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LOUISE MARTIN.

THE VILLAGE MAIDEN;

OR,  
THE DANGERS OF CITY LIFE.

A STORY OF CITY SCENES AND THRILLING ADVENTURES.

BY OSGOOD BRADBURY, ESQ.,

Author of 'EMILY, The Beautiful Seamstress,' 'AGNES, THE IROQUOIS MAIDEN,' and other popular stories.

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A. C. Quackenbush

Montgomery

STATE OF OHIO  
V. MARTIN

## LOUISE MARTIN.

### CHAPTER I.

'Ever note, Lucilius,  
When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony.  
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:  
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant show and promise of their  
mettle:  
But when they should endure the bloody  
spear,  
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful  
jades,  
Sink in the trial.'

In a small village in one of the back towns of Maine, lived the widow Martin and her only daughter Louise, a girl who had seen eighteen summers, and whose beauty had attracted many admirers in her native place, but none had yet made any proposals to her in due form. One young man, however, had once hinted to her that he thought more of her than he did of any other girl in the town. His name was John Stebbins, a stalwart, hardy, tough fellow, and an apprentice to the blacksmith's trade. He had not quite reached his majority; but longed for the day to come when he could vote, be a free man, and work for wages.

In the village was one small tavern, two stores, a blacksmith's shop, a school-house, a small church, a shoemaker's little shop,

with the sign of a boat and a shoe over the door, and a pile of leathern scraps and shavings in front, a dilapidated cooper's shop and several dwelling-houses. A short distance from this small clump of buildings stood a saw and grist-mill on a little stream, which in dry seasons afforded hardly sufficient water-power to turn the wheel of the grist-mill.

The cooper's shop stood back of the widow Martin's one storied, unpainted house, and formed a part of her earthly possessions; for her husband, before his death, was a cooper by trade and manufactured cider barrels, butter tubs, and other articles which might be called for. Mr. Martin was an honest man, and industrious when he could keep away from the tavern and the two stores where intoxicating liquors were sold somewhat freely. The unfortunate man lived and died several years before the 'Maine Liquor Law' was ever thought of. He had always been a hard-working man, and for two or three years before his death a hard drinking man in spite of all his good wife's remonstrances, and the tears of his lovely daughter. There was a time when he had accumulated a snug little property and lived quite independently, but when he died he left nothing but his house, his shop and a small garden

spot. His other earnings he had drunk up at the tavern and groceries.

When our story commences, he had been in his grave nearly three years; but the widow contrived to live comfortably and clothe herself and daughter decently. She was what in common parlance is called a smart woman, and Louise was considered a very beautiful girl. So far as beauty and smartness were concerned she was decidedly the belle of the little village. Her moral character was never touched by the foul breath of slander; but she was a poor drunkard's daughter, and poverty kept her in the humble walks of life. Even in this little village there were young ladies who felt themselves above associating with Louise Martin.

The two grocers of the village and the tavern-keeper had daughters who moved in a rank above the cooper's daughter. Yet the latter possessed much more personal beauty than either of the former. Louise knew full well that the parents of these young ladies were poor, and that consideration was the quick; for she was poor. The articles of finery which she cared at the village Church were purchased with the cooper's hard earned money, for which he had received nothing but liquid poison that destroyed his habits of industry and hurried him into a drunkard's grave.

Every time Louise saw these girls at Church or walking in the streets of the village in their new bonnets and silk dresses, she felt as if justice was not done in this world, and hoped that the time might come when she could become their equals or even rise above them. A small mirror in her little chamber revealed the fact to her that she was by no means destitute of personal charms, and these charms she was determined to bring to a good market. The truth is, Louise

Martin was proud spirited and aspiring, and had often dreamed of a husband whose wealth would command the respect of the world and raise her even above the grocers' daughters in her own native village. Such thoughts often occupied her mind, and even her good mother sometimes had similar dreams. Perhaps if her father had not become a drunkard and left herself and mother poor, Louise might not have indulged such aspirations, and probably she would not have indulged them to such an extent if she had not seen these village girls so finely dressed at her father's expense. The liquors their fathers had sold had not only clothed them in purple and fine linen, but had also deprived her of the means of having as good a wardrobe as they possessed, and drove her into a rank below them. Her proud spirit could not brook such considerations and she was restless and unhappy under them.

For more than a year she had been contemplating a visit to Boston for the purpose of seeking employment, and trying her fortune in the city. She was exceedingly apt with the needle and so was her mother. Since her husband's death and some time previous to that melancholy event, the widow had followed dress-making, and Louise had become somewhat skilled in that art. She flattered herself that she could succeed as a fashionable dress-maker in the city, and accumulate money after she had worked awhile at the trade with some skillful woman. Her mother had serious doubts and misgivings about her going to the city where there are so many snares and temptations; but after a long consideration of the subject, she finally consented, and all the necessary preparations were made for her departure.

It was a beautiful evening in the month of June, and Louise had been out to bid some of her more intimate friends a farewell previous to her leaving the village the next

morning. Many of her friends thought the undertaking was a hazardous one, and some of the young village belles who moved in circles above Louise threw out some hints that she was going for no good purpose; but these proud girls envied the cooper's daughter because she possessed more beauty than they did, and, consequently, were not very guarded in their expressions about her visit to Boston. Her intended departure was the subject of much talk and not a little village slander, especially from young ladies whose personal charms were less than hers. Many regretted she had determined to leave the place where she was born and bred; and none regretted it more than several of the young men; but the young blacksmith's heart was more seriously affected than any other. After he had ascertained that she was really going, he blamed himself for not making love to her more earnestly than he had; but he was not yet twenty-one years of age and still bound as an apprentice to his trade, and what could the young man do? He was powerless, and yet felt as if he could not be happy without the society of Louise.

'O, mother, the evening is delightful, and I think I shall have a good day for my journey to Portland, to-morrow,' said Louise, as she entered the house, after having made some last calls upon her friends.

'The weather does promise to be fair; but, Louise, I feel very reluctant to let you go,' replied her mother. 'They say there are many wicked young men, and old ones, too, in the city who are constantly upon the watch for country girls.'

'I think I understand that,' said Louise. 'I ought to be old enough to take care of myself.'

'You may think you do, and yet fail after all,' said the mother. 'It is a great change to go from this quiet little village to a large

city like Boston. Thousands of girls have gone from this State there, and been ruined, so deacon Marsten told me not two hours ago. And he says a good-looking girl is always surrounded by many temptations in such a city. The deacon knows, for he has been there several times.'

'I don't think my beauty will injure me,' said Louise. 'I wish I had more of it, and then, perhaps, I might obtain a rich husband. O, I wish I could become rich just to torment those proud, haughty Sanford girls! I should almost be tempted to marry a rich man, even if I didn't love him much, for the sake of tormenting them.'

'I know they are envious and haughty; but you must be cautious how you listen to rich men's promises of marriage,' replied the widow. 'They are often made and never intended to be fulfilled, and you must be ware of such snares. In such a city it is almost impossible to tell who is rich and who is poor, especially among young men, for they all dress well and may appear to have much money when they are as poor as church mice, so deacon Marston says.'

A knocking was now heard at the door, and Louise told her mother it was John Stebbins, for she could distinguish his knocking from all others. She was right, and the young blacksmith entered. The compliments of the evening were passed.

'Well, John, I suppose Louise will start on her journey in the morning,' said the widow.

'So, I understand, and wish I was going too,' he replied.

'I wish you were, so that you might protect Louise,' replied the mother.

'O, I wish I was free!' he said. 'Well, I shall be in less than two months, and then I shall not settle down in this little place; I shouldn't wonder if I visited Boston early in the fall. Some say I can get more wages

there than I can here, and I think I shall try it.'

'I hope you will, John,' said Louise — 'Boston is the place to make money, I hope. You will have your trade before you go, and I shall have to learn mine after I get there.'

'You'll soon learn,' replied the young blacksmith. 'You can work better now than some of the Boston dress-makers, I dare say.'

'Perhaps I can use the needle as well; but then I must learn the fashions,' said Louise. 'If I have the faculty, I'm determined to be one of the most fashionable dress-makers in the city.'

'You mustn't pitch your tune too high,' said the widow.

'I don't intend to pitch it higher than I can sing it,' replied Louise, laughing. 'But before another summer comes, I'll show the Sandford girls that they knew nothing about the fashions.'

'Well, well, Louise, you must not be too sanguine in your expectations, lest you be disappointed,' said the mother. 'I hope you will do well and like the place; but after all, come home again before

all want to see home, but learn my trade thoroughly and make money,' replied Louise.

The conversation continued for some time, and the young blacksmith took his leave with a heavy heart. It seemed to him that Louise never looked so beautiful before, nor interested him so deeply as she did at this time. There are some birds that look the most beautiful when they spread their plumage to take their flight. And so it was with Louise in the eyes of John Stebbins. He found himself decidedly in love, and longed for his apprenticeship to expire.

## CHAPTER II.

*The stage coach ride. Incidents on the road. The aged couple. Their advice, and admonition. The dinner. A young man with glazed cap, &c.*

THE morning was bright and beautiful; the air was warm and bland, and the country never looked more refreshing. Long before the sun was up, the widow Martin and her daughter were stirring and making preparation for the journey. The mind of Louise was fixed upon trying her fortunes in the Metropolis of New England, and she could not be moved from her purpose. But we must permit this young village belle relate her own story.

'I rose very early, than two hours sooner for the stage coach, seven o'clock, but might as well be up as passed a restless night, and endeavored to persuade me not to go; but I was determined upon striking out into a new what I could do for myself. Before the stage coach arrived, he made his appearance, and

somewhat excited about my leaving my native village. I supposed I had taken my last interview with him the evening previous, but it was evident that the young man loved me more than he was aware of; for I saw a tear in his eye as he assisted me into the carriage, and when he bid me farewell his voice trembled and its peculiar tones evinced the depth of his feelings. I confess his appearance at that moment very sensibly impressed my heart; I was not conscious that he loved me so deeply and ardently. It is quite possible that if he had made known his feelings a few weeks sooner, I might have given up the idea of seeking my fortunes in a distant city; but it was too late, and my mind was

made up. The driver cracked his whip, and away I was borne from my native home, and a kind mother whom I loved most dearly. In the stage there was an old gentleman and his wife who were bound for Portland. They were strangers to me, but we soon formed a stage-coach acquaintance, and conversed freely upon a variety of subjects. — Much time did not elapse before the old lady found out who it was, where was I going, and the object I had in view.

'Going to Boston, eh?' she said, adjusting her spectacles, and looking me full in the face.

I told her I was, and hoped I should have good luck in my endeavors to make money, for my mother was poor, and I intended to help her as well as myself.

'And going all the way alone?' she asked, still gazing upon me with much apparent interest, while the husband sat listening; for he appeared to have quite as much curiosity as she had.

'All alone,' I replied; 'I think I can find the way there, if can't, I will return home.'

She remained silent for some minutes, and still, looked at me as if she would read in the expression of my countenance the inmost feelings of my heart. Her husband, too, kept his eyes fastened upon me as if he saw something out of joint. At any rate, he appeared so to me.

'Have you ever been in Boston?' he asked.

I told him I had never been twenty miles from home in my life, which seemed to surprise him very much.

'Boston is a great city,' he added. 'All sorts of people there, some good, and some bad.'

'Yes, and I fear quite as many bad ones as there are good according to all I can hear,' said the old lady. 'One of our neighbor's darters went there a few years ago, and she became very wicked and almost broke the

heart of her poor mother! I knew her very well before she left home, and she was not half so handsome as you are.'

'Ah, you flatter me,' I replied, smiling. 'Not half so much as the young men will flatter you,' added the good old man.

'Let me tell you, young woman, I once lived in Boston, and know how full the city is of temptations. I fear you are carrying your beauty to a dangerous market. Beware of men's flattering tongues. Believe not a tithe they may say to you; I'm old now, and have been reading men's hearts for nearly four score years.'

'And do you find them more wicked than you once supposed?' I asked.

'Ah, young woman, a great deal more so,' he replied. 'Avarice and appetite are formidable foes to humanity. They assume all sorts of shapes, and however fair they may seem, still there's sin at the bottom. — We are told from high authority that the whole world lieth in wickedness, and the more years pass over our heads the more truth we find in the remark. I wish you well — hope you will succeed in your enterprise; but permit me to caution you against the wiles of wicked men.'

'Yes, and of wicked women, too,' added the good old lady.

'My wife has well added such a remark,' he replied. 'There are, indeed, sinful women, as well as sinful men, and they will not hesitate to lead their own sex astray for filthy lucre.'

'Look out for the avarice of women, and the appetites of men,' said the good old wife. 'My husband has well said. Avarice and appetite are terrible foes to humanity! I never was in the city to which you are bound, but when I was a girl I resided in Portland. It was a smaller place then than it is now, and yet wickedness did abound. I knew a poor widow there, who

had two handsome darters, and both of 'em died miserable deaths in the Almshouse.—The mother lived to follow them to untimely and dishonorable graves! They were once beautiful, innocent gals; but the destroyer came, and they fell from that virtue which we ought to prize almost above every other virtue. My old heart bleeds when I think of such things!

I was so much affected by this aged couple's conversation that I knew not what to say, and remained silent and thoughtful. My strongest sympathies were awakened; for I saw tears running down the furrowed cheeks of the old lady.

The stage now stopped at a small village and took a team of fresh horses. We had ridden about twelve miles; but the time seemed very short to me. I was glad no other passengers were taken at this stopping place; for I desired to hear more from my aged companions and religious friends. In a few minutes we were under way again.

'We are having a fine ride,' said the old man. 'I was afraid the stage would be full as it is sometimes.'

'We may be crowded before we reach the wife.'

'I shall not,' I replied. 'I wish to take the boat this evening to accompany me to Boston.'

'We have been talking of going there for a year or two past, but I think we shall give it up, we are so old,' he replied.—'The prospect now is that you will have a pleasant night for your steamboat ride.'

'I never saw a steamboat,' I replied.—'Such a sight will be a great novelty to me. I hope I shall not be frightened.'

'You must look out for the rowdies on board the boat,' he said. 'Steamboats carry all sorts of passengers, and among them are some very wicked ones. You must have an eye upon the villains, if any should be on board.'

'I will endeavor to heed all your kind and friendly admonitions,' I answered.—

'You have given me some excellent advice, and I trust I shall profit by it.'

'May the Lord in his mercy help you to do so,' added the old lady. 'We have said nothing but what we believe to be true.'

'Indeed, you have not, and I can assure you I feel under very great obligations for the interest you have manifested in my welfare,' I answered. 'As you say I shall find all kinds of characters on board the boat; but if they steal my purse they will not find quite so much in it as they could wish.'

'They may not seek your purse so anxiously as something else,' he said. 'Your dark eyes may be more attractive.'

'A little gold you may possess are thousands who would rather have money, if they had an opportunity of your age always think more of being married. It is all well, but you should think so, and men go accordingly. It is easy for very strong declarations of many solemn promises of marriage declarations and promises become to effect their vile purposes.'

'You open your ears to such falsehoods. I will endeavor to do so, I shall study well the heart of addresses me in the character.'

'Beware of those who profess to fall in love at first sight,' said the shrewd old lady. 'Such a thing may happen as really falling in love at first sight, but it does not often occur.'

The stage was now driven up to a very respectable looking public house where they 'changed horses' again. There were quite a number of young men standing on the piazza, smoking cigars, talking, laughing, and watching us as we stepped from the carriage. I heard one of them say as I

was passing through the carriage door, 'there's a devilish handsome girl.' I saw the young man who made the remark.—He had upon his head a glazed cap and a cigar in his mouth. In person he was rather tall, and handsomely formed. He had in his hand a fishing-rod, and a kind of basket hanging by his side. I can assure the reader that his remark did not flatter me in the least degree, but rather disgusted me than otherwise.

The aged couple and myself passed into a sitting-room, and waited a few minutes for dinner and the exchange of horses. It was not my purpose to dine, but my aged companions insisted upon my taking dinner with them, and I yielded to their request. In a

few minutes we were invited into the dining-room, as we were seated at the table, and quite a number of them was the young man who took his seat beside me. He was a fine looking fellow, and eyed me very sharply.—

Long at the table before he ordered wine which a waiter brought. There was a kind of conversation which did not at all interest me. It seemed that my attention of this conversation kept his eyes upon me. He did upon the food he

did not remove my bonnet, but sat with it on. My hair was of a dark chestnut color, and hung down beside my cheeks in large curls; I always wore it in that fashion. I frankly confess I was proud of my hair, for it was very fine and curled very naturally. My complexion, too, was very clear, but not white. It was rather brunette; my eyes were very dark. I think I can safely say I was not very proud of the little beauty I possessed; still I was not willing to part with any of it for love or money. The young man, I knew from the

expression of his countenance, was anxious to say something to me; but good manners, or, a fear of my old friends, forbid him. He supposed I might be their granddaughter.—The old gentleman's eyes were upon him, and watched every motion he made. He drank his wine freely and shared a portion of it with the young men who dined there. They seemed to be somewhat acquainted with each other. I was fearful he might offer me some of his wine, but to my joy he did not. He and his companions were very lively, and had much to say about trout-catching and such matters.

### CHAPTER III.

*The aged couple give salutary advice. The journey continues. The young receives counsel from the lips of age. The parting. The emotions of a young lady, &c.*

AFTER dinner the old gentleman remarked to me in the sitting-room that he did not like the cut of that young fellow's jib, as he expressed it. The old lady gave some hints of her dislike.

'I don't like to see a young fellow of his age call for his bottle of wine,' said my old companion. 'Such a practice at his age may lead to more dangerous habits.'

'Yes, to the drunkard's grave,' replied the old lady. 'I have known several young men who begun their career to such a grave with their bottles of wine at the dinner table. To see a young man drunk is a very sad spectacle for my eyes. The chances of becoming an useful member of society are greatly against that young fellow. He feels quite big now, but the time may come when he will wish he had not drank wine with his dinner.'

'Ah, it is, indeed, a dangerous practice for a young man,' said the husband. 'The

stomach is a peculiar organ. When it is fed with stimulating drinks, it continually cries for deeper and stronger potations.—Like the horse leech it cries for more, and will not be satisfied until it becomes diseased and the man drops into a premature grave.—Let me say to you, young woman, beware of these wine-bibbing young men. Ten chances to one they will become drunkards. And what more miserable condition can a woman be placed in than to have a drunken husband?

I cordially agreed with the remarks of these aged people, and told them I would be on my guard against forming such a connection. Word now came to us that the 'stage's ready.' We all got on board, and much to my surprise the young man also got into the stage and sat fronting me. He now felt more at liberty than he did at the dinner table, and began to converse, first with the old gentleman and then with me. The first remark he made to me was about the weather. I wondered where he could be going, and had some curiosity to know.—There was an impression upon my mind that

and was bound for that impression came upon I hoped the old gentleman here he was going, with is, the old gentleman was unable with him; but the young man more talkative the farther we were. The old lady spoke but a very little. She disliked the young man more than her husband did, if that were possible. His conversation was principally directed to me, especially after we had ridden a few miles. I endeavored to keep back as much as I could conveniently and not be too impolite. I knew very well that my old companions were not at all pleased to have me converse with him, and on that account I felt under severe constraint.

'I have had some rare sport angling for trout for the last few weeks,' said the young man, addressing me.

I answered that I thought it was rather cruel to hook and kill the beautiful trout.—He perfectly agreed with me, but said he could not resist the temptation however cruel it might be.

'That is too often the case with young men of the present age,' said the old gentleman. 'They don't resist temptation; but they ought to do so when they are young, or their old age will be miserable and unhappy. Begin in season to say, "*get behind me Satan,*" and depend upon it young man, you'll find the current of your life to flow more smoothly and pleasantly.'

'That may be so; but you know, sir, the young men do not view things through the same medium as the old do,' replied the young man.

'True, but the question is, who sees matters in the truer light, the old or the young?' asked my old friend. 'The old have experience which is said to be the best schoolmaster. I know that when I was of your age I committed many errors, and made many mistakes which have proved sources of much trouble to me, and hence I see the propriety and even necessity of warning young men of the great dangers that lie in their paths. I noticed that you took wine with your dinner.'

'I did, sir; but I trust you do not deem that a sin,' answered the young man.

'If not absolutely a sin, it is a dangerous practice for a young person to say the least of it,' replied the good old gentleman.—'The stomach is a wonderful organ in the human system, and may be trained to either good or bad habits. We must be careful how we tamper with it, lest it gain the mastery over us. The time may come when your stomach will not be satisfied with wine at dinner, but cry aloud for a beverage much

stronger than wine, and at other periods of the twenty hours. Thousands upon thousands whose bodies now lie mouldering in the drunkard's grave began their career by even the moderate use of wine. Touch not, taste not, handle not, ought to be the maxim of all, and then the awful sin of drunkenness will be avoided. You understand me, I trust.'

'I think I do, sir,' replied the young man. 'Your doctrine may be correct; but I feel as if I could govern myself.'

'Govern yourself!' repeated the sage old man. 'Govern yourself! I fear, young man, that you are not aware of the difficulty of the task. You have often heard of the fame of some great general who has led armies through oceans of blood to conquest and victory.'

'I have, sir, and what is the inference you would draw from that?' inquired the young man, smiling, and looking at me.

'The Book of Books says, he that conquereth himself is greater than he who taketh a city,' replied the old counsellor.

The young man made no immediate reply; his eyes fastened upon me, and what thoughtful. It was not words the old man spoke, or in which he uttered them that seemed to effect the person to whom they were addressed.

The old man's face was much furrowed by the ploughshare of time; his locks were as white as snow, and hung in scattered curls over his neck and shoulders. His complexion was clear, and every lineament of his countenance manifested love and benevolence. His eyes were once a deep blue, but time had somewhat faded them; yet without materially diminishing their expression. He was a fine specimen of a good old age, and I can never forget him. His aged partner, too, was a fine looking old lady. We all sat in silence for some minutes, and no

one seemed disposed to break it. I noticed that the young man kept staring at me with his black, lustrous eyes, and seemed to be highly gratified, if not charmed with my looks. Now experience has taught me that no young lady can remain perfectly indifferent when she is conscious that a young man of genteel appearance is in love with her. No matter how suddenly that love may spring up in his heart, if she believes it is there, her nerves will be more or less affected, and she cannot remain indifferent.—But I will not at this stage of my narrative attempt to give a description of the workings of my own heart. It is true, the young man was handsome, easy in his manners, ready in conversation, and appeared to be the son of a rich man. I here confess that the latter consideration made quite an impression upon my heart; for I longed to be the wife of a wealthy husband, and go with him to my native village, and torment those young ladies who felt so much above me.—This was one of my most easily besetting sins. They might, and probably did envy my beauty; (what little I possessed,) and I envied their parents' wealth, and their fine dresses.

The roads grew better and the horses increased their speed. The weather was very pleasant and I very much enjoyed the ride. We had ridden more than a mile in silence, and at last the old man broke the silence by another quotation from the Scriptures, addressed to the young man.

He said in a distinct and even musical voice. 'Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last, it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth upon the top of a mast.'

He said no more at the moment, but gazed upon the young man as if he anxiously desired his reformation, while the latter



looked as if he knew not what reply to make. I began to feel quite a strong curiosity to know how far the young man was traveling, where he belonged, and who were his relatives; but my mother had taught me too much politeness to ask him any questions touching such subjects. I hoped, however, the old gentleman would ask him; but he seemed more anxious for the young man's reformation than he did to learn any thing respecting his temporal affairs. At last the young man said, 'I confess, sir, that you have got the better of me in argument. We are all prone, especially in our younger days, to do things that will not bear a very searching scrutiny.'

I became more interested in the young man from the fact of his listening to the old counsellor with so much respect and attention. It seemed to me that the young fellow's moral principles were not so bad after all. And I think the old gentleman entertained a more favorable opinion of him than he did at the dinner table. He and the old man conversed freely together; but their conversation was upon moral and religious

Not a word was said by either upon subject; and it seemed as if my was destined to disappointment.—

Before nightfall we reached Portland. The gentleman and his wife left the stage coach in front of a fine looking house, and the rest of us were hurried down to the steamboat wharf, as there was no time to lose. My old friends bid me an affectionate farewell. I confess I was pleased that the young man did not leave the carriage, but kept on to the boat. Although we had not conversed together for several miles back; yet his eyes were fastened upon me, and spoke the feelings of his heart. At least, so it seemed to me.

## CHAPTER IV.

*Our heroine discovers many novelties. The attention of her gallant. The Steamboat. The thunder shower. The effects of electricity upon love affairs. The progress, &c.*

I HAD never seen a steamboat, and was anxious to see one. As the carriage was driven down the wharf I heard a terrible noise which at first gave my nerves a shock. The young man noticed that I was somewhat startled and said they were blowing off the steam to keep the boilers from bursting. I knew nothing about that kind of philosophy, but his remarks quieted my nerves, and he assisted me from the carriage.

'You are going to Boston, I suppose,' he said, as I stepped from the carriage. I told him such was my destination. He appeared to be very glad, and told me he was bound for the same city. This was the first intimation I had from him that he was going to Boston. My heart rejoiced at it; and yet my mother's warnings and the old man's admonitions were fresh in my memory, and cautioned me to beware how I suffered myself to become familiar with a strange young man. But he seemed to be a sort of an acquaintance, and I felt as if I was really among strangers. Hundreds of faces I saw, but not one I had ever seen before, and the young man was very attentive to me, and saw that my trunk was safely on board the boat. The truth is, he was very kind, and seemed to be the only friend I had with me. When the wheels were put in motion and the boat moved off, I was much excited, but the young man was by my side and even offered me his arm, which in my excitement I accepted.

The evening was delightful, and the ocean in the light of a full moon was the most magnificent spectacle I ever beheld. I have

since been convinced that it was a most propitious evening for love-making; but I must not anticipate, but let my narrative proceed according to the order of events.

As we stood upon the promenade deck, first looking at the moonbeams playing upon the Ocean waves, and then at the bespangled firmament which was hung like a gorgeous curtain over our heads; we gazed towards the west, and saw a dark cloud occasionally fringed with brilliant and momentary light, but no thunder was heard. The cloud was distant, and the wheels of the boat made such a noise that we could not have heard the rolling of the thunder even had the murky and threatening cloud been nearer to us. The lightning was very sharp, and almost incessant, and the cloud appeared to be fast nearing our boat. We stood silent and gazed upon this beautiful pyrotechnic display of the heavens. It seemed to me I never saw the electric fluid more vivid and frequent than on this occasion.

'Think we shall have a shower?' I asked, in a subdued tone of voice; for I was somewhat alarmed at the black and threatening aspect of the heavens.

'It may reach us,' he replied. 'But I think it will pass to the South. The cloud is very black and highly charged with rain and electricity.'

'And I fear with wind, too, for it seems to be coming up very fast,' I added, while he pressed my arm more closely to his side, and seemed really to manifest some anxiety for my safety.

'It may blow some; but our boat is very staunch and can ride out a very severe gale,' he answered. 'You're not afraid of thunder and lightning, are you?'

I replied that I was not particularly cowardly, but always felt some degree of alarm on such occasions, even on the land, and how I should feel on the water in the midst

of a thunder-shower I could not tell, as I had no experience.

'O, there's no more danger on the water than on the land,' he said; still pressing my arm, and placing the palm of his hand upon the back of mine.'

I suffered it to remain a short time; but a moment's reflection convinced me that I ought not to encourage his familiarity, however innocent his motives might be, and withdrew my hand from under his. He did not attempt to detain it, and appeared not to notice it particularly. I told him I did not know as there was more danger on the water than on the land, unless the wind should blow violently. He assured me that the steamboat could ride out almost any gale. We now changed our position to a place from which we could more distinctly see the thunder-cloud.

'Dear me!' I said. 'How fast it comes. It will soon be over our heads! At that moment a brilliant flash of lightning darted from the cloud and shot over the water in a zigzag form, making many angles and seeming to rest a moment over the bosom of the waters before it went out. It was soon followed by a loud peal of thunder which was distinctly heard above all other noises on board the boat. I remarked that that must be very heavy thunder.'

'It is, indeed,' he replied. 'How beautiful the lightning displayed itself.'

'More terrible than beautiful,' I added. 'Such flashes always make me tremble. I never before saw such a sublime display.'

'I confess it was very grand,' he remarked. 'But there's no danger. We are just as safe here as we should be in the stage-coach.'

Another flash darted out from the edge of the cloud more vivid and terrible than the first, followed by a tremendous crash of thunder. I was really alarmed and proposed

going below; but he prevailed upon me to remain, assuring me there was no more danger in one place than in another. The cloud kept rising and the lightning increasing in splendor and frequency. Soon we felt a change of wind, and a few scattering rain drops fell upon the water. The wind increased and sounded mournfully to me as it swept over the ocean and through the boat. It seemed to me I never felt the wind blow more violently; but the boat kept on its course, and skimmed over the foaming billows like a thing of life.

The young man kept close at my side and seemed to press harder the more the storm raged. I have no doubt he sought that opportunity to become more familiar with me. The violence of the storm absorbed all my attention, and I hardly noticed that he held my hand in his and pressed it as often as the lightnings flashed and the thunders rolled.

The wind and rain increased, and I became quite alarmed. The boat began to reel and dance upon the waves; and no doubt I should have been quite seasick, if I had been so much frightened. I have wondered if electricity has any congeniency in making love. And I have the question whether the human heart is more susceptible of love-impressions in a thunder-shower than at any other time. My readers may discuss that question at their leisure, for I cannot dwell upon it at this stage of my narrative.

