but her strength was too far exhausted.

'Ah! my body is weak,' she continued, 'but my faith is strong.'

At this moment the little girl entered the room in company with Mrs. Draper and flew to the bed on which her aunt lay. The sick woman made a desperate effort and succeeded in raising herself up to meet the embrace of her beloved child. They did embrace each other with an expression of feeling such as Mrs. Stillman had never witnessed before. Mrs. Draper stood petrified with astonishment. Having but just entered the room she was not prepared for such an exhibition.

After holding the child to her beating heart for a few moments she relaxed her hold, and, lifting her withered, palsied hands to Heaven, said in a voice which penetrated the hearts of these good women, as if a being from the spirit-land were speaking, 'Jehovah! I thank thee for this last earthly interview. The tie is broken which bound me to this world. I cheerfully yield all into thy hands. Shed thy choicest blessings upon those pious women with whom I leave my earthly treasure. Prosper their efforts to relieve the sufferings of our race. May other orphans who need a home and shelter from the cold storms of the world be placed under their care and protection. I'm ready to go. I feel that my prayers have been answered.'

This was her last effort. Her physical powers were exhausted and she sank back upon the bed and fell asleep in death. And ah! how calm and peaceful was that death! It was heart searching preaching to those who looked on. Such a sermon these good women never heard before.

Little Emma gazed upon the death-struck countenance of her aunt with that calmness and resignation which were beyond her years, but the good woman had taught her that death had no terrors for them who are prepared to die. She believed, young as she was, that her aunt had gone to a better, a brighter world, and this belief strengthened her young heart to bear up under this affliction and bereavement.

Mrs. Stillman and other members of this new association for the benefit of feeble orphans, soon raised a subscription among themselves and husbands sufficient to give the last remains of this Christian woman a decent burial. A funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Stillman, on which occasion he portrayed, in glowing words, the life of the deceased, so far as it was known, her many virtues, and her peaceful and happy, but singularly strange exit from the world. The death of this good woman, the little girl, and the worthy divine's sermon, gave a powerful impulse to this new organization, and opened the hearts of the rich and liberal, inasmuch that several hundred dollars were given for the benefit of this charitable and heaven-directed association on the day when this old lady was buried.

Mrs. Dumont attended the funeral, as did nearly all the founders of this Asylum. When she returned home from the grave her husband was somewhat out of sorts. He and Polly Jenkins had quite a round of words before a wife came.

'Where's Mrs. Dumont gone this afternoon?' he inquired.

'She has gone to attend the funeral of a poor old lady who died very suddenly,' replied Polly. 'She died the next day after she brought a beautiful little girl and gave her to the new society.'

'A beautiful little girl,' he repeated. 'Yes, they are all beautiful little girls, and little an

gals that are and will be given to this band of fanatics to take care of.

'I am sure the infant I found is the most perfect child I ever saw,' said Polly, 'and you would say so too if you would express your real opinion.'

'Most perfect child,' he echoed. 'I suppose it has ears, eyes, nose, and other parts, and I'm quite sure it had the organs of voice quite well developed, for I never heard a little thing squall so in my life. It was a perfect nuisance at any rate, while it remained here.'

'Ah! Mr. Dumont, if you loved your wife as much as some husbands do theirs, you would have permitted her to keep that dear little child,' she answered. 'When I see a man so cruel to his wife as you was in this instance, I always suspect there is something wrong in his heart.'

'You don't accuse me of running after other women, do you?' he asked, in much agitation and apparent anger.

'I accuse you of nothing,' she replied. 'You know whether your conscience accuses you or not.'

'Have you heard anything about me, Polly?' he inquired, in an altered tone of voice and manner, feeling anxious to know whether any of his deviltries among the women had come to the ears of this maid.

'I have heard a good many things about you,' she answered.

'Have you heard anything bad?' he asked hurriedly.

'There are always good reports and bad reports about everybody,' she replied.

This answer was by no means satisfactory to him, for he suspected from her manner, and a peculiar expression in her eyes, that she was in possession of some facts which, if divulged, might injure him in the estimation of the community—hence his solicitude in catechising her. Now Polly did not know but very little of the capers he had cut up, but this little she meant to make much of. A young lady of her acquaintance had told her that some two or three months previous to this time, he had made attempts upon her virtue, but without success—that he followed her one night in the street until she reached the house where she worked, and at other times when he met her he would act strangely. But Polly was determined not to tell him of any particular time or place.

'Have you heard anything in particular?' he inquired.

'You won't get out of me what I know,' she said, looking very cunningly into his face and smiling, as much as to say she understood his character perfectly well.

The wife now entered the room, which broke off the dialogue between the husband and the maid.

'Oh, husband,' said Mrs. Dumont, 'I wish you could have heard Dr. Stillman's sermon to-day, on the death of that old lady who left a little girl with us. I saw a good many shed tears. It was a most touching appeal to the sympathies of his hearers. We have had seven hundred dollars subscribed to-day for the benefit of our society. We shall soon be able to take a good many poor orphans. Why will you not open your heart and subscribe something to help us along in the good work.'

'I've given you my answer once, and I'm not subject to frequent changes,' he replied. 'You and your associates are running wild about babies and orphans.'

'Men and women, too, ought to change, by so doing they become better,' said the imperturbable maid. 'If we change our opinions and feelings, it may prove that we are wiser and better to-day than we were yesterday.'

The wily husband would have been offended at this remark of his maid-servant and reprimanded her for it, if he had not been fearful that she was knowing to some of his conduct, which he had endeavored to conceal from the public. He knew enough of human nature to believe that somewhat elderly and unmarried females were apt to know all that was passing in the community.

'Come, husband, give something to buy that beautiful child a dress, if no more. We are determined to make the men open their purses as wide as possible.'

'I will not give a single cent to clothe these brats and bastards, which their ungrateful and unnatural mothers leave in the entries and upon the door-stones of folk's houses,' he replied, impatiently, if not angrily.

'I'm sure the children ought not to suffer because their mothers are cruel and unfeeling,' replied the wife, more in sorrow than in anger.

'No indeed they hadn't,' said Miss Polly Jenkins, 'for the men are all at fault, as well as these poor, unfortunate mothers, else there would be no such children to be taken care of.'

'That may be true, Polly,' he replied, in a mild voice and good natured manner, feeling anxious to please the maid, and to keep on the right side of her, lest she might tell something he was fearful she knew.

'True! I reckon 'tis true as the book of Genesis,' she replied. 'There are a good many married men no better than they should be.'

'No doubt, Polly, we might all do more good in the world than we do,' he replied.

'There—husband,' interrupted the anxious wife. 'I never heard you say a better thing since we were married. When a man talks so in earnest there is hope of him. You'll come round right one of these days, and make our Asylum a handsome donation.'

