

THE

MODERN OTHELLO,

OR



THE GUILTY WIFE;

A THRILLING ROMANCE

OF

NEW YORK FASHIONABLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ELLEN GRANT," ETC.

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BY A LITERARY ACTOR.

CHAPTER I.

GLAD to see you Fortescue;—welcome, my dear fellow, to America, the land of the free and home of the brave. Pardon! I should have said 'My Lord';—but you know all distinctions and titles are leveled in this nation of Goths.'

'Captain Smallcraft, it gives me exceeding pleasure to see your happy, smiling face. This is an almost, unexpected gratification. Thank you for your visit. Our meeting brings to memory many happy scenes in dear, delightful London. Never mind the title. In the name of Liberty let me be, for the nonce, a simple Republican. It is piquant and refreshing to be, for a time, one of the People. By the way, this is a splendid City of yours, gay, fashionable, and lively. Your Broadway is a regular Regent Street, and your Fifth Avenue a succession of Palaces. How do you while away the time in this New World?'

'Gloriously, gloriously, Fortescue! I assure "your lordship" we do things in first-rate style here. Dinners fit for the gods! Opera rich and recherche! Balls superb, and women most fascinating and lovely!'

'By Jove, captain, you paint the picture highly! My teeth are already on edge, and hope is high that I shall spend an agreeable week in New York!'

'Indubitably, my lord. Why you will be a regular lion among the upper crust.'

'Upper what?'

'The Upper Ten, as our aristocracy of wealth is termed.'

'What a funny name! Is this aristocracy, as you call it, tolerable? Anything approaching to civilization among you?'

'Bless your heart, yes. Good society. Very. Plenty of cash, plenty of parties, oceans of oysters, rivers of champagne, some p'ay, some elegance, and an abundance of pretension and vulgarity.'

'Bitter as ever, Smallcraft. You have been swallowing Boz and hugging Fanny Kemble, perceive.'

'You are my prisoner for the day, Fortescue. I must show you the lions.'

'Certainly, my dear boy; but none of "my lord" an' you love me. It would be unpopular where all are equal, and excite a prejudice against me which I do not desire.'

'Ha, ha, ha; why you are green. These are antiquated notions;—totally behind the age. I shall live magnificently on "your lordship" for the next six months.'

'An unkempt notion, captain. Funds are d—d low. I am as poor as a subaltern in a marching regiment. Old Square-toes has hermetically sealed all the resources.'

'Pooh! pooh! Fortescue, I don't mean

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living on you, but living like a duke by you.'

'Do you mean to exhibit me as a mermaid in pantaloons or a rare specimen of a man moukey?'

'I mean to exhibit you as a "real, breathing lord" the son of a Prime Minister and the heir to an earldom!'

'To trot me out for inspection by the natives; to lecture on my pedigree, and descant on my points. Seriously; be kind enough to explain.'

'Nothing easier under the sun. Here you are, one of the English aristocracy, with the blood of the Plantagenets running in your veins. A young nobleman of immense possessions; altho' the tailor's bill may prove a difficulty. A member of the elite of the proud and haughty world of high life at the Court of St. James; of great accomplishments and splendid talents; educated at Oxford; a philosopher and a poet.'

'In the name of all the divinities, captain, do stop—'

'Invitations will pour in upon you with the force of a tornado and the thunder of an avalanche.'

'I shall decamp, instantler, for the wilds of Canada and join my regiment.'

'Not so fast, my lord, that would be cruelty to animals! Having seen your name in the arrivals by the Asia, in the morning papers, and claimed an acquaintanceship with you in presence of a distinguished Lady, I was requested, most particularly and especially, to invite you to a "select party," a soiree musicale, this evening in Twenty Second street.'

'Highly honored! To whom am I indebted for the hospitable distinction?'

To the elegant, captivating, talented, worthy, and beautiful wife of a far famed Hystriotic—Mrs. Forrster.

'Amen, captain, if the Fates will have it so. I am the kind gentlewoman's most obedient humble servant.'

The two persons who thus conversed in one of the splendid rooms of the Irving House (that rare and magnificent Alhambra among the gorgeous palaces of the Empire city) were, as the dialogue partly tells, a

young scion of the British nobility who, in a few short and fast years, spent his allowance like an Emperor in the elegant and chaste refinements of cockfighting, the prize ring, horse racing, gambling, and licentiousness.

As soon as his habits had become known to his noble father, that prudent, old gentleman stopt the resources, made his hopeful son a present of a pair of epaulettes in an infantry regiment; gave him his blessing and a hundred pound note; and told him to join his brother officers in Upper Canada, where living was cheap and sleighing was admirable. He was on his journey, when we had the honor of thus presenting him to the reader. Lord Fortescue was a gay and fashionable fop, with a few grains of common sense, an infinitesimal particle of useful knowledge, a rather handsome person, and a pocket as comparatively empty as his head. Those who are acquainted with this class of our species know that in nine cases out of ten such young men are the most frippery, frothy, emasculated nothings in creation; full of arrogance and impudence—and the victims of dissipation and vice. There were some good traits in the character of the present specimen; but not so many as to make him a particular exception to the order. He could be a gentleman when he thought fit; was generous, brave, and a constant friend where he took. Captain Smallcraft was a gentleman who had no apparent resources of property, real or personal, to draw or fall back upon. But he was never out of cash; never shabbily dressed; kept up an imposing appearance; and moved in good society. How he managed was hard to tell; but he contrived it like an able engineer. Of heart he had not an atom. Principle he looked upon not as a virtue but a necessity. Pleasure was the shrine at which he knelt. Sensual gratification was his religion and his God. Having worn out his terms in London and Paris; or rather these cities having become inconvenient residences; forsaken by his wife and cut by his friends; he happened down one fine day in New York; cottoned to its attractions; and pitched his tent among its Roues and Exclusives. A retired officer of Vic-

toria's army; gentlemanly in exterior, and self-possessed in manner; he had but little difficulty in persuading upper-tendom to admit him as a prominent member of its motley and unnatural organization. In every Hell of the Metropolis he was known as a good but fair player, seldom losing, often winning heavy stakes. He had known Fortescue in London; and when that young gentleman was announced in the journals of the day among the incoming notabilities, he pounced on him for his own purposes, to use him and play him off as a distinguished acquaintance and attached friend.

CHAPTER II.

In an elegant and richly furnished residence in Twenty-Second street, on the evening of the day to which we refer, a small but agreeable and elegant musical party was assembled. The hostess, a superb woman of large proportions and fine person; presenting a noble head and face, of classic mould and finish; attired with a taste as lady-like as becoming; was seated at one of Chickering's glorious pianos and singing a simple and exquisite air with a pathos and power which went home to every listener's heart. The number in the room might have been a dozen, all told. Three ladies more and the balance of the rougher sex made up the party. Fortescue and Smallcraft had come in late; and the lord himself was introduced and received with a distinction, an ease, and an elegance which surprised and delighted him. Seated on an ottoman near the instrument at which the lady was placed he could not but openly admire the glowing height of her color and the brilliancy of her eyes. His breeding was too perfect to permit him to render his admiration remarkable, but it was sufficiently expressed to prove the nature of his feelings. Her throat and neck were a study for the statuary; and never did these beautiful features diminish into a finer or more voluptuous bust. The hand that touched the instrument was as delicate and taper as the greatest connoisseur would desire; while

the bare wrist and arms were outlined by a fulness and muscularity which left nothing further to be desired in its perfection. Mrs. Forrster was truly a magnificent woman in whose movements and bearing there was an irresistible charm; nor was any art or accomplishment necessary to the adornment of her material beauty absent in its development.

By the side of the charming hostess stood a young lady, lately married, of not quite so imposing in external as her gifted sister; yet possessing that peculiar fascination of look and grace of manner for which theories fail to account. It may be animal magnetism;—that subtle influence conveyed by atmospheric telegraph (as some metaphysicians say in accounting for the passion of love) from one body to another of different sex;—but sure it is we often meet ladies having no pretension to beauty; without a regular feature; neither of velvet skin or transparent complexion; who exercise an influence all-powerful over the senses, at first look. Such an one was Mrs. Lureies, whose skilfully-trained and melodious voice rang occasionally in snatches of accompaniment to the touching ballad with which the listeners were favored. On a sofa in the far corner of the apartment sat, or rather ruminated, a pale, delicate, sickly-looking woman, whose whole existence seemed to be made up of admiration of her friend, who had just concluded her song amidst "vociferous cheering."

'Charming creature! is she not, Major,' said Mrs. Gillis, turning slowly round and addressing a crusty-faced young gentleman of five-and-forty, who was listlessly reclining on the arm of the lounge and carefully arranging over his wrinkling temple one of the truant curls of his very handsome wig.

'Very,' said Major Coward. 'she is delightful;—but, excuse me, Mrs. Gillis—I much prefer—strange as it may appear—sister Margaret.'

'O, major, you jest, surely.'

'Not at all,' said Major Coward, with a subdued, respectful earnestness. 'She is the greatest favorite of the two; with us barbarians I mean.'

Now, why?

'Because Margaret's soul comes leaping up into her eyes as you converse with her. Her color alternates like a rainbow in an eastern sky, of an autumn evening. It changes with the passion of feeling (if I may be allowed the expression) and when the red current recedes to its cherished reservoir her pulchritude has an indescribable charm about it which we, men, can alone appreciate.'

The languid features of the serene invalid were clothed for a moment with an expression of surprise at the bold freedom of the speaker. She hardly conceived the conventions even of fashionable life permitted such criticism. But before she had time to settle the matter in her thoughts she was approached by Mrs. Forrester who was accompanied by Lord Fortescue, and both took a place beside her on the settee. Mrs. Lureies and Smallcraft having occupied a conversation chair in another part of the room were instantly at sea, in a tempest of discussion.

'What think you of my sprig of nobility,' said the captain.

'Rather distinguished in look and easy of manner; but nothing additionally remarkable,' responded the lady addressed.

'He was considered a dangerous lady's man in England; a quiet, sly but sure marksman,' said the captain.

'Pshaw! you do talk such nonsense. I can see nothing about or beyond the usual herd.'

'He is a lord, my dear Mrs. L., and heir to an earldom.'

'His principal attraction; but not the man for my taste.'

'You are hard to please. An intellectual beauty and a victor of a hundred hearts it is not easy to satisfy. Margaret—'

'Captain Smallcraft remember I am now a married woman and must be respected.'

'Pardon, Mrs. Lureies! it was a momentary forgetfulness; and you know why—'

'I do not desire these memories. It is almost unmanly of you to allude to follies which should be forgotten.'

'And is this formula of marriage; this

act of convenience; this mere stepping stone to social arrangement; to destroy all the dear, delightful associations of existence, to dam up the current of the blood, and cast a gloom about the joys and glories of life.'

'I do not say so; but there are proprieties which demand our observant respect. There are forms and rules of life which married people are bound to follow.'

'I know it; and such regulations have blotted out from your soul these sacred influences which once made me not only a happy but a proud man.'

'You wrong me. I am Frank's partner for life.—He is kind, generous and good. But over my tastes, inclinations or affections. I have no control. These have been long since sacrificed; perhaps unworthily.'

The captain bit his lips with deep vexation, colored a trifle, and continued:—

'Whoever may have the good fortune to secure Mrs. Lureies's admiration or affection need wish for no other heaven. Were it my paradise I should not look beyond it. But permit me an inquiry—'

'Where is the lord and master of the establishment, at our present talking?'

'Out South on a professional tour.'

'Mrs. F., is fortunate in a husband. She can enjoy life and gratify her refined tastes in his absence.'

'He is liberal in this respect and is proud of his wife's beauty and talent. But, good lord, he is as gloomy as a hermit and proper as a monk in a cloister. He can't fear a gay or joyous temperament in a woman and has taken a particular aversion to unhappy me!'

'Indeed?'

'Aye truly; but here comes the command for supper. There is Garvey's comical phiz at the door of announcement and the lights twinkle in the dining room. Catten has something recherche for us I calculate.'

'And now, my lord, said the elegant hostess, we shall endeavor to give you something American in the shape of supper; a poor entertainment but a hearty welcome.'

And with unaffected refinement the lady offered her arm to the invitation of the for-

signer; all pairing off in double files to the dining room; Garvey and one or two more subordinates in livery the way between the apartments. Shall we describe this abode of luxury? It was not very gorgeous—but it was a most elegant and comfortable saloon. Every thing was in the best taste and order. There was not about it that air of gingerbread and scrupulous care as if it were profanation to use it on any occasion. But nothing desired by fastidious judgement or taste was absent. The supper was small but racy; and the champagne luxurious in quality and flavor.

'Fortescue,' said Smallcraft, 'the fair and eloquent chairman calls the meeting to order by smiling on her stranger guest.'

His lordship replied with a bow and gracefully raising his glass. The hostess pledged the challenge by an imitation rather close to nature. The movement was contagious and Garvey was kept rather busy for a moment or two replenishing the ornamented cups.

'My thoughts are often carried away to merrie England, my lord,' said Mrs. F., 'that beautiful land of my youthful memories and affections.'

'Indeed! then you know our island home?'

'I rather think I should. As we Americans say, I was raised in that portion of the earth.'

'Am I so fortunate as to be honored by the kind hospitalities of a countrywoman?'

'Born in bonnie Scotland and educated in England.'

'And stolen away from us by an accomplished and victorious American! I am proud of the opportunity afforded me by friend Smallcraft of cultivating this acquaintance.'

'You do me honor, my lord, by your politeness. What think you of us Yankees, from what you have seen?'

'Surprise and wonder are the only words by which I can convey my thoughts on the subject.'

'Not so rude or uncivilised as we have been represented?'

'I can see no difference between the two countries as far as society is concerned.'

'We regulate and influence the tone and temper of the upper classes in New York,' said Captain Smallcraft, swallowing a huge bumper of democratic wine; 'we contro the destinies of its fashionable life.'

'Hold on, Smallcraft, you do go too fast,' said uncle Johnny, (a pet name given by the ladies to Captain Riton, an old and highly respected shipmaster of the port.) By—most of the old Knickerbockers would not touch you with a fifty-foot pole.'

'Uncle Johnny,' the tip of whose nose, and the points of whose ears warned people with unconcealed passion made an apology to the ladies for his warmth and haste.

'Smallcraft will pardon me,' continued the honest tar, 'for my unseemly explosion; but if I could express the idea without personal offence, I am bound to convey the conviction that the good society (as it is called) of my native city is controlled by itself alone; and that the old Knickerbocker and French and Irish families who form it are as high and proud as Lucifer.'

'I accept the explanation with a sincerity equal to that with which it was offered,' said Smallcraft, with a bitter sneer; 'but Doctors will differ you know, "uncle."'

Garvey, the gifted steward, plied his trade of pouring out libations of his master's champagne with so much generosity, the conversation became general and "lively." Eyes began to twinkle with peculiar brilliancy; voices were strained to rather a high pitch; and one devotee of Bacchus went so far as to hum a stanza of "Wine, Rosy Wine." The good breeding of the Patrician stood his very particular friend during this trying ordeal. To him the scene was new and rich in the extreme. Indeed it was indescribably charming to his voluptuary imaginings. Mrs. Forrester still kept her place at the head of the table, dispensing her hospitalities like an Empress. Her cheek glowed with a hue of carnation; and the blue veins of her chiselled neck and polished temples illumined the pearly whiteness of her soft and delicate skin. As her expression intensified and her bosom heaved, she became a picture of womanhood not often equalled in the rarity of its perfection.

With the quickness of great intellectual capacity, she saw that the bow was bent a little too much; and a peculiar telegraphic dispatch transmitted to "sister Margaret," so operated, that a retreat to the drawing-room in saving time was adroitly managed. The unbridled indulgence in the luxuries of the supper-table, with the garnish of vivacious conversation and eloquent laughter, was imitated to a nicety in the kitchen by the very talented and respectable officers of the cuisine of the Hotel Forrester. But to this episode and a visit to the great artist and owner of the establishment on his professional tour, we must devote a succeeding and separate chapter.

CHAPTER III.

LEAVING the ladies and gentlemen, for a short while, in the drawing-room, enjoying the music of the sisters, (Catten and Margaret,) and interchanging an abandon conversation, unchecked by any stringent or tight-laced rules of what is called propriety, let us descend to the kitchen and see how the denizens of that department were making their moments agreeable. The patient public hear a great deal about "high life below stairs," but know little of the subterranean secrets which are nightly being born among the helpdom of the upper crust of New York. Lift we the veil which concealed the kitchen *dramatis personæ* of the 22d street, and look on the rehearsal of the actors of that ilk.

At the head of a capacious board, supplied by the "crumbs which fell from above," as well as a few "incidentals" presented by the housekeeper, (about which the *Mater Familias* knew nothing save from certain inexplicable hieroglyphics included in grocer's and butcher's bills to be footed-up by the unhappy and unconscious owner,) presided Mrs. Blundergood, a lady who aped a certain air of finery in dress and youth of person to which her years and situation did not entitle her. At the foot we find Mr. Garvey in the veriest plenitude of pretension and power; dressed as a fop; and

teeming over with impudence and arrogance. On the right of Mrs. Blundergood appeared the ladies' maid—Anna Glimpsey—pert, pretty, and precocious;—a youthful divinity who seemed to have profited in the school in which girls learn independence of thought and liberality, if not generosity, of action. Vis-a-vis with Miss Anna was a regular broth of a boy, Barney O'Flynn, all the way from Mullinahone, in the sweet county of Tipperary. The head of this Hibernian was of the ram-bull-dog shape; square, concave, and lumpy; with enormous bumps acting as walls of defence; and a matted mop of grizzly red bristles supplying the place of hair;—as the Euphuists would call it a mass of carrotty capillary extremities. Barney's angular phiz contrasted strangely with the dandified features of Mr. Garvey. He had a most amusing obliquity of the right peeper, which was perpetually making love to that portion of his nasal protuberance which suddenly terminated in his unseemly forehead. You could scarcely look at Mr. Barney without laughing;—there was about his features such a combination of singularity, humor and drollery. This was the select party which, whilst the sounds of mirth and music were re-echoing in the drawing-room, considered it would be unjust to themselves and ungrateful to the establishment if they did not spend or waste in carnal comforts a portion of the hard-earned professional proceeds of a great artist who, to secure an independent fortune, continued to follow the life of a player, which he abominated, and which was so calculated to injure his health.

'A glass of wine, Mrs. Blundergood, if you please; it is, I assure your Leedyship, real Headsick; from the well-stocked cellar of—in Pearl street.' And the speaker, suiting the action to the word, filled his tumbler with as rich a glass of Champagne as ever sparkled on the festive board.

'With pleasure, Mr. Garvey,' responded the ancient Abigail, smacking her lips, and profoundly bending her head to the invitation, 'with pleasure, Mr. Garvey. I suppose the ladies up stairs are in pieces about the English Lord.'

'A glass of wine, Nancy, if you please,

by gor you look as dull as a door nail, an' as flat as a flounder, so you do,' challenged Barney, across the table.

'You mustn't call me that horrid name, Nancy; I won't stand it nohow, Barney.

'O'Flynn why do you persevere in that vulgar illiterate axint, that abominable Mileeshin brogue which is exploded in all fashionable society,' chimed in the aristocratic butler after enjoying his wine.

'Arrah be aisy, Misther Garvey; one would think you never saw the face ov Conny-morra yourself with all your gentility and good behavior.'

'Me!' groaned the offended lacquey, 'me see the face of that barbarous country, and that disunlightened people!'

'You ain't Irish, surely,' said Mrs. Blundergood, in her softest soprano. 'Not he indeed,' remarked Miss G., 'he's too smart and witty for that.' 'The divil meet the sweeter cut than that, anyhow,' responded Barney. 'Nancy, you'll be the death ov me! smart and witty Misther Garvey, how are you?' 'Nice party up stairs,' interposed Mrs. Blundergood, to neutralize the acidity of the dialogue, 'that young and handsome English nobleman is a great card for the ladies.'

'They dived into the drinkables at any rate, with a heart an' a half at the supper table,' said Barney. 'Bad cess to less than a bottle an' a half ov the champagne, was bolted by the Major himself.'

'He and the captain always go it pretty hard,' simpered Mr. Garvey; 'they do justice to the liquor and observe the rules of hospitality.'

'Faith then the missis and mother Lureies took a decent dhrain themselves an' no mistake.'

'Barney you always see double,' said Blundergood, washing down her witticism with an honest bumper; 'you are too particular in your observation.'

'Here's at you, Mrs. B., and we'll take Nancy in.'

'Mr. Garvey will have no objections,' said Miss Glimpsey; 'he's too polite and goodnatured not to join.'

'May be he'd give us a varse of a song,'

added Barney; 'the divil a boy I ever heard touch up "The Low-backed Car" sweeter than he does.'

The party appealed to had now arrived at that condition of stomach and brain which made him accessible to a well spiced dose of flattery which none knew better how to administer in his own rude way than Mr. O'Flynn. Garvey ahemed two or three times to clear his throat; ran his fingers thro' his well-oiled locks of jet; adjusted his shirt collar; and cast an amorous look at Anna, whose complexion had considerably heightened since her approach to the supper table. Mrs. Blundergood had, by some accident, made her cap sit awry on her temples. To it were attached a few yards of streaming ribbon. By the displacing of her head-gear, the false curls she sported were shoved up on her forehead, and stumps of snow-white hair struggled to be released from the bondage to which they had been subjected at the toilet of the forenoon. Barney directed towards the housekeeper a most villainous glance of his oblique organ of vision and pressed 'Misther Garvey to sing the Low-backed Car by all manner ov means.'

The song was commenced

"When first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market day,
A low-backed car she drove and sat,
Upon a truss of hay."

Nothing could be more merry or frisky, than the simple words and natural sentiments of this choice lyric by Sam Lover. And to deal fairly, by Monsieur Mantilini—Garvey, that gentleman sang the air with a good voice and admirable taste

"No flower was there
That could compare
To the charming girl I sing
As she sat in her low backed car."

Here, with his glass grasped in one hand, he shifted a little to the left and placed the other in most affectionate companionship round the waist of Anna Glimpsey:—

"——— Low-backed car,
The man at the turnpike bar,
Never asked for the toll—
But just rubbed his owld poll,
And looked after the low-backed car"

Barney, seeing the familiar pretension of Garvey carried so far as the picture before him testified, bit his lip with vexation, (for to write as a true chronicler he loved Anna rather warmly,) and felt a most annoying and irritating pang of jealousy shoot across his brain, was impelled to approach Mrs. Blundergood and imitate the affectionate posture of his rival by stealing his right arm round the unshapely person of the "old lady," who was evidently a little worse for liquor. Paired thus, the party joined in the chorus:—

"As we drove in the low-backed car
To be married by Father Ma-har,
Oh! my heart would beat high;
At her glance and her sigh,
Tho' it beat in a low-backed car."

Unconsciously the united voices of the singers rose to a high pitch. They were joyous and merry with wine, and a good deal stimulated by the humor and melody of the song. Several encores of the choruses were called for, and responded to. Mr. Garvey at the end of every stanza, saluted the lips of Anna, with a hearty kiss; and Barney, an apt scholar in the orthography of affection, performed a similar feat with the "old woman," mumbling to himself, "Bad luck to her ould liquorish tooth; I'm to be pitied with her that's ould ennf to be my grandmother."

At the termination of one of the verses,

"And envy the chicken
That Peggy is pickin'
While she sits in the low-backed car,"

there seemed to be an addition to the echo of the words and music.

"Hallo! what's that," said Mrs. Blundergood in a startled and surprised manner.

"Nothin' my darlin'," said Barney, giving her another hug, "only the aicho ov the flure an' the rooms." "Have done Mr. O'Flynn, you have had quite enough of sparkling now I reckon."

"I'd rather own that car, sir
With Peggy by my side"

continued Garvey, becoming every moment more amorously attentive to Anna,—

"As we drove in the low-backed car
To be married by Father Ma-har"

came in most musical tone, from the door leading to the lower hall and stair-case.

"What can that be?" whispered Mrs. Blundergood half frightened.

"Only an aicho, my darlin'." "Shure it can't be anything else," responded Carrotty Poll."

"'Pon my sowl the aicho won't shtop at all, so it won't," proceeded Barney as a dozen voices chanted forth

"Oh my heart would beat high,
At her glance and her sigh,
Tho' it beat in a low-backed car."

This was followed by a tornado of laughing in which the ladies and gentlemen of the drawing room were actors; having been attracted by the chorus and hilarious nature of the proceedings in the lower regions.—Barney's arm was lovingly resting on Mrs. Blundergood's neck; while Garvey was pouring a broadside of blarney into the ear of the susceptible Anna. When the first burst of laughter exploded and the domestics found themselves detected in a rather dissipated and dishonest orgy; there they stood cateleptic. Anna and her companion were fair enough. There was nothing unnatural about their flirtation. But the Barney and Blundergood—nineteen and fifty-five—conjunction was not only revolting but ludicrous.

The first impulse was to remove from the table as many evidences as possible of expensive debauchery; and so a sweep of the empty champagne bottles was made.

It was "no go;" for, unfortunately, these came in contact with tumblers and glasses and a loud crash was the natural consequence. This accident was accompanied by another peal of laughing thunder from the outsiders and a snatch of the song

"For the lady would sit forinst me,
On a cushion made with taste—
While Peggy would sit beside me
With my arm around her waist."
"As we drove in the low-backed car
To be married by Father Ma-har."

In the confusion of the moment the streaming ribbons dangling from Mrs

Blundergood's cap caught fire from the flame of the spirit lamp near her, at the head of the table. Her head gear, cap, ribbons, false curls, and grey hair, became instantly a prey to the devouring element.—Consternation was general. Upper-tendom rushed in to subdue the blazing element. Lord Fortescue and Barney vied with each other in efforts of rescue. Meanwhile the major, who knew the "ways of the place," seized a pail and dashed its contents on the unfortunate person of the inebriate Abigail. He then turned the instrument, night-cap fashion, on the poor woman's devoted head, thus effectually putting out the fire which threatened so dangerously and must have given so much pain. On making inquiry into the extent of the injury Barney swore "pon his soul it was nothin' at all at all!" Mrs. Blundergood would be well before she was twice married."

The recherche party, attracted by the singing and orgies of the "help" in the nether world, in compliment to the wounded feelings and scorched locks of the house-keeper, effected a retreat to the realms above.

"A glorious scene, Margy—I beg your pardon, (nearest the heart nearest the mouth you know,) Mrs. Lureies I mean—was it not?"

"It was rich and funny."

"The most attractive piece of comedy I have met in your free and happy land," said Captain Smalcraft.

"Yes," responded Mr. L.; "but will not Fortescue think it too free and easy?"

"Not a bit! not a bit! To him it is new and refreshing. American fashionable life; that is all. I wonder how Forrster would take it if he knew what went on in his absence?"

"Why, to be sure, how you do talk! He'd go mad right out; and Catten and I should put the poor goose into a lunatic house!"

"You have nothing of this kind—this elegant abandon—when the governor's home, have you?"

"God bless you, no! you could hear, when he is in town, a pin drop in the house. The

domestics are all in bed between 10 and 11 o'clock."

"Having previously joined in family prayer?"

"Not quite so bad as that! He is moroso enough without going to such lengths of hypocrisy and oppression!"

Cigarittos and cigars, with Hollands and whiskey, were now introduced; and the ladies and gentlemen puffed and drank in the most approved fashion of intellectual smokers and tipplers. The "lord's" previous excitement only needed this addition to un-hinge his equilibrium completely.

"'Pon my honor, Mrs. Forrster," said the "tenth transmitter of a foolish face," "this is delightful. Never enjoyed anything like it before. It is novel and racy in the extreme."

He drew the beautiful and unreluctant arm of the accomplished hostess within his, and they promenaded the apartment several times.

"I am rejoiced, my lord, you appear to be so agreeably entertained. The doctrine of "woman's rights" is now in the ascendant in American society. We can act without the abominable control to which we have been hitherto subjected."

"And I can say, without fear of offence, that you are," occupied his "nobility," "the most lovely of her sex."

"Oh, my lord, I pray—"

"Yes, yes, dam me!—a thousand pardons—I mean you are a magnificent creature! Pity you are not free: and I should offer to place a coronet on your lovely brow."

Mrs. Gillis, who sat in a corner moodily perusing a volume from the pen of her libertine husband, overheard this heated colloquy. To her view—for delicate health prevented her indulgence in intoxicating liquors—Lord Fortescue was irretrievably drunk. She saw the moment for intervention had arrived; and she rose to depart.—Consulting her watch she found that it was far beyond midnight, and exclaimed that they had sat it out much too long. The gentlemen apologised. The talking coterie were broken up. Hats and shawls, cloaks and bonnets, were in immediate requisition

And just about five minutes after two o'clock in the morning two or three carriages were heard rolling away from one of the *Soirée Musicales* of upper tenor in Twenty Second street.

CHAPTER IV.

About the hour when the kitchen scene we have endeavored to describe, was taking place in the elegant mansion for which he paid so dearly, and in which his heart rested as the home of his love and tenderest affections, its owner and master was partaking of a lonely supper and some temperate and simple refreshments after the maddening fatigues of a professionally ended evening in a southern city. The most eminent professional in the walk of the Drama to which he was attached, in his own country, and among the most eminent of those of European fame, Irvine Forrester had, from early life, pursued a career of great success.—By the exercise of his abilities, he rose to a position of elevated distinction in the artistic, as well as the social world. His pecuniary reward for Professional services was so encouraging and continuous for years, he had acquired, while yet a young man, a large and competent fortune. Sojourning in England he was attracted by the accomplishments of a young and beautiful girl, who brought nothing to her nuptials but her person her heart, and her sympathies. Of worldly wealth she had none. She was the daughter of a vocalist, who, when he could, was not blessed with the virtues of frugality and providence.

Irvine Forrester took her in the glory of his young manhood and wore her as the brightest pearl of his existence. She was to him the heaven of his sympathies; the paradise of his social being. He wished to build her a home; and place her in its temples as its presiding Goddess. On the banks of the beautiful Hudson, not far from the great Commercial Metropolis of the Commonwealth, he erected a splendid mansion of the castellated order, where he had determined, with the partner of his heart and the wife

of his soul, to spend the autumn and winter of his life in the enjoyment of all the luxuries which follow the possession of riches and the choice of cultivated taste. To that moment of fruition all his efforts tended; at his hopes and desires inclined. An American Republican; pure of heart and simple of habit; impelled by emotions of honour and manly virtue; his inclinations did not travel with the progress of social change which, unhappily for the American world, has obtained largely for a dozen years or so in this country. He entertained at his town house a few sincere and attached friends; but he was totally averse to what is called fashionable society, whose voluptuous license is accounted freedom of action, and insipid and ignorant persiflage is received as the very perfection of polished manner and traveled ease. However much he despised the coteries which make up this rank and file of a vulgar and illiterate aristocracy; he accepted it as a fate or a necessity and permitted his wife to mingle as a bright particular star in its reunions. If there be anything in life more detestable than another it is a pretentious money class in a republic, aping the patrician habits and manners of the old regimes of European Aristocracy.—Impertinent without elegance; assuming without dignity; ignorant without polish; the Republican Millionaire parvenue, weighed down with jewels and covered with the products of the looms of Brussels and India, can never be aught save an object of ridicule and contempt to the really refined, elegant, and intellectual of mankind.—Shakspeare has branded this fact with a burning metaphor or proverb by saying 'You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.' One surely cannot mould a 'gentleman' out of a dollared whelp or a 'lady' from a mass of California gold or a mountain of furbelows. Both are dug out of that mine which art may polish but cannot imitate. Another poet hath it that 'an honest man is the gentleman of nature;' a truth which the fops of the world seem but slow to understand. Among the patri- cians of the old nations, society received a

peculiar charm from the accessories which surround it. Grace of manner and distinguished ease of address are its family education. But they are never effective or appreciated when associated with ignorance or arrogance. 'Tis true we are occasionally deceived and dazzled by the plated ware; but the inferior metal will discover itself in the long run. To say that we have neither the material nor the manufacture of gentlemanly society in this democratic community is to pronounce a lie and a libel. We have both in abundance. But you must not open the folding doors of elegant retirement and rudely call them forth before the world, gifted persons who shrink from the gaze of the curious and inquisitive to discover it en masse. Besides, in every walk of life from the newsboy to the merchant you can discover more real politeness, more quickness of thought, greater aptness of intellect, more manliness of demeanour, than among the similar classes of any nation in the world. The facilities of travel through European countries; the possession of wealth and its concomitant yearnings; the constant whirl in the frivolities of fashionable life abroad; the drinking in the poison of new ideas and theories supplied by the learned rones of Continental cities have contributed much to disturb the elements of our Republican simplicity, and convert the noble sentiment of the equality and fraternity of Democracy into a vile hankering after classification and a vulgar imitation of foreign habits. Hence has sprung up, of late years, that which has been termed with more truth than poetry 'The Codfish Aristocracy,' or, 'the Upper Ten Thousand.'

