

# TALE OF A PHYSICIAN:

OR

## THE SEEDS AND FRUITS OF CRIME.

IN THREE PARTS.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

BY

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

"Truth is stranger than Fiction."

SECOND THOUSAND.

BOSTON:

WILLIAM WHITE & COMPANY,

BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE,

158 WASHINGTON STREET.

NEW YORK AGENTS—AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY.

1869. \*



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10 Greene Street, N. Y.

PART ONE.  
PLANTING THE SEEDS OF CRIME.

PART TWO.  
TREES OF CRIME IN FULL BLOOM.

PART THREE.  
REAPING THE FRUITS OF CRIME.

## INTRODUCTORY.

THE following series of strange and startling and tragical events, which I am now called upon to make public for the first time, are, even to the minutest details, founded upon facts, with only a thin veil between the reader and the real characters whose temperaments, circumstances, temptations, virtues, vices, and crimes, are herein truthfully recorded.

The principal facts concerning the manifold causes which developed the "Mysterious Association of Criminals" in New York and vicinity, came to my knowledge about twenty-five years ago. The investigating reader, who is curious to know more on this interesting point, is referred to a volume by the author, entitled "The Present Age and Inner Life," pp. 259-265. The strange incident therein narrated will repay perusal.

It is believed that so long as mothers and daughters shall exist, such disclosures as are made in this volume can not but be productive of the best results. Not less are these fearful scenes important to fathers and sons. Because, if to be fore-warned is to be fore-armed, these horrible and truthful pictures of the causes of crime, and these faithful delineations of the ways of professional criminals, will serve as beacon lights and guideboards by which maidenhood and manhood can avoid the evil and choose the good.

A. J. D.

NEW YORK, April 20, 1869.

## PART I.

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# TALE OF A PHYSICIAN.

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## CHAPTER I.

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness."—*Bible*.

FOR ages the office of the regularly graduated physician has been regarded with a profound degree of respect. In European countries, and in the olden time, his wisdom and his public function were regarded with reverence, which was freely accorded. He is furnished with a diploma of "doctor of medicine," and is thus dignified and empowered by a law of the land to practice his profession. He is supposed to be deeply versed in the laws of nature; to comprehend all the secret causes of human suffering; to be a perfect master in natural philosophy; and to judge correctly of the physical condition, and even of the characters, of individuals, by examination and observation of their pulsations, tongues, countenances, gestures, and other external peculiarities.

This unquestioning confidence, reposed in the office and wisdom of the medical man of science, is manifested in many ways.

One hundred years ago, the diplomatized and established physician frequently took precedence of the venerated priest in the confidence of the family. Confessions of sins and sufferings to the minister were almost uniformly of a negative character. In pious moments especially, when the soul is overwhelmed with a sense of its total and eternal dependence upon God, not unmingled with a deep realization of its vanities and unworthiness, the female heart, less worldly-minded and less vainglorious than man's, confesseth freely and fully to negative sins, such as repining thoughts, want of watchfulness, proud feelings, unforgiving temper, foolish imaginations, secret neglect of holy duties, hasty expression of envious words, coldness in the affections toward heavenly things, and so on through the whole catalogue of spiritual infirmities and concomitants with which our nature is said to abound.

But in the privacy of the sick-chamber, when the stricken patient fears that the tide of life is fast ebbing away, the physician often becomes the recipient of confessions of vices, crimes, and misery, which the ear of the revered priest has never been permitted to hear. Freely, fully, and without so much as the shadow of the fear of betrayal, the prostrated sufferer takes the first convenient opportunity of revealing in detail the corrupt workings of that society, in which diseases more painful than any bodily affliction continually assail mankind.

It is manifestly the first duty of the physician to study his patient's malady, and administer such remedial agents as will deaden and destroy suffering, and sustain the vital principle, without diminishing the constitutional systolic and diastolic movements of the heart.

The author of the famous practice called mesmerism taught his proselytes to overcome disease by manipulation and the exercise of will. Instead of administering the

usual remedies, the physician who saved the life of the patient (whose name and condition will hereafter be disclosed) employed the so-called potent influence of magnetism, by which her broken heart was empowered to continue its pulsations, thus gradually restoring her beautiful person to perfect health and its blessings, and eventually resulting in a wonderful career.

It was during the slow process of a recuperative convalescence that the physician deeply investigated the secret causes of certain crimes, which come forth, disappear, and again reappear in families. He was led to observe how sudden mental emotions of the mother, ere her child had seen the light, either increased or diminished the molecular formation and development of the several portions of the cerebral structures in her offspring. He demonstrated, to his own satisfaction at least, that the tendency of the vital forces to the brain, or to other parts of the organic structure, was determined by the mother during the critical period of gestation; and, furthermore, that such determination was accomplished far more through the potent instrumentality of her thoughts and feelings than by any peculiar condition or abnormal predilections of the nerve-forces in her physical system.

Moreover, finally, and in short: he found that, by this mysterious and immutable law of phreno-electrotyping, so to call it, which is outwrought on the sensitive surfaces of, and by the means of the psycho-dynamical forces at work within the unborn brain, the offspring could, and absolutely does, mentally inherit a predisposition to particular vices and crimes, as easily as to be born with cross-eyes, red-hair, far-sightedness, stammering, deafness and dumbness, cutaneous diseases, scrofula, and consumption. On this principle he traced out the causes why some children are born with finely molded limbs



and attractive personal manners, while others come "into this breathing world" replete with every imaginable physical imperfection.

And these observations and conclusions, combined with the earnest and inspiring solicitations of his esteemed professional friends, have determined him to write out the following tale—which is far more wonderful than fiction—illustrating (1.) the origin of the seeds of crime, (2.) the blossoming of crime's tree, and (3.) the harvest of whirlwinds which come as the fruits of crime.

## CHAPTER II.

"All before us lies the way; give the past unto the wind."—*Old Play.*

CAPTAIN JACQUES DEL ARAGONI was of a noble family, and had displayed great skill and courage in warfare.

But he experienced exquisite pleasure in pursuing genealogical studies. At least this was his profession. He said he delighted more particularly in tracing out the parental and maternal links in the chain of his own origin.

With great apparent satisfaction he found himself maternally related to a distinguished, fearless Spanish officer—the special favorite of Fernando Cortez—one Bernal Castillo, who accompanied the great chieftain's expedition to South America in the sixteenth century; and his enthusiasm was not less when he found that his blood was paternally derived from the noble families of which the latest distinguished member was Baron De Carondelet, who, some ten years before the transfer of Louisiana to the United States, had made his mark by

multiplying improvements in the Crescent City, by which commerce and general prosperity acquired a new impetus. Carondelet's administration was an unfailing topic of eloquent and vehement discourse with Captain Aragoni; and he never lost an opportunity of impressing all listeners with the clear and important fact that he was a near relative of that distinguished governor. Whether all this was true or not the writer does not know.

Although pardonably vain of his maternally Spanish and paternally French origin, on which relationship he based all his claims to promotion in the army, still Captain Aragoni was, on his own merits, a gentleman of more than ordinary personal beauty, intelligence, and military courage. While he was by mental inheritance jealous, irritable, impulsive, and even cruelly revengeful when under sufficient temptation; yet on the other side—that part of his character which he scrupulously presented to his associates—he displayed the most agreeable generosity, and the most attractive deportment. One thing must not be overlooked. He was uniformly popular with citizens, with companions of equal rank, and with even his most inferior subordinates in the army.

He could easily condescend to fellowship with persons far below him in every walk of life. This was more remarked than any other trait in his character. Indeed this distinguishing peculiarity had been in former years a source of deep concern to the better class of his acquaintances.

Although proud, even to vanity, of his ancestry, and although reserved and dignified when commanding in the field, still at other times, and under different circumstances and inducements, he would seek the society of disreputable men, gamblers, and sailors; but notwithstanding the multifarious temptations which surrounded

and beset him like demons whenever associated with such characters, he was never known (though he was often suspected) to depart into the forbidden regions of profanity, intemperance, sensuality, or other vices and crimes peculiar to that class of individuals.

His friends and admirers, therefore, at length somewhat yielded their natural and justifiable solicitude for his morals. But they could not resist feelings of mortification when, in violation of the laws of his professed noble blood, and contrary to all the proprieties of his social standing, he would spend day after day, and night after night, in the company of known desperate gamblers and undisguised villains.

No one ever attempted to account for this conspicuous and alarming paradox in the character of Captain Aragoni. Any educated physician, however, who comprehended somewhat of the philosophy of hereditary impressment, through the ante-natal feelings and thoughts of the mother, as already suggested, could have cleared up the mystery. He would have detected a certain horrible and wretched event in his mother's biography, and connected it with the subsequent development of this alarming inconsistency in the mental organization of the otherwise unexceptionable, dignified, and distinguished descendant of Castillo and Carondelet.

### CHAPTER III.

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eyes;  
In every gesture dignity and love."—*Milton*.

IN 1820, Captain Aragoni was married to the very young and beautiful grand-daughter of the tourist and

writer, Charlevoix. The wedding-day was made memorable by extraordinary celebrations and mutual rejoicings. It was a brilliant affair. The French and Spanish officers, dressed in their gay uniforms, and the *élite* of the city graced the occasion.

The youthful bride, only in her seventeenth year, was a French creole of surpassing personal attractions. Hers was a round, rosy, sweet, lovable face—the face of a pet daughter—blooming full of tender affections. There was, however, in her large dark-brown eyes an expression of thoughtful earnestness. Did it not indicate a latent richness of character? Did it not plainly assert that she was capable of a life deeper and fuller than she had yet lived? Behold her about to become a bride! an affectionate and confiding creature. She is a perfect beauty, dressed tastefully, and in the fullness of the Parisian styles which then prevailed among the fashionables of the Crescent City. Behold her—an only and over-indulged child, just entering upon married life, arrayed by nature in all the sweetness and purity of maidenly youth and beauty! Beautiful image of innocence, love, and grace!

Her education embraced all the fashionable accomplishments of the period. She had been reared in affluence—her every want and every wish had been supplied to excess. Thus she had been joyfully dancing round-dances all the way from the cradle up. Like a happy child, she bestowed freely upon every thing the freshness of her spring-time. She pictured and beautifully tinted every face with the ruddy glow of the morning of her loving life. She thus far possessed a heart and a brain as young and spontaneous as her years. Unknown to the trials and cares which develop and discipline character, she was ignorant of that sublime sorrow which unfolds in the heart a deepened force of intuition and affection. She knew nothing of the won-

drous import of the simple words—patience, self-forgetfulness, devotion, self-control, and wisdom. These high moral mysteries were all unknown to her—the only child of wealthy and indulgent parents.

The gallant and gorgeously dressed captain was a few years her senior.

Now behold him, about to become a bridegroom—tall, stately, dignified, and commanding. Do you not admire the perfect symmetry of form and feature? Has not Dame Nature stamped him as a personage of remarkable talent and distinction? How perfectly agreeable in his appearance and manners! See the vivacity and elegance of his expressive countenance! He has a rather vain, yet military walk. And it is also true that he has a piquant and retreating chin. Possibly this slight defect is indicative of the paradox in his apparently unblemished character.

Here we ought to observe the curious fact that he was never known to have any relatives in the city. His most valued and chiefest acquaintances and associates were, to all appearance, mainly officers and soldiers of the army. He pretended to only amuse himself with the disreputable *habitués* of the ale-houses and gambling-saloons in the cellars and in the faubourgs. He professed to have immense sums of money at his command. He attributed his position in the army to motives of patriotism. Thus, on all occasions, he unfailingly gave every one the distinct and unquestioning impression that he was a gentleman of noble blood and large wealth.

But only the confiding, the passionate, the infatuated creole beauty believed every thing he said of himself. He possessed, and was rapidly consuming her heart. What a rich treasure for a gallant captain! For months, indeed ever since the night of his first introduction to her at her father's house, he had pursued her. At first

his attentions alarmed and annoyed her; then, suddenly, the whole love of her passionate heart flowed like a river toward him. They sailed thus into the marriage relation.

The opulent and indulgent parents of the lovely bride were residents of the Faubourg Lafayette, only a short drive from the city. They occupied a sort of Gothic castellated mansion. There was a carriage-way and gate opening from the front back into a spacious court. This court was nearly surrounded by the grand dwelling and the lesser buildings of the estate. There were extensive stables, a showy coach-house, washing cabins, a hennery, a dove-cot, and a flower garden. A part of this inclosed court was tastefully laid out in shaded walks. There were also beds of flowers, and grove-like thickets of beautiful vines and shrubbery.

Now it must be confessed just here that this Don Calvo Marigny—the father of the youthful bride—was notorious as a man of ungovernable passions. In conjugal affairs he was simply a pleasure-seeking, easy-going libertine. One bright May morning a basket, seemingly full of grocery packages, was left at his front door. The colored servant opened it and found a fine baby, crying like any other hungry infant, with a pretty note pinned on its bosom, cordially presenting the little treasure to Don Calvo Marigny. This was neither the first nor the last event of this nature at the faubourg mansion. The offended and mortified Doña only unmercifully chastised the slave for what she called his stupid impertinence. This baby, like the other babies, was presented to the Ursuline Hospital.

The passionate Don was cruel in visiting punishment upon the disobedient servants of his household. This privilege was granted by the laws of slavery. But as a full-blooded and discriminaté libertine—as an element of

contamination and destruction in society—he was the most dangerous, the most artful, and the most successful. His reputation for unbridled profligacy, and for wanton indulgence, was only eclipsed by Pierpont Edwards. The latter had flourished as a despoiler not long before in the city of New York.

Of all this, however, the innocent and beautiful Sophia knew nothing. Like most libertines of wealth and social standing, the aristocratic Don insisted that his daughter should grow a model of propriety and virtue. He highly respected virtue in his daughter, and had her educated in the convent.

But Captain Aragoni had long known Don Marigny as a votary of pleasure. They were, without absolutely knowing the fact, fellow-sinners.

“And this adorable, only child—this charming, blooming, innocent girl,” said Aragoni to himself; “she is as pure as her personal charms are irresistible.” After a few moments of reflection, he added—“And she is *sole heiress* to the immensely rich Marigny estates!”

Alas, this last consideration took a paramount position among the motives of Aragoni. Under its powerful influence, superadded to the madness of passion, he sought and won the affections of the beautiful daughter.

#### CHAPTER IV.

“The fountain of my love shall feel no bars,  
But ever flowing ever be at rest.”—*Asphodel*.

ABOUT the time appointed for the marriage there was promulgated, but not unexpected by the gallant captain, an army order which necessitated the presence and con-

tinuance in the city of all the captains and principal officers. Not procuring a furlough, as his bride had fondly hoped would be granted him, Aragoni had privately hired a fashionable city residence. He had privately superintended every thing. He had the rooms furnished superbly with every imaginable comfort. He obtained pictures of French beauties; pictures of nude women for the chambers; and of the athlete and acrobats in their brilliant acts. He had, moreover, obtained rare and costly ornaments, and bridal gifts for the lovely creole. But previous to the wedding, she had not heard any thing of all this, and did not know the location of the residence.

The almost oriental splendors and brilliant festivities of the marriage, which occurred at an officer's residence in the city, continued into the small hours of morning. But the wedding ceremony transpired at an early hour in the evening.

While the assembled guests were in the excitement of the celebration, and when “a French leave” became a graceful possibility, the bridegroom and bride quietly withdrew. Stepping immediately into a closed carriage, which had been by the captain's management procured for them, they rapidly rolled away through the avenues to their elegantly furnished retirement.

But now something horrible was about to happen, for which the deep-headed captain had not prepared. When the festivities were nearly concluded, the arrival of Don Calvo's coach was announced. This was the exact hour at which he had ordered the old driver to appear. The bride's father and mother entered their elegant carriage, and away sped the spirited and powerful horses toward the Faubourg Lafayette. But a terrible and fatal accident was soon to overtake them, by which strange future events became possible.

The horses took sudden fright at some unknown object in Esplanade Street. On the instant springing into a furious run, the old driver was dashed with great violence to the ground. The fall fractured his skull, and rendered him insensible. The affrighted and furious animals, without guidance, and having nothing in their way at so early an hour in the morning, now more wildly pursued their flight through street after street. The carriage was suddenly overturned and crushed. Then by a sudden crash both occupants were instantly deprived of their lives. And now the horses, falling into an excavation, were stopped and secured by the city watchmen.

This happened in the dead hour of night. At this hour the inhabitants of a city are locked in the profound stillness of deep sleep. Hence the citizens knew nothing of this horrible misfortune. One watchman, however, thought he recognized the horses. He had seen them many times, and said, "they are the property of a wealthy gentleman residing in the adjacent town." But the owner's name he did not know. The lacerated and bleeding and lifeless bodies—their faces so torn and their features so disfigured—were not recognizable by any one. They were richly dressed. With respectful and mournful care they were conveyed to the nearest watch-station. A messenger from police head-quarters was forthwith dispatched to Lafayette to notify the supposed owner of the splendid horses. It was expected that this step would lead to correct information regarding the names and circumstances of the distinguished dead.

Meanwhile, what of the young and beautiful bride? She was sleeping like a child in her bridal chamber; in the strong arms of her darling Captain Aragoni; in the bosom of a dwelling overflowing with glittering richness and voluptuous beauty. Behold her loving heart. It is pulsating harmoniously with tenderest affection. Behold

her thoughts. Like an innocent child, she is dreaming only of to-morrow and to-morrow, and then of her happiness. How blissful in her Eden-like ignorance! Happily she did not know that, ere the sun of the morrow had risen, an appalling accident had made her an orphan. Happily she did not foresee the future; neither its diabolical trials nor its holy triumphs.

## CHAPTER V.

"These thoughts may startle, but will not astound,  
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended  
By a strong-siding champion, Conscience."—*Anon.*

THE morning sun was bathing city, river, and lake in a soft and luxuriant golden light.

The gallant bridegroom and graceful bride had breakfasted, and were together in the parlor. They were standing before a French lithograph, examining and admiring its beauties, when suddenly the door-bell was violently rung. The captain's confidential body-servant answered it. He returned, and whispering so that the lady could not hear, said:—

"Joudre and three strangers request your presence at the door."

Aragoni's dark eyes suddenly lighted up and flashed with a troubled and hideous glare. His hand trembled slightly, and his voice faltered for a moment, as though he saw before him some dreadful evil. But he controlled himself immediately, and gracefully begged his bride's pardon; then he hastily walked from her side to the street-door.

"Ah, Joudre? Who are these strangers with you?"

The three men retired a little, and a rapid conversation in whisper-tones commenced between Aragoni and the leading man whom he had addressed.

The captain then led the way to the parlor. He introduced Joudre and the strangers to his lovely wife. But his voice and manners were cold and commanding, and his face was flushed with rage. It was evident that the most horrible and revengeful thoughts were rushing through his mind. They all took seats near the parlor-door.

Addressing himself to Joudre, the captain angrily asked—

"Now, sir, why did you come here, and why did you bring these unknown men? In a word—what is your business with me?"

Joudre smiled sarcastically, and his eyes gleamed with reproach, mixed with a look of astonishment and triumph.

The three strangers, who were sullen fellows, maintained complete silence. They seemed embarrassed in the presence of the trembling young woman. Meanwhile, her eyes were mutely pleading for her offended husband; but she was dreadfully agitated, and was too deeply alarmed to speak. She attempted to rise from the sofa, and motioned that she would retire to her room.

"Stay!" said the captain, in a tone of anger and authority. But suddenly remembering himself, he attempted to smile; and, addressing her tenderly, he said, explainingly—

"These men, my darling, have invaded our rights. They are swindlers and assassins. They have sought to intrench themselves in our residence, and thus defend themselves against the officers of the law."

Then turning to Joudre, and looking at him with the imperturbable calmness of a bronze statue, but with the fires of vengeance blazing from his dark eyes, he said—

"By what authority do you commit this outrage?"

Joudre, who was a short, firmly-built, springy man, with a quick, shrewd eye, giving the impression that his skill and vivacity were more than a match for the downright strength of the strongest man, replied triumphantly—

"We are here by the authority of George de Fréronier!"

The captain rapidly walked to the window, and looked out. Then he rang for his confidential servant.

"Plu," said he, in a low, imperative voice, "guard the door leading to the street. Let no one enter. Answer no bells, except mine. Be quick, Plu!—quick!"

Joudre watched all these movements with apparent indifference. The three men seemed immovable.

But the beautiful young bride—the loving and confident Sophia—terrified and shrieking with alarm, sprang forward, and threw herself upon her husband's arm, just as he was drawing his sword.

At this the three strangers simultaneously rose to their feet, stepped toward Aragoni, and seemed about to arrest him, when all were suddenly startled by the rapid ringing of the door-bell.

But Plu stood guard in the hall. He had locked and bolted the street-door. Again and again the bell was vigorously rung; but Plu, knowing his master's temper when in the least his orders were disobeyed, heard the ringing, but made no movement to answer it.

Aragoni hurriedly released himself from the clinging embrace of his terrified wife, and quickly making a signal to her to follow him, fled up-stairs with the speed of a fugitive from slavery.

She immediately followed him to their bridal chamber, so beautifully furnished with every conceivable comfort and luxury. Copies of the best French and German lithographs, and rare pictures of Italian and Spanish scenes, and faces of renowned military officers, and

engravings of memorable battles, hung in admirable clusters upon the walls. The fragrance of orange blossoms loaded the balmy air, and a soft, dreamy luxuriance rested upon every thing.

When the creole bride entered their chamber her fright and agony were indescribable. Before the curtained window, overlooking the Mississippi River, stood the tall, stately, dignified captain. His face was now a perfect picture of miserable disappointment and reckless despair. His eyes roamed wildly about. He looked away toward the distant extensive swamp, which was densely covered with cypress-trees and tangled thickets of underbrush, making a suitable province for alligators and other reptiles peculiar to that latitude. His hand firmly grasped the handle of his pistol. It was evident that the solution of some terrible problem was struggling in his mind. He surveyed the country in every direction; then the lake on the left; and the mighty river, on the crescent-like bank of which the city was built. He gazed rapidly, wildly; but with silence that was fearful.

"My husband! my husband!" she cried, throwing her white arms around him in an agony of passionate grief. Breathless, panting, yet filled with the divine strength of love for her suffering husband, she continued—

"Who are these terrible strangers, my darling? Why do you flee from them? Oh, where will you go? Can they harm us? Oh, speak, my darling, speak—can these dreadful strangers harm us?"

Stopping but for a moment to breathe, she pleadingly and passionately continued—"Pray, who is the George de Fréronier, by whose authority these dreadful men dare enter these sacred premises?"

Aragoni breathed deeply. Resuming as far as possible his accustomed attractive manners and tender voice, he replied—"We are prisoners, my adorable Sophia—pris-

oners, I fear, in our own house! These wretches are vultures come to devour our treasures. They are brigands and hired assassins—come to rob us, before our very eyes, and covering their villainy by the audacity of charging upon our works in open day."

Her large, beautiful eyes flashed with passionate indignation. She sprang forward, with a feverish convulsive movement, put her head out the opened window and screamed—

"Murder! murder! watch! watch! rescue! rescue! rescue!" in such rapid succession as to throw the captain completely off his guard. But in the next moment he clasped his hand firmly over her pretty mouth, and said sternly—

"Silence! my God, would you betray us? Silence! or we shall be separated forever!"

## CHAPTER VI.

"The shock that hurled  
To dust, in many fragments dashed and strown,  
The throne whose roots were in another world,  
And whose far-stretching shadow awed our own."

*Bryant.*

At his last words the beautiful creole bride sank on the floor at his feet. Her eyes were closed; a cold perspiration covered her face; and it seemed that her breathing had forever ceased. She made no sign of life. He raised her tenderly, and carried her in his strong arms and laid her quietly in the richly ornamental hammock, which was deliciously perfumed, and suspended across the opposite side of the spacious chamber.



Then he rang the bell; and Plu (whose name in full was Plutarch) appeared. "Your mistress has fainted with fright. Bid her maid come instantly and attend her. At once, Plu—march!"

"Now," said Captain Aragoni to himself, "I must forthwith and forever dispose of that villainous crew."

He walked deliberately down-stairs and entered the parlor. Joudre arose and advanced to meet him. Their eyes met. The fires of destruction blazed afresh in their flushed faces.

"George de Fréronier," said Joudre, deliberately and disdainfully, addressing Captain Jacques del Aragoni, "You have led me into deep water this time; now I swear, do you hear that, sir?—I say I *swear* that you shall help me out."

"Never fear," replied the captain in a conciliatory tone. "You must, however, promptly obey my orders; and that, too, to the very letter, or all will be lost."

Joudre smiled scornfully and defiantly, and said, "Oh! is that all? Do you take me for a damned blind idiot, George de Fréronier?" And the man's eyes looked fiercely. "Look you here: look at me! You see in me a poor worthless devil dressed in the borrowed clothes of a gentleman! Come now, captain, no more masks between us. I swear this devilish plot has gone far enough—far enough—far enough, sir; I swear—do you understand me? I *swear*! and when I swear, I swear I mean it."

The expression of the countenance of the bridegroom was stern and menacing; yet there was in it a shade of sadness, mingled with anxiety and terror.

"Joudre," said the captain calmly, making an effort to appear absolutely indifferent to any imaginable consequences that might result from opposition to the formidable company before him—"Joudre! do you forget

that I saved your life, at a moment when you counted it as good as lost? Do you forget that but for me and the brave soldiers under my command, you would be this hour in a French bastille—down the back stairs of that old raven-nest in Paris—groping your way to death and the grave through the subterranean passages of that old palace? Now, you ungrateful, swearing fellow! mark what I say, and prepare you to execute on the instant all the orders I shall transmit you; or"—and here the captain drew himself up to his full height, threw back his manly shoulders, and spoke like one accustomed to threaten and command—

"Or what?" interrupted Joudre defiantly.

"Or," replied the captain deliberately, "there will be disturbance and bloodshed in your lodgings."

The three strangers, who during all this time had stood silent and inactive, now began to show that they were terrified spectators.

Joudre shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly and despairingly, in the true French style of gesture, and said, "I swear, captain, I have a thousand times wished myself *dead*; and I have a thousand times cursed the day you saved my life. This devilish life you saved me—this cursed life—is not worth the having. I swear I would this minute freely give it to the alligators in you swamp, if—"

"If you was not afraid of hell and its everlasting torments," interrupted the captain.

Joudre was silent. A far worthier thought occupied his mind. He was thinking of a beloved old mother living a few hundred miles up the Mississippi, to whom he had occasionally sent money and little presents. He had tried to make her declining years more comfortable. In her opinion, Joudre was a kind-hearted, industrious laborer on the levees and fortifications of New Orleans.



These filial and worthy thoughts struggled through his miserable brain. While revolving these feelings a shudder ran through him from head to foot. Big tears trembled on his eyelids. Those tears were brilliant and beautiful with the light of a soul destined for better worlds. But he returned no answer to the imperious and threatening language of the captain.

"Where's the knife I handed you before you started for the Faubourg Lafayette?" angrily demanded Aragoni.

"I know not," replied Joudre in despair. "I suppose it was dropped in the inclosed court behind the Marigny mansion."

"I'll wager a hundred francs that you are lying," said the captain, with ill-concealed uneasiness. He dreaded the possibility of detection. The discovery of his plot would result in the immediate overthrow of his situation and advantages. Betraying little or no anxiety, however, he asked indifferently—"Why did you lie concealed all night in the vine-thickets behind the mansion? A very shaky soldier, you! Why did you not advance your skirmish line, and then drive your whole force into the enemy's treasures? Your time for attack was while the rich Don and his wife were feasting and celebrating at their daughter's wedding?"

"We were constantly watched," replied Joudre, sullenly. "We gained our ambuscade in the court in good order. The night was dark. But we saw something which resembled a man walking to and fro, rising up, and stooping down, and moving here and there; and when we took a step toward the house, the man at the same instant took a step the same way; when we crouched, the man crouched too; and this watch upon us was kept up until almost day-break; so we mounted the ladder, threw our ropes over the wall, and made good our escape, glad enough to get off!"

"You infernal traitor!" growled Aragoni fiercely—"You round-headed fugitive from justice! You crazy, cowardly fool, fit for galley-slavery! You scoundrel, afraid of your own shadow! Now hark ye—and mark me well, you cowardly sniveler." Here the captain led Joudre by the collar to the farther end of the parlor, and said: "At the dark hour this very night I order you to enter the premises of Don Calvo Marigny in the Faubourg Lafayette. Go armed, prepared! Knock down the guard, gag the servants, make silent prisoners of the Don and his lady; then procure the gold and silver, which he the other day received from Paris and from the Cuba plantations; then convey all trophies and confiscated property to my head-quarters! Understand?" he asked, with a threatening growl, and looking the miserable Joudre straight in the eye.

The poor fellow bowed stupidly and awkwardly. Then they all almost mechanically turned into the hall, and walked doggedly from the house into the street.

## CHAPTER VII.

"We watched her breathing through the night,  
Her breathing soft and low,  
As in her breast the wave of life  
Kept heaving to and fro."—*Hood*.

MEANWHILE the alarmed young wife had partially revived from her swoon. Her industrious maid had soothed her and bathed her beautiful face, and had furnished her with all necessary materials for writing, in obedience to her request, and she had hurriedly written a note as follows:—

ARAGONI HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS, LA., *October, 1820.*

PARENTS, BEST BELOVED:—

Come to me without waiting a moment to ask why. I'm dying with a dreadful fright! I can not live but a few brief moments longer! I know I am dying! Oh, do, do, do come at once! Bring Father Malarm; for I am exhausted and fatigued, and I must die in a very few minutes. Oh, do come, and bring the holy father!

Your own dying

SOPHIA.

Unhappy girl! A bride not yet twenty-four hours old. But already the great round world was seemingly receding from her. So delicate, so dependent, so caressingly affectionate, and so inexperienced! These sudden trials were both overwhelming and mysterious. She felt that in a few hours more her eyes would behold the throne of her Heavenly Father.

Her entire education, it will be recollected, had been under the management of the Roman Catholic authorities of the Crescent City. The prioress, the mothers, and the sisters of the Convent of St. Mary had often knelt at the same altar with our beautiful creole bride; she was tenderly beloved by them. They had often consulted together after each confession, and she had scrupulously paid all the penalties they announced against her. They remembered that her sins were never serious; they were faults, rather; such as tardiness at prayers, tearing her veil, carelessly soiling her garments, breaking some little piece of china or glass, or dancing a few steps when walking to church. Her voice, too, was sweet and thrilling in song. In the convent church her perfect soprano voice attracted thronging multitudes, and every one was charmed. She was beloved by prioress, by mothers, by nuns, by novices, and by all who sought to have the love of Jesus enkindled in their hearts. In her suffering, therefore, she yearned for the companions of her innocent girlhood, and

she called loudly in her agony upon holy Father Malarm. Pictures of the Blessed Virgin and of the Infant Jesus, and precious prints of saints, by the old masters, afforded her indescribable relief. Over and over again she kissed the holy golden cross that was suspended from her beautiful neck, and over and over again she told her prayers upon the rosary which the good father had given her. So the moments slipped by as she, still prostrated with fright and fatigue, endeavored to wait the slow coming of her parents.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"In soul or face she bears no trace  
Of one from Eden driven,  
But, like the rainbow, seems, though born  
Of earth, a part of heaven."—*Geo. Hill.*

ALL things, so far, had worked diametrically opposite to the designs of the arch-impostor, Captain Aragoni. He was, consequently, furious with anger, and disconcerted by unlooked-for disappointments. On all public occasions he had represented himself as the descendant of a noble and great family, and, perhaps, not without some truth at bottom. He had heard many comrades at "head-quarters" predict that he would be known in a few years as a great military genius; but already he was surrounded, out-generaled, and in despair. His exasperation had thrown him off his balance in the presence of his lovely wife; and thus it seemed that, for a time, in his affairs, the "reign of terror" had absolutely begun. It was never his way to utter either coarse or indecent things in the presence of women. He invariably conducted

himself with inexpressible coolness; and with a dignity and self-regulated energy truly becoming his professed noble ancestry and official importance in the army.

When Joudre and the three strangers (who were, in fact, very well-known accomplices) had left the house, Aragoni hurriedly paced the drawing-room to and fro in furious excitement. The failure of the men in their attempt to rob the Marigny mansion, while the heads of the family were at the wedding, and the effrontery of their unexpected appearance and conduct at his residence, in broad, open day, contrary to his express orders, which they had never before dared to transgress, threw him into a passion of anger, mingled with conflicting thoughts of either suicide or murderous revenge.

At length, however, he arrived at a satisfactory understanding with himself, and so succeeded in regaining his accustomed tranquillity and imperturbable coolness, which was really elegant; then he ventured to call upon his distracted wife, whom he had left but an hour before prostrated in a deadly swoon, and in charge of her maid.

She was reposing on the bridal bed, trembling and pale as death; her eyes were closed. He cautiously approached, and leaned over to look at her beautiful white face—a picture of maidenly beauty—her luxuriant hair falling in graceful curls upon the snowy pillow. His hard and sinful heart wavered a little painfully; he felt that it throbbed with suddenly awakened emotions of sincere sympathy for the beautiful victim. He seemed to see and to feel the vast chasm which divided them—she an angel, he a veritable devil. The contrast shocked him. He saw himself to be a gambler, a libertine, a bandit, an adventurer. He saw that she was a beautiful, sweet singing-bird of heaven. He regarded himself as a vulture, in the garb of an honorable gentleman, dishonoring and crushing the heart of an innocent child.

She opened her eyes upon him while these horrible thoughts were rushing through his mind.

A soft, loving light gathered in her large eyes, but there was a wandering look in them. She said, raising her hand slowly toward his face—"Oh, good Father Malarm—you have come! Oh, merciful heavens! save me! save me!"

Aragoni groaned with intense anguish. Then with the utmost tenderness of expression, he said—

"We are alone now, my darling wife; the robbers are gone, and we are safe. Fear nothing."

A strange, protracted silence ensued.

Suddenly she burst out laughing in hysterical raptures. "Oh," she shouted, "I thought I was on the brink of the Mississippi River; and I was going to jump in, and sink forever under the waters; but good Father Malarm came and put his arm around my waist, and I was *saved*! Good Father Malarm, I thank God and you."

Again her laughter became uncontrollable. "Oh, it was *such* amusement!" she cried—"such pleasure!"

## CHAPTER IX.

"The wisdom that overlooketh sense,  
The clairvoyance of innocence."—*Dial*.

THIS tumultuous and irresistible laughter, and this singular language from the lips of the prostrate and pale bride, confused and annoyed the captain beyond measure.

She seemed rapidly to sink into a deep slumber.

He turned sorrowfully away. His glance rested upon the open note the distracted girl had written to her

parents. He was reading it when she again opened her eyes upon him. She said, "Dispatch my note to the convent, please; and tell the sisters that I am wretched—dying! dying!"