He made no reply to this last remark of his wife, for the intimations Polly had thrown out kept working upon his mind, until he was really apprehensive that she might expose some of his tricks; therefore policy dictated to him to keep peace with them in the hope he might be the more secure against the talking maid's tongue. His silence encouraged his wife to hope that he might change his mind so far as to permit her to take the child back again, if he would not make any donations to the society. Polly also put a very favorable construction on his silence, and hoped the little stranger might be brought back again to the arms of her mistress, for she, as well as Mrs. Dumont, felt a great interest in this foundling.

'You will, Mr. Dumont, let your wife take back the dear infant,' said Polly. 'We will take the best care of it so that it will not disturb you by its crying. It wouldn't have cried the morning that I found it, if the pin hadn't pricked its back. I know from its mild look and pleasant face it is good natured.'

'I cannot make any promises now,' he replied. 'You say the child is in good hands now, and I think it had better remain there, for you nor Mrs. Dumont don't know how to nurse it. It will be time enough to talk about the matter after the little squaller shall be able to live on something besides milk.'

can't stay to talk any longer, I have business which requires my attention.'

After making these hypocritical remarks and holding out these false colors for the purpose of quieting the maid and keeping her tongue still, he went out, leaving them to talk the matter over between themselves.

'I shouldn't wonder a bit,' said Polly, 'if Mr. Dumont should consent to have the child brought back again.'

'I hope he will, for Mrs. Draper says it is one of the most interesting infants she ever saw, and she has been much used to children,' said the wife.

'I wish I could see its mother, and find out the history of the little stranger,' said Polly. 'Who knows but some great gentleman is its father? It was left so early in the morning I don't suppose any one saw the person when they left it. I will make inquiries and see what I can learn.'

'I hope you will, for it is not impossible that some one might have been passing when it was placed in the entry,' replied Mrs. Dumont.

There is Ben Saunders who drives our neighbor's carriage, he is always up very early in the morning and he may know something about it,' said Polly, while her eyes sparkled, and her heart was all on fire with curiosity to find out the mother of this strange child. Mrs. Dumont, from what her husband said just before he left the room, strongly hoped that she might yet become the foster-mother of the infant. We are glad we can leave these women for a time, in such good spirits, while we direct the attention of the reader to other matters connected with this narrative. Whether the maid's curiosity was ever gratified, or the anxious wife's hopes realized remains to be seen. It may be the facts will favor such a consummation; if so, they shall be recorded.

We must again carry the reader back a few months prior to the commencement of our story. The interview between Catharine Goodwin and George Sumner will be recollected when the latter for the first time learnt the peculiar circumstances which surrounded the former, and when Catharine was informed that Mr. Dumont was a married man. We left her soliloquising beside the bedside of her sick grandmother, and administering to the wants of her only relative. The old lady grew worse and worse every day, and the time was fast approaching when the unfortunate and heart-stricken girl must form a new relation in life, when she must become the mother of a child who in the eyes of the law, would be the legitimate offspring of no one. It could inherit none of its father's property, or even take his name, and its birth, instead of bringing joy to the heart of the mother, would only bring upon her disgrace and contempt of the world. She found no consolation in anything except in waiting and tending upon her sick grandmother in her hour of distress.

Some two or three days passed away, after Sumner's last interview with her, before Mr. Dumont made his appearance in that humble dwelling of sickness and affliction. At last Catharine saw him coming just at night-fall. She was sitting at the window, which commanded a view of Washington street, when her seducer came in sight. She suddenly rose up and with great agitation was walking the room when Mr. Dumont entered.

Seeing her agitation and wild looks he ap-

proached her and said, 'The old lady is not dead, is she?'

This was the first thought that struck him on seeing her agitation; for he did not dream that Catharine knew more of him now, than at their last interview.

'No, she's not dead, thank Heaven,' she exclaimed, withdrawing her hand from his grasp and looking fixedly into his face. 'But would to God I had died before I had passed from my childhood?'

'What, dear Catharine, is the matter?' he anxiously enquired, still ignorant of the cause of her trouble. 'I never saw you so distressed before. Do not, I pray, harbor such wishes. If you had died young, then indeed, I might never have found a female, whom I could love. Ah, no, my sweet girl, entertain no such cruel thoughts.'

He now seized her by the hand, and attempted to kiss her, but she motioned him away, and escaped from his embrace, and took a position by the window, some distance from him. He was at a loss to determine what all this meant.

'Do tell me what has happened? Have you ceased to love me, and do you now feel that the disparity of our ages forms an insuperable objection to our union? Has the image of the young mechanic revived in your heart, and do you now love him more than me?' he inquired hoping that this might be the case, as he would gladly palm her off upon her lover with all her incumbrances, if he could do so.

'He loves me with truth and sincerity, unmixed by base passions and the world's alloy,' she replied in firm tones of voice and resolute manner.

'I will yield all my desires to you, if you and he desire to be married,' he replied. 'My love is of such a nature that I am willing to make any sacrifice, if by so doing, I can increase your happiness.'

She now perfectly understood his hypocrisy and hollow-hearted professions of love and attachment to her. Her eyes were opened. The scales which the power of riches and ambition had placed over them, had now fallen off, and she saw things through a true medium. His wickedness and guilt, as well as her own folly and indiscretion, now appeared to her in their true colors.

'Insure my happiness!' she repeated. 'You have already succeeded but too well in bringing misery upon me, and that of the most distressing kind.'

'Why have you so much changed within a few short days?' he inquired, assuming an earnestness which he did not feel. 'I am the same to you I always was.'

'Gracious God!' she exclaimed. 'And this is the cause of my present trouble. You are, indeed, the same you always were!'

'And what is that?' he impatiently inquired.

'A married man, and living with your lawful wife, but whether you love her or not, is only known to Him who sees the end from the beginning,' she replied, while her bosom swelled with violent and painful emotions, and her eyes flashed with the fire of just indignation.

He started back from her intense and heart-searching gaze, as if he feared to meet her eyes, and stood motionless and silent as a statue before her.

'Yes; you are a married man,' she continued. 'And all your promises of marriage are false as the hellish spirit which prompted them.'

I'm deceived, ruined and disgraced by your vile arts, and my own foolish pride.'

He gazed upon the victim of his hellish arts, but whether to deny, or confess the truth that he was married, was the question. He finally concluded to confess the truth, and make the best of the affair.

'True, I'm married, but perhaps my wife may die one of these days, and then there is no female I would marry in preference to you,' he said. 'You can live just as you have for the past year, and I will support you. I will not abandon you, but everything must be kept a profound secret.'