This was the society to mix with which was gall and wormwood to Irvine Forrester's nature; but towards which he could not help discovering that all his wife's notions and desires tended. She was a beautiful, talented, and fashionable woman, who could not fail to lead in the coteries in which she mingled. He was ready to concede to her a large share of liberty in this regard. He gave her an elegant house; servants; an establishment. He was proud of her personal beauty and of her accomplishments;

and all his successes were laid at the shrine of that home which his heart told him she was so well able to bless with her virtues. Little did he suppose that that home was a scene of fashionable riot and debauchery. Little did he imagine that orgies of intoxication and licentiousness were enacted within its sacred walls by those whose image he treasured in his bosom, as he worked his brains into madness, to add to that independent fortune the use of which he intended for them. Little did he suppose that broken down rones and characterless scamps were invading the privacies of his residence; and that the friends (?) of his wife and the companions of his wife's sister were debauching his domestics and converting his drawing-room into a private brothel. Such orgies and indulgences may be permissible in the *haut ton* of the Empire City; but this we know, that the father of a family who endorses it by public and legalised sanction may yet learn the bitter lesson of life, that the child of his soul or the wife of his bosom had better never to have been born.

But let us return to Irvine Forrester at his lonely meal at the Hotel in Philadelphia, after having received the tumultuous applause of an enthusiastic audience for the dramatic performance of the evening. The table is cleared; writing materials are placed before him, and he proceeds to inscribe a letter to the partner of his soul. Having concluded it, he cast his eyes over its contents, which were as follows:—

Thursday Evening

DEAREST:—I have lived through one of the most miserable evenings of my existence, I have had a torturing headache; but this is nothing to be compared to the horror of being forced to appear before gaping and amused thousands in an assumed character. On such occasions, and at such times the blood is thrown back upon the brain, with overwhelming force; and it is impossible to convey any idea of the agony one has to endure. This is the pleasure of acting, about which the 'world,' who applaud or condemn have but a sorry notion. But all this I bear when I think of you; on your account—when I know that I have you

to sympathize with me, to feel for my sufferings. The necessity for these trials will shortly be at an end: and you and I, darling, will, afterwards, spend our future in undisturbed repose and unbroken and unalloyed happiness. I write this in awful pain. God bless you.

IRVINE.

This letter he folded, sealed, and committed to the charge of the clerk, before retiring; so anxious was he to commune with her, whose image was ever present in his soul, and for whom he entertained so deep and devoted an affection. As he lay his head on his pillow to rest his fevered brain and anguished senses, his thoughts reverted to that *Home*, to secure whose pure and hallowed blessings he strained every energy and employed every faculty of his being. These only who are occasionally, by professional or other avocations over which they have no control, called away from the domestic hearth and family fireside; can have any proper conception of the powerful yearnings of the affections towards that spot of earth, that family circle, these scenes and circumstances with which the destiny of association links them. None beside can appreciate the throb of the parent's soul or the fervor of the husband's love, as his sympathies adhere and his memories incline to those who lean on him for support and carry him away from his present self to mingle with those incidents and occurrences of the fireside which to the rest of mankind are an insipid blank. What kind of philosophy can that be which rudely tears up by the roots such tender and hallowed emotions? What accomplishment of thought or reasoning is it which would laugh into ridicule and subdue into coldness the warm instincts of nature which govern the sympathies and feed the nobler passions? What kind of ethical prompting is that which cherishes a desire to mock at female purity as a myth and treat the marriage tie as an unnatural oppression and a social cancer? Ah! little do such philosophers know of the music of the infant's prattle to the ears of a fond and virtuous parent; of the husband's manly and enduring love which

the world's tempests cannot unsettle; of the wife's tender and truthful attachment sanctified by religion and strengthened by time. Let these blasting theories born of hell and nursed by obscurity pass away! They are the Egyptian plagues of modern society! Away with them! away with them!

When Irvine Forrester's wife sought her pillow that evening the poison of the tempter was working in her blood; the fumes of bacchanal revels were rioting in her brain; the fascinations of 'fashionable life' were undermining the foundations of her married faith; she was giddily looking over the precipice of woman's ruin.

CHAPTER V.

In an alley-way, leading off a quiet and private street, running from the Sixth Avenue towards the North River, stood a gloomy and wretched-looking habitation, the abode of a few families belonging to the working classes of our city population. The door of this unsightly tenement was ajar.—On the sidewalk before it and in the channel near it were strewn heaps of ash cinders, filthy potatoe peelings, and half rotten leaves of cabbage. The stairs which led to the upper floor apartments were smoky looking and uncleanly. As you descended puffs of foul air saluted the sense of smelling, and every thing within and around betokened desolation and penury. In the room, on the second floor, in the rear we find a woman ironing some clothes and accompanying her labor with a low and indistinct chant of sorrow. She was past the meridian of life;—and her cheeks were wan and worn. Over her heated temples straggled a few curls, which had been once of jet black, but now of a grizzled brown and grey. There were faint traces of beauty there; but time and trouble had converted her features into a mass of wrinkles, and the skin hung loosely about her cheeks and neck. She obtained a precarious living by washing and ironing; the struggle between penury and independence being hard and continu-

ous. A native of Ireland; she was one of that migrating band who, a few years previously, had left the home of her nativity, and her young womanhood, to come to the promised land, away from the wreck and ruin which were impending, even then, over her beautiful but ill-fated country. Two daughters,—one grown, the other a child—an only son, and a sick husband, composed her family. Shortly after his arrival, the chest disease with which Thomas Glimpsey had been affected in the old country, assumed an aggravated form; and the poor Emigre was laid, not in his native earth, but under a foreign sod to sleep the long sleep of a wretched death. The elder daughter married a respectable and well-to-do tradesman. The younger was a help at 22d street.—The boy—Billy—was a Newspaper Merchant who made per centages on 'Daily Mornings' and 'Daily Evenings,' on 'Weekly's,' 'Extras,' and 'Sunday Journals.' As you entered the apartments, rented by Mrs. G., at \$4 a month (*payable in advance*) you were called on to admire the peculiar aspect of the habitation. In one corner was a four-post bed, comfortable-looking, and cleanly, though poorly furnished. In the centre stood a rickety and dilapidated stove, which, by its shape seemed a sexagenarian, but, by its action, to answer well its intended purpose of cooking, boiling water, and heating the room. Near the door, leading to the hall-way, or corridor, was a large wash-tub, over which Mother Glimpsey stooped intent on her labor. At one side of the old stove sat in a posture of luxurious ease—the very picture of lazy contentment, an ancient cat, a follower of the family from Ireland. At the other sat Billy smoking, with all the importance of a dignified gravity, a long pipe, the fumes of which, as they ascend, in a sailing form, through the apartments, were anything but agreeable to his mother's lungs.

'Hec! hec, hec!'

'Mother dear, I'll stop the smokin',' said Billy.

'Never mind, ah Gragal',' said the mother; 'tis nothing—only a little taste of a cough that does not like to part me somehow or other.'

'There's 50 cents, an one shillin' an' two fips. That's my profit this mornin'. It ain't bad; is it mother. I speculated good to-day. I'll make 50 cents more afore night yet.'

'The cough—hec—hec—is nothing to spake ov; bud Billy, my own darlin' boy, I don't like to see you do things ov that kind, like a big man.'

'Is genteel, mother, an' manly; all the buxys do it.'

'Ah, Billy, the boys don't do everything right.'

'There's the 6 shillin' an' the two fips mother,' said Billy, reaching out his hand which held the silver, and turning his face away to conceal his emotion. 'There it is mother; an' as to the cigar's—why let it slide if it gives you any trouble!' And here the boy threw the ashly stump of the half-rotten weed or 'soger' (as it is technically called) indignantly into the dust-pan. 'I'll not smoke any more mother, if it annoys you, so I won't;—and the pettish merchant stuck his hands determinedly into the pocket of his pants and walked quickly to the door.

The mother stopped Billy—threw her arms around his neck—and kissed his lips and forehead passionately.

'May the virgin Mother—glory be to her holy name!—bless you Billy, avic; may you grow up into a big man in the love and fear of God; an' may your guardian angel never forsake you day or night, magragal (spotless love,) Billy,' fervently prayed Mrs. Glimpsey, as she parted the cluster of chestnut curls on her little son's brow.

Across her wan and pallid cheek stole a hectic stream of thin blood;—sent there by pride and hope for her darling boy;—him who now formed the last link between her and the breathing world. She knew her time was fleeting fast. The sands were running down in her glass of life. And the nearer she approached the end of her career on earth the closer her heart clung to her fine, manly, generous, and yet uncontaminated son. The cat looked up approvingly; left its position at the stove; and began to purr and rub itself to Billy's leg—as it it

desired to thank the lad for his holy love for his poor mother.

At this moment a young girl;—very young;—scarce arrived at puberty;—with a jaunty air and smartly dressed;—presented herself at the door.

'There's Nancy, mother,' said Billy; 'don't you see Nancy? why don't you speak to her?'

'Run away now, Billy, and sell your Evenin' papers—that's a boy! Go, go, make haste; I want to speak to Nancy.'

And she hurried the youth, much to his astonishment, out of the room and shut the door quickly after him. The young woman whom we now introduce might be something over fifteen summers. There was no mistaking her beauty of person and symmetry of form. In simple country life, without education or association, she would have been a flower exquisite and rare. But she was in the world; was flattered and fawned upon by the sensual; and knew too much about her own personal attractions. In fine, she was a lady's maid of upper tenor, before whose eyes examples of indelicacy and impurity were perpetually being enacted. The reader will not forget having seen her on another occasion in the kitchen scene at 22nd street, where Mr. Mantilini Garvey made fierce love to her in flowing bumpers of his master's champagne. It was Miss Anna Glimpsey, Mrs. Forrster's waiting woman and semi-companion.

Mrs. Glimpsey—little Billy having departed—having shut the door, looked into her daughter's face with the deepest intentness and most searching inquiry for a few seconds, threw a rapid glance over her person, and was obliged to whisper the horrid secret to her own heart that her virgin child was dishonored, beyond all doubt. One deep and dismal sigh, long drawn and loud, escaped from her anguished bosom. She sat down on the side of the bed, covered her face with her apron, and commenced to rock her body backwards and forwards, swayed and impelled by some uncontrollable emotion.

'Mother, don't take on so. You'll kill me if you do.'

'Nancy, Nancy! my poor heart is breaking. There's a cord around it, here, here—(and she seized her daughter's hand and pressed it to her left breast.) I am not long for this world! I'll soon join your father in Potter's Field.'

'Mother do stop; don't take on so.'

'Nancy, Nancy, there was never a stain on our family before, either on the father or mother's side. Little I thought when I enrolled you in the order of the blessed Rosary, that you would forget your religion an' your honor.'

She threw herself on her erring daughter's bosom, and tears, like huge drops of molten lead, fell upon the girl's face and neck.

'God forgive me, mother! God forgive me!' sobbed the young woman, once more restored to natural simplicity, and overwhelmed with remorse. 'I deserve this trial, I deserve this trial.'

'The Almighty be praised, Nancy for them words! you are my own sweet little colleen (little girl) again; just as you were when I used to plat your golden curls at home in the ould country! Just the same my darling child, free from the black an' wicked sin; because you are sorry an' repent for your fall! An' your poor mother will tend you, an' take care ov you! Heaven forgive your destroyers an' seducers! That's all the curses I'll say against 'em. I lave 'em to the Father ov all to deal with 'em, as to Him seems best.'

'They're bad people mother, up at that house in 22nd street.'

'They are a cushla (my dear); they ought to set the good example; an' they should tache you virtue an' good behaviour instead ov the wicked way they do be goin'on.'

'Mr. Forrster is a good man—a quiet and a generous man—and a good employer.—But the miss is slightly and foolish. The place in his absence do be never without rakes and dandies; and sister Margaret is a bad adviser! She "carries on" with them all—an' has no more shame in her than if she had no claims to be a lady.'

Some additional conversation, of a confidential nature, occurred between mother and daughter, in which the latter described

with minuteness, the particulars of her dishonor. She proceeded:

'The captain made me a great many promises; an' I was sure he would marry me. He said so, more than a dozen times.'

'They—the men, I mane—always do, my poor child! It isn't him I blame, but the women. They were always singing, laughing, and carousing; and the gentlemen made more free, and took more liberties with the females than they should do.'

'Did they ever go on their knees and say their prayers like Christians, Nancy?'

'I never saw them do anything of that kind.'

'How then, could they expect luck or grace here or hereafter?'

'They never think of them things, I believe.'

'All for this world! They'll know the difference by an' bye.'

'Poor Mr. Forrster is to be pitied. Does he know about their doings?'

'I do not suppose he does. When he is home all is as quiet as a church. Some of the visitors keep away altogether, then.'

'That's a queer way to live! you may be sure that them that's afraid or ashamed to make their appearance when the head of the house is at home, have no good in their minds by comin' there when he is absent.'

In this manner did this poor, but honest woman, with the simple instincts of virtuous principle, and the plain deductions of virtuous reasoning, speak of, and condemn that manner and custom of society, which fashion has legalised, but which is wrong and injurious in every point of view. That loose and independent line of action for which male and female philosophers contend; admitting no restraint, acknowledging no authority, governed by no regulation or law of female modesty, delicacy, or refinement; is surrounded by a thousand pitfalls and dangers which could not, otherwise, obtain a footing in ordinary households. And it may be believed thoroughly and confidently that when the fashionable fop or hardened profligate opens his lips and mind about the scenes in which he takes apart, and the drawing-rooms into which he has an en-

tree, it is to rudely and licentiously jest about the fun and frolic he has had, and the conquests of dishonor he has made or expects to make, among the women who belong to, or visit them.

CHAPTER VI.

UPON Fortescue gaining his hotel, after his evening of pleasure and cultivated dissipation in one of the gay republican circles of New York life, and cast over in his mind the events; he was constrained to admit that the men were d—d pleasant fellows, and the woman *fast*, *recherche*, accomplished and delightful. The attractive physical beauty of the hostess, and the voluptuous aspect and manner of 'sister Margaret,' made a deep impression on his senses. Waking up late the following day, his head was pained and dizzy, and his tongue furred and parched. Hock and soda water; then chocolate and a browned cutlet; were resorted to. As he dawdled over his repast and conned the contents of the morning papers, Captain Smallcraft was announced.

'A sharp appetite and my respects, my lord.'

'Good morning, Smallcraft. I am sick very sick. I have lost my heart in heaven, and a portion of my slender purse in hell.'

'You shouldn't have played with that wild southren. He is as expert as the Wizard of the North.'

'A lesson—a lesson, my boy! I should have known better. Before I crossed the Herring-brook I heard enough of your dexterity with the cards.'

'I hope you were pleased with our visit to 22nd street.'

'Pleased! I was delighted beyond measure! I don't know that I have been so favored for a long while.'

'Society not so iron-bound or frigid, eh?'

'Quite new, novel, and racy.'

'Our system of 'woman's rights' goes ahead. Our females here just do as they think proper.'

'I perceive it. But I hardly relish drinking and smoking in the company of angels.'

'All custom, habit, the result of association, my lord.'

'But a filthy cigar is not fit for such rosy lips as these of Mrs. Forrster.'

'Nor horrid Irish whiskey for the delicate stomach of Mrs. Lueries.'

'And yet it added to the *abandon* and voluptuous tone of the proceedings.'

'Have you ever met Forrster?'

'I have seen him play in London. He appears to have made lots of money.'

'His divine wife finds a way to spend a portion of it.'

'He is a good fellow to grant the supplies so generously.'

'He is proud of his wife; loves her—and respects her talents.'

'He is away at present, is he not, making more money?'

'Yes; his whole desire lives in finishing and furnishing his "castle on the American Rhine," and placing "Catton" in it as its presiding "Fairy Queen."'

'And who and what is "Sister Margaret" with the murderous eyes and mesmeric complexion?'

'Sister to Mrs. Forrster and just married to a poor musician named Lueries.'

'She sings divinely. Sympathetic tastes brought them together.'

'Fortescue, thou art green. The marriage was one of convenience, with Lueries as a guardian or protector.'

'Margo can follow the even tenor of her way. She can pursue the best of her inclinations. She is a religious woman; a member of a fashionable church.'

'A what?'

'A member of a fashionable house of prayer, where the spirit is distilled!'

'Do you mean to say she is converted, has a call, and attends prayer meetings and that sort of things?'

'I mean to say that she is attached to a fashionable church as a choirster at a salary.'

'The devil she is! And do these sort of persons make up what you call the Upper Ten?'

'Just so. A literary popinjay named Gillis with more wig than brains; a broken

down merchant named Richoff, who has lived in Europe off and on, for many years, on the strength of being acquainted with some public men, a seedy adventurer; and a few others of that stamp pretend to lead in our circles of ten.'

'And players and choirsters and show men, who make money, compose it.'

'So it is, my boy; so it is.'

'But what about the old families; the educated merchants, the eminent Professional men, the Legislators of the State, and General Government, the Military and Naval officers; respectable and talented editors, and the members of their families; what, I say, about them?'

'Some of the parties you allude to, were weak enough to join in with, and be seduced by this impudent class. But others avoid it as a plague. The truly respectable and eminent live quietly among themselves without noise or ostentation. They practice morality and virtue in their households and preserve their habits of republican simplicity.'

'By my kighthood, you paint a startling picture.'

'Not half as highly colored as it should be.'

'But this "woman's rights" I can hardly comprehend this new doctrine. Do, please enlighten me.'

'Not now, not now. I am bearer of a message for you from Mrs. Forrster. She has determined to give you a sight of the "cas le," and invites you to join her on horseback, at two in the afternoon. A very respectable animal will be at your service.'

'Of course I accept. I am the divinity's most obsequious and dutiful servant, and desire you will kindly present my overflowing thanks and compliments.'

The 'nobleman,' punctual to his engagement, was at *The Hotel Forrster* at the hour named. He was shown to the drawing-room by Mr. Garvey, where already were assembled Captain Smallercraft, Major Coward, Chevalier Richoff, and Mr. Gillis. Horses, appropriately caparisoned, with a couple of colored men in liveries, were prepared for the ride. When the door of the room in which the gentlemen waited opened

Fortescue saw, to his utter amazement, three nondescripts enter. Nature intended them for women; but diseased appetites and distempered imaginations converted them into bodies attired after the fashion of the rougher sex.

'The Bloomer costume, by H——s!' ejaculated the Englishman, for a moment seduced from his habitual good breeding by the wonder of the scene.

The ladies colored with vexation; the gentlemen threw up their eyes in surprise.

The attire which prompted the blasphemous and vulgar exclamation requires description. Mrs. Forrster wore a silk 'pants' of dark blue satin, descending in ample folds from the hips, and growing 'beautifully less' as they approached the ankle, Lord Byron's

'And her full, turkish trowsers curled, Around the prettiest ankle in the world.'

Seemed to be the model by which this government was built. Indeed, the poet might have made a model, too, of the ankle in the present case. The upper third (as the anatomists call it) from the knee, between that joint and the *Tenda Achilles*, was, by no means, thrown out of proportion by the art of the fashioner. Its bluffs and undulations were distinctly outlined and exhibited a piece of human sculpture of the noblest shape and form. The skirt which overhung the pants was of a maroon color, of the richest fabric; making way not quite to the knee and standing forward, jauntily, over the hips. The tunic, which fitted closely to the upper part of the person, was of rich brown cloth, slashed with velvet. It was single breasted, drawn together by hooks and eyes, and opening up and falling off from the lower portion of the throat. A snow-white collar, encircled by a necktie of the newest cut, fell over the swelling bosom which gracefully and voluptuously struggled to burst the bonds of its temporary prison house. An unveiled Kosuth hat, sporting a rich ostrich feather, completed the first specimen of Bloomerism which ever met the Britisher's gaze. To him the sight was one of mingled surprise, disgust, admiration, and disappointment.

There stood the exquisitely beautiful woman of the evening before transformed into an unmentionable human creature with all the fashion but without the sexual attributes of manhood. Mrs. Forrster carried a cutting whip in her hand and was now ready for the road in every particular. Mrs. Lueries was a *fac simile* of her sister; with one exception. She wore a gipsy hat which imparted an indescribable charm to her peculiar style of face unfeminine as it was the dress became her and she it. But what shall we say of her other companion?—without shape, beauty, or youth, this poor imitative animal became transformed into a wretched specimen of Bloomerism, could there be any intellectual weakness more deplorable! This poor simpleton's husband was one of Mrs. F's *attache's*. He was an accomplished profligate who rioted in the destruction of female innocence.—This was his trade, his pursuit, his profession, his calling. Of skim surface literary attainments he acquired some name by certain 'writings' which reading gossipers devoured as interesting. But he was not the master of one solitary acquirement, the owner of one honorable principle. His second wife was dazzled by his tinsel poetry and frippery prose, and accepted his hand with pride and pleasure. Her life was a chequered scene of disappointment and delicate health. She followed him into 'society,' and became a passive agent in all his engagements and fancies. She bowed down to Mrs. Forrster; believed her a paragon of talent and ability; and became a most convenient screen for her husband's practical operations in the doctrines of communism, now making such sad and fatal ravages in the second hand exclusive set he was the principal agent in forming. Poor woman! she cut a sorry figure in the Bloomer dress, and excited an uncontrollable desire in the beholder to laugh in her face.

Lord Fortescue having made all due explanations and apologies, and his companions having paid their respects and compliments, the word was given, and the party moved to the street, where the horses were waiting.

Do allow me to assist you, Mrs. Forrster,' most politely interposed the nobleman, as the lady approached her charger.

When the speaker looked down at her pantalettes, and took into consideration the curious figure she must present, side-saddle fashion, he was extremely puzzled. The ridicule of the scene was over much for him. But he tried to hold on with the philosophy of a stoic.

'Do, allow me,' said he, moving and offering to assist her in the usual way; 'I shall be most happy, though I am rather diminutive.'

'And I am the other way—is not that it, my lord?' said the fair equestrian, with a fascinating smile, and the slightest possible tip of her whip on the left shoulder.

'I am strong enough, you will find,' said Fortescue, making a bold and valiant effort to lift the quickened body of beautiful flesh from the ground.

'Ha! ha! ha! very good! you see, my lord, I am immovable!'

The poor patrician was particularly crest-fallen. He made a mighty effort, for large drops of human rain ran down his temples and cheeks; and to his deepest mortification the monster mouths of the darkies—extended from ear to ear—met his gaze, and their tornado peals of yah! yah! yah! burst upon his ears. Mrs. F. holding the reins of the prancing charger in one hand, placed with the quickness and firmness of an Amazon, the point of her foot in the stirrups, she tilted out the other at right angles with her person. This movement was watched by his lordship with the intensest interest. His eyes distended to saucer size, his hands fell listlessly by his side, and he seemed to have been attacked with catalepsy.

'My lord, my lord,' exclaimed Mrs. F., rather anxiously, while her foot dangled in the air, and her charger commenced to prance and chafe its bit, 'my lord, my lord, lend a hand to my foot (which she kicked out impatiently) and assist me, please assist me.'

The hurried prayer was in vain. His astonishment at seeing a beautiful and delicate woman jump astride, like a man, into her

saddle, quite unnerved him. And most probably the lady would have been injured but for the timely succor of the muscular negro who tilted her over with ease and safety.

Not far distant was a similar scene enacted. Smaller craft was assisting Mrs. Gillis, and Gillis performed a similar service for 'Sister Margaret.' The latter lady and gentleman 'carried on considerable,' while the former was being seated in her saddle. But the 'carrying on' was carried a little too far; and in lifting the person of Mrs. Lueries, her cavalier used too much leverage. In making the spring she lost her equilibrium; rolled over and over, and came with a heavy fall to the ground. Rather a large number of spectators had stopped to 'look on,' at the bloomers mounting; and when the accident occurred, and sundry portions of the lady's person (at which intuitive delicacy would blush) became exposed; and a long, loud, and unanimous shout came forth from half a hundred throats of the curious, who filled the street and the sidewalks.

As soon as an adjustment of the difficulty took place, and the accident to Mrs. Lueries inquired into, and ascertained to be harmless, the party, having all become duly horsed, proceeded on their way, before the astounded gaze of the bystanders.

'Is thim women; thim with the pants an' jackets, astride on the horses; or what are they anyhow?' said one lank, lean, yellow-looking man, who appeared to view the cavalcade with great indignation.

'Them's Bloomer's; they ain't anything else,' responded a youth of some 17 or 18 years, with a parcel on his arm—'I guess,' said he, taking a cigar for a moment from his mouth, 'I guess they look noice a bobbin' on their saddles, don't they old fellow? eh?'

'Bloomers! what's thim sort of folks?'

'Well, that is rich! Don't you know what bloomers is?'

'I don't know, if they ain't a sort of merry Andrews, or circens people to perform on horseback. I seed some of that kind of folks up in Vermont, a short while ago.'

'Pon my sowl your'e a cliver fellow; so you are all the way from the green moun-

ains, edged in an Irish laborer, with a pick in his hand; 'why mon dear the bloomers is a new cargo ov saints that keim down from the shkies to drive away all the old good-for-nothings that used to cover their limbs widh big-bellied bags like sails, an' make sweepin-brushes ov their skirts.'

The Vermonter opened his eyes with amazement and ventured a low incredulous laugh.

'They ain't exactly saints,' said the youth; 'I don't think they're so near heaven as all that comes to; they are liker to fallen angels who got tired of petticoats an' 'took a fancy to breeches.''

'Them 'bolishunists, soilers, women's rights folks, so dey is,' said one of the negro ostlers, taking a part in the conversation; 'they go for 'varsal, 'mancipation; for understrain' freedom; for liberty to color man as well as white. They goes in for me, I goes in for them.'

'Yiss, faith; shure enuf; an fur more liberty nor that.'

'What do you mean?' said the Vermonter.

'What do I mane is it? Why I mane, you see, that if you wor married to one ov 'em she'd give you trouble, that's all.'

'Drubble! oh, Got — de drubble. De Bloomer woman is de dibble, she no satisfied wid von—two—dree husbands; but she must have as many as she dam bleezes,' said a Dutch baker, with a basket of bread on his arm.

'That's it, is it?' said the Yankee. 'That's what we are acomin' to in this free and happy land.'

'Why, what a set of fools you are to be sure,' said the precocious youth with the parcel, taking the cigar from his mouth once more, and squirting the saliva to a distance of two or three yards over the heads of the audience, 'what a set of fools you are! Why there's Bridgham Young, the Mormon, he has ninety wives and two hundred children.'

'Look you here, young man,' said the Vermonter, 'that may be something to laugh at and joke about; but innocence and virtue, same as your father, our fathers, prac-

tised before us, are more likely to bring a blessing on the land we live in than them new-fangled notions, which wipe away all restraint of religion and morals, and substitute license and 'woman's rights' for modesty and domestic happiness.'

'Oh stuff!' said the boy-man, walking off in dudgeon.

'The devil a word ov lie you tell,' said the Irishman, deeply touched by the solemn tone of the countryman. 'It's all God's truth,' continued he; 'there's Peggy, at home, that would blush at her own shadow if she thought that it would alther her love for me, that doesn't deserve the likes ov her. What do I kill myself workin' for, if it wasn't that I have her and the childher to kiss me an' run about my knees when I return to my supper afther the day's labor is over.'

'I'd loikes to see my vrow puttin' on de breeches in de place ov de quilted petticoat,' said the Dutchman, hitching up his basket, and preparing for a start; 'to der deevil wid bloomer vomens an' all that sort of cat-tles; and the excited Hollander walked off with rapid strides to deliver their commands to his customers.

'Bryan O'Lynn had no breeches to wear, He bought a sheep-skin to make him a pair The wooly side out an' the fleshy side in, 'Tis cool and convanient,' says Bryan O'Lynn,'

gaily sang out the Irishman, as he wended his way to a new building where he mounted a ladder 'reaching to the skies,' and carried a hundred pounds weight or more, on his shoulder, to keep the bricklayers supplied for their operations.

'My Dinah am good as any on em; an' she can put de bloomer on when she hab a mind. I goes in fur Woman's Rights; coz you see dey are 'soilers' an' 'bolishunists,' an' are ready to gib liberty to der colored bredren. Dat's what I say, old hos; Ha! Ha!' and the negro vamped, bowing to the sententious Yankee, and laughing as he trudged along, at the happy hit he made.

The Vermonter sighed as he cast his memory back to the simple manners of George Washington; to his bravery, glory, and unsullied virtue; and to the purity and devotion of Martha Washington, who should

be a pattern for succeeding generations of the daughters of America. The Vermonter sighed to think that vice and immorality reigned in seaboard cities to an alarming extent; that the women's heads were turned by a hundred isms they did not comprehend, and their hearts poisoned by impurities of thought and action, injurious and inimical to the best interests of the sex and the happiness of families. He walked along hoping that his country and people would get on the right track again.

CHAPTER VII.

ETTY LEACH was an orphan. That is she had neither father nor mother living.—A whole orphan. An uncle by the mother was her guardian and vice-parent. He was a bachelor, eccentric and rich. She lived with him in a beautiful mansion in Fifth Avenue. He was a retired seaman. Forty years on the ocean, he contrived to amass a splendid fortune, which certain speculations in Wall street increased, tenfold.—Etty's father was a physician in good practice when he died. To her mother he left a competent income; and to his daughter a competent dowry. Mrs. Leach died of consumption shortly after her husband; and Etty was left alone, in the wilderness of a city, with \$50,000, at the early age of seventeen. Captain Armstrong, or 'the old Commodore' (as he was familiarly called) nervous and singular, gouty and generous, was forced to throw off his listless and strange habits in some degree, and play father to one of the most beautiful girls New York had produced for half a century. It would be rank nonsense to attempt the girl's portrait on paper; to write her daguerreotype. That limning shall be left to the sentimentalists and book-makers. Etty was a beautiful girl of seventeen, with a form about the medium size, and a face of an oval shape and olive complexion. Her hair was dark brown, and her eyes dark blue; and that's all we shall say about her person. The 'old Commodore' loved Etty better than anything on earth. She, sometimes stitched his braces,

mended his gloves, and adjusted his lace stockings. And Etty did everything well, thoroughly. There was no bungling about her movements. All was natural grace and poetry. Now, there are a thousand Etty's; aye, ten thousand girls of the same stamp, as graceful and beautiful, in New York.—But Etty Leach was exactly what she is described and her uncle loved her accordingly. It is not to the personal charms of this girl we would call attention;—not to her locks of glossy brown, curling naturally and falling in masses over her neck and shoulders of snow;—not to her voluptuous form, swelling out into the most exquisite shapes and outlines of sexual loveliness. Not at all! But we are bound to inform the reader that Doctor Leach, himself a learned, a virtuous, and a sensible man, moulded his daughter's mind in such shape and after such fashion that the young orphan was a model.

The double blow inflicted by Dame Providence on poor Etty—the loss of her father and mother—was almost too much for her young heart. It was a terrible prostration; but she knelt before the all-wise Power, in all humility and truth, and commended herself to His care. She prayed that the bitter cup of affliction may be rendered tolerable by patience and resignation. The tumult of her soul was stilled when the words passed her lips, 'Thy will, O Lord, be done!' The young orphan had received a perfect education. There was no accomplishment of which she was not mistress; no human knowledge of which she had not received a share in her course of instruction. She was a linguist, a musician and a housewife; and what more would you want any girl to be? But there was one peculiarity which Etty possessed from intuition:—She was humble and modest in the most extreme degree. Believe us, young lady reader, whether of the Upper Ten or the workshop there is no charm so great, no fascination so potent, no attraction so irresistible in woman as this beautiful modesty of manner and delicacy of feeling. Believe us, that when the brilliancy of dialogue and the flashings of wit and the

poetry of manner, which women almost universally apply themselves in society for their successes and conquests, pass away with the moment and are forgotten (or are remembered to be made the subject of perhaps flippant and ungenerous remark) diffidence and retiringness and humility and delicacy are jewels which shine and sparkle for ever, a pride and glory to woman.

Etty went every Saturday evening, in her uncle's carriage, to Greenwood; and there, kneeling on her parent's tomb, she promised her father and mother that no act of hers should ever cause them to blush in Heaven, where, she felt both had ascended, and where she fondly hoped yet to join them, when it pleased her Redeemer and her God to call her away.

The 'old Commodore' lavished on that little bewitching baggage, Etty, his own Etty, with increasing prodigality, all the care and attention which wealth could procure. And besides, he lavished on her his love; that rude, rough, and eccentric affection which was untaught and untutored, but sprang, like the fountain in the desert, pure and gushing from his heart.

CHAPTER VIII.

The house was brilliantly lit. The massive chandelier was one dazzling blaze of hydrogen carbonised (as the chemists would tell you.) The benches and settees were crowded. Beauty, fashion, and wealth combined were present. We speak of the Italian Opera of the republican metropolis. It would be a difficult, but yet an interesting inquiry to analyze that meeting.