The straight and dignified form of Aragoni was suddenly bent forward by her words, as if they had been mighty tempest winds driving against the tallest tree in the forest. He was thoughtful. He walked to the window, with the slow, feeble pace of a sick man; and he looked abstractedly out upon the solitary plain, that swept away into the cypress swamps and desolate marshes beyond.

Suddenly he turned and went toward her. He sought her hand; she withheld it. "Lovely Sophia!" said he. She looked steadily and inquiringly into his eyes.

The deathly whiteness of her face cast a blanched light upon his fine features. For the moment he seemed to be transformed into a superior being. She did not know that the new beauty and purer light in his face was a reflection from her own. And she extended to him her small, trembling hand.

"Lovely angel!" he passionately exclaimed. "*You can save me! You can bring me happiness! You can—*"

She smiled tenderly, compassionately upon him. A divine warmth and a divine light shone upon her countenance; and she began to sing a plaintive song, which filled the room with a celestial enchantment like the musical breathings of an angel's bosom.

Her words came with the flow of her breath. It was a wondrous improvisation. Every word of her divine song sunk deep into the heart of the proud and wicked and wretched listener. The warbling of birds, the perfume of flowers, the sighs of the evening zephyr, the prayers of the repentant, the beams of stars, the voices of angels, the loveliness of creation, the goodness of the

Heavenly Father—all, by a mysterious magnetic power of penetration, entered into the soul and judgment of the transfixed assassin—now her legal lord and legal master. But lo! by the subtle fascination of an imperishable, invisible influence—which floated into his soul through her plaintive song—he was internally compelled to become her worshiper, her follower, her subject, and most willingly in all things her slave.

Immediately on the ending of her song she lapsed into a deep, unconscious slumber.

## CHAPTER X.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast."—*Montgomery.*

CAPTAIN ARAGONI, his nature an empire of good and evil, dropped into a chair and wept. His were the tears of agony, of grief, and of true repentance mingled with despair. He prayed to merciful Heaven for light and forgiveness.

He had fought many a hard-contested battle in the field; he was familiar with bloodshed and suffering in all their forms; he had from time to time inflicted cruel punishment upon many a poor wretch for the slightest disobedience; but this new miracle of love, this new magic of spirit, this new warfare, by which he was made captive, was beyond his comprehension. It descended upon and overpowered him. His very soul seemed to sweat tears of an indescribable anguish.

"Heavens! merciful heavens!" he exclaimed in a pas-

sion of overwhelming grief; "let not this supreme divinity, this celestial chance escape me! Holy angels! oh, pity me in my misery. Restore to life, and to me, my beautiful, dove-eyed, dying bride!"

Meanwhile the exhausted girl slumbered on in deep and blessed unconsciousness.

It was now midday. Suddenly the door-bell was rung with great violence, and again and again in rapid succession.

Plu, a quick, springy, cat-like youth, who was proud of being regarded as the captain's vigilant servant, announced the arrival of two officers of the police.

Aragoni arose abstractedly and descended to the parlor.

"We bring sad tidings, captain," said the policeman.

"State your business," replied Aragoni with his accustomed energy and abruptness.

They immediately told him the story of the frightful runaway; the breaking and complete destruction of the carriage; and the terrible death of both Don and Lady Marigny.

The captain was overwhelmed. Here was a new trial. Besides, the event was inconsistent with the robbery "ordered" to transpire that very night in the Faubourg Lafayette. And how could this terrible news be communicated to the already prostrated daughter—his beautiful, dying wife?

"Why did you not apprise us earlier of this terrible misfortune?" asked Aragoni. Meanwhile the solution of the problem of how he was to act under the new circumstances, was struggling in his thoughts.

"Monsieur complains, eh?" interrogated the officer, insinuatingly.

"Yes; why this long delay?"

"Perhaps Monsieur forgot to apprise his friends of the

exact *locale* of his city residence," returned the officer dryly.

Aragoni thoughtfully muttered between his shut teeth, and privately cursed and damned the officers; then ill-humoredly he said, "Step out and procure a coach, if you please; while I break this disastrous news to my adorable wife."

The officer stepped forward and held before the captain's eyes an order for his arrest.

Aragoni was stern, threatening, forbidding, and imperturbable for a moment. Then his countenance darkened with the deadly nightshades of an indescribable anguish and despair. A blazing redness flashed from his eyes and disfigured his countenance. His knees trembled. He staggered, and suddenly fell forward upon the floor. His convulsive writhings were frightful. He ground his teeth; the white foam gathered around his mouth; his fierce eyes turned up with a fixed gaze; a powerful paroxysm doubled his strong hands and tied his muscles into painful knots. He was apparently dying; his face saying "the way of the transgressor is hard."

One of the officers remained with the fallen man, and attempted to relieve his intense sufferings, while the other hastened for a physician.

## CHAPTER XI.

"The charities that heal, and soothe, and bless,  
Are scattered at the feet of man, like flowers."—*Anon.*

THERE is a divine law in the very foundations of every human soul, although unintelligible to its possessor, by which each wanderer from the ways of love and truth is

eventually arrested, tried by the court of right, and so brought under the redemptive treatment of justice.

The physician at once investigated the condition of the prone and wretched assassin. His powerful constitution fought mightily with the demons of disease, which were thumping at his heart and stabbing his brain. The doctor pressed a powder of belladonna between the set teeth of the insensible man, and then he administered to the patient, experimentally, something of mesmerism through manipulations and the exercise of will. The patient's muscles slowly relaxed, his pulse became normal, his breathing less paroxysmal and less laborious, the florid countenance faded into paleness, the rigid fists opened, and a long, hideous groan escaped his lips.

Plu, the appalled servant, who had been making himself useful in many ways, now conducted the physician to the chamber of his dying mistress.

The doctor cautiously approached the patient—who was still seemingly in a deep slumber—raised his hand, and poised it in the air over her white face. Then he made a few passes through the air from her head to her feet. Presently she sighed, and ejaculated the word "*carmò!*" He continued to sweep his hand through the atmosphere over her prostrate form. Again the word "*carmò*" was breathed from her sweet mouth. Then the physician administered a remedy, which she immediately swallowed; then her eyes opened wonderingly, and she gazed about the apartment; then, sorrowfully and imploringly, she looked upon the strange face that was beaming so tranquilly and so benevolently upon her.

The police officer had given the doctor all reliable information of the terrible accident, by which both the bride's parents lost their lives; and it was resolved that the time and manner of imparting this deplorable intelligence to the sick daughter—the only child of the wealthy

Marigny family—should be left entirely to the experienced judgment and skillful address of the distinguished physician.

Upon examination of her feverish and hysterical condition, the man of medicine decided to withhold the appalling knowledge from her for the present; but he counseled the officer to remove the now partially restored captain to the Marine and Military Hospital, which was located within the fortifications.

The doctor's advice was quickly and vigorously followed. The proud and majestic Aragoni—the pompous and magnificent Aragoni—the apparently noble and good, but the really corrupt, and treacherous, and murderous Aragoni—was now a temple trembling and tottering to its downfall. It was about to fall helplessly upon the mighty bosom of unchangeable divine Justice, which ever and anon maketh the world to shake like an aspen leaf, and, with its omnipotent hand, rolleth the heavens and the kingdoms of earth together like a scroll.

## CHAPTER XII.

"Who the secret can unravel  
Of the body's mystic guest,  
Who knows how the soul may travel  
Whilst unconsciously we rest?"—*The Token*.

EXTENSIVE preparations for the funeral were proceeding in the Marigny mansion. Meanwhile, the judicious and trustworthy physician kept his beautiful patient ignorant of every thing.

On the following morning he hastened to visit her. What was his astonishment when she met him at the

chamber door, laughingly, cheerily, but with tender and troubled eyes, and most gracefully asking him to be seated!

"Ah, good doctor!" said she, archly and triumphantly; "you can't deceive me! I know it all!—every thing, doctor; yes, every thing! and, you see that I am *calm*!"

His amazement and embarrassment can not be described. Her marvelously gleeful and laughing speech suddenly saddened the expression of his benevolent countenance.

"Ah, doctor, your presence sobers me," said she, while a singular spasmodic tremor began to agitate her whole body; and she added—"I would laugh like happy children, and sing like the warblers in our garden; but you, good doctor, coming in the interval of my new-found happiness, cover me with a shroud!"

She now suddenly wept bitterly. Then turning her gaze upon the doctor's thoughtful face, in which the expression of utter astonishment greatly predominated, she burst into a maniacal laugh, and commenced to walk a little, and then she ran rapidly here and there about the room.

Gently, but with positive firmness, he persuaded her to assume a reclining posture on the lounge. He took her hand in his, and, while examining her pulse, she dropped off into a gentle sleep. This temporary suspension of her alarming symptoms afforded him opportunity for reflection. He felt sorely tried and troubled. The condition and conduct of his lovely patient seemed incomprehensible. Meanwhile, he realized most thoroughly that her case, under the guidance of Providence, was in his hands; and he accepted the fact that he would be, by her friends, held strictly responsible for any thing that might happen.

Suddenly a fear, or, perhaps, an alarming doubt, took possession of his thoughts. It occurred to him that he

had, possibly, by some mal-application of the mysterious mesmeric power, superinduced a state of delirium. Perhaps (oh, horrible!) he had induced insanity. He was, therefore, for a few minutes greatly excited lest he had gone too far.

Now, Dr. La Force Du Bois—this was his name—was a very popular citizen, and also a very successful practitioner, in New Orleans. He had graduated in Paris. He owned a diploma, which had been richly earned by hard and diligent study; it was duly signed and sealed by the professors and president of the French Academy of Medicine.

Recently, however, the philosophy of disease and the theory of cure promulgated by the disciples of Hahnemann had engaged his attention. He was partially a convert to that more refined and scientific practice, and had experimented with the infinitesimal agents to some extent in the treatment of yellow and bilious fever. It happened also, very recently, that he met a convert to Mesmer's theory of an universal ether; which, according to the theory, can be imparted or withdrawn at the pleasure of the will; and Dr. Du Bois had ventured, in some cases, under his care, to bring this assumed magnetic ether into actual demonstration. It should in this place be added, however, that Dr. Du Bois, although a young man in years, was, nevertheless, an old and a wise man in judgment, profundity, firmness, diligence, and reflection. He was possessed of the highest intellectual and moral endowments; a deep thinker, benevolent to a fault, and constant in his friendships. He had, besides, that unscientific capacity frequently found very strong in woman—the capability of loving *sincerely*.

The first thing the doctor resolved upon was, to make a few more manipulations in the air over the reclining and now sleeping patient. He calmly and



firmly essayed to impart to her nerves somewhat of his own superabundance of health and vital spirits.

Her exquisite personal grace and her rare facial beauty attracted and distracted his attention. Yes, yes, she was indeed beautiful, and its chief grace consisted in her ineffable ignorance of it. Her wealthy and considerate father had kept her from contact with fashionable contaminators; and her ingenuous innocence and beauty of character had been shielded and strengthened by sisterly vigilance in the convent. The distinguished doctor, being fully impressed with her artlessness, grace, and beauty; and knowing that within two days she had become an orphan; and that her husband had been assailed by assassins, stricken down with disease, and arrested on a criminal charge, the nature of which had not yet transpired—who wonders that he sincerely sympathized with her? and what wonder that he inwardly prayed to merciful Heaven for wisdom and strength to enable him to relieve her sufferings, and to accomplish her complete restoration to health, and thus to the sweet happiness of true wedded life?

### CHAPTER XIII.

"Oh, that in unfettered union,  
Spirit could with spirit blend."—*Old Hymn.*

IN that resplendent bridal-chamber there was a calm atmosphere—an indefinable spirit that was inexpressibly tranquilizing and assuring. Of this the youthful bride was evidently conscious. She suddenly raised her hand and touched the doctor's. "Do you know me?" she inquiringly asked, in whisper tones.

"Yes, my child," tenderly replied the doctor.

"I am not *your* child," quickly she said.

"Why not?" he kindly asked.

"My father and my mother," said she, "will ride to the Roman Catholic Cemetery to-morrow." And then she laughed convulsively.

The now undisturbed doctor willed her to be calm.

"Oh, good doctor!" she shouted, "you can't deceive me—I know it all—but," she suddenly added, "don't tell her! don't tell *her*! promise me that you will not."

"Who is *she*, whom I must not tell?"

The exhausted girl made no reply, but seemed to be again lost in sleep.

Presently she said, "Wake me up, good doctor, bring me to myself."

He recollected the practical instructions of Mesmer. He made reverse passes through the viewless air about three inches above her body, and from feet to head. Gradually the reviving lady assumed a natural position; the whiteness and coldness of her hands disappeared; a rosy flush burned beautifully upon her fair cheeks; she opened her tender eyes; but suddenly starting, she looked wildly and apprehensively into the doctor's quiet and honorable face; and then she said with some show of uncontrollable nervousness: "Sir, you are a stranger. Where's my husband? Sir, I am a bride! Where's the bridegroom, sir? Where's Captain Jacques Del Aragoni? I am his wife."

"Madam," said the doctor most tenderly, and with the greatest deference and politeness, "Madam, you are ill. But you will soon recover, no doubt. I am your physician."

Suddenly the sick beauty became terribly resolute with a burning indignation. She bounded from the lounge with the swiftness of a deer. She violently rung the bell for her waiting-maid. The young, bright-eyed



mulatto girl entered. "Dress me instantly," said she impatiently, and with great emphasis: "Put me in a carriage immediately. Bid the coachman to drive with all speed to father's house in the Faubourg Lafayette."

"My dear madam," interrupted the doctor, firmly, but in a tone of gentle expostulation, "You are an invalid, madam! it will be impossible for you to drive so far; that short journey at this time might destroy your life."

"My life! my life! destroy my life!" she replied abstractedly, and as if endeavoring to recall an impression of something vague and incomprehensible. "Impossible, doctor! it is impossible! I can not be destroyed. I am the bride of Jesus—he is my everlasting lover; and I—and I, doctor, and I am wholly his eternal bride."

Then she sank exhausted and fainting upon the floor, and burst into a flood of tears.

Doctor Du Bois was again confounded. But he decided to send notes to four of his professional brethren in the city, and request a scientific consultation upon her case; for her symptoms were rapidly changing and becoming unmanageable.

In the next hour the most distinguished physicians of the Crescent City were deliberating together, after they had completed a thorough diagnosis of the young lady's condition. To their utter amazement they found her at least three months away on the path to maternity! This fact explained very much. But there were abnormal symptoms in her circulation. The doctors decided that she was threatened with mania, which sometimes occurs in a mild form, because of sudden disappointment and cerebral repression. The medical gentlemen also decided that absolute quiet for a few weeks would partially restore her. Then they recommended that the patient should take a prolonged voyage; perhaps, a pleasure-trip, through the most attractive countries of Europe.

## CHAPTER XIV.

"I thank thee, Father, that I live;  
Though wailings fill this earth of thine;  
To labor for thy suffering ones  
Is joy divine."—*Ann Preston.*

DOCTOR LA FORCE DU BOIS, as you may suppose, was relieved of anxiety. He now had no fears for the future of his interesting patient. He entertained the highest respect for woman, and esteemed maternity as a sacred office. But he was immeasurably shocked and outraged in his best feelings by the discovery that the libertine Aragoni had enchanted and seduced this innocent and beautiful creature.

A whole month passed, during which the doctor went every day to visit the charming convalescent.

One morning he was startled with an exclamation mingled with fright—"Oh, doctor—I'm dying—I'm dying! dying!"

He walked to her, and was just in time to save her from falling on the floor. He carried her to the lounge, made a few passes over her, and directly she swooned into deep unconsciousness.

This coma, however, continued but for a fleeting moment. Presently she threw up her hands, and then clasped them devotionally, as if in prayer; then she slowly, mysteriously, whisperingly, prophetically said—"George de Fréronier, *alias* Jacques Del Aragoni, is now in the military hospital within the fortifications. Go to him, good doctor! Go to him at once! Picture to him what you behold in me; then, doctor, before he refuses to further listen, give him this message:—'*Carmo, the plundered and the outraged, was not murdered! He*

*lives! Yes, he lives! and he is about to testify against you?"*

On saying this she returned to her normal condition, and seemed tranquil and indifferent.

Imagine the doctor's unspeakable amazement. During the first honey-moon month of her marriage—every day of which was studiously kept quiet to promote her convalescence—not a word had been lisped of her husband's whereabouts, or of the decease of her parents. To all interrogatories of this nature, those who had access to her invariably said: "The captain is absent, madam, detained on business; and your father and mother have gone on a journey." These indefinite answers seemed invariably to satisfy her never too impatient curiosity.

Next day Doctor Du Bois proceeded to discharge his duty to the captain, who had sufficiently recovered to be preparing for his fast approaching trial. He was engaged in conversation with his lawyer in the prison apartment of the fort when the doctor entered. Was it strange that the captain's sorrow-stricken face should have turned deathly *white* when the doctor requested an interview? Could he have suspected any thing?

An armed guard paced to and fro, to and fro, to and fro, before the open door; and an escort, also well-armed, stood within the door, and next to the lawyer's chair on the left, very near the heavily barred window. A mysterious impression of impending disaster had suddenly deprived the captain's mind of its constitutional coolness and inborn dignity. But the honest and conscientious doctor, although deeply imbued with the strangeness and singular solemnity of his message, did not comprehend that it could materially injure the prisoner. He regarded the communication as coming from a sick and partially insane young bride to her incarcerated husband. The doctor, however, in his mind privately believed that

Captain Aragoni was a villain of the darkest and most dangerous type.

Circumstantially and deliberately, nevertheless, the benevolent physician described what had happened. Of the remarkable faintings and swoonings; of the threatened delirium or mania; of the unexpected *discovery* by the four consulting physicians; of the recent convalescence; of the sudden convulsions and temporary loss of physical power; of the beautiful girl's devotional attitudes and silent prayers; and lastly, the doctor delivered word by word the entire communication that was given by the entranced patient for the absent and imprisoned husband.

Aragoni heard every word. He stood like one transfixed. His downcast eyes, hopeless and desperate, and trembling limbs, spoke plainly that his wretched fate was sealed. He raised his two hands slowly and clasped them in agony upon his head. Without looking up he groaned repeatedly; then wonderingly and despairingly he said—"*Carmo not murdered!*" He paused. "*Carmo lives!*" A long, thoughtful pause ensued. Then he added—"*Carmo not murdered! Oh, impossible! impossible!*"

Moved with pity, the benevolent doctor addressed him kindly. The wretched prisoner heeded nothing.

"Eternal heavens!" suddenly cried the desperate man, "What means all this? What is this hellish news you bring? Carmo not murdered!"

His moaning and wailing betrayed the increasing desperation of his fallen soul. It was evident that no man could deliver him from the penalties and sufferings of life-long transgressions.

A brisk, cheering wind was blowing through the iron bars of his raised window. It instantly revived the elegant prisoner. He raised his fine head, and with much calmness said:—

"Gentlemen, pardon my confusion and nervousness. To-morrow, gentlemen, to-morrow, doubtless, I shall better comprehend the situation." Then, turning to the doctor, he said: "Sir, you are a stranger to me. You are, you say, my wife's physician. Be it so. Look well to her. She will need you." Pausing for a moment, he added: "I would be alone, gentlemen; but first I beg that I may be furnished with materials for writing."

He stopped, overwhelmed with his terrible agony. He was evidently reviewing memories of frightful and diabolical deeds. He shuddered, and he muttered curses between his shut teeth. He seemed to see before him a vision of the scaffold and the executioner! He appeared for a moment on the point of fainting. But immediately recovering himself, he bowed gracefully and humbly thanked the kind-hearted janitor, who had that moment supplied his table with writing material.

It should here be understood that he was not closely watched and guarded, like a condemned man destined for the gallows. He was only under arrest, and had not yet been put on his trial. His noble and commanding personal appearance had a hundred times secured him from assault in the field, and had shielded him from the suspicion, sometimes hinted at by his enemies, that he was a masked chieftain among desperate brigands and accomplished counterfeiters. He was, therefore, treated at the fort by the officers in command with conspicuous consideration. Indeed, being a universal favorite in the army, his incarceration was rendered as little humiliating and as agreeable as possible. Besides, he was rightfully treated with the respect due to every human being not yet convicted, but who is only suspected of participation in crime. Therefore his prison room was not void of comforts. But the painful interview was now ended. The doctor, the lawyer, and the guard withdrew. Then the heavy

prison door was shut, and locked, and bolted. And the man of misery, the man of desolation, and the man of unutterable despair, was closed in upon himself. He was left alone! in the dreary solitudes of sin—left, to work out the problem of life. He was enveloped and overpowered by the divine mysteries of that light, on the crystal billows of which the song of his dying bride had penetrated the dark and evil recesses of his heart.

Early on the following morning a soldier from the fort appeared at the doctor's office. "I have come," said he, "to announce the *suicide* of the prisoner, Captain Aragoni."

The physician ordered his horse and rode immediately to the fort. Horrible spectacle! He found the tall, majestic form of the unhappy man stretched, white and cold, upon the prison bed. The pillow was saturated with blood; and the overflow, from a ghastly wound just made, was slowly dropping, sadly dropping on the stone floor. To the doctor it seemed to emit a sound, in the breathless stillness of the prison, like the beating of a distant muffled drum. With his powerful hand the captain had forced the blade of a small dirk-knife straight into the opening between the right auricle and the right ventricle. The work of destruction was complete. Upon the heavy plank table were discovered two letters. They were most carefully sealed. The names and instructions were firmly and artistically superscribed. The larger of the two was addressed:—

*To my Adorable Wife,*

*Madame Sophia Aragoni,*

*New Orleans.*

Upon the other letter, also very neatly folded and sealed, was—

*To our Beloved Child:*  
*A Father's Legacy; to be opened ten*  
*years from this day.*

## CHAPTER XV.

"Death is another life.

We bow our heads

At going out, we think, and enter straight

Another golden chamber of the King's,

Larger than this we leave, and lovelier."

*Good Templar.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the damaged social and military reputation of the deceased, his colonel and all the captains of his regiment resolved to take a testimonial part in the last sad offices for the dead. They appeared in full-dress uniforms, the regimental band furnished appropriate music, and the display was unusually brilliant.

Of all this, the convalescing wife knew absolutely nothing. The doctor had possessed himself of the letters written by her husband. Not deeming her mind sufficiently restored to receive them, he cautiously locked them up in his own house with other papers of value.

When the funeral cortège marched out of the fort, Doctor Du Bois was purposely engaged in earnest conversation with the charming invalid. The sound of

beating drums reached her ear. A passionate and mysterious force gained possession of her. She rushed to the window and looked out upon the city. She stood still, almost breathless, listening. She seemed natural and quiet as a child. The grand and brilliant procession, the beautiful gay uniforms of her husband's regiment—which she had so often watched with a romantic maidenly pride and passionate eye—the enchanting music, low and solemn—the beautiful gallantry exhibited in the military bearing of the captains—in silence she saw it all, inhaled the meaning of it, and looked for the moment as if her whole soul was in it.

The doctor with anxiety was preparing his mind to witness another crisis in the condition of his patient. He, however, appeared indifferent, and deliberately approached the window as if to view the scene. She instantly said, with a startled and offended look—

"Doctor, oblige me by retiring at once to the parlor."

He withdrew deferentially, meanwhile speculating in his thoughts what was likely next to happen. He breathlessly listened at the foot of the stairs in the hall below. It relieved him, however, when the bright-eyed mulatto maid answered the summoning bell. He immediately heard busy feet overhead, and laughter, and snatches of song, and the chattering of merry voices. So he concluded that mistress and maid were playing together like innocent and happy children. He thanked God.

Presently he was called to her chamber; then the servant-maid withdrew. Imagine his astonishment when, on entering the apartment, he was met by the beautiful creole arrayed in all the glory and grandeur of a blooming bride! The drapery of her bridal dress, and all the wedding ornaments were upon her, in splendid profusion.

"Ah, good doctor," said she, with a shade of disappointment, "you are offended."

He smiled benevolently, and said, "Oh, no, no—my child!"

Attempting and affecting to look with admiration upon the really beautiful object—a pale, graceful young creature, dressed for the nuptial altar in exquisite style and in the richest fabrics—he added, "You charm me, dear—but," his hesitation and perplexity getting the better of him, and so becoming apparent, "but, my dear, are you not too thinly clad for this chilly season?"

With the dignified grace of a lady of education, united with the irresistible archness and simplicity of an innocent child, she instantly took his hand and led him to a seat. Then she gracefully seated herself by his side. A convulsive tremor shook her whole body for a moment. Then she bent forward and knelt upon the floor. Her white hands were clasped upon her bosom. Her upturned eyes were filled with devotion, and shining with the heavenly feelings of true aspiration. She seemed to be rapt in silent prayer.

A long pause. Then slowly and sorrowfully she arose to her feet. She stretched forth her right hand and laid it upon the doctor's noble head. With her left she carried his right hand, and pressed the palm passionately, upon her rapidly throbbing heart.

"O merciful God" said she, in a voice trembling with profound emotion, "pardon all pride and vanity in thy child! Pardon all sinful thoughts, all angry and rash words, all fretfulness, impatience, and discontent! pardon all other sins, which, from time to time, she may have committed in thy sight! Hear me, O holy Shepherd of Israel!—hear me, O holy Mother of Jesus!—hear me, O Father of the Eternal Kingdom!—forgive *him*, my husband, who has gone from the lusts of the flesh, and from the vanities and temptations of a wicked world!—oh, forgive *him*! forgive *him*!"

Suddenly she sank upon the floor; but she looked up, and a smile of happiness illumined her sweet face. Then she hummed plaintive refrains and parts of a song. Gathering strength, and with the doctor's assistance, she arose and resumed the position of standing by his side.

"Ah, good doctor," she began with wonderful pathos: "you do not understand me. I am a bride—the bride of Jesus—therefore, sir, I am appropriately arrayed."

"What is this mysterious marriage, my child? Can you describe it?" he asked, with profound tenderness.

"Oh, yes, yes," she replied, "I can tell you, and I will." Her countenance shone with a supernatural radiance.

"The mysteries of marriage," she solemnly continued, "vanish before the eyes of wisdom. There are marriages of the flesh, and there are marriages of the spirit. Mates know each other when they meet; when mis-mates meet, they hate each other. Thus, you see, good doctor, that there is such a thing as love at first sight, and there is such a thing as hate at first sight. This bleak November is hateful to rosy-footed May, with her lovely flowers and glittering fields. In the sacred silence of the heart the love of Jesus is conceived. This is pure spirit-love—the love of purity for purity. When kindred hearts meet and marry, they pass life and eternity together in perfect unison; both know intuitively what is essential to their happiness. They are obedient, and eternal joy is their reward."

"Your discourse, my child, is profound beyond your years," remarked the doctor.

She smiled incredulously. "Spirit," said she, "is neither old nor young; because God is neither old nor young. Neither is truth, or love, or life; for the circle of eternity has neither beginning nor ending."

Doctor Du Bois almost reproached himself with the fact that he had permitted her marvelous discourse to absorb his whole attention. He had forgotten, he feared, to discharge his duties as her protector—physician. She had opened up a new subject to his mind, and he had eagerly received her inspired words, like one hungering and thirsting for the bread and waters of life. Recollecting himself, however, he led her to the lounge, and commenced manipulating her throbbing head. After a brief silence, she joyfully shouted—

“Oh, thanks! thanks! The terrible monsters are gone! I have been appalled! I have been riding in the whirlwind clouds of love’s madness! But now!—now the night is passed!—now, blessed be God and his angels! I am free! free! free!”

“What monsters, my child? What clouds of madness?”

“Why, good doctor, don’t you know?”

“Know what, dear?”

“That the raven’s wing is broken!—that black, hot wing under which I have been so long sheltered, and warmed, and imprisoned, and almost destroyed!”

The physician very kindly remarked—“I do not comprehend.”

“For months,” she replied, “my very heart has been *mad* with love; because *he*, so powerful and so beautiful, had thrown his passionate will upon me. He infatuated me with his delicious enchantments; he held me close to his heart, as a ferocious beast hugs its prey; he drank my very breath; he fed his passions with my blinded affections; he sheltered me and absorbed me; his magnetism filled my nerves; my very heart was on fire for him;—but, oh, thanks! thanks! I am now free! free! free!”

The prostrate girl clasped her hands together in a

paroxysm of inexpressible joy. The doctor began quietly to make reverse passes in the air over her, and very soon she sank into a natural and tranquilizing slumber. Seeing that all was now right with her, he called the maid, left full and explicit directions for the administration of remedies, and then thoughtfully returned to his office.

## CHAPTER XVI.

“Bright was her soul as Dian’s crest  
Showering on Vesta’s fane its sheen.”—*Landor*.

WEEKS and months slipped by, bringing important changes and transformations, in accordance with the unceasing workings of the progressive law, which, if we believe the teachings of modern philosophers, is but another name for the unchangeable ways of an unchangeable God.

Time’s merciless fingers, however, had been busy pulling down and scattering into the air the estates of Don Marigny in the Faubourg Lafayette. What was supposed by Aragoni and his friends, and by the intelligent inhabitants of New Orleans generally, to be an immense and unencumbered property, to which the beautiful daughter would be sole heiress, turned out a complete and wretched failure—after paying creditors, not leaving more than a few thousand dollars to the dependent and youthful widow.

The richly furnished and princely residence, into which the magnificent impostor, Aragoni, conveyed his blooming bride immediately after the nuptial services were concluded, was quickly transferred under the auctioneer’s hammer.

Young Madame Aragoni, in whose spiritual and temporal situation the Jesuit Fathers and Ursuline nuns never failed to take the liveliest interest, was invited to occupy rooms in an edifice connected with their convent. She accepted, and removed to a sacred retreat in the spacious and handsome institution.

After this she received no more visits from the benevolent and deeply interested Doctor Du Bois. Day by day he looked at every lady he passed in his walks and drives through the city and suburbs. He was certain that he would instantly know *her*; by her very walk and deportment, as far as eye could see, he knew he could recognize her; but she never came to delight his vigilant heart. Oh, such painful waiting!

One day, however, he thought he had surely found the beautiful patient. He was leisurely strolling in the Roman Catholic cemeteries, just a little way out of the city, when suddenly a closely-veiled lady passed out from one of the tombs, and seemed to disappear in a large group of negroes, mulattoes, and quadroons, who were servants of ladies and gentlemen then promenading in the park. He searched for her, but was not successful. Then he returned and examined the finely constructed tomb, which was built with thick walls above ground. On the door he read the name of "*Don Calvo Marigny*." This decided him that he had not been mistaken. Ah, he knew he could not be! Again and again, with the lamp of hope newly trimmed, he visited the vicinity of the tomb; but to him another such vision, so attractive and so heavenly, was never again vouchsafed. Changes occurred meanwhile, of which the benevolent physician knew nothing.

The homeless Sophia had an uncle residing in a grove of palm, lime, and orange trees on the isle of Cuba. He was an opulent creole planter, with a justly earned repu-

tation for intelligence, enterprise, and courtly hospitality. The story of the discovery of America by Columbus possessed peculiar charms for her when a mere child. She was exceedingly delighted and proud of Spanish history, more especially that part of it which connected Ferdinand and Isabella with the West India Islands, and with the discovery by Columbus of beautiful and opulent Cuba. Much of delight she felt when thinking of Cuba was the creation of her fertile imagination. But the convent physician encouraged her departure to a more tropical climate than that of Louisiana. She made preparations accordingly, and sailed for Havana in January, 1821, about two months before she became the mother of a well-formed and beautiful child.

One day the New Orleans post-office delivered a letter, evidently addressed by a lady's hand, to "Doctor La Force Du Bois, No. — Esplanade Street." It was post-marked Havana, Cuba. The physician's warm heart swelled with a secret happiness. He hastened to his office, locked the door against all comers, opened the precious treasure, and read:—

"MY DEAR DOCTOR: I have been trying to write you for a long time, but this busy, this vexatious, this delightful world has run away with every spare moment, till now. Don't you long to know all about me? I love Cuba a thousand times better than hateful New Orleans, with its levees and swamps and yellow fevers. I wouldn't go back for worlds. The past is hateful to think of; I am trying to forget the whole of it. Here I can confess my sins, and unburden my troubled soul, and feel happier and comforted. But I never could be happy nor comfortable in hateful New Orleans. I don't see how you can live there, doctor dear. Here everybody is delightful; and, oh, what a charming, sequestered spot this is, where my amiable uncle resides, only a short drive from the city with its beautiful stores, and the beautiful Spanish ships of war, and winged vessels of commerce from all parts of the world.

"Ah, another thing I must tell you, doctor dear—my poor fatherless

baby was born two months ago. I suffered dreadfully. But everybody here is so kind, and the Spanish ladies and gentlemen send me so many lovely presents; and a thousand passing vanities, one after another, so gratify me and consume my time, that I am cheated out of all suffering; and the days come and go so fast I sometimes fear that I shall not remember in the eternal world a millionth part of what happens to me in this life. And I mean to forget the past as fast as I go into the future, wouldn't you, doctor dear? Oh, the horrible, hideous, wicked past!

"The dinner-bell rings! Well, I don't care if it does. This letter must be written while I'm at it, or it will never be finished, for the house is being prepared for a great party this evening, and you know, doctor dear, that my presence is particularly wanted at such times. My kind, noble Spanish aunt, says: 'Sophia is the very life and soul of the assembly!' It's very kind in her I am sure to say so, but of course I don't accept it all as truth, although I confess it gives me pleasure to be courted and admired by those I love. And I fancy sometimes, doctor dear, my love is warm toward everybody in Cuba. But I hate every thing and everybody in New Orleans, except *you* and the good fathers and holy nuns at the Ursuline Convent. For you know that I can never be ungrateful.

"Oh, I almost forgot to give you the name of my handsome little boy—*Carmo Del Aragoni*. Beautiful, isn't it?

"Now I'll tell you how it came about.

"During my confinement to the house, after the birth of my baby, the family physician said I was afflicted with 'somnambulism' (whatever that may be); and he said that I talked and did many wonderful things. He pronounced it a nervous affection, and gave me remedies. They all said that I was like one *dying*. My unconscious profession was that I could and did perceive things spiritual. I recall nothing of the past, remember; and I don't want to, and I *won't*! So of course I know really nothing of what I am now relating.

"Well, the family say that one night I seemed to behold a spirit, or something of that kind, and the apparition appeared to speak through my lips, and said, referring to the baby—

"*Let his name be Carmo Del Aragoni.*"

"Now I like that name, don't you, doctor dear? It sounds romantic and Spanish-like, and I love every thing and everybody Spanish, except some hateful people who live in hateful New Orleans. I don't think they have in their veins a drop of true Spanish blood, do you? If they fall sick, doctor, won't you *bleed them* within an inch of their lives, and

let me pay you for the trouble? My lavish uncle supplies my purse with gold and silver every day. I have so much I can't count it.

"There's my maid, come to arrange my hair and drape me for the evening's entertainment! So good-bye, doctor dear; now don't forget your affectionate

"SOPHIA.

"P. S.—Did you ever attend a Spanish fandango? Oh, such funny, lively times! I'm invited to dance at one to-morrow evening; and I shall attend it, you may be sure.