'Oh! thou base man!' she exclaimed. 'You have ruined me by false promises, and now would wish to keep me as a mistress to pander to your vile passions. Out upon you! Never will I consent to such an arrangement so long as God continues my life. I would die first. Dazzled by your riches, and flattered by the idea of becoming the mistress of a splendid house, I yielded to your base desires, but the remainder of my days shall be spent in repentance to atone for my past sins. Think not, because I have once fallen, that I shall continue to live the life of a degraded wanton; for, if you do entertain such opinions or hopes, you will be sadly disappointed. Soon I shall become a mother, but I pray Heaven this event may not happen until my sick grand-mother's eyes shall be sealed in death. I would not have her behold my disgrace, and thus wring her aged heart with anguish. All you can do to atone for your sins is to repent, and ask God to forgive you. Our connection is broken off forever. This is your own house, and you can turn me and my aged, sick friend out upon the charities of an unfeeling world, but you have no power to induce me to live with you under any circumstances. I swear by Him who made us, I will not further debase and degrade myself by such a course. Heaven knows I'm low enough already, but I will not plunge deeper into disgrace.'

Her determined look and manner convinced him that she had uttered those sentiments of the soul by which her future conduct would be regulated, and that any attempt on his part to prevail on her to become his mistress would prove abortive.

'If you will not consent to the arrangements I have proposed, you and your grand-mother may continue to live here free of rent, and here is one hundred dollars to support you until you can take care of yourself,' he said, presenting her with the money, and feeling some touch of pity in his obdurate heart.

'I accept the money from absolute necessity, and not as the price of my virtue,' she replied, in trembling accents which told how deeply sorrow and repentance had penetrated her heart, 'for you've not money enough, rich as you may be, to price or pay for the virtue of my woman. The money I will take, but you discard for ever. What shall become of my child, when it shall have a breathing in this world, God only knows.'

And she sank into a chair, overcome by her own feelings, and wept. Hard as his heart was, he could not help feeling some touches of sympathy. He knew he was the author of her ruin, and the sole cause of the agony she was suffering. While she was weeping, and he stood gazing upon her in silence, George Sumner entered the room.

Hearing his footsteps, she raised her tearful eyes upon her young lover in sadness and in

sorrow. He returned her look, but what pen can portray the feelings which swelled the heart of this young man! Silent, trembling, and agitated, he first looked upon her, and then upon her seducer and he could not tell which feeling was predominant in his breast, whether revenge for him or love for her. The spirit of both passions had seized upon his soul, and, like the rod of the ancient prophet, swallowed up every other feeling.

'Be not so much cast down,' said Mr. Dumont, laying his hand upon the top of her head, and looking at the young lover. 'Here is the young man who dares upon you. He may be poor, but I will do something for you to begin keeping house with. If you are disposed to be married, you may occupy this house for awhile, and I will not charge you any thing for it.'

'Thou base deceiver, exclaimed the mechanic. 'It is too late for you to give advice after you have ruined her. I would not occupy any tenement belonging to you. Sooner would I crawl into the caves of the earth for shelter than bring myself under obligations to you.'

'Whew!' said the old libertine. 'You are really a young blade of high temper. You may spurn my favors now, but the time may come when you will be glad to receive them.'

'The time may come when you will cease to breathe, and enjoy your ill-gotten wealth,' replied Sumner, with flashing eye and quivering lip.

'I expect such a time will come when we all shall cease to breathe,' said Dumont.

'But there is something in here which may hasten that time with you,' replied Sumner, placing his hand upon his breast and looking daggers at him.

'Well, you are more of a blusterer than any one would take you to be from your outward appearance,' said Dumont while a smile of contempt and defiance passed over his countenance.

'You may smile, for villains can, and do often smile,' he replied.

'Well, well,' said the hard-hearted Dumont, 'You may smile, cry, or do any thing you please. It is all the same to me. I've made you a generous offer, and you can accept it or not.'

Dumont now took his leave. Sumner was almost tempted to follow him and plunge a dagger into his heart ere he reached his splendid mansion, but he could not leave the object of his affection under such circumstances.

'You will not love me now,' said Catharine, 'for I am indeed unworthy of your love. I should not blame you if you should turn from me in disgust. Oh! God! I have done wrong.'

The poor girl wrung her hands in the greatest agony, and the tears started afresh from her eyes. The young lover's heart was full to overflowing. He could hardly restrain from weeping also. Rushing towards her and throwing his arms about her neck, he exclaimed: 'Yes, dear Catharine, I can and do love you now. No misfortune you may meet with can ever make me turn from you.'

'I never did truly love Dumont, and yet I've received his attentions,' she replied in a tremulous voice. 'It was ambition, and not love which led me astray. My own heart deceived me. But for this I should have returned your affection.'

'It is well,' he replied. 'Ah! Catharine, better than I dared to hope. I had much rather hear you talk of ambition than your

love for that base libertine; for you will not now suffer the pains of unrequited love, however much your ambitious notions may be prostrated.'

'Hark!' she said, 'I hear grand-mother. She needs my attention, I must be with her.' 'Stay one moment,' he anxiously replied. 'You say you have not loved Dumont.'

'I do say I have been deceived,' she replied. 'I see all now as clear as the noonday sun. He's a base man, and has flattered but too successfully my vanity and my pride. Would to Heaven I had never seen him.'

'Will you now consent to marry me?' he inquired, nervously grasping her hand.

'Hush! and name not marriage now,' she whispered, emphasizing the word now, and gently returning the pressure of his hand. 'I'm not worthy of your affection. Such love as yours ought to have a purer object.'

'Go and leave me now to the care of my sick grand-mother,' she said. 'Let me drown my sorrows in the performance of my duties: for, while she lives, she must have all my attention. I would ask you to call again—to call often—but my guilt and my shame forbid me.'

'I will call, and my assistance which I can lend you in this hour of distress shall most willingly be granted.'

The young lover now departed with a mixture of strange feelings pressing his heart. Catharine continued her anxious care over her grand-mother, who, every day, was growing weaker and weaker. Sumner's visits to the house were more and more frequent, while his love for the unfortunate girl increased at every interview he had with her. Thus the time passed away, and the hours of distress and anguish were fast approaching. The old lady was fast sinking, and Catharine was every day expecting to be confined. She had procured some female help in the person of Abigail Wood, and a woman of much experience in sickness of various kinds.

One evening, just after sunset, Sumner came to inquire if anything was wanting. When he entered the house, Abigail met him, and in a hurried, agitated manner, requested him to go for a physician.

'Is the old lady worse, or does any one else want him?' he inquired, feeling anxious about the grand-mother, but much more so about the grand-daughter.

'The old lady lies at the point of death,' said Abigail, 'and do you hurry for the doctor.'

'Where is Catharine?' he asked, feeling as if he wanted her to tell him to go for a physician.

'She's at the bedside of the sick, and I've been trying to induce her to leave the room, for I do not think she's in a situation to be there.'

Sumner now hastened after the physician, and soon returned with him.

'Ah! doctor, I fear my best earthly friend will not continue long,' said Catharine.

The doctor slipped to the bed and carefully placed his fingers upon the wrist of the patient. All was silent as the tomb for a few moments. No sound was heard except the short breathing of the dying woman. He laid his hand upon her heaving breast, and looked in the haggard face of the patient for a single moment—then turning to Catharine he said, 'I am powerless. The disease is too inveterate to yield to any prescription I can make.'