It was upper tandom abroad, or rather within, in its loftiest effort of fashion. The history of the occupants of the boxes would be a study for the naturalist. Money aspiring to the practises of rank, and putting on the drapery of elegance. There it was; without the pride, but with all the pomp of the patrician. Parodi, and Bosio, and Stefanoni, and Marini, and Benaventano, and Bettini, and Salvi; who appeared before ancient aristocracy and jeweled nobles, were

there to sing and play before pork and tallow, and cotton and diestuffs! And why not? Win gold and wear (aye, and spend) it, say we. It is just what it should be. And it would be what it ought to be, but for the great mistake made by the goldocracy. If upper tandom, or the upper crust, or the codfish aristocracy, would only have common sense; if the old fools of Plutus would only remain close to nature, plain and simple; and if the young fools, the sons and daughters of these old simpletons, would only depend on true and real acquirements for their positions of honor and success; in a word, if all, young and middle-aged, and old, would be satisfied with what accident and nature made them; there would not be a happier, or more respectable, or a more powerful class in the world than wealthy Republicans. But they make themselves the laughing stock of the world, by pretension and vulgarity. Despised at home and sneered at abroad, they stand the most stupid, the most ignorant, the most conceited, and the most vulgar rich class in creation. There are bright and glowing spots on this waste of wealth. There are delightful and refreshing oases in this desert society. There are portions of it which possess qualities as pure as the diamond and as sparkling. To this exception belonged Etty Leach. She sat in a box, on the first tier of that beautiful house, placed near the stage. She was attended by her uncle Armstrong, only.

'Uncle,' said she, raising her lorgnette, 'who are these two persons at the opposite side, near those empty boxes; that old grey-haired man and that showy, youngish woman near him?'

The old Commodore applied his night telescope (as he called it,) and after a brief survey replied—

'That man with the long face and the turn in his eye, do you mean?'

'The same.'

'That is the notorious black mail editor—Jennett—and his able and amiable wife.—He has, it is said, arrived at his present position as a journalist and man of wealth, by unprincipled and unscrupulous means.

'Why is that portion of the house comparatively deserted?'

'Because,' responded the 'old commodore,' the upper ten people *wish to appear*, if they are *not* respectable and exclusive;—Och! Och! this too pains me sadly!—and they will not have him, although he has tried very hard—as one of their set.'

'Uncle, uncle, charity, you know;' and Etty turned her beautiful eyes and angel face on the old hard-featured, but open-hearted tar with a half-serious expression.

'I give no opinion of my own, Etty; I merely tell you what I hear about these people.'

'What newspaper is he editor of Uncle?'

'The *New York Daily Slasher*—a journal of some talent but no fixed principles. It watches the current of the tides, and state of the winds, and steers its course accordingly.'

'Has it a large circulation?' said Etty, with some interest.

'Very large! It is a good newspaper; is bold and fearless; and people take it to laugh at and enjoy the attacks upon persons and things it teems with.'

'The world is very unamiable, uncle, in matters of this kind.'

'You have said it, Etty—you have said it. When *The Daily Slasher* was first started it was almost impossible to escape its venom. The editor's back was made to suffer divers inflictions of the cowhide, till it became so tanned it was useless to continue the operation of striping.'

'And that is the reason the fashionable world has excluded him.'

'Just so; and he has retaliated by giving those who compose it a vulgar but deserved nickname.'

'Do you notice that party chatting, and talking loudly in that crowded box facing the stage? Can you tell me who they are?'

'That is Mrs. Forrster and her sister, Mr. Gillis, the novelist, and one or two more whom I do not know at this distance.'

The conversation was here broken in upon by Maretzek waving his wand pompously and a burst of glorious music from the full

and accomplished orchestra commanded by this cunning and indefatigable impressario. After this came the opera with Parodi and Bosio; and never did the lovers of true vocalism and melody enjoy a greater treat.—Most of the brilliant auditory knew but little of the science and felt less of the romance or poetry of sweet sounds. But they *pretended* to know it, and were sure to cheer the wrong points and pass over with indifference the most exquisite passages.

Whilst the public pay for their enjoyment in this department of art the professional can have no reason to complain. But the legitimate opera can never be properly supported or flourish where the sentiment of music is not present. It will take years yet before the motley aristocracy (!!!) of New York are so far advanced in patrician taste and judgment to *require* operatic performances as an indispensable recreation and intellectual necessity. We shall take advantage of the pauses in the entertainment to accompany the reader to Mrs. Forrster's box where Richoff, Smallercraft, and the 'lord' were in attendance.

'Exquisitely beautiful, is she not my lord,' said Mrs. Forrster, addressing Lord Fortescue, and pointing his attention to Etty.

'What! that bread and butter girl with the olive complexion, and natural ringlets? She in the box with that old red nosed square toes?'

'I mean that young lady.'

'Excuse me, Mrs. Forrster, if I cannot partake of your enthusiasm.'

'I think her so.'

'At another time I may think her so,' said the Englishman, with a low and suppressed sigh.

Mrs. F. colored, and her bosom began to heave with some emotion. Gillis was plying sister Margaret with large doses of compliment, while Smallercraft was trying to expatiate on and explain the characteristic beauties of Bellini's unrivalled Norma.

'My lord, I cannot, shall not effect to misunderstand you; but—and the color went down as she spoke—it is not my duty to listen to you. An impassible gulph divides us.'

'I know: the tyranny of what is society.'

'My husband claims my faith and heart.'

'He loves not; he never can adore as I do. My fortune—coronet—all are at your feet! That is to say, when the latter shall be mine by fate.'

'I am particularly honored,' said she, with much bitterness; 'but do pray inform me when you leave for Canada?' Excuse—but my question is imperative.'

She spoke slowly and with subdued but commanding earnestness.

'Whenever you desire it.'

'Then go at once. We are watched. Take care of yourself, meanwhile.' She then turned round and addressed some indifferent observations to the persons behind her, and all were soon absorbed in the meanderings of the vocal and instrumental music.

CHAPTER IX.

WHILE the Englishman and Mrs. Forrster were engaged in the brief conversation above given, the eyes of a person in the parquette, who leant against the back of the boxes, were intently fixed on the pair. This man, about forty years old, was dressed with all the showy pretension of a Broadway swell. He wore around his neck a cable chain to which a massive gold watch was attached: A large field of bristly hair covered his face;—giving his aspect a most fierce and forbidding caste.

Scarcely had the last act of the opera been concluded when Mrs. F. hurried her party homewards. Entering the carriage, Lord Fortescue was jostled against by a passer-by and stared at with some fierceness. Having reached 22d street, the gentlemen said 'good night,' and repaired to sup at a restaurant. Preferring the oysters from the shell they repaired to the bar of a cafe, celebrated for these luxuries.

'Fine oysters, these,' said the aristocrat, as he swallowed a huge Shrewsbury.

'Very fine oysters,' repeated a voice as if an echo of the other.

'Ventriloquism, by jingo said Coward; a curious note that.'

'Very impertinent, I call it,' said 'my lord.'

'The devil you do,' said hairy-face, turning abruptly round from another portion of the bar and looking Fortescue full in the face.

'Yes; a most impertinent interference with gentlemen;' laying an emphasis on the last word.

'I did it,' said hairy-face.

'Then you are no gentleman,' responded nobbily with a bull-dog determination.

'Aint I,' cried hairy-face, planting a desperate blow on Fortescue's nose, tumbling him over and over; and making the claret flow in abundance from his nostrils. Smallercraft and Coward fell upon the assailant whose audacity astounded them; whilst he, in turn, was reinforced by a little pugilistic tiger (well known about town) who with the other punished the upper ten swells with great severity. The bar-men and waiters interfered and a large posse of police (ever present in the parlours of drinking houses.) eventually made their appearance. With the tact and presence of mind of persons accustomed to rows, hairy-face and his companion made the first complaint against the whipped fashionables, who, to their amazement and chagrin, were taken into custody and escorted as prisoners to the Tombs, to answer a serious charge of assault and battery. Three times did Lord Fortescue attempt to slip from the officer who held him, and as often was he pummeled and dragged along like a thief and a loafer. When he presented himself before the acute and intelligent officer—Captain Pete Fierty—'his lordship' was in a miserable plight. The collar and bosom of his shirt, covered with spots of clotted blood, hung down in torn shreds over his shoulders. His nose, which still bled profusely, was split about half an inch at the left side near the eye. Both eyes were swollen underneath; and the face, generally, presented a most disorganised look. He, Smallercraft, and Coward were put to the bar and duly charged with the offence of personal assault and violating the peace of the people.

'What have you to say to this charge; I

mean you, sir, who appear to be so badly punished; or why you should not be commuted for the offence?

The aristocrat was sorely tried. His anger and rage were actually eating into his brain, and tearing it assunder. He made several attempts to speak and failed each time. At length he broke out into an immoderate fit of laughter, with more or less of the maniac in his tone,

'Rich, by —' blasphemed he, 'is it not? Ha, ha, ha! why you mister Policeman—dam me, sir—I am the Earl of Fortescue, Lieutenant in Her Majesty's 52d Regiment of Foot, on my way to join them in Canada.'

'Well, sir, earl or no earl, lieutenant or no lieutenant, I want to know what reply you have to make to this complaint of being drunk and disorderly?'

'Mister Policeman, you should remember who I am—Smallcraft, Coward, why don't you tell my rank—am I to have no protection from my position?'

'Listen prisoner! you shall receive here every justice and fair play,' said captain Pete, 'no matter what your rank or position, or station may be. That consideration does not weigh a feather in this country, whatever it may do elsewhere.'

'I was standing at the bar at Florence's, waiting for my turn,' remarked hairyface, 'when that man there—pointing contemptuously at Fortescue—said, "very fine oysters."'

'I said, "very fine oysters," too—because I thought so, when he remarked I was no gentleman. I, accordingly, punished him as he deserved. Some foreign pickpocket, I guess.'

'I give you my honor, Mr. policeman, I am the Earl of Fortescue, and not a member of the swell mob, as this individual supposes.'

'The rank is but the guinea's stamp. A man's a man for a' that,' sententiously remarked Captain Pete. 'Take and lock him up till morning. The magistrate will settle the business at eleven o'clock. These other parties not having been aggressors and having suffered not a little in the melee, may be discharged.'

'A most extraordinary country where a nobleman has no respect or protection above the merest commoner or working man,' lugubriously grumbled Fortescue, as he was conducted to a prison cell without even the cold consolation of bidding his friends ('good night.'

'No respect or protection for a would-be adulterer and destroyer of his neighbor's domestic happiness and affections,' repeated hairy face, in a sepulchral tone, as the bolt was shot in the patrician's dungeon, and he was left to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies, as best he might, during a damp and chilly night on the approach of winter in such an apartment as the fates awarded him.

CHAPTER X.

ETTY LEACH was reading one of the beautiful American monthlies, hot pressed from the brilliant fancies of gifted female writers, and certainly the most graceful and elegant companions the drawing-room or boudoir can have, in her uncle's magnificent mansion in Fifth Avenue, in the afternoon following the opera, when an attendant brought her a card, plain and unadorned, having the simple words 'Charles Armstrong' inscribed on it. He was unhesitatingly admitted.

'Charles, I am indebted for this call.'

'You honor me, Miss Leach,' said the young man, with some ill-suppressed emotion, 'for acknowledging me your creditor in any shape or form.'

'Miss Leach! why, Charles, why are you so cold and formal?'

'The former accusation is hardly close to the mark; the latter is a matter of necessity.'

'Why?' said the beautiful maiden, looking up with a startling expression.

'Because your uncle desires it. The pretensions of a poor, fortuneless adventurer, such as I am, find no favor in his eyes.'

'Charles, you wrong uncle; you do indeed! a nobler heart, a more generous soul, a more affectionate breast, human never knew, than he possesses.'

'I know it; I feel it; but yet it is as I say; and it is right.'

Whilst Charles Armstrong repeated these words his eyes were fixed on the young lady, with a reverential fervor, as pure as an angel knows in his home in heaven. In speaking of her relative of his virtuous and noble qualities, her color increased, and her exquisitely developed bosom heaved like the gentle swells of the glassy ocean, after the agitation of the tempest. As he thus looked with a feeling of angel purity, but manly depth and power, he repeated—

'Yes, Miss Leach—Etty—it is right that I should be formal! I, a penniless adventurer who has his way to carve in the world, have no right to any familiarity with the richest heiress in New York.'

Silently and sadly she placed her right hand in his; and down those peachy cheeks descended large drops of translucent rain, like globules of pearl. She was at Greenwood, once more, and kneeling on the grave of her father and mother.

'Charles Armstrong,' said Etty, with solemn earnestness, 'my honored father—here in this heart a casket for ever—and my adored mother, whose place can never be supplied in this world, were your friends; introduced you into our sacred household; and do you suppose I can, without cause, from caprice, or a head made giddy by altered circumstances or position, consent to throw off or dismiss the friend of my beloved parents?'

'This to me,' responded the young man, 'is a glory inappreciable, indescribable. It is,' said he, letting her hand go, 'what I had calculated on from the elevated tone and steady judgment of Etty's mind. But as the world is constituted, and as society wills it, your uncle has in view for you a fate far and away beyond any imagining or hope of mine.'

'Charles,' said the maiden, the glowing tint of the sunny rose-bud mantling on her cheek, 'what language is this; favor me with an explanation.'

Armstrong saw that he had been betrayed by his feelings into a declaration which he would have given a world to have left at

that moment, unsaid. But having gone so far his soul was incapable of temporising or duplicity; and he went on to say with vehemence:—

'When I spoke it was not my intention to divulge the secrets which I hoarded with so much care and cherished with so miserably a love. But I should prove untrue to that nature which my lost friend—your noble father—admired and commended so much; I should be untrue to the heart's faithful promptings and that candor which is my moral religion did I not admit, at once and forever, that you—you only; you Etty Leach—beautiful and noble and wealthy—and you alone I love with a passion no language can depict, no eloquence can fashion, no poetry can paint. You are my hope—my life—my ambition; but that is all well—I aspire to no more.'

The young man, carried away by the force of impulse; guided by rectitude and the highest honor; swayed by the tempest but his hand on the helm; stood before that young and polished, yet artless girl, the finest picture of open-hearted manfulness th eye could rest upon. New thoughts—new imaginings—new reflections—new emotions—were born in her bosom. The western horizon, as the sun departs in radiant glory beyond its verge and imparts the coloring of heaven to the light blue clouds which sail around its disc, could only equal the tintings which rapidly alternated on Etty's cheek. At one moment the deepest crimson of carnation; at another the most delicate pallor of the lily. Her hands became entwined as if in prayer; her head drooped slightly over her bosom; sighs as gentle and as sweet as the Zephyr of the south, followed in quick succession; as she said:—

'Help and guard me, oh God of truth and goodness, in this my hour of trial.'

'Farewell, Etty, Farewell!' said the young man, as he parted the beautiful tresses that wandered in wild confusion over her Parian temples,—one look of forgiveness for this sinful presumption and I go, to leave you to liberty and happiness!'

The girl looked up into the young man's

face with a *glance of pride and strength*, and repeated with a murmuring music no art could imitate or equal:

'Charles, this scene is overmuch for me. Your declaration I neither expected, nor was prepared for. But I am incapable of dissimulation. I feel proud of your preference; of—if I must say it—your love. And yet I cannot reciprocate your intensity of feeling. Duty to my uncle and an affection which knows no limit oblige me to curb my inclinations and moderate my preferences. To him you must appeal; his confidence you must gain; his caprices or prejudices you must gratify or overcome before you repeat what has now taken place.'

'Then my fate is sealed,' said Armstrong; 'he will never consent that I—a dollarless tyro—having only as my real estate a precarious profession; he, I repeat, will not listen to my presumption in seeking the hand of Etty Leach.'

With a mournful step and slow he moved to the door, turned slightly round, and with that grace which the gentleman of nature can only command, looked his adieu and departed. It would be impossible to define Etty's feelings. She did not experience these sensations of romantic love so eloquently and frequently descanted on by sentimentalists. She was not overwhelmed with the force of that passion which dreamers and poets love to paint with florid colorings. But towards Charles Armstrong she was impelled by convictions of his high and pure honor; by a belief of his manly worth and unsullied virtues. His mind, too, was informed beyond the customary acquirements of the frippery and brainless flies who flitted about in fashionable society. He was a scholar and a thinker; and the path of fame and honorable ambition was brushed away before him by the force and power of his fine talents. Her heart told her he was away above the sully crowd that crossed her path and laid their flimsy offerings at her feet. And yet her uncle, she knew, with his enormous wealth, would but lightly regard her theories. She knew that he ambitioned for her some great alliance; some splendid connexion which would place her

at the head of social position and render her the envy of all her female acquaintances. Here lay the difficulty which called up contending emotions and brought on the struggle of affection and duty in her sensitive soul.

CHAPTER XI.

'Singular, Mr. Freeley, singular, is it not? But I am caught at last,' said Chevalier Rickoff, to Orris Freeley, as they sat in the studio of the philosophic journalist.

'How?' said Freeley, without looking up from the 'Exchange' he was perusing attentively.

'I am in love!'

'You! I guess that is a curiosity.'

'Perhaps I interrupt you—'

'Well! talk on.'

'The lady is beautiful and accomplished.'

'Young, middle-aged or old?'

'Very young.'

'Then you're a fool.'

'Hard words, Mr. Freeley.'

'Well! I can't make them softer.'

'Why?'

'Because your years have gone past the climacteric. As you grow older—if you marry a child—when she becomes a woman she will despise if not hate you.'

'I am not so stricken in years as you would insinuate. I am not yet 38.'

'Stuff! you cannot alter the laws of nature. Woman has been treated as a slave—a nigger—hitherto. Her emancipation is at hand.'

'I have her uncle's consent.'

'The old fool! he should be ducked in a cess-pool.'

'She is an heiress and will inherit all of the old commodore's property.'

'Ha! I see—(boy brings a proof of an editorial. He throws his eye hurriedly over it.)'

'Look at this—do you hear boy—tell Brooker—outrageous—is this ever to have an end?'

The infuriated editor stamps about the room; runs up to the compositors room;

bellows forth an oath; and sets all in fury just about a letter turned upside down! With a smiling face and slouchy gait; his head swung on one side and his thin white hair flying over his shoulders; Freely returned to his chair in the editorial sanctum, saying once more 'talk on.'

'I have been speaking of Miss Etty Leach?'

'Does she belong to our set?'

'No! thank God.'

'Why do you thank God?'

'Because she is too pure, too good, too virtuous, for female philosophers.'

'Pooh! pooh! you talk like a boy. Purity and virtue are very well in the abstract; as matters of romance; but we have no right to curb the inclinations of a man. If a woman don't continue to *feel* love for her husband she is a prostitute.'

'That is, according to Fourier.'

'Yes, and all the great reformers of the day.'

'That is Mrs. Forrster's doctrine likewise.'

'It is; and where will you find better authority?'

'Then, if, after marriage, upon the approach of satiety—when *ennui* prevails—a woman desires novelty, new companions, new associations, she has a *right* to indulge them?'

'Certainly; if she no longer feels love to her husband.'

'And they should be divorced?'

'You have said it.'

'If this be so, we must leave grace and the love of God out of the question.'

'Not so, if you are fanatical, superstitious, or idolatrous.'

'But suppose one have children, a happy home and cherished fireside, would you tear up by the roots the holiest yearnings of humanity; the yearnings of instinct and animal life, consecrated by religion?'

'Pshaw! extreme cases are nothing in the discussion of the mooted point.'

'The case I put is an every day one; it exists by the thousand. These new theories are turning women's brains, and the frame-

work and fabric of society are in process of rending asunder.'

'The Rev. Mr. Racoon is on our side.'

'Racoon is a *practical* infidel while he preaches Christian doctrine.'

'He is a great thinker and clear-headed man. Such an opinion as his is valuable.'

'The hypocrite has broken his wife's heart. He sparks Mrs. Forrster before the poor invalid's eyes, and calls his lewd kisses salutes commanded by the word.'

'That is purely innocent recreation.'

'Very pure, I dare say, on the part of the lusty Connecticut man! But to the point: I have proposed for Miss Leech and been accepted by her uncle. The matter is a fixed fact.'

'I suppose fate must be satisfied; he is a voracious monster. Marry a child, and be happy if you can. But believe me when you are an imbecile sexagenarian she *must* have her 'rights,' and she deserves them.'

'By the way, Freeley, I want you down to the 'Tombs' this morning to use your influence for the discharge of my friend Lord Fortescue, who got into a scrape with some of Forrster's rowdies last night.'

'I have heard about this young man. It is really strange that Mrs. Forrster and our friends are not more discreet than they are.'

'They use intoxicating drinks and smoke, Orris. That's the secret.'

'Well, really, I shouldn't have thought that. They are horrid, filthy vices in men; most abominable and outrageous in women. But reason and moral suasion will cure this malady. I must address an editorial on the subject to the female readers of *The Daily Disturber*.'

Shortly after the above dialogue, Freely and Rickoff were admitted to the cell where Lord Fortescue was confined. As the key was turned in the door and it was drawn suddenly ajar, they saw the caged Patrician on his knees, making most passionate declarations to Mrs. Forrster, kissing her hands, and squeezing her knees in a most extatic form.

'Release me, I pray, my Lord, and moderate your emotion.'

'My angel! my life! my love! this is

the first glimpse of heaven to me! this scrape is most unfortunate. A wretched, miserable mistake.

'These police people are very stupid! I could not make them understand the outrage they committed against my rank by locking me up here!'

'I am sorry my lord, that this mishap occurred on my account.'

'Thou divine creature! most lovely and fascinating woman, I would bear martyrdom on your account.'

Still on his knees; his eyes wildly rolling in his head; evidently distempered by the effects of brandy, the fascination of beauty, and the awkward novelty of his position; there was he, the heir of an English earldom, on his knees in a New York prison, making fierce love to a married woman moving in fashionable life. In the doorway stood Freely, his hands stuck in the torn pockets of an old white blanket-like looking overcoat; his broken leaved, steeple-crowned white hat, thrown back off his massive temples; long, thin locks of yellowish white hair streaming underneath; there he stood with his pantaloons reaching half way between the knee and the ankle; his eyes half open and a kind of wondering laugh playing about the corners of his mouth. There he stood gazing at the half-drunken *roue* and the model wife of upper tondom listening to the lecher's poison he was distilling into her faithless soul —

'Very romantic, but very imprudent if not improper,' said the philosopher, half musingly. Rickoff was looking over his shoulder, while the porter or turnkey held the door ajar in his grasp. Fortescue, startled by the murmur of the human sounds, bounded with the quickness of lightning from his knees, tripped as he touched the floor, and fell sharply against Mrs. Forrester's side, and rushed like a tiger at the person of poor Freeley. By the collision both fell to the ground, the lord rolling the philosophic editor over and over; while Rickoff ran to assist Mrs. Forrester, who had been upset by her lover, in his surprise. The matter was so sudden, so unexpected, and so ludicrous, when adjustment took place and explana-

tions were rendered, the whole party laughed at the matter as a joke. The best scene of the act was Mrs. Forrester's imitating the aristocrat making love to her, and how she enjoyed it as a rich and most amusing absurdity!

Ha! ha! ha!

Poor Orris Freeley believed every word she uttered, and considered her perfectly innocent. The seasoned and travelled debauchee Rickoff, and the unprincipled (as far as woman was concerned) patrician, Fortescue, were not so easily duped. They both agreed when they were 'taking a drink together' at Sherwood's, that she was a devilish smart and clever woman.

CHAPTER XII.

FORTESCUE'S time and money were nearly exhausted. And his fit of love had fallen down to zero. The momentary impressions made by Mrs. Forrester on the young man's debauched heart had died away, and he now looked upon her, merely as a convenient utensil of depravity. She, on the contrary, was exceedingly captivated by him. He was son and heir to a Nobleman. He belonged to and moved among the English Aristocracy. These qualifications weighed heavily with an educated and accomplished parvenue whose antecedents were not the most brilliant or reputable. He had, likewise, much of that traveled ease, that gay and winning devil-may-care-ishness, which constant association with the world imparts. He was well bred and good looking; and tho he had no intellectual cultivation or refined tastes, yet he could make himself particularly agreeable in female society. — The 22nd street folks had determined to have a small and select reunion, in his honor, previously to his leaving for Montreal.

Sister Margaret and sister Catten had rather a peculiar dialogue about the matter.

'Fortescue will be off to-morrow, said Mrs. Forrester with a sigh.'

'Well!' said Margaret.

'Well! 'Pon my word, you take the matter thoroughly easy.'

'Why should I feel otherwise? you have cause to regret his departure.'

'He has a very loveable person;—a very pleasant mixture of the handsome animal with the spirituelle.'

'A very insipid nothing in my opinion.—He never could hit my taste.'

'That is rather a difficult achievement,' responded Mrs. F. with much pique 'and some bitterness; rather a difficult achievement where so many aspirants seek for and find favor.'

'Catten, Catten, how have I deserved these reproaches at your hands?' said Margaret appealing imploringly to the other.

'I don't reproach. I see no cause for reproach where a woman of taste only follows her natural inclinations.'

'Forgive me, Catten, forgive me. I knew you were above the vulgar prejudices of the day!—the cant—the hypocrisy of the very proper people.'

'But then you have done 'My Lord' injustice.'

'I cannot see him with your eyes.'

'I must acknowledge my penchant; but no criminal intent; no impure idea!'

'Oh pshaw! definitions are unnecessary. When a married woman assigns to another the preferences due to her lawful master we, all, can well understand what her intents and ideas are.'

'I despise such vulgar affections as those of the flesh; where the mind is not, there I am not.'

'All theory!' interrupted Margaret. 'A delicate, beautiful, exquisite, home-spun theory!'

'Margaret; dear child, I pity you! I know you mean well; but your are overwhelmed by a distempered philosophy.'

'We, both, have made damned bad marriages, Catten.'

'That's your excuse, is it?'

'My excuse! I should think it ought to be! You have caught a brute, and I a fool! A pretty pair, truly! Ned and Frank, Frank and Ned!'

'We are bound to honor and obey them!'

'Ha! ha! ha! Honor and obey, how are you? I wouldn't give up my relaxations, or

liaisons (if you will) for all the must of the schools ever invented and practiced for the blindfolding of humanity.'

'You have been gloating over George Sand, Sue, and Dumas—'

'While you were devouring that old beast, Fourier.'

'They are widely different; separated by mountains of benevolence, as Orris Freeley says.'

'Orris Freeley! when have you seen the Yankee humbug?'

'He promised to come over this evening; and Rickoff, and a few more.'

'If he sees the cigars and brandy, he'll go crazy.'

'We must try and humor him. I have a great regard for Freeley; he is so liberal and such a staunch advocate of our rights.'

With such conversation as the above, did the sisters beguile an hour in the afternoon before the evening set apart for the farewell Fortescue party. Sister Margaret went down to the lower regions, while Catten adjourned to the parlor pantry, where sundry drinkables were stowed away. From a small and elegantly cut decanter of white glass, variegated with crimson, she filled herself a measure of the strong liquid, which she swallowed with a gusto, without any dilution. She then seated herself in a patent arm chair, richly cushioned, opened an exquisite cigar case, and drew forth a cigarito, luxuriously perfumed. She was in the act of exhaling the fumes of the odious weed, when Anna Glimpsey announced Mr. Hester.

'Mr. Hester,' said she, soliloquising, 'Mr Hester, who can he be? Show him up Anna; I shall be there presently.'

Mr. Hester was a tall, fine, unearthly looking person, whose dark and flowing beard gave him a most sombre and lugubrious appearance. He was dressed, most punctiliously, in reverend black, which tho' not remarkable for elegant newness, yet showed no striking marks of seediness. When the lady of the mansion and he met in the drawing-room both stared at each other. She was almost awe-stricken by his height, thinness, and singularity of look; he was

particularly impressed with the flushed cheeks, sudden manner, and somewhat de-ranked dress of the elegant and fashionable Mrs. Forrster. The gentleman bowed; the lady made a gentle inclination of the body.

'Excuse me, I pray, Mrs. Forrster—I called on Mr. F. to speak and read over with him my new drama.'

'F. is in the west. I regret he is not home. There is much talk about him in consequence of that wretched professional affair.'

The dramatic author was startled.

'I allude to the notorious hissing transaction which has produced so much public scandal, and has become merged into a contest of countries and national prejudices.'

As she spoke, the flushed face, excited manner, and singular familiarity of the hostess surprised the visitor beyond expression. He could not account for the rapidity of her utterance or the unexpected and excessively awkward character of her subject.

'Aye,' said she, raising her voice and moving her hand with a violent gesture. 'I am against him—Forrster I mean—I am against him for his vulgar abuse of my fellow-countryman! What is your opinion, sir—don't you think I am right?'

'Excuse me, madam, I have not been able to form an opinion; I have not paid sufficient attention to the controversy to come to any particular conclusion.'

'I regret Forrster is not here to meet you,' said the hostess, branching off suddenly from the subject; 'but perhaps, ere you go, you would take some gin, or whiskey and water; or, if you would prefer it, brandy?'

The author could not have been more amazed if he were visited with a lightning shock.

'Do, pray, take some brandy and water; the day is warm.'

The author, who had no objection to a little generous stimulant, bowed a ready and grateful assent.

Glimpsey, at the tinkle of a bell, brought forth an army of decanters, tumblers, and wine-glasses.

'This,' said Mrs. F., handling the whiskey

with the touch of a connoisseur, 'this is real Irish—fine old Cork, which hath not a headache in a hogshead of it; and this is indubitable schnapps, superior Holland, particularly sweet and oily—which will you have? proceeded the lady, filling out the whiskey and tempering the fluid with but a small quantity of water for her own use.

Hester filled, likewise, a regular Souwester. The lady raised the glass in quite professional style to her lips, bending her head in acknowledgement of the gentleman's challenge, and, as a pledge to the grand principle of 'Womans Rights,' quaffed a deep and thirsty draught. She then produced her cigar case and presented it with the air and grace of a 'fast one' to her stranger guest.—He saw, at a glance, that no sober woman no gentleman not addicted to intemperate habits, could or would act or conduct herself so loosely. To him the scene was a melancholy illustration of the unhappy and injurious developments of the day; salient theories by which the gentleness, the purity, and domestic virtues of the female character were undermined and abandoned. After sitting a considerable while and sipping rather a respectable modicum of Dutchmans grog ('more rums than wathers') the 'author of a new play,' written to order for a star, rose and bowed himself out. The lady ran to the door, after he had departed, slammed it violently too, and returned to the spirituous practice. When the domestic visited the room in the course of the day, she found the elegant and accomplished owner thrown awry on a lounge; her bosom exposed; one leg, uncovered above the knee, thrown loosely over the arm of the settee; the other resting on the ground. Her hair disheveled, her cheeks flush, her jaws apart and salivary juice oozing from the angles of her model lips, there she was, she the elegant and fashionable leader of Upper-Tendom, in a drunken sleep.

Let no one say we paint a high colored picture or exaggerate in this description. Such scenes, as Physician and Clergymen well know, are of daily occurrence among the votaries of fashion; those female philosophers who patronise Bloomerism and

learn to swear at the Divine and salutary truths of Religion and Christian Faith.—Among them has grown up a frightful moral code which legalises the fullest indulgence of the carnal passions or 'fancies' and turns into ridicule all restraints imposed by the teachings of the sacred writings. The only limits to such gratifications are prudence and successful secrecy. The obligations of marriage and the respect for family ties are regarded as heathenish or of monkish institution, which no rational or educated being should pay attention to. If the husband and father of a family fail to dress according to the mode; to dance like a merry andrew; or adopt flimsy and foppish airs; he is put down as a brute, a vulgarian, or a fool. His home is turned into a hell; his furnished apartments are debauched by profligates; his money is spent in extravagance; and his children grow up the victims of sin and shame and sorrow. The gambler, the cheat, the adulterer, the coward, who can sport a gold watch, cultivate a fierce moustache, sing an impure song of double meaning, and tell a spicy story well, are entertained and regaled by wretched and wicked women, who should make a Heaven of home by virtuous practices, by purity, by modesty of manner, and delicacy of thought and conduct.

When Mrs. F. received her party that evening her blood was fevered by the indulgence of the afternoon; a spot of fiery red rested on her glowing cheeks, and her manner was more than ordinarily excited.—There was music and singing, cards and conversation, and in the end a supper with wines and strong drinks.

'Wont you try a cigar and some whiskey, Mr. Freeley,' said the philosophic hostess to the dreamy Journalist?

'Neither! I never touch these filthy things.'

'Who the devil brought that man here?' said Fortescue to Rickoff. 'He is an abominable bore.' This question was spoken out of hearing.

'He is a great favorite with our set,' replied Rickoff in the same tone.

'I never touch filthy tobacco or poisonous

liquids,' repeated Freeley, with an animation, looking up depreciatingly at his entertainers.