"P. S.—A splendid young Spanish gentleman has just called. He's the son of the Spanish admiral, and grandson of the Captain-General of Cuba."

## CHAPTER XVII.

"Dreaming sweet dreams, till earth-born turbulence  
Was all forgot; and thinking that in thee,  
Far from the rudeness of this jarring world,  
There might be realms of quiet happiness!"—*Bard*.

DOCTOR DU BOIS was thunderstruck. He tossed the letter energetically and impatiently from him, and paced the floor in profound distress. He was annoyed, grieved, confounded. What a transformation! What a fall from the estate of an angel, pleading for truth and humanity, to that of a fickle, fluttering butterfly of the fashionable world! He seemed to see her standing upon the verge of an abyss. He threw up both his hands to catch her and to save her from the terrible descent. She saw him not. "O God of heaven!" he exclaimed, "is there no arm to shield her from this fate?" Then again he walked the floor—to and fro, to and fro—in perfect wretchedness and gloom.

Perhaps it should here be told that the doctor was yet under thirty, and unmarried; although from the naturally thoughtful cast of his honest face, and the round



plump build of his body, he appeared to be a much older man. And it is barely possible that interested motives mixed somewhat with his unspeakable solicitude for the charming young widow in Cuba. Every heart holds its own secrets. It seems to be wisely ordained that neither the faults nor the virtues of the soul shall be exposed to the gaze of others. There is oftentimes as much protection in wise secrecy as there is strength in integral unity. We do not, therefore, presume to intrude upon the secret treasures which may lie in the chambers of the bleeding heart of Doctor Du Bois.

Study and research had thoroughly developed the doctor's thinking principle in many directions. Meanwhile his affections—the tender and loving heart of the man—had been left comparatively uncultivated. The sentiment of love, if that which is an eternal principle can be so called, had scarcely germinated in his manly consciousness. Woman was, therefore, a mystery. The incomprehensibilities and the recurring inconsistencies of the female heart confounded him. To his orderly and methodical and logical mind woman was a creature of disorder, inconsistency, and inconstancy. He feared her; yet no man more venerated woman, or had higher regard for her maternal office in the sublime order of nature. He resolved, however, to answer the blooming widow's letter, and here it is:—

"NEW ORLEANS, LA., *May*, 1821.

"MY DEAR MADAM: I have the exquisite honor—the exceeding joy and supreme happiness, I may say—of acknowledging your most agreeable letter."

Here the doctor paused. He laid down his pen and walked the floor thoughtfully. Then he returned to his task.

"One portion of your adorable letter, I must confess, filled me with misery. You seem to cultivate feelings akin to retaliation toward persons and scenes in your native city."

The doctor read and re-read this sentence; he did not like it exactly; it did not exactly say what he meant to express; but he concluded to let it go, and so resumed:—

"Months ago I obtained from your entranced lips, in this very city, most astounding revelations. Your celestial language was fragrant with the imperishability of ideas. Your collective utterances I have, with most valuable letters, which in some future day you may read, locked up in my private iron trunk. You seemed, in your moments of highest ecstasy, to assume all aptitudes and to comprehend all laboratories for the expression of all most delicate and mysterious sentiments."

Suddenly the doctor recollected that he was writing to a young lady! "That will never do," he said to himself; "a lovely lady should receive a lovely letter." Then, after a little hesitation and reflection, he wrote on:—

"Permit me, dear madam, to congratulate you on the successful deliverance of your baby. What could be more appropriate than the divine name '*Carmo*.' I have ere this heard of the singular name; but only when pronounced, in marvelous ecstasy, by your beautiful lips. You did well, dear madam, to accept the name divinely given."

A thousand strange thoughts seemed to rush through his brain. He connected the child's name with all the horrible occurrences of the past few months. But he resolved to refrain from every word which might bring the past too distinctly back to the beloved Sophia:—

"Listen attentively, dear madam, to my few remaining words. Fate, or otherwise some heavenly power, has inspired me with a powerful attraction toward you. Your image is present in all my thoughts. And when I dream, which happens rarely when the city is healthy and I am not overtaxed with professional duties—yes, when I dream, your image, as enchanting and as lovely as an angel's, wanders with me whither I roam."

This bold declaratory sentence seemed to render the doctor intense gratification. It was the first line of undisguised love that ever dropped from his pen. His heart throbbed, and he began to hope. Then he wrote his final word:—

"Doubtless, most lovely madam, you are now happy. If, however, at any time in the future, you should need a friend or a physician, do me the unspeakable honor of calling upon

"LA FORCE DU BOIS, M. D."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

"The world is too much with us; in our hours  
Of loneliness come thoughts of other days—  
Remembrances of summer's withered flowers,  
Of woodland walks, and pleasant hillside ways."

*Woodfern.*

THE studious and skillful doctor, who was a full-blooded Frenchman, had attained an enviable position in his profession. No other physician had ever been so successful with patients stricken with yellow fever. His name and fame were in every one's mouth. He was, however, an investigator and a progressive man, and was willing to acquire additional knowledge on every subject; hence, as the reader is now aware, impelled by his constitutional inquisitiveness in truth's realms, he was reading and experimenting in the mysteries of magnetism. He had read extensively in science, philosophy, literature, art, history, and was never happier than when he found a companion, either lady or gentleman, with whom he could talk an hour on any of these studies. In point of fact, he was the most intelligent and the most successful medical man in the Crescent City.

Yet, of the phenomena of ecstatic clairvoyance, as exhibited in the case of young Madame Aragoni, he realized an uncommon degree of ignorance. He, however, disagreed with the Cuban physician, who had diagnosticated the manifestation as "an affection of the nervous system;" and he was profoundly shocked, not to say inexpressibly grieved and horrified, at the flippancy with which she, the adorable creole beauty, treated these sacred things.

Standing at this angle, and not feeling at all certain that he comprehended woman's sensitive and impulsive nature, all things began to look revolutionary. He had mailed his letter, which contained his first hint of love, but now he would recall it. He could write something infinitely more perfect. It was too late; the vessel had sailed; his letter was already in her hand.

Her ringing laughter was heard by guests then promenading in palm and orange groves near her uncle's residence.

"Oh, *do* come!" she hilariously shouted. "Come, somebody—everybody! I'm in raptures!"

Her cheerful and magnetic voice, combined with her many personal attractions, invariably acted magically. The young folks flocked about her in high glee. "Oh, it's too funny for any thing!" Her beautiful face was beaming with exuberant merriment.

"Pray tell us this instant!" chimed in many voices; "we're waiting for something to laugh at." But they all laughed immoderately without waiting, and danced a waltzing fandango about the beautiful girl.

"Now all stop!" said she, "and I'll tell every one. Here's a letter from an old, good-natured, New Orleans doctor; and what do you think?"

Then she laughed, and turned round and round on her heel, like a child not yet five years old; but suddenly

ceasing, and forcing her countenance to assume a mock-solemn expression, she said:—

“Why, the old doctor is making love to me! But he’s so dreadfully awkward! His letter reads for all the world just like a sermon and an expostulation by holy Father Malarm. Oh, it’s *too funny* for any thing!”

## CHAPTER XIX.

“Ah, no, fair boy, it can not be!  
For thine is human destiny.”—*Green.*

It must now begin to be evident to my reader that this young orphan—this young, beautiful widow—this young, inexperienced mother—all three in one beautiful and impulsive person—is the legitimate offspring of the blood, and temperament, and constitution of Don Calvo Marigny. She is unfolding with indiscriminate love burning in her innocent heart.

Now, who shall say aught to chill and circumscribe the universality of her affection? Behold her, singing, running, dancing, and laughing in the sunshine, like a pleasure-loving fairy stealing kisses from every pair of beautiful lips—fit companion alike for the artist and the prodigal millionaire—calling forth endearments and evoking joyful emotions from everybody—graceful and free as a bird—finding romantic openings in the groves for lovers—lavishing her unconsciously voluptuous smiles upon guests of either sex—loading her tables and everybody’s tables with mountains of bouquets; and, withal, religious—a good Catholic—sings praises divinely on holidays in Cuba—prays to Jesus Christ and to the Holy Virgin—and not neglecting to play like a child with her

little, beautiful baby boy. Who, then, that loves spontaneous life—who that loves nature as much in butterflies as in trees and angels—who that believes in cause and effect, in a God and a well-ordered universe—who, in a word, is sufficiently sinless to condemn this dangerous creature to be stoned to death?

Her baby was truly a beautiful and wonderful baby. He was born with a profusion of black, curly hair, which hung in luxuriant ringlets about his finely-formed head. His little hands and little feet were very great beauties. There was a proud stateliness in the build and bearing of this little boy; his round, straight neck, half concealed with curls, harmonized beautifully with his head and shoulders.

The magnificent old admiral persisted in calling the boy “Spanish Prince.”

But who shall describe the expression of that little, princely face? The full-orbed black eyes seemed to be swimming in an ocean of tears; there was an indescribable look of terror in them. He seemed on the point of weeping bitterly; yet he never did. He seldom smiled. When he did, sometimes, apparently overcome by his mother’s bewitching playfulness, a satanic shadow and a fearful solemnity suddenly ensued. The corners of his little mouth were curled with a disdainful, sarcastic expression. His eyes haunted the beautiful mother; whithersoever she went, they followed her, looking reproachfully or, suddenly transported with some mysterious emotion, bleeding with tenderness and despair.

In all other respects the little boy was perfect.

Now, who would ever imagine that thoughtless Sophia—the affectionate, the spontaneous, the ever-dancing and the apparently ever-happy girl, so very young, only just entered upon her eighteenth year—had wept hot, bitter tears, a whole hour at a time, by the little bed of her

sleeping infant? Hour after hour the mysteriously wretched girl bent over his little, sad face, and prayed and prayed, and wept with all the flooding agony of an overcharged heart. What a pity that honest, intelligent, perplexed Dr. Du Bois could not have looked through the distance, and beheld this Madonna weeping and agonizing over her child!

"Oh, the hateful, hateful past!" and she wept. "What a wretch I am!" Her sobbing might have been heard in the adjoining chambers; but it was not, for she took great care to conceal her sorrow from every one.

In the excess of misfortune she heard the voice of a deliverer. Her uncle's family were about to sail for England; they invited her to accompany them. The Cuban physician approved. A handsome, healthy, motherly nurse was obtained for the darling little Prince "Carmo." The fair young mother pressed her mysterious child convulsively to her bosom; she held him passionately in her round arms, and smothered him with her kisses. He was blinded by the flood of her hot tears. Then she knelt down and prayed over him, committing him to the watchful love of God's holy ministering angels. Again and again she most passionately clasped him, notwithstanding his sad face, and reproachful eyes, and strange indifference. Caressingly she pressed him against her bursting heart; then she kissed his sweet, pretty hands, and showered tears and kisses upon his beautiful feet, and upon his handsome neck, and upon his princely shoulders, and bedewed his snow-white bosom with the gushing tears and love of her pure heart; and then—

She was gone!

## CHAPTER XX.

"As the twig is bent the tree's inclined."—*Pope.*

DON GRACIAN was the eldest and richest brother of Sophia's mother—a fine old Spanish gentleman "all of the olden time." He was remarkable for his genuine hospitality and princely style of living. His residence was about one mile from Havana, in the bosom of a luxuriant grove, and connected with extensive plantations. Beneath the house were numerous and well-filled cellars. There were rich specimens of carving and gilding on the cornices, ceilings, and panels; and the emblazonment of heraldry, here and there, especially in the banqueting hall, furnished conclusive proof that this establishment was a patrimonial estate. Some of the pictures in the chambers represented bull-fights, feasting, and other sports peculiar to Spanish countries. Beautiful hangings, stamped with gold, decorated the walls; and superb musical instruments, bearing marks of frequent use, were found in nearly every room.

The Doña Gracian was a lady of magnificent assumptions. She had the warmest fondness for the richest jewels, the costliest diamonds, and the most elegant styles of dress. Her extravagance was extended to her daughter, a plain-looking girl about seventeen years of age, and who was particularly delighted with Sophia's society. It was but natural that the, ambitious Doña should be ambitious for her daughter. Don Gracian, as was his wont, generously extended his best wishes over his lovely niece, and plainly told his magnificent lady, just as they sailed out of the harbor for England, that

he meant for both young ladies to provide equal opportunities.

Little Aragoni was just entering upon his second year when his beautiful mother sailed away. He had passed unharmed the critical stages of lactation and dentition, and seemed impenetrable to the assaults of every infantile affection.

The motherly nurse, in whose care he was left, soon regretted that she had taken the charge. "She understood children," she said, "and knew what was required of her in the discharge of her duties to this boy. But *such* a child as this she never once dreamed of."

Once, confiding her perplexities to an aged female negro servant in the kitchen, she declared her intention "to leave the island of Cuba as soon as her salary was paid up."

Time slipped by and her intention was fulfilled.

Then an intelligent governess was procured for the little boy, and after that things went better with him. He seldom cried, and seldom laughed; he never fretted; and gave no one any trouble. And yet the old nurse declared that "she couldn't sleep in the room with the little child." Often in her inexpressible solicitude for his welfare, she would, in the middle of the night, not daring to sleep, get out of her bed and see if he was not *dead*. "My stars!" she used to say, "if the child would only cry *once*, and stop looking so everlastingly hideous and hateful, I might bear the task a while longer."

In fact the nurse conceived an incurable repugnance, and insisted that "a spell had been put upon the child by some Indian witch." One evidence she adduced was, that once when the nurse chanced to cut her finger, causing the blood to flow very fast for a few moments, the little boy, seeing the brilliant crimson current on her apron, suddenly began to clap his little hands joyfully

and to crow with the greatest delight. And yet he had not for weeks expressed any interest in the thousand and one little devices for his especial amusement.

The new governess, however, felt differently. She studied his temperament, and instinctively seemed to understand his interior disposition. Meanwhile his light-hearted, pleasure-seeking mother was traveling with the Gracian family in Europe.

Who understands a child? Is it not to most parents a sealed book? Spirit comes from spirit, and body comes from body. But does not the invisible life within the blood float into each the mysteries of both? Schoolmen speculate on races of men, and they profoundly develop what they call the philosophy of history—which may be called the workings of Providence in the growth and march of mankind. Now why will they not look into the biological origin of childhood? In the germ the whole future history is enfolded. Who sees it? Who sees that honesty is a part of one's constitution, as much as the color of the eyes, the hair, and the complexion? Who can trace the manifold causes which push themselves out in these visible effects? Whence the origin of evil in the blood? or of disease in bone? Children's teeth are set on edge, because in the olden time their progenitors have eaten sour grapes! Why did not their fathers or their mothers reject the evil? Who and what gave them the wish to go astray? Ah, gentle reader, the chain can not be broken. Each link is perfect in its place. And the circle of human existence is united and complete. And in it all and through it all streams the saving law of PROGRESS; and thus—

Time rolls all things onward!

## CHAPTER XXI.

"Our lives to lust and vanity are given;  
And when at last He summons us above,  
We stand as strangers at the gate of Heaven!"

*The Play.*

At the Gracian mansion there never had been any thing like real, loving, sacred home life. Don Gracian was descended from the Old Spaniards. His benevolent temperament, nevertheless, influenced him to admit to his good will the poor Castilians, the industrious Catalans or Catalonians, the indigent classes of creoles, the native Indians, and the imported Africans. His superb generosity, and his princely style of rewarding those who voluntarily bestowed kindly offices upon him or his family, made his name dear to hundreds of hard-working Cubans.

Twenty years before Don Gracian had chief supervision of the vast ship-building establishments belonging to the Spanish Government. The larger and best of the royal war-ships belonging to the Spanish armada were built from the grand, old forest-trees that had made the Gracian estates so supremely beautiful and picturesque. Every rare tree indigenous to the island was to be found upon his extensive plantations. The unsurpassed mahogany, the durable and beautiful lance-wood, several species of the magnificent palm, the fragrant wild lime, the fruitful cocus-tree, and the graceful *lignum-vitæ*, numerous orange groves, all combined to render immensely valuable and celebrated the patrimonial possession of the hospitable Don Gracian.

But, alas! that greatest of all sanctuaries for the

human heart, that surest stronghold of all true growth in moral power and in greatness—a HOME, in the true sense of the good old English word—Don Gracian had not, neither could he purchase it, nor provide its divine blessings at any rate in exchange for his real estate.

Therefore he traveled with the three ladies; on the plea that they required the benefits of change. Therefore poor little baby Carmo was homeless, as well as motherless, in that magnificent Spanish establishment. The glitter of jasper and fine gold could not substitute for that hope of man, that holiest spot on earth to woman, that mysteriously sweet sanctuary for children—a HOME!

In planting of the seeds of crime, begin by destroying *home*, and you will sow to the winds all that is sweet, holy, and conservative in the human heart. Break the charmed circle of home, turn the bark of human nature loose upon the tempestuous social sea, without the sweet influences of fostering love, without the golden bondage of sacred ties, and the work of evil and misery has begun. The bloody phantasmagoria of society begin when the divine influence of home ends. Had the genial Don Gracian had a true *home*—a place more attractive to his ambitious and pompous wife than the company of of great lords and the pampered debauchees, a place too sacred for the perpetual fandangos, too fine and tender to be insulted by the gorgeous pleasures of those who indulge in bacchanalian feasts mingled with hideous shouts of wineful song—he would have stifled the seeds of crime, of nameless horrors, in the blood of little Carmo and in the heart of his passionate and beautiful mother.

A country of true homes is a country of true greatness. A strolling gypsy life is the life of degradation and brigandage. The heart needs sheltering even more than the

body. So a false, heartless place in which to dress, eat, sleep, work, fret, swear, fight, and debauch, is the house of sin and the gate of hell. Behold little children, innocent infant girls, and innocent baby boys, born and reared in such hideous places! Not one sweet memory to bind the soul to the saving influences of home! Not one fond thought of a holy mother, not one recollection of loving words spoken in the tranquil peace of a home of love—not one tie too deep for words! No, wretched wanderer! go out into the horrible battle of life—cut your own way through the savage wilderness—every one for himself! Alas, this is the reign of terror, the struggle of tatterdemalions and social savages, the battle of hungry tigers in the human forest—the bloody tragedy of an unprotected, homeless life between the womb and the tomb.

Oh, ye who live in true loving, saving homes! Shed tears of pity, and curse not, for ye little know the temptations of those who live in huts, hovels, dens, cabins, attics, and holes of crime. Ye have not the faintest gleam of their hardships. They do not themselves *know* that they are breeding and sowing broadcast the seeds of nameless miseries. They never felt the fertilizing love of fond mothers and sisters and brothers. Their appetites were never fed by the delicate dainties of affection. They never knew any thing of a holy place where the thoughts and feelings of the selfish world were sometimes not permitted to enter—where, in the mysterious sanctuary of home, they all shut out the tumultuous world for an hour, and together inhaled the sweet humanizing confidences of true hearts.

Alas, what might *you* have been under the perversions of circumstances more powerful than your will?

## CHAPTER XXII.

"Ah, who is there that ever quite forgets  
His fairy land on love's romantic shore?"—*Old Song.*

DON GRACIAN and the three ladies had been abroad about three years. The free, frank, and fascinating young widow Aragoni had stepped unintentionally in between the modest and plain-looking Dueña Gracian, and every suitor which her ambitious and pompous mother had contrived to introduce.

One day, at a dinner-party in London, Señor Gracian met an old military acquaintance, an officer of French extraction, who had been connected with the building of the Spanish Armada in Cuba, named Ermenonville Marana, to whom he forthwith introduced Madame Gracian, their daughter, and, of necessity, also the blooming Sophia.

Ermenonville had a countenance indicative of a capacity for great achievements. His noble aquiline nose, slightly curved at the root; his animated eye; his voluptuous mouth; his features easily expressing his feelings; his breast wide and deep; his polite manners and military bearing—shall we say it?—perfectly charmed the heart and the imagination of the susceptible Sophia. Why did she not discern deeper? He possessed an imperious and fiery temper; was often subject to fits of violent passion; self-conceited and obstinate; entertained false notions of honor, which he gratified far beyond the bounds of reason, and jealous on the slightest provocation. Why did she not look beyond the fascinations of sense? Because she could not; and so she secretly loved her

uncle's old Cuban friend, Ermenonville. He was supposed to be wealthy, having amassed a fortune by trading with China, and was the proprietor of a country seat about two miles from the city of Mobile.

Madame Gracian's indignation was unbounded. She thought, when her Don mentioned this gentleman, "What a gorgeous husband for her daughter!" In a moment her feelings of interest in her niece were changed to vengeful hatred.

Addressing the genial Don Gracian, she said—"Sophia is not fit society for our daughter; she is offensive, selfish, and a hypocrite."

"You forget that she is an orphan," he replied.

"An orphan!" she returned with supreme scorn; "she is more offensive to me than the slaves on our plantation."

"She inherited no fortune," continued the kind-hearted uncle; "her patrimony, of any value, was long since expended."

"Is she your dependent?" inquired the pompous Madame.

"No; but she is my dead sister's only child."

"Is she, therefore, entitled to your patronage and fortune?"

"She is entitled to our bounty," he firmly replied, "until she is married, when, like other females who depend upon their husbands for their daily bread, she will have her own *maison*—perhaps a *chateau*—with plenty of servants, and a princely purse at her own disposal."

"I choose to take my daughter from her society," the haughty Madame replied. "She wears a hideous mask of intrigue and hypocrisy. She shall go, sir; and that, too, this very day!—this very hour!—this *moment*!"

## CHAPTER XXIII.

"The world is too much with us; cursing still  
Our slavery, with fettered souls we go,  
Heaping life's measure to the brim with ill,  
Despair and sorrow, sin and shame, and woe."

Winne.

SOPHIA, in the adjoining room, overheard every word. It decided her. She rapidly penned a note to Ermenonville Marana:—"I will be your wife!"

Then on the instant she was happy. She had a thousand times silently prayed for just this kind of deliverance from the pitiless persecutions of her unreasonable, jealous aunt, who, it should be recollected, was her aunt only through the mere circumstance of marriage. In an instant her mother's heart returned in thoughts to the little mysterious, speechless boy on the blooming island of Cuba. She would soon have a home for him. The flowers of sunshine seemed to bloom in a moment all over the dark path she had been traveling. Her imagination dreamed out a future covered with pictures. Then her aunt heard her electric laugh.

"Heavens!" she said; "I hate the very sound of that hypocrite's brazen-faced laugh!"

At that moment Ermenonville entered the apartment of Don Gracian. He heard the bewitching, sparkling, exhilarating laugh of the adorable young widow.

"Ah," said he, "that fairy laugh has pursued me day and night!"

Don Gracian freely expressed his gratification.

Madame looked daggers at her husband; but she pre-



served the grace and grandeur of fashionable Spanish manners in presence of the wealthy officer.

He continued:—"How divinely your gifted niece sings, Señor Gracian! Her singing and her laughter sound like the sweet music of flutes on the tranquil lake!"

"Superb compliment!" smiled the genial Don. His offended wife meanwhile busied her thoughts with schemes against the too-much-admired girl.

Suddenly Sophia entered the room. The unexpected presence of Marana confused her slightly, but instantly her dark eyes were flooded with delight and affection. He had come for her reply. She danced a few steps, her sweet laugh ringing in the room like a silver bell; then, approaching him archly, slipped her note in his hand, and gracefully retired to her room.

Ermenonville's quick and educated glance read the welcome answer in Sophia's beaming, happy face. The agitated aunt, however, had not observed the girl's sleight-of-hand performance with their guest. He rose to depart, bowed slightly to the gracious Madame, and motioned to his old friend, Gracian, to accompany him.

The conversation between these men can be easily imagined. Next day the attractive widow Aragoni became the wife of the splendid-looking Frenchman.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

"Children of night! unfolding surely, slowly,  
To the sweet breathings of the shadowy hours."

*Hemans.*

IN Paris, where there are no heart-and-soul homes—the only city in which an immense homeless population

reside in hotels—the bridegroom and bride established themselves to enjoy a whole year of honeymoons. They lived in princely magnificence on the first floor of the hotel. On higher floors lived individuals in every stage of homelessness. Under the same roof, and up and down the same common stairway, lived and traveled the duke, the millionaire, the expectant prince, the artist adventurer, the half-starving proletaire, the organ-grinder, and the masked assassin. The delicious perfumery of the rich mingling with the unclean smells of the poor, the unwashed, and the silently miserable.

"Well, who cares?" Paris is thoughtless, Paris is polite, Paris is sprightly, and Paris is gay! Paris offers a home to nobody. Money can not buy a home in a Paris hotel. But everybody is free-footed. French feet are winged, and ready for the dance of life. Everybody is polite to everybody; for they are not strangers; they are stopping but "for a day" at a glittering and comfortable hotel. The men can go where they please; so can the ladies; and it is all dramatic, it is all picturesque, it is all suggestive—of gushing happiness, or of sudden suicide. It matters little which! The perfumed ladies read plays, novels, poems, and the innumerable *feuilletons* of the hour; the gentlemen visit the public parlors, where they can sit for hours, read the journals, smoke, drink, chat, and so forget the cares of life; while both ladies and gentlemen by day and by night go to the boulevards, gardens, balls, operas, parties, and theaters—wealth and glitter weaving the web of a fleeting existence with poverty and despair. Everybody on a visit! Nobody saved by a home! A vast military parade, and a royal banquet to-day in honor of the reigning prince; to-morrow a revolution, bloodshed, the scaffold, and the horrid phantasmagoria of crime. Oh, charming Paris! Oh, homeless, polite, proud, rich, crying, laughing Paris!

You help philosophers to comprehend the causes of revolutions; and you teach all men to approach, admire, and depart.

## CHAPTER XXV.

"But this is not the drama's closing act;  
Its tragic curtain must uprise anew."—*Campbell.*

A LITTLE incident, of no moment in itself, happened one day in the stairway. Monsieur and Madame Marana had just returned from the boulevard. He was preceding her up the stairs to their door. A man muffled up like an invalid, plainly attired, wearing an old military cloak, brushed by them descending the stairs.

He cautiously and graciously slipped a piece of paper in Sophia's hand, and immediately disappeared in the thronging multitude of the street.

Her jealous husband, suddenly turning, witnessed the stealthy movement, and instantly demanded an explanation.

"What is that?" He snatched the bit of paper from between her trembling fingers.

"I know not," she replied, in a tone half sorry, half vexed, with a slight flush of indignation covering her face and throat.

"Ah, madame!" said he, bitterly and impatiently, "do not deceive me. You can not. It is impossible!"

"Monsieur!" said she, as they entered their glittering apartments. "Monsieur! I insist upon seeing that bit of paper." As she spoke, a collar of large pearls, which had ornamented her throat and bust, fell to the floor, partially exposing her perfectly formed bosom, and revealing a similar slip of paper to the eye of her jealous lord.

"My God!" she suddenly exclaimed, astonished at the discovery (for she had no knowledge of what it meant, or how it was placed in her bosom). But she had spirit, was consciously innocent of every thing; and so proudly proceeded to remove the transparent veil that fell so gracefully about her. Then she said—

"Monsieur! I am sure you believe me. You are a gentleman. Can you withhold from me the knowledge I seek? I ask to see the writing upon these mysterious bits of paper."

He handed them to her. She took them. On each was written, in the same style, the one word—"Joudre!"

At the sight of the writing the horrible past rushed like a tempest through her thoughts. She cast a horrified, pleading look into the angry eyes of Marana, extended both hands toward him imploringly, and dropped in a deep swoon at his feet.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

"I bless thee, merry little boy,  
Sweet future of thy mother's joy!  
And oh, may every simple note  
I breathe along life's pathway float,  
Gifted with music, still, to charm  
Aside from the impending harm."—*Green.*

MEANWHILE, what of the far-away, mysterious little boy? One day, in the early part of his fourth year, he broke the dumb tongue, which, from his birth, had scarcely spoken a word, and suddenly called aloud twice—"Mamma! mamma!"

The astonished governess hastened to him. He looked darkly upon her, however, and seemed upon the point of

weeping. And yet he did not weep; but she, the sympathetic soul, covered her eyes and cried like a child. As soon as she could restrain her tears, she said:—

“Mamma will soon come, darling!—mamma will soon come; and then she will stay with you, darling!—she won't go away any more.” Then her tears flowed freely; for her woman's heart was aching with the fullness of tenderness and affectionate sympathy.

The governess, now that her charge had spoken, felt a new interest in him. His first distinct word, however, came near breaking her heart; it sounded mournfully in her ears, and pursued her night and day in her dreams and waking moments—“Mamma! mamma!”

Time flew on, and this little boy, Carmo, grew rapidly. He began to run away over the plantations with the neighbors' children, invariably taking the lead and government of them all. He was never happy in his plays, but always exceedingly active and terribly in earnest. The children all loved him, and they all feared him. The blacks and little Indian folk, especially, followed him everywhere, and imitated all his ways—his motions, his voice, his whistle, his style of climbing trees, in which he was fleet and fearless.

Letters arrived announcing the marriage of the widow Aragoni with Monsieur Ermenonville Marana. The governess was grieved. She had learned to love the strange little boy, and dreaded a separation. She had found another fine beauty in his nature. One balmy evening a female guest at the Gracian mansion seated herself by the harp, and performed a plaintive piece with infinite delicacy of touch and feeling. The little boy's countenance suddenly glowed with a joyful radiance; then his lips quivered with emotion; then he fell forward, buried his face in his two hands, and sobbed as if his heart would break. All this, for a child, was remarkable.

The sorrowful governess, experiencing something of a mother's tender love for the dependent little boy, suddenly clasped him in her arms, and said:—

“Why did you cry so, darling?”

He looked at her mournfully, but made no reply.

“Can't you tell me, darling? Oh, *do*, now!—that's a dear, good boy! What made you cry, dear?”

No language can portray the indefinable bitterness, mingled with a reproachful look of terror, which gathered like a shroud upon his face. What mystery was that which sought expression in his features? Oh, the seeds of crime! sown by long-departed causes in that innocent constitution. The crucible of life! The elements of an individualized human existence are cast in the fires of passions. Circumstances afterward determine whether those elements shall appear in the character of a devil or an angel.

An event now happened (if any thing ever does happen) which forced many human lives to flow into new channels.

The long-continued absence of the Don and Doña Gracian and their daughter (who had not yet found a suitor), brought a series of disasters to their rich Cuban estates. The overseers and managers had proved treacherous; many Indian and Catalonian laborers had deserted; Spanish workingmen and their families returned to their native country; and a revolution in the fortunes of Gracian had commenced in earnest.

Meanwhile, nothing of these treacherous mutations had reached the generous-hearted proprietor; therefore, never dreaming of harm, the family (if rich, fashionable strollers, living in trunks and inns can be called a family) protracted their absence.

But now comes an important event. What is an event? Something that hidden forces and circumstances

have suddenly driven to the surface. The earth groans, it trembles, hidden powers are awake, the mountains sway to and fro, like gigantic forests in a tempest; then, suddenly, the ocean pushes a mighty wave into the air, and lo! the geography of an entire continent is forever changed. Possibly the next great disturbance may pass without producing any visible effect upon the surface of the earth. It may shake a large area of the globe's face, without breaking any mountain chains or changing any of the great features of the planet. Now is it not so—exactly thus—in the lives of individuals? Some, by apparently slight causes, are instantly transformed. They succumb to the shock. All pre-existing accumulations, in wealth and in character, suddenly breaking down and disappearing; and in their stead, whole mountain ranges of vices and great tidal waves of crimes suddenly appearing in their subsequent history. Others, apparently subject to profounder disturbances and upheavals, by which the great features of their external fortunes are instantly changed, either remain the same or unfold nobler and grander attributes of character.

In the event about to happen the direst changes and the bloodiest crimes were made instantly possible. One bright afternoon, while the governess at the Gracian mansion was engaged writing a long letter of items to little Carmo's mother, she became suddenly alarmed. It had just occurred to her mind that she had not seen her precious charge since he had run out to play after eating a late breakfast.

"Lost! lost! can it be possible?" Frantic with alarm, she communicated her feelings of distress to all the servants. All the men and boys on the estate were instantly notified. They all turned out to search for the missing boy. Hour after hour, until late in the dark night, they continued their search. Through all the

groves and playgrounds; over all the extensive plantations; in every house in the city by the sea; down into every dark cellar; up every high tree; into every attic; among the shipping at the wharves—in vain! in vain!

Next day a large reward was published. Minute descriptions of the peculiar face, strange eyes, black curls, and singular characteristics of the lost child were everywhere circulated.

But after that memorable morning the little fellow was never again seen on the island of Cuba. And the governess? Distracted, appalled, grieved, broken in spirit, afraid to meet the mother—feverish, prostrated, sleepless—she soon sickened and died. Poor lone woman heart! And poor lost boy!

## PART II.

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### TREES OF CRIME IN BLOSSOM.

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#### CHAPTER I.

"On her the world hath never smiled  
Or looked but with accusing eye."

*Scenes in Bavaria.*

IN the year 1831, near the close of a gorgeous October day, the noble ship Champion, from New York, entered and came to anchor in the broad bay of Mobile.

All the passengers had left the vessel, save one. This passenger, a middle-aged man, affected illness. He, upon this excuse, remained concealed in his cabin until the autumnal shades of evening had settled upon town and landscape.

"A lucky hour for my business," said he to himself, as he proceeded to muffle his face, and to wrap a cloak about him against the cold and damp of the night. He was a stranger to everybody and to every thing.

"So much the better for my purpose," he thought; and forward he quietly and hurriedly glided through the streets toward the road leading into the country.

The moon had not yet risen; and the night was dark.

The strange roadway was difficult. He walked eagerly forward, however, in the direction which a citizen had pointed out as the nearest road to the mansion of Captain Ermenonville Marana.

His massive and showy residence crowned a romantic eminence about three miles from the city. A rude barbaric richness, and a wild profusion of costly incongruous ornaments, were displayed on every hand. The wasteful excess of rough-hewn elegancies said plainly that the original master of this habitation had never been refined by the breathings of delicate sentiments, nor chastened by the gentle influences of education. Wealth, vanity, and sensuality, were stamped upon every thing within and without this once grand old Spanish mansion. Prodigal nature, however, had made the surroundings lovely and picturesque, if not magnificent. A fine growth of native forest-trees shielded the residence from the cold north winds; while the plantation on the south, once so beautifully diversified with parks and lawns, was now overrun with tangled and long grass, beneath once fruitful trees and flowering shrubbery, still dressed in the profuse gayety and variety of the colors of autumn. Above the tallest trees from the cupola of the mansion could be seen the spires of the town, a wide extent of plantations, and beyond all the silvery expanse of the broad Mobile Bay, and the glittering surfaces of rivers nearer the city.

Captain Marana had been in the China trade for more than thirty years. He had accumulated a princely fortune. And he had resolved, long before his marriage with the lovely widow Aragoni, to abandon the hazards of traffic. After spending a year of honeymoons in gay Paris, with his attractive creole bride, he contemplated a return to his estate in Mobile, where they could spend the days and the years in idle and sumptuous retirement.