The wind now made a dreadful sweep over the steamboat and shrieked mournfully amidst the iron rods or chains that sustained the smoke-pipes, accompanied by brilliant and incessant flashes of lightning, loud peals of thunder and floods of rain. It seemed to me that we must all go to the bottom of the sea and become food for the sharks and other voracious monsters of the great deep. Being so much alarmed I unconsciously

clung to the young man for a support, and found myself soon after in his arms. Immediately I roused up and disengaged myself from his embrace. He seemed perfectly willing to protect me, and did all he could to guard me against the violence of the storm.

The wind began to abate, and we could see some clear sky at the west between the cloud and the horizon. The rain also ceased in a good degree, and the lightnings now came from the other edge of the cloud. Much time did not elapse before the silver moon made her appearance, looking more bright and beautiful from her transient obscurity. Her beams again played upon the waters whose recently lashed billows began to fall away into peace and quietness, and the bosom of the ocean to assume a comparatively smooth surface.

My fright was over, and the matters looked more beautiful than they were before the shower. My gallant was very attentively attentive; but since I have to believe that he wished the storm to continue much longer than it did; very fond of protecting me and my nerves.

After the shower had passed a beautiful moon and the bright stars appeared in the heavens, my companion mentioned me in a very polite and even cunning manner, about my family relations and the objects I had in view in visiting the Metropolis of New England. I frankly told him all, and kept nothing back. I began to feel interested in him and cherished a desire to question him in relation to his situation and circumstances; but I was cautious, if not diffident. He seemed to have an instinctive impression that I cherished such a desire; for after I had told him the simple story of my life, he remarked that he ought to be as frank and as communicative as I had been. I told him he must act his own pleasure.

'My pleasure is, he continued, 'to give you as much information about myself as you have given me in relation to yourself. I am the only son of a merchant of Boston who has retired from mercantile pursuits and lives upon the income of his estates. I do not wish to boast of my father's wealth.'

'I shall not consider such a relation as boasting,' I replied; feeling quite anxious for him to continue his story.

He continued—'I generally go down to Maine, once and sometimes twice a year to see to a large tract of wild land which my father owns in the town where I took the stage-coach for Portland. I always take my fishing-rod with me and enjoy the sport of angling of which I am very fond. My father has wealth enough; but he yet very keenly feels the loss of my mother, who died about

I have but one sister, who younger than I am.'

she is a very beautiful and accomplished lady,' I said.

'he replied; while the light revealed a pleasant smile on his

so imagine that you have the most beautiful girl in your heart, expect to wed ere long,' I added, feeling a strange interest in the

night give to my question. I hope my female readers will pardon me for cherishing such an interest on so short an acquaintance with this young man, but I did feel it, and thus frankly confess it.

'O, no,' he replied, smiling, and playing with one of the ringlets of my hair upon which the moonbeams were shining and adding new lustre to it. I have never seen the girl whom I am willing to make my wife, unless the beams of yonder bright moon now reveals her to my eyes.'

'Pardon me,' I quickly added, 'if I pronounce that flattery.'

'You have my pardon; but I did not intend it as flattery,' he answered; seizing my hand, and pressing it to his lips.

I suddenly withdrew my hand, and told him not only his words but his acts spoke of flattery.

'Excuse me,' he said, 'I intend no wrong, but I feel a deeper interest in you than I have ever felt in any young lady before.'

The evening was now far advanced, and after some conversation, we separated for the night. I went to the ladies' cabin and got into my berth; but my mind was disquieted, and it was a long time before sleep came to my relief. I had not yet learned his name; but I dreamed of him, of his father's wealth and of being married. But I will not relate dreams, for there are real incidents in my life which are enough to fill a volume without having recourse to the wild vagaries of a sleeping mind.

#### CHAPTER. V.

*A delightful morning upon the ocean.—Oceanic scenery. A new character. The temptations of the heroine. The cunning of an old libertine, &c.*

THE morning dawned bright and beautiful, and I arose at an early hour that I might see the ocean and the land, if any was within the range of my vision. During the night the boat had been delayed on her passage by the breaking of some portion of the machinery connected with the engine, but it had been repaired, and the boat was now skimming over the smooth bright waters like a big water fowl.

Not a breath of air disturbed the smooth surface of the sea, and all the objects in sight greatly interested me. I began to feel as if I wished I had been a young man and could follow the sea, so fascinating was the ocean and its scenery.



I went to the same spot where I was the evening previous during the thunder shower, and gazed upon the bright expanse of waters and the green islands and distant shore.

The sun rose, and it seemed to me that it arose out of the 'deep, deep sea.' I never before beheld such a beautiful and magnificent sun-rise. The king of day, too, looked like a large ball of fire coming up from the depths of the ocean, and it seemed to me that his bright beams must have been extinguished in a bed so wet; but his face was as bright and beautiful as when I had seen it coming up from the hills of Maine. I saw several fishes or other creatures disporting themselves in the calm waters. O, how I wished my good mother could have been with me to enjoy such glorious sights!—And excuse me, dear reader, when I say I wished the son of the rich merchant would rise from his couch and talk of the beautiful scenery that every where met my astonished eyes. I felt as if such sights would give me more pleasure, if I could but enjoy them with some friend or acquaintance. I was a ger in a strange vessel, and but one on board whom I knew, and with I had but a slight acquaintance. I and the aged couple were with me that I might hear their remarks upon the ocean and its sublime and interesting scenes. I thought of the proud and haughty girls of my native village, and my return home at some future day with a rich husband. A thousand thoughts crowded upon my mind, and my nerves were much excited, but I was not destined to remain long alone; for an elderly, well-dressed gentleman came along, walking backward and forward, and occasionally bestowing a glance upon me. He was a fine looking man, and seemed to feel as if he would like to address me; at least, so he seemed to me. I did not know but my vanity gave such thoughts; but I soon found, however, that my conjectures were right.

After passing me several times, and occasionally fixing his eyes upon me, he came up and said, 'A very beautiful morning we have. I have never seen the Atlantic dressed in more gorgeous robes, and I have sailed many thousands of miles on the oceans of different parts of the globe.'

I remarked to him that I had never seen the ocean before, and never a larger collection of water than some of the small lakes of my native State.

'Indeed!' he added. 'You have chosen a fine time for your first trip. True, we had a violent thunder storm last evening, but that only added sublimity to the scene.'

'It seemed to me it was the grandest I ever witnessed,' I answered.

'Such storms always appear more sublime on the water than on the land,' he added, 'I think I noticed you last evening in company with a young man; your brother, perhaps, or it may be your husband.'

'O, no, sir,' I replied, smiling. 'The young gentleman is a stranger to me. I never saw him before yesterday. We rode together in a stage coach, and he very kindly took care of my trunk. I don't even know his name.'

'Indeed!' he said. 'Then you are journeying alone to the city! I suppose you have some relatives or friends there whom you are going to visit.'

'I have not,' I answered. 'There's no living person in Boston whom I know. I am going to seek employment.'

He remained silent and thoughtful a few moments, and seemed somewhat surprised that I should be thus alone. I knew from the expression of his countenance that he was surprised, for that some other feeling was at work in his heart. At last he spoke.

'Going to seek employment,' he repeated, after quite a long pause. 'And what, may I ask, do you propose to do?'

'Learn dressmaking,' I replied. 'I have now some knowledge of the trade; but wish to learn it better so that I can work and earn money.'

'There are a great many dressmakers in the city,' he said, looking as if he thought I had better engage in some other employment.

'I suppose,' I replied. 'There may be room for me, especially if I excel in the business.'

'O, yes,' he added. 'You may do well; but there are other situations that might be more agreeable to you. How should you like to get married to a man who has money enough to support you like a lady?'

He smiled, chuckled me under the chin, and acted as though he was quite a young man. I also smiled, and he seemed to be very much pleased. I told him I was not old enough to think of marriage.

'Sufficiently old,' he replied. 'I should never want a wife older than you are.'

'I suppose you have one much older,' I said, smiling, and feeling as if he was a jolly old man, and excellent company.

'Indeed I have none at all,' he replied. 'But I assure you I have recently been thinking of hunting up one.'

'You can find enough of them either in the city or country,' I said.

'True, there are women enough; but then I must have one who fits my eye. I have traveled over all the world and have never yet seen one whom I should be willing to wed. This may seem strange to you, but such is the fact. Old bachelors are generally called very particular, and so far as I am concerned, I frankly acknowledge the charge; I am particular, especially in the choice of a partner for life.'

'You are so nice in your notions, and

so exacting in your demands, I fear you will never find a woman who will suit you,' I answered. 'I don't see but you must always remain in single blessedness.'

'I have indulged the same fears,' he answered, gently tossing on his fore-finger one of the curls of my hair, and smiling most graciously.

He was a fine-looking, portly man. His face was smooth and pleasant, and he seemed to possess much good humor. I was pleased with him, and never once dreamed that he was actuated by vicious motives. His age prevented me from harboring any suspicions against his character. The young man who had made my acquaintance the day previous had not that redeeming quality. Although I was pleased with him, yet I entertained some suspicions of his motives.

'I think you have reason to indulge in such fears,' I answered, smiling.

'Perhaps I have,' he replied, taking my hand in his, and gently pressing it. 'But I frankly confess I have never seen a girl whose expression of countenance pleases me so much as yours. It seems as if I had been long acquainted with you, and I suppose the reason is, because you approach so near the image of a woman my fancy has formed in my heart. Men will always love something in the form of a woman, whether that form be an imaginary or a real one. A thousand times I have imagined what kind of a looking girl I should be willing to make my wife, but never have seen one, unless my eyes now behold her. The more I look at you the more I am convinced that you more resemble my fancy-formed idol than any other girl I have ever seen.'

During these remarks he held and pressed my hand, smiled sweetly, appeared honest and sincere; so much so, that I could not suspect him of any bad motives at the time. He was a gentleman who had lived more than a half a century, and yet he did not

look old in many respects. His hair and whiskers were somewhat silvered by age; yet there were no wrinkles in his face, his form was symmetrical, and his motions easy and graceful.

'I hope, sir, you are no flatterer,' I remarked, gently withdrawing my hand from his warm grasp.

'My age must protect me from such a charge,' he added. 'If a young man had said as much, perhaps, you would have been justified in being suspicious of him; but you ought not to charge me with flattery, for I plead not guilty to such a charge. I assure you that your face, form, tone of voice, manners, motions, every thing in fact, impress my heart with a deep interest for you, and I ask the privilege of a further acquaintance. Will you permit me to conduct you to a boarding house when we arrive in the city. The boat will reach the wharf in the course of three hours. I know of a boarding house kept by a very respectable lady of my acquaintance who will treat you very kindly. She is an excellent woman, and will assist you in getting employment, if you should desire it. She is well acquainted with many of the most respectable and fashionable dress-makers in the city.— But after all I may give you a better home than any other you can find in Boston. I have a splendid house, very handsomely furnished, and if the impressions continue which your person has made upon my heart I will wed you and make you the mistress of my establishment.'

I told him the young man whom he saw with me last evening had made me promise to accompany him to a boarding house he had selected, and that I supposed I was under obligations to him. A change came over the expression of his countenance, and he seemed really to be very much disappointed. He looked so sorrowful that I felt my sympathies drawn out in his behalf, and

regretted I had made any promises to the young man.

It seemed to me that my beauty was never so highly appreciated before; and I began to fancy that I did really look better and possessed more personal charms than I had ever dreamed of. Even before I had reached the city I had two lovers, both of whom were apparently rich, and could give me a splendid home. Under such circumstances it is not strange that I was somewhat bewildered, and hardly knew what course to pursue. After a short pause, he broke the silence.

'Heaven forbid that I should injure the character or reputation of any person,' he said, in a tone of voice full of sympathy and kindness. 'But the duty I owe myself and you, compels me to caution you against the young men of the city. They are very corrupt and not say any thing whose acquaintance entreat you to be the addresses of you may yet prove you

I thanked him for his interest in my behavior. He seemed to be on my hand, and would have been a great operation upon my lips, if some persons had not been a short distance from us who were looking at us. The man seemed to be really in love with me, and I frankly acknowledge I could not feel indifferent.— I do not say that I reciprocated his apparent love and affection. Yet, he seemed to be a friend in whom I might repose the greatest confidence.

'Then you feel as if you ought to go to the boarding house the young man has selected?' he asked, manifesting considerable anxiety.

'I suppose I ought to do so,' I replied.—

He has been very kind to me, and has my promise which I dare not break.'

'Very well, but be cautious how you make him any more promises until we have had another interview,' he said.

He then took out his pencil and wrote on a blank card the name of Capt. William Dunmore. Handing me the card he had written upon, he continued. 'There's my name, and I wish you would drop a letter into the post office directed to me after you arrive in the city, informing me where I can find you. Keep the whole matter a secret from the young man, and look sharp about the house to which he may conduct you. He may be actuated by honorable motives; nevertheless, it is well for you to be on the lookout. I have a large amount of money, and if my feelings do not change I am willing to share it all with you. I now feel as if your society would make me happy through life. Don't forget to write me as soon as to-morrow, for I shall be exceedingly anxious to have an interview with you.'

I assured him I would write according to his request. He then endeavored to prevail upon me to discard the young man and take him as my guide after we reached the city; but I declined, and yet felt almost willing to do so; for his conversation had a charm in it which I have not the power to describe. His love, sudden as it was, appeared much deeper and stronger than that of the young man. The love of both was of a very sudden growth; but I was inexperienced and fully resolved to have a rich man for a husband. Although my mother had warned me to be cautious how I permitted men to address me in the character of lovers; yet she was anxious that I should marry a rich man, and hesitated not to express such an opinion. She had felt the evils and inconveniences of poverty, and therefore did not

wish me to be placed in such embarrassing circumstances.

The gentleman hung round me and was loth to part company. He was as pleasant as the lovely morning, and seemed to possess some excellent moral principles. While he was thus conversing with me, the young man had arisen and made his appearance in the saloon where I was. My elder companion cautioned me to keep all a secret, and carelessly walked away.

#### CHAPTER VI.

*The rival lovers. The spirit of jealousy.— Birds of passage. The breakfast. The heroine between two fires. Progress of the voyage. The approach to the wharf, &c.*

As the young man approached me I saw much anxiety depicted upon his countenance, and was satisfied that seeing the elderly gentleman conversing with me had aroused the spirit of jealousy in his heart. That circumstance furnished evidence to my unsophisticated mind that he loved me; and yet I could not help believing that Captain Dunmore's affection was the stronger and more sincere.

He approached me and cordially shook my hand, and somewhat nervously pressed it. It seemed to me that both young and elderly gentlemen had quite a habit of squeezing my hand and playing with the ringlets of my hair. I had never before witnessed such performances, and did not know but it might be one of the characteristics of fashionable society. The young blacksmith was never prone to such practices, and I very sagely concluded that it was because he moved in the humble walks of life.

After a few inquiries after my health,

and how I rested during the night, he said. 'It is but right that I should give you my name.'

He then handed me a beautiful glossy card with the name Carolus Cunard printed upon it. As an offset, I gave him my name, with which he appeared to be highly pleased.

'Louise Martin!' he repeated, smiling. 'Louise Martin! a beautiful name. I have always understood that Martins are birds of passage, and now I have proof of it.'

'Yes,' I replied. But at this season of the year those birds usually migrate to the North, while I am taking a flight to the South.'

'True, he answered, laughing; 'but never mind. I hope and trust, you will find the change a pleasant one. By the way, what old man was that conversing with you a few moments ago?'

'You don't call him an old man, do you?', I asked smiling.

'I thought his hair and whiskers looked as gray as a badger,' he added.

'True, but then I should not judge him over fifty, and surely you do not call that ge.'

'He was more than sixty, else my eyes ved me,' he replied. 'Depend upon it, nan is even older than he appears to be. But who is he? I noticed him last evening, and confess I did not like his looks. There was an expression in his eyes that looked evil.'

'Indeed I know not who he is from Adam,' I replied. 'But I confess I did not discover any thing very evil in the expression of his eyes. They are of a blue color, and not very dark and piercing. For my part I thought he was rather pleasant-looking than otherwise.'

'Well, there's no disputing about matters of taste,' he said, manifesting a little impatience. 'What did he say?'

'O, he spoke of the beauty of —' but before I could finish the sentence, he interrupted me, and said, with considerable earnestness. 'There, just as I expected—the old libertine! He began to praise your beauty about the first thing, he said!'

'O, no, not my beauty, but the beauty of this lovely morning,' I replied, smiling at his jealous spirit.

'The beauty of the morning!' he repeated. 'Well, I confess that alters the case very materially.'

'It does, indeed, I replied. 'Such beauty is worthy of remark, while mine is scarcely worth thinking of. I think the gentleman showed his good sense in speaking of this glorious morning instead of bestowing any rema

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I asked him what employments they were engaged in; but at first he hesitated to answer my question. At last, however, he said. 'I believe they are sewing-girls, but I'm not certain, as I have no acquaintance with them.'

'Are any of them dress-makers?' I asked, hoping that they were, that I might make some inquiries about the business I was intending to follow.

'Indeed, I cannot answer that question,' he replied. 'But you may depend upon finding it a very pleasant boarding place. I have been long acquainted with the lady who keeps it. She once lived at my father's house and superintended our domestic affairs

while my mother was sick. Thinking she could make more money in keeping a house for boarders, she concluded to engage in that employment, and has succeeded very well indeed.'

I was thankful that I had found a friend to guide me in a strange city. When I started from home, I thought a good deal of how I should pass the first night in Boston. My mother told me I had better find a boarding house, if I could, and not stop at a public hotel; and now all that anticipated difficulty seemed to be obviated. He was exceedingly attentive and had not apparently lost any of that tone which he seemed to have for me the evening previous. The truth is, he seemed more loving than ever, and manifested more attachment to me than the handsome Captain did a short time before. The breakfast bell now rang, and he invited me to take breakfast. I took his arm and was conducted to the cabin. It so happened that Captain Dunmore took a seat directly opposite to us. That circumstance I very much regretted; for it placed me in an unpleasant situation, as it were between two fires.

Young Cunard was exceedingly polite and attentive, which greatly annoyed Captain Dunmore, opposite. I could see the glances he cast upon me and the frowns that darkened his brow when he turned his eyes upon my young handsome, and attentive gallant. Many eyes, I noticed were upon me, for the table was well lined with passengers. My bright hair hung in ringlets over my neck and shoulders, and I felt the red blood rushing to my face. Whether that circumstance added to my beauty or not, is more than I know; but one thing was certain, I should have felt more happy if my blood had kept more closely within my veins and arteries.

My position was more unpleasant than any I had found since I left the parental roof. There was a declared lover before

me, and one at my side, and both of them possessing wealth and rank as I had reason to believe. I appeal to any one of my sex, and ask her if she would not have felt much embarrassed under the same pressure of circumstances in which I was placed? I was not naturally diffident, so far from it, that some might have called me bold; and yet I think I not only prized, but practiced the virtue, modesty, as much as most, young ladies of my age. But I really felt embarrassed and could hardly act myself.—Capt. Dunmore often gazed upon me, and once smiled, which Carolus noticed with apparent regret, if not with a more harassing emotion.

My professed lovers also occasionally gazed upon each other, and when their eyes met, frowns were sure to cloud and darken their brows. Here were two gentlemen, perfect strangers, and yet it was evident they hated each other! And I was the innocent cause of that ill-natured feeling between them.

During the time occupied in partaking of our morning meal, I was really unhappy, more so than I had been since I started on my journey. I began to debate seriously in my own mind, which of the two I should prefer for a husband; for be it known to the reader, that I fancied myself into the belief that I could have either of them. Both were handsome men, and possessed of wealth; but one was nearly twice as old as the other. There was a charm about the Captain which the young man did not possess; but that charm I have no language to describe. I knew, or at least had reason to believe, that my older lover was in possession of, and had full control over his wealth, while the younger must abide his time, and be patient until his father's death before he would come into possession of his property. Carolus was good-looking, pleasant, and agreeable in his manners; but some how or other, I had

not so much confidence in his love as I had in Captain Dunmore's; besides, I reasoned myself into the belief that the young man might see a new face which would please him more than mine did; but I had no such fears of the Captain. He had lived many years and now for the first time felt the magic power of love, if his own declarations were to be believed. I felt justified in coming to the conclusion that he would not be so likely to change his mind as the young man might; and yet I wished he had not seen so many winters. One possessed a house already splendidly furnished, while the other was dependent upon his father for all he would need in a state of marriage.—And the Captain seemed to be more fond of me than Carolus.

The truth is, I felt as if the elder lover was more to be depended on. I could cling to him, and he would support and protect me, while the other might give me the slip.—But after all, the Captain's age was a source of much trouble to me. The idea of becoming the wife of a man who was old enough to be my father was very disagreeable, and yet his very age gave me confidence in him.

My reflections were so strange and so dire that my appetite for breakfast was very far from being sharp, as it probably would have been under other circumstances. My kind and attentive gallant urged me to partake of several viands, for which I had no appetite; but to please him, I nibbled a little of every thing he presented me. It seemed to me that we sat at the table much longer than was necessary. I longed to rise and go on deck, but said nothing.

The Captain still kept gazing upon his rival. I could very easily see that Carolus was quite as much disturbed as the Captain was; yet he strove to appear quiet, and assumed quite an air of independence and even hauteur. Glad was I when we arose

from the table and repaired to the saloon upon deck. We left the Captain at the table.

'I don't know how you may feel, but I confess, the more I see of that man, the more I dislike him,' said Carolus. 'He looks daggers at me, but why he should thus frown is more than I can tell. I have never injured him, and have no desire to cultivate his acquaintance. My opinion is, that he is a wicked man. His whole manner and looks show it.'

'Perhaps you are too much governed by your prejudices,' I remarked. 'Last evening you did not discover in him so many evidences of guilt as you now do.'

'I had no occasion to notice him last evening,' he replied.

'And what have you now to notice him?' question drove immediate a knowledge Captain could have entertained now seated beside, somewhat his flattering most and apparent his love for me.

'I can never be happy to live without you in this world,' he said. 'Wealth, honor, and distinction are all nothing without your society.'

'I fear your emotions come upon you too suddenly, and they appear to be too violent to last long,' I added. 'In a few weeks you may change your mind. Young men see too many new faces to love one long.'

'I never shall change my mind!' he replied. 'You are the idol of my soul.'

'And yet your worship may be of short duration,' I added, smiling in my sleeve at his apparently great earnestness and zeal.

I used to read in my school-book when I was a little girl, "hot love is soon cold." I really fear that you will soon become sick of me, and wonder how you come to have such feelings.'

'Never! never!' he emphatically replied, and in a tone of voice that carried conviction to my soul that he was sincere; and yet I felt as if it were quite possible that his feelings might undergo a change. He was yet a young man, and apparently had a very susceptible heart.

'Your love has been so sudden, and appears so violent that another face better looking than mine may awaken new feelings in your heart, and utterly drive my image from your memory,' I said.

'I never shall see another face I love to gaze upon so well as I do upon yours,' he replied, seizing my hand and covering it with kisses.

At that moment Captain Dunmore entered the saloon, and saw him in the act of almost eating up my hand. The Captain's face gathered dark clouds, and he looked as if he would like to throw the young man overboard into the depths of the sea.

When I saw him I withdrew my hand from my ardent lover's lips, and gently rebuked him for taking such liberties.

The Captain promenaded back and forth, and seemed to be absorbed in his own thoughts.

The young man was highly provoked at this intrusion of the Captain; but he said nothing to him, and continued his conversation with me; changing, however, the subject, and talking loud enough for his rival to hear him.

'In less than an hour we shall reach the city,' he said. 'Saving the thunder shower, we have had delightful weather for our passage.'

I assented to all he said, but did not feel

much disposed to conversation. I sincerely regretted that the Captain had seen Carolus kissing my hand; and yet he had been guilty of the same performance.

His presence awed me, and I felt rebuked as a daughter might be in the presence of her father under similar circumstances.

The Captain continued his walking, and occasionally cast a glance at us, and a very significant one, too. He was anxious for the young man to leave me that he might have a brief interview with me; but Carolus was not to be caught in that trap. He did not leave me for a moment, and the Captain's ardent desire could not be gratified.—We remained in the saloon until many more passengers came in, when we went below.

The boat was now nearing the wharf, and the city appeared glorious to me in the rays of the morning sun. I was highly excited, and on several accounts, I felt as if I should like to exchange a few words with the Captain before we landed; but my young and ardent lover gave me no such opportunity.—The boat came up to the wharf which was covered with people, and hackmen were loud in praises of several city hotels. It was a scene I shall never forget. All was bustle and confusion. We were in a great and apparently excited crowd. I could hardly tell what my thoughts were on the occasion. But my young lover was close at my side.

## CHAPTER VII.

*New scenes for the heroine. The landing. The crowd. The elder lover watches all the movements of the younger. The boarding house, and its Mistress, &c.*

'A CARRIAGE, sir,' a score of voices cried, as my young gallant conducted me from the

boat upon the wharf. I was almost frightened at seeing such a crowd of persons of all descriptions. I had never seen any thing like it; but Carolus pressed through the crowd, dragging me after him, and hurrying along as fast as circumstances would permit. At last I was safely seated in a carriage, and my lover went back to look after my trunk and his own luggage. While he was absent Captain Dunmore came up to the door of the carriage, seized my hand, pressed it, and looked exceedingly anxious.

'May heaven protect you, my dear,' he said. 'Be sure to drop me a line, and beware of that young man. Suffer him not even to kiss your hand. There's poison on his lips.'

He immediately left the carriage and bespoke another. I saw him enter one, but it remained. But before he entered I saw him talking anxiously with the driver. At once I mistrusted that he intended to follow and mark the house where I stopped. My suspicions were correct; for when our luggage was fastened upon the carriage and we were driven off, I saw the same carriage the Captain entered follow us; but I mentioned not the circumstance to my gallant. I was glad he Captain had taken such a course, for I desired he should know the house at which I stopped. He was too old a bird to be caught with chaff, and did not entirely depend upon the letter which I promised to write for information. He wished to see with his own eyes.

'I'm glad we have got out of that crowd,' said my lover.

'You cannot be more rejoiced than I am,' was my reply. 'I never witnessed such confusion in my life.'

'It is always so when the steamboats arrive,' he answered. Now we shall be at your boarding house. I rejoice that it so happened that I have the pleasure of protecting you here among strangers.'

'It is a fortunate circumstance, for I hardly knew what I should have done without your assistance,' I replied.

'Perhaps that old man would have given you his aid,' he answered.

I told him the gentleman might have done so, but that I was satisfied as it was. He appeared to be rejoiced at my remark, and attempted to place his arm about my waist, but I suffered him to take no such liberties. He was not very well pleased with my resistance to his wishes, but he made no complaint in words. We rode on, turning several corners and passing through what appeared to me to be a wilderness of houses. The carriage which the Captain occupied was close behind us, but Carolus knew nothing about that; if he had he would undoubtedly have supposed it to be a public house to which I supposed.

At last we came to a looking house, which I saw me from the carriage, and into the house driven past, I saw. When I entered, I saw attired females scamper up stairs, while the woman received us very politely. She was a large, fat woman apparently about fifty years of age. Her face was round and red, and full of smiles. She was evidently well-acquainted with my lover, and greeted him cordially. I was politely introduced to her by Carolus. Her name was called Mrs. Topway, or rather the widow Topway. I thought the name was an odd one, but I expected to hear many odd names pronounced in so large a city, and the fact did not much surprise me at the time. I was glad to find a resting place; for I was greatly fatigued, and needed some repose.

'I suppose, Mrs. Topway, you have room for another boarder,' said Carolus.

'O, yes, I have a very nice room, unoccupied,' she replied. 'I can accommodate your friend.'

'I am very glad of it, for I did not know but your house might be full,' he said.

'It was full a few days ago, but some of my boarders have gone into the country,' she answered. 'Please walk into the parlor.'

'We did so, and I was seated on an elegant sofa. The house was more splendidly furnished than any one I had ever seen before, and began to fear the price of my board in such an establishment would exceed the limits of my purse. It looked to me like a palace, and the keeper had the appearance of a queen. She was elegantly dressed, and did not seem to me like a poor woman whose poverty drove her to keep a boarding house for a living; but I reasoned myself into the belief that every body dressed richly in the city, and therefore, my surprise was not so great as it otherwise might have been. The woman made herself very agreeable, and was very kind.

I had not been long seated in the parlor before the young man and the widow Topway went out, and I heard them talking in another room in a low voice, but could not hear what they said. They were not absent but a few minutes. When Carolus came in he told me that the widow would be reasonable in her charges. I was glad to hear that, for mother had told me I must get boarded as cheap as possible, and appear respectable.

'There Miss Martin, I have been as good as my word,' he said. 'I have brought you to an excellent boarding place where I trust you will be happy for the present. I must now leave you, but will call again this evening and see how you get along.'

I thanked him heartily for his kindness and attention. We shook hands and he took his leave. The widow sat upon the

sofa with me, and asked several questions concerning my life, and what I expected to do. I frankly told her all, and kept nothing back. She now called a negro servant, whose name was Jim, and ordered him to take my trunk to the room I was to occupy.

Soon the widow conducted me to my room which was very richly furnished. It was a front room and quite spacious. I was astonished when I was introduced into such an apartment. I could hardly believe my own eyes that I was to occupy such a room.—The windows and bed were handsomely curtained, a marble-topped bureau, with a large mirror upon it, stood in front between the windows, and other articles of furniture corresponded with it.

'Think this room will suit you?' she asked, smiling very graciously.

'O, madam, I fear the room will suit me better than the price,' I replied. 'I'm not able to occupy such an apartment.'