'Oh! doctor, can you not give her something that will make her die easy?' said the trembling girl. 'If she must die, let her passage

from this world to the other be without a single pain or struggle.'

'Her powers of sensibility are so exhausted that she will not feel much pain,' said the physician. 'Her last struggles will not be severe. She will soon fall into sleep to be no more awakened on the shores of time. You had better retire to another room. It would not be well for you, situated as you are, to witness the dying scene.'

'I cannot leave, doctor,' she replied. 'I must continue to look upon her while life lasts,' and the agitated girl hurried up to the bed, and, bending her head over the dying woman, gazed intently into her countenance. The old lady turned her languid eyes upon her grand-daughter, and moved her trembling, parched lips, but no articulate sounds were uttered. A change suddenly passed over her haggard features, her eyes turned back, a slight twitching of the muscles, and all was still.

'She's dead!' exclaimed the agonized Catharine, 'and will not witness my shame. Oh, my God! the light of hope has almost fled, and the night of despair has settled upon my soul!'

And she fell upon the lifeless form of her grand-mother. Young Sumner flew to her relief, apparently in as much distress as she was. As she lay motionless upon the earthly remains of her loved relative, her lover exclaimed in the bitterness of his soul: 'Help! doctor, or she will die, also. See! she's still, and does not move! Oh! must I witness such a scene?' 'Let her lie a few moments and she will recover,' said the doctor, feeling her pulse, and watching every movement.

'I fear she's dying,' said the young man, with a voice choked with the keenest feeling. 'She does not move, and scarcely breathes.—Take her away from the dead body.'

'Directly, young man,' said the doctor, still holding her wrist, and noting the red current as it passed through the arteries. 'She's not dying, but we'll remove her to another room, and place her on a bed, and she will be better.'

'Do, doctor,' said the young lover, attempting to raise her from her position, and trembling as if he would fall into a thousand pieces.

The doctor and Abigail now assisted in raising her in the bed, and while they were engaged in the act, she roused up and stared wildly about the room.

'Thanks to Heaven! she lives!' cried Sumner.

At the sound of his voice, she turned her eyes upon her lover in a gaze which penetrated his inmost soul.

'Yes: he is my friend,' she said in a voice scarcely above a whisper. 'Even now in my disgrace he loves me still, but I'm not worthy of his love.'

'You are worthy,' he exclaimed. 'And although every one else may forsake you, yet I never will leave you.'

'Take me into another room,' she hurriedly said, disregarding what Sumner had just said, and looking wild and agitated.

They now removed her to another apartment away from the scene of death.

'You had better leave the room,' said the doctor, addressing the young man, 'and watch the corpse in the other apartment.'

At the doctor's request, he left his loved one in his and the maid's care, and sat down in the room of death to weep.

That night, Catharine Goodwin became the mother of a female infant, while her lover was

weeping in the room where lay the corpse of her grand-mother. We will not attempt a further description of that night's scene. The mother and child lived, and in the dead hours of night the cry of the illegitimate fell upon the ears of the young man, but his love was unchanged and unchangeable.

We must beg the pardon of our readers for carrying them backwards and forwards so often in relation to time, but the peculiar incidents of our story seem to require it. Polly Jenkins, as has already been intimated in a previous chapter, was exceedingly anxious to ascertain who left the child in Mr. Dumont's front entry, and still more anxious to prevail on the obdurate husband to permit her mistress to take it back from the Asylum, and from the care of Mrs. Draper.

We now find her in close conversation with Ben Saunders, who was a very early riser, and quite a knowing person—at any rate, he was desirous of making Polly believe he was; for, to be plain about the matter, he had sometimes been thinking of making a proposal of marriage to her, but as yet he had not ventured upon the task. She had some very vague notions that he was rather partial to her, but she was not absolutely certain of the fact. The whole truth is, she hoped he did like her; for she thought he was not only good looking, but very sober and industrious, and would make a good husband. The time had gone by with her when her heart could be broken by love, and yet she felt some anxieties, not only peculiar to her sex, but also peculiar to her age.

Mr. Saunders, said she, as she met him, some two or three days after she found the child, "where were you last Thursday morning?"

"I've no doubt I was in bed," he replied, while a cunning smile played about his lips.

"I suppose you was, but where were you soon after you got up?" she inquired, returning his smile, and looking curiously into his manly face.

"I was in the stable, or about it," he replied. "Why do you ask? It is not often, I reckon, I'm honored by the ladies inquiring after me."

"Oh, Mr. Saunders," she said with much anxiety. "There was a child left at our house last Thursday, early in the morning—a sweet little creature."

"Do you love little babies, Polly?" he asked quite soberly. "I always thought I should like a woman much better if she loved babies, than if she didn't."

"Why, Mr. Saunders, how you do talk!" she exclaimed, partially covering her face with her handkerchief, as if to hide her blushes, when there was not the sign of one on her cheeks.

"Talk!" he replied. "Why, I talk good sense, do I not? If a female woman don't love children, it is a very strong symptom that her heart is hard."

"I think so too," she replied. "I always thought it strange that a woman should not like the dear little creatures, but there are many who do not."

"Then you like them, Polly?" he said, apparently much rejoiced.

"To be sure I do," she replied. "Did you see any body, Mr. Saunders, come to, or leave our house last Thursday morning? The baby was left after I fastened the front door."

Mr. Saunders took time to consider, and brush up his ideas and memory, so as to be very particular, and not make any mistake.

"Polly, or Miss Jenkins, perhaps, I ought to say, as you call me Mr. Saunders, look here," he said, motioning her to come nearer.

She very readily approached nearer to his side, and he, placing his mouth near her ear, whispered:—"You must not ask me any more questions about that baby. If we were courting, and engaged to be married, I might dare to trust you, and tell you all I know, but it will not do now."

Polly's curiosity was now excited to the highest pitch, and she was determined to pump the secret out of him, if possible.

"Are you afraid to trust me, Mr. Saunders?" she asked very seriously.

"I'm afraid to trust any woman, unless I know she loves and expects to marry me," he replied.

"Do you wish to be married?" she asked very feelingly.

"I do, if I could find any one who would have me," he replied.

"Do you love any one more than another?" she inquired.

"Do you ask me seriously, and expect a sincere answer?" he said, taking her hand and gently squeezing it in his hard palm.

Not having had her hand pressed before for several years, she was now quite sure he meant to propose, and if he did she meant to accept forthwith, and then she thought he would tell her about the child, if he knew anything. "I do ask you in all sincerity," she replied, letting her hand remain in his, and looking into his face as lovingly as she could, considering the wrinkles which somewhat marred the beauty of her countenance.

"I do love some one more than another, and more than all womankind," he replied. "And would it be right to kiss that one, if I should happen to meet her?"

She didn't rightly understand him, but was fearful that she was not the one, by his manner of speaking. "There could be nothing wrong in a friendly kiss under such circumstances," she answered—still doubting whether he would attempt to kiss her, or not.