Destiny, however, had written out for him a different horoscope.

He had loaned from time to time large sums to his old Cuban acquaintance, Don Gracian, whose immense estates had become overwhelmingly involved by treachery and swindling. The unfortunate Gracian, in the desperate effort to rescue his large possessions from absolute annihilation, had totally ruined both himself and his friend Captain Marana. The latter, however, was not fully aware of this catastrophe until some three years after his return with his lovely wife from Europe.

Contrary to his inclinations, therefore, the captain again embarked in trade with China. He wished to repair his damaged credit, and to acquire property sufficient to maintain a life of luxury and elegant ease. He had already made one extremely profitable voyage to China, and was now at home preparing his ship for another trading expedition.

The passenger by the ship *Champion*—the muffled and cloaked stranger, who was searching and groping through the darkness for the captain's country residence—had stealthily approached the object of his voyage. He crouched himself in a thicket beneath the parlor window. He breathlessly listened. He heard every word of a savage quarrel, and ground his teeth with suppressed rage.

"Oh, Ermenonville!" sobbed the well-known voice of Sophia. She was evidently endeavoring to repress her tears, and was making the greatest effort to speak.

"Silence, madam!" roared the tyrannical captain. The listening stranger heard rapid walking to and fro on the parlor floor.

"I swear," said he to himself, "and when I swear I swear."

Time elapsed. He overheard weeping, and moanings

which revealed the unutterable agonies of a half-broken heart. Then he heard her voice—

"I attempted no concealment," said she, sobbing, "I had supposed that my uncle Gracian, who so well knew my horrid past, had told you all, all!"

The crouching stranger muttered to himself, still grinding his teeth madly, "I swear I'd like to feed my hungry knife in the blood of that hellish rascal."

The captain, whose whole nature was now aflame with the fires of jealousy, violently stamped his feet, and said: "Leave my room, madam!" Then he cursed her with terrible oaths. He hurriedly accused her of every unworthy motive, and of every degrading passion. The violence of his jealous rage, and the beastliness of his manner toward the trembling lady, made him a cowardly monster.

The stranger's impatience and indignation, meanwhile, were increasing almost beyond his control. But he wanted to hear the scene through. Again he listened. He heard the voice of the terrified lady—

"Oh, my husband! my husband!" said she, pleadingly; "for the sake of my lost son, Carmo, let me tell you who—"

"No, madam, no!" he violently interrupted. "Not a word—not a damn word—or I'll send you headlong to hell!" Still furiously pacing the floor, he added—"Leave this room at once, you beautiful devil, or by G—d I'll end your treacherous life."

The tempestuous storm of passion still raged in his jealous bosom. He raved like a maniac, and roared at his wife the most frightful epithets. The stranger (who the reader must now know is Joudre) raised himself on tiptoe, and looked in through the half-opened blind. He saw the enraged husband draw a long knife from a sheath concealed in his great waistcoat. He saw him

suddenly advance, as if about to strike the weapon into the already bleeding heart of his wife. He heard the poor lady shriek in the agony of her terror. He heard her voice—

"Oh, my husband! my child! my lost boy!"

Instantly he shouted, "Joudre! Joudre!" and then violently pounded the window with his clinched fist.

## CHAPTER II.

"Then welcome be my death-song, and my death."—*Gertrude.*

Two weeks slipped by. The transporting power of sailing vessels had enabled Joudre to visit New Orleans and return. He was accompanied by two fellows in his career of crime. As Captain Marana was walking along the road in the evening, returning from the city to his residence, shortly after darkness had enveloped the world, he was suddenly approached from behind by three men. They instantly muffled his head in a thick blanket, bound his hands and feet with strong cords, and hurriedly carried him far into the deep forest, about half a mile north of his own mansion. He was immediately robbed of his money, watch, diamond pin, and finger rings. Then the fiendish assassins suffocated their helpless victim with cotton, which they violently jammed and packed into his distended mouth and nostrils; and then, in the agonies of a wretched mind, he was left to die. In a few moments his unhappy spirit, so far below the image and likeness of the true and the good, took its flight from the visible body.

Meanwhile the distracted Sophia, who knew nothing of the tragedy that had just occurred, seemed buried in the unutterable depths of grief. Each moment she

expected the dreaded man would return. The memory of his frightful imprecations, his fearful invectives, and the expressions of his frenzied jealousies, united with a constant mother's sorrow fed by the horrible suspicion that her darling son had been kidnapped and lost, and perhaps, murdered, overcame and crushed her heart with an indescribable misery. Again and again she had condemned herself for withholding from Captain Marana the secrets and misfortunes of her girlhood. But, alas! her heart had never fully confided in him; she had married to escape the persecutions of a jealous aunt, to be free, but not for pure love.

When Joudre and his companions in crime had put hundreds of watery miles between themselves and the murdered captain, he said—

"Boys, I swear I am happy as a born devil. My tortured mind is happy as hell. No mistake this time, boys! I swear that I made an oath, years ago, that I would be the death of that hell-hound, Marana."

Here Joudre doubled his large fist, and grimly, savagely ground his teeth. He then continued—

"Boys! you have heard more'n once of my sister, hain't you? A more beautifuller girl never trod the levees of New Orleans."

A sudden suffusion of tears choked his utterance. Dear reader, behold that stern, vengeful assassin—as sympathetic as a woman—reciting his awe-compelling story to his comrades in crime! He is under the strong excitement of wrongs far too well remembered.

"Well," he at length continued, "that adder of hell—that rattlesnake serpent in the mask of a kind gentleman—stung my beautiful sister! Yes, I swear and I swear again that he stung her—the most beautifulest girl on God's earth! he stung her! and I swore a hell of a

swear that I would trample on that reptile's infernal head."

Joudre stopped for breath, drank freely from a bottle which he held in his strong hand, and then passed it round to the boys. Recovering, he said—

"Yes, yes—I'm devilish happy. We killed the old Pitra—the old Bat o' hell! and that are sister is now her own captain and all hands." After a long pause, he added—"Boys, I swear I hain't so damnably happy after all." He reflected a little. A big tear gushed out, trembled, and dropped upon his clinched fist. He resumed, thoughtfully and mournfully—

"That are sister's boy hain't dead! I'll swear he hain't! and I swear I'll hunt him out afore I die."

"Ha, ha, ha," they all laughed. "When you die, old Joudre, Uncle Sam's soldiers will have a hand in the funeral. Now mind that, Joudre! Ha, ha, ha."

### CHAPTER III.

"My daughter! with thy birth has gushed a spring  
I knew not of—filling my heart with tears."—*N. P. Willis.*

THE horrible murder of so distinguished a citizen as Captain Marana roused the civil authorities to extraordinary exertions. Private gentlemen added large sums to the municipal reward for the arrest and conviction of the perpetrators. Practiced detectives were set upon the track, and every possible effort made, but all in vain. Day after day, week after week, till many months rolled by; no progress was made in ferreting out the authors of the diabolical deed.

Meanwhile the shattered possessions of the deceased captain were administered upon; at length the fact was



fully disclosed that the widow, after liquidating all debts against the property, was left absolutely penniless.

Although having suffered long and deeply with the unreasonable passions of an exacting, tyrannical, and jealous husband, who had for years peremptorily deprived her of the society of gentlemen, and although constantly longing for tidings from her lost son, still the creole beauty was yet young and unshorn of her rare womanly graces. Her ardent nature was somewhat calmed, however, and her terrible discipline had added to her beauty a certain degree of power; so that, notwithstanding her natural impetuosity and affectionateness, she extended a controlling influence upon all about her.

One evening she resolved to write a letter to her long-neglected friend, the philosophical New Orleans physician, Doctor La Force Du Bois. She felt painfully reproached, however, not to say *guilty* of some sad breach of sacred friendship, when the impulse to address him suddenly seized her thoughts. But she obeyed the welcome impulse, and wrote—

MARANA CHATEAU, MOBILE, ALA.  
May, 1832.

MY DEAR, GOOD DOCTOR DU BOIS:—

I fear you will deem me a cruel creature—insensible to kindness. No, no! My life has been surrounded with difficulties ever since I so gladly sailed across the Gulf, leaving that hateful New Orleans forever.

It is ten years since I received your letter.

My heart is hungry—yearns toward all that's pure and beautiful. Oh, how I long to be beloved! Sometimes my heart is overwhelmed within me. I would patiently, trustingly turn to Heaven and confess my sins and pray to be forgiven, and cast my soul upon the compassionate bosom of my Redeemer, if only my inflamed heart were permitted to consecrate its boundless love to some object worthy of the bestowal.

Good, kind Doctor Du Bois! It seems as if I were beset by the iniquities and transgressions of others. Can I escape? Where is holy Father Malarin? And the Ursuline sisters? A heart full of spiritual love I send to every one.

O gracious God! O dear doctor! why am I condemned to live in the midst of hate, when my passionate heart would give of its abundance, if it could but be truly loved in return. Can you, will you, dear doctor, shed some light upon the dark wood in which I am wandering?

My child, dear doctor—you remember that I wrote you of him—do you know where he is? He was lost or kidnapped on the island of Cuba many years ago, while I (God forgive my folly!) was delighted with adventures in Europe. Oh, I want to truly repent of the sins of my past, and I will, yes, good doctor, I know I will if only I have my darling restored to my bosom. Find out every thing, doctor, that's a good soul, and write me; for I am half crazy with thinking and longing and yearning.

My next letter will be longer, doctor dear, if you will only deign to answer this. Now do, doctor, do. Doubtless I am thoughtless, indiscreet, and all that, but my affectionate heart is never ungrateful.

As ever, lovingly,

SOPHIA MARANA.

Impulsive Sophia, after reading over the foregoing hastily written epistle, was suddenly seized with a kind of girlish delicacy. Shall we call it a freak? She declared to herself that it was too affectionate to send to a comparative stranger; she declared, moreover, that its imperfect language did not express the half of what she wanted to say. Provoked, and in a flash of impatience, which got the better of her will, she tore the letter and cast it into the fire. "What if it should have fallen under the eyes of some unfeeling citizen of New Orleans." This thought somewhat pacified her conscience that she did right not to risk so much confidence in a letter. Still regretting her conduct, she re-seated herself and began another, more cautiously expressed—which, unfortunately, she never mailed to the good physician.

## CHAPTER IV.

"In every heart is found a cell, where only  
Sorrow repeats her litany of pain:  
In every home a chamber veiled and lonely,  
The shrine of sorrow; there the dead have lain."

*Harris.*

THE radiant daughter of the opulent and sensual Spaniard, Don Calvo Marigny, was now homeless and penniless. She realized her situation with horror.

What resources? None! The accomplishments received from her education were fashionable and showy, like the jewels and gorgeous apparel she had obtained from the glittering and ephemeral styles of Paris. Once she could sing and laugh, to the ineffable delight of society's panderers; but now, alas, only tears and sighs came from the grieved angel at the bottom of her heart.

Her beautiful hair fell in rich curly masses below her waist. She consulted the mirror. It told her that, but for the few light lines of sorrow here and there, she was indeed very beautiful. She was not over thirty, and young-looking for her years; just approaching the zenith of brilliant womanhood. She ran up-stairs to her immense wardrobe. There was a strange brilliancy in her beautiful eyes. She took her rich dresses down, piled them on the bed, and then examined each one carefully. Then her boxes of magnificent jewelry. Tears blinded her eyes as she recalled the loving hearts which from time to time, both at home and abroad, had given her these imperishable tokens of their love and admiration. Her imagination became excited. "Ah!" said she, "I can leave this horrible place, establish myself in the

great city of New-York, and teach singing, and both the harp and piano."

Gentle reader, whether mother or daughter, suppose yourself under the same combination of circumstances, and with the same momentum of mysterious forces, and with the same hereditary bias kindling fires in every part of your nature—I ask, how differently from this homeless Sophia would you have done?

Society has educated girls to be dependent. When they become women, whether married or single, they are absolutely dependent upon men. Her virtues, her graces, her vices, her feebleness, her maternity, her chances in life, all depend upon the man who earns the money and builds the home. Is society just to woman? Was it right to make slaves of a free people? Failure in ancient warfare was punished with servitude. Why has woman failed? Why is she in bondage to man? Because she has never learned the art of honorable self-support on the battle-fields of life. When woman's heavenly function as "wife" is valued at its immeasurable worth, and when woman's divine worth as "mother" is prized at its infinite value, then indeed will society be just to its eternal interests, and then will woman take her place by man's side, his companion, his counterpart, his peer.

Two thoughts, or rather two impulses, were closely associated in Sophia's mind; and there, in effect, they formed but one bright purpose—to get a happy living! Affectionate, beautiful, simple-hearted, truly benevolent, yet she had strong determination. She immediately commenced to pack for the trip to New-York. Her temperament was spontaneously warm and glorious; it kindly kept before her large eyes the bright side of life. Suddenly she laughed! The first time for weeks—for whole months. Its silver-bell music electrified the servants. They rushed to inquire if she wanted them. "Ah! no,"

she affectionately said; "you have all been dear, good kind people to me. I love you, every one, and shall never forget your obedience and kindness." Then she gave little presents to each. The happy Ethiopians clustered around her. They hoped the good Lord would bless and preserve her. Then, like mother nature's simple children, they *wept* about the warm bosom of love.

## CHAPTER V.

"HER soul flowed o'er her lips in holy sweetness;  
Her loving thought in living music rang."  
*Old Song.*

A VESSEL of light draught conveyed passengers and their baggage from the Mobile dock to the majestic packet-ship riding at anchor a few miles down the bay. It was one of autumn's sunniest and holiest days. The soft haze of her golden dream veiled every thing, just enough to subdue the sharp outlines, and thus convert the rough and the rugged into objects at once smooth and beautiful.

They were soon wafted out into broad, open waters, and bound for America's great financial and commercial centre, the city of New-York. On their second day out, not long after breakfast, our lone traveler, Sophia, was politely accosted by a gentleman who had, from the moment of embarkation, manifested the most respectful interest in her. He bowed frankly, like a perfect gentleman; and presented his card. She received it, and read,

GEORGE W. RUGGLESTON,

Master in Chancery and Counselor-at-Law,

No. 27 WALL STREET,

NEW-YORK.

She had seen too much of the world, and was by temperament too cordial and adoptive, to experience the least nervousness and embarrassment. Moreover, her native refinement and her education abundantly shielded her from too much forwardness in her address. In fact, she was in all the proprieties a perfect society-lady. She, therefore, gently and politely returned his salutation, and accepted the seat he had that moment furnished her. His fine personal presence, rather tall; his slightly florid complexion, and comely features illuminated by intelligence; his candid, frank, honest countenance; his large, open eyes, without the slightest mark of vice, passion, or intrigue, formed to her intuitive heart the fullest recommendation to her respect and confidence. It was an unspeakable relief to one traveling alone and bound for a strange city, and especially to one in her circumstances and with her purposes, and so she conversed unreservedly.

"Madam," he observed, "I perceive you have no company. If it please you, I will be your *compagnon du voyage*."

She bowed assent, and replied: "These are supremely pleasant days, are they not?"

His honest eyes looked out over the broad, tranquil expanse of ocean, and rather thoughtfully, he said: "Yes, truly, it is a quiet and mellow autumn morning." He seemed to be recalling something, was silent a moment, and then added: "Yes, a gay morning, but covering a sorrow-laden world." Then he sighed mournfully, and continued:

"Pardon, madam. My grief is not yours. I regret having yielded to it. But," with some hesitation to explain, "madam, the late pestilence in New-York—the merciless Asiatic cholera—has this summer swept many homes clean of every darling member. Over four thousand and

four hundred victims have fallen under the scourge. Among them, madam, was my pretty little rosy-cheeked boy—the *idol* of our home. Do you, then, wonder that this tranquil autumn morning has in it to my eyes a tinge of night and gloom?"

The affectionate lady wept with undisguised sympathy.

With sympathy for whom? The angel at the bottom of her heart whispered the name of *Carmo del Aragoni*. There, in her soul's deepest recess, was an image of her own darling boy. For several sacred moments the two sad hearts sat in perfect silence.

"Mr. Ruggleston," she at length said, "you are a lawyer, are you not?"

"True, madam," he returned, evidently pleased to so change the subject, "I am a student of Francis Bacon and a follower of Blackstone."

"The profession of law," said she, "has always seemed to me like a foaming torrent of angry waters. You lawyers have professional quarrels, rivalries, and personal bickerings, have you not?"

"Not necessarily."

"No? How can you avoid them?"

"Oh! easily, madam. We lawyers by profession, having opposing sides to maintain in behalf of opposing clients, indulge in professional combat. That's all, madam, I assure you," said he good-humoredly. "We seldom practice upon ourselves the merely professional animosities which we bring into the *mucrones verborum* of our daily collisions with each other."

"Oh! then," she archly replied, "you lawyers seldom practice what you preach?"

"In point of fact, madam," he answered, "there is, I firmly believe, more fraternal and kindly feeling among us lawyers than among members of any other profession."

"Well, then," she rejoined, "with all my heart I say, *esto perpetua*, and may the followers of Blackstone cultivate what the French officers call *esprit de corps*, and thus serve the wants of mankind."

The unaffected grace and spirit with which she said this evidently delighted Mr. Ruggleston immensely. He began to take the liveliest interest in his new lady acquaintance.

"Pardon my boldness, madam. May I ask your destination?"

"Certainly, sir. New-York."

"Ah! you did well to procrastinate your visit until the pestilential cholera had exhausted its violence. I believe it has now entirely disappeared." Then he asked, "Have you relatives in the city?"

"No, Mr. Ruggleston; I am a total stranger."

"A total stranger!" he exclaimed. "Where, then, will you direct your baggage?"

In reply, she told him her present situation and immediate plans. He gave her his undivided attention. A blaze of honest anxiety lit up his manly face. At length, he said:

"Madam, it will doubtless be not difficult to obtain for you a well-furnished house; for the cholera has driven numerous families from the city forever. Indeed," he added, "now that I think of it, I have on my real-estate catalogue a pleasant, neatly-furnished residence in Hudson Street, fronting the popular St. John's Square, which you can take immediate possession of, if you please."

Her warm heart swelled with joyful gratitude. "O happy fate!" she said. "How thankful I am, Mr. Ruggleston! Please, at once, give me your terms."

"Seventy-five dollars per month, madam, and in advance. These premises belong to a client of mine, and his rule is monthly payments."

She clapped her hands gleefully, like a pleased child, and requested the lawyer to make out the lease immediately; also, she begged him to at once give his receipt for one month's rental in advance.

They separated: he to his cabin to prepare the papers; she to her purse to find the sum required.

Presently they met in the same place; the exchange was made, and the subject of conversation was changed.

Without mishap, but with the recollection by each of a pleasurable voyage, the ship arrived at her pier.

The gentlemanly lawyer conducted his esteemed lady acquaintance, not forgetting her baggage, to her hired residence in Hudson Street, fronting the then renowned park, around which had congregated the finest dwellings and the most aristocratic citizens.

## CHAPTER VI.

"I SING because I love to sing;  
Because instinctive fancies move;  
Because it hurts no earthly thing;  
Because it pleases some I love."—*Song.*

TIME works mighty changes in a few weeks.

Soon after her arrival, and after procuring servants, and supplying the house and the table with the thousand and one items and necessities, her purse was completely exhausted. Carrying out her plan of teaching music, and wishing to conceal her real name and past history, she had a sign fixed to the outer wall, thus:

*Madam Sophia Lawson,*

TEACHER OF SINGING.

Lessons on Piano, Guitar, and Harp.

Unaccustomed to work of any kind, she could not even keep her wardrobe in good condition. A waiting and serving maid did every thing. She regularly dressed her lady's beautiful hair, and arranged upon her fine per-

son her apparel for the reception of visitors during the afternoon and evening. In fact, the poor, homeless, penniless child of fate was at once helpless, dependent, attractive, and proud.

Day after day, and no pupils! Her only visitors, the lawyer and one or two of his acquaintances.

"Great heavens!" she one day exclaimed, when the butcher's and grocer's bills were presented for the third time, payment being now demanded—"Great heavens! *What am I to do?*"

Hurriedly she wrote a line to her faithful friend, Lawyer Ruggleston, begging the loan of a hundred dollars and a further extension of accommodation on her rent.

The counselor was greatly disturbed. He went forthwith to his aristocratic client who owned the premises, and stated her case in the best language at his command.

The gentlemanly landlord, who had a flourishing dry-goods establishment on Broadway, said "he would think the matter over."

In less than two hours the wealthy house-owner was admitted to the presence of Madam Sophia Lawson. Her loveliness struck his fancy. He said, bowing:

"I come, madam, from Mr. Ruggleston, my attorney for many years, to inquire into your circumstances."

"Oh! how kind, sir, how very, very kind in you, sir. Please, sir, favor me with your name?"

"Never mind that, my dear madam," he replied, stepping familiarly toward and helping himself to a seat. "If I can assist you, pray let me know in what manner and to what extent, and it shall be done."

O the kindness of the aristocratic heart! O the magnanimity of the wealthy New-York merchant!

She told him the exact truth; nothing of her past; only, but exactly, of her existing embarrassments.

He stepped to the table, drew a check on his banker, payable to her order, for the sum she asked—one hundred dollars. It was done in a business-like manner, apparently with an honest purpose. She extended her soft, white hand; he shook it warmly, and then departed.

The wondrous web of life is rapidly rolling from the weaver's hand. Beautiful butterfly, a spider is spinning its magnetical gossamer threads stealthily around thy wings. Oh! beware, beware. But the fly is gayly unconscious of its danger. Why do handsome evening gnats fling themselves in the consuming flame? Why do innocent birds sing and chirp on their funeral flight to the viper's mouth?

A few days after she had effected the loan, the miscalculating, the unbusiness-minded Sophia was as bad off as before. Money all spent! No pupils! No prospects! She did not hesitate long. Her maid hastened with another note to the Wall Street attorney. Its contents resembled the previous missive, as one despairing appeal resembles another. Again the merchant presented himself in person. He looked in her eyes like thousands of other men she had seen in London and on the continent of Europe. A robust frame, of somewhat burly aspect; a vigorous growth of dark, grizzly hair; florid complexion; a voice rather husky, and a little slow of speech; self-assured, slightly patronizing, and exceedingly persevering in character. He called after business hours, after dark, and without circumlocution proceeded to the object of his visit. He said:

"Mrs. Lawson, I have a proposition to make. It seems you are friendless and out of money. Now, I will be your friend, and support you with all the money you may want."

While he was speaking, she held in her hand a golden crucifix, beautifully embellished with costly jewels, a

present from good Father Malarm; but suddenly letting it swing down the chain, she extended both hands to the merchant, who at once grasped them with undisguised expressions of immense gratification. Then she said:

"O sir! your kindness is indeed most welcome—most welcome, sir!"

He smiled, and his eyes blazed with the unholy purpose of his call. He bent forward to kiss her sweet lips.

Alarmed for the first time, her woman's heart instantly divining his horrible motive, she drew herself back.

"Sir!" she said, turning upon him the fierce blaze of her Spanish indignation—"Sir, you dishonor me!" Then a sense of her helplessness suddenly flashing through her feelings, she burst into tears.

The persistent merchant took fresh courage.

"You wrong me, my lovely madam. Indeed you do. Now, lady, it is positively cruel in you to do that sort of thing, you know. I come to offer you the free use of this furnished house for as long a time as you please. I have gold and silver in abundance; you shall not want for any thing; you can have your own carriage, a coachman and a footman, and all the books you want to read; and you will be a very fine lady, (as you are, my dear!) and all I ask in exchange is, your *love* only—that, lovely madam, and nothing more!"

Before he concluded his speech, her tears were deep down in her heart. Her dried eyes flashed the vivid lightnings of anger and scorn. His base insult filled her whole nature with irrepressible contempt. As soon as she could gather her breath to speak, she sternly and majestically said:

"Sir, how dare you utter, in my presence, the holy name of 'Love!' Offer me a house and your gold in ex-

change for that which is *my very life!* Sir, I scorn you! I hate you! Out of my sight! *Begone, sir—BEGONE!*"

At that moment the door-bell rang. It seemed a miraculous interruption. Without a word of reply the merchant left the house.

## CHAPTER VII.

"TRUTH triumphs there, so true, so brave,  
It dares the dark volcano's wrath,  
Nor shrinks amid the fiery rain  
That strews with death its fearful path."—*Tribute.*

THE maid announced a gentleman. He sent his card, "*William Morte, M.D., New-York.*" He entered and took a seat by the window.

The curtain was raised, and passers by could see every one within. Many ladies, and especially many gentlemen, almost stopped on the sidewalk to look at the beautiful and gayly dressed Madam Lawson. This was nothing to Sophia; for she had spent much time in Paris.

"Lawyer Ruggleston," began the caller, "informs me that you will probably leave this house in a few days, and that then it will be for rent."

"God only knows," she mournfully replied.

"My profession, that of physician," he continued, "requires of me, a stranger in New-York, to establish myself in a respectable neighborhood."

No words can tell the depth of anguish in the heart of that friendless creole beauty. Do you wonder, reader, that she heard the visitor's voice, but scarcely realized the import of his language? Do you wonder that, so soon after her encounter with the tempter, she made no reply? He, therefore, continued:

"Possibly, Mrs. Lawson, you may be disposed to un-

der-rent the premises for my Lying-in Hospital? In that case, you can select your own room, keep your maid, take your meals at my table, and your income from the rent will support you handsomely, beside satisfying your exacting landlord."

"God only knows," she despondingly and abstractedly replied.

"If, then, you agree to this arrangement, Mrs. Lawson, I will bring my family and take possession immediately."

She reluctantly consented. Next day, Doctor Morte's family arrived. A woman, with a hard-hearted face, purporting to be his wife. An Irish servant with a pug-nose, red face, and unmercifully cruel eyes. An assistant in the hospital, professing to be a student, with a hooked nose, thin lips, small gray eyes, light hair and beard, and a very sinister expression of countenance. A black house-dog, chained and howling in the back-yard, and a parrot, screeching and jabbering incessantly in its round cage at the parlor window. Doctor Morte's other movable properties consisted of trunks; a large number of cone-shaped tin cans about twenty inches long; some half-dozen bedsteads with sheets and quilts to match; and a large box of roots, packages of prepared medicines, and about fifty vials and bottles, with pen-and-ink labels fastened by tacks in the corks.

Miserable, desolate Sophia! The new-comers in the house filled her sensitive and refined nature with feelings of unutterable horror. For her apartments she chose the front room and the adjoining dressing-room on the third floor, (her maid using the latter for her chamber;) and thither she flew, with all her rich wardrobe and glittering jewels; then she violently shut the door, and locked it tightly, and bolted it strongly—against the whole wicked world, and against every hateful body in it.

But she was not to be left long alone with herself. A

pious lady caller requested a conversation with her on the subject of religion. Alas! this was *the first* lady who had called during Sophia's long, miserable struggle in New-York. And why? Because the aristocratic neighbors had leveled their opera-glasses at the graceful, showy, dashing creole widow. They had remarked who entered the front-door. Her maid now and then, and lads from Broadway stores bringing home her little purchases; but—oh! confess it, poor sinner, yes—all the others were well-dressed, rather prepossessing *gentlemen*! Not many, it is true; in fact, only *two* for certain; but—now face the fact, *they* were gentlemen!

And now, very respectable Christian reader, I ask, in all conscience, wasn't that reason enough why respectable New-York ladies should avoid the suffering stranger? "Yes, yes!" you all reply. *Will you make that answer when you give in your account at the future Day of Justice?*

"I have a few tracts for you," said the timid and virtuous lady visitor. "I trust," she added, "that you take interest in the cause of your salvation."

Sophia's memory floated her on swift wings to the Ursuline Convent—to the holy, charitable sisters—to the great congregation of worshipers in the vast cathedral where her voice of praise had mingled with the mighty peals of the great organ—of her prayers to the Lord Jesus, to the Holy Virgin—and she replied:

"I was educated a Catholic, madam. Have you any thing better for me?"

Timidly the pious visitor handed Sophia a tract. Then wishing her good-morning, she departed. "Perhaps," said suffering Sophia to herself, as she entered her own quiet room, "this good lady's tract will divert my thoughts." It was only two pages, and purported to be "The Testimony of an Infidel." She called her maid,

Nellie MacFarland, and both taking chairs by the window, she read as follows:

"Mr. B. lived in London; he was a man of good abilities, successful in business, and possessed considerable property; his manners were gentlemanly, and being lively and gay, as well as good-tempered, his company was much sought. With these advantages, to which may be added very excellent health and an agreeable person, it is not surprising that he was what the world usually calls a happy man; but we must add that he was, in the fullest sense of the word, an infidel and blasphemer. His greatest pleasure was to laugh at religion, and to burlesque the Bible. In company, he eagerly seized every opportunity of declaring his sentiments, and of laughing at and deriding any person who professed religion. The blasphemies he uttered upon these occasions frequently were such as to strike with horror not only the persons who were the subjects of his jokes, but also the rest of the company; and to such lengths did he proceed, that the more moderate of his friends, when inviting him to their parties, would sometimes require him to promise that he would, for the time, refrain from profane discourse; which promise, when given, he would strictly observe.

"Thus he went on for several years, enjoying strong health, and every circumstance which could contribute to his worldly gratification. At length he was attacked by a severe illness. In a few days the progress of the disease was rapid; he was alarmed, and eagerly inquired whether he was supposed to be in danger. His friends, observing his alarm, and fearing a knowledge of the real state of the case would hasten his end, concealed from him his danger, endeavoring to assure him that his illness would soon abate. Some days passed; the disease increased, and he continued these anxious inquiries still more frequently. At length he was considered as decidedly past hope of recovery, and it became necessary to acquaint him with his danger. His friends did this in the mildest manner, still endeavoring to buoy up his hopes, and to prevent him from being alarmed; but the truth could be no longer concealed; *he now saw his awful state.*



"Instantly he broke out in the most dreadful exclamations, crying out that *his soul was lost*, and, for some hours, continued to repeat similar expressions; at the same time groaning deeply. After a short interval he renewed his exclamation, declaring he was now convinced the Bible was true, and that there was reality in religion, and expressed the most earnest desire that his life might be spared for a year, for a month, or even for a week, that he might declare he was convinced of the falsehood of his former opinions. In this state he continued for some time; when, feeling his end approaching, he renewed his earnest wishes, that if he could not be spared for a week, a day, a single day might be granted, that he might warn others, as he himself 'was going to hell.'

"At length he cried out, '*I am sinking into hell!—Oh, the burning—the burning—the torments of hell!*' This, and similar exclamations, he continued to utter while life lasted, (for about thirty hours longer,) shrieking and groaning so dreadfully that his friends all fled from his bed-side, and even the nurse, accustomed as she was to death-bed scenes, could scarcely be induced to continue in the room. At length he expired, on the third day after his danger was communicated to him; the whole interval having been a continued scene of horror and despair, which the pen fails to describe, and the imagination is unable fully to conceive."

"My God!" exclaimed the queenly looking Sophia Lawson, after finishing the tract, "does that pious lady imagine that a horrible story like this can pay my persecuting landlord? or my bills at the market and grocery? What charity! O God, God!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

"A DARK and scowling frown;  
But darker scowled each eye."—*Hoyt.*

THE *New-York Morning Gazette* contained the following:

**\$2,000 REWARD. MISSING!** Two thousand dollars are hereby offered for information that will lead to the whereabouts of Mr. William Henry Benson, Dry-Goods Merchant, of No. 169 Broadway. He was last seen near St. John's Park. [Here was a minute description of his appearance.] The above reward will be paid to whomsoever will produce the person of the said W. H. Benson, by his attorney, **GEORGE W. RUGGLESTON,** Wall St., N. Y.

Doubtless it is our province and our duty to tell the reader exactly what had happened to the missing merchant.

Returning in the darkness from the conversation with Madam Lawson to his place of business, he was suddenly seized, smothered beyond speech, and then hurried into a carriage, which was driven with great rapidity far up the eastern shore of the island. Two men, one very young, but tall and well formed, the other middle-aged and burly-looking, entered the carriage and accompanied him on the journey.

The vehicle was stopped in a thicket near the East River. Here he was hurried into a small boat. The two men bound his hands and feet, and covered his head with a cloth, so that he could not see any thing or scarcely draw his breath. They plied the oars with great vigor. In less than an hour they landed with him a little north of Green Point. Unbinding his feet, but otherwise confining him, they forced him to walk rapidly for a considerable time. Then they halted. During all this time not a word had been spoken. Presently they unbound his face, leaving his hands firmly tied behind him. He looked about upon the men. They wore masks. Then he glanced around to discover his situation, and found himself in what seemed to be a large cellar.

"Come, old man," said the younger villain, "there is no time to be lost. You are a business man, and you understand a fair business proposition."

The merchant was alarmed beyond measure. He could not speak. The young man continued: "You have in your pocket the keys to the strong iron-box in your

Broadway store. Now, our proposition is : full directions how to enter your store, this night; full directions where to find all other treasure besides what we find in the box; full directions how to avoid the watchmen about your premises—all this, old man, or your life!"

Horrified, and realizing the magnitude of the evil hanging over him, and concluding that all resistance was not only useless but dangerous, the merchant gave fullest information upon all the points. Then the thieves rifled his pockets of every thing; secured the keys to different parts of his store; locked him in the great subterranean apartment, and thus he was left alone in the pitch darkness.

He wandered about the immense cellar for what seemed many day—all that dreadful night; all the long, long hours of the following day; all the dark hours of the succeeding night; sometimes sitting on the straw-covered floor, sometimes dozing for a few moments; all the time unspeakably miserable, fainting for want of food, and choking for want of drink; imagining with horror that he had been both robbed and left to perish, shut away from his family and from the living world; until, just as he was becoming unconscious from fright and exhaustion, his captors suddenly arrived.

"Ha, ha! old man," shouted the tall masked young robber, lighting a lantern, "we had to wait. Things went hard with us. Ha, ha, ha! Here are all your sacks, old man! Let's count 'em, boys. Fourteen! Ha, ha, ha! Now, let's count the gold and silver."

The two robbers were now joined by three others who had just entered by another passage.

They seated themselves on the straw, opened the sacks, and began to count. Meanwhile their profanity and their heartless speeches terrified the merchant, who all this time was compelled to witness the destruction

of his miserly accumulations. They counted eight sacks, each containing one thousand dollars in gold; four thousand dollars in silver in three other sacks; two sacks of small silver and copper coin amounting to several hundred dollars; and one sack, larger than either of the others, containing gold and silver watches, a pearl necklace, and many costly finger-rings, which the merchant was obliged to confess he had taken from different tenants in New-York in payment for rent. He acknowledged that he had often taken trinkets from poor mechanics and unfortunate laboring-men whose families occupied his tenements.