'I shall let you have it very cheap, for I have a great respect for Mr. Cunard,' she replied. 'I once lived with his father. It is an excellent family, and they are very wealthy. And this young man is the best person in the world.'

'But that is no reason why you should board me cheaper than you would any other person,' I replied.

'Ah, my good girl, she added, smiling. 'I judge from what the young man told me that he intends to make you his wife. Should that event take place, I shall lose nothing by boarding you cheap, or even for nothing; for he and his father, too, are very generous, and would make me valuable presents. I hope you will not borrow any trouble on my account.'

'I have not thought of being married,' I replied. 'I came to the city to learn a dressmaker's trade.'

*messy*  
*messy*

'A dressmaker's trade!' repeated the woman. 'Carolus Cunard will never consent to a girl's learning such a trade whom he intends to marry. You may as well give up that idea first as last. All the dresses you will ever make won't cover much nakedness I'm thinking. No, no, my dear; your lover will never consent to that. Instead of manufacturing dresses for others, the most fashionable dressmakers in the city will be employed for you; in making your bridal dress. I consider you a very fortunate young lady in winning the heart of such a young man as Carolus Cunard. There's not a girl in the city who would not jump at the chance of having him for a husband. He's an only son, and his father is immensely rich. He has oceans of money.—I'm glad he has at last found a girl whom he loves; for he will be very much the happier for it. Such a good-hearted young man, and so rich as he is, ought to have a wife. You are a stranger to me, but I hope you will not deem me a flatterer when I say I think he has shown his good taste in the choice he has made.'

'I'm a poor country girl, and ought not to think of forming a connection so much above my rank and condition in life,' I replied.

'Never mind that,' she replied. 'You have personal beauty enough to sustain you in the very highest ranks of fashionable society. Beauty is every thing here, and you will outshine any of the city ladies.'

'I confess, you lay on the flattery quite thick,' I replied; beginning to think my beauty was brought to a good market. This woman appeared so kind, and spoke so pleasantly, that I was inclined to believe all she said. There was an apparent sincerity in her tone of voice and manner; and I felt as if I should be doing her injustice if I doubted her honesty. She insisted upon it, that my beauty was far above almost any

other lady's in the city. I confess I was possessed of some personal vanity, and also listened to her flattering tales with pleasure. She did not remain long, but soon left me to my own reflections

## CHAPTER VIII.

*Our heroine's trouble to make a choice of her lovers. Making a toilette. Reflections on city life. The contrast, &c.*

HERE I was in a splendidly furnished room; but no articles in my wardrobe corresponded with it. I began to feel ashamed of my dresses. I had one blue silk dress, which my mother made from her wedding gown. It was an excellent fabric, but then it was not made in the fashion, and if it had been, I had nothing. If I had the money expended quite a sum had but a small sum, duty to reserve to pay got in a situation to e

The widow Topwa: my philosophy and be Before I saw her, and stories about young Cunard, I had almost come to the conclusion to throw myself upon the love and protection of Captain Dunmore, but now I did not know what to do. I had promised to write him; but that did not seem necessary since he knew the house where I boarded. I reclined upon the bed and endeavored to calm my nerves with a little sleep; but no slumber came to my eyelids. I was restless and uneasy, and thought of what my mother would say if she could see me lying upon such a bed under such splendid curtains. The widow had almost driven the idea of dressmaking from my mind. Finally I came to the conclusion, after long and even painful reflection,

that I would marry either young Cunard or Captain Dunmore. At this time I inclined to accept the offer of the former. His age was more suitable, and the widow had given him a fine character; but after all, I could scarcely indulge the thought of giving up the pleasant, smiling Captain. There was something about him to which my heart clung, something which I did not discover in young Cunard. True, the latter appeared like a genuine lover, but the former seemed not only like a true lover, but also a protector. I felt as if he was a pillar I could safely lean against and be supported. O, how I longed for mother's advice in this emergency. I thought if she could see them both I would willingly take the one she might select. I concluded to write to her soon, and acquaint her with the character and ages of my two lovers, and request her opinion. While I lay upon the bed and such thoughts rapidly coursing through my mind, I heard the laughing and giggling of girls in a room over my head. They appeared to be in high glee; but I could not distinctly hear any thing they said. I listened attentively, but heard nothing but loud laughing. Once I thought I heard an oath; but finally concluded I must be mistaken. I was unwilling to believe that young ladies would swear, and yet I did not know but it might be more fashionable in the city than in the country for females to use such language. The laughing continued for some time, and at last I heard them leave the room and go down stairs. I was glad to get rid of the disturbance, for I did not feel like laughing, or hearing any thing like giddy mirth. My reflections were serious and sober. I was in a strange city and among strangers. Sometimes I imagined that both my lovers might prove false; for I had often heard of false-hearted lovers. Mother had cautioned me to beware of them, and the old gentleman

and lady who rode with me in the stage-coach the day previous had given me much advice which was fresh in my memory; and yet I would not believe that Cunard or the Captain were false-hearted until I had some proof of their deception. I never knew much about love affairs. True, like other young girls, I had often thought of such matters, but had no well-settled opinions upon the subject.

It seemed somewhat strange to me that two gentlemen should fall in love with me so suddenly, and especially when there was such a disparity in their ages; but I was romantic enough to believe that love knew no age or condition, but would go wherever it was sent.

The Captain's talk upon love was more pleasing to me than Cunard's, for he seemed to go deeper into the subject, and to explain it more satisfactorily. He appeared calm and philosophical, and yet warm and ardent. His seemed to be a love upon which I could rely, whereas Cunard was more enthusiastic, and apparently less to be trusted. I viewed the subject in all its phases, and catechised my own heart according to all the knowledge and light afforded me. I asked myself the question which of the two I loved the most; but that question I could not answer. I had serious doubts whether I really loved either, but imagined I could love them. I wondered within myself if men were more apt to fall suddenly in love than women. From the last few hours observation and experience, I came to the conclusion that the gentlemen were more susceptible than the ladies.

Never before had I reflected so seriously upon the affairs of the human heart. I now studied them as one would a book; but the more I studied the more bewildered was my mind; I was really perplexed with my theme. Dressmaking hardly occurred to me,



for I had mounted into a region far above that, and the higher I ascended the more giddy I became.

The all-absorbing question with me was to marry a man of wealth, and go with him to my native village and excite the envy of those girls who had always treated me with scorn and contempt. If I could do that I thought I should be happy. It was strange that I suffered such matters to occupy so much of my mind; but they had for some few years, and I could not rid myself of them. I remained upon the bed nearly an hour, but had found no rest.

I seriously reflected upon my condition. A great change had taken place in my circumstances. A few days ago I left my humble home, and my dear mother, and now am in an elegantly furnished room, with nothing to do, and a negro to wait upon me. However flattering such a change might be to my pride and ambition, it did not exactly meet the approval of my conscience. I could not make it seem right to become all at once such a lady. As yet I had seen nothing of city life, and could not tell whether I should like it or not. I arose in my mahogany chair covered with hair-th, and looked at the reflection of my son in the mirror; but I could not perceive that coming to the city had improved my beauty; and wondered how it had made such impressions on two wealthy gentlemen. Tears came into my eyes.

#### CHAPTER IX.

*The first dinner. The mistress makes some good impressions upon the heroine. A new character. Mystery, doubt, and mis-giving, &c.*

THE negro servant came and called me to dinner. I went down and was much surprised to find myself seated at a private table

with the mistress of the establishment, when I expected to see a public table and a large number of boarders of both sexes. The widow noticed my surprise in the expression of my countenance, and said: 'You will take your meals with me. I have orders from your kind lover not to consider or treat you as a common boarder, and so you will take your meals with me.'

It struck me that such a movement was very singular, and so expressed myself to the widow. There was something about it I could not understand.

'Mr. Cunard does not like to have you sit at a public table to be gazed upon,' continued this cunning woman. 'Besides, he does not wish to have you mingle in the society of common sewing-girls and mechanics. In good time he will place you in the rank for which you.'

'I fear the young man pride,' I replied, believing said. 'I am nothing but myself.'

'True, but persons of always keep themselves laboring classes,' she answered. 'a class by themselves, and their money enables them to live just as they please; while the lower classes of the community are obliged to cut their coat according to their cloth. In a city like this such wide distinctions will always exist. The two classes would not enjoy themselves so well together as they do to be separate. Even in the country such distinctions are often found.'

'I can bear witness to that,' I replied, with some earnestness; for the Sandford girls were fresh in my recollection. 'Money has a wonderful power in this world.'

'Yes, and you will soon have enough of it,' she added, smiling, and handing me a nice piece of roast beef, while the negro, Jim, stood near his mistress, ready to answer

any of her calls. 'You have remarked that you thought my house splendidly furnished; but, you will see the difference when you become Mrs. Cunard, and the mistress of your own establishment. Your house will be furnished vastly richer than this is. My furniture will look quite mean in the comparison.'

I began to see that my young lover had selected an excellent woman to have the care of me, and felt grateful to him for his kindness in that regard. But it seemed to me after all that I was too much flattered, and ought to have been placed in a less splendid house. It was reasonable to suppose that my lover intended to pay my expenses, although the widow had not said so. But if Carolus intended to marry me, it didn't look so strange; still I should have liked to be more independent until I was married.—Our dinner was now finished, and the widow conducted me into a small private parlor, which was very neatly furnished, and every thing wore the air of comfort and even luxury, according to my country notions.

I heard the door-bell frequently ring, and occasionally the voices of men and girls; but I had seen but two or three girls and no gentlemen, unless the negro servant may be reckoned in that category.

The widow now questioned me more particularly about my mother, the people, and my native village. I answered all her questions frankly and without reserve. The more I became acquainted with her the better I liked her. She appeared to be a very intelligent and kind-hearted woman; but as yet she was comparatively a stranger to me.—Much of her conversation was upon the subject of my marriage with young Cunard.—That seemed to occupy her thoughts more than any thing else; in fact, it absorbed more of her mind than it did mine; for my heart was yet in some good degree divided

between my lovers. It is true, since I came to this house my mind had rather inclined towards young Cunard. I began to perceive that it was quite as troublesome to have two lovers as it was to have none at all. After a long conversation, the widow left me to my own thoughts.

Now the young blacksmith appeared in my imagination. When I left home, he was the subject of my thoughts. I knew he loved me sincerely, and in some good degree I reciprocated his affections. He was a very industrious young man, persevering, honest, energetic, and good-looking. I entertained a very favorable opinion of him. He had made me promise to write to him and inform him where he could find me in case he came to the city, and he engaged to write to me also. These promises were mutual, and I felt bound to fulfil my part of the obligation; but what to write to him was a very troublesome question.

I repaired to my chamber, and, on the way met a very gaudily dressed young lady. She was dressed in the most fashionable style, at least, I supposed she was, for I noticed that her dress was cut quite different from mine. Having come to the city to follow dressmaking, it was quite natural that I should particularly notice the cut and fashion of the ladies' dresses. This girl seemed disposed to converse with me; and yet there seemed to be an air of caution about her that I could not fully comprehend or appreciate. Hearing the front door open, she went to the window and looked out into the street. The widow had walked out, and then the girl seemed to be less cautious and embarrassed. 'She first spoke of the weather, and called it 'a splendiferous day.' That was a new word to me, but found no difficulty in comprehending its meaning, and answered her, confirming her remark in relation to the weather.'

'Is this your first appearance on these boards?' she asked, throwing her head upon one side, and trying to appear very graceful.

I at first hesitated, and then told her that I did not know as I fully understood her question.

'O, I mean, were you ever in the city before?' she said, smiling at my verdancy.

'I never was,' I replied. 'This is my first appearance, as you say.'

'That is a phrase the theatre folks use when a new actor or actress appears,' she added. 'O, I love to attend the theatres.'

I told her I never was in a theatre in my life. She appeared somewhat surprised, and said the performances would please me very much. She then asked me my name, and where I came from, all which I told her.

'Good gracious!' she exclaimed. 'From Maine! I came from that State, and not twenty miles from the village where you lived. How queer! I have not been in Maine since I left there, which was four years ago.'

She told me her name was Josephine Melville. I thought it was quite a romantic name; and told her my object in coming to the city.

'To learn to be a dressmaker!' she repeated, laughing. 'Guess the young man who brought you here will not let you work much at that trade.'

'What makes you think so?' I asked.

'O, the needle will prick your fingers, and make them rough,' she replied, laughing quite heartily, and gazing upon my curls.—'Good gracious! I wish my hair would curl as finely as yours does, and I wish it was of the same color. My hair is rather light, and it won't curl worth a cent; I may keep it in papers all day or night, and then it will come out almost as straight as flax.'

'I think your hair is very pretty,' I remarked. 'And like the fashion in which

you wear it. I think it looks quite as well as it would curled.'

'So it does, and better too; but then if it would curl as naturally as yours does I should never wear it as I do now,' she replied.

I asked her if she was acquainted with Carolus Cunard.

'O, I have occasionally seen him, and know him by reputation,' she answered.—

'He is quite a fast young man, and his father is rich.'

'Fast young man!' I repeated. 'What do you mean by that?'

'Why, don't you know?' she asked, laughing. 'It means he keeps a fast horse, loves to ride, go to the theatres, and spend his money free'

we call a fast young man. I'm aware there are but few because they haven't got the common saying down in Maine makes the mare go; and believe it, and so will you have seen more of the city. Cu fellow.'

I told her I had but a sl with him, having never seen day.

'Well, you will probably become better acquainted with him before long,' she said, smiling.

I remarked I did not know whether I should or not; but she smiled, and told me she knew better than that. I noticed she had several gold rings upon her fingers, and a gold chain about her neck, and her dress admirably fitted her genteel and graceful form. I concluded she must have money enough; and indulged some curiosity to know how she obtained it. I did not know but her father might be rich. She did not look to me as if she labored much, for her hands were very delicate, and her forefingers

not made rough enough with the needle as she expressed it. Her eyes were of a light blue, but quite bright and sparkling, and her features regular. Her complexion was light, but there was a pale look in her face which did not denote good health, as I thought.—She noticed that I closely examined her face.

'I wish my eyes were as dark as yours,' she said.

'Your eyes are well enough,' was my reply. 'Very dark eyes would not become your complexion so well as your own now do.'

'But I can change the color of my complexion, but cannot that of my eyes,' she said, laughing, and showing a very handsome set of teeth.

'How so?' I asked, in the simplicity of my heart.

'O, rouge will do it,' she replied, 'And I would use more of it if my eyes were as dark as yours.'

I understood her, but it did not occur to me that she painted. I told her I never saw any body use paint.

'I never, before I came to the city,' she added. 'There's no need of your painting, for nature has done that for you better than you could do it yourself.'

The more I conversed with her, the greater mystery I found her. I was really perplexed to read her character. I then told her I supposed she was going to be married. I made such a remark because she had intimated to me that I was soon to become the wife of young Cunard.

'I hate promises,' she replied, while a shade came over her countenance, and she seemed to have some serious reflections.

'And have you doubts about their being fulfilled?' I asked, feeling quite an interest in the question; for I had often heard of false-hearted lovers, and broken promises.

'God only knows whether men will keep their promises or not,' she replied, in a tone of voice that told that she really felt what she said.

'Men ought to hold such promises sacred,' I added.

'Good God!' she exclaimed. 'Indeed, they ought; but they do not always perform what they promise!'

I was startled by her exclamation, and trembled in every muscle. Her countenance assumed a wild look, and her lips quivered. I dared not make any reply, and in fact knew not what to say. She stood a moment with her eyes fastened upon the floor and her hands clenched.

'I don't often cry of late,' she said.—'Ask me not the cause of my tears, but take care of yourself. All is not gold that glitters. The city and country are quite different places. Some folks may yet learn that a female heart can feel the spirit of revenge as well as that of love. I have one request to make. Say not one word that has passed between us to the widow.'

I promised her I would not. She seized my hand, nervously pressed it, gazed into my eyes, turned away, and hurried up stairs. I entered my room, sat down, and seriously reflected on what I had witnessed.

My sympathies were strongly enlisted in her behalf, and I longed to hear more of the story of her life. What I heard was a severe admonition to me. 'Take care of yourself!' kept ringing in my ears, and I fully resolved to heed the advice. I began to witness some of the aspects of city life; and almost wished myself back again under the parental roof.



LOUISE AND JOSEPHINE.

*The new dress. The surprise. The art of a cunning woman. The progress of events. The heroine more and more bewildered.—High words, and listening, &c.*

I remained in my room until the afternoon was far advanced, and saw no one. My reflections were any thing but agreeable. That girl's looks and tears were before my mental eyes continually, and I could not keep her out of my thoughts. Her case was a great mystery to me. At last it seemed to me that she might have been seduced by some smooth, false-hearted scoundrel who had promised, most solemnly, to marry her.—That thought filled me with keener anguish than all my other thoughts; but I was loth to believe such was the case.

The more I thought of the subject the more bewildered I became, until I endeavored to drive the whole affair from my mind; but I could not do that. I indulged the hope that she would on some future occasion tell me more, and give a full history of her case. At last a carriage was driven up, and the widow Topway alighted and entered the house. She had been gone some hours, promenading and shopping. She immediately came to my room, bearing in her hand a small bundle.

'There,' she said, handing me the bundle, open that and see how you like it.'

I opened the package, and found a very beautiful pink muslin dress. It was very fine and handsome. I told her I admired it.

'I am glad to hear it,' she answered. 'I didn't know as I could suit you. I had some idea of asking you to accompany me; but you were so fatigued with your journey that I concluded to go alone and make the purchase.'

'I did not fully comprehend what she meant; she noticed that I was somewhat taken by surprise.

'That dress is for you,' she continued.—'Your lover gave me the money and ordered me to purchase it for you. This is barely a beginning of his generous deeds. Richer and more costly dresses than this you will wear. This is an every day dress for the warm season.'

'For me?' I asked, feeling much surprised.

## CHAPTER X.

'Yes, for you,' she answered. 'I shall have a dressmaker here in the morning, and have it made up immediately. The next dress you will have will be a rich and costly brocade.'

'I am really sorry that he has ordered you to make this purchase,' I said, feeling just as I said.

'And why so?' she asked, gazing upon me in apparent astonishment. 'It is nothing for him to purchase you forty dresses, and dare say your wardrobe will contain that number before a year has elapsed. You may consider yourself a very fortunate girl. No one in the city is more so. Young Cunard is determined that your wardrobe shall correspond with your beauty.'

'O, madam, you flatter me altogether too much,' I replied. 'It is more than I can bear. I'm not used to such things.'

'It is not my intention to flatter you at all,' she added. 'I am only repeating what he has told me this very day. To-morrow the dressmaker will come, and then you will have an opportunity to commence learning the trade you have spoken of. You will probably have several opportunities of the same kind before many weeks have passed.'

She now laughed quite heartily, while I was confused and bewildered, and knew not what reply to make. I was taken by surprise.

'Cunard is ambitious, and he intends that you shall create quite a sensation when he takes you to the theatre or any public place,' she continued. 'He says your beauty will call out many inquiries where you came from, what is your name and who you are. He knows how to do up things. The rich young men of the city are always striving to see who can marry the handsomest wives. It is quite different in the country. I once lived in the country myself. Beauty there is not so much thought of as it is here. The rich have a good many splendid parties, and the gentleman who has the most beautiful wife always carries off the palm. Ah, my dear, you will learn all about it one of these days. Rich men's wives have nothing to do but make a show in the world. Well, men have a right thus to spend their money and enjoy themselves.'

'I am not at all calculated for such exhibitions,' I replied. 'I have never been used to mingle in such society, and should appear awkward.'

'Not a bit of it,' she answered. 'You have the personal beauty, and that is the main qualification. Having that, you will soon accustom yourself to move among the aristocratic and wealthy. Your face and form will carry you any where. It is impossible for a lady to be awkward who has such a genteel form as yours. You will find every thing I tell you to be true. I say, again, you are a very fortunate young lady. Learn a dressmaker's art! I cannot help laughing when I think of it. Just before young Cunard left this morning, he laughed about your learning that trade, and said he would give you several opportunities to learn how the dressmakers fitted you before you had been in the city many weeks.'

The widow left me after spinning out a very long yarn, and I heard her voice in another room; I could not distinguish what was said, but it seemed to me that there was some trouble, for it seemed a good deal like scolding.

Josephine stood on her tiptoes and listened very attentively, and apparently with a good deal of interest. I didn't know what to make of such an exhibition. At last the words grew less, and were uttered in lower tones when Josephine came softly towards me, and whispered, 'I guess, the widow has got a splinter under her finger-nail.'

'What is the trouble?' I anxiously inquired in a whisper.

'Some trouble with one of the girls, I presume,' she replied. 'O God, I wish I was under some other roof!'

'But what is it?' I asked, holding her by the arm, and trembling.

'I can't tell you more now,' she answered. 'We must not be seen together. Take care of yourself.'

She instantly left me and stole up stairs as stealthily as a cat, and was soon out of my sight. I went to my room and threw myself into a chair. All was shrouded in mystery, and I began to feel the same desire as the girl expressed, that is, to be under some other roof. 'Take care of yourself,' again rung more loudly in my ears than ever before. What could that girl mean by such an admonition! That question I kept asking myself; but I could get no satisfactory answer. 'The widow has a splinter under her finger-nail!' That was a new phrase to me, and I did not understand its full meaning.

That girl was a singular character, and I could not comprehend it. O, how I longed to have a serious conversation with her! I became much interested in her. She was evidently in trouble at times, if not constantly; but of the cause I was ignorant.—Having been born in the same State, and not many miles from where I first saw the light, she greatly interested me, and perhaps more deeply on that account.

My new dress lay on the bed where I had spread it out in order to have a better view of it; and although it was more beautiful than any I had ever seen, yet I looked upon it with a certain undefined and indefinable suspicion; but why I could not tell. Since my interview with the mysterious Josephine Melville, I suspected almost every thing. I tried to calm my mind, and drive these suspicions from me; but they would haunt me like ghosts in spite of my efforts to keep them down. Suspicions of what, or whom? That question I often asked myself; but could obtain no definite answer. Thus was I embarrassed tapping was he: Jim very polite

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#### CHAPTER XI.

*Another change of feeling. Learning human nature in all its aspects. The interview. A severe trial. Virtue triumphant, &c.*

AFTER tea I sought my room. I confess the widow's kind treatment and harmonious remarks had somewhat quieted my nerves. Having seen but a little of human life, and that little confined to a quiet village in the country, I began to think that all my vague suspicions were unfounded, and that the more I might see of the different aspects of human conduct, the less would be my surprise at any demonstration. True, Josephine Melville, appeared very singular, and I had heard some very high words; but after all

I concluded, or endeavored to persuade myself into the belief that all would come out well in the end. If I could have consulted my mother, I should have been happy; but I started from home with the knowledge that I must depend upon my own strength and resources.

Expecting Carolus Cunard to visit me, I adjusted my ringlets, and made myself look as well as I could with the few means I had at command. Although I had not fully determined to accept him as a suitor in preference to Captain Dunmore; yet I was unwilling to do any thing to induce Carolus to love me less. That was all natural enough. No woman is often willing to be loved less; for that is a kind of worship from the other sex which is not desirable to see diminished. I had every reason to believe that my lover possessed a good character, was rich, and loved me more than he ever did any other girl.

To tell the truth I was anxious to see him, and waited with some degree of impatience until he came. It was some time after night-fall before he came, but he did come and I was rejoiced to see him. My female readers must not infer from this that I really loved him, for if I knew my own heart, I believe I did not; and yet I felt an interest in him which approximated towards love, but it was not true love, as since I have found out by experience.

I heard the door-bell ring, and hurried down into the little private parlor. As I passed along the hall, I saw a young gentleman talking with a girl, and soon they went up stairs together. I found Carolus and the widow talking very busily as I entered the room. He received me cordially; but I thought the widow looked us if she felt I had come down from my room too soon.—And such was the fact; for she told me Carolus would have gone to my room to see me, if I had not come down. I didn't very well like the looks of that, still I didn't know but city fashions and customs would justify a young man in visiting a young lady in her own room. However, it did not seem exactly right to me, and I was glad I had come down. We conversed some time upon several subjects, and the widow performed her part of the conversation with much skill and tact.

At last she remarked that as she expected

company that evening perhaps it would be as well for me and my lover to go to my own chamber. The red blushes came into my cheeks, and I made no answer. She knew well enough that I was embarrassed; but her consummate tact soon made me believe there could be no great harm in the movement, and I conducted my lover to my chamber. He seemed very willing to go. I had but a single lamp burning there; but Jim soon came up with a larger one, which shed a brilliant light over the room. My new dress was still lying spread upon the bed, which he noticed.

'Ah, then the widow has purchased you the dress I ordered,' he said, smiling.

I told him she had, and thanked him for the present.

'It is a very pretty one,' he continued.—I knew her good taste, and thought I would surprise you. How do you like it?'

'Very well, indeed,' I replied. 'But I'm sorry to have you be at so much expense for me. I shall never be able to pay you for all your kindness and generosity.'

'I am already more than paid,' he replied, taking my hand, and gently pressing it.—'What is a single dress? Why, my dear Louise, I shall esteem it a pleasure to purchase you a hundred, and expect to do so before you die.'

I could not find words to make a reply.—In fact I hardly knew what to say. He still held my hand, and seemed somewhat nervous. At last he said he had another present for me, and took from his pocket a beautiful ring which he placed upon my finger. The ring sparkled in the light of the lamp, and excited strange emotions in my heart; I hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry.—However, I thanked him, and endeavored to be cheerful. I felt he was fast bringing me under obligations to him, and that was a source of regret to me.

'There, your hand now begins to look like a lady's,' he said, kissing it, and smiling most graciously. 'I intend to have all your ornaments to correspond with your natural beauty.'

'I fear your ornaments will outshine every thing else,' I replied, gently withdrawing my hand from his lips.

'No danger of that, unless there are more skilful jewelers than the world has ever yet produced,' he answered. 'Soon as I have fitted you out with a suitable dress and ornaments I intend to take you to the theatre.'

'I hardly know what a theatre is,' was my reply.

'I suppose not; but I intend you shall know before many days shall pass,' he said. 'I shall engage a private box, and you must not be surprised if many eyes and glasses are turned towards you.'

'How did you find your folks?' I asked, wishing to change the subject, and avoid his flattery; for there was rather too much of it.

'O, very well, indeed, I thank you,' he replied. 'My sister was exceedingly glad to see me. I told her I had seen a girl in Maine much more beautiful than she was; and she is considered one of the most beautiful girls in Boston. But did not tell her who she was, or that she had come to the city.—One of these days I intend to surprise her.'

'Perhaps she may be very much surprised in not finding the girl from Maine, half so beautiful as you have represented her,' I answered.

'Perhaps she may; but I don't believe it,' he said, laughing. 'I profess to be a judge of female beauty, and am not often mistaken in my judgment. I'm bold to say, that there is no young lady in Boston whose face and form are so beautiful as yours. Call it flattery or any thing you please. I shall insist upon it, and do not intend to be beaten out of it. I know it, and if it were not so, I should not be here this evening. I have often told my friends in the city that I was fully determined to have the handsomest wife to be found in this Metropolis of New Eng-

land, if such an one could be found. And by heavens, I think I have found her at last.'

With that exclamation, he thrust his arm round my waist, and drew my face to his; but, before he had time to kiss me I released myself from his grasp, and seated myself in another chair. I felt as if that was making too much of an advance; and, accordingly resisted him in such a manner that he felt rebuked, and even apologized for his rudeness. The words of Josephine Melville, 'take care of yourself,' came to my memory at the moment he thus embraced me, and obeyed the impulse they suggested without thinking whether he might be displeased or not.

'You must pardon me, my dear Louise,' he said, looking rather disturbed in his self-complacency, and gazing anxiously upon me as I sat in a chair at him. 'I intended not to an honest impulse. to know by this time, I and thus loving, it is no wish to embrace you. have done any thing to insult you in the least your pardon.'

'I can't think you intended to insult me, an unprotected female, and a stranger in a strange city,' I replied; feeling very sorry that I sprang from him so suddenly, and with so much force.

'Indeed, I did not,' he said, moving his chair near mine, and fondly gazing in my face. 'My dear Louise, you are the last person in this world whom I would insult.—No! God forbid, that I should do any thing that may look like an insult. O, my dear Louise, if you knew how deeply, and ardently I love you, I know you would find thousands of excuses for the seeming rudeness of my conduct. Is it strange that I

should wish to seal my love with a kiss? It seems to me it is the most reasonable as well as natural things in the world. I don't know much about country life, nor country customs; but fashionable society would not restrain one from doing what I attempted to do a moment ago. No, no, my dear girl, you have many things yet to learn before you can know much about fashionable life and city customs; but I intend that you shall learn them, and become one of the leaders in the fashionable world. You have beauty, and I have money enough to accomplish that, and we will do it. You must not be too reserved, and every thing will end gloriously. We have a happy career before us. We will visit the fashionable watering-places, ride about the country, go down and see your mother, and bring her to the city to live with us.'

I listened attentively while he was thus earnestly speaking, and felt strange emotions agitating my heart; but I was resolved not to permit him to take any liberties with me. The remark he made about my mother was exceedingly agreeable to me at that time. I thought if I ever married it would be my strongest wish to have my mother live with me; but made no reply to him. He again took my hand, which I suffered him to hold a few moments, and then withdrew it. He did not appear to be very well pleased with the act, although he made no further complaint in words. I could see, however, that he was greatly disappointed; for he imagined that his remarks had produced the effect upon me which he desired. He remained some time, and at last took his leave, promising to call again, soon. He went below and had a long talk with the widow; but what was said I did not know. I was glad when he departed; and yet, I felt afraid I had offended him, and almost regretted that I did not let him kiss me, he seemed to be so anxious,

and argued the case so well, I hardly knew whether I had done wrong or not, under all the circumstances, but my conscience acquitted me.