"Then, here it goes," he said, fastening his lips on hers, and giving her a kiss which made as loud a report as the crack of his own whip when he wished to make his horses turn the corner of a street is their best style.

"Why, Mr. Saunders, I did not think you would take such liberties with me!" she replied, apparently much agitated. "Such things ought not to be done before an engagement, and even very sparingly afterwards."

"I have told you, by my actions, that I love you, and now I tell you by the words of my own mouth," he replied. "Yes, Polly, you have won my heart, and now, if you will give me yours in exchange, I shall be happy, and think I have made a good bargain."

Polly's tongue remained silent, but her heart beat, as if it would burst the narrow bounds which confined it.

"Speak, dear Polly, and make me happy or miserable," he exclaimed; "but do not keep me in suspense—eruel suspense. Will you have me?"

Polly now actually blushed, and knew not how to frame an answer. Mustering her courage, however, she said in very soft accents—

"If you are sincere, Mr. Saunders, and in earnest, I will consent."

"It is a bargain!" he exclaimed, again kissing her to seal the contract.

They now stood and gazed upon each other

in apparent astonishment, as if they felt the importance of the new relation they had formed. Polly, in her joy and anxiety, almost forgot the secret of the foundling, until gently reminded of it by her lover.

"You said this baby you found in the entry was a sweet, pretty creature, did you, Polly?" he inquired.

"Oh! it was the prettiest child you ever saw in all your life," she replied. "And do you know where it came from, and who it belongs to?"

"Surely I do, but I cannot tell you all now," he replied.

"But are we not engaged?" she inquired. "True, we are, I trust and believe, during our lives," he replied. "But then I'm under obligations to the mother of that child not to disclose its name."

"Do you know the mother?" she asked in great anxiety.

"I have seen her often, but her name I must not disclose," he replied. "Our engagement is too new to warrant me in communicating that secret to you. Like April weather, women's hearts change. This hour, the sun shines brightly, but the next brings clouds and rough winds. No, no, Polly, I must not reveal the mother of that child; I must not whisper it to mortal ears."

"I shall never change," she hurriedly replied. "My heart will always remain the same, if yours does. You can trust me now with as much safety as you would after we are married. If you will tell me, I will keep it as a sacred deposit in my own bosom, yes, forever locked up, or until you are willing that I should disclose it."

"Ah! Polly, I've seen enough of woman to know that her tongue will unlock the secrets of her bosom, sometimes in spite of all her efforts to prevent it," he said. "If you knew the mother, or even the father of that child, Mrs. Dumont would know it as soon as you could call her into a private room and tell her."

"Do you know the father?" she inquired, her curiosity still increasing.

"I know him whom the mother calls the father," he replied. "Farther than that I cannot state, but I've no doubt she told me the truth, for she's a most beautiful woman, and appears very honest as well as penitent."

"How came you acquainted with her?" she inquired, feeling her curiosity to learn who the parents of the child were, somewhat diminished in the flame of jealousy which was kindled in her heart. The thought that her new lover was acquainted with this beautiful woman was not at all agreeable to her. And she even suffered a suspicion to cross her mind that he might be the father. This disturbed the equanimity of her feelings more than all things else. Her curiosity was now excited to its utmost tension, but how to put the question to him to find out the truth was exceedingly perplexing. She stood and gazed upon him in silence, but dared not trust herself to speak. He noticed her embarrassment, and could not but laugh in his sleeve, for he now began to think she was already jealous of him, and was disposed to make some fun out of it.

"Should you object to marry a man if he was a father?" he inquired while cunning lurked in his eye, and an arch smile played on his face.

"What a question to ask a virtuous woman, as I profess to be!" she replied, exhibiting in the accents of her voice indignation mixed with grief.

"Why, Polly, there's nothing wrong in such a question," he answered. "If there was, a widower could never get married."

"Oh, if you meant a widower, that alters the case," she replied. "But if you meant a—"

Here her native modesty forbade her finishing the sentence with her lips, but the blushes on her cheeks told the rest of it more eloquently than words.

"I didn't mean any one in particular," he replied, still smiling at her coyness and jealousy. "Now, Polly, to be serious, would you abandon me if I were the father of a beautiful innocent baby? What if I were the father of that little angel you found in the front entry? Would you discard me, and send me away from you sorrowing?"

The assumed accents of grief in which he spoke, and the idea of his being the father of such a sweet, angelic creature as that child was, made her feel strangely about the regions of the heart. She did not know what answer to make to such a question. A thousand fancies flitted across her brain. "Now, if he is the father of that child, and I marry him, we should take the dear little innocent home, and I shall have the care of it, and become its step-mother," she said within herself. "Perhaps I might never have any. It isn't every one that's married who have children. But then, its mother may be younger and handsomer than I am, and he may love her better than he does me, and run after her. And yet if he marries me that shows that he likes me most. There—I don't know what to say."

"Come, Polly, you seem to be in a brown study," he continued. "I am fearful you will fly off from the engagement, you are so silent and reserved. Wouldn't you like to have the care of that infant? You say it is a very interesting one."

"Could you get the child if we were married?" she inquired in trembling accents. "I'm afraid the asylum folks would not give it up."

"O yes, they would, Polly; for if we should take the baby it would save them a dollar and a-half a week," he replied.

"Does the mother live here in town?" she asked, hoping she had removed to some distant place.

"She's here now," he replied.

"Then, she's going away, is she?" she anxiously asked. "I shouldn't think she would wish to remain here."

"I'm inclined to think that she will go away before long, from what she told me," he answered.

"Do you know who brought the infant to Mr. Dumont's house?" she enquired, apparently much gratified at the prospect of the mother's going away.

"Look here, Polly," he said very earnestly, placing one hand on her shoulder and looking full into her face. "Can I trust you?"

"You can; and I will not tell anything you say," she answered.

"Very well, I will place confidence in you so far as to inform you who was the bearer of the child," he said. "I am the person myself."

She suddenly started back as if she had been pierced by a sharp instrument, and looked amazed. She was now almost convinced that he was the veritable father of the young stranger she found in the basket.

"How surprised you look, Polly," he continued. "It is not very surprising that a father should carry his own child, and even if I were not its father, there would be no harm in my

doing it at the request of its poor unfortunate mother.

'Is she poor and unfortunate,' she enquired in apparent sorrow.

'She's by no means rich; and as a woman is unfortunate who gives birth to an illegitimate child, is she not?' he asked.

Miss Jenkins was now on the tenter hooks of curiosity to find out for a certainty if he was really the father or not. She felt at times that she hoped he was the father, and then she hoped he was not. In fact she hardly knew what she did wish or hope for, so strangely were her feelings mixed up. At last, mustering all her courage, she said, 'Are you the father of that infant or not? If you have any regard for me you will give me a direct and positive answer.'