"Old man," said the leading villain sternly, "you will now be taken across the river. One mile north of Canal Street you will be unbound, and left to find your own way. Now, *mark!* We know you, you don't know us. We know where you live; you don't know where we live. Try to find us, and you will fail. Have a care, old man, for we won't fail when we set out to find you." Then the assassins all gathered together before him and took an oath, loaded with the most shocking blasphemies, in the name of the "Eternal Viper," which resembled a sword held up in the air by the tall chieftain, declaring that they would follow to "death's end," and through "hell-gate" into the very "belly of hell" itself, every New-York merchant and every aristocrat who filled his coffers by cheating and by oppressing the God-damned poor of the city. After swearing thus, they indulged in a song of triumph. Then two of the ruffians conveyed Mr. Benson, already half-dead, and set him down at the place appointed. It was the darkest night of the season. At day-break he began to see his way into the city. His arrival, with his hair whitened with terror, his features shriveled from bodily exhaustion, and his brain incapable of forming the least judgment

of where he had been taken or by whom, the excitement among his fellow-citizens became intense. The knowledge of his great losses by robbery had already spread throughout the community. Notwithstanding their constant exertions, the law-officers discovered nothing. The merchant, although he continued in business, never entirely recovered from either the physical, mental, or financial effects of the terrible shock.

### CHAPTER IX.

"HERE are foes well worth the fighting,  
Here are wrongs well worth the righting."  
*Earth's Battle-Field.*

LET us return to the third story, front room, in Hudson Street.

Madam Sophia Lawson, by which name we now know the disheartened wanderer, is looking from her window upon St. John's Park. It is the stormiest, darkest, most cheerless day of a very severe winter. The frost-minstrel, in the exercise of his wild and eccentric arts, is constructing his leafy harps upon every pane of glass. The bare and shrieking trees, lashed by the whip of an angry tempest, force their fierce lamentations into the listening ear.

"O Nellie, Nellie! come here quick. Do look out at this terrible storm."

Nellie, a pretty and sprightly maid of Erin, hastened to the window. "Oh, oh, oh! it's awful, mum."

Madam Lawson's eyes were that moment looking retrospectively into the sere meadows; into the bare rose-trees and stricken woods; into the lowering storms; into dreadful shadows; into the eyes of fierce hawks that had destroyed the sweet singing-birds in her life—

yes, into the strange, wild, stormy, wintry *past* she was silently looking, and do you wonder that her aching heart groaned, and that mournfully she said:

"Nellie dear, now that we are alone, I will tell you that I wish from the bottom of my heart that I could *die* this very hour."

"O mum! don't talk so; you frighten me dreadfully."

"I am in earnest, Nellie; for my breaking heart is oppressed with pain and weary with care; and nobody loves me, Nellie—not a living soul cares whether I live or starve. Yes, child, I am in earnest."

"Oh! I love you, mum," Nellie interrupted, throwing her strong, red arms about the fair neck of the lovely creole—"I *do* love you, mum, and I will do every thing for you as long as I live." Then she cried as though her heart would break.

"Nellie," said her mistress in tones half-mournful and half-angry, "Nellie, stand off! It curdles the very blood in my heart to see any body *pity* ME!"

The astonished and half-frightened maid quickly stepped back, and seated herself on a low bench by a large open trunk. She looked offended and sullen.

"Nellie," the suffering lady continued, "you talk like a sweet and amiable little fool!"

The maid's Hibernian blood was now at the boiling-point. She quivered with rage. Every thing seemed to quake around her. The expression of her eyes (which is common with the enslaved classes of that people) was timid, yet red-hot with spitefulness. Suddenly she rose to her feet, and said fiercely:

"Pay me what ye owes me—pay me what ye owes me, mum. I won't stay with a foine, pretty, proud lady who han't got no cent of money. Oh! ye're a pretty one, trying to lord it over a poor, hard-working girl the likes o' me. Oh! *such* a foine lady, sure. By the holy Quaks, mum, I wants my money this minute—*now*."

"Don't talk like a little fool, Nellie," said Madam Lawson, somewhat softened. "You know I have not a dollar over my rent for any thing. But don't be afraid, Nellie dear; you shall be paid every penny."

Nellie cooled a little, and said: "I'd likes to know how, mum." Then she carefully sprinkled a rose-bush by the window with a little warm water, and looked down upon it with "a smile on her lip and a tear in her eye." Then she went back to her seat by the open trunk.

"It's none of my business, mum," she said, "but couldn't you get heaps of gold for your rich jewelry?" And she looked down into the tray of the trunk so full of boxes of costly ornaments.

"Right, right, Nellie dear! Bring them all to me. Let's sort them out; then take a list of every thing; and then—why, Nelly, I shall get at least *two thousand dollars* for all these exquisite beauties!"

They commenced. As one after another of the "gifts of love" passed under review, tears began to blind the dark, tender eyes of the unhappy creole widow.

"Oh!" she passionately sobbed, "my heart will break. It will, Nellie—I know my poor heart will break!" And she hid her face in her handkerchief, and wept like a child suddenly bereft of its mother's sheltering love.

But Nellie worked on, highly pleased with the glittering gems and shining gold, and soon the list was fully made out.

Sophia's boxes of diamonds and whole sets of jewelry, adapted to different public occasions, and to different styles and colors of dress, could not have been purchased for less than fifteen thousand dollars! Of this she had not, and never had, the least appreciative conception. Her wealthy parents, her lavish uncle, the rare bridal gifts presented by her two husbands in the flush

of their passion and admiration, and the rich tokens from wealthy acquaintances in Paris and London—all so supplied her with costly varieties, and that so continually, that she could not value them by a money standard, but only as symbols of love and passion long since dead and forgotten; not "forgotten" by her suffering heart! She did not know the real value of a dollar, much less of a hundred dollars; because she had never worked at any thing, and could not understand how long and how wearily a poor person must labor to earn a few dollars by which to frighten "the wolf from their doors" during the cold and chilling frosts of winter.

## CHAPTER X.

"PAUSE not, but increase your speed:  
In this march there's constant need."

*Earth's Battle.*

THE valuable collection of gems and diamonds was emptied and nicely assorted into one large box, which was placed on the bureau in front of the oft-consulted mirror.

While rummaging over the trunk, Sophia found a great treasure. It was the letter of good, honest, philosophical Doctor Du Bois, whose awkward expressions of love had once, in sunnier days, on the blooming island of Cuba, occasioned her such jolly amusement.

Again and again she read it, and every time the full power of the last line entered her heart like a dagger: "*If ever you should need a friend!*" In her present helpless circumstances, did she not "need a friend?" Ah! she once repelled from her a "treasure" that was honestly and freely offered. Now, alas! alas! *where*, oh! where under the blue heavens—oh! where over the rolling years

could she find what she had, in her thoughtless and guilty folly, ruthlessly trampled beneath her dancing feet?

The room was nearly darkened by the storm and the rapid approach of night.

"Nellie," said Madam Lawson, breaking a long-continued silence, "I wonder why that storekeeper don't send home the plain dress pattern I purchased yesterday."

Strangely enough, even while she was uttering these few words, the street-door bell rang, and up the two flights of stairs rushed the store errand-boy with the desired package. "Wait a moment, boy," said Sophia, "till I step in the adjoining room to show my choice to Nellie. Perhaps I shall change my mind, and may wish you to take it back."

Politely the youngster signified his willingness to accommodate. She returned with Nellie in a few moments, but—oh! horrible—the boy and the box of jewels and diamonds were *gone*, GONE!

Screaming, mistress and maid fled down-stairs, opened the front-door, and looked out into the darkness and storm; but what could they see, what could they hear? Only the bare and shrieking trees in the park. Only the howling and moaning of a merciless tempest.

In Sophia's true Spanish blood there were the heroic qualities—adventure, daring, fortitude, courage, power, pride.

"Come! quick, Nellie—keep your breath—run, run!" They rushed into the store. "Where's your errand-boy with my box of jewels? Answer me, sir—where is he? The young robber, the thief—your porter, sir—where, sir, where?"

The storekeeper, almost overcome with astonishment, could scarcely reply respectfully: "Madam, I told my

errand-boy to take home your parcel, then get his supper, and return in time to put up the shutters and close the store." Then he managed to add, "Wait a few moments, madam. He'll soon return. There is some mistake about the affair, madam, I can assure you there is; for an honest boy and a smarter boy than Fred Wilson never lived, I can assure you."

"Where does he get his supper, sir?" she demanded. "Where does he live?"

"In the family of young Captain John Nelson, madam."

"Who is he, and what's his street and number?"

"Captain Nelson is a member of our detective police corps," replied the storekeeper. "He introduced the boy to me about six months ago. A very excellent boy, madam—smart, quick, always on the spring, sees every thing at a glance—and an honest and a better boy can not be found in New-York."

"Please inform me, sir, on the instant, where lives this Captain Nelson?"

The tradesman suddenly recollected that he never had exactly known the address of the familiar detective. "Somewhere in Orchard Street, madam. Not far from the Bowery, I think; I don't know the exact figures on his door."

Madam and maid waited and waited—oh! with how much ill-concealed impatience, with how many terrible thoughts and feelings—until long after closing-time; but no boy returned. No restoration of thousands of dollars of jewelry. Storm without and storm within; winter without and winter within.

Lost boy! lost gems! lost lady! lost maid!

## CHAPTER XI.

For the wronged ones well he fought;  
For the weary ones he sought."—*Watchman.*

EARLY on the following morning, Nellie MacFarland—Sophia's waiting-maid—carried a note to Lawyer Ruggleston. It apprised him of the robbery, and begged his immediate counsel and aid.

"Ah! that is easy," said he. "I know the handsome and skillful detective Captain Nelson. This case is just the job he will delight to work up." Then, turning to Nellie, he kindly and soothingly said: "Convey to your mistress my compliments, and tell her to give herself no uneasiness about the robbery of her jewels. They will soon be found and restored to her—unfortunate lady!"

Nellie passed a fine-looking gentleman as she went from the office into the street. His mild, benevolent eyes attracted her attention. She loved him on the instant, and wanted to throw herself into his arms, and cry, "My friend, my friend!" But she did no such unmaidenly thing; on the contrary, she walked forward as unconcerned as *you*, reader, would do under like circumstances. And yet, sometimes, don't you think that one human heart closely resembles every other human heart? Are not hearts *brothers* and *sisters* to each other?

The gentleman, politely addressing Mr. Ruggleston, and handing him his card, said, "When you have leisure, sir, I would like to speak with you on a little matter of business."

"Certainly," promptly replied the distinguished lawyer. Then looking down at the card, he asked: "Pray, sir, are you the celebrated physician, Doctor La Force Du Bois, of New-Orleans, whose success in the treatment of yellow-fever has been heralded throughout Europe and America?"

"The same," he replied modestly, and continued: "I have retired from practice, however, and wish now to give my entire time to investigations in a different field."

"What investigations do you refer to, Doctor Du Bois?"

"I will answer you in a moment, Monsieur Ruggleston, if you will first assure me that I am not trespassing on time that is valuable to you. In the latter case, sir, I wish to know on what terms I can procure your co-operation?"

"State your business, doctor, as briefly as possible, and then you shall frankly have my decision."

Doctor Du Bois was delighted with Lawyer Ruggleston at once, and immensely. "Then, most kind monsieur," began the physician, "to be brief, my purpose is, since I have amassed a fortune by my practice and can afford the time and expense, to investigate the laws of human generation and improvement."

"State, if you please, exactly what you mean by the phraseology, 'human generation,'" interrupted Mr. Ruggleston in true lawyer-like fashion.

"Most certainly, sir. It is this, and nothing else: the law of the propagation of our species."

"Very well. Now, what do you mean by 'human improvement' as derived from such propagation?"

"Presently, monsieur, presently you shall understand all my meaning." The lawyer bowed a doubtful assent, and the physician proceeded:

"My theory is this: the physical qualities and mental endowments of individual man and woman are inherited; *not* created by either circumstances or education, although the latter may modify and measurably control them. Now, sir, the LAW, by and through which such physical and mental capabilities are transmitted from

parents to children, is the object of my researches. What I want, sir, are *facts*. From my observation thus far, I am satisfied that physically healthy and virtuous progeny can be obtained by the same principles which, under different circumstances and in different progenitors, result in physically diseased and vicious progeny. In a word, sir, that bodily diseases and mental vices are not derived from circumstances and education in the individual, but are *inherited* through the mysterious laws of propagation from the immediate parents or remote ancestor of the individual. I would apply to the improvement of humanity the same principles of consortment by which farmers secure the improvement of stock in the fields."

"A tremendous undertaking!" said the lawyer, smiling incredulously.

"True, sir, true. And yet, may we not obtain results of equal magnitude?"

"How under heavens can *I*, a New-York City lawyer, aid you in this delicate and abstruse investigation?"

"You are just the man!" enthusiastically replied the doctor—"you are just the man!"

"How so, and in what manner?"

"You can supply me with illustrations for my great volume on which I am now engaged."

"Illustrations!" interrupted Mr. Ruggleston. "What in heaven's name do you mean?"

"Monsieur," said the doctor with profound gravity, "you can give me hard cases to study up. Look, sir. Give me a thief, a murderer, a gambler, a counterfeiter, a libertine, a suicide, a courtesan, a criminal in any of the phases of crime; and then, sir, I will take that man or that woman, (or child, perhaps,) and trace his or her parentage back to the very *causes* which planted the seeds of his or her crime; which crime, when it comes

to full blossom and fruition, the *individual* is compelled to suffer and be punished for, as though he or she was the voluntary originator of the vice, the fault, or the sin, or by whatever other name you lawyers and judges and ministers choose to call the imperfections and consequent misfortunes of mankind."

"Humph!" groaned the skeptical lawyer, "you will accomplish nothing. The laws in our statute-books are all predicated upon the doctrine of 'free will' in the individual mind; hence each criminal is held personally accountable, and is punished as the responsible author of his or her deeds."

"True, sir, true," replied the doctor. "But did it never occur to you, sir, that the theory of the statute-laws may be rooted in time-honored errors, in the grossest absurdities, and the most hurtful misapprehensions of human nature?"

"The subject is endless," said the lawyer wearily. "However, doctor, since all you want of me *are cases to study up*—'facts,' as you term them—why, sir, I can supply you with any conceivable number, and at any time."

"Ah! monsieur is most kind," returned the doctor, politely bowing and smiling. "When shall I have the very great pleasure of another interview?"

"Two weeks from to-day, doctor. Until then I shall be incessantly engaged with a criminal trial."

"Ah sir! you do me very great honor."

"By the way, doctor," said the lawyer, rising and handing him a long card with writing on one side, "suppose, at your leisure, you read over my platform of principles."

"With immense delight, monsieur." Then he took the card and returned to his hotel. Arrived, the first thing was to read the attorney's rules; and they were as follows:

"1. I will practice law, because it offers to me opportunities of being a more useful member of society.

"2. I will turn a deaf ear to no man because his purse is empty.

"3. I will advise no man beyond my comprehension of his case.

"4. I will bring none into law who, my conscience tells me, should be kept out of it.

"5. I will never be unmindful of the cause of humanity, and this comprehends widows, fatherless, and those in bondage.

"6. I will be faithful to my client, but never so unfaithful to myself as to become a party to his crime.

"7. In criminal cases, I will never underrate my own abilities; for, if my client proves a rascal, his money is better in my hands, and if not, I hold the option.

"8. I will never acknowledge the omnipotence of the Legislature, or consider their acts to be law beyond the spirit of the Constitution.

"9. No man's greatness shall elevate him above the justice due to my client.

"10. I will never consent to a compromise when I conceive a verdict essential to my client's future reputation or protection, for of this he can not be a competent judge.

"11. I will advise the turbulent with candor, and if they will go to law against my advice, they must pardon me for volunteering it against them."

"O superb man!" exclaimed the enthusiastic doctor, clapping his hands in a perfect jubilee of delight. "Magnificent lawyer! Yes, I have found the right man! Thank God, I have found the RIGHT MAN!"

## CHAPTER XII.

"THE sigh of sorrow to the winds hath given  
Their wild lament; a broken heart beats there.  
She moveth with the eclipse, o'er earth and heaven:  
In form unseen, in presence everywhere."

*Poet's Song.*

LAWYER RUGGLESTON instantly dispatched a messenger to Captain Nelson's residence, asking his presence at his office in Wall Street, on urgent police business, which would require his services in his great capacity as detective.

"Mr. Nelson is out of town on private business," said the servant. "He will return some time to-morrow."

Once more the reader is transported to the subterranean abode somewhere on Long Island. It can not be far from the town of Green Point. It was invariably reached by the robbers from the upper part of New-York; then rowing a small boat through "Hell-Gate," across the river, and along the west side of the shore; then by walking through woods and tangled thickets apparently eastward for about forty minutes; and then when arrived, with the coolest possible humor, and with the greatest diabolical sprightliness imaginable, calling their black retreat "Hell"—a suggestion, one would think, sufficient in itself to work their reformation through positive *fear* of the blacker and the hotter place which is constantly pictured by preachers for the sake of saving lost souls.

Five robbers are seated about, like so many Chinamen, on the straw-covered ground.

"Ha, ha, ha!" they laugh in diabolical chorus, as their tall, handsome chief exhibits, in the dull light of two candle-lanterns, the gorgeous jewelry stolen from poor Madam Sophia.



"Fred, you smart dog!" said the chieftain, addressing the missing errand-boy, "pretty rich chickens, after sitting six months on one nest of eggs, eh, boy?"

The black-eyed and curly-haired youth made no answer. He looked solemnly and sullenly straight into Captain Nelson's rather fine eyes. The latter continued:

"Now, you cunning fox, your day in New-York has sunk into NIGHT. After this, boy, all your jobs must be done when honest eyes can't see two inches before them. Eh, boy?"

"Must I live in 'Hell' all day, and every day, for years?" he asked.

"Don't trouble your damn brains about years to come," replied the captain harshly. "Heed what is before you, dog. Keep in 'Hell' until I find a way for you to get out. Mind, boy, eh?"

The youth groaned with angry disappointment.

Then addressing the five men individually and severally, the captain asked:

"How goes the passenger traffic?"

"Dull times, boss," growled a burly fellow. "Only fourteen transported since Dr. Morte moved into Hudson Street."

"Well, devils," said the captain, "have a care how you handle and convey your passengers. Have a care, devils; for you know to your sorrow that passengers sometimes take care of themselves."

Next morning, the distinguished detective, Captain John Nelson, entered the office of Lawyer Ruggleston.

"What's in the wind now?" asked the robber with supreme indifference.

With undisguised concern the legal gentleman, full of honest sympathy for the unhappy lady, imparted all he knew of the robbery.

The captain pretended great astonishment that the honest boy, whom he had introduced and recommended to the storekeeper, should have suddenly turned "such a short corner."

After hearing all remarks and receiving all surmises with unsurpassed coolness, yet with a becoming degree of professional interest in the case, the detective police impostor set out to visit and question Madam Sophia Lawson.

### CHAPTER XIII.

"AND such is man—a soil which breeds  
Or sweetest flowers or violet weeds;  
Flowers lovely as the morning light,  
Weeds deadly as an aconite."—*Bowring*.

LET us for a moment look in upon Dr. Morte's Lying-in Hospital.

Strange as it at first may seem, Dr. Morte particularly requested — on the plea that his practice was of a strictly confidential nature—that his name and profession should not appear; but instead, he begged that, on the outside wall by the door, his landlady would allow her sign as music-teacher to remain where it then was. She consented. He punctually paid her ninety dollars a month for his use of the premises and furniture. This left her fifteen dollars after paying the sum agreed to, seventy-five dollars each month, to Lawyer Ruggleston. Doctor Morte seemed indifferent at first, and continued so to express himself, about receiving any compensation from Madam Lawson for herself and her maid's board

in his family. Sophia regarded this generosity in the light of sympathy for crippled circumstances. In a few days, however, she found it absolutely impossible to eat any thing on Doctor Morte's table. Accordingly, she and Nellie kept closely in their rooms, and prepared for themselves whatever they could afford to purchase with the few dollars left over the rent.

Strange occurrences, which Mrs. Lawson and Nellie could not avoid remarking, continually characterized the management of the Lying-in Hospital.

Almost every other day a lady patient would arrive. When or how they left the hospital remained a mystery.

The doctor had two very differently arranged rooms for the accommodation of two very different classes of patients. When a patient arrived, the doctor or his "student" would ask in a whisper:

"What will you have—*Live* and *found*? or *still* and *lost*?"

Upon the answer of these preliminary and mysterious interrogations would depend the question as to which of the two rooms the patient would be assigned.

Sometimes in broad, open day a carriage would stop at the door. Two men, one always the doctor himself, would carry out in their arms a lady patient closely wrapped up in blankets, and a thick veil tied over her head and face. One day, Mrs. Lawson was extremely horrified at what she took to be the face of a *dead* woman which she chanced to notice when going through the hall; but which woman was a few moments subsequently carried out and placed in a carriage, the two men giving the object all proper attention, and both acting toward the lifeless sitting-up corpse as if it were really a living sick body being conveyed from a hospital to her more comfortable home, and to the care of better friends, either in the city or country. These circumstances so

frightened Madam Sophia and her superstitious maid Nellie that for days and days they hardly ventured down-stairs.

Another strange circumstance, of rather more frequent occurrence: A burly, dissipated-looking fellow would drive up in a common one-horse country-wagon, half-full or more of boxes and various packages of different sizes. Ringing the door-bell, he would shout:

"Any thing for the Long Island Express?"

Presently the forbidding-looking "student," or the doctor's brazen-faced "wife," would appear with little bundles; but usually, they carried out to the expressman one or more of the long cone-shaped tin cans, which seemed to be loaded with something heavy. These he would place in his wagon, throw an old piece of sail-cloth over them, and then drive off like any other man engaged in an honest business.

These extraordinary transactions, conducted methodically in open day, and frequently right under the drowsy eyes of the perambulating city police, shocked madam with feelings akin to consternation.

"O merciful heavens!" she would exclaim in the agony of impoverishment and terror, "how long, oh! how long am I to be subject to this life of crime and misery?"

#### CHAPTER XIV.

"YET I'll curse him—'tis all in vain:

'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again.

*Gambler's Wife.*

CAPTAIN JOHN NELSON, with a note of introduction from Lawyer Ruggleston to Madam Sophia Lawson, fully recommending him as a skillful detective, counseling her to put the case entirely in his hands, with all confidence

that he would in a few days find the boy-thief, entered the room, where he found the creole beauty and Nellie, both very glad to welcome him.

Sophia instantly started to her feet, with an exclamation "Oh!" and as suddenly dropped back in her chair, as though a dagger's point had pierced to the very core of her heart.

Nellie attended her mistress, fanned her face, chafed her wrists, held the smelling-salts to her nostrils, put a little wine between her lips, and soon had the joy of seeing the beautiful lady fully recovered.

Detective Nelson modestly withdrew to the other side of the room, and busied himself looking over a portfolio of French prints, until the scene was quite over and he was addressed.

"Pardon my sudden attack, sir. I fear my heart is diseased." She then read Mr. Ruggleston's note, and bowed her acknowledgment.

Meanwhile the detective (for so we must reluctantly call him for a time) contemplated the beautiful woman. He was evidently marking out a new course of policy. Having resolved upon a programme, he blandly asked:

"What reasons, madam, have you for charging the robbery upon the storekeeper's boy?"

She promptly and explicitly and minutely described every thing just as it had happened.

He listened with respectful interest and thoughtful composure.

Then she added: "The disappearance of the lad from his employer and from your house, his boarding-place, must be conclusive evidence, is it not, sir?"

"Let me ask," he replied, "whether you have had any cause to suspect any one in this house?"

"Of robbery, I have no reason to suspect any one in this house," she replied.

"Your answer, madam, leaves upon my mind an impression that you *do suspect* the people in this house of some other irregular proceedings."

Tremblingly, but in firm tone, she replied, "Yes, of nameless horrors and shameful practices I do believe these people guilty."

"Goths and Vandals!" said the detective to himself, "this lady is becoming dangerous. She is beginning to oppose our business of conveying passengers through Hell-Gate!" This and much more he privately thought over; then he spoke:

"Have you had no quarrels, no misunderstandings, no bad feelings, no hard words with any person in or about these premises?"

He now bent his dark, piercing, yet rather handsome eyes upon poor Nellie; who, in a flash of excitement, turned red in the face, and looked defiant and sullen.

"I must know all," he said; "otherwise my plans may miscarry."

Madam Sophia then recalled a "little difficulty, one day, with poor, dear Nellie," and related it circumstantially to the meditative policeman.

Unfortunately, this recital let the detective into the important secret that Madam Lawson was destitute of money. He had thought out a plan of action; which, however, required the implication of Nellie in the robbery, and her consequent discharge from madam's service.

"We officers of the law," he began, "have many disagreeable duties to perform. Sometimes we give offense where none is intended. Yet, in the prosecution of our business, *duty* is first and foremost."

"Please be more explicit, sir. What do you propose?" asked the rather excited madam.

"I propose to search your maid's trunk and private boxes." And he rose up to proceed to business.

Nellie, poor Nellie, overcome with agitation, could do nothing but cry and scream, and protest her entire innocence.

"Then do not fear the investigation," said the tall, commanding detective. "Come, madam," he added, "you shall yourself open her trunk and boxes in my presence."

They went into the adjoining room, where poor Nellie slept, and commenced the search.

"What is this?" exclaimed Sophia, as she drew a dozen or more of her own handkerchiefs, stockings, gloves, little lace collars and cuffs, to match, from the poor girl's trunk.

"Certainly, madam," said the detective triumphantly, "certainly, your maid is nobody's fool."

"Nellie MacFarland," said the astonished mistress, "come here and explain yourself before this officer."

"O mum!" she began, and throwing herself imploringly upon her knees, "I will confess! I will confess to you and to the priest all my sins."

"Hurry, then," interrupted Captain Nelson.

"O mum! I hope to die this minute and go to hell forever, if what I confess is not the whole truth."

"This has gone nearly far enough," said Nelson, with a pretense of being authoritative and impatient.

"O mum! *do* hear me," Nellie pleadingly said. "When, mum, you told me you had no money to pay my wages," sobbed the poor girl, "then, mum, then I thought as how you had so many pretty things, mum, what you didn't use, mum, and didn't want, mum—why, then, mum, I thought as how I might help myself to the amount of my back wages, mum, and—O dear mum! that's the whole truth, mum, and if it an't, mum, I hope to be struck down dead this very minute, mum, and—"

"There, that will do, you thief!" harshly interrupted

the detective. Then, addressing Sophia, he said: "This girl had better put on her things, pack her trunk, and go with me."

"Sir!" said Nellie's affectionate mistress, "leave this homeless girl with me. I don't blame the poor creature. I forgive her over and over again! Who can blame the hard-working, faithful girl? She was not receiving the least compensation for her toil. Why, sir, I am not certain but that, were I placed in her circumstances, I should have done what she has done, or—something infinitely worse! No, sir, leave the kind-hearted creature with me."

Meanwhile Nellie was crying and sobbing in great agony of soul.

"Madam," said the impostor, "the welfare of society is the first object of law. Our duty to society compels us to detect and punish criminals. Therefore, this girl, being a thief, *must* go with me."

The scene that followed was too painful to chronicle. Unbefriended Nellie accompanied Captain Nelson to a house near the East River. On the way, he said, "Your crime shall never be known if you will obey my orders. Now go to work, and behave yourself. Your wages will be paid you, and you have nothing to fear." Thus he left poor Nellie in a strange kitchen, and took his departure.

## CHAPTER XV.

"DARK is the night! how dark! no light—no fire!  
Cold, on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire."

*Old Ballad.*

NEW-YORK never contained a more prepossessing, intellectual, accomplished, unprincipled villain than the man whom the reader now knows as Captain John Nelson, Detective.

He called upon Lawyer Ruggleston early on the following morning. Finding the legal gentleman alone, and quite unoccupied, he commenced.

"My men are busy scenting and hounding up that boy, Mr. Ruggleston. He made a mighty rich haul, the young scamp. According to Madam Lawson's story, the jewelry was worth at least ten thousand dollars."

"Then you have called upon Mrs. Lawson?"

"Why, certainly," responded Nelson. "Can't work up a case, you know, without first obtaining *all* the elements."

"Well, sir, what is your impression of the lady?"

Now Nelson was slightly Frenchy in some of his gestures. In other respects, however—in his general personal appearance, complexion, color of eyes, hair, and oral expressions—he, by birth and blood, was unmistakably Spanish.

"The Spaniards talk in dialogues  
Of heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs."—*Hudibras*.

He shrugged his shoulders with perfect affectation of heartless indifference, and replied, "Madam is like all other women, sir—ready, like the sex generally, for a good bargain."

At this moment—indeed, while Nelson was expressing the latter sentiment—Doctor Du Bois opportunely entered the lawyer's office. He at once most cordially saluted Mr. Ruggleston, who now occupied an eminent position in the doctor's regard; then fixing his earnest gaze upon Nelson, he said:

"Gentlemen, I hope I am not intruding?"

"Not in the least, doctor," said the lawyer politely. "Pray, sir, be seated."

Captain Nelson returned the searching gaze of the physician with compound interest. Few men could look Nelson out of countenance.

"Monsieur Ruggleston," said the doctor, "my business

in New-York is known to *you*. You, therefore, appreciate my motive for requesting this gentleman, although a stranger to me, to repeat his remark about the frailty of women."

Captain Nelson smiled ironically, and said: "Why, certainly, sir. Women, sir, in my opinion, are made of two elements—*Passion* and *Fashion*. Approach them through either, and they will *yield*."

The gallant and honorable French blood in the physician's heart mounted suddenly to his face. "Sire," said he, with great vehemence, "sire, do you give that remark as your toast, and as applicable to all women, everywhere, and of all countries?"

"Why, certainly," returned the captain with provoking, marble-like imperturbability. And he added, "The best among women are little better than the worst. They are all accessible to a persevering lover who has plenty of money, is good-looking, and knows how to play his cards."

"Sire," quickly replied the noble doctor, "sire, you do women an infinite harm."

"Why certainly not," returned the captain; "I have no dealings with the sex, in no way, shape, nor manner."

"But your sentiments, sire—your sentiments, are an insult to the whole wide world of virtuous and beautiful ladies."

"*Virtuous and beautiful ladies!*" echoed the captain sneeringly.

"Sire," continued the physician much exasperated, "your insulting remarks refer to your *own* mother and to your *own* sisters, I presume, and *not* to the mothers and sisters of gentlemen!"

Captain Nelson understood human nature and his own business too well to lose his self-possession, especially when merely differing with others in opinion.

"My remarks," he said firmly, "refer to *every body's* mothers and sisters! I make *no* exceptions."

"My God!" rejoined the physician—"my God!" Then, with a touch of sadness in his thoughtful tones, he said, "Sire, I am by profession a physician, although now withdrawn from practice; and my opportunities for observation have been many and propitious; and of women my opinion is, that as a class they are outrageously oppressed, and disabled for self-support, by the circumstances of society; they are sympathetic and negative by temperament to their surroundings; they are slightly spoken of, and shamefully jeered at and joked about, by thoughtless young men and by unprincipled scoundrels; they are covered with confusion and shame by remarks and sentiments like *yours*, sire; they are approached and magnetized, and then blighted and then deserted, in the very streets, by such men as *you*, sire; then, sire, then, having lost their integrity and their self-respect, they become 'lewd characters' so-called; and lastly, sire, lastly, being deeply rooted and wretchedly helpless in their overpowering evils and misfortunes, they appear among the developments of police courts—abandoned beyond hope in themselves, and openly abhorred by persons whom *you*, sire, may with great propriety, ironically term 'respectable citizens.'"

With amazing coolness Captain Nelson eyed the eloquent physician. After a little he said:

"From your language, sir, I conclude you are woman's champion from *interested* motives."

The tantalizing nature and manifest injustice of this remark inflamed the doctor to a point almost beyond his endurance. Still, with uncommon self-control, he maintained a strict silence. Then Nelson added:

"Now, sir, you are a stranger to me, and a somewhat

older man than I, and may have seen more of human nature than I; but, sir, I can introduce the testimony of my own father—a man of most extensive knowledge among women—and it was this, (which I have often overheard from his own lips in billiard-rooms and elsewhere,) it was, and in my father's own words: 'Women, gentlemen, are notoriously licentious. David and Solomon, gentlemen, kept scores of wives and concubines. The Jewish kings, gentlemen, and indeed the Jews themselves, were excessively amorous; and, without difficulty, they found as *many* beautiful ladies as they desired.' So, sir," continued Nelson, "I have heard my father talk. And furthermore, referring to his own experience, I heard him say: 'Gentlemen, I have perfumed letters, brimming over with passion, from the most beautiful and respectable ladies on the Continent. If, gentlemen, if, by any untoward mishap, those love-letters should get into print, the highest circles of society would be blown asunder in twelve hours.' Yes, *sir*," he added, "I heard my father boast many and many a time that he could *seduce* any lady to whom he could be properly introduced. *That*, sir," concluded Nelson, triumphantly, "is the testimony of my father, as rich and as rascally a father as any son ever had."

Doctor Du Bois bowed abruptly, and immediately left the office.

"Mr. Ruggleston," asked the detective, who had not yet accomplished the object of his call, "Mr. Ruggleston, who, in the name of Goths and Vandals, is that opinionated French champion of female virtue?"

Unhappily, the honest lawyer imparted all he knew of Dr. Du Bois. He even disclosed the hotel at which the physician was boarding.

Nelson heard it all, but kept his own counsel. Having

finished his business—the nature of which will hereafter appear—he hastened away.

## CHAPTER XVI.

"WILD roars the wind ; the lights burn blue ;  
The watch-dog howls with fear."—*The Lament.*

"NELLIE," said Nelson, whom the poor girl regarded with horror as a police-officer, having her completely in his power, because of his knowledge of her theft—"Nellie, I have a place for you."

"Oh! *where?*" asked the frightened maid, thinking it was in some prison. "Where, sir?"

"At the Globe Hotel, in Duane street. I have just seen the proprietor; he wants a girl for chamber-work; I think you'll suit exactly."

Then the detective pulled her down on a chair beside him, and said:

"Now, mark, girl. You are to work for *me*; not for the proprietor; and this is what you are to do: At the head of the back staircase is the chamber of an old French doctor. Now, take this wax, press the key of his door down hard in it, until you get a perfect pattern of the key in the wax, then put it carefully away out of sight of every one, and hand it to me to-night; expect certainly that I shall call about seven o'clock and ask for you."

Captain Nelson then accompanied the unwilling daughter of Erin to the Globe Hotel. She was received kindly by Mr. Johnston, the proprietor, and at once installed in her duties as chamber-maid.

In less than an hour the busy detective entered the presence of Madam Sophia Lawson. He politely handed her

a note from Lawyer Ruggleston. Then, with considerable grace and ease, he seated himself by the window, and studied the fine face, the attractive eyes, the lovely and haughty bearing of the lady, while to herself she read the following brief letter:

NEW-YORK, Jan. 20, 1833.

MY DEAR MADAM: Having learned with regret from Detective Nelson that you are residing in the family of a physician whose professional practices are not above the most shocking suspicions, it becomes my duty to you to counsel an immediate change in your circumstances.