## CHAPTER XII.

*The dream which was all a dream. Conflicting emotions. The dressmaker. Matters of taste. The French. Another change of feeling. Art and cunning.*

I HAD a dream, but it was all a dream.—Soon after my lover took his leave of me, I retired and sought that repose I so much needed. Being much fatigued in body and mind, I soon fell into a sound sleep, and dreamed that I was the wife of Carolus Cunard, and lived in the greatest splendor.—A few weeks after we were married we took a splendid private carriage, and traveled to my native home, in Maine. I had a maid-servant to wait upon me, and my husband engaged Jim the negro servant of the widow Topway, who accompanied us on the journey. We drove into my native village in the afternoon of a fine summer's day, and went directly to the little public hotel. People in the street stared at us, and many heads were at the windows of the houses. There was much excitement in the village; for the news had arrived that we were coming. I felt as if I had obtained the object of my highest ambition. The young ladies who had scorned my society now were anxious to see and be introduced to my husband. Jim acted as the master of ceremonies, and a great display he made in the exercise of his official functions. He and the driver of our carriage were dressed in livery, and my wardrobe was exceedingly rich and splendid. I had brought new dresses for my mother, in which she appeared, and greatly astonished the natives.

Never had there been before such a great excitement in this little village. Even business was almost entirely suspended; and scores of persons were hanging about the tavern, examining our horses and carriage, and trying to catch glimpses of me and my husband. Jim, too, was the subject of great curiosity, and many children came to see him. My maid-servant was more richly dressed than any girl in the village. But, alas! The excitement was more than I could bear, and sleep soundly. I awoke, and the morning sun was shining through the windows of my room. Drops of perspiration stood upon my brow, and the excitement of the dream had somewhat exhausted my physical energies. I arose and made my toilet, and the dream still haunted my imagination. However, I soon shook off these strange feelings, and opened my eyes to the realities of my existence.

Here I was a stranger in a strange city, and God only knew what my fate would be! I thought of my two lovers, and really felt anxious to see Captain Dunmore. It seemed to me that he could protect me better than young Cunard, and that I could lean upon him for support with more confidence. He had made an impression upon me which his absence seemed to deepen. I examined my own heart, and endeavored to ascertain the true state of my feelings; but the more I studied myself, the more I was confused and bewildered. I was convinced that Cunard had not made any advances in the conquest of my heart. Last evening's interview had not made a favorable impression upon me; at least, so it seemed to me. And yet I did not know but I should yield to his wishes, and become the partner of his life. But strange as it may appear to the reader, I was more anxious that morning to see the Captain than I had been the day previous. Why it was so, I could not tell. The fact was

strange to me, yet it was a fact. I finally concluded I would write to him that day, if I could do so, and not be detected. I knew not how to find the post office; but concluded I could make the negro servant a friend, and get him to put the letter into the post office, and also one for my mother; for I had promised to write to her as soon as I had arrived in the city, and secured a boarding place.

Having dressed myself, I stepped from my room into the hall, and saw Josephine looking out of one of the front windows into the street. As I came out she turned her head and cautiously beckoned me to her. I was glad to see her, and hurried towards her.

'Go into my room,' I whispered. But she shook her head for answer. I noticed her eyes were

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'I did, indeed,' I replied. 'And thank you for your good admonition.'

'I hope it was a timely one,' she added.— 'Somehow I feel an interest in you, and suppose the reason is because we both came from the same State, and almost from the same neighborhood. We must not talk long, for the widow will soon be up. She usually rises before this time; but she had company last night.'

'Has she a prospect of marriage?' I inquired.

The girl looked at me, and a peculiar smile passed over her sad features. It was the only answer she made to my inquiry.— At that moment footsteps were heard below, and she tripped up stairs, leaving me in

wonder and surprise at her strange conduct. There was a mystery in her character I could not penetrate. Why it should so happen that she always left me at the very moment when I was about to ask her questions that greatly interested me, I could not conjecture; but so it was, and I was destined to disappointment.

Soon after, I was called to breakfast, and the widow Topway was more pleasant and full of smiles than ever. We partook of an excellent breakfast, and she made the time pass very agreeably. She exercised a strange power over me, and could change the current of my thoughts and feelings at any time.

As she handed me a cup of coffee, she remarked with a smile: 'I suppose the day may not be far distant when you will set at the head of a table more richly and splendidly furnished than this.'

'Indeed, madam,' I replied, 'I fear that day is very far distant, for I do not feel at all qualified for such a position.'

'Qualified!' she repeated with one of her most pleasant smiles. 'Qualified! You have all the power necessary to grace any establishment, however rich and splendid. Those very curls now hanging brightly over your neck and shoulders will pass you in any place, and your lover, and my generous friend, Cunard, knows it. I can assure you he is a young man of most excellent taste and judgment, and knows what he is about. He told me last evening after he came from your room, that the more he became acquainted with you the more he prized your beauty, and the more deeply he loved you. Ah, my dear girl, you have made a complete conquest of his heart. I have never known a young man love more deeply and ardently than he loves you. I can see you are destined to be a happy couple.'

Heaven only knows how happy we may

be,' I replied. 'I feel that I ought to consult my mother before I consent to become the wife of any gentleman.'

'As a general rule that is right; but I think your case forms an exception,' she cunningly answered. 'It is seldom in this world that a poor girl has such a brilliant offer as you have. I should accept it, and one of these days agreeably surprise your mother.'

'I thought of writing to her to-day,' I replied.

'That is well,' she added. 'Write to her that she must not be surprised if she hears by your next letter that you are married to one of the finest young men of the city, who has money enough to live in the most fashionable style. I know that your good mother will rejoice at such news. It would be passing strange if she does not. But, my dear, I don't know as you will have time to write to-day, as I expect you will commence learning the dressmaker's trade.'

The last remark she uttered with a humorous look, and laughed very heartily, so much so that I could not resist the temptation to laugh too.

For the time I forgot all my troubles, and began to think that my own marriage was not far distant. But how sudden are the changes of feeling in the human heart!— Soon after I reached my room, a change came over the spirit of my dream, and sombre clouds seemed to hover over my prospects. The words and strange looks and actions of that girl, Josephine Melville, came up fresh in my memory, and changed the whole current of my thoughts and emotions. What could she mean by such demonstrations? What was her condition? Had she fallen from that virtue which my sex prize so highly? Had her lover proved false? Was she still virtuous, or was she a wanton? These questions occupied my agitated mind, and, especially, did the last



question sink deep into my heart, and spread a kind of sickness over my soul! But I would not believe such could be her condition. A wanton and board with such a fine lady as the widow Topway seemed to be! No! no! Such could not be the fact. And yet something whispered my soul that it might be possible. Why was she afraid to let the widow know that she conversed with me? That question greatly troubled me, and I could not solve it satisfactorily to my own mind. I was much disquieted whenever I thought of that girl. But I must hasten on with my narrative.

Soon after breakfast the dressmaker came, her name was Catharine Cabbott; she was of French origin, but spake English well. When I came down from my chamber she and the widow were in the small private parlor. I was introduced to her, and she immediately began to examine my form, and run her hands over my waist and shoulders.

'You have a beautiful form, and one easily fitted,' said Kate, as the widow familiarly called her. 'Your shoulders have a graceful slope, and your bust and waist are very fine. I love to fit dresses to such forms. Your form very much resembles the French.'

'O, yes, and that's what makes you like it so well,' said the widow, laughing.—'Nothing like French forms and fashions in your opinion.'

'Very true,' replied Kate. 'The French have the most beautiful forms in the world, and surely their fashions prevail over all others.'

'Well, this young lady is a real Yankee, born and bred in the State of Maine,' said the widow. 'I go for the Yankees, for I'm a native of good old Connecticut.'

She now proceeded to take my measure, and worked as if she was perfectly at home in her business.

'Now you will have a fine opportunity to steal Kate's art,' said the widow, laughing, and addressing me.

'I think I should be obliged to see more than one dress fitted, before I could steal all the art,' I replied.

'I could learn you in a few weeks so that you could fit nicely,' said Kate. 'I know by your looks that you have a natural taste for such things.'

Thus the conversation continued for some time, until the widow was summoned by the negro Jim to another room, where a gentleman wished to see her. I was glad of the opportunity of talking with the dressmaker alone. I admired the skill and taste she manifested in her business, but there were some things about her which I did not like, and yet I could not help but

I told her I came to the purpose of learning the art. 'Yes, my dear, so I widow Topway; but I dresses you will ever meet to a title of those you replied, assuming a sly 'I reckon Mrs. Cunard stand making dresses'

'I know no such lady as Mrs. Cunard,' I replied.

'Perhaps not just now, but I'm thinking you will make her acquaintance in a few weeks,' she added. 'Your'e a very fortunate young lady, indeed. But few girls have brighter prospects before them than you have. The Cunards are very wealthy and move in the highest circle. There is French blood in that family.'

She ran on, and her tongue seemed to be hung in the middle, while her long slender fingers were busily engaged on the dress.—Her motions were quick, and the work proceeded fast under her management. I offered to assist in sewing, but she assured me Mr.

Cunard would not be pleased if I sewed a stitch on the dress. 'Boston people,' she said, were full of notions, and some of them were very proud notions, too. Hearing so many favorable reports about the Cunards, I concluded not to write to Captain Dunmore at present, but would wait a short time; I found time, however, during the day to write to my mother, and gave her a brief history of my voyage to the city.

### CHAPTER XIII.

*The appearance of the strange girl. Her ominous words, and their effect upon the heroine. The widow's discourse upon love. The interview. Its results, &c.*

WHILE I was engaged in writing a letter to my mother, and the widow was busily talking with the dressmaker, that strange girl, Josephine, softly opened my room door, and looked in.

'Come in,' I said, glad to see her. She shook her head.

'Writing to your mother,' she said, in a low voice.

'I am,' was my reply. 'Come in a few minutes.'

'No, no,' she replied. 'Tell your mother that you have thus far taken care of yourself, and that you intend to do so.'

I assured her I would do so, and again urged her to come in, but she refused.

'Can you keep a secret?' she anxiously inquired.

'Indeed I can,' I replied, feeling very desirous of hearing what she had to say.

'Be on your guard,' she said. 'The city is full of temptations. The widow Topway—No, I will say nothing about her; but, remember, all is not gold that glitters!'

Saying that, the girl closed the door, and stole softly away, leaving me to reflect upon her strange actions. I had nearly closed my

letter. If I had not, I'm sure I could not have written it, I was so excited and bewildered by what the girl said, and the manner of her saying it. She appeared to me to be my guardian angel. It was evident that she intended to caution me against the arts of the widow Topway; but why she did so was entirely beyond my comprehension. The thought for the first time occurred to me that she was suffering some mental derangement. The more I reflected upon her strange conduct, the more convinced I was that she was laboring under a species of insanity. I almost settled down into that belief, and yet I feared I was mistaken. I longed to converse with the widow about her, but dared not do it. The singular actions of the girl, and her more singular remarks imposed a restraint upon me from which I dared not break away. Her power over my mind seemed to increase every hour.

The day broke away, and sometimes I was cheerful and sometimes sorrowful. I gave the negro servant the letter I had written my mother, and he carried it to the post office. In my letter I stated that I had arrived safely in the city and found a good boarding place. I did not write that I had two lovers; but that she must not be surprised, if my next letter informed her that I was the happy wife of a rich husband. I left it so that she could consider it a joke or not, just as she pleased, but presuming she would not take me in earnest.

The widow assisted in making my dress, but she would not suffer me to take one stitch in it for the same reason the dressmaker gave. They seemed to agree perfectly, and to have an excellent understanding together. Just before night-fall my dress was finished and I put it on. It was a perfect fit, and made me look very genteel. It was the most beautiful dress I ever wore. By the advice of the widow I kept it on, as I expected my lover

in the evening. She said he would expect me to wear it, and I did not wish to disappoint him. He had given it to me, and I was disposed to please him by wearing it in his presence. After tea the dressmaker took her leave, and the widow undertook to give me some advice in regard to my conduct while I was with my lover.

'No doubt he will be here this evening,' she said. 'And you must be careful not to displease him. You must remember that he is very ardently in love with you, and should he desire to kiss you, be cautious not to resist him too much. The customs here are quite different from the customs in the country.—In fashionable life, kissing is quite common, and there is not so much reserve as there is in the country.'

I told her what was wrong there would be wrong here, in my opinion.

'O, no,' she replied. 'Custom regulates all these affairs. You must expect your lover to exhibit evidences of his strong attachment. It would seem very strange to him to pass an evening with a girl he loved and whom he expected to marry, and not be permitted to kiss her. Very modest and bashful young men in the country might behave very differently; but I assure you that you must not expect such reserve here. I tell you this for your good. Depend upon it your lover will do nothing but what the customs of the high circles in which he moves will justify.'

'Your advice and my mother's do not agree at all,' I said, remembering well the lessons she gave me the evening before I left home.

'Very likely it is so,' she answered. 'Your mother lives back in the country, and I reside in this great city. That fact alone is enough to account for the difference in our opinions. You know or ought to know that I would not advise you to do any thing

wrong any more than your good mother would. O, no; heaven forbid! But I feel an interest in your welfare, and desire to see you the happy wife of the rich, and good-hearted Cunard. I know he loves you very deeply and ardently, and I also know him to be one of the most excellent young men in the city. He has mingled in the society of thousands of beautiful and accomplished young ladies; but you are the first one that ever made a conquest of his heart, and I would not now have him disappointed for worlds. I think I have never seen a young man so deeply in love as he is. His is the most remarkable instance of love at first sight. I have often heard of that, but I think I have never seen such a remarkable case of it as he has exhibited. I have heard him ridicule the

sight; but being always a doctrine, I told him he opinions one of these frankly confessed that I the first time his eyes in the stage coach, he what he ever did before the female countenance thing in the expression struck a chord in his heart that was never touched before. He felt it like a shock of electricity, and the more he gazed upon you the more strong did that feeling become, until he was absolutely convinced that love had made him its victim. He said he thought of me at the time and of what I had told him. Have you not, my dear, heard that matches were made in Heaven?'

'I have heard mother say so a good many times,' I replied.

'No doubt of it, and yet how little people seem to think of it,' she said. 'Now love, in my estimation, is a very solemn thing.—What is it? That is an important question. Where does it come from? That is another

important question. Ah, my dear, love emanates from Heaven, and we must treat it as a very sacred thing.'

'But suppose I cannot love him?' I said.

'Not love him!' she repeated, smiling.—'Depend upon it, Heaven has never made a Jack without a Jill. A spark from Heaven would never have touched his heart, unless it had been designed to kindle a flame in yours also. No, no, my dear Louise, Heaven never makes such mistakes! You will love him, and warmly too.'

Thus she conversed for a long time, and fairly bewildered my mind. I went to my chamber, and on my way met Josephine.—She warmly grasped my hand, and I was almost afraid of her. It was twilight, and the hall lamps had not been lighted.

'A beautiful new dress,' she said, running her hand over my sleeve, and looking me full in the face. 'A good fit on a fine form; but take care of yourself, and not hear a baby cry that has no one it can call father!'

Before I had time to reply she had glided from my sight. I stood upon the floor as motionless as a statue. An indescribable feeling came over my soul, and it seemed as if I was fixed to the spot, and almost immovably fixed. Never did words uttered by mortal lips produce such an effect upon me as those few words did. The last thought I indulged about this girl was that she was crazy, and now I began to think she was not mortal, but a spirit who appeared to me in human form, for the express purpose of warning me of the dangers that beset my path. I stood some minutes before I could move from the spot where she left me and glided so swiftly away. It was some time before I could gather my scattered thoughts and command my feelings.

The twilight, the grasp of her hand, and the peculiar tones of her voice, the words she uttered; all seemed to overpower me

and paralyze all my physical strength. However, at last I rallied my powers, and entered my room. Had my lover then appeared he would have found me in a sad condition. 'Hear a baby cry that has no one it can call father!' These words kept ringing in my ears, and stirring the very depths of my soul.

A few minutes after, a gentle rapping was heard at my door, and I trembled lest that girl might come in and again appear to me, but my fears were groundless, for the negro servant appeared with a lamp.

'Missus told me to bring up de big lamp, as you would want it dis evening,' he said, grinning, and looking very sly.

I thanked him, and was glad to hear a voice that sounded as if it came from a mortal.

'I put your letter in de post office, and he will go to-morrow morning,' he said.

'I'm very much obliged to you,' I said, while he placed the lamp on a small centre table.

'Dare, dat will give a bright light so the gem'an can see de new dress,' he added, laughing, in true negro style.

'How do you like it?' I asked, smiling, and beginning to feel as if I was really upon the earth once more among flesh and blood.

'Fus rate,' he replied. 'It make you look beautiful. Dat French woman knows how to fit a handsome form.'

'I think she understands her business,' I added. 'By the way, what young lady was that I saw when I was coming to my room?'

'There be several young ladies in de house, and I couldn't say what one of 'em you might see,' he replied, smiling.

'You are right,' I said. 'But I think I heard some one call her Josephine.'

'Ah, yes Josephine,' he repeated. 'There

be one Josephine under dis roof. She came here to board, a few weeks ago, and I do not know much about her.'

'Nor I, for I have only had a glimpse of her,' I answered, not wishing him to think that I ever heard her speak.

'Can you keep a secret?' he asked in a low voice; putting his fore-finger upon his thick lips, as a token of secrecy.

I assured him any thing he might say would be safe with me.

'Dat young lady has a baby, but no husband,' he whispered, placing his lips quite near my ear, as if he might be overheard.

'Mum is de word,' he continued. 'A gem'an pays her board, and sometimes comes to visit her. They may be married one of dese days, but I guesses not. Mum is de word.'

'Is the child here?' I asked, feeling anxious to hear more about this girl.

'O, yes, in de third story back room,' he replied. 'It's a beauty of a baby; but mum is de word.'

I told him his secret was perfectly safe in my keeping, but I could get no more from him, and he left the room. I now began to see more light, and could understand why that girl gave me such admonitions. My feelings were such that I hoped my lover would not make his appearance that evening, but was destined to disappointment, for he came in a short time after Jim brought up the lamps. He appeared exceedingly glad to see me, and complimented my new dress very highly.

But for what Josephine and the negro had said, I might have received my lover more cordially than I did. The widow had prepared my mind to treat Carolus leniently, but what I had heard since completely destroyed all the influence of the widow's eloquent appeal and forcible reasoning. I was in no mood to receive a lover, and desired

more than ever to have an interview with Captain Dunmore. It seemed strange how that man's image haunted my imagination.

When my mind was troubled and my spirit disquieted, my thoughts were on him, but at other times he was not so much present in my heart. I now felt as if I wished I could see him and hear his advice. I determined I would not let another day pass without writing to him. Such was the state of my feelings when my lover entered my chamber. No doubt the widow had related to him the conversation she had with me, and greatly encouraged him, at least, I judged so from his actions.

'That French dressmaker has dressed your form admirably,' said my lover, placing his hand upon my shoulder, and gazing fondly into my face.

I made no reply, move his hand from some motions to tially understood.

'I have never he continued, d circling my waist

I felt a sudden resist, however r appear to him, from him with a bound that placed me quite beyond his reach. I saw by the expression of his countenance that he felt some anger as well as love, but I felt as though I had done my duty, and nothing more.

He sat in silence a few moments, then and addressed me.

'I confess you have treated me more rudely than I had reason to expect,' he said. 'I have yet to learn that putting an arm round a lady's waist is a crime.'

'I hope you will excuse me,' I replied. 'I'm young and a stranger to the customs of city life. I may have done wrong, but have only obeyed my mother's instructions, and

surely that cannot be very far from right.— It is the duty of a daughter to obey her mother; Heaven knows I have no wish to treat you ill. You have, indeed, been very kind to me; but I cannot disobey the earnest instructions of my good mother which she urged upon me the night previous to my starting for this city. You certainly will excuse me on that account, if for no other.'

'If your mother were here she would advise you differently,' he replied.

'It might be so,' I added. 'But in her absence I must do as she bade me.'

'It seems to me you have but a sorry notion of the power of love,' he said. 'I always thought love sought to be near its object, and not to be kept at such a distance as you deem proper. Such love as that I profess to know nothing about. O, my dear Louise, your conduct grieves me to the heart! I did fondly hope that I had found a girl with whom I could enjoy life and all its charms; but you have struck a severe blow upon me, and almost blasted my hopes forever. O, if you could form any conception of the depth of my love, it seems to me that you would not thus suddenly spring from my embrace, and leave me in this unhappy and awkward position.'

'I have no desire to make you unhappy,' I replied. 'But I cannot do that which my conscience tells me is wrong.'

'But do you not reciprocate my affection?' he anxiously inquired.

'I have not yet known you long enough to love,' I replied. 'I cannot say what my feelings and emotions may be; but I cannot say that I really love you as you profess to love me. You asked me a civil question, and I have answered you honestly and sincerely.'

'O, God!' he exclaimed. 'I wish I had never been born into this world of temptation and sorrow!'

He really appeared to be much affected, and I pitied him; but some how or other, I was suspicious that he did not feel so much as he pretended to feel. It seemed to me like what I had heard of acting in the theatres, and, consequently, did not feel so much sympathy as I might have felt under other circumstances. The truth is, neither my mind nor spirit were prepared to receive a lover. He did not remain long after he became convinced that I would not suffer him to snatch even a kiss, which he seemed so anxious to obtain.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

*The human heart is a book, but not yet fully understood. Thoughts of native home.— The letter. More of the strange girl.— The course of love not smooth. Troubles thicken, &c.*

I took off my new dress, and O, how anxiously I wished it had never been purchased or made! I threw myself upon the bed and wept like a child. My reflections were bitter, and my spirit was troubled. I began to learn something of my own heart. the more I saw of this young man the less I liked him. So far as he was concerned my hopes of a splendid marriage was dashed to the ground, and my thoughts run upon Capt. Dunmore. I thought if I could see him, he would support me under my present trials and afflictions. I wondered he had not called to see me, for he knew where I boarded.— But why should I wonder? Did I not promise to write to him? I finally concluded that the reason he did not call was because I had not fulfilled my promise to write. He supposed I did not wish to see him. How that thought wrung my heart! I made a solemn promise to myself, that another sun should not set before I wrote him. I tried to compose myself to sleep, but not only the

image of Josephine Melville haunted my imagination, but her singular words rung in my ears. Did Carolus Cunard wish to place me in a condition similar to that in which she had been placed by some false-hearted man? The question almost froze the blood in my veins! Could he be such a cruel, false-hearted man? I was reluctant to believe it, and yet strange impressions had fastened themselves upon my soul! It was long past midnight before I even slumbered, and when I did, my spirit was so troubled that I kept waking every half hour. My night was, indeed, a restless one, if not absolutely a sleepless one.

The sun rose bright and clear, and I arose with it. O, how I wished I was at home in my mother's house, or walking among the few flowers which my own hands had planted in our little garden! It was my first wish for home since I left it. But the thought of Captain Dunmore somewhat reconciled me, and kept alive those ambitious hopes which I had so long indulged. Soon as I had dressed myself, I sat down and wrote Capt. Dunmore the following brief note:

DEAR SIR: Pardon me for not writing you sooner; I intended to do so, but circumstances prevented. I hope you will call as soon as you receive this, unless you have entirely forgotten me. But O, sir, that thought distresses me and I will dismiss it from my mind! You have too much kindness to forget me so soon! at least, I indulge that flattering hope. I frankly confess and wish to leave this house, and need your council and advice under present circumstances. Do call soon and relieve me from the weight that now presses so heavily upon my heart.

LOUISE MARTIN.

After writing the letter I thrust it into my bosom, intending to give it to the negro servant to be carried to the post office immediately after breakfast. I left my room and

walked into the hall, where I saw Josephine just as she had placed her foot upon the first step to ascend the stairs, and beckoned to her, and she stopped. She looked anxious and even sorrowful.

'Be quick,' she said, in a low voice.

I hurried towards her, and asked if I could trust the negro servant with a letter; for I had suspicions that he might show it to the widow Topway.

'No, no,' she replied. 'Every letter will be opened that you give to that cunning negro. He and his mistress have a perfect understanding together. Give me the letter, and I will put it into the post office for you.'

I gave her the letter. superscription, and said; one man's acquaintance that young Cunard.'

She said no more, I now felt as if this friend I had in the hall that I had not given servant; for I was been opened, read, and into the post office.

What a change had in a few hours! I was fast, and found the disagreeable as ever. She treated me as kindly and even more so than she had previously. And I asked myself the question, seriously, if she could be bad enough to open and read my letter? When looking at her fair, round, and even jolly face, and hearing her pleasant words, I feared that I had done her great injustice by harboring a suspicion of her honesty, and that Josephine Melville might have made unjust insinuations against her.

'I hope you and your lover passed an agreeable evening,' she said, looking me full in the face, as if she would read my inmost thoughts. 'O, my dear, he is a most ex-

cellent young man. I know hundreds of young ladies belonging to the first families in the city who would bless their stars if they could have him for a husband. You are, indeed, a fortunate girl, and I rejoice at your good fortune.'

I could make no reply, for I knew not what to say, and remained silent.

'Why, my dear, you have not your new dress on,' she continued, apparently much surprised. 'It is intended for an every day dress, and you will soon have some much more costly and splendid. You must wear it.'

'I did not care about wearing it this morning,' was my reply. 'I feel better in one of my old ones.'

'I suppose it feels rather close, but you will soon get used to it, and like it,' she said. 'It makes your form look so genteel that I can't bear to see you wear any other.'

'I must not attempt to become a city lady too soon,' I replied. 'I am a poor country girl, and must govern myself accordingly.'

A poor country girl! repeated the negro servant, laughing, in his peculiar manner.—'A poor country girl! But young missus will soon be at de top ob de ladder ob fashion! dat's a fact, and I knows it.'

'O, I don't feel much like becoming a fashionable lady,' I answered. 'I must not forget my poor mother, and the humble cottage in which I was born.'

'You need not forget those even after good fortune has raised you to the higher walks of life,' added the widow. 'How pleasant it would be to visit your mother in her humble home accompanied by a devoted and rich husband! How she would rejoice to see you under such circumstances! I know what a mother's feelings are, for I had a daughter myself, but death took her away just as she was coming into full bloom! Ah, that was a sad blow upon my heart! But think you I should not have been pleased to

see her wedded to such a young man as Carolus Cunard, if she had lived?'

'I suppose you would, as you so highly esteem him,' I replied.

'And, my dear, don't you highly esteem him?' she asked.

'I have but a slight acquaintance with him,' I replied.

'But young missus will hab a better acquaintance wid him one ob dese days, I reckons,' said Jim, grinning, and showing his ivory.

'O, yes, no doubt of that, and then you will not only esteem him as I do, but love him deeply and sincerely,' added the widow, smiling.

I was convinced that Josephine had stated one truth when she said the widow and the negro had a perfect understanding with each other. I finished my breakfast and retired to my room to reflect upon the circumstances in which I was placed. Occasionally I walked into the hall to see if I could meet that girl again. O, I longed to have an undisturbed interview with her, and hear the story of her life! But, alas! I feared I should not be able to enjoy that privilege.—After going into the hall several times, at last I saw her coming down stairs with her bonnet and shawl on; I hastened towards her, but she motioned me back, and pointed her finger below, as much as to say, 'it would not be safe for us to converse together.' She hurried down, the front door was opened, and she glided into the street. I now believed my letter would be safely deposited in the post office, and so far was happy.

Strange as this girl appeared, and fallen from virtue, as I had reason to believe she had; yet I had confidence in her, and fully believed she was my friend. I had more confidence in her than in any other person in the city, saving, perhaps, Captain Dunmore.

The day passed and evening came, when I expected to receive another visit from my lover. I had hoped that Captain Dunmore had received my letter and would have called during the day; but I was disappointed.—He came not, neither had I seen Josephine since morning. Whether she had returned or not, I could not tell. I often listened through the day to see if I could hear the cry of a child under that roof, but no such music fell upon my ears. I began to entertain fearful apprehensions that she had abandoned the house, and on that account I felt unusually sorrowful. To know that she was still in the house would have given me comfort and support; but I knew not where she was.

Twilight came, and in its faint shadows I stood before the hall was lighted, hoping that I might catch a glimpse of Josephine who now appeared really to be my guardian angel, I heard light footsteps, and she softly approached me. Grasping the sleeve of my dress with a trembling hand, she said, 'Your letter is safely deposited in the post office.—Take care of yourself. You understand.' And she glided away from my sight before I had time to make a reply or ask her a single question, which I should have been glad to do. I was rejoiced to know that she was in the house. In that knowledge there was consolation and comfort to my troubled soul.

I entered my room, and soon the negro servant appeared with the big lamp which was to reveal my charms once more to my lover. O, how much I dreaded to see that lamp! I had given him up, and his presence I dreaded. What a change in my feelings a few short hours had made! I desired not to see him, but if he did come, I was resolved to obey the voice of my guardian angel.—Upon that subject my mind was fully made up.