'But you permit the exercise of free will,' said the lady, by no means offended at his coarse language. 'Now what you deem filthy and poisonous, I look on as luxuries, when taken in moderation.'

'They cannot be taken in moderation; never will be. In this matter I am against free will.'

'Then you would enforce the practice—what you call—the virtue of total abstinence.'

'Certainly! I would enforce it by opinion, by moral restraint, by Legislative enactment.'

'And I would not,' responded the hostess. 'Your doctrine, if carried out would be a cruel tyranny.'

The knots of talkers, all round, here cocked their ears and became interested and attentive.

'We shall have a pitched battle between sister Catten and Freeley,' said Mrs. Luerie, to Smallercraft. 'Come closer to the field of battle.'

'Mind, Fortescue, what a thrashing the petticoat will give breeches on this occasion,' said Rickoff, appearing to take a deep interest in the discussion.

'I suppose I shall be amused,' said the patrician, evidently not in temper.

'Hear Mr. Freeley,' said Mrs. Luerie, hear Mr. Freeley; he deserves a fair audience.'

'It's no tyranny,' said the philosopher, 'to rescue a drowning man, to save a suicidal hand from destruction, to protect society from its own ruin.'

'But it is tyranny to deprive society, or an individual of the use of anything, because it may be partially abused.'

'Bravo! bravo! hear! hear!' repeated many voices.

'It would be rather difficult to convince me of the use of stimulating drinks.'

'I am no extreme utilitarian. I do not mean to contend for this point; but they, like other matters supplied by nature, or by

God, are luxuries which should be enjoyed moderately.'

'If luxuries are calculated to injure the family, they should be avoided.'

'This invasion of the rights and liberties of society by legal inflictions has commenced at the wrong end, Mr. Freeley; and before I am prepared to bow to such domination, I must see the wealthy and the powerful approached and assailed in a similar way.'

'I go in for attacking the monster wherever I find it.'

'Very well, then, why do you not go at once to the private table and say this, and that and the other extravagancies shall be put an end to? Why don't you say that the money wasted in these unecessaries should be given to supply the poor, the needy, the distressed, and the houseless?'

'Because that would be an unconstitutional infringement of the privileges and franchises of free citizens. We have no right to go within the precincts of private life and demand household reforms.'

'And you claim a right to come between those who are not so fortunate and wealthy. Every luxury which money can purchase may be enjoyed in one's own house; a man may drink wine, brandy, and other strong liquors therein; he may get drunk and live a debauched life; and yet be free from the tyranny of agitators, and the despotism of law makers! But the man who cannot purchase wine or liquors by the wholesale, he who may have no drawing-room or cozy parlor, wherein to enjoy his luxury, the weather-beaten, hard-worked, sweltering toiler, with sweat-covered visage and toil-stained hand; he cannot approach his tavern, his hotel, or his restaurant, to take a glass of beer, or whiskey, or brandy. Really, Mr. Freeley, I begin to think that there is in the world a vast amount of hypocrisy, humbug and imposture which should be exposed and denounced.'

This speech was spoken with much animation, and was hailed with a volley of applause.

'But,' said Freeley, cautiously returning to the attack, 'what can be argued against

the position that the vast amount of crime and poverty, of idiocy and madness, we meet with, proceeds from indulgence in intoxicating drinks?'

'No doubt much misery and crime proceed from the abuse of stimulating drinks; but we should treat this vice, this vile propensity of drunkenness as we do other vilenesses; we should have recourse to moral suasion to attain our philanthropic purpose.'

'Moral suasion has failed,' said Mr. Freeley.

'And you are thrown back upon coercion.'

'Legislative restraint.'

'Tyranny of the very worst kind.'

'It may be considered so; but the end justifies the means.'

'Oh, Mr. Freeley! Oh, sir! that is the vicious doctrine of the wily and implacable Jesuit!'

'Freeley, that's a decided hit,' said Rikoff. 'I begin to tremble for your position.'

'Poh my honor, I think,' said Lord Fortescue, 'the lady has demolished the hydro-pathist long since.'

'Come, come,' said Mrs. Lueries, 'Mr. Freeley must have fair play.'

The journalist was cornered. He wriggled, turned on his chair, thrust his hands into his breeches pockets, smiled and looked half foolish.

'I have an adverse audience,' said he; 'anything I can advance here will be badly received; I must refer you to the columns of *The Daily Disturber*.'

'I cannot permit you to slip off in that manner, Mr. Freeley. I must discuss the subject fully.'

'Very well. I shall listen. Talk on.'

'Now, Mr. Freeley, I give you every possible credit for sincerity and good intentions; but I deny to those who generally act with you the same qualities and virtues. Let me direct your attention to a question lately agitated.'

'I am prepared to hear and attend to every thing you may have to advance.'

'You remember the case of *The News boys*?'

'I cannot forget it.'

The Reverend Agitators who belong to your army of Reform, and yourself, sir, made a desperate assault on the little boys who cry the weekly papers out on the Sabbath.'

'Yes; and we were perfectly justified.'

'We shall see, sir. At the very moment when you wanted to take bread out of the mouths of these boys and their families, you could see a string of carriages drawn up outside the churches where these Reverend Agitators officiated; the drivers shivering in the cold, the veriest pictures of endurance, while your congregations turned up the whites of their eyes at the eloquent anti-newsboy harrangues which issued from the pulpit; these congregations which sat on cushioned seats and enjoyed an atmosphere of a most luxurious temperature. Pray inform me, if you please, whether the denunciation in one case was consistent with the cruel neglect and inhumanity in the other?'

'I agree with you, it was not. But the Sabbath should be observed with decorum.'

'True. To that I cannot object. And yet I am at a loss to see how selling a newspaper to a man who either had not time or money to read on week days could be construed into a violation of the Sabbath. What I desire to prove is, that you—theorists—abstract philosophers—impracticable idealists—always begin at the wrong end. While you wage incessant war on the weak and lowly, you never have the courage or the manliness to attack the strong and the wealthy. You wrestle to make it penal to sell or vend liquor; while you allow the rich glutton and guzzler to import and consume as much poison as he pleases in the shape of wine, brandy, gin, whiskey, liquors, &c. While you are ready to put manacles on the limbs of the toiler, you haven't the pluck, the manliness, the courage, or the daring to lay a finger on the merchant or retired man of wealth.'

'I shall think the matter over,' said Freeley, musingly; 'there's a good deal in what you advance.'

'Yes,' continued Mrs. Forrester, in a tone of great indignation, 'while you lock up the

omnibus and attempt to stop the railway carriage; while you hunt the newsboy and expose his family to cold and penury; while you drive off the apple-stand and overturn the peanut-basket, you permit the family coach to roll in your avenues; the luxurious dinner to be cooked; hundreds of domestics to be employed; you permit this without raising your voices or uttering a word against it—just because the parties are rich, influential, and powerful! Wretched, miserable, canting, hypocrisy! Away with your denunciations of 'filthy tobacco' and 'alcoholic poisons,' while you skulk from imperative demand to come down with all your force on the weak and the struggling!'

We need not say that this energetic apostrophe was greeted with repeated plaudits, and poor Orris was obliged to bear the tornado with as much philosophy as he could summon to his aid. He and others departed in ones and twos; till the ground was entirely occupied by Fortescue and Coward. These two, with the sisters, chatted, and joked, and laughed for a considerable while, to wind up the evening, till Mrs. F. proposed to sister Margaret to go down to the cellar to bring them some wine. Coward offered to assist the fair messenger, an offer most gracefully and thankfully accepted. Thus an opportunity was afforded to Fortescue to speak his adieus. He placed his arm around the unresisting waist of the lady, and imprinted upon her yielding lips, an impassioned and lengthy kiss. It was a brutal liberty to take with a married woman. It was a rash and foolish act to penetrate towards a gentlewoman of education and accomplishments. But the lordling knew his cue and the material he had to work with.

'Excuse my impetuous and turbulent nature, Catherine, dearest, to-morrow I go; and perhaps we may not meet again.'

'Towards me you have acted rudely; treated me with the license of a —, but here, s my hand—good bye.'

He stormed the beautiful fingers with voluptuous kisses.

'Good bye, darling,' said he, 'I love, God knows how fervently.'

'It is idle to endeavor to deceive me, you

do not love me, my lord. Don't stare! What I say is so!"

"On my life——" interrupted the nobleman.

"That will do," said she, waving her hand; "that will do. I understand the amount and nature of your love. It is the prurient animal passion mistaken by the great majority of you for the sterling ore."

Whilst this dialogue was proceeding, Coward and Margaret were on the stairs laughing and kicking up a great bobbery.

"What noise is that?" said Mrs. Forrster, rather angrily. "It is too late to carry on so."

"So it is, Catten," said Margaret, staggering into the room; "so it is too late to carry on so."

"So it is too late—hic—hic—to—hic—carry on so," added Coward, following Mrs. Lureies and wearing Mrs. Blundergood's cap and white apron.

"So it is too late to carry on so," joined in Mrs. Blundergood, following Coward, whose coat and hat she wore, and whose upper lip exhibited a very respectable moustache of burned cork.

"By my soul it is too late to carry on so; so it is; bad luck to the doubt of it! But you see it can't be helped any how," said Mr. Barney O'Flynn, as he followed the metamorphosed abigail.

"Barney, do tell me how I look," said Mrs. Blundergood, turning round and leaning upon the Hibernian.

"Faith then it is nothin' else but well you look, ould stick in the mud. You may well say that with your own ugly mouth. Bad luck to your sugar-a-candy tooth! how fond of fun you are!"

The tableaux was most ludicrous. It was a regular drunken scene; one of the saturnalia of upper-tendom. Mrs. Forrster, although ready to enjoy fun and frolic, was much annoyed. Lord Fortescue was disgusted, inasmuch as it interfered with his tete-a-tete conversation with his 'fallen angel.' But the incident was too rich for gravity, and all burst out into an uproarious fit of laughter. When the convulsion had become nearly exhausted and the cachin-

nations had somewhat subsided, there came from a corner of the room, like an echo, a loud and mocking 'Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha. ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha!'

This had the effect of fixing the attention of the entire body of Bacchanals—domestics, Sister Margaret and all.

"What noise is that?" said Mrs. Forrster in a loud and imperious voice.

"Ha! ha! ha!" was the only response.

"There's some intruder in the room," said Mrs. Lueries recovering her sober condition as if by a miracle; "some impertinent person who should know otherwise."

Ha! ha! ha! repeated the voice in louder tones. All eyes were now turned to that portion of the room from which the sounds proceeded. In a recess of the apartment close to the mantel, and which was shut out more or less from view, appeared a figure of large and distinguished proportions enveloped in the ample folds of a dark cloak. The traveling cap, he wore, was drawn over his eyes and this prevented an immediate recognition of his person.

"I am," said the figure, that "impertinent person; that unlooked for intruder; you speak of. Pray, proceed with your amusements, your revels; you are heartily welcome."

"Irvine!" said Mrs. Forrster.

Mrs. Lueries stood cataleptic.

"Who may this person be?" said the patrician. "Have the kindness, sir," said he, with an ironical sneer, "to come forth and pay your respects to the lady of the house."

"As you will, sir," said Irvine Forrster, disengaging himself from his cloak and cap, and walking forth into the centre of the room. His face was extremely livid with rage. That was not very wonderful. His colossal form was bent slightly forward with mortification. It could hardly be otherwise. He muttered some incoherent phrases in low and mumbled tones, which indicated the climax of despair.

"As you will, sir," said Forrster, with affected meekness and humility; "as you will, sir; I am here to pay my respects to the lady of the house."

"Irvine, hear me!" said Mrs. F., trembling like a wretched criminal.

"Excuse me, lady!" said F., in a tone of thunder; "that gentleman desires I should pay my respects. Sir," he proceeded, turning to Fortescue, "I imagined this house was mine. I thought I had paid for these articles of use and luxury contained in this room. That wine which has been brought from my cellar, I imagined, fool that I was, belonged;—that is if that belongs to a man for which he has paid in current and lawful money. I dreamed that this was my castle—this house I mean—sacred and safe from intrusion and insult. I dreamed likewise, that, *that* (pointing at Mrs. F.) was my wife,—a fond, devoted, and anxious wife, who regarded my sentiments, and respected my feelings as I did myself! I had thought, conceived, imagined, dreamed all this; but I awake to find it all a delusion, and that I am here but an intruder. Proceed, ladies and gentlemen with your revels! I shall not disturb you longer with my presence." The master of that establishment the owner of that mansion; the employer of those domestics; and the husband of that wife, turned on his heel and left the room. The mummery was laid aside. The help slunk away to the kitchen. Coward and Fortescue bade a hasty farewell. And Catten and Margaret looked each other in the face with feelings of utter vexation, prostration, and disappointment.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE unexpected appearance of Forrster, at the wind-up of the Fortescue party, occurred thus: As his letters reached him in —, where he was playing an engagement, a short anonymous scroll rivetted his attention. It ran:

"New York, —."

"Irvine Forrster you are living in an unenviable security. You should awake from your dream of sloth and attend to your household. Revellers enjoy themselves while you work. Beware of Smallercraft and

Coward. They are plotting against your happiness.

"A TRUE FRIEND."

It may be easily conceived how this note—anonymous though it was—operated upon the stern but trustful nature of him addressed. A thousand fancies rushed through his brain. A thousand memories of unnoticed trifles came thick and fast upon his memory. His house, his home, his family! Gracious God, what was he to think! Could it be possible that the adored wife of his bosom, the partner of his soul, the garnered treasure of all his sympathies and affections should be untrue, false, faithless! He lost not a moment in concluding what course to pursue. He would see with his own eyes and with an earnest watchfulness how matters stood, how things went forward. He started for New York, and arrived by the evening cars. Arrived at 22d street, his eye caught the glare of lights in the drawing-room. He tried the hall-door, which he found locked. The sounds of drunken mirth and disorderly revelry met his ear. Not able to let himself in, and unwilling to rap, he went down to the basement entrance. The door there was unfastened. Margaret and the cellar party were on the stairs. He went round by a back passage to one of the ante-rooms leading into the drawing-room, and thence unperceived into the scene then and there being enacted.

So soon as he had performed his part in the domestic drama above described, he rushed from his desecrated home into the street, and sought refuge for the night in a hotel.

Next day he met his wife at the breakfast table. His face was haggard and care-worn. She was pale, likewise, and presented an aspect of nervous dissipation. Not a word was uttered during the melancholy repast. But when it was concluded, Mrs. F. was the first to break silence.

"Irvine, you make me very unhappy. I know you are vexed and displeased at what you saw last night."

How could it be otherwise? Do you think I should feel pleased and joyous, mad as I am?

'Madame! did you say. It used not to be so, Irvine.'

'It used not to be so, Catherine; but— and the gorge was at his throat—my peace is broken forever!'

'What have I done? we were only pursuing a little innocent—foolish, to be sure—recreation and mirth.'

'Very innocent indeed! It was a riotous and dissipated revel.'

'The parties were your friends Irvine; and introduced to me by yourself?'

'My friends! oh God, and has it come to this? My friends!'

'Your acquaintances and associates, who had been repeatedly entertained by yourself.'

'My acquaintances; yes. But was I to place no trust in you? Did I not confide in your high-minded sense of honor, your appreciation of propriety, your elevated regard for the virtues of your sex.'

'I have not violated either.'

'Was the scene I chanced on, no violation of the stringent demands and rules of society?'

'No; things of the kind occur nightly.—I have done nothing more than what is done in our set.'

'Your set!'

'Yes; in that company and among those aristocratic associates where you so often wished that I should mix.'

'But Gracious Heavens! are these the scenes and these the revels by which that society, that wicked aristocracy (as you call it,) is distinguished?'

'They are! what you saw last night and seemed to agonize you so much, is pursued as the ordinary amusement of high life!'

'Curse the amusements and practices of high life if such disgraceful excesses are the routine of their relaxations.'

'Surely, Irvine, you do not mean to insinuate that I would be guilty of any act calculated to call the blush of shame into my cheek or cast on you the slightest reflection arising from my indiscretions.'

'I fondly thought so, Catharine, and trusted you with a confidence which knew no bounds, no limit. If I were told an

Angel erred or deviated from the path of innocence and purity, I should as soon have paid attention to or believed it as to harbor the slightest doubt or suspicion of her I prized more than all on earth.'

The bosom of that strong man heaved like a tempest-tossed wave; his head was bent down over his chest; and a bitter tear, he could not control, stood in his eyes and fell upon his cheeks. It was a dismal picture to look on; a wretched phase in the journey of life to contemplate! And she; the consummate actress, the cold, calculating impassive ingredient of Upper Tondom; how did she feel! with the intuition of a quick and powerful mind she saw her advantage and manœuvred accordingly. She expressed sorrow for his painful annoyance; regretted her frivolity in desiring any society but what was agreeable to him; and promised never again to indulge in such idle vanities! She wound up by calling to her aid a few convenient tears; a reinforcement of persuasion which she knew, was but seldom inefficient.

'But, Catherine dearest, Margaret's conduct was in the highest degree unfeminine. It shocked me when I saw her intoxicated and meretricious appearance.'

'She acted very foolishly. I am very angry with her.'

'I must request,' said F. with solemn earnestness, that she will discontinue visiting at this house.'

'You have a prejudice against poor Margaret.'

'I should rather think not. I desire her happiness and success in life; but her manners are too loose and her notions too gay for my estimate.'

'As you will, Irvine; as you will; poor Margaret shall not be any source of annoyance to you in future.'

'Who was that conceited jackanapes who seemed to be so much at home last night?'

'You mean Lord Fortescue, I suppose.'

'Lord Fortescue! what the broken down rone of the house of Fortescue, to whom his father gave a lieutenancy in a marching regiment to keep him out of the work-house?'

'The same. He was on his way to Canada, and was introduced here by Mr. Smallercraft.'

'Most generously performed by my friend, (!) to whom I have rendered many an act of natural kindness.'

'His character is not disreputable, surely,' retorted Mrs. F., the color mounting to her temple as she remembered the hot and sinful kisses of the voluptuary; 'nothing unbecoming a gentleman, I trust.'

'Nothing unbecoming' a gentleman of rank and an aristocrat; or rather what would not be considered unworthy by those who ape after and follow in the track of what is called the upper walk of life.'

'Perhaps, Irvine, you would inform me what the young man has been guilty of; for he appeared very respectable and gentleman-like in his manner.'

F. had more than one reason to tell the story. He conceived that if anything were calculated more than another to wean his wife from a desire to mix with the class to which he strongly objected, it was by opening up a few pages in the history of their private lives and career. Smallercraft he knew to be a character whose private story was one vast romance; but he conceived him passed and so steeped to the chin in misery, that he imagined he would be desirous to acquire a good and fair name rather than continue his career of vice and profligacy. He saw at a glance that his introducing Fortescue to his wife and family circle was with a view to re-enact those scenes with which a London life had made them so familiar. He was therefore desirous to throw a little light on the character of these fashionables, so as to make his wife's soul revolt at the idea of continuing to know such associates. On this account he yielded a willing consent to tell Fortescue's story; a tale to which Mrs. F. listened with the deepest attention.

'When I met Fortescue first in London, (for I remember him now, although I did not recognise him last night,) it was in the society of a gay, a guileless, and a generous young Irish gentleman, who, at that time, had commenced his senatorial career, and

who was known and appreciated by his companions as one of the purest and noblest of his race and kind. My dear friend, who was educated at Oxford, was of a very literary turn of mind, and was anxious, on all occasions, to cultivate the society of the professors and lovers of literature and art. In this way I met him and made his acquaintance; and I never had occasion to think of him in any other but the most affectionate and grateful light.'

'I never heard you speak of this gentleman before, Irvine; who can he be—what is his name?'

'His fate is now under a cloud. He is a felon, according to the law of England. He loved Ireland with an enthusiasm almost unprecedented and unparalleled; and he now suffers in convict chains for the fervency of that love. I allude to the Honorable William Smith O'Brien.'

'Ha! indeed! Poor, poor Smith O'Brien. He is of noble family and the highest rank. His fate is pitied even by his enemies and opponents. Like his predecessor, Robert Emmet, his character is yet to be justified; if his epitaph is not to be written.'

Mrs. F. could not be touched on tenderer ground than through her sympathies felt and directed towards a patrician in distress; particularly that distress endured by a noble mind for patriotism. But she was of accomplishments and education to appreciate and approve the loftier and manlier virtues for their own sake; so that when such a being as Smith O'Brien wedded the sincerest love of country and liberty to lofty lineage, and sacrificed wealth and position on the altar of native land, her attachments towards his fate and fortunes were immediately captivated.

'I had no idea of introducing the name of my poor gallant friend here,' said F., 'except inasmuch as it was connected with Fortescue's story; but it being mentioned incidentally, I could not avoid paying a trifling tribute to his eminent and unsullied name and character.'

'I fully participate in the emotions by which you are influenced in his regard,' said Mrs. F.

'Now to a chapter in Fortescue's life,' said F. 'The town of Swansea, in South Wales, is beautifully situated on an arm of the Atlantic. The waters of a noble bay wash it at its base; the houses and streets being built on a gentle eminence. About two miles distant is a romantic fishing hamlet called 'The Mumbles,' to which a fine macadamised road leads, sweeping along the greater portion of the horse-shoe bay. At a short distance from 'The Mumbles' is a light house, erected for the guardianship and protection of vessels approaching that portion of the coast. The hamlet is remarkable for its exquisite oysters, which are fed in their luxurious beds, immediately contiguous to the cottages of the fishermen; and which the stranger and wayfarer can enjoy at a very small price. Before you get upon 'The Mumbles' road from the town you have to pass through a turnpike gate, the attendants at which are kept pretty busy — particularly during the summer months. At the time about which we write, the person who took the toll and opened the 'bar' was a singularly handsome young girl, named Fanny Williams, daughter of the man who rented the turnpike. This fair one was the then humble belle of Swansea; a great favorite and most universally esteemed. Mr. O'Brien was spending a few days in this locality, enjoying the salubrity of the waters; mixing among the inhabitants to become acquainted with their habits and customs; and exploring the romantic indentations of cove, and bay, and inlet, which abound in the neighborhood. But,' said F., 'I shall permit him to tell the narrative in his own words.'

'Fanny Williams, the turnpike girl of Swansea, was,' said my friend, O'Brien, 'a singularly charming creature. Her hair, which hung in natural ringlets over her temples and down her perfect bosom and shoulders, was a yellowish, shiny fair, with the slightest imaginable tinge of auburn. Her skin was delicately fair, and upon its smooth and transparent surface sparkled a coloring of the brightest and most generous carnation. Like the tint of the opening rose leaf before a warm sunbeam of early sum-

mer. There was about her face the peculiar enchantment of unconscious beauty. Without being in all its outlines perfect or faultless, it opened up all the graces which expression alone can give. Her soul was in her eyes; that soul evidencing purity and simplicity of the highest order of being and emotion. The honorable of heart beheld her with feelings of admiration, unclouded by the coarseness of passion; but the debauchee gloated upon the developments of a form to which nature could add nothing to embellish it. When on the Sabbath she repaired to meeting, attired in her modest but becoming kirtle, and wearing a black beaver hat, (the custom of the principality,) it would be difficult to produce any female, in any walk of life, more fascinating. There is nothing I say about Fanny Williams exaggerated or over-imagined. I saw her and can personally vouch for the truth of my description.'

'Whilst I tarried at and about Swansea, a detachment of the — regiment was stationed there; and in this corps was the young and handsome Lord Fortescue who held the post of second Lieutenant. He, among others, paid attention to Miss Williams. He praised her inimitable beauty; spoke of his ardent and sincere attachment; and made the most outrageous promises of protection and support if she would but yield to his dishonorable proposals. To this she made an indignant retort and forbade his again visiting or addressing her. When he found that this system of tactic was not likely to succeed he plotted with a wild and thoughtless brother officer to propose a clandestine marriage to her. He made the most solemn promises that, as soon as he could soften down the anger of his father the proud and imperious Earl, who then filled one of the highest offices in the state, he would proudly and openly declare his marriage and wear his wife as the most priceless jewel on his name or coronet. — With the confidingness of a young and innocent heart and under the influence of a tender feeling which her lover so well knew how to engender and foster in her mind, she yielded to the temptations by which she

was beset. A mock marriage was the consequence; and poor betrayed and beautiful Fanny Williams was enveloped in the arms of a cold blooded seducer. He applied for and obtained leave of absence; and Fortescue and 'the beautiful turnpike girl' disappeared at the same time. In a few weeks after this I was going down Parliament street one evening to the House of Commons when my path was crossed by a young girl who looked at me with great intentness. I paused a moment and had but little difficulty in recognising the Swansea beauty.

'Miss Williams,' said I, 'I believe.'

'The same, Mr. O'Brien,' said she, giving way to a flood of tears.

'What is the matter might I ask,' said I; 'has any calamity happened to you?'

She answered by telling me as calmly and briefly as she could the story of her wrongs and her betrayal.

'When we came up to London,' said she, 'we took lodgings in what appeared to be a fashionable and respectable house, in Queen Square, Westminster. He bought me some necessaries and a gold watch, and introduced me as his *cousin* to the owner of the house; an old lady of a stern visage, masculine appearance, but most agreeable manners. — After a short time while he left me, as he said, to join his regiment, and handed me a purse containing ten sovereigns, saying he would remit me more as I wanted it. His protestations of love were as ardent as ever and I had no earthly suspicion then that he had acted or meant falsely towards me. In about two weeks I received a short note from my husband, from a village in Devonshire, saying that I need not expect to see him again and detailing how the marriage was a mock one. I shall not,' said the broken-hearted maiden, 'detail you with any description of the effects of this blow upon me. My first impulse was to commit suicide by drowning in the Serpentine River; but God came to my rescue, gave me strength, and I resisted the horrible temptation. Mrs. Curtis, the boarding-house keeper, about the same time made dishonorable proposals to me and I left her house without a moment's hesitation. Since

then, I have made several efforts to obtain a situation but to no effect. If you can do any thing for me, sir, you shall have all I can give, the warm thanks of a grateful heart. I am not, Mr. O'Brien, indeed I am not the guilty and graceless thing I may be supposed to be. I have committed no crime, sir, but that of folly and indiscretion. I fell a victim to the lures of the unmanly tempter; but I should sooner die a thousand deaths than continue a career of sin and shame.'

It was impossible, I could not resist the appeal of the lovely being whom a base and treacherous coward offered as another victim of his debauchery; and I promised to assist her in every way I could. I had some influential female relatives (among them the Countess of Clarendon) and to this accomplished, amiable and good woman, I told Fanny Williams's story. She hesitated not a moment to take the betrayed stranger into her household as a waiting woman; and, said my glorious friend, poor, suffering but noble friend, Smith O'Brien, with honest pride and exultation, Miss Williams is, I thank God, rescued from ruin and provided for.'

'This,' continued Irvine Forrester to his deeply interested and attentive wife, 'is a short passage in the history of Lord Fortescue's life of debauchery; and this is the high-born scoundrel whom I found polluting my home, last night, with his loathsome presence.'

'Had I known the character of the man I should have hesitated before I entertained him! But, bear in mind, dear Irvine, he was introduced to me by one of your own associates.'

'I am aware that I brought these fellows to my house; I am aware that I am in some degree blameable for the folly; but I was, at the same time, so convinced of the soundness of your judgment and the strength of your mind I had no apprehension of any disagreeable consequences, I had no notion that our house would be converted into a tavern or a 'tree-and-easy' for the convenience and amusement of these 'men about town''

'It shall not occur again, Irvine, as far as I am concerned.'

'Be it so; and I shall expel it from my memory, and trust never to have occasion to re-enact this scene and the scene of last night again.'

The high-minded, trusting, open-hearted and generous husband reached his hand to his wife, and a perfect reconciliation was, on that occasion, the consequence.

CHAPTER XIV.

'A POLITE invitation did you say, Etty, from Mrs. Lureies to be present at a party to be given by that lady previous to the departure of her husband for California?'

'Yes, uncle; here it is,' said Etty Leach, reaching the enamelled and highly perfumed note to 'the Old Commodore,' as they sat together at luncheon in their luxuriously furnished parlor; 'it is very prettily worded and very pleasing.'

'Do you wish to accept it, dearest Etty?' asked the uncle, almost with a groan.

'I shall act as you desire, uncle.'

'Then here goes,' said the old man, tearing the note in fragments and treading the broken portions under foot; 'this is the way I treat that invitation and such like.'

'Why, dearest uncle?' said Etty, in open amazement and with some wounded pride.

'Because,' said he, placing his arm round her person and kissing her forehead with parental fondness, 'that class of people are not good enough for my darling niece.'

'But they are the fashion, uncle, and lead in good society.'

'Fashion be damned!' bellowed out the old tar. 'Excuse me, my dear child. I am a rough, weather-beaten old chap; but I know white from black, wrong from right, and virtue from vice.'

'They are not vicious or improper people in the Forrester and Gillis set—are they?'

'They ain't anything else by a long shot'—curséd my timbers if I should like to see a help of mine mix among 'em.'

'What do you find fault with as far as they are concerned?'

'I'll tell you, child. The women of the set or party or clique or coterie who impudently assume to reign supreme in the court of fashion are going mad head-long; stark, staring crazy.'

'How?'

'By their demand for 'women's rights'; their speeches at conventions; their attendance and spouting at public meetings; their adoption of man's attire—Bloomerising I think they call it—and such like profanities. Now this is not the description of folks I should wish to see you among.'

'Indeed I am not desirous to form any part of such a circle.'

'Besides, my dearest Etty, they have strange notions about religion and the sacredness of the marriage tie which they take no pains to conceal. Take them altogether and they are a loose, Godless, set who want to turn society topsy-turvy and destroy all the innocent purity of woman's nature and all the tender and ennobling sanctities of the domestic circle.'

'I had no idea whatever they were such as you describe.'

'By the way,' proceeded the old man, 'the Chevalier Rikoff has made me a regular proposal for your hand.'

Etty started and colored at this sudden and unexpected announcement.

'Don't be alarmed, Etty; don't be alarmed, child; if you do not, cotton to the fellow—if he were an Emperor—there's no harm done.'

'I have hardly any acquaintance with the gentleman, uncle; I have not met him often or spoken to him much.'

'Ha; yes, yes; I know, I understand; ha, hum—this all comes from that young man, Charles Armstrong.'

'Indeed, indeed, uncle,' said Etty, with a heaving bosom.

'Now, darling Etty, I will have my say. It all comes from the attentions of this pennyless boy, Charles Armstrong. He is a namesake—I believe a relation of mine. I knew his father—a good man, an able physician—he used to give me good stuff—good doctor's stuff—for this infernal gout of mine. But I paid him for it, Etty, I did! Old Jack

made by the intersection of another pathway. Here he paused while Coward was giving the girl some directions where to proceed and how to act while she was out of the city. He was in the act of reaching her a small purse containing a few bills and some silver, when the young man stepped on the pathway. Without uttering a word, but looking steadfastly at the female in order to make sure that he was not mistaken he raised his clenched fist and dealt her companion a terrible blow on the temple.—Coward was spun round on his heel and thrown to the ground with an awful fall.—Anna screamed violently. The assailant paused for a second over his prostrate victim, and then ran with all his speed towards one of the gateway entrances in the direction of McDougal street. The policeman who sauntered near the University chapel was soon on the spot with a few passers by, who were induced by the cries to see what the matter was. Meanwhile Coward had risen not having any more traces of the assault than a nasty swelling over the right eye. The explanation—that some unknown person knocked down deponent with a view to robbing him of his watch whilst he spoke to the young woman—was quite enough to satisfy the Mr. F. So all the parties went their ways making but little of the matter.

'It was my brother John,' said Anna as both walked on towards the corner of Fourth, he must have watched me as I came out to keep this appointment.'

'It was a brutal attack,' said Coward, but I am prepared to suffer more than that without complaining for your sake, Anna.'

They parted on entering Broadway.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE Chevalier Rikoff continued to survey, with the eye of a Connoisseur, the massive appurtenances of the Hotel Armstrong as epitomised in its beautiful drawing-room. A peculiar smile of complacency played around his lips as he caught a glimpse of his well adorned and neatly trimmed person in the huge mirror which covered the

wall from 'ceiling to footsteps.' 'Yes,' said he, apostrophising the shadow, 'a most gentlemanly gravity and accomplished deportment. Rikoff, you dog, you are a good-looking fellow, and no mistake! A poor simple child of seventeen must be struck with your *tout ensemble* at once! And then when I instill a little of the delightful poison of flattery; not that coarse and vulgar material which never fails to disgust and torment; into her attentive ears, and look on her with that persuasive impression which but few adepts can command, I can have no difficulty—none whatever—in conquering her young and unsophisticated soul. Rikoff, my dear fellow, you have not travelled in vain. No, Faith, old boy; not you.—Thirty-two! not a day more. The wig! oh d—n the name. It is not a wig! By—I am beginning to think it's my own hair; it is so natural! Exquisite!' said the antiquated dandy, as he put his delicate hands through the appropriated capillaries. He walked about; sat down; jumped up again; walked to the window, to the mirror, to the chimney piece; began to hum the last polka beating time with the knuckles of his right hand against the chair.