'In the first place, before I answer your question, I must ask another,' he said. 'Had you rather I should be the father or not?'

'I don't know what to say,' she replied, apparently much embarrassed. 'Oh, it is a lovely infant, and Mrs. Dumont would give any thing if her husband would permit her to take it; but, cruel man! he will not, I fear.'

'Well, Polly, I'm not at liberty to answer your question now,' he said. 'At some other time I may. I must go now. We will have another interview.'

He now took his leave, and the anxious Polly was now a thousand times more curious than she was before she met Ben Saunders. If she had been at liberty to tell Mrs. Dumont what he had told her it would have greatly relieved her mind. She never before felt so anxious to let anything out as she did what Ben had told her, not only about the infant, but also about their engagement. This last she was under no promise to keep a secret, but she wanted to tell her mistress every thing, and if she does not, we will remark her as a very extraordinary woman.

Thus filled with curiosity, she hurried to the parlor where Mr. Dumont and his wife were engaged in earnest conversation.

'Our society hold another meeting to-morrow, and the gentlemen are invited to attend in the afternoon,' said Mrs. Dumont to her husband, 'and Mrs. Stillman told me to urge you to come.'

'No doubt she told you so, because she wants to tease some money out of me to increase the funds of your fanatical concern,' he replied. 'But she'll have to work harder than she ever did yet, before she makes out to do that thing.'

'Well, husband, you will go, whether you give any thing or not, will you?' she asked. 'There will be there a good many men of your acquaintance.'

'Yes, Mr. Dumont, I should think you would delight to go,' said Polly.

'I will think of it,' he replied, leaving the room.

'I believe in my heart he will go,' said Mrs. Dumont, rejoicing to find him in a humor to make such a mild answer. Ever since Polly had intimated to him that she knew of some of his misdemeanors, he had been much more pliable; for his pride of character was such that he greatly feared an exposure.

'You have been to see Ben Saunders, have you, Polly?' said Mr. Dumont.

'I have just seen him, and had a long talk with him,' she replied, feeling as if her heart would burst if she did not inform her mistress of all that the cunning Ben had told her.

'Well, what does he know about the child, or its parents?' inquired Mrs. Dumont. 'He has told you something, I know by your looks.'

'He has told me a good deal,' said Polly, 'but he made me promise to keep everything a secret, for he wouldn't tell me any thing before I promised not to reveal it.'

'Does he expect you will keep such things a secret?' she enquired in apparent surprise. 'Does he know who the father of the child is; or does he know its mother?'

'He knows who they both are, but he would not tell me,' replied Polly.

'Well, then, I don't see as he told you any thing that is worthy of being kept as a secret,' said Mrs. Dumont, impatiently.

'Oh, yes he did, for he told me who left the dear little infant in the entry,' said Polly, opening wide her eyes, and staring at Mrs. Dumont as if the secret would leap from her organs of vision in spite of all her efforts to keep it within herself.

Mrs. Dumont noticed her great anxiety to tell all she knew, and was determined to worm the secret out of her, believing such promises were more honored in the breach than in the observance.

'Now, Polly, who did he say left the child in the entry?' asked Mrs. Dumont coaxingly; for she had the curiosity of a woman as well as Polly.

'Ah, he made me promise not to tell,' she replied and I ought not to do it, for if it should get to his ears he would be angry.'

'Suppose he is angry, you don't care, do you?' enquired Mrs. Dumont.

'I should care a great deal,' she replied, 'for to be plain with you, Mrs. Dumont, he has offered himself to me and I have accepted. We are engaged, and if we hadn't been, he would not have told me any thing.'

'How long have you been engaged?' inquired Mrs. Dumont in much surprise.

'Not but a short time—not more than half an hour,' replied Polly, in the simplicity of her heart. Mrs. Dumont could not restrain herself from laughing out loud at the frankness and honesty of her maid. She knew there had been some little intimacy between her and Saunders, but she did not suppose that such a consummation had taken place.

'Well, Polly, Saunders will make you a good husband,' she said. 'He is a very industrious, sober young man, and not a fool by any means. Now, Polly, you have lived with me a good many years, and you know you can place the most implicit confidence in me. You must tell me who brought that child to this house. The secret I will keep, and you shall not suffer for telling me of it. With this information we may perhaps discover the parents of the sweet creature. There is a mystery hanging over this affair which I wish to see cleared up; and don't you?'

'I do, most certainly,' replied Polly. 'I wish Mr. Saunders had told me all he knows about it. From the intimations he threw out, I shouldn't be surprised if he were the father himself.'

Mrs. Dumont was greatly surprised at this announcement. She could hardly believe her own ears.

'There,' continued Polly, 'I don't know but I've gone too far already, but one can't help having suspicions. He did not tell me that he was absolutely and bona fide the father, but shouldn't be surprised if it turned out to be so.'

'Come, Polly, tell me who was the bearer of the child to our house,' said Mrs. Dumont. 'If you will tell me that, I can better judge whether he is the father or not.'

Polly was anxious to find out the paternity, and, having confidence in the judgment of her mistress, told Mrs. Dumont every thing Saunders had communicated to her, but with promises from her mistress that she would reveal nothing. Mrs. Dumont became satisfied, from what Polly had told her, that Ben Saunders must be the father. In her own mind there was but a single objection to this supposition. She couldn't see clearly how the child could have been so beautiful, coming from such a stock; for Ben was rather coarsely made up. However, she reconciled this seeming incongruity on the supposition that the mother must have been a very beautiful woman. Believing now that the paternity of the child was ascertained, Mrs. Dumont and her maid were determined, if possible to ascertain its maternity.

Once more we find the members of the 'Female Asylum,' assembled at the house of Mrs. Jonathan Mason. The ladies were in fine spirits, for they had succeeded thus far beyond their most sanguine expectations. Many gentlemen had already come forward and subscribed most liberally, and others were expected. Full of zeal, and overflowing with the milk of human kindness, these females, in spite of all opposition, were intent upon the object they had in view when they first organized their society—that is—to relieve the distress of the poor orphan children, and bring them up so that they may become useful members of the community.

'Your husband will be here this afternoon, will he not?' inquired Mrs. Stillman, addressing Mrs. Dumont, who had just come.

'I think he will, from what he told me,' replied Mrs. Dumont.

'I hope he will,' said Mrs. Stillman; for we want such men as your husband, who have an abundance of this world's goods, to open their purses and contribute liberally to help us along in our work of charity. There are objects of distress enough in our town to enlist the sympathy of us all.'

Mrs. Draper now arrived, bringing with her the little girl, and the foundling, the first and second females who were admitted to participate in the benefits of the institution.

'I have some hope of finding out before many days shall have passed, who the mother is,' said Mrs. Dumont. 'The father, I think I have discovered, but yet I may be mistaken.'

Great curiosity was now manifested by the ladies to hear what Mrs. Dumont knew, but she told them she was under obligations to keep the matter a secret for the present, in the hope of finding out more.