To please the widow I had on my new dress. The room was brilliantly lighted, and I threw myself into a chair, and thought of home, and all its endearments, poor and humble as it was. I had not sat long before my lover entered the room, full of smiles, and appeared to be glad to see me. My conduct was rather more cold than usual.—He took a seat by my side, and began to pour into my ear his flattering tales; but they had lost all their charms. I was deaf to the voice of love, so far as he was concerned, I now hated more than I loved him. A great change had come over me, and he noticed it. He threw his arm around my waist; but I flung him off with more muscular strength than he supposed I possessed.—He was angry, and threw out some threats, but soon recalled them and endeavored to apologize, saying I parent rudeness to him. I made no chair, and sat in silence. Again he attempted many horrid words, resisted all his attempts, and a determined seemed to aid me on the occasion. He talked a long time, and used all the blandishments within his power; but without success. At last he took his leave, apparently disheartened.

#### CHAPTER XV.

*Another change in the aspect of things.—Strange conduct at midnight. A man arrives with a letter. Much excitement and some lying. The removal of the heroine.*

ANOTHER bright and beautiful morning broke upon the city, but it seemed to have no charms for me. I was summoned to breakfast; but there was a slight shadow on

the countenance of the widow that convinced me she had been told all which occurred at my interview with Cunard last evening.—Her face was not so full of smiles as usual, and every moment I expected to hear something in the shape of a lecture. During the night I heard the voices of men, and the giggling of females. And I cautiously opened my door and heard in the hall, voices. It was past midnight. And O, how can I describe my emotions when I heard a female voice utter an oath and in the same breath laugh. I also smelt the smoke of a cigar. The lamp burned dimly so that I could not distinguish a person across the hall.

'Come, call for a bottle of Champaign,' said the female voice. 'I'm d——d thirsty.' 'Your'e drunk enough now,' replied a male voice.

A sickness came over my soul, I gently closed the door, and got into bed again.—Light began to break upon my mind, and I feared I was in a bad house. I tried to sleep, but in vain. I was glad when the day dawned; for I believed I should see Captain Dunmore before the setting of the sun.

'I fear you did not rest well last night,' said the widow. 'You do not look quite so bright as usual.'

'I did not sleep very well,' I replied. 'I heard voices in the night which somewhat disturbed me. I hope all is right, but I must say I entertain some suspicions that greatly trouble me.'

'Suspicious of what?' she asked in a tone of authority which she had never used before.

'That you have bad characters in your house,' I quickly replied. 'I heard swearing, and by a female, too.'

'O, yes, I know,' she said. 'I have a gentleman and his wife as boarders, whom I must send away. The wife drinks when-

ever she can get it. I pity her husband, for he appears to be a very good sort of a man. I presume you heard them, for the wife made some disturbance last evening.'

'O, yes, I heard 'em, too,' said Jim. 'She lubs liquor as she does her own eyes. It is a thousand pities, for she would be a good woman, but for drink.'

I made no reply; but did not fully believe what either of them said. My suspicions were aroused, and every thing appeared in a different light. The widow took notice that I was much disquieted, and governed herself accordingly. She was exceedingly shrewd; but a jealous mind is not easily quieted. The negro servant now left the room, and I thought he did so because the widow gave him a sign. Of that, however, I was not sure.

'I hope you will not let such things disturb you,' she said. 'I must send away that gentleman and his wife.'

'May there not be others whom you ought to send away?' I asked, feeling more courage and resolution than I had ever before in her presence.

A dark frown clouded her brow for a few moments, but she soon changed it to a smile, and said: 'Really, my dear, your mind seems to be filled with strange notions this morning. You must remember that we have to come in contact with all sorts of people in the city. It is very different from what it is in the country. And the boarding house keepers have a good many difficulties to contend with, more, it seems to me, than any body else. We are very often compelled to take boarders without being able to ascertain their true characters.'

'I remarked, that I supposed there might be a good deal of trouble in such business; and asked her if women did not sometimes keep bad houses.'

'I blush for our sex, when I give you an

answer in the affirmative,' she replied. 'I'm sorry to say it; but there are bad women in the city as well as bad men. But you need not be alarmed. I keep a respectable house, and turn away every one who does not prove to possess a good character.'

'I am glad to hear it; but I feel as if I must seek some other boarding house,' I said. 'I do not feel at home here.'

'O, my dear, I expect you will change your residence ere many weeks shall have passed, and remove to a fine house with your husband.'

'I have not the most distant idea of marrying Mr. Cunard,' I replied.

'Never was I more astonished in my life!' she exclaimed, raising her hands, and gazing upon me. 'Not marry him! Why, my dear, you must be decidedly crazy! Not marry him! I never heard any thing so strange!'

'Would you wed a man you didn't love?' I asked.

'You can't help loving such a good, smart, rich fellow,' she replied. 'Yes, yes, you will love him; he is devoted to you. I know you will love him.'

I assured her I saw not the least prospect of it, adding that the more I saw him the less I liked him.

'I have known young ladies to feel and talk just as you do who have married the men they once thought they almost hated, and loved them most ardently. Love frequently works in that way. It is a very peculiar passion of our nature. Why, my dear, I can speak from actual experience.—When I was courted by him who afterwards became my husband I thought I could never love him in the world. For months he grew less and less in my esteem; but all at once my heart changed and I loved him most sincerely. And a happier couple never lived on earth. I shall never forget those days?'

'I shouldn't suppose you would,' I replied. 'But I don't feel as if I desired to cultivate any further acquaintance with Cunard, and I wish you would tell him so the first time you see him.'

'O, no, I can never tell him of that, for it would fall with terrible weight upon his heart,' she replied. 'I esteem him highly, and he has been such a good friend to me that I cannot consent to be the bearer of such heart-rending news to him. And O, let me entreat you, my dear girl, to reflect seriously before you make such a declaration to him. Be patient, and heaven will order every thing for the best.'

She said no more, and I left the table, hoping that heaven would so order events, that Captain Dunmore might come that very day. It sent from to see him whether I to think I happy with excited by never felt blacksmith to write.

I have been glad to see him. I concluded I would write as soon as I removed to another boarding place, which I was resolved to do whether I ever saw Captain Dunmore again, or not. But I felt an instinctive impression that he would call upon me, and take me from that house.

Having ascended the stairs on the way to my room, I saw my guardian angel at the farther end of the hall, looking through a window into the street. She heard me coming, and turned away from the window. We met about midway of the hall. Her eyes were wet with weeping, and her bosom heaved with violent emotions. Her countenance had a wild look, and my blood ran

cold in my veins, for she really seemed like a crazy person.

'O, God!' she said, as she grasped my hand. 'Our troubles are somewhat alike, only you have not yet fallen.' We both expect men to see us. Your friend will come, but I fear I never shall see mine again!—Two weeks have now passed, and he has not come! When he saw me last, he said he should be absent from the city one week only, and then he would call! But I must say no more!'

And she glided away before I could say a word in reply. Ah! now all was plain to me. She had been seduced, and was forsaken by her false-hearted lover, at least, such were my conjectures. I entered my chamber, and gave myself up to the most bitter reflections. I almost forgot my own condition and circumstances in my reflections upon this girl's situation. She looked wild, and fearfully desperate. I had not been long in my room, before I heard the door-bell ring. I hastened to the head of the stairs, and stood and listened. From my position I could hear what might be said. The negro went to the door, and a gentleman entered, I trembled with anxiety; for I hoped I should soon hear the voice of Capt. Dunmore.

'I have a letter for Miss Martin, who boards here,' said the man.

'No sich lady lib here,' replied the lying servant. 'You must tink hab mistaken de house.'

'No, this is the house, for the number is upon the letter,' the man replied.

'Ah, she did board here, but she went away todder day, to some house in anodder street. It appears to me it was Hanover Street,' said Jim.

'Where's the mistress?' asked the man.

At that moment the widow came along, and I was on the point of rushing down, but thought I would listen a moment and hear if she would also lie.

'Who did you inquire for, sir?' asked the widow.

'A girl by the name of Louise Martin,' replied the man.

'She was here, but she went away yesterday, I think,' said the widow.

'I believe it was yesterday now I tink of it more,' said the deceitful servant.

'I believe you both utter falsehoods,' said the man.

'No white man shall accuse me of dat wid impunity,' said the negro, stepping towards the man, and brandishing his brawny fists.

The gentleman pulled a revolver from his pocket, and presented it to Jim's breast, saying, 'you are a dead nigger if you approach another step.' Jim stood in his tracks, and I rushed down stairs.

'My name is Louise Martin,' I exclaimed, running towards the man, who gave me the letter, which I hurriedly opened. The man then opened the door, and two other men stepped in whose presence together with the revolver, aforesaid, made the burly negro quiet as a lamb, and the widow hung her head. The letter was from Captain Dunmore, requesting me to accompany the bearer to a house prepared for me. It was most joyful news to me.

'I will go immediately,' I said. 'A few minutes will serve me to pack my trunk.'

'I trust you will not depart until you have paid your board bill,' said the widow.

'How much is it?' I asked, taking the rings from my fingers which young Cunard had placed upon them, and presenting them to her. Here take these, and I thank heaven they are not the price of my shame.

'Your bill is ten dollars,' said the widow, receiving the rings, and looking cross.

I was amazed at such a price for two or three day's board, and the man who brought the letter saw my astonishment, and said.



'The young woman shall not pay that outrageous bill.'

'How do you know, sir, the bill is outrageous?' asked the widow.

'Keep quiet, and say nothing about the bill, or you may find quarters in a street not far distant,' said the man.

The words had the effect the man intended; for the widow hung her head, and made no reply. She feared the prison, and knowing her conduct rendered her liable to such a punishment. The negro had retreated back several steps, for he seemed to have great fear of the revolver which the man still held in his hand.

'I'm willing to pay a reasonable price for my board,' I said.

'Not a cent,' added the man. 'Let the young rascal pay it who conducted you here.'

The widow was silent, and I hastened up stairs to pack my trunk. Soon as I reached the hall, I saw Josephine who had been listening. She seized my hand and said, 'God bless you! A lucky day for you!—Write me, and direct your letter to Elizabeth Moore, for that is my real name.'

Slipping a piece of paper into my hand on which was written her real name in pencil, she ran up stairs and I saw her no more.—My trunk was soon ready, and one of the men brought it down. My new dress I had left in the chamber, for that I would not take for worlds. I hated the sight of it, and yet it was very beautiful.

You can give that new dress to him who paid for it,' I said to the widow; 'It is in the chamber where you will find it, and I thank heaven I am never to wear it again.'

'But where is the gold watch and chain,' she said.

In my excitement I had entirely forgotten that, and told her it was upon the bureau, for I had not worn them that day.

'Where they a present to you?' asked the man.

'The young man gave them to me; but I don't want them,' I replied.

'You must take them, or the widow will keep them and say you ran away with them,' he replied.

'I had rather not,' I said. 'I don't want such presents.'

The negro now hastened up stairs, closely followed by the man with the revolver. The servant intended to secure the watch and chain for his mistress.

'Stop, you black rascal, or I'll put a bullet through your woolly head,' said the man.—

'I shall take these articles myself, and give them to the owner.'

Jim stopped as he was about to go, and soon brought down them upon me; but

'Keep them and villain who gave them

I reluctantly too. I gave them back, if I could to do so. A carriage was waiting to take me

house. I entered it accompanied by the man who brought me the letter. He was a stout, burly looking man, with black whiskers almost covering the lower part of his face. He wore a snuff brown-colored coat, bright buttons, and fancy vest and pants. He smelt strong of rum, and I did not fancy him much, yet he treated me very kindly, and even politely.

'Captain Dunmore will be delighted to see you he said.'

'Why didn't he come himself?' I asked, wondering why he did not.

'He did not wish to be seen going to such a house as that widow keeps, and so hired me,' he answered. 'I will conduct you safely to a nice place, where you can live in

peace and quietness. You are very fortunate in finding such a friend as the Captain.—He is a glorious fellow, and has money enough.'

'Glorious fellow!' I repeated to myself.—I thought that was a singular phrase to be applied to such a man as I considered the Captain, but I said nothing.

'The Captain has provided an excellent place for you; but I suppose he will give you a better one in the course of a few weeks,' he continued. 'I didn't once think he would ever be married; but I don't blame him now I have seen your face.'

'I believe this city is full of flatterers,' I remarked.

'You must not reckon me in that category,' he replied smiling. 'I spoke but my honest sentiments. I should be somewhat inclined to marriage myself, if the State of Maine would send up another such a girl as you are.'

'There, that will do,' I replied. 'I should suppose that you are a married man. It is very strange, if you are not, when there are so many beautiful ladies in the city.'

'There are many ladies in the city, but few beautiful ones compared with the whole number,' he replied. 'I always knew Capt. Dunmore had an eye for beauty, and now I have before me additional proof.'

'Don't lay it on so thick,' I said, feeling really sick of hearing such fulsome compliments. 'I'm not so easily flattered as you may imagine. It is enough to say I look better than some and not so well as others.'

'I beg your pardon, young woman, but that is not enough to say, for the truth requires more,' he said. 'However, let that pass. 'You have brought your beauty to a glorious market. Capt. Dunmore will make the kindest husband woman ever had, and he has got the money, too.'

I made no reply. The carriage was driven along, and it seemed to me that we were going a great distance, and turning many corners. The streets seemed very crooked.

At last we stopped in front of a house in Lincoln Street. The man assisted me to alight, and conducted me to the door, up a flight of steps.

## CHAPTER XVI.

*The new home. The contrast. A singular housekeeper. The effects of physical deformities. Another phase of human nature. The progress of events, &c.*

AN elderly woman came to the door. Her age might have been fifty, and possibly more. Her face was quite thin, her skin somewhat wrinkled, and her gray eyes, sharp and piercing. Her form was far from being pleasing or symmetrical; for she was somewhat humpbacked, and quite low of stature. She was nearly a head shorter than women in general. Yet her motions were quick and her countenance expressive of much energy and perseverance. She wore a neat cap upon her head and spectacles upon her nose, which was rather thin and sharp. At the first sight of her I was not very favorably impressed. After opening the door, and before she bid me walk in, she took a large pinch of snuff, which she seemed to relish remarkably well.

'Is this the young lady Captain Dunmore wishes me to board?' she asked, peering full into my face through her spectacles, and placing her face close to mine as if she intended to see the particular color of my eyes and the texture of my skin.

'This is the young lady,' replied the man. 'And don't you think she'll do? Don't she come fully up to the description the Captain has given of her, even enthusiastic as he was?'

'I reckon she does,' replied the woman, smiling, and taking another pinch of snuff. 'Walk in, young woman, and the driver will bring in your trunk.'

I followed her into a hall, and then up a flight of stairs, expecting every moment to meet my protector, Captain Dunmore, but he did not appear. This short, bright, active woman conducted me into a small, neatly furnished room. There was nothing gaudy or splendid about this snug apartment but every thing wore the aspect of neatness and comfort. It seemed to be a very different order of affairs from that I had just left. Here was nothing for show, but every thing for comfort and convenience. My trunk was soon brought up, and deposited in the room designed for my occupation. This apartment was small, and a neat little bed, covered with a counterpane as white as snow, stood in one corner of the room. There were three cane-bottomed chairs, a small dressing-table under a small gilt framed mirror, and a cherry-tree wood bureau on the opposite side. The floor was carpetted, and all seemed nice and convenient, and contrasted strangely with the spacious room I had been occupying. No gaudy curtains adorned the bed or hung at the windows. The apartments of the house reminded me of mother's humble dwelling, and I felt comparatively happy. I regretted that the woman was hunch-backed, and wished she had been made taller, but nevertheless, she appeared exceedingly active and kind. When she conducted me to the room I was to occupy, she told me her name was Beulah Tuttle, 'generally called Aunt Tuttle,' she said, smiling, and taking a pinch of snuff—'I'm afraid you will think your room is too small; but I'm not able to have a large one. We who live in the city are obliged to economize, rents and fuel come so high.'

'I like the room exceedingly well,' I replied. 'I would not wish for a larger one; and besides, every thing is neat and convenient. I have always been accustomed to living in a small house.'

'Not recently,' said the woman, smiling, and taking another pinch of snuff.

'O, I thank heaven, that I have escaped from that boarding house!' I said.

'And you may thank Capt. Dunmore, too,' added Aunt Tuttle.

'I do thank him,' was my reply, wishing to ask her if he would come there soon; but, feeling too modest and bashful to make the inquiry.

'Ah, the Captain is a worthy man, and a generous one too,' she added. 'He has always been a good friend to me. I once lived in his father's family, but that was a good many years ago. His father has been dead several years; but he left a large estate which the Captain now owns. His father followed the seas, and so did the Captain, until he came into possession of so much property on the death of his father.'

'It is very strange he has not married long ago,' I said; feeling more of his history.

'Well, I have all that he lived single find a woman who replied, winking he assuming an arch look has found one now.

Aunt Tuttle took looked me full in the face, and I remained silent.

'I don't wonder he is not suited,' she continued, after a short pause. 'What beautiful curls your hair makes, and how handsome your eyes are! I used to have very long, fine hair; but the frosts of age are upon it now.'

'Time will have the same effect upon my locks,' I added, beginning to think it was an universal custom in the city to flatter. I had never witnessed so much of it in all my life as I had within a few days. Aunt Tuttle now left me, and I arranged my things, wondering how long I should occupy that snug neat room, and conjecturing what might be my fate. It is true, that Captain Dun-

more now seemed to be the greatest friend I had on earth, except my mother, and, perhaps, I might add except Stebbins, the young blacksmith, whose love for me I had reasons to believe was deep and ardent. In all my excitements I could not wholly forget him; for he was the first man who ever declared his love to me. Soon as I ascertained that I had a permanent boarding place, I intended to write him according to my promise.—After seriously reflecting upon my new situation, and my prospects for the future, I repaired to the sitting room, where I found the industrious woman doing up some caps and laces, which were very nice and expensive. She noticed that I was examining her work very closely, and anticipated my feelings.

'These are not my things,' she said.—'I'm not able to wear such costly articles.—I do them up for several ladies who pay me well for it.'

'They are very nice, and I perceive you know how to make them look still nicer,' I replied.

'I ought to know how, for I have practiced long enough,' she added. 'I have received a good deal of money for such work, and expect to receive a good deal more before I die.'

'Where you never married?' I modestly inquired.

'Don't you see the deformity on my back?' she asked, while a cloud passed over her face, and her eyes were expressive of indignant feelings.

'I see a small hunch, but that's nothing,' I replied.

'Nothing, eh?' she repeated, gazing full into my face, and running her eyes over my form. 'Suppose you had such an one on your back, think you that Captain Dunmore would feel such a deep interest for you as he now feels? O, no, he would have looked at you but once, and then turned his eyes

away. Your handsome face and bright hair could not have saved you in his estimation. And the world is full of just such men.—Married, forsooth! O, no, never married.—No men, such as I would have, would have me, and those who would have me, the devil wouldn't have. Excuse me for being thus earnest. The hunch upon my back has soured my mind, and gave me prejudices which I cannot always conquer. No matter how handsome the face of a woman may be, no matter how bright her intellect, or good her heart, if she has a physical deformity upon her back, or elsewhere, no man fit for a husband will take her for a wife. And yet deformed men don't hesitate to offer themselves as candidates for women's favors, and are often received. You must excuse me, for my feelings are always embittered by such reflections.'

'Then I would not indulge in them,' I said.

'We can't always govern our feelings,' she replied. 'My age ought to keep down such emotions; but what is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh. But my hunch-back is not the only source of embittered reflections. I was an only daughter, and my parents quite wealthy. They died when I was eighteen years of age, leaving me with a snug fortune. Of course I had admirers then notwithstanding the deformity upon my back. O, yes, there are fortune-hunters enough in the city. Well, to make a long story short, one fine looking gentleman, several years my senior, paid his addresses to me, and expressed great love for me. My ears were open to his flattering tales. I drank in the sweet music, and placed the utmost confidence in him. Our courting lasted over twelve months, much longer than some widows mourn the death of their husbands. I fancied I loved him, and I suppose I did. He was artful, smooth; and even fascinating

in his manners, and gained full control over me. He so managed that I gave him power over my estate, which he sold, converted into gold and silver, sailed for Europe, and that is the last I have ever heard of him. O, how bitterly have I reproached myself for being thus bewildered and led astray by an accomplished scoundrel.'

She stopped her work, while relating this brief story of her life, one hand nervously clenching a small flat iron and the other supplying her nose with snuff. Her eyes snapped, and almost emitted sparks of fire; her bosom heaved, her lips quivered, and her voice was tremulous. I shall never forget her appearance at that time. She was so agitated that she raised herself upon her tip-toes, and seemed anxious to be tall enough to look over the whole world. A few extra pinches of snuff seemed to quiet her nerves.

'There, it is of no use for me thus to live my life over again,' she continued, after quite a long pause. 'But when I reflect upon the character of men I always feel deeply agitated.'

'I trust you do not view all men as being alike, do you?' I inquired.

'O no, there are a few honorable exceptions,' she replied. 'And I believe Captain Dunmore is one. He has always been rich, been much over the world, seen ladies of all countries, and yet has never been married.—Now I believe, if he ever marries, it will be from genuine love, and nothing else.'

'He is quite old to think of being married now,' I said.

'I should rather have him if he were as old as Methusaleh, than to have any young man I know of in this city,' she replied.—'Almost all the young men here have bad habits of one kind or another. O, you have made a lucky escape from young Cunard.—True, his father is rich, but his son is a gambler and a libertine. Let him have full swing

with his father's money, and it wouldn't last very long I can assure you.'

I now fully concurred in all this woman said in relation to young Cunard, and had reason to be thankful for my escape from his power. It seemed to me that a kind Providence had thus protected me, and sent Capt. Dunmore to guard me from all harm. I felt comparatively happy in my new location.—It is true that I wished Aunt Tuttle was a different woman in some respects. I felt a sort of dread of her notwithstanding all her apparent kindness. She seemed to me to be a person of terrible temper, especially when her feelings were aroused. Already I had seen one specimen of her temperament that made me tremble; and yet I could pardon her for such a demonstration when I reflected upon the wrongs she had suffered at the hands of a pretended lover. My spirit could feel calm

stances; and I could not blame her for indulgence of feeling. And to exercise that calm spirit always witnessed in me, I suffered much on account of my father, and the pinches which was always upon my husband, but for the fascinating power of strong drinks. They made him what he was and hurried him into a premature grave. My mother was an ambitious woman, and when she married, her prospects were bright and her hopes buoyant.

For some years after marriage my parents prospered, and acquired a snug little estate for a country village; but the Demon of Intemperance came into our windows like a destroying angel, and soon his bloody tracks were visible in our household. I was quite young when the Destroyer came; but not too young to see his devastating work. True,

I did not see it in that clear light in which my good mother viewed it, and could not trace all its evil consequences as she did; yet I saw enough to make my young heart sad and sorrowful.

As yet, Aunt Tuttle had not said a word in relation to Captain Dunmore's calling, and I began to feel anxious to know when I might expect to see him; but a sort of bashful spirit prevented me from asking her. It seemed strange that she did not speak of his coming, but not a word upon the subject escaped her lips. Sometimes I thought she purposely avoided it; and yet I could see no reason for it, and supposed I must be mistaken. I spent a portion of my time alone until dinner was ready. There was no negro servant to wait upon me, and summons me to dinner, instead of being a source of disquietude to me, that was a relief; for with servants to wait upon me, I felt much out of my element.

At a seasonable hour I was summoned to dinner. The table was neatly spread and the viands good. We had no luxuries, such as I had been accustomed to while at my other boarding house, and I was glad of it.—Plain, simple fare suited me best, for it best corresponded with my condition in life.

'I don't know as you will like my dinner,' said Aunt Tuttle. 'But I can assure you of one thing, a slattern didn't cook it.'

'I, like your dinner much,' I replied.—'And your last remark was quite needless, for I have already seen enough to satisfy me that neatness characterizes all the affairs of your household.'

'Well, I hope you won't accuse me of vanity when I say I profess to be cleanly in my house,' she replied.

'Indeed, I shall not,' was my ready and truthful answer. 'You remind me of my mother.'

'I hope she has not a hunch on her back,' she added, with some feeling.

Whenever she alluded to that deformity, her mind seemed to be agitated and her spirit troubled.

'I shouldn't think of that unless you spoke of it,' I replied, hoping she would never mention it again in my hearing; for when she did, the expression of her face was far from being agreeable. I was almost willing to take that hunch upon my own back and bear the burden for the sake of relieving her from such an annoyance, if the thing had been possible.

'Ah, I feel very sore on that point, but never mind,' she answered. 'I won't annoy you and myself, too. I've seen a good deal of human life, and perhaps, I don't think so highly of human nature as some do who have been more prosperous. I have had a hard life, and seen a good deal of trouble, which, no doubt, has imbittered my heart and soured my feelings. But there is a great deal of wickedness in the world, much more than you dream of. Men, and women, too, are selfish. The selfish principle is the main-spring of human actions.'

I told her I hoped there was some virtue in the world, even pure virtue, unalloyed by that selfish principle to which she alluded.

'There may be, but I have seen but a few specimens of it since I have been on the stage of action,' she replied, taking a large pinch of snuff, and drawing in her breath as if she intended the article should be sent to the most remote parts of her nose.

We finished our dinners, and I assisted in clearing off the table to which she did not object, but seemed to be pleased with my help. She commended my industry, and said I must have a good mother, I was so handy in such domestic work.

## CHAPTER XVII.

*Suspicious haunt the heroine. Mystery upon mystery. The power of custom and habit. The midnight murder. Gambling. The conflagration, &c.*

AFTER I had assisted Aunt Tuttle in arranging her domestic affairs, I retired to my little room to commune with my own thoughts, and to wonder what would next happen to me. I thought it strange that the Captain did not call, and began to fear that his love for me had cooled. Yes, I feared that; for then I felt as if I could only look up to him for protection. His image was impressed upon my heart, and I could not disguise or conceal the fact from myself, even if I had been thus disposed. I remembered young Cunard, only to hate him, and feel grateful that I had been thus fortunately rescued from his power. But I remembered that strange girl, Josephine Melville, or Elizabeth Moore, whatever might be her real name, with far different feelings and emotions. I was anxious to learn more about the story of her life. I had just heard enough to make me exceedingly anxious for more. Hers was a character I could not comprehend. There was yet a mystery hanging over her which I was anxious to penetrate, and resolved to write to her very soon. Should I write, she might call and see me, and then we could have an uninterrupted interview. I longed to see her almost as much as I did to see Captain Dunmore, but for quite different reasons. I also endeavored to study the character of the woman in whose care I was placed. Many traits which she had developed during our brief acquaintance were shrouded in mystery, and I could not fathom them. I confess I indulged some suspicions; and yet she did not appear to be that smooth hypocrite which the widow Topway had turned out to be.—

Her character was totally different from that deceitful and wicked woman's; but after all, there was a mystery about her which my mental accumen could not penetrate; consequently, I was somewhat troubled in mind and spirit.

Aunt Tuttle, having a few leisure moments, came into my room and sat down. She was then in good humor, and very pleasant.—The burden upon her back did not seem to haunt her imagination, nor awaken those torturing and corroding feelings of her heart which at other moments troubled her.

'Well, my dear, how do you enjoy yourself in your new home?' she asked, smiling, and taking an enormous pinch of snuff.

'Very well, indeed,' I replied. 'I feel much happier than I did a few hours ago, when I was in that bad house.'

'I should think I should like to pinch you her large snuff! It is excellent place where I pur-

I thanked her, as I was not accustomed.

'Well, you're right, don't think snuff and they say it injures the skin and voice. But my complexion has improved its beauty, and my voice its music, so I don't care.' Once, my skin was very smooth and fair, and my hair was dark and shining as yours; but time has wrinkled the one and frosted the other.'

I assured her she looked well then notwithstanding the ravages of time.

'If time had worn down the hunch on my back as well as the furrow on my cheeks and blanched my hair, I might have been better satisfied; but let that pass,' she said. 'I wish not to make you a partaker of my sorrows. It is enough for me to bear them myself. I suppose you feel somewhat anxious to see your devoted Captain. He told me he was obliged to leave town on business of importance and might not be back until to-morrow, so you must not be disappointed if you don't see him to-day. Soon as he re-

turns he will be here without fail. I could not help laughing to see how anxious he was when engaging your board with me. He told me I must be prepared to see the most beautiful girl my eyes ever beheld.'

'I regret that he prepared your mind for such a disappointment as you must have felt when you first saw me,' I said.

'And how do you know I was disappointed?' she asked, adjusting her spectacles, taking a pinch of snuff, and peering into my face.

'Because I think by the aid of your glasses you must perceive that you have seen hundreds of more beautiful girls than I am.'

She shook her head, put another pinch to her nose, run her hand over my shoulders, felt of my waist, and examined me as closely as a slave-holder would a quadroon he was about to purchase, or a jockey a horse in the market. I remained silent, and let her go through with her examination; but I could not help smiling at her manifestations, for she seemed to be determined to know whether I was flesh or blood, or not.

'I say the Captain was right, and I am not disappointed,' she said. 'You are, taking every thing into consideration just about the handsomest girl I ever saw. And I like you all the better because you know how to do house-work. I don't suppose, however, the Captain will let you do much work, neither do I want you to do much, but once in a while you can help me a little if you please.'

'I had rather help you than not,' I replied. 'I have always been used to work, and enjoy it. An idle life is a very miserable one.'

'So it is,' she added. 'If I had money enough to load a ship, as the Captain has, I should not be happy in idleness. No, no, industry of some kind is essential to human happiness.'

'I believe all that to be perfectly true,' I replied. 'I came to this city for the purpose of working, and am willing to work.'