The 'old Commodore' hobbled into the room in slippers, a dressing gown made by Etty's own hands, and a cigar in his mouth.

'Ship ahoy there! Ah, bless my soul, Rikoff, you here! Hist,' said the old man, putting his finger very mysteriously to the tip of his nose; 'hist,' said he, 'she's in the pantry. Rikoff, you dog!—(the chevalier received a good-natured punch of a weather-beaten fist in the ribs)—she's half won already! Ugh! there's that d—d toe at me again! If I could only banish this outrageous gout!'

'Monsieur Jardon, of Paris—whom I know very well—has an infallible remedy!'

'The d—l he has. If he cures me I'll give him—'

'My dear sir—nothing but thanks. I have rendered him a *trifling* service. He will oblige me.'

'Very well, Rikoff, very well! Would rather pay—but woult offend. Yes, you dog!—(another punch in the side) cen-

tinued the millionaire, 'she is ready to receive your addresses; and you may consider the prize as already won.'

'I am the happiest of men.'

'To be sure you are! to be sure! Certainly. Why not? Etty is an angel! She is. Fit for an emperor. Wont she create a sensation in London and Paris? The great American beauty—aye, and that with a princely fortune too! Rikoff, I can and will give her something. I will by—'

The eyes of the chevalier were cast downwards on the carpet. They glistened with the unearthly lustre of joy and triumph. But he did not want to show that. He endeavored to assume indifference.

'Thank Providence, captain, my means are sufficient. I have it in my power to provide every elegance and luxury for my wife.'

'I know—I know. Certainly. Hum—ha—I know it; but I mean to render my niece—my adopted child—independent! You can show her off in London and Paris; not that old Jack Armstrong cares a curse for such nonsense and varieties—no I don't; hang me if I do. I am a plain man, sir; a thorough republican and a democrat; but you see, I wish to do—and I am determined to do it—that's all!'

'In London, said Rikoff, quietly but proudly, she shall be introduced to the Russell and Palmerston set; the very highest people in England. And in Paris, I have the entree of the Elysee. I am intimately acquainted with Louis Napoleon, and have no small influence in his circle. Mrs. Rikoff shall make a distinguished ornament of the most exalted society in Europe.'

'And when she comes home; back again to New York; after having her name foremost among 'the Americans abroad,' won't she be 'some' in Broadway and at Grace Church? I rather guess she will.'

'The accomplished and beautiful niece of the great American Merchant!'

'Old Jack Armstrong!' Ha! ha! ha!

'Jennett of *The Daily Slasher*, and Freely of *The Disturber*, will make the announcements.'

'Yes, d—n their eyes! I'll let 'em have the stuff for the 'puffs.''

'Not Puffs, my dear sir, but fashionable announcements.'

'Oh psh—announcements how are you? I can get items—Editorial items—put into both, by the yard, for a shilling a line.'

'Very well, Captain,' said Rikoff smiling graciously, 'very well, sir, have it all your own way.'

'Yes; that I will. I worked hard for this mazy a long year; on the Banks, and elsewhere; hailing from Cape Cod.' I did sir, I tell you. Night and day, man and boy. I worked hard and earned my money, honestly; and blow me if I shant have my own way.'

While both these gentlemen—so diametrically opposed in character, so opposite in sentiment and motive—one a plain, rough-honest man; the other a smooth, polished, hypocritical, cold calculating schemer; conversed in this way in the drawing rooms Etty held an interesting dialogue with her principal 'help' in the pantry.

And a singular creature this 'help' was. As usual, with the domestic servants of our Republican cities, she was a native of the Emerald Isle. Her name was Nancy Grogan; for several years in the employment of Etty's uncle. Nancy was to Etty more an adviser and a friend than a servant. Her years were in the 'sere and yellow leaf;' and when she happened on the subject of Bachelors and 'coorting,' she became very cross and bitter. With the owner of the mansion she was singularly free; a freedom tolerated by the growth of habit and the most faultless honesty and propriety.—Nancy's likings and dislikings were very strong. If she took 'a fancy' to any body her affection became immovable; if an aversion, it was proportionately bitter. It was impossible to measure the amount of love she bore towards Etty. She saw a weakly child spring into a rosy, curly-headed girl; the promising girl into the May of beautiful womanhood. She saw that this exquisite temple was adorned with what she admired beyond all on earth in woman; the goodness of a pure and virtuous heart. And

Armstrong never kept a penny from any one. When and whilst he lived his disbursements were on a par with his income. Never made anything! Poor devil! And when he died he left his son—Charles I mean—little better than a pauper.'

'His circumstances are not of the best, I believe,' said Etty, rearing up her little head with a haughty motion; 'but, uncle, the young man you speak of is the very soul of honor.'

'Honor! To be sure—certainly! Honor; yes, yes; honor. I dare say. I have nothing to charge to the contrary. He may get along. He may get something to do in his profession—the law—but the great majority of the craft are poor lubbers—poor—poor as a church mouse. They are, I tell you. And a great many, too, are u—d rogues! Excuse my rough lingo, Etty. I am getting peevish and old!'

'I have made no engagement with, given no encouragement to Charles, uncle, none.'

'You haven't! that's a sweet child! I am a younger man now; I am I tell you.'

'But you must excuse me, uncle, if I desire to know more, to see more, of your friend and favorite, Mr. Rickoff.'

'Certainly, my love, certainly. Nothing more reasonable. The Chevalier (as they call him) is rich—very rich—and he knows all Europe—he does. There is hardly a nobleman in France or England he is not acquainted with—he is. And though I despise all these big bugs myself; although I go in for our own laws and institutions; I do by —, yet I have set my heart on seeing you at the top of the heap. I wish to see my Etty rule here in New York; the queen—no, d—n all queens—but the president of the daughters of the Empire City. I do, by thunder!'

'I feel grateful, uncle, for your anxious love. I feel grateful for your parental regard for me. But indeed, uncle, I do not aspire to the high and distinguished place you map out for me. I am satisfied—perfectly satisfied with the social comforts and affections with which you surround me. I aspire to, I wish for no more exalted condition.'

'To be sure—certainly—hum—but you will see Rickoff. He is a pleasant fellow. He talks like a book. He does make me laugh so, sometimes, with his funny stories. My stars! the dog will come down upon you, Etty—he will—with one of his broadsides! Ha! ha! ha!' and the 'Old Commodore' laughed outright at the fancy, the quirk he raised for the gratification of his own fancy.

Etty smiled too and retorted most gracefully and archly

'Take care, uncle, take care that you haven't something to answer for in asking me to encourage so dangerous a young gentleman,' and the little beauty raised her finger playfully and pointed it at her assiduous relative.

Miss Leach wrote a very elegant apology to Mrs. Lureies. It was but a unit of many invitations which met the same fate.

Next day, the gay and gallant chevalier; his splendid Parisian wig adjusted to a hair; his silver gray whiskers most magnificently rigifed; and attired in the fashionable costume of a New York swell; presented himself, by appointment, at the hotel Armstrong in Fifth avenue, with the fixed determination to bag his matrimonial game to the tune of a quarter of a million of dollars.

CHAPTER XV.

'It cannot be helped now, Annie; we have been both to blame.'

'You have ruined me for ever, Captain. I don't know what to do. My mother and brothers have cast me out; and I have no place to turn to, no friend to assist me.'

'I will take care that everything that can be done, under the circumstances, shall be done to render you comfortable.'

'When you took advantage of my weakness you made promises which you had no idea of fulfilling. It was but a poor victory for you over an orphan girl like me, who had no fortune but my character among strangers.'

'Margaret and Mrs. Forrester made me the most solemn engagements to take care

hat everything you require shall be provided for you.'

'Ah, yes; they have their own reasons for doing so. Mrs. F. is aware that I can reveal what she and you would not wish to have made public.'

'What do you mean, woman?' said Coward, shaking the girl roughly by the shoulder.

Both—Anna Glimpsey and Captain Coward—walked slowly in one of the avenues of Washington Parade Ground, where they had met in the gloom of the evening according to appointment.

'Unhand me!' said Anna, with startling energy. 'Unhand me I say, or I'll make it worse for you!'

'But what do you mean?' said the victimiser, livid with apprehension and rage, 'what can you mean, girl?'

'I mean,' said she slowly but determinedly, 'that Mrs. F. and Margaret are aware of my ruin; were aware of it; and plotted and planned it to stop my mouth and cover themselves.'

'By heavens! if you repeat a word of this I will strangle you. I will follow and pursue you to the death!'

The girl stood before him who threatened in an attitude of defence. She presented all the unmistakable appearances of early pregnancy. Coward was the parent of the child in her bosom. He debauched her in his friend's house; in his drawing-room. She, poor, wretched child! a youthful stranger, robbed of the jewel of virtue and honor! She stood before him in a posture of defiance; whilst he endeavored to subdue the devil which worked within him. The young moon peered out from behind a murky cloud and threw a sombre light on the scene. Several parties passed, and repassed; but what was then occurring between the betrayer and betrayed excited no attention.

'Look,' said she, 'you meanest of all scoundrels, if you lift a finger to me, a poor defenceless woman, in my condition—me your victim and your slave—I will call a crowd about you. I am not afraid of you. You are Coward by name and nature.'

'For God's sake, Anna,' said he, regain-

ing his self-possession, 'let us put an end to this scene.'

'Yes,' repeated the girl, 'I will say it and despise your threat: they planned my ruin with you to shut my mouth, knowing that I saw what happened between you and Mrs. F.'

'Anna, you're jealous,' said Coward, with a forced and malicious grin; 'you're jealous and don't care what you say!'

'I saw her go into your room and into your bed as plainly as I see you now.'

It would be a waste of time to attempt to convey any idea of the feelings of Coward on hearing this bold declaration. His first impulse was to strike her to the earth on the spot; but then again he remembered that it could not be safely done. The matter was turned over in his mind with great rapidity; and he concluded that the temporising policy was the most prudent.

'I have only simply to deny this charge, Anna, and say to myself that you believe it. Believe me you are mistaken, whatever suspicious circumstances may induce you to think otherwise.'

The girl herself regretted having been betrayed into the accusation, as then the recriminatory language and the bad passions it evoked were not calculated to do her any good. She continued:—

'Anyhow, the secret is safe in my keeping. I should tell it to Mr. Forrester;—it is due to him that I should do so; but she has been, ere now, too kind to me for that. I will leave it to somebody else to be the tell-tale.'

'I wish you, Anna, to go to the country till you are confined, and change your name while you are there. Will you do so much for me?'

'It is the only course now left me; for I have no earthly friend to give me the hand of sympathy or protection in my sad state.'

While they thus conversed a tall and powerful looking young man in the garb of a tradesman, returning from work and making his way, homewards, watched and dogged the pair for some time. He crept along under the shade of the trees till the three had arrived at an angle of the main avenue

Nancy loved what she saw with eccentric but intense devotion. Beyond a knowledge of reading and writing, her learning went not; but the world taught her shrewdness and made her intelligent. In all the arts of housekeeping she was an adept; a department of science she felt considerable pride in imparting to Miss Etty. They were together in the pantry.

'He's in the drawing-room, Miss Etty, darlint; he's in the drawing-room, so he is.'

'Who, Nanno?—(as the young lady called her for a pet name.)—Who is in the drawing-room?'

'That ould dandy, Mr. Rikoff, that's come to coort you, Miss Etty. Ugh, bud I don't like the looks ov him at all, at all—so I don't.'

'How do you know that he has any desire to 'coort' me, Nanno?' returned Etty, imitating Nancy's brogue with a playful archness.

'Didn't I see him meazurin' himself in the glass (mirror); an' smilin' at himself; an' pullin' up his collar; an' runnin' his finger through his curls; an' didn't I hear him talkin' to the Governor about intruducin' his wife (that's you) to the grand people of London and Paris?'

'And why do you not like him as an admirer of mine, Nanno? what is it you have an objection to?'

'I'll tell you, thin, why I have no 'fancy' for him. In the first place he's too ould for you, Miss Etty; indeed, indeed, he is. I never seen any good come from marryin' a girl to a man ould enough to be her grandfather.'

'Pon my word Mr. Rikoff has a formidable enemy in you, Nanno.'

'Ugh, what matther! I am no inimy ov nis; bud I am a friend ov yours, my darlin.' And here Nancy commenced to divide the clustering curls which overshadowed the face of the beautiful maiden and separate them upon her temple; 'because,' she went on, 'I am a friend ov yours, *alanna*, (my child,) may the Virgin protect you!' She, being a pious Catholic, here placed on her own forehead the sign of the cross. 'An',

besides, I don't like his eyes. His look is entirely too knowin'; an' his face is not honest or open enough for my satisfaction.'

'Heigho!' sighed Etty; 'I wish uncle wouldn't be so anxious to get rid of me. I cannot regard this Mr. Rikoff in the warm and favorable light he wishes me to.'

'On my conscience, you mistake, Miss Etty, so you do. Your uncle,' she went on to say with energy and quickness, 'is not anxious to get rid of you. God forbid! I don't think any man on airth loves another more than the Governor doats on you! Isn't he always talkin' ov you? Always warnin' me to do everything to plaze you? On my soul he does, Miss Etty darlint. So you wrong him, so you do.'

'Not so fast, Miss Nancy, I pray,' said Etty, appearing offended, but really delighted and grateful at the advocacy of the servant woman; 'not so fast, Miss Nancy! I had no idea to put the construction you do on what I said. I was speaking half in jest. I am not ready to allow *even you* to have a higher opinion of uncle Armstrong than I entertain.'

'Ugh, very well, Miss Etty! very well, Miss—' Miss Nancy, indeed. It used to be Nanno! The Lord help us! That's the way it'll be always! 'Miss Nancy,' maybe you wouldn't make so free agen till you're better acquainted!'

And Nancy became very industrious in counting the table-spoons, filling the cruet stand, and arranging the pickles. Several ughs and interjectionary grunts escaped her. The young girl's heart was touched, and she could no longer torment the warm-hearted creature, who garnered up in her inmost soul the most faithful feelings of affection and regard for her welfare and happiness.

'Nanno, Nanno, don't take on so. I am not in earnest. I am not offended with you. Here, take my hand and we shall be friends.'

Nancy looked up from some trifling matter with which she was employing herself, more to amuse and cool down her choler than anything else. She looked up and the sweet face of Etty met her like a warm sunbeam. The rays of gentleness and

sweetness fell upon her crusty spirit;—and away departed her anger like a snow flake before the dawning of a summer morning. She seized the soft and delicate hands of Etty in her bony fingers and poured upon them a tornado of kisses, while she held and thus saluted them the hot tears fell upon them; tears which Nancy could not control.

'There now, Miss Etty; thank God! thank God! you are not vexed with me. I know you are not. For I see the little laugh at the corner of your eye, an' the roguish smile on the top of your lip; as much as to say, 'Nano, I riz you; so I did.' I am an ould fool; so I am! An' I'll always remain an' ould fool; so I will; to be intherferin' in other people's business! I have no child, Miss Etty; nor no one in the world now to look afther but myself. An' whatever love I had for any one on airth, I had fur you, *asthore machree*, (the dearest object of my heart) an' for the 'ould man!—An' I made too free; I know I did! An' I'll always remain an ould fool; so I will.'

It was Etty's turn now to become affected. And how could it be otherwise? The sincere and faithful attachment of that poor Irishwoman—domestic only though she was—and uneducated and unsophisticated tho' she was—was incense to her soul; an offering she would not exchange, for the most precious and valuable human gift. Her bosom heaved; her lip quivered; her eye moistened. She placed her arm gently around Nanno's waist and imprinted on her homely and withered lips a kiss, which the proud, the high-born, and the great might envy.

'Poor, poor Nanno; I know you love me with all your heart. I know your affection for my uncle is sincere and truthful. Poor, poor Nanno; while I live; while you live; you shall have a friend. I will be a daughter to you. Speak to me as you like. Advise me freely. Tell out your mind. And I shall ever regard it as if it came from a prouder source.'

There was not on the continent of America a prouder woman, that day and evening, than Nanno was; when she called to mind

the rich offering of affection, kindness, and condescension she received at the hands of her 'young Mistress,' as she was accustomed to call her.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE moment had arrived for Etty's appearance in the drawing-room, with a light and graceful step she entered the apartment. Her dress was simple but elegant. There is more truth than poetry, (although there is poetry in it too) in saying, 'Beauty unadorned, adorned the most.' For instance, no decoration could improve the gloss which nature gave to Etty's curls; surely no art could imitate it. Nor could the most delicate tinting, the rose leaf suffusion, of Carmine or any other oriental or accidental pigment, on the cheek of beauty, come up to the transparent flush which youthful and generous blood imparts to the soft and tender sheating over which it permeates.—Rikoff turned to see the young and blooming girl as she entered, and made a scarcely perceptible and well-bred inclination of her person. The 'old Commodore' looked up triumphantly; as much as to say, 'there she is, where'll you find her equal?' With intuitive tact he pretended to have forgotten something in another room, while Rikoff was paying his addressee with that ease and presence of mind, which mixing in society, and travel, are so well calculated to bestow. It was an awkward movement. The gentleman was there for the purpose of wooing. It was an arrangement expressed and understood. And although Etty had prepared and drilled her mind to go through the ceremony with propriety and decorum, she could not conquer the rising tumult of her soul. Never before did such a sense of loveliness come over her. Her mother's memory, with all the indescribable endearments which belong to parental affection, presented itself to her view. And if that mother then lived, Etty's impulse would have been to run and hide her head in that parent's bosom. She was pale; very pale, from agitation, and the newness of the trial

(as Wikoff thought.) It was not so, however. It arose from a thought—a singular feeling—of desolation, as if she, that girl of extreme wealth, and beauty, and high position, were abandoned and neglected by the world. She took her place on a lounge at the polite invitation of Rikoff, who, with great tact and ability, commenced to speak on indifferent subjects. He conceived he had a simple child to humor, and his tactic was pursued accordingly. He talked of the city, the weather, the opera, the theatres, the steamers, &c., &c. When these subjects had been exhausted, he alluded to the movements of the fashionable world and to some 'marriages in high life' which were at that moment on the tapis. His powers of conversation were considerable. His manners were highly polished. He was a good listener, by the way, an accomplishment very difficult of attachment. He drew her out by his ingenuity; till she, to her surprise afterwards, had enjoyed almost all the talking. He ventured to tickle her with subjects of drollery and pencilled off one or two (not ill-natured) caricatures by which he actually made her laugh a good deal.—When Etty had been seduced into this disposition of good temper, and when Rikoff to his own pleasurable surprise, found her so much at home in his society, he thought it high time to strike the key-note of the matrimonial music, set down in the programme of his performance.

'I am here, Miss Leach, by invitation of your uncle, to introduce to your notice a subject of peculiar delicacy.'

'I am aware, Mr. Rikoff,' said Etty, endeavoring to suppress the throes of the Etna in her bosom, 'that you have paid this visit by invitation of my uncle.'

'I have. I am here to lay down at your feet the humble and unworthy offering of my heart'—he paused—'a heart which—'

'Permit me to interrupt you for one moment, sir.'

Etty rose from her seat. He rose also. Both moved impulsively towards the window.

'Pardon me, Mr. Rikoff. I shall not be so uncandid as not, without a moment's

hesitation, to inform you that my uncle desires I should favor your addresses on this subject. But, sir, I am equally determined to treat you with sincerity and truth. I am young, very young; inexperienced in the world's ways; an orphan in every point but the affection and love of my uncle; but I am incapable of deception and untruth. I am deeply grateful for the compliment you pay me; but—here the young advocate gasped for breath—'I am—my feelings—those feelings you would enlist—are engaged. Over them I have no command. But I know I should be acting an unfeminine part; I should betray my own regard for high honor; did I not thus meet your declaration at the threshold.'

The cold and calculating heart of the fortune hunter was touched. He could not but admire the singularly naive and fresh sentiments and emotions to which Etty gave utterance. He saw, at a glance, that she was too intelligent and too much guided by right principle to leave any room for any hope for his suit; and he made the best retreat he could.

'Thank—thank you, Mr. Rikoff; here's my hand as a friend; whom I shall be ever happy to meet. And permit me to hope that you may be able to make some object worthier than I am happy with your preference.'

The interview ended, the disappointed chevalier took his departure, wondering who the lucky dog was who forestalled him in winning the great prize of Fifth avenue; the rich, the elegant, the beautiful Etty Leach

CHAPTER XVIII.

'He is gone, Nanno.'

'Is he? Joy be with him, a bottle or moss! Fair weather afther him an' snow to his heel! the ould withered dandy; what impudence he had! tō thry and wear the sweetest flower in New York in his button-hole! Bad luck to the likes of him! God forgive me for cursin' any one! Bud you see it would be a sin agen the Holy Ghost: so it would!'

And Nancy began to dust the chairs, and rub the tables, and pull the covers about, and change the ornaments on the chimney-piece, with wonderful activity.

'My uncle will be very angry,' said Etty, deeply sighing. 'He'll be very, very angry.'

'He'll go to the d—l entirely, out an' out, with it. He'll revenge it all on me; so he will. Never mind; so let him! When he's tired he'll stop; so he will.'

'I hope he will do no such thing, Nanno. He shall know all from myself; that I alone am to blame for the result.'

'I wonder where's Misther Charles,' proceeded Nancy, giving a desperate rub to one of the tables; 'I wonder where is he at all, at all?'

'What Mr. Charles? whom do you mean, Nanno?' said Etty, coloring.

'Who do I mane, is it? who bud Misther Charles; that do be comin' here to see you, sometimes.'

'Oh, I now understand you, Nanno.'

'You do, do you? Misther Charles is a gentleman, any how; so he is. There's no decalit about his eyes. You can see his heart as plain as the nose on your face; so you can.'

This was music to Etty's ears. It was much sweeter music than she was inclined to admit to her own inquiring heart. To hear the object of one's admiration praised for noble qualities—even by the humble and lowly—produces a sensation of satisfaction and delight.

'You can see his heart in his bosom, the same as if you were lookin' at your purty face in the glass, (mirror) Miss Etty; so you can. I wonder where he is at all, at all.'

'You are very anxious about him.'

'Faith, then I am, shure enuf; and so are you!'

'Now, Nanno!'

'Yes; strue as gospel. I am shure ov id; an' I'm glad ov id; so I am!'

'I declare you are a curious old woman. You know more than I do myself.'

'Ould woman!' said Nancy with indignation;—'ould woman! Good gracious! In-deed, then I'm not so ould either! I'm not

as young as I was when I was of your age; bud, (and she surveyed herself in the pier-glass with great complacency.) I'm not too ould to marry if I wished id; so I amn't.—Ugh, ould woman, how are you!'

'Pardon me, Nanno, I only said ould woman from a familiar feeling, not to offend you.'

'Yiss darlint; I know that. I am shure of it. But I'm peevish an' cross, an' fretful; so I am. For all the world like your uncle when he has the gout! Misther Charles met me, in the street theother'

'He did! Did he say anything; send me any message?'

'Don't be frightened, Miss Etty! He said nothin'; only he axed how you wer.'

'Well!'

'Well! shure, that wasn't very wondherful. He said he was goin'.'

'Away! where? when?'

'Nowhere! That isn't id at all. He said he was goin' in a hurry to the Court-House to defend a man who was on thrial for the murder ov his wife.'

'Oh!' said Etty, drawing a long breath, 'and is that all?'

'No, it isn't all! He desired me to give you his best respects and to say that he wished you every happiness widh—'

'With what? Come, woman, tell me at once what he did say?'

'There, now, you see! off you go in the tanthrums agen.'

'Excuse me, Nanno; but you are sometimes provoking.'

'Am I? I can't help it if I am! He said he wished you every happiness widh Misther Rikoff, who, he heard in Wall street, you were goin to be married to; and thin he darted like a madman into the City Hall.'

'Foor, noble Charles!' said Etty, involuntarily. 'Generous, high-minded, and proud! He will find—'

'Yiss, Miss Etty, poor, noble boy; so he is! I ax your pardon, Miss, for makin' so free; but, ugh, ugh, it's a way I have some-how! There now; that will do,' continued Nancy, as she wiped away the pearly drops which glistened in Etty's eyes; 'that will

do you good; so it will! Cry away for a whart; it will aize your heart. Pon my scowl, I don't think I ever saw you look handsomer in the world than you do now widh your flushed cheeks an' moistened eyes! Bad cess to me bud you're like a rose ov a May mornin' when the sun do be soakin' up the wather from its bozzom; so you are!'

Etty could not resist the ludicrous nature of this apostrophe. She laughed outright at the eloquent and flattering address of the abigail, who well represented the poetical nation of which she was a member. Etty's look mirrored the metaphor so exquisitely rendered by Moore:

"And she smiled through her tears like a sunbeam in showers."

'Nanno I must see uncle without delay; I have much to say to him.' And away tripped Etty to have an interview with the old man; while Nancy talked to herself about the 'Governor,' 'Etty,' 'Misther Charles,' 'that ould deludherer Rikoff,' and others

CHAPTER XIX.

PREVIOUS to Mr. Lureies' departure for the land of gilded hope his fashionable wife had determined on 'giving a party.' This itching for female revelry at private entertainments; where the romp can have full swing in all the fascinations of delicate lechery; where the female stomach can be legitimately stimulated by seasoned viands and intoxicating drinks—and where the appetite for refined smut and carnalised wit can be indulged to repletion; is one of the abominations of what is called 'Upper Tendon.' It is not difficult to appreciate the difference between indulgence of this nature, which should be the peculiar province of the brothel, and that elegant and pure recreation, amusement and instruction which the social meetings of the moral and the good are so calculated to impart. If any thing in nature is more disgusting than another it is the license which educated women contend for to gratify the pruriness

of indelicacy and indecency of thought; to clothe impure imagining in the garments of repartee and sarcasm, and lip and call this the 'right' of the sex and the freedom of fashion. Who among the male readers of these pages will be found to deny that, when these parties and their carnival pleasures are past, even among the most abandoned debauchees. Such license of tongue and thought amongst women will not be reprobated? Who will deny that the moment the professional roue has succeeded in making an elegant and respectable woman laugh at a hint or a joke of double-meaning or engaging her in loose and voluptuous conversation he will not, ever after, look on her as fair game to be added to the black list of 'fallen angels' which already form his long catalogue of conquests of the flesh? Even among the unfortunates who live lives of professional prostitution the obscene language of the lip and heart are distasteful; except when drunkenness assists to break down all those barriers between decency and license which poor, wronged and victimised womanhood loves to see erected.—Margaret Lureies was among the most gay and frisky of the fashionable (respectable) women of her sex. She possessed a large amount of natural genius which she did not fail to improve by culture. Talented in a high degree, her society was ever sought by the airy and fanciful young men, having rings and gold watches to sport and money (perhaps not their own) to spend. Her eloquence and wit, added to the allurements of a voluptuous form, were brought into play, to dazzle and delight the butterflies of the hour. This lady was among the first to adopt the Bloomer costume and sport her person in pantaloons on Broadway. And now we might have a word on the propriety or otherwise of wearing this costume, but that we prefer leaving its discussion between Jennett of *The Daily Slasher*, Orris Freely of *The Disturber*, and Margaret herself at his very identical supper party, which was the turning point or pivot; the great cause of the final separation between Mr. Irvine Forrster and his unfortunate wife. The two journalists and Margaret happened to

be seated on a sofa together; the lady between the gentlemen. The matter of conversation and discussions between the parties was the propriety or impropriety of wearing the Bloomer costume. Little Moses Leach one of the proprietors of *The Morning Hoax*, was standing at the corner of the sofa an attentive and interested listener. Mrs. Forrster was amusing a party of gentlemen in another part of the room with mimic imitations and painted caricatures, which kept her friends in roars of laughter.

Jennett, who spoke with not only a strong Scottish brogue but with a no small ingredient of the dialect and idiom of the Caledonian hills, was antagonistic to the breeches; Freeley and Margaret being on the side of the nether garment. Leach was neutral; exhibiting a quizzical countenance of listlessness and stupidity.

'Weel, weel, Mrs. Lureies, it may be as you say,' said Jennett, persevering in his opposition; 'but naething can convince me that a pair a breeches on a lady's — I beg your pardon — on a lady's — nae meather what — is delicate, appropriate, or becoming.'

'Indeed, Mr. Jennett,' said Margaret, 'I think it is as fit for a lady's no-matter-what as a gentleman's, any day. It is all prejudice and custom, my dear sir; don't you think so, Mr. Freeley?'

'I think so. I have always thought so. And I shall ever think so. 'Now,' said Orris, brightening up and becoming energetic, 'suppose that the present horrid garment were made the sport of the wind on a stormy day and blown —'

'Halloa! Freeley, what the deevil are ye at mon? Don't you know we are conversin' with a lady of o' delectate sensibilities. Why there's Moses Leach's ears as red as the setting sun at the peechure ye are drawing.'

Margaret was obliged to gulph down a spasmodic convulsion at the battle between the luminaries.

'Nonsense, Jennett! I will not be interrupted. Just hear me out. Suppose, I say, that a strong gust of wind were to play under the present horrid petticoat — which

must have been invented for street sweeping purposes — and expose the lower limbs of a lady acquaintance or friend; which would be more indelicate, the one or the other, the gown or the breeches?'

'Freeley, your case is an *extreme* one. The argument you play with is a *windy* one. A female of refined feelings, in the instance you furnish, would so arrange her dress as to prevent any such contingency as that you hint at.'

'True,' said Margaret chiming in, 'I don't depend as much on the *extremity* argument, which is trite and foolish, as consulting the convenience, comfort, and health of our sex.'

'The great objection, in my mind,' said Jennett, 'is that which is so unanswerably put; namely, exposing the points of the person, which should be concealed and kept out of view, to the ardent gaze of the voluptuary and the impertinent.'

'Surely,' said the lady, 'the prominent portions of the female person, are not so much exposed in the Bloomer Costume as they are now by the low dresses worn in the ball room and at the Opera.'

'Aye, that's it precisely,' said Freeley; 'it is avoiding the midge and swallowing a camel to make the distinction! How do you meet this view, Jennett?'

'I dinna ken that there is any great vecotory in that position; for twa wrongs dinna make one right. It is a shame and a scandal to expose the neck and bosom of a lady in the ball room, jest as much as it is to wear short petticoats or a pair of breeches in the street. Both indelicacies spring from the same cause.'

'Evil to those who evil think,' is my view of the matter, said Margaret getting uneasy, 'it is all ruled by prejudice and taste. Give the correct tone to public opinion, and our 'right' to dress as we think proper will not be disputed.'

'Let but the organs of opinion discuss the matter independently and fearlessly and we shall see woman released from the cruel bondage in which she is now to be discovered through the tyranny of man.'

'The organs of opeenion, as you call them

Freely, should get rid of all their demoralising and injurious tenets and advocate truth and common sense. 'Women's rights' and 'Bloomerism,' and all these gim-cracks which pull society by the head and ears would never be heard of but for 'organs' like *The Daily Disturber*.'

'This remonstrance,' retorted Freeley with severity, 'comes with a bad grace from the representative of *The Satanic Press*. It is not saying too much or going outside the truth, to contend that *The Slasher* is the direst enemy to principle and morals, in the whole range of the Newspaper world.'

'Right, Freeley, good again. Hit him hard, do,' said Moses, with an awful grin.

'And the *Morning Hoax* included; the Father of Lies, the Plainfield Bank, and other enormities too numerous to mention!' Here Jennett turned a cunning eye towards the lady and gave a low, almost inaudible chuckle.

'But gentlemen of the press,' interposed Margaret, 'I want the question in dispute argued thoroughly.'

'Weel, Mrs. Lureies, I ask your pardon. I am but a plain, rough-spoken chield; an' I will let you have my honest mind on the subject. Any attire that gives certain portions of the female person to view in an improper and indeelicate manner should not be worn. Modesty and delicacy of thought and action are the brightest an' costleest jewels in the crown of woman's nature. And when she begins to cast off her retiring habits and displays her person for purposes of exciting the carnal desires of the rougher sex all the glory which imagination throws around her name and character, dissolves like snow before the sun.'

'You are particularly severe, Mr. Jennett, too exacting, too satirical, too unscrupulous in your opposition.'

'I canna help it, my dear lady, I canna help speaking as I feel. An' the same might be said of the Socialism and Fourierism, and Perfectionism of the day, advocated in such "organs" (Freely must excuse me) as *The Disturber*.'

'My object and the object of my associates is,' replied Freeley, 'to improve the

condition of society and extend the benefits of freedom to all.'

'All gammon and baldherdash! Root awa mon! Do you think all the *isms* and stuff you advocate can be right! Nae, nae; it's all wrong, Meesther Freeley; aye, it is so; and you may say it, Meesther Leach, in the *Morning Hoax*.'