While the above conversation was passing between the members of this society, Mr. Dumont, Ben Saunders, and Polly Jenkins were also talking the matter over at Mr. Dumont's house.

'I should really like to find out where that baby came from they make such a fuss about,' said Mr. Dumont. 'If you'll find out, Ben, and tell me, and not tell the women first, I'll make you a handsome present.'

'Why not let the women know it as soon as you pray?' said Polly, longing to tell Mr. Dumont all she knew, and looking very cunning into Ben's face.

'I should like to plague them awhile,' re-

plied Mr. Dumont, 'they are so full of inquisitiveness.'

'I've no doubt you've as much curiosity to find out where the child came from as we have,' said Polly, still keeping her eyes fastened on her lover.

'Well, Polly, you have a right to enjoy your opinion,' said Mr. Dumont, leaving the room and starting for Mrs. Mason's, where his wife and others were assembled.

'Oh, Mr. Saunders, how he would like to know who brought that child here, so that he might plague his wife about it,' said Polly.

'He'll know all about it before long,' replied Ben. 'I've seen the mother to-day, and she's going to attend the Asylum meeting this very afternoon.'

'So much the worse,' answered the jealous maiden. 'Now tell me, Mr. Saunders, if you are really the father of that child. If you have the regard for me you pretend to have, and ought to have, you would not keep me in suspense any longer.'

'Wait a short time, and the facts will come out,' he replied. 'Perhaps the mother will reveal the secret this very day. Be patient, Polly, and you'll soon know all.'

'I thought you said the mother was going away from this town,' said Polly, looking at Ben, very intently, and wishing she might go beyond the reach of her lover.

'She may go, far aught I know,' replied Ben. 'She's a good, but a very unfortunate female. You think her child is very handsome, don't you, Polly?'

'To be sure I do, and so does every one that has seen it,' she answered.

'I suppose you will think the little creature takes more after its mother than after its father,' he said, smiling and stretching himself up to his utmost height.

This remark, together with his manner and motion, gave Polly almost a spasm of the hysterics. She thought Mr. Saunders conducted himself very strangely towards her, considering their recent engagement. Being very fond of fun, and believing she was as willing to be married as he was, he ventured to gratify his propensity for mirth even at the expense of her feelings.

We must now go back to the house of Mrs. Mason. The members of the orphan society had all assembled, and quite a number of gentlemen who felt an interest in the prosperity of this new organization. Mrs. Dumont continued to hold the foundling, and was unwilling, apparently, to let any one else take care of it at that time. The child also seemed to be quite as well pleased as she was. She thought it acted just as if it remembered when it was taken from the basket, and felt grateful to her for loving it so much. The ladies saw how how much interest she took in it, and told her if her husband came there that afternoon, they would persuade him to permit her to carry it home. While they were thus talking about the child, Mr. Dumont arrived.

'Don't you think, husband, the little innocent grows handsomer every day,' said Mrs. Dumont, holding it up before him and dancing it in his hands.

'It looks about the same as when it was taken from the basket,' he indifferently replied. 'It is about the same of all children of its age. I could never see much difference in them.' The child shrank back at the sound of his voice, as if afraid of him.

'Oh, Mr. Dumont, it is a great deal more

beautiful than ordinary children,' said Mrs. Draper.

'Yes, indeed, it is,' said Mrs. Stillman. 'And I should think you would be glad to let your wife bring it home—it would be pleasant company for you.'

'Pleasant company,' he replied. 'I don't like the music such instruments make. No, no, Mrs. Stillman. Your society can take care of it better than my wife can. She's not used to such employment: besides, before I make another addition to my family, I should like to know more about the breed than we do about this little bantling.'

At this moment a beautiful young woman entered the room. There was a melancholy shade upon her countenance, which much interested these good women. They gazed upon her in admiration.

'I understand,' said she, 'that you have taken an infant under your kind care and protection which was left not long since at that gentleman's house,' pointing her trembling finger at Mr. Dumont.

'We have,' replied Mrs. Stillman, to whom the young woman addressed herself.

'And here is the child,' said Mrs. Stillman, presenting it to her view. 'Do you know its mother?'

'I am its mother, and that gentleman is its father,' she replied, pointing at Mr. Dumont, while he stood trembling before her, and taking the child from the arms of Mrs. Dumont, whose nerves were so severely shocked that she would have let it fall in spite of all her power, if the mother had not suddenly seized it.

The whole company were in great consternation. Mr. Dumont turned pale, and wished the child and its mother in the depths of the ocean, where they could tell no more tales. Mrs. Dumont fell back into a chair, and, covering her face with her handkerchief, wept bitterly.

'Yes, that base man is the father of the infant,' continued the young mother, in trembling accents. 'He told me he was not a married man, and upon his false and hellish promises of marriage he built my ruin.' All were silent in the room. They were so much surprised that they knew not what to say.

Recovering somewhat from her agitation and embarrassment, and pointing her trembling finger at the vile seducer, she continued, 'A short time before the birth of my child, I learnt that he had a wife living, a very amiable, kind-hearted woman. After its birth, the thought struck me I would have it left at his house, but at first I could not endure it. Six months passed away after its birth, and that thought continued to occupy my mind. A young man who loved me long before I saw him, who, by false promises and the power of riches seduced me, promised marriage. I told him I would never consent to a union with him so long as the child remained with me. I could not continually have before my eyes and in his presence, the evidence of my shame and guilt. Feeling thus, I employed a man by the name of Saunders to carry the child to Mr. Dumont's and leave it there, instructing him to watch the movements of its father, and inform me all that happened in relation to the matter. He did so faithfully. Thank Heaven that my infant has found such kind mothers. I am myself an orphan; my parents died several years ago, leaving me to the care of a grandmother who died the same

night my child was born. She was my only relative, and thank heaven her eyes were closed ere she beheld my shame.'

She now wept, and the tears of repentance and grief flowed down her cheeks as she sank away upon a chair near where Mrs. Dumont sat. Many eyes were wet with tears at witnessing such a sight. Mr. Dumont was dumb before his accuser. He stood and gazed in silence upon his injured wife, and the weeping mother of his child, but he dared not trust himself to speak. His first thought was to deny all the infatuated mother had said, but his conscience made such a coward of him that he kept his tongue still, and his lips closed.

After sitting a few moments, and hugging her child to her swelling bosom, she rose, and holding out the child to its father, she said, in tones of voice which penetrated the hearts of all present, 'Here, take your child, and bring it up in the fear and admonition of Him who sees your wicked heart.'

The infant shrank back at the gaze of its father, and nestled in its mother's bosom, as if it feared some danger.

'No, no, my God! No?' she exclaimed, in accents of despair, hugging the frightened child closely to her bosom. 'He must not have it; it is too tender a plant to place in such rough hands. He would drown it if he dared do such a hellish deed in my presence. Here, madam, take the child,' presenting it to Mrs. Stillman, who received it into her trembling arms.