'I like your disposition,' she said. 'But you may depend upon it the Captain will not suffer you to soil your hands with much work. When you are married and become the mistress of his splendidly furnished house, your time will be employed in directing your servants, and seeing that every thing is in place, and that every thing has a place. You and he will also journey to fashionable places, and no doubt you will go east and see your mother. And you must not be surprised if the Captain insists in bringing her to the city to live with you.—A brilliant career is before you, and many happy days are in store for you.'

'I didn't think of being married when I started on my journey to this city,' I replied; feeling flattered with the prospects painted by this queer woman.

'I suppose not; but you are mortgaged now, and no mistake,' she replied, laughing, and cramming more snuff into her thin nose. 'I think all the dressmaking you will ever learn will be learned by seeing your own fine dresses made. The Captain really smiled when you spoke of your learning such an art. I told him I would learn you to do up laces, caps, and muslins.'

'I should like to learn very well,' I replied. 'The time may come when I shall be glad to engage in such an employment. It is always best to know how to work so that if wants come upon us we can supply them by our labor.'

'You talk like a sensible girl,' she said, smiling, and chucking me under the chin in a very familiar and good-natured manner.—'Young ladies who are beautiful do not usually think much of work, especially those in the city. They think more of standing before a looking-glass than they do of washing dishes.'

I told her it might be so, and lamented the fact. Soon she went out, and left me to my own reflections. That interview had raised her in my estimation, and still there was a mystery hanging over her. She appeared to be very frank and sincere in all she said; but I had been thus praised by one woman who had proved a hypocrite, and felt a degree of suspicion when those praises were renewed by another woman.—And what made me the more suspicious was the fact that this woman seemed to follow in the tracks which the widow Topway had made.

The same praises which Aunt Tuttle bestowed so lavishly upon the Captain, the widow had bestowed upon young Cunard. But after all, I was unwilling to believe that Aunt Tuttle was really such a wicked, deceitful woman as the widow turned out to be. Their situation and circumstances were totally different. Here this woman lived alone and occupied but a part of a house, cheaply, but neatly furnished, while the other lived in grand style, occupying a spacious house, and having many inmates. A burnt child dreads the fire, and it is not strange that I should be on the look-out for breakers as I was now on the ocean of city life, navigating alone, and without the advice and direction of my natural guardian, the mother who gave me birth.

The day passed, and evening came, but no Captain Dunmore made his appearance. I was not greatly disappointed, because I knew the cause of his absence. I thanked my stars when twilight fell upon the city, that no negro servant was to bring a large lamp into my room and place it on a centre table to show my person to a young libertine. From such an annoyance I had made my escape, and most cheerfully did I pass the evening with the hunch-backed woman; yes, cheerfully, when compared with the evening previous.

At an early hour I retired, for I was much fatigued, and needed rest. My room was a front one, and the windows opened upon the street. There were green blinds upon the outside of the windows, and plain white muslin curtains upon the inside. The room, though small, was a pleasant one. I slept soundly the first part of the night; but just after midnight, I heard the report of a pistol, and the cry of murder in the street under the windows of my room. Soon many voices were heard as if several people had collected. I arose, threw open the window and saw a group of men standing upon the sidewalk, and a person lying down, apparently in much distress. I was alarmed, and yet desired to know what the trouble was. The group stood near a lamp-post, and the light of the lamp over their heads enabled me to see them quite distinctly. Soon, Aunt Tuttle came running; I stood at the open

'I reckon on he can well bear report of the pist for him.'

'I heard the thinking it strange ter so lightly. 'I murdered?'

'Nothing more likely,' she replied, apparently indifferent. There's a parcel of rowdies and gamblers who are in a house just below here every night, Sundays not excepted.'

'I guess the fellow will live,' said one of the men below. 'He deserved a pretty severe shot, for he cheated a man most shamefully at the same table where I was sitting. I saw the trick at the time, and as soon as the one cheated found it out he swore he would shoot him, and followed him out.'

'Who is the man shot?' inquired another man in a grum voice, as he came up to the crowd.

'Carolus Cunard,' replied the first speaker. But I guess the fellow won't die.'

'O, gracious heavens!' I mentally exclaimed.

'Who did he say it was?' asked my housekeeper.

'I could hardly speak at first, but finally told her who the wounded man was.'

'Well, you would have been compelled to have served him just so, if you had not thus luckily escaped from his power. He's a great gambler and libertine. I've often heard of the young rascal,' she said.

We now heard the groans of the wounded man while two men were raising him up, and a third called a carriage.

'The scoundrel hasn't killed me yet,' said Cunard. 'Where is he? Let me have one shot at him before you take me away.'

'He's good grit,' said one who stood at a short distance from the crowd that had collected. 'It does not take long to gather a crowd here, even at midnight.'

'Yes, but if the bullet had gone two inches farther to the right, he would have packed up for the other world before this time,' answered a voice.

'A miss is as good as a mile,' said another, laughing.

'Not exactly this time,' said Aunt Tuttle; 'for the fellow is badly wounded and may yet bleed to death.'

My blood was almost frozen in my veins, and I could scarcely speak I was so much agitated. I had never witnessed such an exhibition before, and desired not to witness another. But Aunt Tuttle seemed to take the whole affair as coolly as though it was but an every day occurrence.

'What a dreadful thing it is!' I said, in a voice of trembling.

'Well, it is a bad business, but if the gamblers will shoot each other, let 'em,' she replied. 'The more they kill each other, the better it will be for the community.'

There might be truth in the remark, but it seemed strange to me that a woman could speak of such a tragedy with such cold indifference. While I trembled in every muscle, she looked calmly on and thought no more of it than she would the shooting of a dog in the street. Such indifference appeared strange to me. The wounded Cunard was placed in a carriage and driven off.

'He'll not gamble again very soon,' said Aunt Tuttle. 'He needs a doctor now more than he does a woman.'

'I hope his wound is not mortal,' I said.

'Why not?' she asked. 'He does more harm alive than he could if he was dead.'

'He's not fit to die,' I replied, feeling strange emotions agitating my heart.

'There's truth in that; but the longer he lives the more unfit to die he will become,' she said. 'I think it is about as well to have such fellows killed off, and then there's an end of them.'

She turned away and sought her own bed, leaving me to ponder on the tragical affair alone. I did ponder upon it, and wished I was at home in my own quiet village, where such scenes seldom occur.—Thanking heaven for my deliverance from the power of such a young man as Carolus Cunard, I threw myself upon the bed and courted sleep; but hours passed before I could again close my eyes in slumber.—When I did drowse, the fancied cry of murder would arouse me, and drive sleep far from my eyes. Towards morning, however, I fell into a slumber which greatly calmed my nerves. I arose early, but not before Aunt Tuttle was up and busying herself in her house affairs. She was an early riser, and even took several pinches of snuff before I awoke.

'Well, young woman, how did you sleep after witnessing the scene last night?' she



asked, while she was placing her tea-kettle in the stove, and preparing for our frugal morning meal.

'Not well,' I replied. 'I could not drive the horrid scene from my thoughts.'

'I suppose not, but you will soon become accustomed to city life,' she said.

'But not to murders I trust,' was my answer.

'Yes, to murders, fires, rows, and all sorts of things,' she replied. 'Large cities contain the offscourings of all creation, and you must expect such scenes among such actors. The drama of human life is full of strange scenes. And you mustn't be surprised at any thing. If the rascals don't kill me, I shall not cry at their murdering each other.'

The bells now rung for fire, and large crowds soon collected in the street.

'By heavens, the fire is near!' exclaimed this woman, running to the window and looking out.

'I followed her as fast as I could; but aged as she was she could outrun me in spite of all I could do.'

'Yes, see there,' she said, pointing to the opposite side of the street several doors below. 'The fire is in that house, and the flames are bursting from the roof!'

'And are we not in danger?' I anxiously inquired.

'O, no,' she replied. 'The air is still, and the engines will soon get the flames under. It may burn only that building, and no matter if it burns that.'

'Why so?' I asked, gazing upon the flames as they angrily shot up from the roof.

'That is the house where they gambled last night,' she replied. 'Good luck! Let it burn! It is a bad house in other respects, bad women live there as well as bad men. I say, let it burn. I'm glad of it. Now the water flies, and I'm really afraid they will put out the flames!'

She went back, and I remained gazing up on the crowd, hearing the noise and feeling much alarmed. The house burnt down, but the adjoining buildings were saved, and but slightly injured. It was the first building on fire I had ever seen, and I did not desire to see another.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

*Impatience at the absence of a lover. Thinking of love makes it. The happy interview. Its results faintly shadowed forth. The ride. Prospects ahead, &c.*

I PASSED another day, and the Captain did not come. In a penny paper which Aunt Tuttle bought of a newsboy, I read the account of the shot. The affair was described, and all, if not more bear was paraded in per, and headed by rogation points. Nessed was fully c gambling and cheating.

Cunard was severely wounded. The man who perpetrated the deed could not be found, and a reward was offered for his apprehension. Several times I read over the account until I could almost repeat every word of it.

The watch and chain belonging to Cunard I had kept in my trunk, and Aunt Tuttle knew not that I was in possession of such articles. My only wish was that he had them; for I would have as soon worn a serpent round my neck as that watch chain. I placed it at the bottom of my trunk so that I could not see it.

The curtains of night were drawn over the city. The lamps were burning, and thousands were hurrying to and fro in the streets. The evening was pleasant and every

body seemed to be out enjoying themselves. I sat at an open window watching the tides of humanity as they flowed along the sidewalks. It seemed to me that I saw several gentlemen in the light of the street lamps who looked very much like Capt. Dunmore, and my heart beat violently. I saw more than a hundred who I fancied would stop in front of the house and come in; but they hurried along to other places of destination, and the man whom of all others I hoped to see did not come. I began to fear some accident had happened to him. I said within myself, that he, too, might be shot, and even murdered. It seemed to me the city was not a safe place for any one. My nerves were exceedingly agitated, more so than they ever had been before. I feared and trembled. Were these symptoms of love? I could not tell. I was so bewildered I scarcely knew where I was. At one time I almost imagined I was in a dream. At that moment Aunt Tuttle brought a small lamp into the room whose feeble rays revealed my agitated countenance to the keen eyes of the house-keeper.

'He has not come yet,' I said, involuntarily, scarcely knowing what I did say.

'Ah, my dear, the sound of your voice convinces me more than any thing I have seen that you love the Captain,' she said, smiling, and placing the lamp upon a small round table covered with a red cloth.

'I hardly know what I did say,' was my reply.

'Ah, that is the very thing,' she said, chucking me under the chin, and taking a fresh pinch of snuff. 'It was your heart that spake and not your lips.'

I almost believed what she said; for I had thought so much of him that I could not keep him out of my mind. I remained silent and thoughtful.

'I'm glad your heart is thus occupied,'

she continued. 'It will all be the more pleasant when he does come.'

'He may be shot,' I replied, speaking again from the impulse of the moment.

'Another and yet a more favorable symptom,' she said. 'Well do I remember of indulging just such thoughts and apprehensions in relation to my lover, who treated me so cruelly, and who I hope is in torments everlasting!'

'You absolutely frighten me,' was my sudden exclamation.

'Ah, you need not be frightened, for you will never have cause to utter such a wish,' she said, smiling, and endeavoring to calm my agitated feelings.

'I hope and pray not,' I replied, feeling somewhat quieted by her smile and manner.

'No, no, my dear, Capt. Dunmore is one of a thousand,' she said. 'He will surely come. He has been all over the world, and knows how to avoid dangers. Besides, he is a very brave man and can defend himself. He will certainly come. He may have been detained longer by his business than he expected; but he will come. Nothing but death will keep him away from you.'

'And, perhaps, he is dead!' I replied, wiping a tear from my eye.

She noticed the tear, smiled, took an extra pinch of snuff, and gazed silently upon me for a few moments. I felt strangely, and could not speak; or if I could, I knew not what to say.

'Yes, the case is plain,' she continued, adjusting her spectacles and wiping some scattered snuff from her upper-lip that had not found its way into her nose. 'I remember of shedding tears when I was just about your age. These tears are tell-tales from the heart. Ah, they are precious jewels, more to be prized than gold or rubies. The Captain will come. Hark! I now hear footsteps on the door-stone. Yes, that is his



knocking. Three times and I let him in.— Yes! knock! knock! knock!

She ran down stairs and my heart leaped into my mouth. Strange what an excitement. I was under. I heard his voice when he asked, 'Is she here?' I knew that voice well. Strange how we remember voices when we cannot recognize faces! The tones seemed to be as familiar to my ears as if I had been accustomed to hear them from infancy.

'Yes, she is here,' replied Aunt Tuttle.

'God be praised, then!' he answered.— And now what sweet music that was to my ears! I attempted to rise and run and meet him; but I had not sufficient command of my muscles to rise upon my feet. Soon he entered the room and rushed towards me with open arms.

'Heaven be praised for this meeting!' he said, folding me in his arms and pressing me to his bosom.

I thought I felt his heart beat, and mine answered its pulsations. Yes, heart seemed to answer to heart! I felt his warm lips upon mine! I had no power to resist, and if I had, the will was absent. I felt as if he surrounded and defended me from all dangers. Yes, I had found a protector who made me feel safe in his arms in a city which I imagined was full of dangers. I had been so long expecting him, had witnessed such exciting scenes, escaped from such danger, and thought so much of him that I loved him that moment. Yes, he had won my heart! No! he had not won it, but I had given it to him while he was absent and could not win it. The French have a maxim, that 'talking about love, makes it,' but I can assure my female readers that thinking about love will make it also. I have often thought when these exciting scenes were all past that I should not have loved him so deeply, so suddenly, if I had remained with him instead

of accompanying young Cunard from the steamboat. I had seen just enough of him to make me think seriously of him. The peculiar circumstances in which I was placed, my imagination, my thoughts, his absence from me, all combined to excite within me the passion of deep, ardent, enthusiastic love. Sometimes I look back upon that evening, and am almost persuaded that human love is nothing but the creature of circumstances.— But I must turn from this digression to my narrative.

My head laid upon his breast several minutes, and I seemed to be in a sort of dreamy, unconscious state. However, in a short time I awoke to a consciousness of my situation; yet I gazed upon him as I never gazed upon any other human being. In his character were united lover and protector.—

He seemed to me like a lover. How different when Cunard attended! There was an instinctive impulse to spring from him at his touch. And an instinctive impulse had not thought so and had not dreamed, and did not look up to him as a protector. My imagination had not done its full work, and the lessons my mother had given me were fresh in my memory. He was near my age, and I felt as if he might be a deceiver and a destroyer. My time had not come, and a combination of circumstances and excitement had not prepared my heart to love. In brief, *I had not thought myself into love.* That is a key which may open the secrets of many female hearts. Let my female readers ponder upon these matters and draw instruction from them. Temptations are round about them, and calm reason, and cool judgment must be exercised. Besides, the occurrence of strange circum-

stances, and startling accidents made me believe that a kind Providence had sent me a protector, friend and lover in whom I could place the most implicit confidence. He came to me in just the nick of time. Had he come sooner or later, the case might have been somewhat different. The ambition to wed a rich husband might have lurked at the bottom and formed a basis upon which imagination could form her superstructure, and, especially, when aided by favoring circumstances and singular and exciting accidents.

'I am sorry my business detained me so long,' he said, smoothing back the hair from my perspiring forehead, and speaking in tones of voice that inspired me with full confidence in him in the three-fold character of protector and lover. The wise man has said that a three-fold cord is not easily broken, and I found I was bound to him by a chain I could not break, and would not if I could.

'I told her you would come,' said Aunt Tuttle, speaking before I had time to make a reply.

She sat a short distance from us, and seemed to be living her life over again.— She took snuff almost incessantly, smiled, trotted her right foot, moved her spectacles up on her forehead, and then down over her eyes, gazed upon us and seemed to be as well-pleased as a child with a rattle. Why she was thus apparently so pleased, passed my power of comprehension. That secret I could not fathom. It was securely locked in her own bosom.

'I was impatient to see you; there have been such terrible scenes and excitements,' I said.

'Yes, she was afraid some body had shot you,' said Beulah Tuttle.

'O, no one is inclined to point a revolver at me,' he replied. 'I have not injured any one, and don't herd with gamblers, pickpockets and libertines.'

'Indeed, you do not,' said Beulah; 'If you did I should be afraid to have you come into my house.'

'How remarkable it is that young Cunard should be shot on the same day that you were rescued from his power!' he said, pressing my hand, and playing with one of my ringlets. 'Ah, these beautiful curls have been in my mind ever since I first saw them on board the steamboat.'

'I don't wonder at that, said Aunt Tuttle, thumping her snuff-box, and trotting her foot. 'You told me the truth, Captain, when you came to engage board for this young lady. I didn't fully believe you then, but have since; I thought you were wild and enthusiastic.'

'Wild, and enthusiastic!' he repeated, smiling.

'Yes, old bachelors are apt to be when they fall in love,' she replied.

'And how is it with single ladies?' he good-naturedly inquired.

'They don't fall in love at all,' she replied, laughing.

'There may be a very good reason for that,' he added.

'And what is that?' she asked, throwing back her spectacles upon her forehead, as if she could hear better for that movement.

'Because no one will first love them,' he replied.

'Your'e an old joker, Captain,' she said, putting back her spectacles, and taking as much snuff as she could grab between her thumb and finger.

'It seems to me, some Yankee might invent a machine which would facilitate the taking snuff,' he said. 'A box might be made with springs in it so arranged that when the box was opened they would flit the snuff up into the nose.'

'Yes, and fill the eyes with the same motion,' she replied. 'No no, Captain, my thumb and finger is a machine good enough for me.'

'I perceive they are well used to the business, and work rather nimbly,' he added, laughing, and at the same time pressing my hand to give emphasis to his remarks, or for some other reason.

After cracking a few more jokes and taking a few more pinches of snuff the housekeeper retired, leaving me and the Captain alone.—I draw a curtain between myself and the reader.

The night passed, and I heard no report of a revolver, cry of murder, or ringing of fire-bells. The sun rose bright, and shed its beams upon the just and upon the unjust.—I arose at an early hour, and thought of my mother, and her humble home, and how much she would be surprised to hear of my marriage with a man old enough to be my father. I thought, too, how much the envy of some girls in my native village would be excited, when I visited home with a husband having money enough to purchase the whole village. I had every reason to believe the Captain had oceans of money. He looked—acted like it; and Beulah Tuttle was well-informed and eloquent upon that subject.—Such a belief flattered my pride and ambition, and I loved him too. What more could a poor village girl ask? My cup of bliss seemed to be full and running over; and I did not once even dream of its being dashed from my lips. My lover had age, and that gave me confidence. Had he been a young man, I might have had less confidence in him, and been filled with more fearful apprehensions for the future. He had made the most solemn promises of marriage; and it was not in my heart to suspect him of infidelity. No man could appear more sincere and devoted to woman than he was to me.—I believed his words, and doubted not his actions proceeded from the purest love and affection.

Not long after breakfast the Captain called

with a carriage, and we rode over many portions of the city, and into Roxbury. I was well delighted with the ride, and O, how I wished my mother could have been with us. He assured me the time would come when we would visit her at her humble home in Maine, and bring her to the city with us. How I longed for that time to come when I could enter my native village and show the proud and haughty girls there my rich and handsome husband! that was a day which I anticipated with the most enthusiastic pleasure. It seemed to me it would be one of the happiest days of my life.

As we were riding round the Common and gazing upon the green grass and beautiful and majestic trees, he took my hand in his, and said in a humorous manner: 'We passed a short time ago at a fashionable dressmaker's, and he told me you were now about learning to make dresses.'

'Perhaps it is not so easy to learn it, and to make dresses.'

'Yes,' he added, 'and you can kiss the ladies, and help them when we go to a good many dances, and they all cost money.'

I assured him I had no doubt but I could learn to be a very fashionable dressmaker, and make money by it. He remarked that he believed I had skill enough; but thought I might wait a few years until all his money was gone, and then engage in the business, and he would go to sawing wood. Thus he ridiculed the idea of my ever becoming engaged in that employment. I confess I began to look upon that business with some degree of contempt. His influence over me had become so great that he could mould me at his pleasure into almost any shape as the potter does his vessel. Strange how soon

our habits may be changed! We rode back to my boarding house, and Beulah came to the door with her sharp features wreathed in smiles. She was now satisfied that I was bound to my lover by cords that could not well be broken. And alas! her opinion was but too well-founded in truth. I had the promise of going to the theatre which was highly gratifying.

## CHAPTER XIX

*The power of love. A night not to be mentioned. The theatre. The effect of the play. The appearance of the mysterious girl. Her ominous words. A lover's agitation, &c.*

I PASSED another evening with my lover. And O, my God, pardon me! How strange is the talismanic power of love! How it changes opinions, feelings and habits! I was disquieted; but I looked forward to my bridal day with a solicitude that cannot be described. My housekeeper grew more and more pleasant and good-natured, and lavished her praises upon my lover. I concluded that he had made her some generous present. My conclusion was correct. He had given her a silk dress, and also one for me, but I did not know it until sometime after breakfast.—It was a beautiful olive-colored silk. It was to be made up immediately. Beulah accompanied me to a fashionable dressmaker, and the lady promised to have it done in three days. Three days passed and I appeared in my olive silk—yes, dressed for the theatre! My life of dissipation had commenced; but I looked forward to my bridal day that would atone for all crimes and make me a fashionable woman, and the wife of him whom I loved.

Beulah complimented me highly on my appearance. My dress did most admirably

become me. I began to prize my beauty and charms more than I had ever prized them before. That keen moral sense which once passed a righteous judgment upon all my actions began to be blunted, and my conscience to have some of its stings. The carriage was driven up, and my lover received me kindly. Soon we were seated in the theatre. The house was full, and the curtain rose; I was in extacies. The play commenced and I listened with breathless attention. The play was the Stranger; and the part of Mrs. Haller was performed with great power.

My feelings were wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement. Ere I knew it my eyes were filled with tears, and my heart was beating as if it disdained to be confined within such narrow bounds. The play so absorbed my attention at first that I scarcely noticed any thing but the actors. A gentleman sat behind us who seemed to be acquainted with the Captain. I overheard him whisper to the Captain; 'a devilish fine girl! Who is she?'

'A niece of mine,' replied the Captain.

'Tell that to the marines,' said the man, smiling.

Now I noticed several opera glasses pointed at me, and asked the Captain why it was done.

'To see your beauty more plainly,' he replied, smiling.

I remarked that I didn't like to be gazed at quite so much; but he told me I must hide my curls and veil my face if I did not wish to be seen. I was flattered by his reply. Between the acts I happened to look upon the other side of the theatre and there I saw the widow Topway dressed in magnificent style, and pointing her glass at me. A chill came over me, and the blood crept coldly about my heart. I was very much agitated.

'There's that woman I boarded with before you rescued me from her,' I whispered.

'Very likely,' he replied, apparently quite indifferent. 'Almost every body goes to the theatre.'

'O, I hate the sight of her!' I answered. 'She's a very wicked woman!'

'Yes, the city contains all sorts of people,' he replied, seeming to me as if he wished to avoid the subject; but why was a mystery to me.

The curtain rose, and the play went on. My whole soul was again absorbed in the deep interest I felt for the character I felt for Mrs. Haller. O, how I pitied that much-abused woman. My tears flowed freely.—Another act passed, and I had a breathing spell.

'O, what a terrible play!' I said, as the curtain went down, and my eyes were full of tears.

'A very affecting piece when well performed,' he replied, apparently indifferent.

At that moment I happened to cast my eyes above and saw that Josephine whose image had haunted me so much and whose words had produced such strange effects upon my mind. She was bending over and gazing upon me. Several other gaily dressed females were near her.

'Good heavens!' I whispered into the ear of my lover. 'I see a girl above who boarded at the same house with me.'

He turned his eyes up, but soon looked in another direction, and for a moment he seemed to be somewhat agitated. He made no reply.

'Why do the girls sit away up there?' I asked.

'Perhaps they think they can see better,' he replied.

Before I had time to ask another question the curtain rose, and my attention was drawn to the play. Although the acting was in-

tensely interesting to me, yet I could not refrain from occasionally looking up at that girl whose eyes seemed to be constantly fixed upon me. The widow Topway, too, gazed upon me quite often. What with the play, and these women gazing, I was very much agitated. O, how I wanted to speak with Josephine! I regretted that she had taken a seat so far from me. I told the Captain I was anxious to speak with her, and asked him if I could not do so after the play was over. He told me there would be such a crowd that it would not be convenient to speak with her, 'besides,' he continued, 'I advise you not to cultivate the acquaintance of any girls who board with that woman.'

'But that girl seemed to be in great distress and acted strangely,' I replied.

'Such characters are always in distress, or pretend to be indifference that veins.

But notwithstanding coldness, I felt a for she had manifested welfare. But her admonitions may have to meet another a

'As soon as this play is through, we will go,' he said. 'The farce to be acted afterwards is a silly one, and not worth hearing.'

I consented of course; but still I was very anxious not only to see all the plays, but also to seek an opportunity to speak with Josephine. And if I did not seek such an opportunity I felt quite sure she would; for she could steal through the crowd and whisper a few words in my ears and no one be the wiser for it.

Most deeply were my feelings excited by the play, the last part enlisting my sympathies more than the first, if that were possible. And yet I found time to look up and see that girl. The Captain noticed that she

engaged a portion of my time, and whispered to me not to look up into the 'third row,' as he called it, saying it was not respectable. I hardly knew what he meant, but refrained from looking in that direction so often as I had before: yet I occasionally got a glimpse of the girl in spite of his admonitions. It seemed to me that I had never seen him when he appeared to be so restless and uneasy. There was a mystery about it which I could not solve, and which I dared not ask him to explain. In a short time he said.—'There this play is about over, and we will go now so as to get rid of the crowd, for many will be going.'

Reluctantly I rose and followed him out. Just as I started, I saw Josephine gaze intently a moment upon us, and then leave the front seat which she occupied. I hoped she was going out and would meet us. We passed out and stood upon the outside. He left me a moment to bespeak a carriage, when I felt some one gently touch me on my shoulder. I turned round, and as I did so, Josephine said in a low but anxious voice. 'My God, are you with him!'

Before I had time to utter a single word, she glided round a corner and was out of my sight. It seemed as if my heart would sink within me. So quick and sudden were her movements that he did not discover her.—Soon we entered a carriage, and were driven away. He was apparently agitated; yet he treated me with marked fondness. Whether to inform him that girl had spoken to me or not, was a question which I seriously debated in my own mind. 'My God, are you with him,' kept ringing in my ears. If she had said almost any thing else, I should probably have told him she had spoken to me; but I dared not do it now. The carriage was hurried along, for the driver was anxious to return to the theatre for more custom.

'I noticed you could hardly keep your eyes from that girl,' he said, throwing his arm round my waist, and printing a kiss upon my lips.

'She does very much interest me, indeed,' I replied. 'I wish I knew more of her history.'

'I suppose you did not know that all the girls in that high seat in the theatre are wantons.'

'Indeed, I did not,' I replied, being greatly surprised at what he said. 'If that girl is a wanton I believe she is a broken-hearted one, and driven to such a life by the cruelty of some wicked man.'

'It is possible; but then some girls run to such a life as ducks take to the water,' he replied, whistling one of the tunes played at the theatre, and appearing cold and indifferent.

'O, how can you speak of such things so lightly?' I asked. 'I pity that girl from the bottom of my heart! She was innocent once; and I believe now she possesses some good qualities, and might be restored to a virtuous life, if the proper means were used. O, if I had the power and the means, how gladly would I exercise them to save her now before it is forever too late!'

'I reckon it is altogether too late now,' he replied. 'I trust you will not give yourself unnecessary trouble about such characters. The city is, and always will be, full of such women. So wags the world, and we must make the best of it. Such creatures are in all cities in every country. I have never visited any city but what was cursed with them. And there are very few cities in the world I have not visited. And isn't strange that I should have traveled all over the world and have never seen a girl I loved before I saw you?'

'It does, indeed, seem strange, and perhaps you will become sick of me,' I said,

feeling for the moment such fearful apprehensions.

'O, never let me hear you express such doubts again!' he said, apparently grieved to the heart. 'You wound my feelings.'

'Heaven forbid that I should ever do that,' I replied, regretting that I had doubted his love or his honor.

'I know well you have no wish to do so, and therefore can pardon you,' he said, imprinting a warm kiss upon my cheek.

We had now reached my boarding house. We alighted and went in. Aunt Tuttle was up waiting for us.

'Well, you have come home in very good season,' she said; 'I didn't expect you this hour or more. Well, I suppose you feel more happy together than you do in such a crowd.'

'Indeed, I do,' said the Captain, smiling. 'I cannot be so happy elsewhere as I am in your humble dwelling.'

'Ah, it is love in a cottage now, but one of these days it will be love in a palace,' she replied. 'Well,' it is said, that variety is the spice of life, and I think the saying is a true one; but I don't see much of it.'

'I don't now, but you are about as happy as any one after all,' he said.

'Ah, Captain, you know better than to say that,' she replied. 'I might have been as happy as you are now, if a certain man who once pretended to love me had not proved a very devil incarnate. If I could meet him and plunge this dagger into his heart and let it drink his blood, I could die contented!'

She drew a dagger from her bosom and brandished it over her head, the blade gleaming in the light of the lamp, and her gray eyes emitting flames of fire. I was really alarmed, and involuntarily seized my lover's arm for protection.

'Be not alarmed, my dear,' she continued

'This shining blade will never injure any one but him. 'When he stole my money, and abandoned me, I bought this instrument, placed it in my bosom where I have worn it ever since. I swore to be revenged, if he ever crossed my track!'