'I suppose you would not allow us, poor women, the power to vote or to become Legislators or Corporators, or Judges, or to fill any intellectual offices in the State or in society.'

'The gentleness and sweetness of woman's nature is best shown in the domestic circle. That's the place where her virtues shine most. A pretty spectacle it wad be to look on a mother with a child at her breast makin' a speech before a parcel of men fresh from champagne; or before a court full of lawyers and spectators, defending a prisoner charged with rape or some unnatural offence! Nae, nae, my lady, I should much sooner see her makin' a pie or a pudding, or knitting a pair of stockings for her husband or her child! It wad be much more natural and appropriate.'

Seeing that they could not make headway against the coarse but sensible argumentation of the editor of *The Daily Slasher*, the party whom he addressed broke up and joined others in a different part of the room. Mrs. Forrster was the centre of attraction among a party of gentlemen collected around her; and it was evident from the boisterous mirth and glee they exhibited that her wit and humor were telling and exciting.

The 'party' did not separate till an early hour in the morning; and when the sisters were left alone, Mrs. F. declared she never spent a happier evening in her life.

CHAPTER XX.

On arriving home, at 22d street, his wife discovered, to her dismay, that Forrster had not retired to bed but was walking up and down in a most disturbed manner in the library. She saw at a glance that it was necessary for her to see him then. Deter-

mining to put a bold face on the matter, she entered the apartment and greeted him with animation.

'I have just returned from a most delightful party at Margaret's. Lureias starts for San Francisco to-morrow.'

'I thought,' said Forrester slowly and gloomily, 'that I forbade your going to this party.'

'You said something about it,' said she; 'but surely, Irvine, you don't mean to play the tyrant with me and order me to give up all rational recreation and amusement.'

'It is not playing the tyrant, is it, to desire that you should not mingle with wicked and disreputable people! You won't say that, will you?'

'Whom do you mean as wicked and disreputable?'

'I mean your sister, for one.'

'My sister?'

'Yes.' 'Have I not had ample evidence of the looseness of her moral convictions?'

'I deny it sir,' said the wife becoming very much agitated and coloring highly, 'I deny your accusation, indignantly.'

'I have never realized a moment's domestic peace or happiness since she began to become your constant associate. I believe she would be your ruin if she could.'

Gracious God! why do you speak of my, poor sister so?'

'Because,' retorted he calmly, but with marked emphasis, 'I know her to be a faithless woman!'

'Faithless, to whom?'

From a deep crimson, Mrs. F's face assumed an ashy paleness as she repeated this question or rather used the words in the manner of a soliloquy. Both walked through the room previously; but both now stood up near the library table.

'Faithless to whom, sir?' she reiterated with haughtiness.

'To her husband and her honor.'

'It's a lie, sir,' said the lady with astounding vehemence. Her hand was uplifted and down it came on the table with great force and making a loud noise. She stopped.—There was the pause of an instant.

'You have said that to me Mrs. Forrester,

which no man dare say and live! The climax has arrived! We—you and I—must separate! There remains, now, no other alternative! I have not accused your sister lightly. I have proofs—damning proofs—over her own signature—and in her own handwriting. I warned you to avoid her. I thought my will should be your law. But instead of taking my advice and yielding a graceful obedience to my expressed wish—caprice or command if you will have it so—you go this evening to a party at her house whom I know to be a false one and remain there with kindred spirits till this unseasonable hour.' He then turned slowly round and walked with a heavy step out of the apartment.

The whole facts, in all their horrid reality, came up before her. He knew all about Margaret! He said he had damning proofs in her own handwriting. My God, said she, to herself, can he have discovered any thing about me. Can he have any proofs of it; any foolish letter or any thing of that kind? She heard his foot fall in his bed-room, and then proceeded to her apartment. They had not, for some time previously, occupied the connubial bed together. She threw herself on the couch without undressing and remained for hours without sleep. At the first glimpse of the morning's light she moved from the room and went to a bureau in an ante-room off the drawing-room used for books, old pictures, and lumber. Creeping on her knees, she opened, without noise, one of the drawers of the bureau. Horror of horrors! on applying the key she found it had been left open, or was opened and left so! With great rapidity she ran her fingers through a bundle of papers and letters. But the one she hunted after was gone! That letter contained memorials of her guilt! It was written by a scamp—a penniless, third-rate, half-mad actor—and contained a mass of rhapsody with memories of scenes which he and she enacted together, and which no married woman could have been a partaker of without dishonor and guilt! Great Heavens! and he—her husband of many years, her guardian, protector, and friend—had found

it! had read it! and had it then in his possession! She put her hands to her chest to try and prevent her heart from breaking. She put them to her temples to prevent her brain from bursting. She gasped for breath. The palpitation of her arterial system could be distinctly noted in the stillness of the room. It was a horrible moment. But matters might be worse. She pursued her search among her letters and papers and found a small parcel tied with red tape. A cry of joy broke from her lips. 'Ha,' said she, half aloud, 'thank God! thank God! he has not found these.' With a feeling bordering on the delirium of joy, the idea rushed through her mind that the silly letter of a semi-lunatic, a half-crazy poet, might be got over, accounted for, excused. But the other documents were damning beyond all redemption. They told of moments and acts and scenes of guilty gladness in words of burning passion, in language which the fire of lust, of gratified carnal appetite, could only prompt and dictate.—These, at all events, were safe; and she was comparatively happy. She stole back to her room, undressed and went to bed to sleep, not the sleep of the pure and the virtuous, but the quiet slumber of one who had escaped certain and irreclaimable ruin. Her moral nature only, required security from discovery! How many guilty things like her, does not New York contain at this moment!

CHAPTER XXI.

The great case of Johnson for the murder of his wife, in a moment of jealous phrenzy; a case in which the excited public took the deepest interest; came on for trial in the City Hall on the—th September, 185—. The particulars of this tragedy, must be fresh in the memory of many; as great sympathy was felt for the criminal in consequence of the extenuating circumstances of the case. The facts were simply these.—Andrew Johnson was a native of England and an Engineer by profession. Employed by the board of works in Ireland, during the

famine years, superintending the building of bridges and the making of roads, at a large salary, Johnson was induced to renew certain addresses he had formerly made to a beautiful girl at Chester, where he had served his time and made many acquaintances. The amount of his salary was large enough to support a young married couple, in such a cheap country as Ireland, with respectability if not in affluence. When the engagement he filled should have ended, he expected something else to do; a kind of calculation in which the temporiser between the advocacy of love and a slender purse often makes sad mistakes. The lovers were married and Johnson took elegant lodgings for his charming wife in the ancient and famous city of Limerick. Mr. Johnson lived up to his income. The situation he held, when the works in that part of the country where he was employed were finished, ceased to be, and he could get nothing else to do. For a time he hoped against hope. Eventually he turned his attention to the El Dorado stories from the New World and soon made up his mind to emigrate. He sailed from Limerick for New York where he arrived, with a beautiful wife and one child; almost penniless. The young, very young, woman he wedded, was but half educated. She could 'play and sing, and dance and dress'; and that was about the amount of her attractions, accomplishments, and virtues. Her husband was of a different order of being. He was educated in the very best sense of the term. His opportunities of instruction were good; and he improved them by fine taste and generous culture. His mind was richly stored with classical and other knowledge. Shortly after his arrival in New York he succeeded in obtaining a temporary situation which afforded him about \$10 a week as a designer and carver on wood. But to his amazement, his wife became light, frivolous, giddy, and airy in her manners. She not only paid no attention to her child or husband; but she coquetted and romped with certain idle gentlemen who stopped always home, in the boarding house. At first he did not pay this fact any particular regard; thinking

arose from the novelty of their situation, the freshness of her youth, and the buoyancy of her feelings. The attentions, however, of a certain young gentlemen, whose income enabled him to 'make presents,' were too familiar and constant as to attract his notice and give him uneasiness and pain.—Once, and once only, he hinted to his wife that it may, perhaps, be as well not to give the boarders anything to say;—that the generality of persons of that fugitive class were talkative and ill-natured. She replied pettishly by twitting him with jealousy, and complained of restraining her in her innocent recreation. Johnson worked over-hours at his place in Broadway, and generally sat at his table till 10 o'clock. Tea hour was 7; so that he had three hours between the evening meal and bed-time. He was one day leaving his apartment after dinner when a scrap of paper thrown carelessly on the floor caught his eye. Believing it some document or memorandum of his own he took it up. On opening it, it ran thus:—

'At eight precisely, to-night, I will come up to see you. J. is over a new piece and will not leave till ten, sure.'

Poor Johnson's brain whirled. He would have fallen but that a light step on the corridor startled and restored him. He said nothing but crumpled the piece of paper in the hollow of his hand. As he went down stairs he looked into the parlor; and there was his faithless wife, her neck uncovered, playing on the piano some voluptuous melody and the favored gentleman, who arranged the assignation, breathing hotly over her bosom. Softly and quietly he stole out of the house; but the fire of a thousand hells worked at his soul. It may easily be imagined that, during that afternoon, his designs were of a nature different from the employment at which he was engaged. He went home to tea; but the two guilty things were too passionately intent upon the expected meeting to notice the change a few hours had wrought in the manly and distinguished form of the young engraver. He walked to his place of business and there, with care and caution, did he load a Colt's

revolver which he had provided during the day. Precisely at half past eight he entered the boarding house. There were several groups in the parlor; but his friends were absent. He ascended the stairs quietly and noiselessly, and when half up he took off his boots. At the door of his own room his resolution nearly failed him; when his child—poor innocent lamb—and his wife! great God! the adored of his bosom—came up before him. He heard soft murmurs within; the cadences of a musical voice, as if chiding her paramour for some imaginary wrong or forgetfulness. The door was locked and the key turned in it. What was he to do? If he rapped the robber of his wife's honor may get time to escape; and there was no certainty for him to work upon. The only alternative was to burst open the door. It was but a thin deal board, pannelled and painted over. He was strong and athletic. With one bound he went at it shoulder foremost; and down it toppled, frame, hinges, and all. He and it were in the room together. Near his bed was a cot on which his first and only child slept the sweet sleep of innocence; whilst in the couch itself his wife lay actually in the arms of her seducer! For they were so astounded by, and unprepared for the visit when the rush and noise were made, they both were paralysed with astonishment and fear.

Johnson had cocked the revolver and approached the bed. The young and beautiful, and guilty wife and unnatural mother looked up once and with an ashy lip murmured 'mercy.' The next, the trigger was pulled and a ball pierced her heart. B—the paramour, meanwhile, sprang up and aimed a blow at the husband whose bed he dishonored. Johnson clutched his antagonist; and a terrible struggle ensued. B—seized him by the necktie and attempted to gouge him. But Johnson disengaged his right arm, still holding the pistol. He brought the point of the muzzle round towards the thick part of the hip and fired.—The bullet entered near the pelvis and came out at the groin. B—then loosened his grasp of Johnson's cravat and fell on the bed giving himself up for lost. The

body of the wife was lifeless and the bed was saturated with her gore. The blood of her paramour (who was not vitally wounded) mingled with that of her he had debauched. There were the bodies! There the avenger or murderer! There the infant still sleeping, evidently under the influence of some narcotic potion to make it sleep soundly. In this position did the boarders and police officers find the several parties connected with the tragical occurrence.

CHAPTER XXII.

JOHNSON had no friends nor money to buy the commodity.

"For what is Friendship, but a name
A charm which lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth and fame,
And leaves the rest to weep."

He was arrested as a murderer. The paramour told a story of his being, merely, in the wife's apartment looking at some curiosity—a souvenir of other scenes and lands—when the prisoner, like a madman, fired by jealousy, burst into the room and perpetrated the murder of his wife and attempted his without having asked a question. In this way circumstances were against the stranger and the pauper, crowds were to the city prison to see the monster and question him. The reporters of *The Slasher* and *The Hoax* intruded their vulgar impertinences on the unfortunate's cell; watching every movement of his countenance, and noting down every word he uttered; and afterwards coining words he did not utter and inventing incidents which never occurred.

It was in this sad plight poor Johnson was when Charles Armstrong was introduced to Keeper or Governor Redmonds as a young lawyer, who, having heard the story of the prisoner, came to offer him his professional services at his approaching trial.

'Mr. Armstrong,' said the intelligent and humane jailer, 'it speaks well for your humanity to offer to conduct poor Johnson's case. He is a stranger—a foreigner, sir; you are a native. He is poor, lonely, and unfriended; you are a young professional

man and cannot afford your time and talents. I am myself an emigrant, an adopted citizen, a foreigner. I have, thank God, to the honor of the noble and liberal institutions of this heaven favored land, been able to spare a little. Permit me, sir, to offer you a trifling fee.'

He offered to place a bill of some value in Charles's hand in the most delicate and gentlemanly manner.

'I am much obliged, Mr. Redmonds,' said Armstrong, his color heightened and the smallest imaginable complement of pride pictured on his lips and brow; 'your offer is generous and kind, but excuse me. 'Tis true I have nothing to look forward to or depend on but my professional labors. At the same time I desire in this case to give the prisoner the poor benefit of my services without fee or reward. The same emotions which actuate you move me; and my heart must be my only paymaster.'

'On my soul, sir,' said Redmonds, 'it is refreshing to meet such conduct as this. I mistake much if the sympathy you feel and the unselfishness you evince do not, in time, reap their own rich reward.'

It would be hard to say which gratified the young lawyer or barrister more—the conviction of being about to assist an erring fellow man, who gave way to the tumult of passion, (for which there appeared not a little extenuation,) or the fact that an official, supposed to be hardened and blunted by association and experience, betrayed so large an amount of benevolence. The 'keeper of the Tombs' merits this honorable mention. An educated and sensible man, he knows that the strictest performance of duty is not incompatible with a tender and sensitive nature. No man can discharge that or any other duty to the people with more propriety than he of whom this is written.

The day of trial came. Great interest in the case pervaded all. The victim of homicide or murder was a young and beautiful stranger. Her husband was of accomplished manners, highly educated, and interesting in personal bearing and appearance. The court-house was crowded to inconvenience. Many ladies were present in the galleries. The district attorney opened the charge and

stated the case with great lucidness, and without any unnecessary bitterness or vengeance. But his facts were so strong and plain, his inferences and deductions so clear and cogent, and the circumstances he wove round the homicide so consistent and startling, his plain, and simple, and unimpassioned effort was more calculated to damage the prisoner's chances of escape from the hue and guilt of murder. The culprit was attired in black. His hands were gloved. His dark hair was carefully arranged. His face was very pale; but his features were under complete control. Whatever emotion agitated him was burrowing under his heart and brain. His counsel stood near him. For Johnson, the young husband and father, it was impossible not to have felt sympathy and hope that he was not guilty of the graver offence. When asked to plead, he answered in a deep sonorous voice:—

'I am not guilty of murder.'

A buzz of anxiety and intense interest rushed through the court. Every head was thrust forward. Every eye was turned to the quarter where he stood. When, however, the District Attorney, in the name of the people, accused him of preparation and premeditation; of his having pondered over and planned the horrible deed; the sentiments of the assembly became changed from pity to hate and a desire for punishment—Such is poor, easily swayed and easily influenced humanity! When the public prosecutor painted the personal charms of the young wife, and started and supported the theory that the supposed paramour had only entered her room to look at a family portrait and some curious bijouterie which Mrs. Johnson was unwilling to trust out of her apartment; when he pointed out the (almost) impossibility of committing an act of carnal guilt before a mother's sleeping infant; the currents of conviction began to waver and change and run in a different channel. Several witnesses were examined to depose to the fact of the homicide; the purchase of powder and percussion caps.—It was produced in evidence, that when Johnson came to tea he was moody, gloomy, pale, and silent. The natural inference was, that he was brooding over the deed and lay-

ing his plans to perpetrate it. The paramour came on the stand. He had completely recovered. He was dressed like a fashionable young man about town. He wore several rings. His watch chain was a heavy, tawdry, iron-cable-like affair, of metal plated over (thinly) with gold. His moustachios, goatee, and whiskers were faultless. But within his brain there was not store-room for a sensible idea, or within his soul a corner for a warm impulse or manly emotion. When he appeared, he divided the attention and interest of the spectators between the prisoner and himself. Turning on the point where he stood the eye of the latter rested on him for a moment. It was such a glance as he—stolid and insensible as he was—could not forget to his dying day. It was the most intensified concentration of contempt, bitterness, scorn, and hate human countenance was ever irradiated with. A momentary glance; but such a moment! It told a volume of thoughts and the tale of a life.

Charles Armstrong rose to cross-examine this witness. It was his only chance to help save his client from the horrors of the gallows. Many a bosom of female beauty heaved as he presented himself. Many an eye of loveliness was rivetted on him as he essayed to speak. He and his family were known to a large circle of citizens. It was known that Doctor Armstrong had died a poor man and that his son was called on to carve his way of life in the world by his own exertions. It was hinted about that he had taken up Johnson's defence as his 'first case,' and that he was determined to sink or swim, rise or fall, succeed or fail, in his management of it. There was one spectator in a corner of the gallery, closely veiled, whose interest in his success was a thousand fold greater than that of any other lady present. She came to the courthouse, incognito, because she was desirous to join in and partake of the young man's triumph; if triumph were to be. And if otherwise; if he failed or met with coldness or difficulty; she was there—true woman that she proved—to cheer and encourage him. That lady, young, rich, and beautiful, heiress as she was, was Etty Leach, whose heart made

eloquent appeals to her judgment in favor of the lawyer; and whose judgment and duty forbade to give hope to or encourage against the sanction and consent of her uncle.—When the first accents of his professional voice was heard to roll in nervous murmurs through that hall, the agony of Etty was indescribable.

'You say,' said Charles, entering on the cross-examination, 'that prisoner had no cause, as far as you were concerned, for entertaining such violent jealousy, for nursing such a phrensy of passion, as unhappily led him to sacrifice the life of his young and beautiful wife and nearly to sacrifice yours?'

'I do mean to say he had not.'

'Were you not very attentive to the late Mrs. Johnson?'

'Not very attentive.'

'Did you not pay her remarkable attentions—such attentions as indicate a preference, a friendship, or the stronger feeling of what is termed 'love' for the object of them?'

'I paid her no more attention than the custom of boarding-houses warrants.'

'Is that custom such as that you, were you a married man, would not object to should an unmarried man act in such a manner towards your wife?'

After some hesitation and playing with his goatee, witness replied:—

'I decline to answer that question.'

'I appeal to the court,' said Charles.

District Attorney.—'I will relieve the court by directing the witness to answer.'

Witness.—'I should not approve of the custom in my own case.'

Charles's eye brightened, and his manner became assured by this answer. He continued:—

'I ask you, sir—it is my duty before God and man to ask you—had you any improper intimacy with or knowledge of the deceased?'

'I had not.'

A thrill of surprise and anguish ran through the bystanders when, by this explanation, they were forced to regard the prisoner as the murderer of an innocent woman.

'How came you in her room on the sad occasion of the tragedy?'

'I went at her invitation to look at a portrait and some family curiosities she valued.'

'Do me the favor to write your name and a few indifferent words.'

The witness was startled. He changed color and trembled. He objected to write as required. The District Attorney objected for the People.

Hereupon ensued a long discussion; Charles contending with great eloquence that he was entitled to compliance; and he quoted several authorities to sustain him.

The court decided that he should give a specimen of his hand writing. He said no respectable or honorable man could have any objection; although he could not see any point of his doing so was likely to make for the advocate of accused. Witness wrote what was required. Charles looked at it closely and appeared a great deal puzzled. He went on:

'Is that your usual hand-writing?'

'Yes.'

'Did you write that letter?' handing up the document addressed by witness to a Theatrical friend.

'I did.'

'That is your usual hand-writing, also.'

'Yes,' said the paramour, becoming more and more confused.

'Did you write that?' handing up the assignation note.

He read the contents and tremble in every limb.

'Did you write that?'

'No!' said the witness with desperation.

'Very well you may go down.'

The letter, handwriting in Court, and the assignation note were examined by the Bench. Charles conversed a moment or two with prisoner. Mr. Redmonds was bye.

'I cannot give you any hope yet,' said Johnson, that wicked man had sworn so positively. The question lies with the Jury, 'will they believe him or not?'

'I have no witnesses to examine,' said the Counsel, 'it only remains for me to address the Jury.'

'Mr. Armstrong,' said the Court, 'we shall now take a recess for a few minutes after which I shall be ready to grant you the privilege you seek.'

In about an hour from that time, the Bench and Jurors re-entered Court and Charles was called on to address the Jury. Not one lady attendant moved from their positions during that hour. And now the real interest of the case only began. What had the young man to put forward? What to rely on? He was very young and inexperienced and knew not how to steer an important case through the shoals and quicksands of the Law. This was about the general amount of the under-breath conversations which took place. Etty's moment of life had approached. If Charles succeeded in making an impression upon the mass of intelligent and influential men who filled that Hall to its utmost capacity, she would have no difficulty of declaring her preference to her uncle. But on the other hand, if he failed; if his professional prospects should be, thereby, blighted; she knew his wounded pride and her uncle's prejudice would unite against her.

He rose to speak. His gentlemanly exterior and polished manner plead powerfully for him. There was in his bearing neither diffidence on the one hand or haughty bluster on the other. He was perfectly self-possessed but not forward or impudent. With his right hand in the lapel of his frock coat gracefully stretched across his breast, and his left resting on a book which lay on the table he opened:—

'May it please the Court and Gentlemen of the Jury. In this case I am counsel for the prisoner. This is my first effort in a professional way and therefore am I compelled to beg your indulgence. I am perfectly aware what a deep responsibility I have incurred. A life of a human being hangs upon the manner I may discharge that responsibility. But in the first place let me tell you how it is I am here. I read in the public papers the history of this case. It was full of romance and the most thrilling interest. I learned that the prisoner was poor and unframed; was a stranger and perhaps des-

titute; was away in a foreign land, from the associations of youth or the sympathies of indred; and I was impelled by an impulse. I could not resist to offer him my poor, feeble, and unpurchased professional aid. I waited on him in his lonely cell. I found him a gentleman in every sense of the word. I found him an educated and accomplished man, with refined sensibilities and elevated ideas of truth and honor. He laid his whole soul open to me. He told me the history of his life; his love; his marriage. I not only did not hesitate to take the management of his defence but I entered into his feelings and pitied his sufferings. I should be guilty of that want of candor at which my soul rebels if I did not admit that the *first* inducement which prompted my interest in this trial was a natural desire to be afforded a favorable opportunity of making, in this my native city, where I am not unknown, and where the name of my father and family is not unknown, of making my professional debut. May it please the Court and the Gentleman of the Jury, these are the circumstances through which I am placed in this deeply responsible and important position. I am ready to admit my inexperience; nor are my abilities to be boasted of; but my heart tells me I have made no omission, I have left nothing undone (as far as I know my resources) which the exigency demanded.'

As soon as this exordium, which was uttered with great modesty and some tremulousness of voice, had been disposed of, Charles Armstrong girt himself up, as it were, for the struggle. He raised his head somewhat. And his brow was elevated. The color which had, on his having first risen, receded to its reservoir now came back in gentle but generous streams to the surface. The features of his face became more animated and the expression of its lineaments more striking.

'And now,' he went on to say, 'Gentlemen of the Jury, what is your business in that box? You are to try, according to evidence and fact, that young man (pointing to Johnson) for the crime of deliberate murder. And if according to that evidence you are

bound to pronounce his guilt, the result is inevitable. He must die a horrible and ignominious death on the gallows to satisfy the just demands of the law and the people in this respect. But is he guilty of wilful, concocted, premeditated and deliberate murder? I admit—he does not deny—that he killed this beautiful young woman; beautiful as the morning and fair as the unpainted lily. I admit that, in a moment of anguish no picture can represent, no language can portray; in a moment of the soul's torment which no hell suffering can equal; in a moment of phrenzy—maniacal phrenzy—which has no parallel in human passion, or sorrow, or anguish, or disorganization; the prisoner was guilty of that lovely creature's blood. But, Gentlemen, I indignantly deny for him, for myself, for the world, for humanity, that he planned, plotted, concocted and premeditated to destroy her with his own hand. Destroy her whom he loved with a passionate intensity known only to his own soul; known only to those and by those who, like him, marry idols of personal beauty and taintless virtue! Destroy her in cold blood and with intention and design, in a foreign land, far away from those who might be supposed to be her natural protectors and supporters, whom he took from her parents and her birth-place to be to him the whole world on earth! Destroy her who was the young mother of a beautiful infant, on whose rosy smile he fed with a father's fondness, and who slept the sleep of innocence and angelic purity while — But no, I shall draw the veil over a memory which quite unmans me as I think of it, and renders me almost as mad as the unfortunate victim of that jealous fury which, like an avalanche, prostrates everything; tears up human affection by the roots; and sweeps with a tempest of hell all obstacles before it.'

Several audible bursts of moaning were heard in the gallery. One lady, particularly, was visited with an attack of hysterics. Etty Leach sat as still as a statue. Her marble features were as fixed as death. Around her delicious lip there wandered a slight curl of pride which the uninitiated could

not fathom. The real state of her mind was a yielding to imaginary triumph for him whose fate she watched. She felt that the germs of future greatness were in the throbbings of that manly eloquence, which flowed from Armstrong's lips in that uninterrupted current and with that fervor which feeling and identity alone can impart. She had previously kept herself closely veiled, with a desire to shrink from observation of any kind. But now that the slightest breathing was heard in the court and that a thousand listeners hung on every word of the young advocate, she lifted her veil and took off her hat. The sobbing in the gallery made Charles pause a little. He, with others, looked up to see whence it proceeded. What was his astonishment to behold Etty Leach, her lovely head uncovered, her lips compressed, and her eye excited, an attentive and interested spectator. At another moment it might have a disturbing effect to behold the girl of his soul under such circumstances; but now his being was too intensified, too tightly wound up to be easily affected. The contrary was the fact. Her golden ringlets shone with all splendor on his heart only to sharpen his intellect and make his judgment more steady.

'And now, Gentlemen of the Jury, what testimony do you rely on? That of the man who swears on that stand an oath which I shall not attempt to impugn. Whether or no deceased had been guilty or not to that extent to which he bears witness I am not here to question. Or whether he has sworn truly or otherwise I am not here to investigate. I do not ambition the desire to prove a man holding the position, and wearing the clothes, and moving in the ranks of a gentleman a wilful and corrupt perjurer. I know the morality of young men who succeed with women; who rob them of that priceless jewel which shines so brilliantly and gloriously in woman's diadem; who kill the honor of a sister and throw her a tainted and loathsome thing among her fellows to fester and rot, the victim of filth and pollution. I am aware of the popular moral code which pervades young men on this point, and I know that it is considered honorable

to swear falsely to protect a woman's character. I know all this and I might act accordingly. But no, I am perfectly satisfied with another course. I am generous enough to pursue it, because I am convinced you do not require additional evidence to prove exactly how this tragedy occurred. I asked the witness to write. You saw how surprised he was and how he faltered. At length he complied. I asked him if that was his usual hand-writing. He answered yes. I showed him a letter written to a friend and again asked him whether that was his hand-writing and his customary style. You heard him answer in the affirmative. Now, making the widest excuse and allowance for the different circumstances, I can come to no other conclusion—I must—I am forced to charge the witness with an effort to disguise his hand-writing. He swears that both are "his usual style." Both are widely, essentially different; and his swearing must be a mistake. But whether it be a mistake or not, the fact is highly important to me, to my client. The life of that young gentleman, who was no more guilty of murder than I, depends on your attention to this false swearing, or mistake, or discrepancy as the case may be.

'Gentlemen of the Jury, here (holding up for the inspection of the Inquest a soiled and torn piece of paper) this is the point, the fact, on which I rest my case. This is the note addressed by the paramour to his guilty partner making an assignation which left no doubt of its import. Here (he repeated with increasing energy and warmth of manner) is the damning proof of guilt which, while the ink was yet undried upon the paper, was picked up by the wretched young man, who loved his beautiful wife 'not wisely but too well.' Look at it; read it; compare it with the manuscript which is already in your possession. Witness swears that what he has to-day written, is his 'usual' handwriting. When asked whether a certain letter, written by him to a friend on a former occasion, was his 'usual' handwriting, he answered in the affirmative. Both answers cannot be true. You perceive that they differ wide as the poles

asunder. Then again compare the 'Letter' with this piece of paper;—carefully, attentively;—and, tell me if you can that the same hand did not write them! Tell me if you can that you are not of the same mind with me as regards this portion of the evidence! If against me, I regret it did not fall to the lot of some older and wiser head to conduct this defence and convince you that the prisoner, who now stands arraigned before you and trembling on the brink of eternity, is guiltless of murder;—that, impelled by the Devil of passion, over whose influence and agency he had no control, he yielded to an impulse of horrid jealousy—believing his wife unfaithful—and slew her.' This is your principal witness. On him and him alone you have to rely for a conviction;—for all the remaining links of the chain by which you would bind the accused to guilt are dislocated, rusty or broken. If he, from his position and antecedents, be likely to prevaricate, to discolor the truth, to shift, to shuffle, on his oath, to trifle with the solemnity of the occasion, the prisoner should have the benefit of the doubt thus created in your minds touching the testimony adduced against him.' Here the advocate paused to draw breath. He saw that the Jury were intently examining the manuscripts and comparing them. He whispered something hurriedly into Johnson's ear which made the unhappy young man start and grow paler. His eyes were raised to the gallery; and there, her face buried in her hands and her luxuriant curls falling in thick and clustering masses over her temples, was Etty Leach an agonised statue; the tempest of hope, fear, doubt, raging in the innermost temple of her soul, with an external calmness unnatural and assumed. As soon as the Gentleman of the Jury had satisfied their minds with the documents submitted to them and the Court had gone through a similar investigation, Charles Armstrong proceeded:—

And now, Gentlemen of the Jury, that I have thus reasoned, thus made a disposition of my case, although I know it to be unusual, to be inconsistent with the practice of more experienced and astute professional

men than I can ever endeavor to imitate or cope with, I am borne irresistibly onward to say before high Heaven, this Court of Justice and the world, that I believe the accused to be as innocent of the crime of murder, as any of you, sitting in that box. I say so fervently and solemnly, on my soul as a Christian and a man of honor! (Deep sensation and a thrill of satisfaction, amounting to joy throughout the assembly.) Remember the character of the principal witness's testimony. Remember how he dealt with, and regarded those attentions to other men's wives which are the common practice of fashionable Boarding Houses in the city of New York and other large cities. Remember how, when he was pressed on that point, he admitted that his attentions, to the beautiful stranger who fell by her husband's hand, were such as he would not wish other men should pay to his wife had he had one. What are these attentions? what these practices? With a certain class of idle gentlemen, who by inheritance, successful trade, or less honorable means, are able to live without industrial efforts on their part, it is a custom to move about from one boarding house to another to fall in with, if possible, agreeable society and spend their hours in the pursuit and acquisition of pleasure.—It is a fact in every day life, that young married men, subsisting on limited salaries, who are forced to attend many long and weary hours of the day and night to earn their bread by the exercise of their abilities.—Mechanical, Literary, or Professional, have no other resource but the genteel or fashionable boarding house. It is no less a fact that in their unavoidable absence, their unsophisticated, unsuspecting, and fascinating wives are exposed to the lures, the temptations, the seductions incident to this mode of existence. Whilst the husband is necessarily absent in the Counting House, the store, the shop, or the Courts of Law, or the Editorial Room, the wife is, in thousands of instances 'carryin' on,' flirting, coquetting, or courting with her beau. Confident innocence, at first, induces the faithful wife to listen to the compliments and praises of the 'very nice young man,' who

sits at the same table with her and obtains an introduction to her by means of a 'friend,' or the female keeper of the boarding house. From one little 'innocent' freedom to another; from compliment to compliment; from praise to praise; the 'nice young man' proceeds till the barrier of distance and prudence is broken down and a strange familiarity supervenes. If any one were at this stage of the malady to recommend abstinence and caution, the object of it would be overwhelmed with an honest fit of indignant anger. But by and bye the soft word of innocent blandishment glides imperceptibly into the eloquence of passion. The tender and dreamy sigh is heard. The bold glassiness of the eye is noticed. The flush of excitement mantles on the cheek. The fever of desire curls around the lip. The hot palm touches the delicate skin of the loved one. The hand gently encircles the waist. Music, delicious music, is called to the aid of passion. The married woman and her beau intermingle their voices in the love song. In a moment of delirium the 'nice young man' kisses the bared and swelling neck and bosom of his victim. She feels the full force of the electric shock. Her blood is poisoned. Her brain is on fire. Her nervous system reels and rocks. Purity is killed in her soul. She forgets father, mother, family, infancy, girlhood, husband, children, honor. She is lost, ruined, debauched, polluted. She is faithless, false a wreck, a ruin of once pure and holy womanhood!!