Detective Nelson gives me his word of honor as a gentleman, (and I have never known him to violate his pledge in any case,) that, while his men are searching for the missing boy and your stolen property, you can be comfortably accommodated in the family of a friend of his, residing, I am told, in a pleasant neighborhood, on the east side of the city, near Catharine street, and but a few steps from East Broadway.

Should you conclude favorably, and accept this advantageous proposition, evidently made in good faith by the bearer, then, from this day forward, I will release you from all obligations arising from the original lease, and look to William Morte, M.D., for future payments of rent; and (if the above conditions be complied with) this is a receipt in full of all demands against you to date.

Believe me, madam, with sincere respect, very truly yours, etc.,

GEORGE W. RUGGLESTON,  
Atty., Wall street.

To Madam Sophia Lawson, Hudson street, New-York.

Most gladly she accepted all. It was the first ray of sunshine for—oh! so many, *many*, weary, *weary* weeks and months.

By six o'clock of that evening the lonely and lovely Creole was arranging her wardrobe in the ample closets of her new and large apartments.

"Merciful Heaven is merciful to me at *last!*" she joyfully exclaimed in her very heart, as she flew about the warm, beautifully carpeted room, so tastefully embellished with hanging pictures, and so abundantly supplied with the many little conveniences of toilet and wardrobe.

Tea-bell sounded a welcome appeal, and the half-fam-

ished Sophia, very gracefully attired, tripped like a girl of sixteen down to the dining-room.

Here she met, for the first time since entering the house, the rather flashily dressed hostess—a lady of forty-five, with a tired-looking face; and then, one after another, she (Madam Lawson) was introduced to the half a dozen or more young ladies, all gayly dressed and with dissipated looks; and then, in the most frolicksome good-nature—in fact, in the jolliest and most rollicking mood imaginable—the whole party of ladies began chatting together, meanwhile discussing the delicate viands and good things with which the table was unsparingly loaded.

“There!” said Sophia to herself, after partaking freely, and ending with a tiny glass of old Port—“there! that’s the first time for months I have had all I wanted to eat and drink.”

Later in the evening, when the streets were quite dark, a number of gentlemen arrived. Merrily, merrily flew the moments! Sophia was introduced to and cordially welcomed by every one. Although among strangers, she had seen a great deal of gay Paris society, and was therefore never at a loss. Her sparkling wit was purely French; her style of conversation was evidently Spanish; and her healthy, vigorous beauty was preëminently womanly, and hence attractive.

They urged her to play and sing. She modestly hesitated. How could she sing, having been “out of practice,” ever since the horrible *murder* of her last husband! (This terrible memory, happily, no one could see.) She seemed happy, and so they gathered around her; just as the girls and young men used to in days by-gone; and, listening to their passionate appeals, mingled with a very little flattery, she laughingly consented.

“What shall I sing?” she asked. They simultaneously replied, “Sing *your* favorite! Your choice must be

*beautiful!* Oh! *do* sing, dear lady!” Without further urging, she began:

“Oh! what happiness, what brightness,  
In life’s changing scenes appear,  
When we meet kind words and actions,  
And we feel they are sincere:  
When smiles of friendship greet us,  
And we know that they are true,  
What charms has this fair world  
To offer me and you.

“With the beaming sky above us,  
And the lovely earth beneath,  
With the music of the ocean,  
And the flower-enameled heath,  
With these beauteous scenes of nature,  
What more cheering would you ask  
Than the glance that speaks affection  
From the heart without a mask?

“For pure truth is such a jewel!  
Oh! so precious and so rare,  
That it seems a spark from heaven,  
Seldom lent to mortal care.  
When we meet it in earth’s friendship,  
Let us prize its holy might,  
For it comes unto our spirits  
Like an angel winged with light.”

They listened in raptures. Oh! that heavenly voice—so exceedingly sweet, so angel-like in its tenderness, so living with the electrical breathings of a loving heart—charmed, magnetized, subdued, silenced every guest.

But the joy and the sadness and the sweetness of her tones reached beyond the brick walls. Outside, the snow-covered pavement was occupied by a silent, worshiping multitude. Mean-looking market men; shivering and half-clad little boys; dirty and despairing girls of the Bowery; greasy-looking women from the slums of Chatham street and Five Points; here and there in the eager crowd could be seen a well-dressed lady and gentleman,



returning to their homes from the Shakespearean tragedy performed that night at the Park Theatre—yes, there! out in the wintry cold, stood a throng of hungering and thirsting human souls, each for itself, and each in its own way, drinking worshipfully from the limpid stream that was fed by the divine fountain of Music!

## CHAPTER XVII.

“AND oh! what changes we all know  
Long years can bring in one small place,  
In names and shapes, from face to face,  
As souls will come and souls will go.”—*Barnes*

“BLAST that hell colt!” said the robber chieftain, as he paced up and down the cold straw-covered cellar in his Long Island retreat. “It is already an hour past midnight. He should have been here two hours ago.”

Just then the door was opened by a burly fellow, carrying under his left arm a short muzzle-loading rifle of large bore, capable of projecting heavy lead; and behind him, walked in the defiant and sullen young thief—his black eyes and curly raven hair making his naturally pale face appear even more white than usual.

“Well, you young devil!” said the detective. “What’s in the wind?”

Sullenly the youngster stripped off his coat and vest, and then removed a baggy buckskin garment, which closely resembled a vest in pattern, and which, with a suppressed oath, he tossed into the hand of Captain Nelson.

“Was the Frenchman at home?” he asked.

“That strong iron box was too much for me,” replied the boy, showing the blood and blisters on his hands.

Meanwhile the captain was turning the leathern vest

inside out, and removing from its purse-like pockets all the gold and silver coins the boy had obtained. The sum was only a few shillings over twelve hundred dollars.

“A damn small bird for so much powder,” said the disappointed robber. He added: “Next time we’ll lance that damn doctor’s purse with a ramrod.”

“This cellar ‘Hell’ is too bare and cold,” muttered Fred Wilson. “How much longer must I hide in this black-hole of devils?”

“Perhaps,” said Nelson savagely—“perhaps until the sheriff turns the keys of the old dungeon on your blasted hopes.”

Taking up a carbine and handing it to the boy, the captain said, “Let me see you work your tools.”

With an expressionless face, but quick as lightning, Fred charged his short gun. He accomplished this feat by pouring powder into the barrel, then dropping a bullet from between his teeth into the muzzle, and striking the butt of the carbine suddenly and forcibly on the ground, thus sending the charge home. In the next instant he was pointing the loaded rifle at the captain’s breast!

“By the Goths!” said the captain with admiration. “You, boy, with your pale face, will make the blackest devil in our ‘Hell.’”

The burly-looking assassin, who had just put on a clean brown shirt, the first for three months, drew near and listened.

“Joudre,” said the captain, “let’s take down this boy’s personal appearances.”

Joudre took a lead pencil and wrote after the captain’s dictation:

“Small hands and small feet; broad forehead and high brain; eyes black and gloomy; curly hair, fine as a girl’s and black as the devil’s; clean, white teeth; a nose too

good-looking for a damn thief; a devilish fine pattern for shoulders; the forefinger of his left hand broken and stiff at the first joint; a large wart or mole under the left ear, where the hangman's knot is tied—there! boy, now stay in 'Hell' until some good-natured devil comes to your relief."

In less than an hour the detective was across the river, and at his old residence, where Lawyer Ruggleston invariably sent whenever police business was urgent.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

"My own heart I want—not yours;  
You have bound and must unbind it."—*Landon.*

For many weeks after the robbery of Doctor Du Bois, all plans worked smoothly with Detective Nelson. Lively and always elegant, and free with his purse, he made himself more and more agreeable to the confiding Sophia. He was exceedingly fond of music, and her sweet voice surpassed all language at his command. Frequently he took her to parties; and sometimes to the Park Theatre. There were ladies and gentlemen, every night, and sometimes all night, at the house. Nelson gave her beautiful presents of dresses and jewelry; which, to some extent, made her forget the great loss she had sustained. On one occasion he gave her a bright, sharp stiletto. She could but be grateful for the possession of a home so pleasant and so comfortable. She could not forget that she owed it all to the generous and handsome detective.

One evening he said to her: "Man's life runs out like a rapid river, don't it, Sophia?"

Something, she knew not what, made her silent and sad. It was already the beginning of another summer.

The wind seemed to talk that night. (Alas! the poor lady did not comprehend what the winds were saying.)

"Time steals on from day to day, Sophia," the detective continued. "Hours pass, days fly, weeks disappear, and years lie dead at our feet—now, why may not you and I get in and fly and die with the rest?"

That view of things was evidently just at that time rather new to Sophia.

"Life," said Nelson, after a brief silence, "is hardly worth all this fuss; only now and then, do I think it worth any one's while."

Hopeless words like these the detective expressed to Sophia, with the secret hope that she would, without the ceremony of marriage, become his wife.

"Damnation," said he one day to himself, "the proud-blooded beauty costs me more money and takes more of my time than any woman's fickle passion is worth."

Yet she never once yielded to any propositions, notwithstanding he had done and was continually doing so much for her personal comfort and gratification; and so, one evening, Captain John Nelson and Madam Sophia Lawson were married in the parlor, before a large party, by the Reverend Stephen Tyrrell, of New-York.

The scene is now changed. Mrs. Sophia Nelson takes the keys of the house, presides with dignity over the establishment, is the centre of attraction, and an object of love and unbounded admiration, and all goes "merry as a marriage bell." But another event is about to happen.

One evening, about a month after the parlor-wedding, Mrs. Nelson noticed a gentleman mingling freely and familiarly in the company of girls; he was ex-

tremely jovial, told slightly indelicate stories, indulged in wine; and conducted himself, generally, after the free and easy order of sensualists.

On closer inspection Mrs. Nelson discovered, with what degree of indignation the reader may possibly imagine, that this vulgar man was identical with the "Reverend Stephen Tyrrell!"

She proceeded at once into a little reception room on the opposite side of the hall.

It will be remembered that the daughter of Don Calvo Marigny, now Mrs. Nelson of New-York, had the blood and fire of a Spaniard running through her heart.

She instantly sent her colored porter into the parlor, with a message to the hilarious gentleman, requesting an immediate interview.

When he appeared before her, she said, "Sir, are you a priest, or a minister, or an officer of any grade, having authority to perform the rites of marriage, and to make out certificates that will be recognized by law?"

The fellow was heated and jolly with excess of wine. Therefore he did not realize her anger, or dread any results that might follow upon the heels of confession. He laughed immoderately, and said, "What a devilish good joke! Oh! what a glorious, rollicking joke!" Then he laughed louder than before.

"Enough, sir!" she said, with queenly dignity; "Now rejoin the ladies and gentlemen in the parlor."

Then Mrs. Nelson politely excused herself to the company, and immediately withdrew and retired for the night.

About an hour before daybreak, the gentlemanly detective, having finished his "business" for a few hours, returned to his adorable bride.

A light was dimly burning in the room. He proceeded to disrobe. She, in the bed, thereupon raised herself to a sitting posture, and said:

"Captain Nelson!"

"What now, Sophia?"

"Do you see *that*?" at the same moment holding up the bright, sharp dagger he had given her.

"Why, certainly! What of it?"

"It aches with a mad impatience to enter your heart, sir!"

He laughed disdainfully.

"This house, this bed, this body, this soul, is *mine*!"

"Not quite so fast, my good lady."

"To-night," she continued, "I met your hired villain—the 'minister' whom *you* created to perform a mock marriage."

"Eternal Goths! What of it?"

"This, sir—*I am not your wife*."

"No, certainly not," he replied, unconcernedly.

"But you are my *mistress*!"

"'Tis false! false! sir, 'tis false! You have gained my love with a lie! O hateful wretch! My 'love,' did I say? No! you *never* received from my heart its holy LOVE!"

"Then, madam, you have treacherously deceived me!"

"I gave you my hand, sir—not my heart."

"Then, as I supposed, you are a *liar* and a *courtesan*!"

"Yes, yes," said she with a tone of inexpressible sadness. "I have *never* loved you, and I never *can*! Your very eyes are hateful! They bring back to my thoughts the *image* of the first man who tore my heart out by the roots!"

"Aha!" said he, "aha! then you have been a mistress to some other man!"

"O God! *God!*" she cried, "my poor heart will break! my poor heart will break!"

"Certainly, madam, certainly; let it break!"

With the spring of a tigress she darted from the bed,

and, with the quickness and strength of desperation, *plunged the dagger deep into his breast!*

He violently grasped her hand on the instant, but not until his blood was flowing in a stream upon the floor.

Seeing what she had done, and that the wounded man was fainting from loss of blood, she screamed for help, and pressed her soft hand tightly upon his bleeding bosom.

## CHAPTER XIX.

"AND Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
Dewy with nature's tear-drops as they pass,  
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave—alas!  
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,  
Which now beneath them—but above shall grow,  
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,  
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low."  
*Irene.*

CAPTAIN NELSON revived a little. He decided immediately that any publicity to the murderous event would probably lead, in a very short time, to a full disclosure of his many horrible villainies and impositions.

Therefore he whisperingly said to the deceived and wretched, yet affectionate and still forgiving, Sophia—"Keep still! keep all this still! Call a physician! Possibly I may recover. Have me carried carefully to the rear bedroom in the third story. Say I have had an accident. Now send for the surgeon and physician, whose office is ten doors above, on this side of the street. Be quick! I am bleeding."

His wound was pronounced not fatal. Weeks, however, perhaps months, would be consumed in the work of restoration. The blade of the dagger had pierced through

the right lung; and he was, therefore, continually in danger of a fatal hemorrhage.

Leaving the charlatan detective to his thoughts and wounded body, we return to the outraged and suffering Sophia.

The very next evening, and quite early, while the ladies were entirely alone, Mrs. Nelson said, "We have lived, and played, and danced together for many months. I am now a wretched, abandoned woman! Hereafter, if I sing, or play, or dance, it will be my way of hiding a broken heart. My husband is wounded; is out of money, and he may *die* any day.

"My husband," did I say? O God, *God*, no! He is my paramour; I am his mistress. You, girls, (*he* tells me,) live in the same hateful relation with men who come in your way! If he misinforms me, you will *now* indignantly deny it."

She paused. Her fair face was changed. The dove-eyed tenderness of her expression was all gone. The girls made no reply, but all cried bitterly like hopeless children lost in a dark woods. They all dearly, most dearly, loved and worshiped the tender, loving-hearted Sophia. They would die for her. They would do *any* thing for the beautiful Mrs. Nelson. Oh! it was a terrible scene. Ye Christians around St. John's Park, behold it.

"Yes, girls, we are all courtesans! Let us commence this shameful life in a new way. Let us lead men to their destruction. They trample upon us; we will trample upon them. They cheat us and steal our love; we will decoy and rob them of both money and character.

"O girls! Bring some wine. Make haste. Let us drink.

"O my beautiful dears! I love you—every one of you, with my whole soul—but *I hate every living man!*

I hate the very name of marriage. I hate every sign and every sigh of a man's heart. 'Heart!' O God, *God*—man has no heart. No, no. He has no heart.

"O my beautiful dears, ye courtesans! my own darling *sisters*, in the bonds of hate to man! Look at me, girls; you see *I* do not weep! I have no tears! My bosom is burning hot with hate—with a life-long, *deadly* hate!

"Oh! I will burn and destroy every man who falls within my power.

"And, O my beautiful dears! my own darling sisters! Hurry, quick! Let us *proselyte*! Young, handsome girls will attract other men—rich men; men of families; men with wives and innocent daughters at home! Yes, yes! We will send pimps out into the country! Men are good for nothing else!

"Oh! come, my beautiful darling dears! After this night I will keep you. You shall make your home with me—paying me, from your earnings and from your stealings, what I require to keep a stylish establishment.

"You see, girls, I do not weep! Oh! I hate the very name of man! Pour out wine, girls—pour out plenty of wine for each.

"Hark! ah! they come! Yes, yes, the door-bell rings! Haste, girls, haste—the *wine*! The hateful savages are coming—the men! the men! Why don't you all dance? Why don't you all sing? Why don't you all laugh? Ha, ha, ha!"

## CHAPTER XX.

"THOUGHTS that build up the human soul—  
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,  
But with high objects—with enduring things—  
With Life and Nature!"—*Jasper*.

FIVE years have rolled into the irrevocable past since the scene described in the last chapter.

Only five years! Then, however, the thorny buds upon the upas-trees of crime were beginning to swell, promising blossoms and eventually fruit—the fruits being evil like the seeds that were sown. Meanwhile, how very, very much—and yet, how very, very little—has happened during these five years! Individuals, families, societies, states, nations, all apparently just what they were five years ago. And yet, now that we think of them, there are thousands of babies, mothers, children, and men lying in long rows, unheeded, beneath the earth's cold crust, tabernacles of flesh, rather, once temples of beauty and wisdom—buried by their friends in the low, moist cells of corruption, which, however, is the beginning of chemical purification. Mothers, husbands, children, looking forward and upward. Here and there an old man, beyond the reach of passion, standing between crutches, looking musingly down into the fresh memories of the past. Only five years! *Life* to thousands of millions; to as many other millions, *death*. There is no death, however, except to ignorance, error, injustice, cruelty, and crime.

"I wish you a cordial good-morning, Doctor Du Bois!" said Lawyer Ruggleston. "Where on earth have you kept yourself during these past five years?"

The doctor's fine, honorable face lit up with a cheerful smile as he answered :

"Monsieur Ruggleston, it gives me immense pleasure, sir, to return from journeyings in many parts of the great wide world—London, Berlin, Leipsic, Paris, Florence, Rome, Stockholm, Vienna, Cuba, New-Orleans, Mobile, back again to New-York, and, sir—all within these five years."

"Ah, yes, doctor, a continual feast of pleasure, no doubt. These intellectual bachelors, you know, have a reputation for being too selfish and too sensible to marry. They profess to have great disgust for the unreasonable weakness of the gentler and softer sex; so, with no family on their hands, and foot-loose at any moment—why, of course, they can travel five years in European countries, on the American principle of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

"Quite facetious and agreeable, monsieur," said the doctor, rather gravely. "No, no," he continued, "I have been decidedly and entirely in pursuit of *knowledge*."

"Ah! indeed; why, doctor, your brain-mill must require extra blood-power to grind out so many grists."

"My physical habits, monsieur, are extremely simple; in accordance with the known laws of health."

"Doubtless; your fair face is as young-looking as a man at thirty, while I, probably about your own age, look old enough to be your father."

"The arduous labors and solitudes of a criminal lawyer, with such an immense practice as yours must be, sir, are sufficient to break down the strongest constitution."

"True, doctor, true, and yet, to be frank with you, I often think that my life is a complete failure."

"Monsieur Ruggleston, you astound me, sir!"

"Why so, doctor?" And then he continued: "Now look at my case. What am I really doing to make the world better; for the most part, my clients are respectable business men of New-York. I look after their worldly interests; then I charge them money for my services, as we lawyers are really obliged to; then they cheerfully pay what I ask: then come the results. We have no children; therefore my wife and I eat and drink, attend church, enjoy a few friends, accumulate money. And now, Doctor Du Bois, if that isn't a complete failure in the great purposes of human life, why, then, happily, I am very much at fault in my philosophy of things."

"In your criminal practice, Mr. Ruggleston," asked the doctor, "do you not often labor, and with true dignity and benevolence, to kindle a fire of loving forgiveness on the cold hearth of some poor frozen wretch?"

Thoughtfully and rather sadly the lawyer replied, "No, doctor, I can't say that I do. It is justly and universally deemed discreditable and ungentlemanly, not to say hazardous, in my profession, to take sides with thieves, murderers, highway robbers, fornicators, and courtesans."

"But, monsieur, are not you lawyers at liberty to investigate the hereditary and circumstantial causes of crime?"

"Of course we are, doctor, when it is for the interest of our clients."

The physician reflected. At length he said: "Haven't you yet accumulated sufficient fortune to retire from practice, or at least, to *refuse* all cases, except those which your sense of justice and feelings of benevolence commend to your care and advocacy?"

"Well, I'll think about that, doctor." He then put his hand up to his forehead, and said, "I have a bad

headache this morning, doctor; but," he added, laughing, "you are now 'out of practice' I suppose, doctor; otherwise you might possibly, in the plenitude of benevolence, take my case under your skillful hand!"

"Eh! monsieur," said the doctor, rising from his chair and laying his left hand on the lawyer's forehead and his right palm on the back of his neck; "I will, sir, in five short moments, *banish your headache!*"

A few rapid manipulations, accompanied with forcing his breath smartly against the lawyer's broad brow, and lo! the pain was *gone*.

"By Caesar!" shouted Mr. Ruggleston, "you are a wizard, doctor." Next thing will be *your arrest for practicing the black art!*" They both laughed heartily.

"Come now, doctor, tell me what you call this pain-annihilator."

"Certainly, monsieur," the physician gladly responded. "It is, sir, the art of Anthony Mesmer." He continued: "I have, during my travels on the Continent, seen most astounding facts, sir; I find, sir, that animal magnetism is reviving, or rather steadily growing, as a recognized curative and anæsthetic agent in Europe. Most of the continental governments have introduced it by law or decree into the hospitals. In France it is used very extensively to produce insensibility under surgical operations. Germany makes a more general use of it in the cure of nervous and mental diseases, from hysteria to lunacy, and Saxony recognizes it by prescribed regulations for its operations. Italian scientific societies have latterly taken it up for investigation, and although in conservative old England the faculty still holds back, high medical and scientific individual authorities have indorsed it as at all events a valuable anæsthetic. But the subject has probably received less attention in this country than in any other."

"Why, really, doctor," responded Lawyer Ruggleston, "your subject is both novel and enchanting."

Doctor Du Bois fully agreed with this remark, and added, "It is, sir, the door to the hidden dynamics of mind, soul, ether, spirit."

"Take care, doctor," said the sociable and facetious attorney; "take care! In my profession, remember, *prima facie evidence* is generally acceptable. We don't deal much in philosophy and metaphysics."

"Certainly, sir," returned the doctor pleasantly. "But we physicians and we bachelors go a little *deeper* than the mere animal sense of the thing."

"Is that the way you cultivate brains, doctor—by remaining unmarried, and spending your time in studying metaphysics in your selfish isolation?"

"Isolation!" replied the doctor, with thoughtful and modest gravity. "Isolation, sir, though painful to the social faculties, is sometimes very favorable to the spirit's interior expansion. Shelly's *Revolt of Islam*, you recollect, contains Cythna's glowing account of her exile, in a desolate cave:

'My mind became the book through which I grew  
Wise in all human wisdom, and its cave,  
Which like a mine I rifled through and through,  
To me the keeping of its secrets gave—  
One mind, the type of all the moveless wave  
Whose calm reflects all moving things that are,  
Necessity, and love, and life, the grave,  
And sympathy, fountains of hope and fear,  
Justice, and truth, and time, and the world's natural sphere.'"

Mr. Ruggleston smiled with unfeigned satisfaction, and said: "Doctor, am I to understand that you apply Cythna's language to yourself?"

"Certainly, sir; that is, I apply to myself, and to my experiences, the *sense* of the passage."

"Why, really, doctor," said the lawyer, suddenly rising, "I am neglecting my clients to hear you quote poetry and expound incomprehensible metaphysics."

They immediately changed the subject. "What important criminal cases have you now in process?" asked the doctor.

"I have two very trying, sad cases," replied the lawyer. Then, after a little thought, he added: "One of these cases is, without exception, the most painful, the most troublesome, the most diabolically complicated case that ever occurred in my twenty years' practice."

"Possibly, then, sir," said the doctor, with fresh interest beaming from his fine face—"possibly, sir, this particular case will aid me in the prosecution of my investigations." Then he continued, "Speaking from a medical stand-point, sir, I would remark that there are pain and trouble and anxiety, and sometimes untimely death itself, before there is a *birth*. This, sir, is, I think, a law in the mental as well as the natural external world. All the discoveries which have benefited the human race have been originated amid doubts, distrusts, difficulties, and even persecution. Scarcely a great inventor is lapped in luxury, for if he were to be, he would not exert his mind to produce those concealed beauties and uses of the Deity which are every year revealed by noble, self-sacrificing efforts for the benefit of man and the glory of God. These difficulties, however, serve but to perfect the out-births of the world of Principles, from which we draw every thing that is good, useful, and beneficial. Thought gestates to perfect, and if man were to produce without trouble, he would lose the exercise of those faculties, the development of which can alone ennoble his being. Let us not mourn, therefore, over our difficulties, however troublesome they may appear to be, but gather strength and energy to overthrow obsta-

cles, consoled by the reflection that the dark hours are requisite to produce the brightness of the coming day."

"A philosopher, truly," remarked Lawyer Ruggleston. Then referring back to the physician's trip to Europe and elsewhere, he asked: "By the way, doctor, may I inquire the *chief* motive you had for your five years' pilgrimage?"

"Certainly, sir; with very great pleasure, I tell you, sir, it was this—to *find a lady!*"

The good-natured lawyer laughed outright, and said, "Aha, aha—a lady! a bachelor in pursuit of knowledge and happiness in the bewitching shape of a lady, eh? Well, doctor, now may I further ask, were you successful?"

"Ah! no, monsieur," replied the physician, with undisguised emotions of sadness and gloomy disappointment.

"What's the lady's name, doctor? I hope that's no secret."

"Eighteen years ago," said the doctor, "her name was Madam Sophia Aragoni. I have not seen her since. She was at that time a widow. In Paris, I ascertained that she had contracted a second marriage. I followed the track of her pleasure journeys into the different countries mentioned, traced her back to Spanish America, thence to a suburban chateau at Mobile, in the State of Alabama; and there, by the merest chance, I encountered a murderous, burly-looking fellow, who apprised me that the lady lost her second husband, and was now living somewhere in the city of New-York."

"A very long and difficult and expensive journey merely for a lady who has been twice married," said the lawyer, dryly.

"No, no, monsieur," interrupted the doctor warmly, "I would positively journey *three times* around the great round earth to find *that* lady, sir."

"Perhaps, doctor, you may meet her without travel.



ing the whole world over. Stranger things than that have occurred."

"Ah! true, sir," said the doctor, with a despairing shrug. "But now I almost sink with the weight of my disappointment."

"Now, doctor, pray tell me, do you—a lone, scientific bachelor—really love that lady?"

"Monsieur," said the doctor quickly, "I do not dare to say how *much* I adore the memory of her most beautiful image."

"Well," said the lawyer sympathizingly, "well, doctor, I am sure that I can not aid you in the furtherance of that particular branch of your investigations." He thought a moment, and then asked, "Have you searched the City Directory?"

"Searched!" exclaimed the doctor—"searched! Why, sir, I have stealthily examined every womanly face that has appeared in the streets since my arrival. My longing eyes peer into every female countenance. In vain, sir; all in vain."

"Was she, the lady you speak of, a gifted woman?" inquisitively asked the lawyer.

"Gifted!" returned the warm-hearted physician—"gifted! Sir, she was positively peerless! Under my magnetic hand, sir, she became a *clairvoyante*. Her spirit, soul, mind, heart, shone like an angel's. Grand and beautiful utterances! In perfect raptures, sir—over and over again, sir—I have read her marvelous inspiration. Listen, sir!" The doctor drew a piece of paper from a pocket-book he carried in his left breast of his under coat.

"Now, kind monsieur, hear how this entranced lady speaks of her better and her higher self." The medical man's enthusiasm grew warmer and warmer. He said, "Yes, my honored sir, hear, if you please—hear the very words which spirit speaks to spirit. She, the adorable

angel! is here speaking—mark you, sir—is here speaking of *her interior self*; of which, however, when not clairvoyant, she was unconscious. Listen! This is it:

"The insatiableness of her desires is an augury of the soul's eternity. Yearning for satisfaction, yet ever balked of it from temporal things, she still prosecutes her search for it, and her faith remains unshaken amidst constant disappointments. She would breathe life, organize light; her hope is eternal; a never-ending, still-beginning quest of the God-head in her own bosom; a perpetual effort to actualize her divinity in time. Intact, aspirant, she feels the appulses of both spiritual and material things; she would appropriate the realm she inherits by virtue of her incarnation: infinite appetencies direct all her members on finite things; her vague strivings and Cyclopean motions confess an aim beyond the confines of transitory natures; she is quivered with heavenly desires; her quarry is above the stars; her arrows are snatched from the armory of heaven."

"Ah! yes, yes—very pretty, very pretty, indeed, doctor—but, I must confess, that, to my mind, it isn't *prima facie* evidence of any thing."

The physician's countenance suddenly saddened. After a short silence, however, he politely said, "Adieu, Monsieur Ruggleston—I will see you again," then left for his hotel.

## CHAPTER XXI.

"HATE is my element, and strife  
The joy and glory of my life."—*The Maniac.*

WHAT of Madam Sophia Nelson during the past five years?

But a very short walk west of Broadway, less than four blocks, and just a few doors from Grand street, we find what is among the knowing ones universally styled "Nell Palfry's Palace of Pleasure"—an establishment

perfectly equipped and gaudily furnished—the celebrated brilliant rendezvous of the most prominent and wealthy men, both resident and foreign.

It will now be necessary, however, to step back in this painful history about four years. We find that the wounded Captain Nelson is still confined to his room. He is emaciated and pale, from long housing and the inevitable exhaustion consequent upon frequent hemorrhages.

The terrible wound in his breast, by which some pulmonary vessels were severed, obstinately refused to heal. He had received a stab from an outraged, infuriated, and desperate woman. The bright, sharp-pointed dagger—sent with the blinding swiftness of lightning, and driven to its purpose with the savage strength of vengeance—had entered the citadel of his corrupt life; and thus for months, indeed for almost a whole year, Captain Nelson was kept trembling on the verge of the grave, which to him was a narrow causeway to the dark unknown. Yes, there he remained day after day, a prisoner in the hands of the beautiful and graceful Madam Sophia, who was now the only recognized and respected proprietor and manager of the property and family.

Madam Nelson, however, never lost for a single moment her proud, amiable self-possession; although, many times, she was wrought up to the highest pitch of sanguinary fury, by the insulting language of the wounded, weak, wicked, and horribly impatient man.

We must not stop to chronicle their many and almost murderous quarrels. He, the calculating villain, was now mastered by circumstances and completely in her power. Day by day her hatred strengthened. She regarded him with maddening disgust. Although she alone kindly nursed and cared for him throughout his whole year of wretched confinement, yet she could

not, no, not for an hour, forget that *he*, under the guise of pure friendship and unselfish love, was the author of her social degradation and consequent disgrace.

But in proportion as her hatred for him, and indeed for all men, increased in its fury and intensity, in that same proportion did her affection for unmarried females, and indeed for all women, increase in passionateness and influential power.

One day, immediately after the captain and Sophia had quarreled up to the pitch of furious encounter, she said, "Sir, since the terrible night of the murderous outbreak between us, I have found out enough evidence against you to send you to the gallows."

He cursed and damned her between his shut teeth, and said that he "defied her." But fear was unknown to her Spanish blood. She brandished a knife in her hand, and seemed about to pounce upon the weak and almost bloodless villain. He was helpless, in her power—and made no effort. Then hurling the knife from her, and fixing her scornful and impassioned gaze upon him, she said:

"Sir, my own grand establishment on the west side of Broadway is completed. To-morrow, my large family of beautiful girls will leave this horrible place. Sir! the pictures and furniture, the plate and tapestries, and all the movable property in this house, are *mine*. Every thing will be immediately removed to my own grand hotel. Sir! your cursed body is enough restored to pass for "well." Go, sir! Dare not enter the door of my own establishment."

Then suddenly taking the cast-away knife in her white hand, and rushing ferociously toward him, and brandishing the glittering blade in the air just over his head, while he, bewildered and despairing and shrinking, sat in the chair by the window, she exclaimed, "Sir! en-

ter the door of my new house—let me see your hateful face within my splendid establishment—and this knife shall enter your devilish heart!”

They separated. He to his old pursuits as detective, and to plot the overthrow of poor distracted Sophia; she to her new work of playing the part of “destroying angel,” in a more fashionable ward in the fast-growing commercial and manufacturing city of New-York.

## CHAPTER XXII.

“NOTHING goes for sense or light,  
That will not with old rules jump right;  
As if rules were not in the schools  
Derived from truth, best truth from rules.”

*Hudibras.*

THE great financial and mercantile metropolis of the western world had now a popular and successful Aspasia. Her rare brilliant personal beauty; her exquisite address; her irresistibly electrical laugh; her ravishing power of song; her great and varied accomplishments; her popular mental culture; her natural affectionateness; her frankness; her perfectly healthy and wholesome physical appearance; her inexhaustible cheerfulness and magnetic vivacity—all concentrated, all aggregated, and displayed in one grandly ornamented and magnificently furnished residence—which was made by uniting two adjoining large brick dwellings into one immense private house—and who can wonder that *such* a place became, in a short time, the rendezvous for prominent men and wealthy pleasure-seekers?

The street door, however, was watched and efficiently guarded day and night. Bowery boys and city roughs,

and the little mobs of prowling, drifting, carousing creatures, who are inseparable from the debasements and propagations of great cities, were never permitted to enter the aristocratic establishment of Madam Nelson.

She was soon celebrated, consequently, and sometimes styled the “Asphodel of courtesans.” Prominent politicians, and men of most respectable families—gifted and influential men—could alone gain access to her renowned and gorgeous palace of pleasure. The wine from her cellar was celebrated for its exquisite flavor and spirit. Her supper-rooms excelled in every luxury of ornament; and the dinners which were nightly served in her saloons surpassed in sumptuousness and excellence every thing of the kind in the noble city of New-York. So, too, of her brilliant halls, the card and dice tables, and the private stalls for those who fancied more retirement—in fact, nothing superior to Sophia’s magnificently appointed hotel was ever known west of the Atlantic Ocean.

The resources of the toilet were tasked to their utmost. And yet what shocking disenchantments! No one can tell what will happen when woman’s faith in man is shattered. The sacred mysteries of lovely woman—the veiled beauties of personal form and life—may be freely and profanely revealed. When woman is demoralized by man’s treachery, she becomes on the instant his deadliest foe. Her whole nature turns fiercely to rend her enemy. Her native modesty, which veils the holiest feelings and finest attractions of her soul and body, is literally thrown upon the ground with the broken idols of her love. She turns upon man to devour him. Her frailties, her weaknesses, her shortcomings, and even her great and deathless virtues, are combined with the fascinations of the æsthetic toilet to attract and consume her enemy. She smiles mockingly in

her heart upon every man's profession of love. Once she loved truly, but she lost what she loved; and now she is but a fading flower exhaling the aroma of bitterness, despair, and death. She meets the stranger no longer with gentle grace and downcast eyes. No fear, no love, no grace, no modesty. Her shattered and abandoned nature is turned inside out for man's inspection and dissection. He beholds in her condition the ruin he has mercilessly accomplished.