She now seemed to be more calm, and speaking in a lower voice, continued. 'But that was many years ago, and this blade will probably never drink his heart's blood. If I had money I would have followed him to the ends of the earth and got my revenge; but he stole both my heart and money. Ah, Captain, it has been said that hell has no fury like a woman's hate; and that black-hearted man would have believed it, if I could have found him. But no matter. Let it pass now.'

She put up her dagger, and took two pinches of snuff.

'There, Aunt, quiet your nerves. I have made a remark which would make a man if you would enter it.'

'I shouldn't wish to be some of the men more calm and rejoiced to witness, for she had really made me feel nervous by her furious gestures and wild speaking. I needed repose; for the play I had witnessed, and the strange words of the mysterious girl had most seriously affected my nerves.'

'You have done pretty well for one night, and if ever I have a difficult cause to manage I will engage you to speak for me,' said the Captain.

'I'll do it for the fees lawyers get,' she replied, laughing, and leaving the room.

'She is a very singular woman,' I said.

'She is, but after all, she possesses a good kind heart,' he replied, leaning his head upon my shoulder, and gazing fondly into my

eyes. 'That woman is no hypocrite like the widow Topway. She speaks out just what she thinks.'

'If I thought she was such a woman as that wily widow I would leave her house, this very evening, late as it is,' I replied.

'And you would be doing right, my dear,' he answered, smiling, and brushing back the hair from my forehead and temples. The curtain drops! We are alone!

## CHAPTER XX.

*Time waits not for man or woman. Jealousies and suspicions, the concomitants of love — An interview in the streets. Its effects upon the heroine, &c.*

SEVERAL days had passed, but nothing of great moment happened, at least, nothing to be recorded on these pages. I had written to Josephine; told her where she would find me, and urged her to call; but she did not make her appearance. I thought very strange of it; I began to suspect that she had not received my letter. Beulah knew when I wrote, and offered to put my letter into the post office as she was going directly past it. Not knowing where the office was, I gave her the letter, and whether she had fulfilled her promise or not, became quite a question in my own mind. Sometimes I heard her and the Captain talking very busily together. Once I listened and thought I heard the word letter named; but was not certain as they spoke low. It seemed to me that they had more private interviews together than was necessary.

The truth is, I began to be somewhat suspicious that my letter never reached poor Josephine. I concluded that the Captain and Beulah had an understanding together, and that she was to take the letter and not put it into the post office; but what particu-

lar reasons he had for pursuing such a course I could not tell. Perhaps he might not wish me to correspond with a girl of such a character. That was the most favorable construction I could put on the affair; and my love was so strong for him that I would not allow myself to think evil of him. He treated me so kindly, and appeared to love me so ardently, and I so firmly believed that we should be married ere many weeks had passed that I could not, nay, would not, indulge suspicions of his integrity and honor. I loved him, and when I say that the kind reader will understand that I believed he could do no wrong. Such were my feelings towards this man whose age was more than double that of mine. His power over me was strange and mysterious. The less he spoke of our marriage the more I was inclined to introduce that topic. It seemed to me he did not converse so much upon the subject as he did when we were first acquainted.

One morning at the breakfast table I spoke to Beulah about the letter I had written to Josephine. This was several days after I had given her the letter to be put into the post office.

'You are quite sure you put the letter into the post office, are you?' I asked, gazing directly into her gray, sparkling eyes.

'Indeed, I am,' she replied, looking as sharply at me as I did at her.

I thought I discovered guilt in her countenance; and yet I feared I might be doing her injustice by harboring such a thought.

'Well, I suppose you did,' I said. 'But it is strange I have received no answer to it.'

'Then you expected an answer, did you?' she asked, sipping some coffee, and looking slyly at me over the edge of the cup.

'I did, and it is very strange I have not received one,' I replied.

'The creature's too busy to write,' she said. 'Such girls always have enough to do. I fear she is not so good as she ought to be; and, perhaps, it is well that she has not written you. The Captain wouldn't like to see you holding a correspondence with a girl who boards at the widow Topway's.'

'Does he know I wrote to her?' I asked.

At first she hesitated, but finally said he did know it. My suspicions were now somewhat strengthened; but I said no more upon the subject.

The next day I purchased a penny paper in which I learned that Carolus Cunard had so far recovered from his wound as to be able to ride out. I was glad the wound did not prove mortal, for well I knew he was not fit to die, and hoped he would live and repent. I was anxious to walk out; but Aunt Tuttle and the Captain also told me it would not be safe for me to promenade alone, and so I never appeared out except in company with the Captain, and then always in a carriage. He seemed to be afraid to have me appear in the streets, and did not accompany me to any place of public amusement. Except an occasional ride, I was imprisoned with this singular woman whose character grew more and more mysterious the more I became acquainted with her. There was something about her I could not comprehend, and yet she did not appear like a hypocrite; at least, not like such a hypocrite as the widow Topway. She treated me kindly, and whenever she noticed that my spirits were low, she would endeavor to revive them by speaking of my marriage, and the fine mansion I was soon to become the mistress of. I noticed the Captain appeared more and more reluctant to converse upon our marriage, and his visits to me became less and less frequent. Sometimes I was really alarmed lest he might leave me; but a visit from him would dispel all those

fears, and restore me to my usual flow of spirits.

One afternoon I was sitting at a window, looking out into the street, and saw young Cunard standing upon the sidewalk, conversing with Captain Dunmore. They appeared to be quite angry, and every moment I expected there would be a fight. I gently raised the window so that I might hear, if possible, what they said. My heart leaped into my mouth when I heard the young man swear he would find the girl if it cost him his life. They flourished their canes, but did not strike, although I momentarily expected blows would be given. Again, I heard Cunard say he would expose the Captain if he did not give up the girl. And I thought I heard him speak of the Captain's wife, but of that I was not sure: still the suspicion almost c

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'O, don't be a Captain can flog a regiment of just such fellows. The fellow may flourish his cane, but he dares not strike, if he did, the Captain would annihilate him at a blow.'

'I am not afraid of that, but I thought I heard the young man speak of the Captain's wife,' I replied, gazing through my tears upon her sharp features.

'The Captain's wife!' she repeated, laughing quite loud in a sort of hoarse, cracked voice. 'The Captain's wife! Well, that beats the Dutch. I reckon if you did hear that, it was news to the Captain. The young man might have said wife, when speaking of you; but I guess it is all imagination. The Captain's wife! Well, that may be said one of these days, but not now. I suppose the

fellow feels wrathful because the Captain rescued you from his power. No doubt, if I were a young man, I should feel indignant under the same circumstances.'

'But he may carry a pistol and shoot the Captain!' I said. 'I really feel as if his life was in danger.'

'No fear of that,' she said. 'The fellow is a coward, and dares not shoot.'

'O, I don't know how that may be,' I replied. He is a desperate, wicked person, and may do some terrible deed.'

'There, they have separated, and no blows struck!' she said.

I was rejoiced to hear that; but I had not strength to rise and look through the window. I expected the Captain would call, but he did not at that time. In the evening, however, he came.

'Then you are not shot or stabbed,' said Beulah to the Captain, as he entered the room in which we were sitting.

'I feel no blood flowing, or pain from wounds,' he replied. 'I believe I'm all sound. But what mean you?'

'O, nothing, only Louise was afraid that young man would kill you when you and he met to-day,' she replied.

'He kill me!' said the Captain. 'He knows better than to attempt that. I should not be afraid to set myself up as a mark for him to fire at. He is much more likely to be shot, than to shoot any one.'

'I told Louise he was a coward, and need not be alarmed,' she said, leaving the room.

'Then you saw us together this afternoon, did you, my dear?' he asked, kissing me.

'I did, and heard some things he said,' I replied.

A shadow suddenly came over his brow, and he seemed to be agitated; but he soon rallied, and asked what I heard.

'That he would find the girl if it cost

him his life, that he would expose you, and also spoke of your wife,' I replied.

'O, my wife, that is to be,' he said, forcing a smile. 'Yes, he raved some, and said you should never become my wife.'

'That might have been what he said,' I answered, feeling somewhat assured that I had not heard aright. 'O, Captain, I wish we were married, and could leave the city awhile. It seems to me you are in danger here now, and I do not feel safe.'

'There's not the least danger in the world,' he said. 'You are perfectly safe with our friend, Aunt Tuttle. No one would ever think of coming here to find you. No—no, my dear Louise, you are entirely safe here. There's not a safer place in the city than this house.'

'It may be so; still, I feel quite nervous,' I said. 'When do you think we shall be married?'

'O, before many weeks, soon as I can arrange some business-affairs which requires my personal attention,' he replied. 'Soon as we are married, I intend to take a journey to the Springs, and spend a few weeks in traveling. You would like that, wouldn't you? We shall see some gay and fashionable society.'

'I should rather go and visit my mother,' I replied.

'We will go there, too, one of these days,' he said. 'Surely we must visit your mother and bring her to the city. I intend she shall live with us.'

'I wish we could live in the country a part of the time,' I said, wishing we might spend a few months in my native village so that I might surprise the people and excite the envy of those proud, haughty, village girls.

'Perhaps we may live in the country during the summer months,' he replied. 'I like the country well during the warm season. And I shouldn't be surprised if we passed

several weeks in the place where you were born, before next autumn.'

'That would give me great pleasure,' I replied. 'It is a beautiful place. The fields are green, the streams and lakes lovely.— There is good trouting in the vicinity. Are you not fond of angling?'

'O, exceedingly fond of angling when I can catch such a trout as you are,' he replied; smiling, and imprinting a warm kiss upon my lips. 'I think I have caught the most beautiful fish that swims in any of the streams or lakes of Maine.'

'You haven't seen them all yet,' I answered, smiling. 'No doubt there are hundreds, nay thousands of girls in Maine much more beautiful than I am.'

'There may be, but permit me to say I don't believe one word of it,' he said. 'No, no, my dear Louise. Neither Maine, or any other State in our Union can furnish a girl whom I could love as I do you.'

'You ought to love me more than any other woman, if you make me your wife,' I said.

'True, and so I do,' he replied, drawing me towards him and pressing me to his breast. 'When I'm with you, I feel as if I had the whole world in possession and need nothing besides. Strange, what true love exercises over the human heart!'

My own heart bore witness to that. When in his presence, I felt as if my cup of earthly bliss was full and running over. It seemed to me I had found the man heaven intended for me. What power he had to calm my nerves and keep down all suspicions, and especially when he was with me. But when he was absent, I was sometimes troubled lest there might be a slip between the cup and the lip. I'm sure the kind reader will not censure me if I once more draw the curtain

## CHAPTER XXI.

*The letters from home. A mother's warnings.*

*Caution about false promises. An exciting interview. The truth told, and true characters developed. The hunchback's rage.*

On the same day I received two letters—one from Stebbins the young blacksmith. I read my mother's first; but for Capt. Dunmore, I might, and probably should, have given the other letter the first perusal. But, what was the love of a young blacksmith to me then? True, he was the first man who ever declared his passion for me; and I confess that declaration was not without its legitimate effects upon my mind and heart. When I left him I almost loved him, and now greatly respected him. I knew him to be a very worthy, industrious young man; I judged from his letter that he did not know what I had written to my mother. He spoke of his love, how much my absence had increased it, how he longed to be free from his apprenticeship, that he might visit Boston, and how anxious he was to see me. His letter I read with interest; but how to an-

swer it and not wound his feelings was a question that troubled me exceedingly.

My mother's letter was full of good advice and many sound admonitions. She said marriage was a solemn contract in which my earthly happiness was involved. Although she was always anxious that I should marry a rich man and believed my beauty would procure such a man if brought to the right market; yet in her letter she very wisely cautioned me not to let riches become the controlling power, and urged me to study well the character of him who desired to make me his wife, and above all she cautioned me not to be deceived by any false promises. 'Beware of libertines, O, Louise,' was a frequent phrase in her letter. That fear seemed to be present in her mind all the time she was writing. She said the city was full of such characters, and that I must constantly be on my guard and keep a sharp look out for them.

Many times did I read her letter over, and O, how anxious I was to see home once more; but before I did I expected to be Mrs. Dunmore.



Just after I had finished reading my letters and deposited them in my trunk, I heard a knocking at the door. Beulah was out and I was alone. It was about the middle of the afternoon, and I mustered courage to answer the summons at the door. I ran down stairs and unlocked the door. O, what pen can describe my feelings, when my eyes fell upon Carolus Cunard, the libertine and the gambler! My first thought was to shut the door in his face; but I was so overcome by my feelings that I had not strength to do so, and he stepped in.

'O, for heaven's sake do not stay here!' I exclaimed, almost frantic, and scarcely knowing what I did say.

'Be not alarmed,' he said, in a mild, pleasant voice. 'I came not here to injure, but to do you good, if it is not too late.'

'How too late?' I anxiously inquired.—'What mean you? Speak!'

He closed the door, and asked to lead the way up stairs.

'O, no, I cannot go!' was my reply. 'Do let the door stand open. The woman who keeps the house will soon be here!'

'Let her come,' he answered. 'I fear not to see her, bad as she is.'

'Bad as she is!' I repeated. 'O, heavens, what do you mean?'

'Before heaven, I swear I came not to hurt a hair of your head,' he said, in a cool, collected manner. 'Walk up, and I will tell you all.'

I started up, scarcely knowing whether I was walking on my head or feet. He followed me, and we sat down in the small sitting room. I could scarcely look him in the face, and trembled in every muscle.

'Be calm, and quiet,' he said. 'Do you know the real name of the man who pays your board at this house?'

'What do you mean?' I anxiously inquired. 'Is not his name Captain Dunmore?'

'No, it is not, as heaven is my judge!' he replied, in a voice which seemed to be that of truth. 'His name is James Hurd, and a hard case he is!'

'James Hurd!' I repeated, almost beside myself. 'James Hurd!'

I could say no more, and buried my face in my hands.

'Yes, James Hurd,' he answered. 'I have found out his history and his family connections.'

'His family connections!' I repeated. 'O, my God!'

'He has a wife and three daughters, one of whom is older than you are,' he replied. 'He is an old libertine, and I confess, I'm a young libertine; but an old one is most to be feared, I'm thinking.'

'Gracious heavens!' I exclaimed. 'Do your lips speak the truth?'

'I call on truth I have been watching him one so concluded have found y the knowledg James Hurd

wool. He is well-known in all the brothels in the city, and has been for years. I advise you to escape from his power as soon as you can. Make him furnish you with a good round sum of money, for he's rich and can afford to do it. However vicious I may be I am not so wicked but I can speak the truth.'

'O, my God!' I exclaimed, in the bitterness of my heart. 'Have I thus been deceived.'

'You surely have, and I confess I intended to deceive you,' he answered. 'But his power proved greater than mine. I beat the bush, and he caught the bird. Tell him you will expose him, even go to his house and

proclaim his guilt to his wife and daughters, unless he pays you a large sum of money.—Stick to him, and you'll get it. He is a mighty old rascal, and has destroyed the character of many an innocent girl.'

I could make no reply, for my words stuck fast in my throat.

'And this old hunchbacked hag you board with is as bad as he is,' he continued. 'She once kept a brothel, but her ugly looks drove away all her customers, and she was compelled to seek other employment or starve. I have found out her history, also. Her character is as black as a moonless midnight.'

At that moment Beulah entered the house, and came bustling up stairs. As she entered the room and saw young Cunard flourishing his cane in a very independent manner, and myself in tears, her small gray eyes darted out flames of fire, her lips quivered, and she stretched up her form to its utmost height. She took an enormous pinch of snuff, and stood a moment in silence, apparently preparing for some terrible outbreak. She gazed upon Cunard, and he smiled, and returned her gaze. I trembled, and dared scarcely look at them.

'Well,' she said, taking another pinch of snuff to start her ideas. 'You are not dead yet, I perceive.'

'No, I'm alive, and kicking,' he replied, while his eyes flashed, and his lip curled in scorn. 'It takes more than one shot to knock the breath out of my body.'

'If I had held that pistol one shot would have been sufficient,' she said, planting her right foot firmly on the floor, and putting herself into a fighting attitude.

'You hold a pistol,' he replied, manifesting much contempt.

'Yes, and a dagger, too!' she answered, drawing the shining instrument from her bosom, and brandishing it over her head.

He stepped back, apparently afraid that she might prick him with the sharp point; while my fears were much greater than his, that blood would be spilt. My first impulse was to leave the room; but finally concluded to remain.

'What right have you to enter my house in my absence?' she asked.

'I knocked, and the door was opened, and I entered,' he replied, smiling.

'I will open the door and you can go out the same way you came in,' she said.

I'm willing to go now; for I have said all I desired to say about you and that hypocrite and libertine, James Hurd.'

'About me! James Hurd!' she repeated with flashing eye and quivering lip.

'Yes, about both of you,' he replied, drawing a revolver from his pocket, and examining the cap. 'As you have a deadly weapon in your hand, it is but fair that I should have one too. I have told this young lady that she was in bad hands—that you were a keeper of a brothel, until your ugly looks drove away all decent customers, and that Jim Hurd is the worst old libertine in the city. Put that in your snuff-box and snuff it up.'

She was terribly enraged, but kept her keen eyes upon the revolver as if she feared some harm might grow out of that. He noticed her fear, and became still more saucy and aggravating. At last her wicked temper gained the mastery over her fear, and her tongue began to move.

'You talk about libertines!' she said.—'Why, you are not only a libertine, but a gambler also, yes, a lying, cheating gambler!'

'Say on, you ugly hunchbacked hag,' he said. 'I won't gratify the devil so much as to put a bullet through your body and send you to him now.'

'Out of my house, or your heart's blood shall stain this shining blade,' she said, flourishing her dagger, but keeping at a respectful distance from him.

'Whew!' he said, smiling at her rage, and holding up his revolver.

'O, don't fire, for heaven's sake!' I exclaimed, in the greatest fear that murder would be committed in my presence.

'Be calm,' he replied. 'No blood will be spilt this time, unless she approaches me near enough to strike, and I think the old hunchback will not venture upon that experiment. If she does I can put six bullets through her ugly body as quick as you could count that number.'

'O, you imp of the devil!' she exclaimed, grating her teeth, and clenching her hands. 'I won't kill you; but leave that dirty work to be finished by some of your blackleg companions. Leave my house, or I will call the police.'

'I told you I was ready to leave; but you keep talking, and common politeness compels me to remain and hear you,' he said.—'Cease the wagging of your wicked tongue, and I will depart from your ugly presence; for your looks almost make me hate all womankind.'

'Go quickly, or my rage will know no bounds,' she answered; stamping her feet, and flashing her eyes.

'Now before I go, let me say to you, Louise, get out of this den of iniquity as soon as possible,' he said. 'Remain not another night with this old hunchback, nor with that old libertine, Jim Hurd!'

Thus speaking, he hurried down stairs and left the house before Beulah had time to disgorge any more of her slang. In fact she was so choked with rage that she scarcely had the power of utterance. She trotted about the room, flourished her dagger, and snapped her eyes, took several pinches of

snuff in quick succession, and breathed violently. Never before or since have I seen a woman in such a rage; I was frightened and sick at heart. Some time elapsed before she could speak, and I had no inclination to break the silence. It was the most unhappy moment of my life; I felt as if my heart would burst, and longed to sink into the earth and hide myself from the gaze of every human eye.

'O, what a black devil that young man is!' exclaimed Beulah, in a coarse, cracked, unearthly voice. 'He is like a dog, and I wonder why I had not plunged this dagger into his black, corrupt heart. Captain Dunmore a libertine, and I an old hunchbacked hag. O, hell and damnation! No, no, I will not utter such wicked words! But how can I help it when such an infernal, black-hearted devil as he is lies to me? It seems to me that I should have a blade!'

She ran time to time, wrought to I longed to but her tongue she knew last she seemed to have almost exhausted her rage, and I found a chance to put in a word.

'What did he mean by calling the Captain, James Hurd?' I asked. 'Is Hurd his real name, and has he a wife and daughters? O, for God's sake, speak, and tell me nothing but the truth! Let me know the worst now, for perhaps I can endure it better now than I can hereafter. Remember, I am a woman like yourself. At the longest our time on earth is short, and soon we must appear in that world where the secrets of all hearts will be laid open. O, as a woman, speak to a woman and keep nothing back. Tell me

now if I am ruined! Speak the truth, and let it sink deep into my heart. Better, a thousand times better that I should know it now than at some future day.'

'Why, my dear girl, how alarmed you appear to be,' she replied, forcing a smile upon her face, and some snuff into her nose.

'And have I not reason to be alarmed?' I asked.

'Not the least in the world,' she answered. 'You ought to have more common sense than to believe that blackguard, scoundrel, libertine, and gambler. Was he not shot at and came near being killed by one of his blackleg brothers whom he had vilely cheated?—Strange that you should for a single moment believe one word he uttered. He lied from beginning to end.'

'But why did he say that Captain Dunmore's name is James Hurd?' I anxiously inquired; feeling as if he had really spoke the truth in that respect.

'Why did he say that?' she asked. For the very same reason that he called me what he did. He is outraged with the Captain because he rescued you from his cruel hands, and intends to make all the trouble he can. He means to plague your very life out, if he can. He is awfully provoked, and no wonder. Almost any young man would be to have

such a prize as you are thus taken from him. Ah, I understand the young rascal perfectly well. He would induce you to leave the Captain so that he might have some chance of getting you back; but that he can never do. No, no, my dear girl, be calm and quiet. Be not moved by the lies of such a villain as he is known to be. Remember not a word he uttered, for all he said was a tissue of falsehoods. I guess the Captain will laugh when he comes to hear his name is James Hurd. O, the cunning rascal.—He was determined to invent something that might harrow up your feelings. But think no more of him. He'll have good luck to enter my house again. Whenever I am absent, you must not answer any call at the door.'

Thus she spoke, and made every thing appear quite plausible. Knowing some traits in his character, I had not much reason to believe what he said. Still I was filled with fearful apprehensions, and desired to see my lover. Beulah had done all she could do to quiet my nerves, and yet I was not fully reconciled. It seemed to me there might be some truth in what he had so solemnly uttered. Dark clouds began to gather about me.

## CHAPTER XXII.

*Dark clouds still gather over the heroine.—  
The hunchback's character still deeper involved in mystery. The magic power of love in keeping down suspicions, &c.*

THE Captain did not visit me that evening following the interview I had with young Cunard, and the night was almost a sleepless one. I began to think that he had already forsaken me, and my chilled blood crept coldly about my heart. Beulah plied all her arts to keep my spirits up; but I would not be reconciled so long as my lover was absent. At times it seemed to me that young Cunard had spoken the truth; and yet I was reluctant to believe evil of him whom I so ardently loved. Beulah's character was indeed a mystery to me; but she treated me very kindly. Sometimes strange features in her character would appear very prominent, and she seemed to be a very

savage, ill-tempered always disposed to construction upon story of her life I she had been an man; and hence for her sudden out not willing to believe corrupt at heart, appeared savage, and the Captain's testimony gave me confidence in her; for I was too prone to believe every thing he said.

The last night and the following day were cloudy ones for me. Scarcely a ray of sunshine illumined my path, and my prospects for the future were dark and gloomy. The words of Cunard had fastened themselves upon my memory, and Beulah's power could not drive them from my mind.

The day wore away sadly and slowly for me. Thoughts of home, my mother, the flowers my own hands had planted; the green pastures and shady groves where I

used to roam free as the birds of summer; the school house where I learned to read; the little church where I heard our humble parson preach, even the young blacksmith, all passed in review before my mind's eye, and I began to long for those scenes.

The twilight had fallen upon the city, the man with a ladder and a torch in his hand was passing from lamp to lamp, and lighting up the street; and I sat at a window gazing upon the crowds passing and repassing, and listening to hear a knocking at the door, for there was no door-bell. My heart throbbed, and every moment I expected my lover would return, and yet I feared he might never come again.

Thus impatiently and anxiously did I wait while Beulah was busy with her household affairs. Occasionally tears would come, unbidden into my eyes, and I would wipe them away. A thousand conflicting thoughts rushed into my mind, and the night of despair began to gather over my soul. What if he had abandoned me? Suppose he never visited me again, or if he did, it was only to bid me a final farewell? These questions greatly agitated my mind, and sorrow and sadness fell upon my heart. A long time I remained in my chair pondering on the past and trying to penetrate the veil that hung between me and the future. At last I heard footsteps upon the door stone, immediately followed by knocking. I ran down stairs, opened the door, and was soon in the arms of my lover. O, how many thoughts and emotions were crowded into that moment!

'I feared you wouldn't come!' I faintly said.

'Why, my dear Louise, do you indulge such fears?' he asked.

'O, I can hardly tell; but I do indulge them, and they make me unhappy,' I replied.

We now ascended to the stairs to the little sitting room and sat down side by side. My heart was rejoiced to be with him; but the words of young Cunard were fresh in my memory and made me sad and sorrowful.— I hoped they were not true; nay, I believed they were false and uttered only to torment me, still I thought there was a possibility of their being true, and that thought troubled me exceedingly.

'You have been well, I trust,' he said, resting his head upon my shoulder, and looking fondly into my eyes.

'O, yes, I have been well; but O, my God, what feelings have pressed my heart!' I said.

'My dear girl, why do you make such an exclamation?' he asked. 'It falls heavily upon my heart. Do be cheerful as I always am, when in your presence.'

'When, think you, we shall be married?' I asked, in a voice of trembling.

'O, one of these days as soon as I can properly arrange my business affairs so that we can leave the city, journey, and enjoy the honeymoon.'

'The honeymoon!' I repeated, looking him full in the face, and watching every movement of his countenance. 'For heaven's sake, do tell me, if your name is James Hurd!'

Suddenly he raised his head from my shoulder, his countenance changed, and for a moment, trembled; but he soon recovered his balance, and smiling, said. 'What in the world did you ask me such a question for?'

'I heard that was your real name,' I replied, feeling strangely.

'James Hurd, my name!' he repeated.— 'Well, I confess that's the last thing I have heard.'

'And have you not a wife and three daughters?' I asked, trembling in every joint.

Again, he suddenly started in spite of all his self-control, which somewhat confirmed my suspicions and made me sick at heart.— Never had I felt such a heavy burden upon my soul as at that moment.

It seemed to me that all was lost, and that I must become a shame and a reproach to my sex, and break the heart of my good mother.

Recovering from the embarrassment into which my inquiry had thrown him, he began to laugh most heartily, and to throw ridicule upon the whole affair.

'Good gracious, and gracious goodness!' he exclaimed, between his fits of laughter. 'Did ever any one hear such nonsense?— My wife and three daughters.'

And again he laughed most immoderately, and once more repeated. 'My wife and three daughters! That's a capital joke! I had'n't the most distant idea that I was so well off in the world. A wife and three daughters! First rate! Capital! I should like to see them! I wonder if my wife is handsome, and my daughters beautiful and accomplished? Well, what will the world come to next? But who in the city told you such a marvellous story? A wife and three daughters.'

And again he burst out into a fit of laughter as if he would break his sides.— His laugh continued so long and so loud, that I could scarcely find an opportunity to answer his question. At last I told him young Cunard was my author.

'But where did you see him?' he anxiously inquired, looking as if he felt somewhat troubled.

'He came to this house a short time since,' I replied.

'Come to this house!' he repeated.— 'How under heaven did he know you were here?'

'That is more than I can tell,' I answered.

'He came while Aunt Tuttle was absent, and I let him in before I knew who was at the door.'

'Did he offer you any insult?' he asked, looking rather wild and disconcerted.

'None,' I replied. 'But he said your name is James Hurd, that you have a wife and three daughters, and are the greatest old libertine in the city.'

He rose from his chair, and walked the room in much agitation. At last he stopped before me and asked if Aunt Tuttle heard him thus discourse.

'She did, and he accused her of having kept a brothel,' I replied.

'And why didn't she plunge a dagger into the foul slanderer's heart?' he asked.

At that moment Beulah entered the room with a small lamp in one hand, and her snuff-box in the other. She had been listening to the Captain and

'The reason I do not besmear my wife with corrupt blood,' he said, 'is that I am in the room.'

'A pretty good present I think I can give you, if I happen to meet the young rascal.'

'O, do not kill him, for then the law would take you and imprison you, and we should be separated!' I said.

'That, my dear girl, is the only reason why I should not kill him,' he replied, smiling, and gazing fondly upon me. 'But for you I would now pursue him until his place in this world should know him no more, forever. He feels much troubled in spirit because I rescued you from his polluting hands.'

'Then all he said were falsehoods!' I

asked, beginning to believe that he had uttered nothing but lies, base and wilful lies.

'To be sure they were,' he replied, at the same time smoothing back my hair from my forehead, and imprinting a warm kiss upon it.

'O, he is one of the blackest young scoundrels and the foulest liar in all the city,' said Beulah, taking a fresh pinch of snuff by way of emphasis.

'You may truly say that, Aunt Tuttle,' replied the Captain. 'He will come to some bad end yet. Such scoundrels are not fit to live or die.'

Some of his blackleg companions will shoot him again, and I do really hope the next bullet will do better execution,' said Beulah.

'May your hope be fully realized,' he said. 'I think I shall cane him, if I ever meet him again.'

'O, do not, for he may shoot you,' I said. 'He carries a pistol always in his pocket.— He had one when he was here.'

'Did he show it?' he asked.

'Yes, and pointed it at Beulah,' I answered.

'A very high-handed offence, and the law would make him suffer for it, if he was prosecuted,' he said.

Beulah now left the room, and our conversation continued.

He remarked that Beulah ought to have him arrested and imprisoned for such an insult.

But when I told him Cunard did not draw his pistol until she drew her dagger, he said that might make some difference in the case, as he might satisfy a court and jury that he acted in self-defence.