A loud and convulsive sob ran from woman to woman in the gallery; and the strong men who occupied the lower benches in the body of the court heaved like the billows of the sea, so strong, eloquent, and forcible was the picture drawn by the young counsellor. At this point of his discourse, Armstrong's eye met that of the prisoner, on whose face large globules of tears were chasing each other like drops of molten lead. This could not pass unnoticed by the judge or jury, who were deeply moved not only at the extraordinary power and glorious triumph of the young advocate but the terrible emotion of the accused.

'Yes, Gentlemen of the Jury,' he continued, 'this is a sad and wretched picture I am forced to draw; but can you put your hands to your hearts, as men of truth and honor, and say it is exaggerated or over-colored. And such was the sad, sad fate of the lovely girl who went prematurely before her God to answer for the guilt of faithlessness to a husband who wore her, the sweet and exquisite diadem of his affections, next his soul. Think of the young man, the prisoner at the bar, moving in elegant and refined society after his marriage. And if I am rightly instructed, such society can be found in the city in Ireland where he was stationed, of the highest, the most intellectual character.'

It is a singular but a true fact that in that land, associated as it is in our minds with all the horrors of oppression and famine and all the neglect, degradation and ignorance of its agricultural population, I mean Ireland, the middle and upper classes of society are educated and refined in the highest possible degree. It is an anomaly, an unnatural and almost incredible state of things, but no less true. Well, there in that fine old city, in the very heart of its best society, surrounded by all the appliances of luxury, even while famine raged around, did this young gentleman bring and support that young wife. He was proud of the pearl he possessed. He lavished on her every endearment he was master of. He brought her with pride and joy into the most aristocratic circles; for this high professional position was a passport to the houses and tables of the exclusive. By the bye it is easier there for the educated and accomplished stranger to get the entree into fashionable and aristocratic society than here even here in this Republican land where pretension and vulgarity, ornamented and graced with dollars and jewels, alone can find admittance. He lived up to his means; for youth and happiness never make calculations for to-morrow; and when he lost his situation by the suspension of the public works, his resources ran rapidly down to actual poverty. His only resource was emigration. He turned his eyes towards this western world

where hospitality gives to the breeze its flag of hope to the weary and the heavily laden; to this western world where the trampled on broken-down persecuted children of Europe can turn their thoughts and seek an asylum, a home, and the sympathizing aid of the generous and the free. When he had resolved to leave his native country, home family, friends, early associations: perhaps forever his soul was instinctively impelled towards our republican shores where equality, fraternity, and liberty combine to bestow hope and promise on the agitated minds; when industry meets its due reward and genius is hailed with generous enthusiasm; where political liberty is guaranteed by the popular instinct, and Religion own no protection save in the consciences of men; where the martyr in the cause of Freedom is received and cherished as a brother and hailed and honored as of eminence and distinction. If, continued the speaker, turning his eyes up to Heaven and raising his voice—there be on this earth anything for which I am particularly grateful to the Divinity, it is that I was bestowed the privilege of having been born an American; of drawing my first breath among the lovers and advocates of the sovereignty of man. I am grateful to the Great Ruler of the universe that I have been born an American; if it were only to enjoy the privilege of healing the wounds and restoring and raising the drooped soul and spirits of the oppressed. Oh eternal and just God, when I look abroad and see the savage tyranny practised against humanity in the name of Law and order in European countries; when I see the millions starved by wicked misgovernment in a land of plenty: the peasant population ground down, debased, tantalised by their lords; when I see the inheritance of man—freedom—obliterated by military tyranny, and individual will take the place of constitutional authority; when I see aristocracies rioting in luxury and debauchery, perpetrating robberies on his neighbor, denying education to the masses, reducing the serf to the lowest scale of humanity, casting the poor christian like a rotten weed outside the garden-gate or into

the pauper prison, there to weigh the amount of the coarsest, cheapest, and worst kind of food against the sands of life; when I find the duties of rank and station and property forgotten or laughed at, and the rights of the governed assailed, invaded, trampled on; when I see all this, and behold the condition of God's image as he lands on these shores from Ireland—the filthy, emaciated, idiotic, horrible aspects presented by a people who were once 'their country's pride,' a bold and stalwart peasantry; I give glory to God in the highest heavens that I am an American, covered and protected by the 'stars and stripes.' (A loud burst of applause followed at the end of this animated appeal.) Of this American country and people had Johnson heard much, and about them pondered much, till the desire to come here entered his soul. He came in the hope, and trust, and lightness of heart. He was young, energetic, able and determined to work. His wife and child—both beautiful as the warmest imagination can picture—stimulated him to exertion. His love for them knew no limit or measurement. It was impossible to gauge the amount or strength of his affection. Ah, 'tis hard to tell the depth and fervor of man's love when his soul is concentrated by the glories of virtue, purity, and beauty in woman! 'Tis hard to mirror man's feelings when the hope and joy, and glory of the domestic affections irradiate his heart. The dark journey of life is illumined by such glimpses of heaven. Like the eloquent episode or apostrophe in an argumentative oration, woman's love and tenderness lighten the tedium, the sameness, the weariness, the lumber of life. Whether the Gentlemen of the Jury can enter into my feelings or not I can't say; but to me Johnson's condition of mind when he discovered the warping of his wife's soul is plain. I am a single man, gentlemen, a young man; but I have lived long enough to select an object of affection. I do not mean to obtrude my personal affairs upon you when I say that I hold her an idol.—Yes, Gentlemen, I am not ashamed to say so, I love an object worthy of man's most faithful and ardent affections. Nor does it

alter or depreciate my parallel when I declare my conviction that my passion is unreturned and may never be blessed with success. The lady to whom I allude, is far above my poor ambition; but believe me, she possesses in a high degree those qualities which are a glory and a bewitching power to her sex. If I were, by any possible combination of circumstances, fortunate enough to be blessed by a return of that feeling which is inextricably intermingled with every emotion of my being, and that she—my adored and beautiful wife—were to be assailed by the tempter and be lost in the tempest to herself, to me, and the world, how could I account for that derangement of the reasoning faculties; that hurricane of the soul by which the mind is dashed to pieces on the breakers of despair; as to blame the prisoner for his act and call it murder! No, Gentlemen, no, it was no murder, although I am not here to palliate the Homicide. In his own soul, in the temple of his own judgment, in his moment of returning reason and reflection he has that punishment more bitter, more terrible than the gibbet or the guillotine. I address you as husbands, fathers, lovers, men; and conjure you by every memory of affections trampled and hopes destroyed; by every feeling which generosity, pity, and sorrow can supply; by your regret for the trials and temptations to which erring mortals are exposed; to take this poor stranger's case into consideration; to wipe from his brow the damning stain of murderous intention. His fate in this life and his hopes of a future hang upon your verdict. Remember his motherless infant; that child that must stand to him hereafter in place of her whom his uncontrollable passion sent into eternity in a moment of delirium when the temple of reason was levelled to the earth. And should you pronounce him innocent of the dark deed with which he is charged, believe me you will lay your heads on your pillows this evening with the conviction that you have discharged your conscience, before God and the world, before society and your fellow men, with integrity, honesty, and truth, as between the prisoner and the people. With every confidence in your

right feeling, correct judgment, merciful consideration, and regard for severe justice, I leave his life, his hopes, his emotions, in your hands !'

The advocate sat down, having made a brilliant appeal, of which this report is but a mere and faint outline, quite overpowered by his exertions, cold perspiration streaming from his temples. No sense of what was due to the dignity of the court could suppress the outburst of enthusiasm to which the audience gave vent. The smothered thunder of applause murmured through the hall, and hands were clapped in ecstasy at the eloquent ability and fervor of the speech for the defence. Whatever verdict the jury might bring in, the glorious triumph of the advocate was complete. It was a grand victory of genius and talent, impelled and moved by the throbbings of affection and generosity. How did Etty feel? What were her thoughts and imaginings? It would be difficult to describe the tumult of pride, joy, and hope which filled her soul. Before she left the gallery, where she remained so long an excited spectator, she vowed a deep, fervent, and hallowed vow that her hand—come what would—should never be given to other than Charles Armstrong. She was his, mind, body and soul, for better for worse, for richer and poorer, until death should dissolve the compact, just as much as if the priest of God had tied the bonds of matrimony as fast as the church ordains it. The jury having consulted for half an hour, came into court with a verdict of 'Not guilty of murder.' The auditory testified their feelings by another outbreak of satisfaction, and both counsel and prisoner were congratulated on the result of the trial. Johnson wept like an infant. The sluices of his heart were opened. He thought of her whom he had sacrificed, and called upon her spirit to look down on and forgive him as he forgave her. The bright and sparkling smiles of his beautiful infant were before him; and he passed his second self in imagination to his breast. Both advocate and prisoner, accompanied by the benevolent Redmonds, left the court together.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE name of Charles Armstrong the able and eloquent young lawyer who successfully defended Johnson, was on every tongue. The Daily papers gave him unlimited praise; particularly for the excoriating he gave the fashionable boarding houses and the 'nice young men,' who go about and make it a pastime to undermine the virtue and ruin the characters of every young married woman with whom they may happen to come into contact. The happiness of poor Etty was unbounded. She made no concealment of her feelings. They were legible on her beautiful and ingenuous brow. Her color was more of the rose than ever. Her smile played with more freedom and archness around her chiseled lips and she spoke more freely and frequently with her than before. The old commodore had a severer fit of his tantalising complaint than usual; and his temper was, accordingly, ruffled and fidgety. 'Etty, Etty, don't squeeze the bandage so tight. Your fingers are not so cunning as they used to be.'

'Indeed, uncle, I do not wish to give you pain. I would much prefer being afflicted myself—'

'With the gout, is it, you baggage?' and the millionaire ran his shriveled fingers through the thick curls of the maiden, and stroked down her cheeks with the most affectionate admiration.

'Not exactly with the gout, uncle; for that is too *gentlemanly* a complaint for a lady; but, sincerely, your pain of body gives me pain of mind.'

'God bless you, God bless you, my child! I know, I know it. Poor Rickoff I pity you.' Etty's brow darkened and the color receded from her cheek.

'Hold on girl, hold on, I don't mean to torment you any further about *him* but if I was a young man like him I would take a refusal by such as you, deeply to heart. That's my idea! That's what I meant to say when he storm began to settle on your sweet countenance.'

'I don't wish to marry, uncle, I don't wish to leave you.'

'Then come to my old arms, my darling Etty. Marry or no marry, there you shall be while Jack Armstrong is afloat. There now don't cry so. Don't destroy your eyes by such bitter tears.'

'Not bitter, uncle, they are tears of gratitude and love. They are merely the overflowing of the heart—my heart—when you speak to me so.'

'And so I am the favored one, eh?' continued he getting into good humor again, 'I am the possessor of your affections, eh? I am the accepted admirer of Miss Etty Leach, am I? Is there no other.—Ha! Avast heaving there! what color is red! well, well, never mind. I see it all, I see it all.'

Etty buried her face in her uncle's bosom.

'Yes, yes, I see it all. I understand what's what. Nature will have its way.—Youth and truth cannot be separated. Did you hear anything of or see Charles Armstrong these few days past.'

Etty started, tossed back her classic head, and replied with much dignity.

'No, uncle; I have not seen him since the trial.'

'You were at the trial.'

'I was.'

'And so was I.'

'I was anxious, uncle, to behold Charles make a successful professional commencement. There was much public interest about the trial; and I was among other ladies, as a spectator in the gallery of the court house.'

'I was much delighted, uncle, more than I can tell.'

'And so was I, who am no lover such as you.'

'Oh, uncle!'

'It is so; and I know it. Charles is a fine, noble fellow, who, like a man, put his hand to the plough to carve out independence for himself. He will be sure to make a fortune.'

'God in Heaven bless you, uncle, for those words.'

You love Charles, Etty.'

Etty reddened to the ears and temples.—Heaven never painted the human countenance

more exquisitely. It was one rich ensanguined stream poured out by joy from the heart, sent to traverse under the softest and most delicate integument of snow that ever covered the 'human face divine.'

'I do,' said Etty modestly, but firmly, and her bosom heaved like an ocean billow; 'I do, uncle, from you I have no disguise.'

'I had intended a higher fate for you, Etty. I had fondly supposed that, as Mrs. Rickoff, you would see some of the greatest people in Europe, and carry everything before you here in your native city. Besides, the Chevalier (as they call him) is a jolly dog, a witty fellow, full of fun, and very rich.'

'Uncle, I am deeply, oh how deeply, grateful for your tender and warm desire for my happiness; but there is as much difference between the poor Charles Armstrong (whose soul is a deep fountain of honor) and Mr. Chevalier Rickoff as there is between the diamond and the piece of paste.'

Etty waxed strongly eloquent. She was a glorious portrait, then.

'Well, well,' said the old commodore; 'we shan't dispute the point. The matter, is all settled now.'

'How, dearest uncle!'

'Heigho! I suppose this young lawyer will win the prize after all.'

'I never gave him any encouragement; on the contrary I told him, I never could entertain his addresses without your consent.'

'Glorious and noble girl, your pure soul and gentle and generous spirit, is an example for imitation by your sex.'

'Such praise from you, uncle, is music too sweet for my poor, weak understanding.'

'Etty.'

'Uncle.'

'Invite Charles Armstrong, with your own fingers, in my name, to dine with us tomorrow. I want to know more about the young scamp. I have been too cold and distant to him. We shall see, we shall see.'

Having said so much and being relieved a good deal from pain, the rough but gener-

ous old man dozed off, in his easy chair into an agreeable slumber.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEN Irvine Forrester's suspicions of his wife's purity and faithfulness were once signally aroused, the storm within raged with fearful fury. It is hard to measure by words the amount of poignant feeling which a full consciousness of infidelity in the partner of one's soul generates. At one terrible blow the joys of a life are demolished. By one simoom-blast the theory of a life's happiness is demolished. None can fathom the depth of misery but he who feels the strong pulse of a trusting love beating in his bosom. When he read the poetical and guilty letter through and paused and pondered awhile over its contents, a thousand minute circumstances, before unnoticed and unrecorded, came back with a strong power of memory before his imagination. He saw before him the beautiful and accomplished being whose affection he conceived was unaltered; her who, but a few short years previously, stood with him a blushing bride at the altar; sunk to the very chin in pollution—a debauched and deflowered wanton. Oh, God, it is an awful passage in the short existence of any man to be obliged to look on her whom he adored and for whom he lived and toiled as a guilty and rotten weed to be flung away upon the highways of the world. Why she had preserved such a letter, unless it were through an ominous fatalism for which we sometimes cannot account, was to him a strange and unaccountable riddle! But there it was, seething over with hot and prurient imaginings, boiling and burning with conceptions of impure and carnal joys tasted and to be tasted. What was he to do? That they could not live together, he without hesitation, concluded. And he proposed it to her at their interview, stating his discovery and reading the contents for her and elucidating their meaning as he went along.

'I saw this man,' said he to her, 'at the hotel at Cincinnati, taking freedoms with

your person which, at the moment, surprised me, but I was easily appeased.'

'You wrong me, Irvine,' said the trembling and weeping criminal, 'you wrong me; indeed you do. Appearances were against me; but that was a mere phrenological examination. He was feeling the developments of my head.'

'No, no, no; it was too plain and palpable, I now remember all! his excited look and ardent manner.'

'Indeed, you mistake; on my soul you do, I might have been light, frivolous, imprudent; but not guilty.'

'Would an innocent woman keep this loathsome letter for months, if she did not gloat over its contents again and again?'

'It was thrown carelessly bye. It was too foolish and worthless to pay any particular attention to it; whether to preserve it or not.'

'Was it not the part of a virtuous and faithful wife, when a puppy and a black-guard had so offended against decency and delicacy as to indite such an insulting epistle, to hand it over to him she loved and respected, and let him deal with it accordingly?'

'I did not wish to disturb or annoy your mind; or I should have done so.'

'The true, the straightforward, the upright, the honorable course is always best. A pure and good woman would never hesitate in a case of that kind.'

'Then you do not believe what I say. Let me, on my knees, swear to you before God and the world, in the most solemn and earnest manner, as I wished to be saved by the just and merciful—by the Father of Heaven—'

'Stop, unhappy woman—stop, and add not a terrible blasphemy to your other transgressions.'

The injured husband's voice quivered and the big tear rolled down his cheek. He stretched his hand forward with a view to lift her from the ground. She waved him off and continued:

'As I expect salvation in a world to come and by all that is dear to the human soul, here and hereafter, I swear that to you, Irvine Forrester, I have never proved untrue

as a wife, whether in act or idea.' She clasped her hands and looked up to Heaven with all the appearance of sincerity.

'Catherine,' responded her husband, in broken accents and with a husky voice, 'we must separate. But I will break your fall by concealing for ever from mortal knowledge the causes which have led to our separation. I shall provide handsomely for you.'

The awful load of misery and remorse which she felt weighing down her soul was lightened as if by magic. The tightened band which had been squeezed around her bursting brain became loosened. She breathed more freely and soon entered into the proposed arrangement.

* * * * *

'It is as I anticipated, Margaret: he has discovered all.'

'All! discovered all do you say, Catten?'

'He has discovered that silly letter; and his mind is irrevocably fixed.'

'No chance of softening the brute—is there not?'

'No chance! He spoke very handsomely of a settlement.'

'Good! How much?'

'He did not say; but I am sure it will be generous and liberal.'

'Then you can be your own mistress! How I should like to be you! I'd give him plenty of cause for the green-eyed monster!'

'Oh, Catten, you are a horrid woman!'

'Very horrid indeed! what, only to follow the inclinations of nature! merely to bend to the preference of intellectual promptings! to yield to those mystic influences which are a part of woman's being! Very horrid truly!'

'I fear the tide of unpopularity is setting in against the views and principles of our set.'

'You allude to that trial and young Armstrong's speech?'

'Yes; it was a very eloquent denunciation and very telling against the freedom we were contending for and acquiring.'

'They say that he has won his way to

the heart of that bread and butter beauty, Miss Leach, and that the 'old Commodore' is completely conquered to his side.'

'Tis most strange how we failed in attaching her to our connexion. She would be a priceless acquisition.'

'She is one of the very proper Miss Nothings of the day.'

'Have you seen Coward, Smadcraft, or Rickoff lately?'

'They have got some wind of your affair. The servants, I fear, have been blabbing. Coward endeavored to pump me about the state of affairs. What about the other letters?'

'I have destroyed them. Would that I did so to all before now.'

'Cheer up. It is ridiculous to be down-hearted. You will be happier than ever relieved from your bondage. What are your plans?'

'I shall go and live with Madame Guerites. Her wit and sparkling conversation will lighten my load of annoyance. Our associations will be sprightly and spiritual.'

'About Forrester; what does he mean to do?'

'He requires a divorce without making any public reference to the cause of separation.'

'Then I should insist on a generous allowance.'

'What would you call generous?'

'Two thousand dollars a year. You can't support your rank and standing in society for less.'

'I shall demand fifteen hundred at all events, and not be satisfied with less.'

'Well, if you can't get more do not think of a smaller sum. Mrs. Gillis asks us over this evening. You will go along; will you not?'

'Most certainly. I shall take care and put the best face on the matter. Nobody shall dream the cause as far as I am concerned.'

And thus talked these two sisters, who received the advantages of the best education; who had genius and talent in abundance; but whose moral faculties were dis-

ordered and debauched by the horrid isms of the day, and wrenched out of their natural and appropriate developments by the absurd and criminal pursuit of the new theory of 'Woman's Rights.' The sweet and holy influences of religion were disregarded and despised, and the teachings of Communism and Fourierism adopted and acted upon in their stead.

Poor Forrester little knew the extent of the wrong perpetrated against him, or the loose and rampant code of honor and conduct in which those so closely associated with him believed as a faith and made the practice of their lives.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE quiet and noiseless separation of the fond husband and faithless wife had taken place. The latter removed for a short while to the residence and into the bosom of a respectable family to save appearances.—Thence she took up her abode in a fashionable neighborhood where the characterless and immoral men about town, by whose means all her husband's troubles and her own were engendered, continued to visit her. This Forrester became aware of, and the fact entered deep into his soul as an additional and cruel wrong. About this period, likewise, the quarrel between the two great dramatic performers of the day came again once more on the tapis and engaged public attention. After a successful tour in the South and West, in several large cities, where the Englishman, impelled by a ferocious feeling of revenge, made speeches and alluded to the cause of dispute between himself and his great rival, he returned to New York to fulfil "another" farewell engagement. Mrs. Forrester openly espoused the cause of her countryman, and made no bones of declaring that her husband had been, and was entirely in fault. This again came to his ears and drove him to the verge of madness. He argued with himself that she might have been imprudent and foolish in the company of men, but that there was a possibility of her innocence of actual infidelity.

But when he found that her tongue ran riot about him and that she openly charged him with having been the only party at fault in the personal controversy between him and his professional rival, he was obliged to conclude in his own mind that her heart and feelings were diseased to the utmost and her honor irretrievably gone. He cast about to discover further proofs; and it occurred naturally to him that his domestics must be aware of facts and circumstances which would throw light on the subject. It was a distasteful and disagreeable task; but he was determined to go through with it.—The girl Glimpsey had become married to a Southern merchant and moved in a respectable station. The great difficulty was how to approach her. But a person with an iron resolution and will such as his, and with pecuniary means such as he was possessed, the difficulty was overcome. We shall see how.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE wronged husband employed an agent in New Orleans to ferret out the woman who, he was convinced, could afford him the details he sought. And now might we not canvass the agitated point whether it was honorable or not for a suspicious husband, who found such a letter as came into his possession, to institute inquiries on this point. The agreement to separate was caused by the wife's going to Mrs. Lureies' party against the remonstrance and command of her husband, the discovery of the letter, and the scene which ensued. But when he learned that she continued to entertain and know doubtful characters only; to form such associations as that of a talented communist who came to America to inculcate and practice her irreligious theories; that her tongue ran riot against him, who deserved better from her; was it surprising that he should have a thorough moral conviction of her entire guilt and irrevocable abandonment? Was it strange that he should resort to means which would legally separate his name and fate from such a connexion? was it ungentlemanly, unmanly,

or improper in him to do all in his power to obtain positive proof of her guilt?

Such a charge has been brought against him. Bitterly and mercilessly has he been assailed for his course. But we are convinced that sober, sound thought of public opinion will justify him; and that, when the sympathy for feminine defence (which are honorable to humanity, however mistaken they may be) shall have been dissipated by further revelations, those who have exclaimed against him will be the first to ask forgiveness for the injuries done him.

The result of the mission to New Orleans was attended with success. Mrs. Towers, who had resided for a time in Texas, had returned to Louisiana and there was but small difficulty in discovering her whereabouts. Her husband married with the full knowledge of her having been victimized by Coward. And when he was spoken to about the desired testimony and discovered that she had important information to impart he had no hesitation to conclude that she was bound by every feeling of propriety and justice to do so. She sailed for New York and had, upon arrival, an immediate interview with her former employer.

They met at the residence of one of Mr. Forrester's friends up town; and a scene ensued of the painfullest interest.

'Anna, I have ever behaved well to you.'

'You have, sir.'

'I am sincerely pleased with your prosperity.'

'I believe you, sir.'

'Nothing but sheer and absolute necessity could force me to ask you to bear testimony against Mrs. Forrester; for she, too, (here his voice faltered) was your friend.'

'Yes, at one time; but—'

'I know. You mean Coward's case.'

'It was a cruel wrong to me to save herself by stopping my mouth.'

'Then she is guilty as I suspected.'

'I don't know; but I saw her as I told you.'

'In Coward's bed?'

'Yes!'

Oh God of Heaven! Am I not a wretched man? How did you discover it?'

'On that night, particularly, she requested me to sleep with her. I suppose it was because Mr. Coward slept in the spare bedroom; and she did not wish to be alone so near him or let the servants see she was.'

'Well!'

'I was either asleep or she thought I was when she left me and, in her night clothes, moved on tiptoe thro' the short hall-way into the spare bed room.'

'Did you see her? Was your eye on her all the time?'

'When she moved, being a heavy woman the bed we slept on cracked, and I was startled from my slumber. I saw her as plainly as I see you, move along and enter the other room on tiptoe.'

'What did you think, then?'

'Of you; and how you were betrayed!—Young and thoughtless as I was I said to myself it was a cruel shame to treat you so.'

'Did you rise out of bed and follow her?'

'Not then; but when she did not come back soon I began to cry. I don't know why; but my heart was bursting with sorrow and vexation.'

'And then.'

'I moved out of bed. There was a small lamp burning on the table. I took that and went into the spare bed-room.'

'And when you went in what—'

'I saw Mrs. Forrester asleep; in the same bed with Coward; her hand and arm thrown across his chest and her head resting on his bosom.'

'Was he asleep, likewise?'

'Yes; he slept heavily, like a man who had taken drink.'

'I don't think you will deceive me. You could hardly be mistaken; could you?'

'Oh, no sir; it was too plain and palpable.'

'What occurred then?'

'I began to cry. Mrs. Forrester awoke and said to me, "Is that Anna? What brought you there? What's the matter girl?'

'I said I was afraid to sleep alone. Go to bed, silly girl, said she, I'll come to you presently.'

'Was there anything particular in her

appearance that evening?"

"Nothing very particular; except the loud talking and laughing."

"Had she the appearance of drink?"

"Not much."

"There was some appearance."

"Yes; she had drank some wine and looked a good deal flushed."

"She returned to bed soon after that; did she?"

"In about twenty minutes?"

"You had some conversation?"

"Yes; she asked me why I cried. I told her I was lonesome. She said she only went in there to see if there were sheets on the bed. I said, 'I saw you in bed with Howard?'"

"What did she say to that?"

"She said, 'oh nonsense, I was only romping with the fellow! When I went to look after the sheets he caught me, and we 'carried on' a little.'"

"Did you believe her?"

"No sir. I thought matters went farther than mere romping."

"Did she say anything more to you?"

"She told me not to mention any thing I saw occurring in the house; to say nothing about it to anybody."

"And you are ready to testify to these matters in a Court of Justice?"

"I am. I conceive I am bound by duty to God and man, to tell the whole truth whenever I am called on to do so."

Relying on this, with other testimony of a like kind, Irvine Forrster committed his case in the hands of 'Prince John' (as Van Jure'en, the idol lawyer of the B'boys is familiarly termed;) while the lady secured the services of the bitter, cutting, but able O'Stunner, who took up her case and went into it with a rush! Meanwhile the 'superannuated humbug,' who came from England to fill his pockets with American gold, advertised his 'farewell to the stage forever' dodge and created, thereby, a 'powerful sensation' in the Empire City. The reported separation and the rival performances, (for McRedding was at the Astor Opera while Forrster was playing the same role at Broadway,) intermingled and interwoven

as they were, created a fever of excitement throughout the great metropolis which has had but few parallels. All classes and parties, high, low, and middling, became interested; and by some irresistible impulse, people were drawn and attached to one side against the other.

At first a merely personal question, which was important to nobody save the persons concerned, it soon assumed a national hue. From Forrster and McRedding, it became England and America. Each professional had his party; staunch, firm and true. And the discussion, everywhere, in every corner of the city, about the rival claims of these men and the contemplated divorce case soon swelled these parties into factions. The eloquent demagogue of the groggery; the gifted reporter at his desk; the lawyer in the hall of justice; the citizen soldier at parade; the lady in the drawing-room; the servant in the pantry; all discussed this case with intense animation; often with hot anger. Day after day the newspapers discussed the matter; some for, others against. The Wall street organs who fed on the pap of English advertising patronage most surely went to the side of the 'foreigner,' because they were guided and influenced by self-interest. The 'penny papers,' which went into the hands of the 'unterrified,' and required a sustained circulation, advocated with all their might the claims of the *native American*. The difficulties and differences went into the family circle; and it was often found that persons quarrelled on the merits of the case at the same table. It was a singular and melancholy instance of popular folly for which there is no accounting. That society should be pulled by the ears and yield to anger and violence—because two individuals had a mere personal and professional quarrel—is beyond comprehension. Even the national hue, unnaturally imparted to it, will hardly explain. Of what consequence could it be whether the English or American tragedian were the abler histrionic? Genius and talent do not exclusively belong to any country or race. They are perennial and universal. They recognise no geographical boundary. They are a gift

of God to man wherever we find him. What matter whether the McReddin or Forrster gelding leaped the ditch or won the race? It was so, however; and superiority was claimed by contending parties for one above the other, till the whole city groaned under the load of the subject, and there was a universal nightmare of Hamlets, Macbeths, and Othellos operating upon the entire population.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Charles Armstrong was invited to Fifth Avenue by Etty's own hand. Nancy Goggin was the bearer. The letter must be delivered that forenoon by some trusty hand.

"Is it here Counsellor Armstrong lives?—My God, this place is very close! (badly ventilated) ugh! ugh!" said Nancy, as she pushed her way into an office in Nassau street, up three stories in the rear.

"Yes, walk in Madame."

The narrow professional apartment and the dark passage leading to it was crowded with a motely throng of clients. A middle aged man with a semi-balled head, one eye totally gone, and a rugged complexion, was taking instructions and arranging the details of each case. Here was a sailor in nautical trim; a blue jacket lined with silk; a chequered shirt with a turned down collar; a cluster of black corkscrew natural curls falling over a bronzed face; no vest; and white pants without braces. His story was plain enough. He had only landed the evening before and got paid off. He accompanied a friend to a portion of the city where he made too free with some cursed apple jack rum. He got top-heavy and lost his money; some \$250! There was a young man from Vermont as verdant as the greenest mountain of that picturesque State. He had been captivated by the eloquence of that most eloquent of all vagabonds—Peter Funk. He bought a gold watch, chain and seals at one of the Broadway man-trap establishments which bring down such a deluge of disgrace upon civilisation. It was,

as a matter of course, galvanized, frippery and comparatively worthless
Going—going—gone.

The Vermonter's mouth open; his eyes distended: his hat on the back of his head; his hands dancing a hornpipe over golden five dollar pieces and silver half dollars intermingled in his breeches pockets.

Going at ten and a half, an a half, an a half, an—

"Stop, yeow sir, if you please, what did yeow say was the price of that yer'n watch an' chain?"

"Did you want an article of that kind," said a very respectable and kind gentleman looking on, who appeared to take a deep interest in the auction, tipping the Vermonter lightly and with gentlemanly grace on the shoulder.

"Yees, Mister, I did want a geould watch an' a rale geould choin like. Did you want one too?"

"I have taken a great fancy to the present article, and would be obliged to you not to bid any thing over me."

"Well neow, though I loike that ere, I think what you say is fair anyhow. Go ahead!"

The watch and appendages was knocked down to the Rev'n'd Mr. Puffer of Twentieth street, pastor of the Baptist Church in—street.

Another magnificent watch and chain was put up at the request of the Reverend Doctor for his generous young friend from the eastern states. The bidding proceeded. It was languid at first; then it plucked up a little; then it became exciting. One old man with a white face, high, projecting teeth, and a smile born in the lowest pit of a nameless region, overbid a dollar each time.

"Well neow," said the Vermonter, "that aint hardly fair of that old gentleman. I wants that watch an' I didn't interfere widh yeow. Wouldn't you say a word to him for me same as you spoke for yourself. I am sorry, doctor, but —"

The minister spoke a word in the old man's ear

'Going—thirty-five—five—five—five—five and —'

'Forty!' bawled in the Vermonter, at the top of his voice.

Down came the hammer with a thunderer and over was handed *another* watch to the gratified and delighted Yankee. When he examined it at his leisure and showed it to others 'who knew,' it was pronounced worth about seven dollars; a piece of gaudium tawdry and worthless. The Rev. Mr. Puffer was looked for in vain; and the poor dupe came to the 'rising young lawyer,' Charles Armstrong, to take his case in hands. The above is a phonetic note of the instructions given to and taken down in short hand by the attorney's clerk. In another corner of the room was an Irish emigrant, robbed by one of the land shark tribe. He had arrived a week previously. This man might be about 36 years old. He brought with him eight in family. He was a 'gentleman farmer' in Ireland, who belonged to a class not remarkable for thrift or provident ideas. While the sun shone he was as happy as an emperor. He danced. He sung. He hunted. He raced. He fished. And when the cloud came and darkness surrounded his path he drank because 'things went against him.' Oh, melancholy and fatal indulgence; how much ruin hast thou not wrought to mankind, and particularly to unhappy Ireland! The 'gentleman farmer' fell in with a 'boy' from his own neighborhood. They 'took a dhrop together.' The citizen drilled and accustomed to the ways of the metropolis showed the 'greenhorn' the 'elephant.' He took him and his 'eight in family' to his boarding house for a week; at the end of which a bill of FORTY DOLLARS OR EIGHT POUNDS sterling was brought. The poor Irish 'gentleman farmer' had not more than three times forty dollars in the world! What was he to do? He heard of the 'rising young lawyer' and thought he would place his case before him sooner than be robbed out of \$40 for himself, his wife, five children, and a servant maid (!) Such were the items detailed by the Irishman to the clerk, who noted them all with great perspicuity.