We now return to Madam Nelson and her New-York establishment. She was passionately fond of the beauty and perfume of flowers. In one grand room she had a large collection of the choicest plants. Their fragrance floated everywhere and filled the palace through and through. The private splendors of kings and queens—the glittering mantle by which poor Sophia shielded her secret vengeful hatred for mankind—rendered her place attractive and possible of access only to men of fine taste and abundance of money. Her beautiful family of girls—arranged, as they were in maidenhood, in white drapery and cheering crimson raiment, and nightly glowing with wine and sparkling with fascinating jests and arch repartee—clung like so many helpless, drowning children to the warm, companionable, sympathetic, and truly motherly heart of the unhappy lady.

The New-York boys, however, who could not gain admission to Madam Nelson's hotel, which had now become universally notorious but aristocratical, commenced to abbreviate her name, and to shorten the style of her house in their rowdy jokes and slang conversations. "Sophia Nelson's Palace of Pleasure" was the original name and customary designation; and she and it were so known and so named among the fashionable *habitués* of her dazzling home of destruction. But the less polite young men of the Bowery had a habit of sudden-

ly shortening words. Abruptly, and with every sign of disrespect, they called the establishment "Nell's Pal." After a while those who patronized "Nell's Pal" were, by the excluded and contemptuous roughs, stigmatized as "Fry" of the codfish aristocracy. Then and thus came the final extinguishment of the original name. Thenceforward, the woman and the place were designated by the short phrase, "Nell Palfry's." Thousands of citizens of the United States undoubtedly recall the name of "Nell Palfry"—the honey-tongued Asphodel of pleasure—the broken-hearted yet proud and brilliant Aspasia of New-York.

Of this unhappy woman a few more explanatory words are here necessary. She was, strange to say, a model of temperance, drinking nothing stronger than wine, and that very sparingly. She was personally unapproachable by sensualists. She never permitted any familiarity to go beyond a certain point. As a rule she never used profane or vulgar expressions. No gentlemen were permitted to disturb this known by-law of the establishment. Moreover, she allowed no one to trespass upon the financial department. Every guest, therefore, was required to promptly and fully satisfy every bill against him; the penalty for failure being a peremptory refusal of admission from that night henceforward. She had at her command several of the most trusty and capable men assistants, and faithful women-servants, too, who devotedly loved their queenly mistress. Therefore, by all guests and inmates, the rules of her magnificent hotel were respected and obeyed.

Another remarkable and significant fact in this portion of our sad history, is worthy of mention; not more—indeed, less—than one half of Nell Palfry's gentlemen visitors were practical epicures and sensualists. Many men visited her attractive rendezvous simply for

observation and only ordinary indulgence. They would, for example, play cards, drink wine, smoke cigars, be merry for a couple of hours, pay their large bills, and depart—all which, in shortest phrase, these visitors to her hotel facetiously styled “seeing a bit of life.”

It must not be supposed, therefore, that all men are sensualists any more than are all women courtesans. Gamblers are not always intemperate. Thieves are not always dishonest among themselves. Some celebrated gamblers are models of obedience to all known laws of health. Many celebrated courtesans—or, at least, many beautiful and free-mannered women who have been universally regarded as hopelessly “abandoned”—have each been devoted to *one* accepted lover. With the exception of the seal and protection of the legal marriage such have been strictly chaste. When changing lovers, the illegal woman is doing what, in respectable society, is equivalent to marrying again; thus one courtesan may have no greater number of lovers outside of wedlock than many a woman has had husbands according to marital statute law. Therefore, in estimating the virtues of women and the virtues of men, we are, in strict justice for the sake of humanity’s credit, driven to probe for truth far deeper than the meaning of mere time-honored customs and legislative enactments. There may possibly be such a thing as “virtue” among unmarried lovers; and there may possibly be such a thing as “vice” among those who live sensually in the marriage relation and under the honored seal of state. All questions as to what is essentially moral are not infallibly settled.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

“Lo! all are links in nature’s endless chain;  
The hand that forged them never wrought in vain.”—*Barlow*.

THE past five years had wrought even greater revolutions in the affairs of the Secret Association of robbers, swindlers, and criminals, whose principal hiding-place outside of New-York was the subterranean “Hell,” somewhere on Long Island.

When the quarrelsome, bestial members of that bloody fraternity heard of the almost fatal “accident” which had befallen their sovereign Captain Nelson, they began to feel gloomy and terrible. They disputed and fought like tigers among themselves. The captain had planned all their business during eight years, and had personally superintended its execution. They were now without a leader and could not undertake the accomplishment of any important work in their peculiar line.

One night, however, about six months after the confinement of their captain, and when all the members of the association were assembled in the “Hell,” they commenced to urge the youth to take the oath and assume command of the association. There was a certain energy, a daring, and a power in the young fellow, which the robbers instinctively accepted as evidences of master-ship.

And so young robber Wilson, who was somewhat tall, and very old-looking for a youth of his few years, was unanimously nominated, and voted chieftain by acclamation. He looked down-hearted, however; heard every thing, but made no answer. Then, observing his despondency, the band of villains closed in around him.

They commenced to sing parts of songs; but finally they struck in and sang:

"Cheer up, cheer up, old jolly boy,  
Why wear that solemn face?  
There is no good without alloy,  
And hell's a mirthful place.

"The gambler finds his loaded dice;  
The king his burning throne.  
There is on earth no quaint device  
But in the hells is known.

"The godless priest a pulpit finds,  
So merrily flies the day;  
And evil thoughts like stormy winds  
Are rolling round our way."

Fred Wilson, in a tone of angry authority, exclaimed:

"Dragons! do you dare to picture to yourselves your future?"

They heard his question, but no tongue moved in reply.

Suddenly, young Wilson raised his hand and said, "Fellows! It is time to break up. Start! Go each his own way." Then addressing Joudre, he added, "You, with a hellish red head and the claws of a bloody tiger, stay! I have a word and some work for you."

Forthwith the savage members of that criminal fraternity went forth and scattered themselves throughout the darkness. Each was savagely bent on his own private evil interest. They started for the city of New-York. Only young Wilson and the grim Joudre remained in the subterranean hell. Wilson said,

"Now, Joudre, you wretched monster! Now say your own say and be quick. What is that hellish *secret* you have been wanting to tell me? Speak now—speak!"

Joudre rubbed his great rough hands together. Then he jerked up the waistband of his trowsers. A few grunts and a few growls, and he commenced:

"Boy! death han't nothing to a beast like me. I swear I know *that* well enough. But I swear and I swear that I don't want to go to hell till I find that 'ere beautifulest sister of mine."

"What beautiful sister, you black-hearted villain?"

"Enough of that 'ere, boy," said Joudre threateningly. "She's lost! Han't seen her for years. Don't know nothing about her. Hope she's dead! Guess she an't, though. Would be most beautifulest angel if she'd only up and died."

"Well, what of it?" asked young Wilson angrily. "What can *you* do? *You!* a market-man for human flesh? *You* answer me. How many dead infants, sealed up in lead-loaded tin cans, have *you* anchored between the posts of Hell-Gate? *You!* talk about having a sister. God! what a damned villain."

An angry tremor shook Joudre's powerful frame. "Devils of fire!" he violently shouted, looking young Wilson straight in the eyes. "Boy! did you ever smell powder?"

"I've smelt this black, infernal hell," he good-humoredly replied, "and that's a million times more like brimstone."

Joudre's excited temper cooled down immediately. After a brief pause and a few more growls and hitches, he began:

"Come, come, boy—my rough story is devilish short, Hark! Our captain's gone dead. I can't find my beautifulest sister. Bin to the Mobile House. Went to the Orleans House. Next to the Cuba House. Sailed everywhere. They say she's in New-York. I swear to you that I can't find *her boy*, and that's bad too!"

"Joudre," interrupted young Wilson, "you take on like a cursed damn bull-calf. What is the use of a sister? I never had a sister—I never had a mother—I never had a home—I never wanted any thing but money, and to hear—" then, after a pause, he finished with the word, "music!"

A hoarse laugh, breaking suddenly from Joudre's monster throat, went sounding through the dismal cave. "Music!" he shouted with jeering and coarse derision—"music! Who ever heard a damned young robber wanting to hear music?"

The youth straightened up to his full height, and said, "Joudre! you know that I am not a weak and sickly nursing child; but"—then he paused for a moment and added—"but I want a *mother*—I want a *home*—and I want to hear *music*!"

"How in the name of all the devils in hell, boy, be you goin' to steal and murder your way into all them damn expensive comforts?"

Young Wilson's tone suddenly changed to deep earnestness and melancholy tenderness.

"Joudre!" began the youthful robber chieftain, with ill-concealed emotion, while in his trembling voice was a tone of mournful solemnity—"Joudre, to-night I leave behind me this dismal hell."

"Have a care, boy, have a care," interrupted Joudre, with a look of solicitude for young Wilson's safety. "The police have a sharp, quick eye open for such as you."

"My mind is entirely made up, Joudre. Come what may—be it prison, dungeon, or the gallows—my mind is made up. I shall go!"

Joudre's horrible countenance looked even more horrible. And yet the human monster felt only emotions of anxiety and fear for the youth's personal safety. There was a certain something about the mentality of Fred

Wilson which completely attracted the bestial friendship of the veteran robber and murderer.

The young chief continued: "You, Joudre, I shall not forget. You have been to me the fairest and the kindest devil of all the infernal devils in this stinking hell."

Joudre's wild tiger eyes rolled about like those of an ox, when that laboring and patient animal is drawing a heavy load, with the yoke a little too small for the great size of the willing neck.

"Be you goin' to New-York, boy?" Joudre asked.

"New-York isn't big enough to hold me. I'm going on another cruise. Once, Joudre, I worked in the cook's cabin; and I remember that I was kicked, and whipped, and half murdered by that black devil. We sailed to China. Then I ran away. Got aboard of another vessel bound for New-York. Again I worked hard for the meanest, damndest, cruelest captain, who said (the hellish liar!) that he knew the captain that bought me with trinkets and blankets from an old Indian woman on the Island of Cuba. The damned liar!"

Joudre looked at the youngster in a state of mind bordering on stupefaction.

"Well, Joudre," young Wilson continued, "you see I can go as seaman on a free old sail around the world."

Suddenly the boy's voice dropped tenderly, and his tones were as affectionate as a gentle girl's.

"Joudre! may be you'll never hear of me again. You had better quit this hellish business, Joudre."

Tears filled his fine eyes. He paused a moment, and then, "O Joudre!" He stopped. The words would not come. The old robber was silent.

Suddenly young Wilson turned toward the dark passage leading from the cave to the great wide world. In the next moment he had disappeared. He had fled from

the robbers' hell forever! He had heard a voice saying,  
'My son! reject the evil and choose the good.'

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

"WHETHER on the gallows high  
Or in the battle's van,  
The noblest way for man to die  
Is in the cause of man."—*Walter*.

It will be remembered that about four years ago Captain John Nelson, after having been twelve months confined to the house with his terrible wound, was peremptorily denied admission to Nell Palfry's magnificent establishment.

He was, therefore, forced to engage in some enterprise for an immediate support. Weak and pale, but not yet cured of those hereditary blood distempers which incessantly urged him to plan and to commit deeds of wickedness, he set out to do some of this kind of work.

He had lost all connection with the secret association of criminals. His first step therefore was to renew their acquaintance, and then immediately to resume his position among them as their captain. He waited until it was pitch-dark, and then went to the old "Hell" on Long Island. Deserted! It was evident that no meetings of the robbers had been held there for many months. There was no sign in the dismal hole that even one living being had been there for a long time.

Captain Nelson, dispirited, at once returned to New-York. He determined to reënter the profession of detective. He had not seen Lawyer Ruggleston for a whole year.

Mr. Ruggleston, in the mean time, had taken into his business two partners. The legal firm in Wall street was now "Ruggleston, Stryker & Syrdam." All real-estate and official business, requiring investigation and mature judgment, was assigned to the senior partner, to Mr. Ruggleston himself. All important equity cases, involving litigations, and argumentative presentations to judges and juries, were accepted by Mr. Syrdam; while all criminal cases were assigned to Mr. Stryker, who, after the senior partner, was notoriously the most efficient and successful criminal lawyer in Kings county.

The naturally agreeable and talented captain, but just now looking very pale and rather broken down, bowed politely to Mr. Ruggleston, and said:

"Any business on the docket for me?"

"Business!" exclaimed the lawyer with astonishment. "Why, Nelson, you resemble a corpse more than a detective."

"Yes, I've only just got out of bed; but I'll be all right again in a few days."

"Nelson, haven't you during your sickness lost all knowledge of the New-York thieves and murderers?"

"Mr. Ruggleston, you know that I'm only out of practice. No other man in this city knows more than I do about the hells and dens of thieves, gamblers, and professional murderers."

"But, Nelson, you can not now know much about a damnable, villainous ring of cut-throats and robbers who infest the lanes and alleys, the highways and byways of New-York and Brooklyn."

"Indeed?" said the captain, just a little agitated. "What do you refer to?"

"Why, Nelson, during the past year these broad acres of brick and mortar have been literally overrun with lottery and policy dealers, with professional gamblers and



pickpockets, with scamps, thieves, assassins, cut-throats, highway robbers, and vagabonds without number, and now a strong detective force is organized and at work to break up these diabolical rings, and if possible to bring the scoundrels to the bar of justice."

Captain Nelson was somewhat alarmed. Instantly his judgment informed him that these villainous deeds were committed by members of his secret fraternity; and the lawyer had now unwittingly put the whole state of things before him; therefore he paused to reflect for only a moment, however, and then, perfectly concealing his feelings of alarm, said:

"Mr. Ruggleston, I am your man. My men will fearlessly and persistently hunt down these assassins. I am acquainted, sir, with some shameful facts connected with the detective service. For instance, sir, I know a ring of professional bail-goers. They systematically attend police courts, and continually keep great scoundrels at large. The smartest villains and the shrewdest highwaymen, with the aid of certain attic lawyers in this city, can at any time buy themselves out of quod. And, sir, there are lawyers and detectives in daily collusion with old offenders. Now, Mr. Ruggleston, let me assure you, sir, that I am the man who knows these professional thieves and these professional bail-goers, and what is more, sir, I am strongly of the opinion that these public villainies won't be materially lessened without some of my knowledge and assistance."

Captain Nelson never spoke a truer word. And it seemed that the lawyer was sufficiently impressed with the impostor's knowledge of great criminals to promise him "work in a few days." Meantime the pale and weak and wicked detective started out to raise some money by the exercise of his own wondrous skill.

## CHAPTER XXV.

"Down in the deep where darkness dwells,  
The land of horror and despair."—*Watts*.

DURING the past five years, while the trees of crime were in full blossom, Captain Nelson, together with individuals of his character and calling, had committed many small crimes and a few of the blackest deeds of horror. One of these we will chronicle, because it led to his final arrest and overthrow.

He had at all times an uncontrollable insanity, a mad passion for the possession of an immense property. This money-madness possessed his mind at some seasons, and perverted and controlled his thoughts. This insanity for riches frequently was the secret spring and inspiring cause of his high-handed crimes.

In the prosecution of the gratification of this impulse, he planned the robbery of the money and jewelry of a maiden lady named Miss Bridgston, residing in one of the avenues in the upper and eastern part of the city. He assigned this branch of his plan to two lads in his employ. They accomplished it; taking the booty to the robbers' "Hell." The robbers entered the lady's bed-chamber at night; and frightened her so that she could not speak.

A few days after, the police having already confessed their inability to find either the thieves or the stolen property, a large reward was offered.

This state of things gave detective Nelson an opportunity to offer his services and display his distinguished skill.

In less than three days all the money and jewelry were recovered. All the property was promptly restored to

the delighted Miss Bridgston. The thieves, however, could not be found. But Detective Nelson, professing great sympathy and regret for her fright and inconvenience, refused the large reward.

This remarkable generosity on the part of so able an officer, united with his frequent subsequent visits and uniformly most gentlemanly bearing, gradually touched the better feelings of the middle-aged single lady, and she began to experience a new interest in mankind.

He at length completely won her affections. She became wholly absorbed in him. Her few relatives, however, consisting of an elder unmarried sister, a grand mother, and an uncle living in Brooklyn, all strongly objected to Miss Bridgston's infatuation.

Officer Nelson admonished her to act independently of her relatives, and to do every thing on her own responsibility. He made her believe that the objection of her family was based on their selfish interest in her large personal property and real estate. She believed him fully. Then he influenced her to make a will in his favor. She immediately followed his plausible instructions.

Having all arranged as he wished, he attempted nothing further for several weeks, but never failed to visit his new lady-love whenever business engagements permitted.

At his lodgings, Captain Nelson's room was on the second floor. There was a window opening into a narrow passage between that and the adjoining brick dwelling. He had a rope-ladder, and many times had left the house and returned hours after through this window, without disturbing the landlady or servant, and never once being detected by the neighbors or the perambulating police.

One night, he professed to be suffering exceedingly

from his wound. He undressed himself—leaving on his person his undershirt and drawers—violently rung the bell, and then hurriedly jumped into bed. When the bell was answered he was covered up, and was groaning heavily with his assumed distress. He plaintively requested some assistance—hot water to soak his feet, a little warming medicines, and the like. After both landlady and servant had waited upon him, they withdrew with a request from him to be left undisturbed in his room for at least two hours, professing that he wanted some sound sleep as much as any thing. As soon he was left alone, he cautiously and instantly locked his door, dressed himself in a peculiar suit of clothes, threw his rope-ladder out the window in the darkness, and away he sped on his errand of horror.

It was a cold and blustering night in March when Captain Nelson proceeded to consummate the object of all his long courtship and persistent scheming. His money-madness had urged him to plan the murder of the spinster, Miss Bridgston, by which he would come legally into immediate possession of her considerable property. He had procured from the infatuated lady a promise to meet him that night at nine o'clock, beneath a little cluster of trees in Union Park; from thence he assured the credulous and unfortunate woman they would proceed to a minister and be married. This was all arranged on the plea that any more public attempt to be married would be frustrated by her relatives.

Alas! she kept her promise faithfully. She was at the appointed place exactly on the moment agreed to between them. It was an unfrequented spot at that hour, and Nelson had with his usual sagacity calculated the chances of observation and detection. The darkness prevented her from seeing the skulking murderous assassin, who was, when the unfortunate lady approached

the spot, concealed behind some shrubbery on the opposite side of a tree. A swift, cat-like spring, a quick movement forward, a blow with his knife, and the deceived lady was bleeding and dying upon the ground.

In less than half an hour after this fiendish murder, Nelson had returned by the rope-ladder to his bedroom. Instantly packing his clothes and the ladder in a trunk, which he always kept locked, he rang the bell and sprang under the bed quilts. Two hours had not yet passed. The landlady and servant at once entered. Nelson pretended to be suffering with a fresh attack of pain.

The hostess expressed her regret that the poor man had not been able to sleep the full two hours' nap. It seemed to her but a "very little while" since she had left him trying for some rest.

In case of an arrest and trial, the impostor and murderer could have called these witnesses, proved an *alibi*, and probably established his innocence. But he was not even suspected.

Very early on the following morning the body of Miss Bridgston was found by some mechanics on their way to work. They immediately notified the police. An examination of the ground confirmed the suspicion that the victim had died without a struggle. The grass around the spot was not trampled down, and there was nothing in the immediate vicinity of the murder to indicate the least scuffle or encounter. Only one thing of moment was found—a plain brass button, with a little piece of cloth about two inches long clinging to it—found shining in the grass close by the lifeless body. Of this mute little witness the law-officers took possession.

For a long time the depraved assassin professed to feel the utmost sorrow. It was generally understood that the rich spinster was to become his wife. The heirs contested Miss Bridgston's will; they were not successful;

but Captain Nelson's right and title were at last fully confirmed.

Time passed on, and the murderous detective felt perfectly safe. He heard, however, nothing about the finding of "a plain brass button in the grass." Various rumors were afloat concerning the murderer, but gradually all speculation and excitement died away.

Meanwhile the police, aided by the vigilant activity and scrutiny of the genuine detective force, were secretly at work in the city, besides scouring the country for miles around. The anxiety of the public, which had been at one time extreme, was now slumbering. They were about becoming disheartened, when a circumstance of importance occurred.

A sailor, who gave the name of "Tom McRiggy," and professing to have recently arrived from boating on the Mississippi, was detected, in a drinking-cellar near Peck Slip Ferry, examining and amusing himself with the contents of a lady's pocket-book. He was arrested immediately and locked up in the old watch-house.

Next day, before the police judge, the officer who arrested the sailor testified that the pocket-book, then before his honor, "was in the hands of the sailor when he was arrested."

On examination, the full name and address of Miss Bridgston was found on a slip of paper in the pocket-book. There was also found in one of the sailor's pockets a very suspicious letter from a rough in New-Orleans.

Poor Tom McRiggy was accordingly, and in due course of law and time, put upon his trial. He was ably defended by the celebrated criminal lawyer Stryker, Mr. Ruggleston's partner; but the chain of circumstantial evidence against the poor sailor seemed too strong to be broken.

Lawyer Stryker with great ability explained to the

jury all the suspicious circumstances which seemed to connect his client with the atrocious murder of Miss Bridgston. He said that the sailor had fully explained, that as he was passing that night through the park, he suddenly struck something with the toe of his boot. The substance so struck sounded in the darkness like a package of silver coin. The sailor naturally stopped and searched about, when his hand touched the pocket-book, which he very naturally put in his pocket, and then went on his way. He had not noticed that the name on the slip of paper was the same as the name of the murdered lady; and he had thoughtlessly carried the pocket-book ever since that night. The suspicious letter was explained as having been written by a rough acquaintance of McRiggy's; and the lawyer argued that it could have had not the least connection whatever with the murder.

Nothing, however, could rescue the sailor from the order which was eventually put into the hands of the sheriff. The poor homeless man was executed, protesting most solemnly to the very last that he was "innocent of the crime." Oh! the awful injustice of capital punishment. One such case as this condemns the practice as unspeakably dangerous to every innocent man, and as a miserable barbarity when applied to the guilty man, who can not be prepared for death.

Subsequently, a small pasteboard box was found in the room occupied by McRiggy at the "Sailor's Home." This box contained a lock of fine gray hair, tied with a silken thread, and pinned to the corner of a fine linen handkerchief. Upon one corner of this fine handkerchief, an old woman's trembling hand had written "Thomas Marigny, New-Orleans."

Other circumstances after came out which proved beyond doubt that the poor sailor was an illegitimate son

of the notorious sensualist, and that "McRiggy" was unquestionably a corruption and an abbreviation of "Marigny," which name the unhappy woman had determined her son should retain. The fine linen handkerchief once belonged to Don Carlo Marigny, but had been given by the mother to her son, accompanied with a lock of her own hair. The yellow fever had years before carried the poor woman into the grave. Thus she was spared the horrible suffering of witnessing the execution of her innocent son.

All these events happened during the five years when the trees of crime were in full blossom.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

"IN stillness deep I walk a land  
Where spirit-forms my footsteps greet,  
And beauteous thoughts—an angel band—  
Chant low and sweet."—*Preston.*

WE return now to the time indicated by the conversation between Doctor Du Bois and Lawyer Ruggleston, in the first chapter of this part of our story.

Young Fred Wilson has now been absent from the robber's "hell" about four years and a half. Captain Nelson, although not fully recovered from the effects of the stab, has acted four years the assumed part of the detective, and the real part of robber and murderer. And the brilliant and generous Nell Palfry, who is a universal favorite in her great family of girls, and among her millionaire friends, has flourished in her gorgeous establishment on the west side of Broadway. The legal firm of Ruggleston, Stryker & Syrdam was doing

an immense business in real estate, in equity suits, and in the great criminal cases.

Every day since his return, the philanthropic Doctor Du Bois had been deeply engaged in the grand object of his life. One evening, to keep an appointment, he called at the residence of Lawyer Ruggleston.

"Ah monsieur!" he began with great energy, "I dash in upon you here in your private home-study, because I am in utter darkness."

"In utter darkness, Doctor Du Bois?"

"Yes, quite so, monsieur. If I were in a mountain glen with a mighty rock at my back, and a score of banditti had corraled themselves in an ellipse about me, I would not be more enormously embarrassed."

"What now, doctor? Why so hampered in your benevolent enterprises?"

"Monsieur, my hotel must be the theatre of Bacchus. Scandalous gibes, sir, and drunken grimaces! One guest with an imaginative and superior nature, but in the half-way stage of drunkenness, has kept me night after night from sleeping agreeably in my own room, which is adjoining his."

Mr. Ruggleston was intensely amused. "Well, doctor, these sons of Bacchus will help you test the theory of hereditary transmission of vices, eh!"

Doctor Du Bois paused, and seemed thinking deeply. "True, monsieur," he gently replied, "true, I am studying the characteristics of men and women, with a view to the origin of their vices and crimes." Then with much animation, he continued: "Sir, certain cities have special features, as certain breeds of birds and classes of plants are developed and confined to particular geographical provinces. For the perfection of alms-asking, for example, go to Rome; in Paris you find the perfection of art and skilled labor; flower-girls abound

in Florence; in Geneva the most patient and skillful watchmakers; the largest commercial houses in London; in New-York the most enterprise and the most drunkards."

"Doctor Du Bois," said the lawyer, "last Sunday our minister preached a sermon I wish you had heard."

"Ah! with very much pleasure, sir. Do you recall any part of the discourse that I should have heard?"

"Well, no; not exactly," said the lawyer. "The fact is, doctor, I agree more with my minister than with you about the nature and responsibilities of criminals."

"What particular view does the reverend gentleman advocate?"

"My minister preaches that man is a self-determining and sinning conscious power. He teaches that, for all sinners,

'Justice has built a dismal hell,  
And laid her stores of vengeance there.'

And that one eternal storm of angry fire will roll over the naked souls of liars, thieves, murderers, fornicators, and all damned sinners generally. He holds up before all men the gospel, and explains its saving ordinations; and holds that there is a chance even for these cursed criminals. He eloquently maintains that sinners who taste the second death can't expire. If the old sinners begin to faint in hell, God's angry breath fans the fire into their nostrils, and up they jump as lively as ever, and then they take another dose of

'Eternal plagues and heavy chains,  
Tormenting racks and fiery coals.'

On the whole, doctor, your dangerous theories and naturalistic apologies for criminals received a terribly scorching *exposé* last Sunday. The minister vividly portrayed the time and place

'Where saints and angels from their blest abode,  
Chanting loud hallelujahs to their God,  
Look down on sinners in the realms of woe,  
And draw fresh pleasures from the scenes below.'

"Science! Monsieur Ruggleston. *Facts!* My investigations convey me to firm foundations. Hereditary origin of appetites, vices, passions, and crimes, is demonstrable, sir."

"Doctor, let me state a case. During your absence in Europe a diabolical murder was committed one dark night in this very neighborhood, in Union Park, by a vagabond assassin-sailor named McRiggy. The victim was an intelligent and highly esteemed single lady of wealth in this city, a Miss Bridgston, who was soon to become the wife of my old friend of the detective corps, Captain John Nelson. Now, sir, for the motive—to get her pocket-book, containing about thirty dollars!"

"Was the sailor tried and executed?"

"Yes, after several months of hard work by the detectives, McRiggy was finally caught and hung."

"Now, monsieur, it is impossible, since I never met the sailor, to apply my facts and principles to him. But have you never observed that, for example, parents entail on their offspring their own positive propensities?"

"Well," said the lawyer thoughtfully, "possibly I may have made such observations. Yet I do not comprehend their bearing in this case."

"A father has a passion for alcoholic drinks," said the doctor, with increased earnestness. "Result: the son is a drunkard, and the daughter deficient in parts of her character. Monsieur Fowler of your own city gives the case of a Mrs. Mattock, who once lived in Milltown, near West-Chester, Pa.; was so notorious a toper that she kept alcoholic drinks by her bed, and often drank a quart in twenty-four hours. All but one of her eight children are

confirmed sots, and this one, a daughter, is said to love the worm unduly. Again, one of her daughters, Mrs. O., wife of a former tavern-keeper in Broad street, Philadelphia, is often too drunk to see company, and keeps her room most of the time from this cause—a beastly daughter of a brutish mother!"

The lawyer acknowledged that there was some force in these citations. Doctor Du Bois, however, did not stop for remarks, but energetically continued:

"The same divine law, monsieur, which transmits a strong passion, a strong propensity, or a strong tendency, can as well bestow deficiencies and weaknesses in both the physical and mental constitutions. Thus, sir, hearty eaters beget excellent cooks. The opposite is likewise true. Take for an example the father of your honored countryman Benjamin Franklin. Of his father he thus speaks: 'At his table he liked to have, as often as he could, some sensible friend or neighbor to converse with, and always took care to start some ingenious or useful topic for discourse, which might tend to improve the minds of his children. By this means he turned our attention to what was good, just, and prudent, in the conduct of life; and little or no notice was ever taken of what related to the victuals on the table; whether it was well or ill dressed, in or out of season, of good or bad flavor, preferable to this or that kind of thing; so that I was brought up in such a perfect inattention to those matters as to be quite indifferent what kind of food was set before me. Indeed, I am so unobservant of it, that to this day I can scarce tell, a few hours after dinner, of what dishes it consisted.'

"Now for the result: Franklin could travel, work, think, and live, without ever having his attention called away and distracted by the cravings of an inordinate appetite. It was no hardship or trial for him to walk

the streets of Philadelphia with only a loaf of baker's bread to satisfy his hunger."

Lawyer Ruggleston replied: "And yet, doctor, I do not perceive the application to the case of a brutal murder."

"Monsieur," returned the doctor, with rapidly increasing earnestness of language, accompanied with the shrugs and gestures peculiar to his French origin—"monsieur, allow me to further illustrate. I will refer to positive facts: The mother of the poet Byron had a temper unsurpassed in violence, which, breaking from a certain high pitch of intensity, produced in her body severe illness, and in her mind extreme misanthropy. Her husband, the poet's father, possessed excessive sensuality, and his mental constitution abandoned to physical gratifications. Now, sir, for the result, take the testimony of Macaulay: 'Never had any writer so vast a command of the whole eloquence of scorn, misanthropy, and despair. That Marah was never dry. No art could sweeten, no draughts could exhaust its perennial waters of bitterness. Never was there such a variety in monotony as that of Byron. From maniac laughter to piercing lamentation, there was not a single note of human anguish of which he was not master. Year after year, and month after month, he continued to repeat, that to be wretched is the destiny of all; that to be eminently wretched is the destiny of the eminent; that all the desires by which we are cursed lead alike to misery—if they are not gratified, to the misery of disappointment; if they are gratified, to the misery of satiety. His principal heroes are men who have arrived by different roads to the same goal of despair, who are sick of life, who are now at war with society, who are supported in their anguish only by an unconquerable pride, resembling that of Prometheus on the rock, or Satan in the burning marl; who can master their agonies

by the force of their will, who to the last defy the whole powers of earth and heaven. He always described himself as a man of the same kind with his favorite creations; as a man whose heart had been withered, whose capacity for happiness was gone, and could not be restored; but whose invincible spirit dared the worst that could befall him here or hereafter. . . . From the poetry of Lord Byron, his youthful admirers drew a system of ethics, compounded of misanthropy and voluptuousness, a system in which the two great commandments were, to hate your neighbor and to love your neighbor's wife."

"Undoubtedly," replied Lawyer Ruggleston, "there is some truth in this theory of transmission of vices as well as virtues. But the application to the case I quoted is still vague in my mind. Explain further, doctor."

"Apply my facts to great criminals, monsieur; thus, from Monsieur Fowler's production, *Hereditary Descent*, take the case of Patty Cannon, her parents, and her sister and brother. This notorious woman shed human blood as lavishly as if it had been water. She procured and held in subjection a desperate gang, whose sole business was to perpetrate the robberies and murders she planned, in which she generally took the lead, and frequently perpetrated murders single-handed in order to rob. One of this gang was afterward executed, and under the gallows disclosed her atrocity. Her excessive amateness was her coy-duck with which to allure victims within her reach, and retain them till she could dispatch them. She fitted out a kidnapping vessel to Philadelphia, and with negro stool-pigeons who mingled with the colored people of the city, and under various pretenses decoyed them on board. She kidnapped and transported, first, to her prison-castle, and thence into slavery, hundreds of free negroes. Those who were decoyed on board, but were too old or infirm to bring much, were unceremoniously

drowned. And infants, captured with their mothers, which by their crying endangered her safety, were mercilessly knocked in the head with a loaded whip made for this express purpose. Several infant skeletons were disinterred in her garden after her capture. For years after her crimes were publicly known, this resolute woman and her desperate gang kept the officers of the law at bay, but was finally captured after a desperate resistance, and committed suicide in prison. A more atrocious robber and murderess probably never existed, at least in our country. Her destructiveness, and also acquisitiveness, as well as amateness, were enormous.

"Now, monsieur, look at her ancestors. One day her father, becoming exasperated with a neighbor about some money-matters, went into a shop where his enemy worked, and picking up a suitable piece of timber, struck him on the head and killed him, for which he was executed. The mother of this depraved woman was large and fleshy, and good-natured, yet accused of manifesting undue amateness. This passion she transmitted to her offspring, who inherited also their destructiveness from their father, and hence their wantonness, revengefulness, and murderous ferocity.

"Patty's brother, impelled by the inherent force, committed a crime which the laws then punished with death, and followed his father to the scaffold, being in every respect a badly organized man. Furthermore, her sister Betsy, who married Bat Twiford, was one of the most violent-tempered, implacable, and revengeful of women, notoriously licentious, and known to be guilty of every crime but murder, of which she was suspected. Her tongue was the most bitter and sarcastic imaginable, and she was unparalleled, far and wide, for the most foul-mouthed abuse and shocking profanity. Her amative-

ness and destructiveness, like those of her sister Patty, were extraordinarily developed.

"Monsieur Fowler cites the cases of ancient sensualists and tyrants. Of Nero: 'What one man whose crimes history has recorded, ever committed enormities as numerous or aggravated as those perpetrated by this human fiend? What man of wealth or worth did he not doom to death, and his effects to confiscation? even his venerable tutor Seneca, the erudite scholar and profound philosopher, not excepted! What good deed did he ever do? What crime, and in its greatest excess and enormity, did he not perpetrate! Even his own mother, to whom he was indebted for his crown as well as life, after his repeated plots for taking her life had failed, finally died by the matricidal hands of her monster son! Nor did he heed her piteous supplications for life. His own wife, too, a most illustrious woman, banished, and then murdered, and supplanted by that notorious harlot Poppea! All Rome laid in ashes by his command! The iron empire destroyed by him! What was, then, his parentage?

"Caligula, whose atrocities knew no parallel except in his brother's son, who wished his whole empire had but one neck, that he might cut it off, was his uncle, and Agrippina, the very worst woman on record—most violent in her hatred and revenge, and one who plotted and perpetrated the death of her own children, in order to place Nero on the Cæsarian throne—his mother! His father, Cneius Domitius, was one of the worst of men, and his paternal grandfather, Lucius Domitius Aenobarbus, was extravagant, impetuous, proud, revengeful, violent, and cruel. His maternal grandmother, Agrippina, was violent and implacable, and exceedingly ambitious, and her mother, Julia—Nero's great-grandmother on his mother's side, from whom he inherited most of his vices



—was the daughter of Augustus Caesar, and a dissolute, grossly sensual, and abandoned woman.