Finishing that subject we began to talk again of our marriage. He made the most solemn promises that the time would come when we should be united in the holy bands of wedlock.

He succeeded in making me believe that every thing Cunard uttered was false, and I began to feel more cheerful and look forward to happy days. Again, I feel it my duty to drop the curtain and shut out these scenes.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

*Great excitement. A strange woman appears, and claims to be the wife of the heroine's lover. A terrible blow is struck upon her heart. The talisman of love again, &c.*

SEVERAL weeks more of my precious time passed, and still I lived with the strange hunchbacked woman. No bridal day was appointed, and that much desired period seemed as far off as ever. Not once had I been allowed to walk out, not even to go to the post office, depending upon Beulah for every thing.

Beulah and the Captain made me believe it would not be safe for me to appear in the streets, as Cunard or some of his spies might carry me off. Believing thus, I was really afraid to go out.

My lover did not come to see me so often as he had previously, and that circumstance gave me some alarm. His love, too, seemed to grow more cold, and his promises of mar-

riage fewer and less solemn. I had in him, I should be a Beulah, but she was Nothing but reconcile me over me see away.

My thoughts were continually upon the mysterious Josephine, and I wondered why she had not answered my letters; for I had written to her there, urging her to write, or call and see me, but neither she nor her letters came. I had received another from my mother in answer to one I wrote in relation to my expected marriage. I had told her his age, how he looked, and how rich he was.—She cautioned me not to be deceived, and intimated that she should have more confidence in an elderly bachelor than in a young man. Indirectly she approved of my choice, and that gave me great comfort and satisfaction.

The sealing of the last letter I received from my mother looked as if it had been broken up and re-sealed. Still I did not know, but I might be mistaken as the letter came so far through the post office. Once I suggested to Beulah that I thought the seal had been broken, but she said she guessed not, as the letter came so far and was handled so much by the post masters that it might look so. She partially made me believe her, and yet I entertained suspicions of her in spite of all her art and cunning. No letter came to me except through hers or the Captain's hands.

At times I was lonely, and wished myself back again in my native village. But O, how could I see my mother without a husband! O, that thought was terrible and crushed my heart to the ground!

'Why does not the Captain visit me more often?' I asked Beulah, one morning, when three days had elapsed, and I had not seen him.

'O, he is busy, arranging his business matters,' she replied. 'He has a large estate, and it requires a great deal of his attention. Every thing will be arranged one of these days, and you will be the happy Mrs. Dunmore.'

'One of these days!' I repeated, while the tears stood in my eyes. 'One of these days!' I have heard that so long that my patience is well nigh exhausted.'

'O, you mustn't be too much in a hurry,' she answered. 'Every thing will come round right one of these days.'

'The summer is now gone! O, God, if he should abandon me,' I exclaimed, at the same time a knocking was heard at the door.

Beulah run down to answer the call, and I stood at the head of the stairs where I could both see and hear. The door was opened, and a very respectable looking lady

stepped in and inquired if a young woman by the name of Louise Martin boarded there.

'She left here a short time since, and I know not where she is gone,' replied Beulah, in a low voice; but my ears were open to catch every sound.

'Louise Martin is here!' I exclaimed, rushing down stairs.

Beulah looked daggers at me; but my spirit was aroused, and for the first time I was convinced that Cunard had told me the truth so far as she was concerned.

'My name is Louise Martin,' I said, gazing into the lady's face. 'Do you wish to see me?'

'I do,' she replied, taking a letter from her pocket and handing it to me.

'Read that and then we will converse farther upon the subject.'

'I have orders to let no person converse with this young lady, or permit her to read any letters except they first come through my hands,' said Beulah, in a trembling, excited manner.

'And who gave you such orders?' asked the lady.

'Captain Dunmore,' replied Beulah. 'He rescued her from one den of infamy.'

'Yes, and placed her in another!' quickly answered the lady; while I was greedily devouring the contents of the letter, and Beulah was trembling from head to foot.

'Leave my house,' said Beulah, in a high and angry tone, and attempting to snatch the letter from my hand which attempt I successfully resisted.

'Shortly!' calmly replied the lady.

'Captain Dunmore will blame you for such conduct,' said Beulah.

'The letter was an anonymous one; stating that the lady's husband under the assumed name of Captain Dunmore, kept a girl at a house, giving the number and the

street, and advising her to call and satisfy herself that her husband was an old libertine, &c.

'You can read the letter, now, if you please, as the girl has finished reading it,' said the lady to Beulah.

'O, my God, it is too true!' I exclaimed, letting the letter slip from my trembling fingers and fall upon the floor.

'I have no desire to read the letter,' said Beulah. 'I understand where it comes from. That young rascal, Cunard, wrote it. He is determined to make all the trouble in his power for Captain Dunmore, since the Captain rescued this girl from his hands. He lies when he says Captain Dunmore has assumed a false name. He is Captain Dunmore, and nobody else. I have known him for years, and a better man does not live in the city.'

'Perhaps we can test that matter so that there will be no room for doubt,' said Mrs. Hurd, for that was her name.

She took from her pocket a miniature likeness of her husband, and presenting it to me, she continued: 'Does that resemble Captain Dunmore?'

I gazed upon it, my head swam round, my heart beat violently, my nerves trembled, and I fell upon the stairs.

The picture was an exact likeness of him who had assumed the name of Captain Dunmore for the hellish purpose of seducing me, and gratifying his corrupt passions. The lady raised me up, while Beulah stood trembling in her shoes, grating her teeth, and clenching her hands. I soon recovered my consciousness; but the perspiration stood in large drops upon my brow. It seemed to me at that moment I had ceased to love my seducer, and to commence hating him. A terrible change had come over my feelings; such a change as I hope no other girl will ever experience. I could not shed a single tear. My eyes were dry, and my voice choked.

'I perceive you recognize the base husband; for actions speak louder than words,' said the lady.

'O, yes, madam, it is he!' I exclaimed, in a choked, tremulous voice.

'It is all a lie,' vociferated Beulah. 'All done to torment the good Captain.'

'The good Captain,' repeated the lady, while her lip curled with scorn, and her eyes flashed indignation. 'The good Captain!—Would to heaven he was any thing but my husband. The greatest curse of a woman's life is a false-hearted husband.'

'And the greatest curse of a husband's life, is a false-hearted woman!' screamed Beulah, loud enough to be heard out in the street.

'I am not accustomed to blackguardism, having never kept a house of infamy and learned its bill in calm voice,

'There is feeling very good finger to the

'I understand shall go direct continued. 'I longer be dec Flee from him

ous serpent that crosses your path. His touch is worse than the leprosy. Would to heaven I had known he had you here months ago. Then I might have saved you; but now I fear it is too late. Escape from his power as you would from the poisoned atmosphere of the Upas tree. I have long suspected him, and now I have convincing, damning proof of his corruption and turpitude.'

'O, what shall I do?' I exclaimed, in the bitterness of my feelings.

'Flee from his embraces as I shall, henceforth and forever,' replied this abused and ill-treated wife. 'If you want money I will give it you; but live no longer with him who is your despoiler.'

'He promised, solemnly promised me marriage!' I replied.

'I am well aware of that,' she said. 'He passed himself upon you as a bachlor, as thousands of libertines have done before him. 'You are young, and yet may outlive your disgrace. God grant it may be so. I have no heart to condemn you; for too well I know his power. Flee from him and resolve to atone for all past offences.—Heaven knows I wish you well. Should you ever need assistance, drop a line to me in the post office, and you shall have it.'

This good wife now shook my hand and took her leave. All that time the corrupt-hearted Beulah stood listening to the words that fell from the abused wife's lips. I was so weak I could hardly stand, and sat down upon one of the steps, until I could somewhat rally my powers. At last Beulah assisted me to ascend the stairs.

'It is all a farce,' said Beulah. 'And I confess it was well acted. That young scoundrel, Cunard, hired that woman to play the part. No doubt, she is the keeper of a bad house.'

'But how well she appears,' I replied.—'She must be a good woman.'

'Did not the widow Topway, as she calls herself, make you believe she was a good woman, and a fine, charitable lady?' asked Beulah. 'Did not she appear smooth and charming? 'O, I hate hypocritical ladies! They are devils incarnate. I never have seen many of them in my day.'

'But the miniature likeness!' I said.—'That is conclusive. 'O, he must be her husband.'

'By no means,' she replied. 'That is probably a likeness he had painted several years ago, gave it to some one, and it was borrowed for the express occasion. The Captain can explain it all when he comes again.'

Strange as it may seem, the words of this cunning woman did inspire me with some hope. Now I longed more than ever to see my lover. O, if he could explain all these mysteries, I should be happy once more. But, alas, how can he? And yet he may do it. Cunard may have formed a conspiracy against me and the Captain.—He is wicked enough to do it. No doubt, his feelings would prompt him to any act which he thought would injure us.

During the day my mind was, greatly troubled, and I thought of what I could do in case all the woman told me was true.—Clouds and sunshine, but principally the former, hung over me. Sometimes it seemed as if I could not live under such a severe pressure of circumstances.

Evening came; but no lover, and I was obliged to pass another night in uncertainty and almost despair. Never had I passed such a sleepless, troublesome night. I found myself in the morning weak and nervous, and longed for the truth, whatever it might be; for uncertainty and doubt seemed more depressing to my spirits than any thing else could be.

Beulah struggled to keep me up and encourage me; but, alas! I had lost all confidence in her. To me she now seemed to be a corrupt, wicked woman. I thought I at last discovered the true traits of her character, and how ugly she looked. And yet my feelings were such that I caught at any thing she said which had the least appearance of reason. Like a drowning person, I seized upon straws.

Beulah reasoned and argued the case with all her ingenuity, tact, and skill. She said the woman must be false; for no wife would promise to assist a girl with whom her husband was familiar. With much force and show of reason she insisted upon it that such a course was perfectly unnatural. The



wife would hate such a girl instead of promising to befriend her. That seemed somewhat reasonable to me, and gave me some hope that young Cunard and that woman had formed a conspiracy against me and my lover.

After dinner I was sitting at the window and saw a carriage stop at the door. Violently did my heart beat as I watched the driver spring from his seat and open the door of his carriage. And O, what tongue can tell my feelings when I saw the Captain alight.

I rushed down stairs as if new life had been given me, and opened the door ere he began to knock for admission. He looked somewhat wild; but not so wild as I did.—He caught me in his arms, and kissed me.

'How glad I am to fold you once more to my loving heart!' he said.

We ascended the stairs arm in arm. It seemed to me he could not have a wife and daughters, he apparently loved me so much. Never had he appeared more fond, and I almost forgot every thing while in his arms.—I was so overcome I could not speak!

'I intended to have visited you last night, but circumstances prevented me,' he continued. 'I suppose you expected me.'

'I did, indeed!' I replied, with a feeble, trembling, agitated voice. 'I did not know as you would ever come again.'

'What made you cherish such fearful apprehensions?' he asked. 'You might know I should come unless sickness or death prevented.'

I now related to him all that took place the day previous. He did not start, nor scarcely change his countenance. It seemed to me he was prepared for such a demonstration. Even his calmness and apparent indifference alarmed me.

He heard me through, and then broke

out into a loud laugh. His laugh seemed hollow and affected.

'Well, that farce was well played,' he said, laughing still louder, and patting my head with the palm of his hand. 'That Cunard is full of expedients, and the last trick he has played is quite an ingenious one. I will give him credit for that. It was an admirably contrived conspiracy, and according to your account she played her part well. The young rascal, no doubt, paid her liberally for it. Well, my dear Louise, the whole affair was managed with great skill.

I confess as much as that; but it is all a farce, and not a word of truth in it.'

'But, how about that miniature likeness of you?' I asked. 'It looks just like you. I should recognize it in any place, or under any circumstance.'

'Yes, I see w

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young man said

but his mother

is the same miniature,

for there's not another

one in existence.'

How could I resist the conclusion that all was a farce as he declared it? I did so consider it, and again was comparatively happy. Our time passed pleasantly, and we talked of our coming marriage. He said he intended to fix upon some day before many weeks should elapse. He thought it best that I should be removed to another boarding house, where I should not be so much molested. I willingly consented to that; for I had become very much disgusted with the hunchbacked Beulah, and lost all confidence in her.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

*An exciting interview. The artful woman and the artless maid. The awful discovery. Vice, and the dreadful expiation. The reward of Industry, Integrity, and Virtue.*

TIME passed, but I was not removed to another boarding house, and for reasons which may be apparent to the reader.—Beulah was never half so pleasant during my acquaintance with her as she was after that woman appeared and claimed to be the wife of my lover. She even intimated one day to me that if Captain Dunmore did forsake me, or proved to be a married man, she would take care of me.

It seemed to me she was preparing the way, and that my lover had provided her with money for taking care of me after he had abandoned me. But these were suspicions only, and yet they troubled me exceedingly.

I had received another letter from John Stebbins, in which he informed me that he

That time had passed, and he had not come. I was anxious to see him, and talk with him concerning the affairs in my native village. I had answered his letter, and informed him where he might find me. Every day I was expecting him. In my letter I was careful not to speak of love to him, but avoided that subject altogether.

I noticed, and with the keenish anguish of heart, too, that Captain Dunmore had grown more cold and indifferent, and that Beulah had become more pleasant and agreeable. I was suspicious that there was some cause for these changes, and was anxious to find it out.

—should be in Boston by the first of October.

Beulah went so far one morning at the breakfast table as to say that men were very strange creatures, and that I must be prepared for the worst. Such language and insinuations alarmed me, and I pressed the inquiry whether she thought there was the least danger of my lover's leaving me. She rather guessed he would not; but I must not be surprised at any thing that might happen in the city.

Soon after she had thrown out such views for my consideration, the Captain came.— But he did not greet me with the cordiality he used to manifest. I noticed it, and my heart sunk within me. His countenance showed that there was something upon his mind which he wished to speak out, but hardly knew how to commence. He was silent and thoughtful. I dreaded to hear him utter a word; for I had fearful forebodings of what he might say. The tears came into my eyes. He noticed them and turned away his face as if the sight was too much for him to bear.

Neither spoke for some time. That silence was dreadful to me, and it seemed to be so to him. At last I could hold in no longer, and broke the silence with a voice full of trembling.

For heaven's sake, why are you so silent, thoughtful, and distant? I asked.

He turned his eyes upon me and hesitated to speak; but the expression of his countenance spoke more eloquently than words could speak.

'O, my God!' I exclaimed. 'Speak, Captain, and keep me no longer in suspense. My heart will be broken by your silence and looks!'

'My dear, don't you think there is too great a disparity in our years to warrant us in becoming united in marriage?' he replied.

His words felt like iron to my soul. My head grew giddy, the room grew dark, and I fell upon the floor. How long I remained I know not; but when I recovered I found myself upon a bed and Beulah standing over me with a bottle in her hand. The Captain sat by a window in the same room. I leaped from the bed and rushed towards him. At first he thought I was deranged, and seemed to shrink from me. Beulah advised me to lie down again and remain quiet.

'I'm strong now,' I replied, standing before him, and gazing full into his face; 'I'm prepared for the worst. Let me hear what I have long feared. Do you wish to cast me off? Speak, and tell me all! kill me, do any thing; but keep me no longer in suspense! Do you intend to leave me and your child that is yet unborn! Speak, and let me know my fate! O, God, why have I been permitted thus to act? Why did I not die, and go down to an early grave before I came to this city?'

'Be calm, and reasonable,' he said. 'You shall be well provided for.'

'O, yes, you may live with me as long as you please,' said Beulah.

A sickness came over my soul, and again I reclined upon the bed. I remained silent, and thoughtful for a few moments, and wept like a child; but weeping. My

had never felt a seemed to sus emergency. O fronted my love each other, with stood watching

'Are you a r manded, in a firm tone of voice.

'Why, we talked that subject all over the other day,' he replied. 'And for what reason do you wish to revive it again?— You do not, I trust, suppose I have uttered falsehoods?'

'God only knows!' I replied. 'But why do you speak of the great disparity of our ages now? Once I raised the same objection to our union; but you said it was of no consequence where love was ardent and mutual.'

'Our opinions are liable to change,' he replied. 'I felt then as I talked; but I confess, time has wrought a change in my feelings and, consequently, in my opinions.— You need not be alarmed, for you shall be

well provided for. Aunt Tuttle will give you a good home, and I will pay her well for it. She will treat you kindly as she always has treated you.'

I walked the room in great excitement and agitation, and began to feel the spirit of hate and revenge take the place of love. A wonderful change had come over me within a few minutes—such a change as I once thought impossible.

How little of our own hearts do we know, until the pressure of circumstances shall bring them to the test. Once I thought it impossible to hate him whom I loved so deeply, so ardently; but I felt now as if he had always been false-hearted, and never loved me. That feeling I could not possess and love him at the same time. No, I began to know and to feel that I had been wronged and abused. I was not conscious before of possessing such a spirit as now agitated me.

'Don't be so agitated,' said Beulah, coaxingly. 'We can live happily together and make money, even if the Captain concludes he is too old to marry you.'

'Live happily together, and make money!' I repeated. 'What mean you?'

'O, I mean just what I said,' she replied. 'You have beauty, and that will bring money in this market.'

'Gracious God!' I exclaimed. 'Would you have me live the life of a wanton?— Do you mean that, strange woman?'

At that moment a loud knocking was heard at the door, and Beulah opened it, and there stood a woman with a child in her arms who asked if Mr. Hurd was in the house. I listened and heard what was said.

'No such man, here,' replied Beulah, attempting to shut the door in the woman's face.

It seemed to me I had heard that voice

before, and I rushed down stairs. O, heavens, what strange emotions pressed my heart when I saw that mysterious Josephine Melville standing at the door with a child in her arms! The words she once spoke to me came rushing into my memory. She received me cordially; but there was a deep shade of melancholy on her countenance, and a strange wildness in her eyes.

'Yes, Mr. Hurd is here, or he often comes here,' said Josephine.

'He is here now,' I said, wondering what would turn up next.

'He is not,' said Beulah, standing before the young mother, who was trying to pass her and ascend the stairs.

'I know he is, and I must see him,' said Josephine; pressing forward, in spite of the hunchback's opposition.

She quickly followed me up stairs, and entered the room where the deceiver sat.— He gazed upon her a moment, and then cast his eyes upon the floor, as if the stings of his conscience were doing their faithful work.

'O, you wretched, miserable man!' she exclaimed. Look into your own child's face and see if there's any resemblance to his false-hearted father.

'The woman must be crazy,' he said, endeavoring to collect his scattered thoughts, and appear cool and calm.

'Crazy!' she repeated. 'Yes, I was crazy when I listened to your promises of marriage and yielded to your corrupt desires; but I'm not crazy now. Take your child and learn it to lisp the name of father. The brutes recognize their offspring, and care for them! Be not thou worse than they. Take your child and beware of a woman's revenge! The time may not be far distant when you will feel its scathing power!'

She thrust the child into his lap, and left

it there. Then turning to me, she continued. 'Avoid that old viper, for he will sting you at last. Perhaps we may meet again!'

Before I had time to ask her a single question she rushed down stairs, and left the house. There sat Mr. Hurd, (for that was his name) with a crying child in his arms, and his own child, too! I will not attempt to describe my feelings and emotions on that occasion. I sank into a chair, buried my face in my hands; but my tears came to my relief. The child continued to cry, and the father appeared in great trouble.

'Give me the brat,' said the unfeeling Beulah, taking the child, and attempting to quiet it.

I remained silent, and let his own conscience work; for it seemed to be exercising its office upon the false-hearted man. At last, he rose and paced the room; my eyes were upon him, and I hoped the arrows of conviction had transfigured his soul.

'Confess, that you are a false-hearted, wicked man,' I said, in a clear, distinct voice. 'Confess while it is not forever too late. Behold the ruins your wicked passions have caused. I hate you, but I once loved you. I now see the blackness of your heart.'

Just as I had finished my speaking, a knocking was heard at the door, and I hastened down to answer the call as Beulah was busy with the crying child. I opened the door, and there stood before me John Stebbins, the young blacksmith. I knew not whether to be glad or sorry. I invited him in, and we entered the room together. He was much agitated; for he saw my wild looks. I felt that I had found a friend, and at a moment, too, when I most needed one. Mr. Hurd still kept his chair and gazed upon us. I made some inquiries about my mother which Stebbins answered; but with a trem-

bling voice. He was evidently much affected, and gazed wildly upon me. In a few moments Hurd stopped his walking and stood looking upon us.

'The way of the transgressor is indeed hard,' said Hurd, looking as if he was greatly troubled. This young man is from Maine, I conclude, and not only your acquaintance, but a friend in whom you can confide.'

'He is so, and would to God you had proved such!' I replied.

'Let that pass,' he said. 'You need not wish me more trouble than I know feel.—My wife has left me, and my daughters are in tears. I confess I have wronged you, and all I can do to atone for the injuries I have done is to give you the means of living respectably. I perceive this young man has loved you, and probably does now.'

I made no reply, but thoughtful, while Stebbins petrified with astonishment, the false-hearted man said, he but give me money. But compensation is all the gold world for that which I have resolved to take all he give me. Again he paced the room in great agitation; first gazing upon me, and then upon the young blacksmith, whom he thus addressed.

'Meet me in two hours from this time in State Street.'

'I know not where that street is,' replied Stebbins.

'Never mind, I will be here in the course of an hour,' said Hurd, leaving apparently in much hurry and agitation.

I was left alone with the young blacksmith, and O, how strangely I felt! I will not undertake the task of describing either my own emotions or his. Many tears were shed by both.

Beulah was in her little cook room attempting to quiet the child who instinctively shrank from her. It cried, and O, what anguish was in my soul! The words of the broken-hearted mother came forth into my memory! I feared she would commit some dreadful act.

The false-hearted Hurd returned, and handed me a roll of bank bills, the largest I ever saw. I took the money, but returned him no thanks. It was not in my heart to thank him. Had I attempted to do so the words would have stuck in my throat. After giving me the money, he sought Beulah, conversed with her a few minutes, and left the house.

Assisted by Stebbins, I departed from this boarding house where I had experienced so many strange and conflicting emotions. I longed to see Josephine; and addressed her a note where she might find me. Stebbins did not forsake me; but endeavored to do every thing in his power to make me happy. O, how grateful I felt to him for his kindness and attention while I was thus disgraced.

Three days after I found a new boarding place. One evening, Josephine, or rather, Elizabeth Moore, (for that was her name,) rushed into my room, wild and frantic.—Never have I seen such an expression of countenance as she possessed.

'I have done it! I have done it!' she exclaimed, laughing, as a maniac laughs, and pulling a bloody dagger from her bosom.—'Yes, I have done it! Revenge is sweet, and I have found it. I ask no more! The false man is bleeding and dying!'

Before I had time to make a single inquiry, she was gone. The next morning her body was found in the dock. She had drowned herself, not, however, before she had given a mortal wound to her seducer. Mr. Hurd lingered a few days and died in great agony.

It seemed to me I had seen enough of city life; but I dared not go home, neither could I remain contented in Boston. I finally concluded to go to New York. I did so, and the young blacksmith accompanied me. He would not forsake me in all my troubles and misfortunes.

After the new year came in I gave birth to an infant whose life continued but a few days.

We remained in New York during the following Spring, were married, and removed to my native village. I had money; but O, how much like a dream did the past year of my life seem! No one in the village, except my mother and husband, knew my history for the last twelve months.

What become of Beulah Tuttle, I never knew; but I heard that the widow Topway died a miserable death. It was supposed that her negro servant had murdered her and stolen much of her ill-gotten money.—She was found dead in her house, and no traces of the negro could be found afterwards.

Young Cunard continued to follow the sins which so easily beset him, and was at last shot in a gambling hell. Thus we see proofs on every hand that the way of the transgressor is hard.

The story of a few brief months of my life is told. And if the reading shall open the eyes of a single young man or woman to the evil temptations of a city, life I shall feel myself amply rewarded for the trouble of writing it.

Let young ladies take warning from these pages; and remember all is not gold that glitters.

The immortal Bard of Avon hath said:

'As surfeit is the father of much fast,  
So every scope by immoderate use,  
Turns to restraint; Our natures do pursue,  
Sue,

(Like rats that raven down their proper  
bane,)

A thirsty evil: and when we drink we  
die.'

THE END.

## WOMAN'S LOVE.

SOME years ago there lived upon the romantic shores of Long Island a young maiden named Aileen. She was beautiful, and of noble and generous disposition.

Nigh to her father's house resided a youth called Connor, handsome as Apollo, and brave as Achilles.

Aileen loved this youth, but was not loved in return—his affections were cast upon another maiden, worthy of love certainly, but not possessing one-half the charms of Aileen.

The latter pined on in secret grief. Each day that she saw Connor go down to his boat and sail out to sea, a tide of blood would rush from her heart, and leave her almost fainting with excess of passion. She watched him when he sought the hills with his gun upon his shoulder, and her eyes traced him up the steep mountain path with a sick yet loving gaze.

But, oh! what untold sufferings when, in the glimmings, as the sun was setting, and the grey twilight was creeping like a fox from the hills, she beheld Connor and his betrothed wandering along the fragrant beach, with twining arms and almost touching cheeks.

Then the gorgeous clouds that floated in the western sky, seemed to her distempered fancy to change into faces that stared at her with fierce mockery, while the azure heavens glowered upon her with myriads of sneering eyes.

As time wore on, so much the deeper did her vain love eat into her soul and inflame her brain.

Connor knew not this. He knew not that the hollow eyes and pale cheek which now never deserted Aileen, were all the fruits of love for him.

When he met her, he was kind and gentle to the suffering girl—never dreaming that each soft word he uttered planted a fresh arrow in her torn bosom.

Nay, once even he saved her from an imminent danger, bore her in his arms to her father's cottage, when, if he had but known the despair that racked her heart, he would have left her to perish rather than restore her to a life which was nothing but one vast long calendar of anguish.

At last, the passion that burned within her became too great to be concealed. She determined to make known to Connor her devouring secret.

Before doing so, however, she thought she would consult the Spirit of the Hill, who dwelt in a vast breezy cave, on the summit of a high mountain, and endeavor to discover from him some means of winning Connor to her side.

One starry night, when the summer dews were falling like a gentle rain, and nought living was on foot save the fox and the wild cat, Aileen left her restless bed, and stealing softly from the house, took the wild and rugged path that led to the summit of the mountain. As she trod that broken and uncertain footway, strange fancies haunted her. She walked, surrounded by a fearful mist of horrors.

At length she reached the summit of the mountain, and wended her steps to the cave where dwelt the Spirit of the hill. Large grey clouds continually veiled the entrance of this solemn place, and within, the plaintive winds chanted all night and day their mountain hymns.

Aileen stood upon the rocky threshold, and with a bold and fearless voice, called upon the spirit.

A long, hollow moan, that sounded like the voice of some banished year, replied to her summons.

'Spirit of the Hill!' she cried, 'I summon thee to answer me. How shall I attain either happiness or death? Tell me, thou unseen being, how to win Connor or to die!'

A moment's pause, and then the answer came from the depths of the cave in tones like those of the tempest in a forest.

'Seek the cave of Barlagh to-morrow eve,' said the voice of the Spirit, and there wilt thou find rest.'

'Thanks, thanks!' cried Aileen, as the murmurs died away along the hill. 'To-morrow, then, I shall perhaps rest in Connor's arms.'

She trod the downward path that night with a lighter step than she had known for months; and, happy in the belief that heaven had at last taken pity on her hopeless love, she sought her bed, and sank lightly into slumber.

The evening sun was sinking into an amber sea, when Aileen, full of hope, sought this cave of Barlagh. As she urged her little boat through the rapids with a steady hand, her heart beat wildly in her bosom, and delightful visions full of bliss and love floated between her and the gorgeous sky.

That destiny would lead Connor to the cave, and that there, through the intervention of the Spirit of the Hill, he would reward her attachment by a return of the passion, Aileen felt quite assured. No shadow of misfortune clouded her soul. No forbidding angel stood between her and the paradise of her imagination. The foaming waves of the rapids soon brought her little skiff abreast of the cavern mouth, and sweeping round the rocky corner, she was about to enter, when a blue pigeon flew wildly out and almost skimmed her face.

She started, and had scarcely time to utter an ejaculation of surprise, when a loud report rang through the echoing chambers of the cavern, and she fell back in the stern-

sheets, with her life-blood welling from her bosom.

Another second, and a boat shot out rapidly from the dusky cave, and Connor, who stood in the prow with his gun smoking in his hand, beheld with horror the form of the bleeding girl.

He jumped wildly into her boat, and lifting her in his arms, tried in vain to arrest the flight of her ebbing soul.

Then there, with that solemn cave-temple rising grandly above her head, and none to look upon her agony save Him and the golden sun—there, in that hour of mortal trial, with the last energies of life quivering and flickering upon her lips, did Aileen pour into Connor's ear the history of her despairing love.

Of him of her long days of misery w, of her sleepless nights, of her wretched soul. She told him how ungovernable, was her love for how she strove in vain to conquer old not. She related to him how sought the Spirit of the Hill, and y he had given.

'He was right!' she said faintly, for her voice was growing weaker each moment, and the shades of death were creeping across her pale face. 'The Spirit was right. I am dying in your arms, Connor; and is not that finding rest?'

Sadly and sorrowfully did Connor hang over the dying girl. Pained by her sad history, wrung with despair at having been the innocent cause of her death, nought but the remembrance that he had some one to live for prevented him from terminating his existence with his own hand. But he knew that there were longing eyes and anxious hearts which awaited his return, and he refrained.

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