It is hardly necessary to introduce any other characters of the throng which filled up the professional boudoir of Charles Armstrong, who, but a few days previously, had not 'a brief in his bag.' Nancy Goggin was edging her way with great industry of will but much waste of lungs into the presence chamber where Charles was intently perusing some law authorities which bore on a particular case with which he was engaged. She once more repeated the question.

'Is Counsellor Armstrong at home?' with an unmistakable salvo of an Irish brogue.

'To be shure he is ma'am,' responded the voice of the clerk, imitating or attempting to imitate the pronunciation of Nancy's words or the brogue which time could not remove from her tongue.

'Have the kindness to inform me who imitated this young woman's mode of speaking,' said Charles raising his head from the book over which he pored and stepping hastily forward, 'pray inform me if you please, Mr. O'Moore.'

'I did, Mr. Armstrong,' said the clerk; 'nor did I imagine it anything bordering on impropriety. You, I am to suppose from your manner, think differently.'

'I do think so, Mr. O'More; but let us pass that for the present. Nancy Goggin, (addressing the abigail,) I am glad to see you. Please to walk in. How is my esteemed namesake? And how is Miss Leach?'

'Miss Leach how are you?' ejaculated Nancy, with a bitter grunt. 'Pon my soul that's not what she deserves from you! But you're gettin' too grand an' grate out an' out, so you are! Well, no matter. When you hadn't the good comin' into you an' the good luck flowin' in upon you she was the same, so she was! Miss Leach, how are you?'

'Excuse me, Nancy, I had no right to speak of the young lady in any more familiar terms.'

'Yiss you had, every right; for she thinks more ov you than you think, so she does. An' so does the owld man, bad an' cross as he is, so he does. Here's her letter, which I brought widh my own hands for

feared the carrier would not bring it safe or quick enough.'

Charles anxiously grasped the letter. His whole nature was changed. The icy coldness which marked his manner thawed suddenly; and the warm blood of joy and hope tingled in his veins. Just as the murky cloud which covers the face of the natural world gives way before the quivering beams of warm sunshine and the whole aspect of creation is illumined by its rays; so did the sight of Etty's hand-writing irradiate the soul of Charles till gladness and happiness were written legibly on his features. The invitation was for that day. The hour five o'clock. The place—but we may rest satisfied that no previous engagement was pleaded to relieve his embarrassment. He dressed with great care. That is to say he omitted nothing which a gentleman should remember in the arrangement of his toilet. He was precisely at five in the drawing-room at Fifth avenue.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

'MR. CHARLES has cum, Sir.'

'Has he? well that's kind of him with his large business.'

'Oh, bigorries 'tis the great business he has shure enough. The place was full when I went down wid the letter.'

'A great many clients eh? well the professional prospects of the young men are very encouraging.'

'Yiss Sur, grand entirely! How is the gout to-day? Fakes, you look quiet and airy, thank God, Sir!'

'I am free from pain thank you, Nancy. You are a good and affectionate creature.—To be sure you have your own peculiarities; but you are faithful and kind. When she is gone—married, I mean—Etty I speak of—I will have nobody to look to me but you.'

Nancy was obliged to put her apron to her eyes. They were wet with tears. Tears of mingled feelings of gratitude and regret. When she was gone! Well, it was a hard thing to bear. And the ancient abigail loved deeply and fervently the beautiful young

woman she saw grow from an infant. To part with her and see her given over to a husband with new duties, new relations, new emotions, was a trial. Certainly it was. A trial to both—to the old commodore and to her.

'Miss Etty won't leave you, sir, God forbid!'

'I know better than that. Her young heart has made its choice. And as the birds of the air, as soon as they get fledged, fly away from the nests where they were born and reared, so is it natural—quite natural—for such a girl as my niece to seek her mate and fly away from me.'

'Yiss, sur, you mane that she will marry?'

'I do. Don't you think it likely she will change her condition?'

'Shure it wouldnt be surprisin' at all; so it wouldnt.'

'What do you think of this young namesake and relative of mine for a husband for Etty? Eh, Nancy? Let me have your mind?'

The millionaire was tying the usual heavy bow of his white neck tie before a huge mirror in his dressing-room, whilst Nancy, as was her wont, was dressing on her fingers the very natural curls of his admirably manufactured wig.

'Come Nancy—as he finished the knot to his satisfaction—let me have your mind on the subject.'

'Is it Mither Charles, you mean, sir?'

'Certainly it is. I mean to ask what you think of him as a husband for Miss Leach.'

The smile of satisfaction and pride which played around the thin and fleshless lips of Nancy Goggin was unmistakable. It was a picture for an artist! She loved Etty.—She admired Charles. She venerated and loved the old man. She was proud to be asked an opinion by him. She was rejoiced to have it in her power to speak affirmatively of the "bachelor." She was happy to add her testimony of Etty's choice. She had the last curl of the peruke wound up on her finger, and the mingled feelings above described lighting and irradiating her counte-

nance, when she looked up in his face and said—

'He's a grate cheat if he does not make her happy.'

'That is hardly an answer.'

'T'would be hard to meet her match any how.'

'You are still beating round the bush, why don't you answer straight out without circumlocution!'

'If he does not make her happy nobody can; that's my opinion.'

'Do you hear, woman: don't irritate me. Why do you not answer the question? What do you think of Charles as a husband for Etty?'

'I think he'll make a good one. The devil a better you could find in the two baronies! There—is that an answer! ugh!'

'I knew that *would* be your reply, old woman.'

'Ould woman, how are you! Pon my sowl I expected better manners from you! Ould woman, indeed! But I'll bear it all for Miss Etty's sake.'

'Forgive me, Nanno. I did not intend to offend you. But, hang it, I am in good humor to-day and must have my way.'

'Murther Charles will make a good husband, sir,' retorted the abigail, softened by the millionaire. 'He's a gentleman every inch of him. Proud without being haughty, generous, open-hearted, and good. I know him as well as if I saw his heart with a looking-glass.'

'Now your tongue begins to wag.'

'I watched him for many a long day, an' I never saw anything afther him or by him but what everybody, priest, bishop, an' all, should like.'

'He has a warm advocate in you, Miss Goggin.'

'When he came in or went out the smile was always on his lip an' the sunbeams of truth on his brow. There was not a wrinkle or a frown of doubt, bad temper, or anger about him; so there wasn't.'

'You draw a very flattering picture, Nanno.'

'An' he always said so sweet, when he come in or went out, 'How do you, Nancy,

or 'Good bye, Nanno,' or 'I am sorry to give you so much trouble, Miss Goggin.' An' his voice was so silvery an' sweet. There was so much music in it! Just for all the world like Maurice Daly playing the Jew's Harp near Lady's Well long ago.'

'An eloquent pleader, by Jupiter!'

'That's Mither Charles, shure enuf, sir. An' he will make a great man yet; so he will! An' bad cess to the man in New York so fit for darling Etty—God bless and protect her—as he is; so there isn't.'

The wig was handed over. The white neck tie was properly adjusted. The dining coat was donned. And Nancy went to order dinner.

Meanwhile Etty welcomed Charles in the drawing-room, with great cordiality, and explained to him the pleasure it gave her to communicate the commands of her uncle to him that forenoon.

'I need not, Etty, say how delighted I was to receive your note.' The possession of your hand-writing was to me an unspeakable joy.'

Etty changed color, and the tumult began to rage in her feelings. The nervous system is a beautiful curiosity.

'Charles,' said she, in low tones, 'I am not permitted by my sense of duty, to dilate on such topics. But I suppose it is not improper in me to say how proud I am of your success.'

'My success is a thousand fold greater, more desirable to me, from the fact of the interest you evince in it.'

'There is no selfishness in my satisfaction. To me Charles Armstrong was the same, with or without fame or fortune.—My father's friend and my adored mother's favorite never forfeited my esteem. So success or no success it was all the same.'

'I know it,' said Charles. 'Thank God human nature has some glories yet to boast of! I know it,' said Charles, 'why should I not? There are yet Etty Leaches in the world?'

'Don't spoil me, Charles, by such delicious flattery. I have a tough mind, but hardly strong enough to resist such strains of mental melody as these'

There was a little bitterness and sarcasm in the manner and voice of Etty which Charles noticed, and he changed his tone accordingly.

'I have allowed my tongue to wag because my heart was full, well Etty we must fail sometimes.'

'I was madcap enough to go to hear the great case of Johnson and hear and see my old friend and the friend of my parents make his professional debut. What did you think of my conduct on that occasion, Charles?'

'The fact of my having seen you at a particular moment on that occasion was near losing me my cause, and Johnson his life.'

Etty waxed pale and looked frig tened and disappointed.

'Hear me,' resumed he, 'without emotion or displeasure (if you can) at what I say.'

'Charles excuse my poor weak, mental faculties. Pray go on in your own way.'

'Well; when, at a particular moment I was desirous to make an impression on the mind or heart of the jury favorable to the unfortunate accused; and I was turning over in my thoughts how I should best effect that object; there was a slight commotion in the gallery. I supposed then it was sympathy for the poor felon on his trial. I looked up and saw you. The blood which excitement had driven in impetuous currents throughout my frame went back to my heart, and coldness and actual weakness supervened and came over me.'

'Charles, dear, how foolish it was of me!'

It was the first time in her life, in his life, the words 'Charles dear' fell upon his ear; and he was accordingly, carried away by a storm of enjoyment.

'It was only,' said he, pausing but a second, 'the effect of a moment, I rallied; and the very cause of my difficulty turned out the very best thing for me which could occur. I was endowed by your presence with an eloquent power which astounded even myself.'

'I can swear to that,' said the old man, slapping Charles on the back. 'I can swear to that as a positive fact; for I was in court

all the time. And hang me if it did not make my blood hot; my cold and icy blood warm again; when I heard the voice of an Armstrong pleading so powerfully and producing such an effect.'

He had walked into the drawing room unperceived during the conversation between Charles and Etty.

'I am amply repaid, sir, already, by the results of that trial. To hear you talk thus approvingly is an additional favor, on which I did not calculate.'

'Dinner is on the table, sir,' said Nancy Goggins, bowing to and smiling at Charles Armstrong, 'and it is better not to let it get cold. You'll like your bowl of soup; so you will; if you take it hot and comfortable.'

The three—uncle, niece, and lover—proceeded together to the refectory. Etty leant on the arm of both.

'Come, Charles, a glass of wine. This is some mild and mellow golden sherry, not to be got every day, I tell you. We will take Etty in, you dog. When I was a young man—heigho, that was a long while ago—when I was a young man I was fond of taking the girls! Ha! ha! ha!'

'Oh, uncle, uncle, I never supposed—'

'Evil to those who evil think! Etty I meant that I was a great hand at taking them into such places as Taylor's to treat them to an ice cream and such like.'

While Etty was employed in doing the honors the 'old man eloquent' rattled on at this rate winking at Charles and sometimes nudging him in the side (for they sat near other) as much as to say, 'was not that good? We shall breeze this girl a bit. I know *how* to do it! Don't I?'

The meal was finished; claret glasses and ice were brought; and Etty, bowing to a custom as imperative as it is ancient, withdrew.

'I shall patiently attend to your statement, sir.'

'Why it's no law affair man! Not a bit I never went to law in my life! Never And I never shall! Not I.'

'I beg you will excuse me, sir, I had no desire to seduce you into a law suit.'

'I suppose not. You are too honest for

that! Ha, ha, an honest lawyer—a white black-bird and black swan! Ha, ha, ha!—But, seriously, I wanted to consult on an affair of the heart. I am in love.'

'Sir!' Charles started.

'Just hold on namesake! Not so fast, if you please! It is an affair of the heart and it concerns one whom I love more than all on earth.'

'I crave your pardon, Sir. I thought—'

'Yes, you thought that I was going to make another of the thousand and one old fools of the world, who lose their senses by marrying young children! The old fools! I was none of that, thank God! No! I wanted to consult you about Etty.'

Charles gave another convulsive plunge and reddened to the temples.

'Yes; I want to consult you about Etty. I am anxious to gratify my extreme love by making her happy. She is about to be married—'

Charles paled like lily—

'She is about to be married, and I want you to draw up the settlements.'

'Take a glass of wine, Mr. Armstrong. I want you to do this affair as speedily as possible.'

'I am highly honored by your professional favors, and much obliged and grateful. But in this case I must, with every respect, decline.'

'Your fee shall be liberal.'

'I am not blessed with much money; but I am not mercenary. In coming to the conclusion I did I never thought of the amount of compensation. My declining arose from another cause.'

'I thought you were a friend of Etty's and I consulted you accordingly, the subject being a delicate one.'

'I don't think she has a warmer friend living than I am, but —'

The manly tear trembled on his eyelid.

'But you would not draw her marriage settlement.'

'She loves the man she is going to marry.'

'She does.'

'Yes; the match is of her own choosing. It is!'

'And I approve of it.'

'Might I ask without impertinence what the name of the gentleman is?'

'Most certainly. Here is Etty herself; she will tell you.'

'Tell what? uncle.'

'That ghost struck young gentleman his own name.'

'Oh shame, uncle!'

'My own name! Gracious Heavens, is this a dream?'

'Look here, Charles. Here are the documents. And in the body of the deed I find inserted the name of Charles Armstrong with that of Etty Leach in a matrimonial contract.'

Charles looked up into Etty's face. It was radiant with Heaven's ornamental coloring.

'For this I have not been prepared. My aspirations never went as high as the hand of your heiress. I had supposed that you would not listen to the suggestion or conceive the idea of bestowing Miss Leach's hand on a penniless adventurer who had merely his professional prospects to depend upon.'

'Yes, yes; I know; all right. Ugh, this old companion of mine is attacking me,' and the old commodore twisted and wriggled in his chair as if he writhed under the bitterness of the taunt expressed. 'All right—yes—quite so; but circumstances alter cases. I made an exception in your favor.'

'You have done me exceeding honor, sir, and yet perhaps I have no claim to the preference.'

Etty, with the shrinking delicacy of her nature, had retired during the dialogue, to the further corner of the room, where she employed herself in perusing one of the latest serials.

'Perhaps,' said the merchant, 'you do not value as highly as I, the rich prize I offer you. If so, have the kindness to inform me, and there will be an end—'

'Misunderstand me not, sir,' retorted Charles, with startling energy. 'Miss Leach is in my mind, and according to my judgment, above all calculation of praise or value I have seen her grow up, and expand into womanhood, with all the graces

CHAPTER XXIX.

FROM New Orleans to Philadelphia, McReddin's farewell engagements were played to crowded houses. Independently of the great professional qualifications of the foreign artist, the houses were filled from other motives. Some went to see him from feelings of friendship; some from curiosity; many from envy; most from excited feelings. At length he arrived in New York, and was underlined for one of the large theatres. This was the climax of the hubbub. It was no longer possible to separate the quarrel from sensations of national acrimony. The question resolved itself into the Englishman against the American, and vice versa. It was the old rancor and jealousy of country and people. Never before did sensible men or patriotic citizens make such fools of themselves to gratify the vanity of individuals or sustain the lust of speculators. The Englishman appeared on a Monday evening, and the first murmurings of the storm exhibited themselves. He became alarmed. He paused in his rashness. He saw the tide of popular commotion was against him. He gave up his engagement. But the greediness of the speculators was too great. The anxiety to make money by hook or crook was too urgent. They got up an address, signed by a dozen 'law and order' respectables, which they presented to the declining star, requesting him to appear again, and promising him the armed protection of the authorities. Never was authority so prostituted. Never was delegated power so abused. The second appearance was placarded through the municipality, and the word ran among the people, or 'mob,' (as they were called,) that they would be shot down to order if they showed any hostile feeling or disposition to the Englishman.

'Would you believe it,' said Captain Winders, 'this G—d—d English influence has so far prevailed in the Empire City as that preparations are made to shoot down hundreds of citizens if they dare make a stir.'

'Ay, that they are,' said Mr. Evens, the jeweller of Broadway; 'and the sailors of the Niagara, lying at Jersey city, with an armed reinforcement, are determined to lick the

and perfection of her sex. I admired the pure and sterling qualities of her mind, which, like the sunlight upon the material warmed tends to heighten every charm, and to gild every personal grace.'

'Well said, by Jingo, I wish I were young again, ha! ha! ha!' And the old millionaire's eyes sparkled with pleasure. 'Go on you dog,' said he.

'But being left without riches, save what a good education imparts, and knowing what a natural anxiety you must have had to see your niece wedded in accordance with her own merits, and your expectations, I resolved to forego the promptings of my own heart, and put in abeyance those feelings that lived in the innermost recesses of my soul.'

'You acted like a man, sir, you put your hand to the tiller of your own fate, and you launched your bark into the sea of life's struggles, and the favoring breeze of success filled your sails, and gave you a clear stage. Instead of scheming and plotting and cowering to win the hand of an heiress, you put your hand to the plough, and like an honest and industrious man, you were determined to be the architect of your own fortune. I watched your efforts, and having been inimical to you, and prejudiced to you, I have become your warm and affectionate friend. Etty loves you, take her near your heart, and preserve the jewel committed to your care, as its inestimable value deserves, and take the blessings of a childless old man along with you.'

It would be vain to attempt to portray the sensations which rushed so thick and fast through the bewildered brain of the fortunate young man. The largest impulse then influencing him was gratitude to his wealthy namesake—gratitude to him for the deep affection which glowed in his soul towards his niece, and the generous manner in which he surrendered his prejudices against himself. He seized the old man's hand within his own and poured out a tide of eloquent thankfulness most pleasing to its object.

damned Yankees if they show any disapprobation in the theatre on Thursday evening.'

'By J——,' said Ned Ratline, 'this shall never be. We'll burn down the house first. Are we Americans to be thus bearded with impunity in our own metropolis, by rascally foreigners, who have the impudence of the devil, and are backed up by certain Arnolds of our own, whom we cherish and support in our midst.'

'I go in for licking the blasted Englishmen, anyhow,' said Yankee Jim, the great pugilist. By —— they shall not hold up their heads here, while I have a life to lose.'

'Now Jim,' said Grinder, 'we don't want to make an Irish business of this. The cause is American, and American it must remain.'

'But Cap, won't you allow a fellow to be revenged of the b——y John Bulls, and let him do it in his own way.'

'I don't see any thing against that,' said Stevens.'

'Nor I,' said Grinders.

'What do you propose,' said Ned Ratline.

'I'll tell, gentlemen, my plan,' said Yankee Jim, speaking cautiously, and slowly.—If the English crew of the Niagara come over from Jersey, and make a party to carry all their own way in the theatre, I will make a party to visit the British steamer, and give her a few vent holes in her bottom.'

'If they do come around in that way like Bravo's, and assuming to shoot down and butcher those who would give expression to public opinion, I say, go in Tim! Go in, an' no mistake.'

CHAPTER XXX.

NOR was the excitement confined to any particular circle. Upper tondom was infected with the fever. At a morning Model Artist exhibition given in one of the magnificent mansions of the republican aristocracy, Mrs. Forrester, Mrs. Lureies, Madame Guerettes and others were present. It was one of these extraordinary Saturnalia which the isms of the day had given rise to. The obscure literature of the French school was all the go among the

fashionable circles. Paul De Kocks novels, Alexander Dumas's indecent epics and George Sands' infidel as well as other unsexed Smut together with Eugene Sue's polished infamies, were in every woman's hand. These works gave a stimulus to the prurient propensities of those females who began to make a clamor about 'Women's Rights,' and lustily demanded Female Conventions. At the head of a coterie which profounded and supported these infamous doctrines which go to trample on all religion, and virtuous purity, was Mr. Forrester and her loosely-moraled sister. They were not satisfied with musicale matinees, forenoon hops, conversaciones, promenades, &c., &c., but they must have private exhibitions of Model Artistes, got up in the most gorgeous and magnificent forms. No art was left neglect no taste untried, no money unspent, on these elegant lecheries. Madame Wherton had emigrated from Paris to London with this truly gullible creation, till the staid, and solid, and common-sense John Bulls, got tired of such deviations from rectitude and moral instincts. Dr. Collier thereupon picked up a few Madame's 'models,' to which he added some others. To the wonder of the gaping crowd of New York, the 'Artistes' appeared at the Apollo Rooms in their *poses plastique*. They had hardly been two weeks before the public before the doctor received orders from the ob-scene rich, to give at certain private palaces at Fifth Avenue, and the neighboring streets, the so much talked of and admired exhibitions.

It was at one of these establishments that the Forrester and McReddin question was debated with as much vehemence and passion as in the grogeries and saloons where nothing else had been talked about for a week.

'It is a horrible shame not to protect Mr. McReddin. He is an injured man. And tho' I have been placed in close social relationship to his antagonist, I must condemn the latter.'

'Excuse me,' said a gentleman standing by, 'while I point out the beauty of that *Pose*!—Venus rising from the sea! Did you ever see a more beautiful bust. Her bosom and neck are as if they came from the chisel or the statuary. Just look at the small of her neck.—

Do you know her?' said the speaker, whisperingly addressing Mrs. F. 'That is the serpent Miss ——, from 9th Street. She consented to appear on this occasion.'

'Indeed!' said Mrs. F., 'that very young and very large girl was most anxious to show her points.'

'Catten,' said Margaret Lureies, 'do you think we should patronise these exhibitions?'

'I don't know. That man who apostrophised Miss ——'s bust and proportions is evidently brandified or opiumised. His eyes had a very unearthly and unsettled look, and his language was hardly fit for female ears.'

'We should not be here, Catten; and I can see an evident disrelish and out-of-placeish feeling around and about me.'

The *Tableaux* were completed, and the company retired to the drawing-room to lunch.

'Believe me,' said the model artist admirer, swallowing a huge draught of brandy and water, 'that Mr. Reddin can't play to-morrow night, nohow he ken fix it. The B'hoys will be on hand and kick up such a storm as we hav'nt had for some time.'

'I think,' said Mrs. Gregory, the accomplished and rich lady of the mansion, 'that the authorities should protect, by every means in their power, the rights of the artist and the stranger.'

But the discussion here was brought to a close, in compliment to the feelings of Mrs. Forrester, who appeared one of the most anxious to continue it, and her advocacy 'gainst him from whom she derived a sum of \$1500 a year.

In another part of the vicinity—namely Jersey City, where the Niagara lay were to be found a body of excited Tars, who were anxious to be permitted to take a part in shielding their countrymen from insult and wrong. There was a gathering in the fore-castle on the evening preceding the riot.

'My 'pinion,' said a burly, big whiskered John Bull, 'is, that we should go along without axin' any leave from the governor. Shiver my timbers, but it is a sad thing to have to look at a countryman of our'n hooted an' pelted by those d——d Yankee b——'

'I think with you, Jack Crummy,' said a

dapper five feet and a half chap; with an eye like a hawk and a hand of iron; 'I think it a cursed shame not to go in a body to that ere play house and lick any fellow or parcel of fellows that would say 'gainst Mo-Reddin.'

'He's a Hirihsman, d——n him! what have we to do with him,' said a third.

'No he haint Hirihs! He was born in Lunnan,' said another.

'That dont make any matter. The feelin' 'gen him is that he is a Henglisher, and we are bound to protect him.'

'Well, then, shall we go! say yes or no,' repeated Crummy, with much emphasis.

'Yes! yes!' was re-echoed by twenty voices, and a suppressed cheer for the wooden walls of old England came from as many excited throats.

The sub-officers and 'hands' of the Niagara had prepared their small arms with care, provided themselves with a large quantity of ammunition, and went in a body to the theatre. Under other circumstances they would have made a terrible fight; but the extraordinary conduct of the authorities, and the massacre *outside* the house, prevented that collision which would have otherwise taken place within.

CHAPTER XXXI.

'Have you!' said the Mayor to the Chief of Police, 'made such arrangements as are necessary to preserve the peace of the city?'

'Yes,' said the Chief, 'the men will be disposed outside the house and within. The military will be within calling if anything occurs.'

'Would it not be well to prevent any crowd from gathering at or near the theatre?'

'We can hardly do that without interfering with the liberty of the citizens.'

'Well, chief, do the best you can. I leave it all to your experience and discretion.'

'Very well, sir, we shall see.'

'Evens, how many tickets have you distributed,' said Grinders, 'and will Irvine go on to night at Broadway?'

'We have issued about 500 tickets.'

'If,' said Grinders, musingly, the row begins

outside, the b'boys will burn the house! I never saw such bad blood in New York before.'

'The army will be ready in great numbers.'

'That will only make bad work! If the people see any uniforms out, they'll get frantic.'

'Ratline is ready, and fully equal to his task. But he is too hot-headed. He'll commit himself.'

'I went to that old fool, the mayor, and told him to close the house to preserve the peace; but he was like a driveling child, or an idiot. He was not inclined to do anything rational.'

The eventful evening came at last; one of the most frightful and sanguinary evenings ever remembered in New York. The city was posted throughout with McReddin's name as Macbeth; and Forrester in the same character at the Broadway. During the morning and afternoon, a low murmuring or buzz might be heard in every street, and at every corner, similar to those atmospheric moanings which precede thunder storms. Groups were collected here and there, with downcast looks and angry brows; discussing the chances and probabilities of the evening results. Military men might be seen making from every point to their respective armories; an order having been issued to put under arms the entire force of the first division of militia, who were, in case of need, to be at the service of the civil authorities. As early as five o'clock, crowds began to collect about the Opera House, in Broadway, and the contiguous streets. These crowds gradually swelled till the entire of Seventh street, between the two main thoroughfares was one mass of human heads.—*filers* was the great mistake. Had the loungers been made to 'pass on,' and the avenue approaching to the theatre left clear, the riot could have been suppressed without the loss of a single life.

'What does that G—D— Mr. J. want to stop us for when we are only walking thro' the streets?'

'I want to know. It aint fit for a free country; that kind of humbug, I'm d—d if it be!'

'You must keep moving. Can't stop up the thoroughfare,' responded a policeman; his star

very conspicuously displayed on his left breast.

'You go to H——' responded the former speaker, 'we shall go where we d— please. No English influence shall prevent free-born American citizens from exercising their rights everywhere.'

The policeman put his hand to the chest and shoulder of the speaker to execute the peremptory order he received, when he received a violent blow on the face which felled him to the earth. Great commotion took place; a large reinforcement of officers was called to the spot; an attempt was made to arrest the offenders, but to no purpose. They were hustled along by the waves of the rising tide of human beings which every moment became higher and higher.

A troop of German Dragoons made its appearance. They rode briskly through the serried ranks of the multitude. A partial opening was made for them; but in most cases they were opposed by the lookers-on, who were momentarily acquiring the disposition to become rioters.

'Come down here, you Dutch son of—— How dare you ride over respectable and unoffending citizens.'

'Mine Got! It ish my duty. I am a soldier and obliged to obey command. What can I do?'

'Go in Fem. Give it to the b—— foreign-cut-throat.'

'Hold on,' said a leader in the crowd, with a stentorian voice, 'hold on, the men must do their duty! It's not their fault! Let 'em be!'

A lane was then opened, and the poor, scared dragoons, called on to perform one of the most distressing duties in the world, were allowed to pass. They were not under the influence of fear or cowardice. No truer or better soldiers could be found anywhere; but they were called out not to encounter the enemy, but their neighbors and friends. It was not surprising they should be confused and have shown that lack of soldierly dash and recklessness so essential to awe down or control popular turbulence.

This troop was actually hooted off the ground. And when the other military arrived to prevent the assault upon the Opera House

the indemnity of the first instance only gave the rioters additional audacity. The interior of the Theatre became crowded at an early hour, and the play proceeded under the protection of police truncheons. Any and every attempt at disapprobation was immediately suppressed and the worst possible passions of McReddin's opponents were evoked.

Had the policemen who filled the interior been detailed for service around the building; and had the Mayor and authorities at an early hour kept the approaches clear, the terrible massacre which ensued would have been avoided. It was a moving sea of human forms, thickly wedged together, some present from motives of curiosity, others from embittered feelings against the English Actor, who defied the popular storm, that the military were called on to opposed. And when pressed on all sides, stones and other missiles flying in showers, their lives in eminent danger, the military company obeyed the terrible, but inevitable, order to fire. The volley was directed against a solid mass of human beings, and was, alas! awfully fatal!

It is not the province of the winter to go more minutely into the particulars of this sanguinary conflict. Suffice it to say that in the defence of 'law and order,' life to a large amount was sacrificed, and an offering was made to the majesty of the people, who had deputed or delegated powers for the preservation of peace, and the protection of the best interests of society. What took place sprung from that detestable spirit which personal vanity and private enmity and pique had evoked. It was the result of that lax morality which the encouragement of a new order of things amongst a portion of upstartdom was so calculated to provoke and engender. The civic and military authorities triumphed, but the victory was at a fatal and an alarming cost, for ever to be deplored.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The marriage of Etty Leach and Charles Armstrong was the theme of many a conversation throughout the fashionable ranks for

a week. The beauty, the graces, the virtues, and the wealth of the heiress were commented on fully and freely. And the manly and noble character of the young man whose elevated ideas of rectitude and determination to win his way in the world, were spoken of admiringly by those who regard honor and truth with approval and rejoice at the success of purity and worth over the obstacles which worldly circumstances often interpose in their way. The old commodore in giving away his beautiful niece, came to the conclusion in his own mind, that her fate was in the hands of a husband in every way fit to guard and protect the noble creature committed to his charge, and he was happy. While the lovers themselves, blessed God that the moment had arrived when every virtuous and holy wish of their souls was gratified. They had nothing more in the world to desire.

Shortly after the union of these two young and happy hearts, the city was agitated by that extraordinary trial for divorce, which will be long remembered in the records of the New York courts of law. After an investigation of wonderful length, and the development of circumstances in the intimate social relations of the higher orders of republican life, the jury brought in a verdict as startling and strange as ever marked the proceedings of such inquiry. A sympathy as strong and ardent as ever accompanied an occasion of the kind was manifested. It permeated all ranks and parties. It went into and mounted to the judgment seat. The evidence of the witnesses against Mrs. Forrester, strong, and powerful, and minute as it was, was disregarded, and the wronged and injured husband was mulcted in a sum which his most bitter enemies had hardly ever calculated on. Scarcely had the pen dried upon the record and the conflicting feelings and emotions of the multitude been allowed to subside when the injured woman, around whose fate the strongest and most ardent hopes and desires were centred, when her name was placarded throughout the thoroughfares and in all public places as a candidate for fame and fortune upon the boards of a minor theatre as a histrionic. Amazement, anger, and indignation was on every tongue. The sympathy which before had mounted the highest climacteric

suddenly fell to zero. Chagrin and disappointment took the place of gratification at her success over her agonised husband. This is human life. We are the slaves of passion and impulse. To be sure, the inclinations of the public were on the side of a generous desire to shield an unprotected female. People believed in her innocence, and contended she was made the victim of a conspiracy to destroy her fair fame. But the sober second thought came on; and the dupes were obliged to swallow, in the best manner they could, their vexation and regret.

Coward and Smalcraft, and Guerittes and Mrs. Lureies had their saturnalia of rejoicing and Count Carissimo from the Lake of Como played the *Cavaliere Servente* after the most approved fashion. In fact the socialistic coterie threw off all restraint and license held its most undisputed sway. It was useless hoping that Mrs. Forrster would modestly retire from the public gaze, and earn by a future of quiet and enduring respectability, the good opinion of the American world. With a painted face and a brazen front she selected that drama which told more forcibly on her own case; and night after night did she persevere in making these hits of a personal nature which brought down the applause and jeers of the licentious and the loose.

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In the portraiture of the characters which this thread of our story demanded we should produce, we were ever desirous to show up vice and a deviation from rectitude and purity in their colors, and to paint truth, honor

and virtue, as they should be shaded forth to make human desires more worthy of humanity. In our endeavors, however, we were swayed by a love of fair play, and an anxiety to do justice between society and the thread and bearing of our narrative. We have only to say that nothing but evil and disorganization can follow the courses pursued by what is called fashionable life, while they throw off the restraints of decency and indulgence in associations calculated to root out virtue and religion from the soul. The demands of philosophy and the elevation of the present generation of women do not require the abandonment of all the safeguards of shrinking and gentle feelings and emotions. It would be a sad state of things, indeed, to behold woman fling herself off from the golden links of affection which home and its associations encircle around the heart, and betake her to the practice of licence and disorder which the teachings of the day are so desirous to establish. It is a melancholy consideration to reflect that all the hallowed emotions which we were accustomed to link with woman, should be rent asunder and dashed to the ground by a new code of moral law which has animal instinct alone for its guide.

In asking our friends to abhor such teachings, and keep closely to that feminine gentleness and delicacy, which are the brightest ornament and should become the jeweled crown of the wife and mother we hope they may avoid the example of the Mrs. Forrsters, the Lueries, and the Guerites; and take to their bosoms the Etty Leaches of the world.

THE END.