The agitated and almost heart-broken mother now knelt upon the floor and, raising her hands above her head, said, in a tremulous voice, 'May Heaven shower its choicest blessings upon the members of this society, and preserve my child from all harm.'

She now suddenly rose from her humble posture, and left the room. The feelings of all present on that occasion, can be better imagined than described. The unfortunate mother hurried from the scene to a house where she was to meet her lover. She found him there, anxiously awaiting her return.

'Did you see the child,' he inquired, as she entered the room.

'I did, and its wicked father also,' she replied. 'It is in good hands. God has raised up three women to take care of it, and thanks be to His name.'

'The wicked father, and your seducer!' he repeated, while he stared upon vacancy with the fixed look of a maniac. 'I feel again as if I must be his murderer.'

'Hush! and let not such wicked thoughts have place in your mind,' she replied, in much earnestness. 'Vengeance does not belong to you, but to Him who will execute it in his own good time. Remember, I have told you I could not live with him who had stained his hands in human blood. You must drive such thoughts from your mind. They are but poor companions for us.'

'I will think no more of him,' he exclaimed. 'But justice will, sooner or later, overtake him. Let us prepare for our journey from this scene of trouble and affliction. I shall feel better when I am away.'

The next day this couple left the town of Boston, and went back into the country, where, in due time, they were married, and lived happily together, respected by their neighbors, and prosperous in the world. Mr. Dumont was a very high-spirited, proud, aristocratic man, and being a consummate hypo-

crit with all the exposure of his true character by the woman he had seduced, had a very serious effect upon his nervous system. He went home from Mrs. Mason's and shut himself up in his room, and declined receiving any company. His wife was apprehensive that he would become deranged, so powerfully was he wrought upon by his own conscience and wounded pride. A physician was sent for who was admitted to his room. While the doctor was feeling his pulse, he asked him how he felt.

'Feel!' said the patient. 'My brain is all on fire, and my conscience stings me every moment of my life. You have no medicines for such a disease, doctor. It is deep in the soul and you cannot probe it, neither will any opiate quiet it. A doctor of divinity and not a doctor of medicines—a physician of the soul, and not of the body, is what I need. You can retire, sir, with your pills and opiates, for I shall take none of your drugs.'

This was said in such a stern, peremptory manner, that the physician thought it best to make his exit as soon as possible, lest he might become raving, as he fancied he exhibited strong symptoms of insanity. To tell the plain truth, this son of Esculapius was actually afraid that his patient would do him some bodily injury. The Rev. Mr. Stillman was now called in.

'Ah! then the physician of the soul has come?' ejaculated Mr. Dumont, tearfully rolling his eyes, and pointing his trembling finger at the worthy man of God.

'I am but an humble instrument in the hands of Him who sustains us all,' replied this good divine.

'I am a wicked man, sir, and my case is a hopeless one,' exclaimed Dumont. 'You are too late. Conscience is too late. Oh, God! I have committed the unpardonable sin. Stop, keep still! I see a light. Now if I can repent while that light shines, I may be saved. I see it yet, but ah! it grows more dim. There—it still feebly shines.—I must, I will repent. See! Ah my God, it has gone out while I'm an unrepenting sinner. Hell will be my portion. Yes, the deepest, the hottest part of it. Ah! I hear a dark spirit in the distance summoning me to his distant abode! I must go!'

And the poor maniac started across the room as if he was just about to enter that dreadful place which his diseased imagination had clothed with so much terror. Despair was depicted in his wild, rolling eyes. The worthy divine had no power to soothe his troubled spirit. He continued in this state several days, and then a high fever seized his brain, which terminated his life in less than one month from the time when the hapless Catharine Goodwin publicly accused him of the crime of her seduction.

Some two or three weeks after the death of Mr. Dumont, Polly Jenkins told Mrs. Dumont that the day was appointed which was to make her and Ben Saunders one. The good mistress permitted Polly the privilege of having the nuptials celebrated in her house, where the maid had faithfully served for so many years. The wedding was consummated, and the good-hearted maiden became Mrs. Ben Saunders.

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Dumont seriously contemplated taking home the infant which was found in her house. For many days her heart was the theatre of many conflicting feelings. She had become so much

attached to the infant before she heard of its paternity, that she dreamed of the little creature almost every night; but to have the evidence of her husband's guilt continually before her eyes was extremely unpleasant and disagreeable. This was indeed a formidable objection to her receiving the child; then again it would sometimes seem to be her duty to take it, and train it up in the way it should go. Every time she saw the child (and that was quite often) her objections were diminished, until, finally, her love for the foundling gained the ascendancy over all other feelings, and she took it under her care and protection.

Polly Jenkins, or rather Mrs. Saunders frequently saw the sweet little angel, as she called it, and in spite of all her womanly feelings, she could not help wishing, occasionally, and quite often too, that her husband had been the father of that child, for in that case she would have been its step-mother, but now she was destined to go childless down to the grave. The infant became one of the most lovely and interesting females of that day. Her hand was sought in marriage by some of the richest and most aristocratic young men of the 'Town. She finally accepted the proposals of one young man who belonged to the most fashionable circles of that period, became his wife, and occupied a high rank in society. We forbear to mention the name of her husband, because there are those now living, and moving among the 'upper ten thousand' whose pride might be damped, and their feelings wounded, if they should be told of the origin of their family.

'Little Emma also lived and grew up a most beautiful and lovely girl. Being the first child admitted to the benefits of this Asylum, she was highly esteemed by those pious women who originated it and carried it forward. In due time she became the wife of a very respectable mechanic, after having been some two or three years a most valuable domestic in one of the first families of the 'Town. In her life was fully realized the pious ejaculation of her poor aunt. 'Thank God! that a place is provided for my little girl.'

Before we close our narrative, we cannot forbear to mention, in justice to those pious, benevolent, and kind-hearted women, who devised and executed the plan to relieve the distresses of humanity, that nearly five hundred orphan females have been nurtured in this Asylum. An amount of good has been done which can never be known until the scenes of Eternity shall be disclosed to view. The same benevolent spirit which actuated the founders of this humane and charitable institution still animates the hearts of many women of the present day. The society is still in a flourishing condition, and we consider it one of the most interesting features of the history of our city, that such an organization is yet supported by female influence. We have hope, bright, animated hope, for the Metropolis, so long as our women shall be governed by the spirit which laid the foundation of the Boston Female Asylum. Let the members of this Institution adopt the memorable saying of Mrs. James Perkins, '*But while any thing remains to be done, I feel that I have not done enough!* or, if clouds should gather and darken the prospects, let them say as Mrs. Smith did in her hopeful and confiding spirit. '*Ah! draw on my bank of faith!*' and our word for it, this noble institution will continue to be, through all coming time, an instrument in the hands of their Hea-

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even letting her left hand know what her

right hand doeth. The unfortunate Abbot
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mother. How true are the words of the
great poet of Nature:—

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