“Let it be borne in mind that the Cæsars were rendered what they were, mainly by their excessive propensities, directed by unbridled ambition. Their passions were enhanced by the largest possible indulgence, and incessant civil or foreign wars; and it would seem that all the ambition, along with all the ferocity and sensuality of all the Cæsars, descended to this last heir of all their vices as well as their crown. The truth of the laws of transmission, under discussion, admitted, what could have been expected of the Cæsars but the parents of Nero, and what of these parents but that monster fiend to whom they gave being?”

“The glutton Vitellius, who expended at the annual rate of \$100,000,000 on his table alone, and would soon have eaten up the resources of the entire Roman empire, was one of this Cæsarian family. He sat down to some 10,000 different dishes at a single meal!”

There was a prolonged silence. These cases had made a deep impression on the judgment of the honest lawyer. Besides, he was invariably respectful, and never hastily opposed what he often deemed his positive knowledge to the speculations and theoretical assumptions of professional gentleman. He continued silent and thoughtful. But Doctor Du Bois had not accomplished the object of his interview; so he changed the subject, and said:

“Monsieur Ruggleston!” Then after hesitating a moment to think, he asked, “Can not I enter the detective service, if I choose?”

“Why, certainly, doctor, and there is plenty of work for you; but are you now absolutely serious?”

“Never more so in my life, monsieur. See here! I have already prepared an advertisement for an assistant.”

“For an assistant?”

“True; and now give me, if you please, your opinion of it. Thus it reads:

**WANTED.**—A professional gentleman wants a young man who has some experience as traveling agent, assistant book-keeper, or clerk in an office. Ability, sobriety, integrity, and punctuality will be generously rewarded. Best city references not required; and the amount of compensation required no object. Address, for two days, Doctor, Office *Daily Gazette*, New-York.”

Lawyer Ruggleston laughed heartily, and said:

“Rather mysterious and refined, doctor; as well as vigorous and extraordinary. Now, what do you propose to accomplish with such an uncommon specimen of masculinity?”

“Ah sir! you shall see; you shall see!”

“Well, doctor, can I aid you in this remarkable enterprise?”

“Ah! immensely, monsieur. For a moment, pray, listen: I have first to deal with delicate and effeminate natures. And as I am a stranger in the city, your services are now necessary. The crime is abortion and infanticide. Fœticide is the principal business of one Madam La Stelle. This woman is at once one of the most unreasonable and one of the most entertaining of her sex. She is plain, impulsive, severe, and headstrong; and she is also one of the most sagacious, witty, and confiding.”

“Granting it all, doctor, how can you reach such a case with your young-man assistant?”

“Ah sir! I have it all planned, if only you can introduce me to some lady who has seen much of society, and can go into small difficulties with her own sex undismayed.”

The lawyer reflected. A considerable silence ensued. At length he said:

“Doctor, I’ll just call down my wife’s only sister. She has seen the world, is yet young and quick in her sympathies, has at her command a fund of the soundest sense, and has chosen to remain unmarried.”

"Magnificent!" exclaimed the doctor, profoundly delighted. "Very grand, sir; introduce me at once."

In a few moments the sisters entered the lawyer's richly carpeted and handsomely furnished home-study. Mrs. Ruggleston and Miss Phebe Milton were presented to the polite and distinguished physician. The ladies had frequently and favorably heard very much of Doctor La Force Du Bois, formerly of New-Orleans. They both cordially and attentively listened to his plans to detect the causes of abortion and infanticide. The doctor said:

"Unexpectedly I yesterday had a conversation with a city physician, named William Morte; who by the merest accident I have since ascertained keeps a fœtid boarding-house, under the guise of a 'Lying-in Hospital.' Furthermore, he has been during the past three years associated in business with a certain Madam La Stelle, residing in another part of the city, who gives her entire attention to obstetrical cases and infanticides. Now, ladies, my purpose is, if possible, to obtain from this Madam La Stelle a *confession* of her motives for engaging in a work so unnatural, so unwomanly, and so contrary to the divine laws of maternity."

Miss Phebe Milton very promptly said that the plan by which so remarkable a confession could be obtained did not occur to her mind. But she was certain that she was ready to undertake the uncommon task for the sake of society and the advancement of science. The doctor immediately assured the ladies that he had a plan which he would at once submit to Lawyer Ruggleston. At this the sisters withdrew; then the doctor said:

"Monsieur, I beg you to explain, fully and minutely, my plan to your wife and Miss Milton."

The doctor's scheme involved some very delicate assumptions, and the most perfect self-possession on the part of Miss Milton. She was to so arrange her dress

as to represent to the eye the perfect appearance of pregnancy. She was to profess to have come from a distant country village, and in quest of Madam La Stelle's skill as a celebrated physician and accoucheur. Accepted, she was to advance liberally and often on the fees demanded, and make little presents, and otherwise gain upon the best feelings of Madam, until, in some unguarded moment of pleasant confidences between the soon-to-be patient and the reputed abortionist, a few agreeably directed questions would elicit the *confession* so earnestly sought by the self-appointed New-York detective, the honest and philanthropic Doctor La Force Du Bois.

Lawyer Ruggleston listened with the utmost attention. He promised to explain to his wife and sister the entire programme. "But, doctor, can you now give me an idea of what prompts Madam La Stelle to persist in a practice so diabolical and heaven-defying?"

"Certainly, monsieur. My theory is, madam has inherited a profound sympathy for dependent and unfortunate females, and a correspondingly profound antipathy, possibly a murderous *hatred*, for infants and very little children."

A provoking smile of mirthful incredulity illuminated the lawyer's intelligent countenance. "Doctor, allow me to ask, are *you* not the child of fine-natured, charitable, and dreamy parents? Come now, doctor—just take a little of your own medicine."

The two gentlemen then shook hands warmly, and, in the best of spirits, separated.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

"He will be saved, and yet the thought  
 Lights not her spirit's dark eclipse;  
 No fluttering hopes of future joy  
 Flit round those pale and parted lips."

*Sybelle.*

THE thirty-six hours succeeding the publication of the advertisement for an "assistant" brought the doctor an enormously large pile of letters from young men residing in New-York—each presenting his own claims in the most eloquent language at his command. Only one communication, however, attracted the doctor's favorable attention. It was couched in these straightforward terms:

NEW-YORK, February, 1838.

SIR: I am a young man about eighteen years of age. Have had a glance at the changing scenes of life in cities, on lonely islands, in miserable cabins, and on ship-board. Have just returned from a whaling voyage of over four years.

Sir, a black cloud of gloom hangs threateningly between my eyes and all future prospects. I am annoyed with wearisome sensations and with terrible suspicions that I was born to a useless life. I have no fear in my nature, and yet I can not drive from my thoughts these feelings of cheerlessness, anxiety, and apprehension.

Sir, I have read your advertisement. I think my disposition and talents, under the guidance of a generous gentleman, would serve you in either capacity. My address is at my boarding place, No. 17 Bowling Green, city.

With respect, yours, etc.

FRED. WILSON.

In less than an hour Doctor Du Bois was before the young man. He was a quick, intuitive judge of

character. He therefore took with great swiftness a complete inventory of every feature and lineament in the strange, pale, rather handsome face of the tall, finely-proportioned, sailor-looking correspondent. He proposed, however, by means of conversation, to draw out testimony which would make him thoroughly acquainted with the peculiarities of the assistant, in case they should agree.

"Your name is Fred Wilson?"

"That's the name I had given me by a sea-captain when a child."

"What is your business?"

"Nothing, sir; I want business."

"Did you ever work in the United States?"

"Not more than six months."

"Have you ever been a member of any organization?"

"Yes; I once belonged to a police concern for the detection of frauds and thieves."

"What kind of an organization was that?"

Wilson hesitated. Then he finally declined to answer.

The doctor noted this, but went on:

"Did you ever detect any thieves or other villains?"

With much warmth of feeling, mingled with bitterness and indignation, Wilson replied, "Yes, sir, I HAVE."

"Do you know a criminal when you meet one?"

Wilson immediately looked very pale. But with a tone of determination replied: "Yes, sir; I know their personal signs, and I have spotted their establishments."

"Are you known in the city?"

After hesitating and pleasantly smiling, Wilson said: "When I left New-York, over four years ago, I was a mere spindling lad. Since, I have grown much heavier

and some taller; and my general appearance is so much changed that now I hardly know myself."

"Where are your friends?"

Wilson suddenly looked very sad, and seemingly somewhat surprised. "Sir," he replied, with emotions of sorrow trembling in his tone, "sir, I am without relatives. My friends are free-hearted sailors floating on different ships around the world. In this city I am without friends and in need of employment; otherwise, sir, I should not have answered your advertisement."

Doctor Du Bois was immensely pleased. He whispered to the young man to step a little to one side, so that their conversation could not possibly be overheard by men in the bar-room. Then the physician explained fully why he required an assistant in the difficult work he had cut out for himself in New-York. With the utmost particularity he delineated the precise character of his investigations into the causes of crime. He also explained the benevolence of motives and kindly humane feelings demanded in a person with such an object in view.

Fred Wilson's large, dark, serious eyes expanded and blazed with delight as the doctor proceeded. "Sir," said he warmly, "your plan fits my disposition exactly; now," added the naturally prepossessing and elegantly-mannered young man, "now, if my capacity can keep alongside of my disposition, and not drop astern, or veer to the windward when under pressure, then, sir, we shall make good heading in this business."

Doctor Du Bois suddenly grasped young Wilson's hand, and like old acquaintances they greeted each other with hearty shakings and expressions of friendship. Frenchman had met Frenchman. Every action was graceful, and every movement elegant; both naturally vivacious, refined in manners, and polished in conversation; each to

the other indicating a parentage of no ordinary families.

That very night, young Wilson paid his bill at the sailors' lodging-house, and commenced a new and difficult career at the Carleton Hotel, in the employment and confidence of the new detective.

Thus, by the working of providential forces through the play of circumstances, the strait gate and the very narrow way were, for the first time, presented to the motherless and homeless wanderer.

Will he enter in at "the strait gate"? And will he walk day by day and year after year in "the narrow path?"

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

"SHE thinks that on her pallid cheek  
No love-born tints shall ever rise."—*Nydia*.

CAPTAIN NELSON is now the most dangerous man in New-York. He seems like a monstrous demon of wickedness bent on the destruction of the good and the beautiful. His hatred of woman is even more diabolical and fatal than his murderous contempt for man. That merciless hate lies coiled up and always hidden like a crafty snake within his agreeable deportment and bold and vigorous intellect. Since his rejection by the carefully educated and beautiful Nell Palfry, who now scorns all men and bitterly defies them, he is becoming more desperate and reckless, and declares by his acts a total indifference to life. He is becoming less and less guarded in his movements.

So long as mothers and daughters shall exist in this world, such disclosures as appear in these pages can not be useless. Not less are these fearful scenes important to fathers and sons. Because, if to be forewarned is to be forearmed, these horrible and truthful pictures of the causes of crime, and these delineations of the ways of professional criminals, will serve as beacon-lights and guide-boards by which maidenhood and manhood can escape evil and choose the good.

The summery luxuriance of a day in June is beautiful and golden both in city and country. Church-going citizens and sight-seeing strangers are walking in every direction. Sorrowful faces pass bright faces; hateful eyes look into loving eyes; jealous hearts, throbbing and curdling with bitterness, go by generous hearts beating with love and universal good-will. Every face is unknown to every other; all, all, in a great metropolis are utter strangers. And then, soon after the meeting hour on a Sunday morning the streets look almost deserted.

A young lady who is a celebrated beauty, and a universal favorite, and who is engaged every business day as selling clerk in a popular down-town store, left her home and her mother about the church-going hour, expressing her intention of spending the day with an aunt in the vicinity.

After leaving her mother's residence, she walked rapidly for a considerable distance; then she threw a thick veil over her face, and quickly rearranged her shawl, so that she could not be recognized. She further shielded her beautiful face from observation by wearing her parasol very close down, as if suffering from weak eyes, to which the bright June sunlight was particularly painful.

Unobserved by any one she entered the consulting

room of Doctor Morte in Hudson street. The sharp, heartless eye of the assistant who answered the name of "student" immediately recognized the wretched girl. With the nonchalance and cool impudence of one long accustomed to crime, he said:

"So, so; come again, eh? About three years and a half ago, I'm thinking, you disappeared from this hospital with your life, and in fair health; didn't you, Miss Molly Ruciel?"

The unhappy creature, being suddenly subject to this familiar and contemptuous language, was too intensely annoyed and too profoundly mortified to speak.

Student withdrew, however, and the doctor himself appeared. "Oho!" he ejaculated, "Oho! The pretty store-girl come again, eh?"

Her unspeakable mortification and her bitter anguish stifled and benumbed her heart through and through.

"Come for treatment, I suspect?" said the fiendish doctor.

"Please, sir, let me speak with Mrs. Morte," replied the terrified girl.

"Can't see her to-day," said he, in a tone of heartless abruptness. Then he added with brusque impatience and business-like energy, "Don't trouble yourself, Miss Molly. Your 'wealthy lover, the gallant Jack Blake, has been here. It's all fixed. The handsome villain paid all fees and left full instructions. He says that you're a candidate for 'still and lost' treatment, and he footed the bill accordingly."

"*Still—and—lost—treatment!*" echoed she, in a tone of inexpressible terror and despair. And again, very slowly and very much appalled, she murmured, "Still—and—lost—treatment!"

"By God, Miss Molly Ruciel, you mutter like a pretty she-devil, half-drunk."

For a moment her face reddened and burned with the womanly fire that was not yet extinguished on the altar of her heart. "Perhaps I'm a senseless thing," she said, with deep sadness and humiliation, "but your language frightens me almost to death."

"Oho! oho! you're suffering death agonies, are you, Miss Molly? And all because you don't understand the regulations of my poorly-furnished but heavily curtained hospital, eh?"

"I have come to you for treatment," said she, timidly and modestly: "but I do not receive the meaning of your mysterious language."

"Well, come now, you half-crazy and half-drunken thing—just you keep still and just you hark a minute. I'll make it all straight and square, clear as four panes of window-glass."

The miserable and frightened girl listened. He said: "There is nothing unfathomable in my business. I have two departments for two classes of patients, with two signs and two very different prices. Before Madam La Stelle went into business with me—you know where her flourishing hospital is, don't you?—I accepted and treated both classes of patients myself; but there was a devilish sight too much business for me, so I looked about and found a keen, cruel, restless woman to take all the 'live and found' classes; for, to tell the whole truth, Molly, these cases multiplied ten to one over the applicants for 'still and lost' treatment; and all because, as I suspect, about nine out of every ten girls and youngish women who get into this devilish difficulty would rather have some kind of homes or live places found for their kicking and crying brats. They think it's awful and very dreadful, and so on, to hurry up death on their damn young ones. But you, Miss Molly, you are provided for

by that jolly rich fellow, Jack Blake. He squarely planked down my fees, and said he:

"'Doctor Morte, this thing is all damnably wrong. But that girl isn't to be cursed with a crying baby, you understand, don't you, doctor? *Still and lost* is what I pay for, you understand.' Then Blake disappeared. I guess he's about as far out of New-York as a ship bound for Texas can carry him in ten June days."

Poor girl! Who loves her now? Who can rescue her from the crumbling walls? Who snatch her from the devouring fire of crime? Alas! he who loves her, and whom she loves with her deepest heart, a true and honest young gentleman in the city, knows nothing of her condition or situation.

Doctor Morte leads her to the unclean, wretched den where his crimes are committed. It is a back room on the second floor. A leprous moisture oozes from the walls and ceiling. Heavy curtains, fetid with filth, and covered with last year's spiders' webs, shut out the golden summer Sunday light of June. On the mantel, over the fireplace, were dirty plates and besmeared cups and saucers. An infectious, sickening atmosphere filled the room and almost suffocated the wretched patient.

O mothers! save your innocent daughters from a fate like this; and O daughters! behold one of your sisters treading the black path to the tomb. Pity her! Save her!

## CHAPTER XXIX.

"OUT, out are the lights—out all!  
And over her quivering form  
The curtain, a funeral pall,  
Comes down with the rush of a storm."  
*Poe's Legina.*

MISS MARY RUCIEL was appalled beyond expression. Rather than be subjected to such horrible treatment, she would depart and drown herself in the river. She burst into tears. She begged to be permitted to leave the hospital immediately.

Firmly and savagely the doctor informed her that she was bound to go through the operation for which Blake had paid him a large fee. He was cruel and implacable in his ferocious profession. Seeing that her escape from his medical prison was impossible, she begged, implored him to supply her with pen, ink, and paper. He brought writing materials immediately, and she, with a heart bowed down with sorrow and misery, and her naturally sweet face haggard with horror, wrote the following letter:

LYING-IN HOSPITAL, New-York, June 18, 1838.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: Oh! do not desert your poor desolate daughter in her bitter affliction. . . . I can not tell you in language how deeply I have been wronged, and how deeply I have wronged others. . . . Oh! do not ask who has deceived me. I believed him sincere in all his promises. I relied upon his word. I drank until my senses were lost; then my fears and all my resolutions left me forever! . . . . O dearest mother! I need not ask you to deliver a message, my dying *farewell*, to my poor dear. . . . I know you will see him.—O, mother! *he* has never deceived me. Amid grief and loneliness of feeling, when I seemed the happiest, he was my true lover and my ministering angel. . . . O mother, dearest,

I am glad that death is so near. . . . I may not survive this wicked treatment; and, if I should survive it, mother, I am not worthy of *his* pure and holy love and devotion. . . . My pride and my hope, my self-respect and ambition, are all gone, dearest mother; and I do not want to outlive the fruit of my temptation and transgression. . . . My poor desolate, darling mother!—and my best friend, my only true lover!—farewell! forever farewell! . . . from your own  
MARY RUCIEL.

The wretched and despairing girl folded her letter, sealed and addressed it, and left it lying in plain sight upon the filthy table. Weary with suffering, and half prostrated with the pestilential atmosphere of the mountebank's den, she dropped upon the unclean straw bed, and bitterly wept the scalding tears of humiliation, desolation, and repentance.

"Damn bad luck, this hitch!" growled the villainous Doctor Morte, as he let the pulseless wrist of the beautiful girl drop from between his fingers. "Fact is," he went on to say, "the girl was in a devilish bad temper. Wasn't fit to stand an operation for 'still and lost.'"

The student looked rather agitated, and was evidently alarmed. "Every body in New-York knows that girl," said he. "We've got a hell of a job on hand, I'll bet."

"Hush, you cowardly rascal!" replied the doctor with angry impatience.

"Well, then—just tell what's to be done."

Morte went hastily to the street door and looked out. It was already dusk; a storm had set in; and it was then raining abundantly. He hurried back to his grim student, and said, authoritatively, "Porgy Jo! Come, stir about, get an umbrella, put on your slouch hat and my military jacket. Hurry to *our* hack-driver. Send him around immediately. Then find Sergeant Vim. Don't whisper a word that any one can overhear. Bring Vim

right around; and don't forget his blanket and a few wrist-cords."

In less than an hour the hackman drove up in the heavy rain, tied his horses, and hurried into the doctor's consulting room.

"Another passenger?" asked the murderous-looking driver.

"Lovely patient," replied the doctor, with some show of regret in his voice.

Then both kept perfectly still, in the almost totally dark room; for only a dim taper was burning at the top of the stairs. Presently the student, now called "Porgy Jo," and Captain Nelson, now called "Sergeant Vim," entered, and the four villains proceeded up stairs to look after the lifeless passenger.

"What!" exclaimed Nelson, "Molly Ruciel, the lovely young girl, a storekeeper down town—she!"

Doctor Morte suddenly slapped his hand over the captain's mouth, and, in a low tone, admonished him to work fast and keep silent.

They consulted together, and soon arrived at a programme. "This passenger," said the captain, "must be put into a carriage and driven to my sail-boat."

"Where's that?" asked the attentive hackman.

"One mile this side the first turn in old distillery road on the Hudson river. You know, don't you? Creep along down on the west from Murray Hill; then strike north, till you're opposite Hoboken; then turn down that road, and steer for the brick-yard close by the river. Old Von Twiller drives his cows down that lane to let 'em drink river-water. At the foot of that lane my sail-boat is chained and locked. Now, old hawk! don't you see your road?"

The old vulture-looking driver said, "All square, cap-

tain; that's plain enough; but it's a hell of a road this stormy night."

With this understanding they set about preparing the corpse for the long ride. They worked as systematically and as deliberately as butchers in a barn, or as professional surgeons in an army hospital, where blood and death are familiar objects, and where scenes of horror and suffering cease to excite emotions of sympathy or terror.

"This passenger will put all New-York in a thundering quiver of excitement," said Captain Nelson. "She must be found floating with every imaginable evidence of violence committed by several men."

They examined her body. Her back was already chafed by resisting the medical operations. There were sufficient marks of cruelty on both her wrists, the effects of the cords with which Doctor Morte had bound her during the treatment. Then the captain tore her dress and frock in divers places. With a strip thus torn from her clothing they tied up her under jaw, bringing the band over the head, and carrying it once around her throat, where they secured it. Then, to prevent the possibility of her mouth or throat making any noise, by the sudden escapement of confined air from the lungs or bronchial tubes, which sound might endanger the undertaking, they tied a strip of linen tightly around her neck. Then they put her bonnet on her head, dressed her with every thing she had worn into the hospital, wrapped her up, like a sick lady, in a thick woolen blanket, and between them carried her out through the rain, and in a sitting posture placed her rigid body on the back seat of the carriage.

Captain Nelson, *alias* Sergeant Vim, immediately hastened back to the room to cover up tracks. He burnt up the poor girl's letter. Gathering together the pieces



of skirts, the handkerchief, the strips of muslin and lace torn out of her garments, the parasol, and every little fragment belonging to the patient's habiliments—mean-time taking every thing valuable from her dress and out of her pockets—then the captain, addressing himself to young Porgy Jo, said:

"Take these things with you across the Hudson in your own row-boat. Anchor above Weehawken, out of sight of every body. Go into some thicket, a very short distance from the shore, and scatter these things about on the stones and bushes; and don't knock off work, Jo, until you've raised a hell of a scrape by breaking down twigs, trampling the grass, and fussing up the ground all around there generally. Do work enough on the bushes to make five men sweat like this lucky rain-storm. And then, Jo," said the captain, lowering his voice to a husk whisper, "just you take the bag you carried the stuff in, put in half a dozen stones of some heft, and *drag* the load from where you scattered the rags through the woods to your boat. Make the ground look as though some men had dragged the girl's body through it. Then heave out the stones, take your bag, and paddle for the hospital. Keep your eye out, Porgy! Forget nothing. I'll superintend the other branch of this transaction."

Thus, without exchanging another word, but in stealthy stillness, and in that storm and deep darkness which evil-doers love, the assassins and transgressors separated: Porgy Jo to his small row-boat—which he invariably kept ready for exactly such jobs, for passengers—just in the pier, at the foot of the street; and Sergeant Vim, on the other hand, the reckless and the fearless, to his ride by the side of the sitting corpse of the lovely girl, which was destined for a grave in the Hudson river.

## CHAPTER XXX.

"LOVE, strong with hopeless energy,  
And pure from passion's earthly stain,  
Yet human all in its sweet power,  
O'er masters mortal fear and pain."—*Ibid.*

As was predicted by Captain Nelson, the finding of the corpse of Mary Ruciel floating in the North River, about four days after he had thrown it from his sail-boat, convulsed the great city of New-York with a profound and intense excitement. The momentous political questions of the day were temporarily neglected. Numerous arrests were made, and a large number of persons examined, but no clue could be obtained to the perpetrators. Tempting rewards were offered, beginning with one thousand and ending with thirty thousand dollars, accompanied with official promise of pardon to any accomplice who would come forward and testify; yet no tracks of the atrocious criminals could be found, and the mystery of the murder, taking the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of the victim from home into the account, greatly increased the popular excitement.

Amid all this public anxiety and discussion, Doctor Du Bois called at the office of Lawyer Ruggleston.

"Doctor," the legal gentleman at once began, "what advancement do you achieve in the detective business? Have you given any attention to this last instance of diabolical murder?"

"Monsieur Ruggleston, you will do me the honor to believe that I am in search of *truth* instead of assassins and highway murderers."

"Why, then, did you enter yourself as a detective, and advertise for an assistant?"

"Ah sir! my purpose is to *detect the causes of crime*, with a view to a demonstration, on phrenological and psychological principles, of the correct social treatment and final cure, if not prevention, of the evils which afflict our disordered humanity."

"Doctor," replied the lawyer, somewhat impatiently, "your theory is preëminently impractical."

"Ah monsieur! as to *that*, I prefer to let the future developments of my present inquiries become my advocate."

"Now, doctor, about this infernal murder of an innocent girl. What have you to suggest?"

"A far-sighted judgment, not to mention faculties adapted to the closest analysis, can only fathom the causes of such a murder. But, Monsieur Ruggleston, since you honor me with your question, I beg to suggest that the murder was committed by a person,

"1. Who has inherited a hatred for both man and woman;

"2. Who has inherited an uncontrollable passion for the possession of riches;

"3. Who has inherited a passion for controlling the feelings and governing the conduct of others;

"4. Who has inherited remarkable intellectual and executive abilities;

"5. Who has inherited a retentive memory, intense bitterness of feeling toward individuals indiscriminately, sarcasm, misanthropy, and a reckless disregard of his own life;

"6. Who never experienced the benefits of an affectionate mother or an agreeable home;

"7. Who never sincerely loved any human being, and

who, consequently, was never loved by any human being."

Lawyer Ruggleston respectfully heard the doctor through, and then asked: "State, if you please, whether or not you deem the seven postulates you have just uttered a true and reliable prescription by which to detect a constitutional murderer?"

"Monsieur," replied the doctor, "to those who know any thing of physiology and physiognomy, and who possess even a few facts concerning the transmission of states of feeling and qualities of mind from parents to offspring, it is wholly unnecessary to affirm that my seven propositions are scientific and reliable."

"Doctor Du Bois," resumed Mr. Ruggleston, "how in heaven's name am I to make practical and legal these scientific abstractions of yours?"

"Time, monsieur, *time* will bring these views into harmony with Bacon, Blackstone, Coke, Littleton, and your other most distinguished authorities."

"Well, then," said the energetic lawyer, "Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time, and bring the welcome day." Then he asked, "Can a professional murderer be also an agreeable, polite, influential character?"

"Certainly, sir," quickly replied the doctor; "for example, recall the names and manners of celebrated military generals. They, sir, were *professional* destroyers of human life."

"That answer is not in point, doctor."

"Pardon, monsieur, if I insist that my reply is most pertinent."

"A military general is not a professional murderer."

"What, then, can we denominate his profession? And what is the profession of the executioner? What the calling of those who concoct wars and discipline armies? And what the business of those who lead their

fellow-men in formidable battalions against the people of another kingdom or nation?"

"Ah doctor!" interrupted the lawyer, "you do not answer my interrogatory: Can a murderer be an inconsistent character, exhibiting a mixture of good and evil qualities?"

"Most certainly, monsieur. By imparting their own depraved feelings and predominating thoughts, which they may never have clothed in language and exhibited in character, parents can beget, in their ignorance and innocence, girls and boys who possess powerfully sensual and actively murderous propensities."

"Now, doctor," said the lawyer facetiously, "can you of your own personal knowledge, and from your own investigations into the laws and facts of parentage, affirm your last statement to be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?"

"It is all unquestionably true," gravely replied Doctor Du Bois. "And as to contradiction in inherited character, take for an example the celebrated Russian autocrat, Peter the Great, of whom the faithful historian says: 'His stately form, his intellectual forehead, his piercing black eyes, his Tartar nose and mouth, his gracious smile, his frown, black with all the stormy rage and hate of a barbarian tyrant, and, above all, a strange nervous convulsion, which sometimes transformed his countenance, during a few moments, into an object on which it was impossible to look without terror. The immense quantities of meat which he devoured; the pints of brandy which he swallowed, and which, it was said, he had carefully distilled with his own hand; the fool who jabbered at his feet; the monkey which grinned at the back of his chair, were, during some weeks, popular topics of conversation. With all the high qualities which were peculiar to himself, he had all the filthy habits which were

then common among his countrymen. To the end of his life, while disciplining armies, founding schools, framing codes, organizing tribunals, building cities in deserts, joining distant seas by artificial rivers, he lived in his palace like a hog in a sty; and when he was entertained by other sovereigns, never failed to leave on the tapestried walls and velvet state beds unequivocal proofs that a savage had been there."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

"Who may understand

Thy many woes poor suicide unknown?

He who thy being gave shall judge of thee alone."

*Campbell.*

A NUMBER of gentlemen at this moment entered the office on legal business. The interesting conversation between the physician and Mr. Ruggleston was therefore for a few moments suspended. Resuming, however, the doctor said:

"For many days I have been pondering the case of the poor sailor McRiggy, who was tried and executed for the murder of the spinster Miss Bridgston."

"Well, what of that case? There was over it nothing like the popular excitement that now stirs this great metropolis."

"Ah sir! unhappily the people trample on justice when their fears or passions are excited."

"Of McRiggy, doctor, what have you to say?"

"I say, monsieur, that he was condemned upon insufficient evidence."

"In what part of the testimony do you regard it as defective or insufficient?"

"In that part where the officers failed to find any coat or other garment belonging to the sailor from which the button, with the strip of cloth attached, was torn by the victim at the moment of the murder."

"True, doctor. But, then, you know nothing could be easier than the destruction of that particular garment by McRiggy."

"My mind is not satisfied, Monsieur Ruggleston."

"Can you, sir, procure for me that button and strip of cloth?"

In a few days the lawyer said he would call at police headquarters and obtain it for Dr. Du Bois.

"Only yesterday," continued the doctor, "I was reading English cases of circumstantial evidence, and the idea struck me that the case of McRiggy might be one of this nature."

Then, taking from his pocket a printed account illustrative of his thought, and begging the lawyer's attention, which that gentleman at once most cheerfully accorded, he read an illustration:

"Jonathan Bradford kept an inn, in Oxfordshire, on the London road to Oxford, in the year 1736. He bore an unexceptionable character. Mr. Hayes, a gentleman of fortune, being on his way to Oxford, on a visit to a relation, put up at Bradford's; he there joined company with two gentlemen, with whom he supped, and in conversation unguardedly mentioned that he had then about him a large sum of money. In due time they retired to their respective chambers; the gentlemen to a two-bedded room, leaving, as is customary with many, a candle burning in the chimney-corner. Some hours after they were in bed, one of the gentlemen, being awake, thought he heard a deep groan in the adjoining chamber, and this being repeated, he softly awoke his friend. They listened together, and the groans increasing as of one

dying, they both instantly arose, and proceeded silently to the door of the next chamber, from whence they heard the groans; and the door being ajar, saw a light in the room; they entered, but it is impossible to paint their consternation, on perceiving a person weltering in his blood in the bed, and a man standing over him, with a dark lantern in one hand and a knife in the other. The man seemed as petrified as themselves, but the terror carried with it all the terror of guilt! The gentlemen soon discovered the person was the stranger with whom they had that night supped, and that the man who was standing over him was their host. They seized Bradford directly, disarmed him of his knife, and charged him with being the murderer; he assumed by this time the air of innocence, positively denied the crime, and asserted that he came there with the same humane intentions as themselves; for that, hearing a noise, which was succeeded by a groaning, he got out of bed, struck a light, armed himself with a knife for his defence, and had but that minute entered the room before them.

"These assertions were of little avail; he was kept in close custody till the morning, and then taken before a neighboring justice of the peace. Bradford still denied the murder, but nevertheless with such an apparent indication of guilt, that the justice hesitated not to make use of this extraordinary expression, on writing out his mittimus, 'Mr. Bradford, either you or myself committed this murder.'

"This extraordinary affair was the conversation of the whole county. Bradford was tried and condemned over and over again, in every company. In the midst of all this predetermination came on the assizes at Oxford; Bradford was brought to trial; he pleaded not guilty. Nothing could be more strong than the evidence of the two gentlemen; they testified to the finding

Mr. Hayes murdered in his bed; Bradford at the side of the body with a light and a knife; that knife and the hand which held it bloody; that on their entering the room he betrayed all the signs of a guilty man, and that a few moments preceding, they heard the groans of the deceased.

"Bradford's defense on his trial was the same as before the gentlemen: he had heard a noise; he suspected some villainy transacting; he struck a light; he snatched a knife (the only weapon near him) to defend himself; and the terrors he discovered were merely the terrors of humanity, the natural effects of innocence as well as guilt, on beholding such a horrid scene.

"This defense, however, could be considered but as weak, contrasted with several powerful circumstances against him. Never was circumstantial evidence more strong. There was little need left of comment from the judge in summing up the evidence. No room appeared for extenuation! And the jury brought in the prisoner guilty, even without going out of the box. Bradford was executed shortly after, still declaring he was not the murderer, nor privy to the murder of Mr. Hayes; but died disbelieved by all.

"Yet were those assertions not untrue! The murder was actually committed by Mr. Hayes's footman; who, immediately on stabbing his master, rifled his breeches of his money, gold watch, and snuff-box, and escaped to his own room; which could have been, from the after circumstances, scarcely two seconds before Bradford's entering the unfortunate gentleman's chamber. The world owes this knowledge to a remorse of conscience in the footman (eighteen months after the execution of Bradford) on a bed of sickness; it was a death-bed repentance, and by that death the law lost its victim."

While the doctor was reading the last paragraph, Captain Nelson entered the office. He helped himself to a seat near the table where the two gentlemen were sitting.

Doctor Du Bois instantly recognized him, although he had not seen the detective since before leaving on his five years' journey.

The captain's naturally agreeable face was much paler, and his general appearance considerably changed, and yet the doctor immediately called him by name, and asked—

"Any news, monsieur? Do you unravel the mystery of the disappearance and murder of the lovely Mademoiselle Ruciel?"

Captain Nelson remained a moment in silence, looking thoughtfully with downcast eyes, as if making an effort to recall something; then, with a gloomy deepness in his dark eyes, he looked unflinchingly at the calm questioner, and said—

"No news of importance, sir. The unfortunate creature was foully dealt with."

Involuntarily the kind-hearted physician shuddered, for he recognized the voice which had uttered those hellish sentiments concerning the chastity of women. The memory of that conversation with the captain seemed for a moment to sting and stifle every generous emotion in the doctor's bosom. His countenance flushed and his tongue would not speak.

Captain Nelson's quick and practiced eye caught a glimpse of this expression on the doctor's face. A bitter, heartless, sarcastic smile curled his lips, as he said:

"You seem to be uncomfortably worried, Dr. Du Bois. Perhaps your monotonous home in New-York is becoming irksome after a protracted pleasure-trip through the old countries of Europe."

"My home?" replied the doctor with tremulous voice. "I have no home in New-York."

"Neither have I," hurriedly the captain said; "and, sir, what's more, I contend that a home is like a hencoop, fit for folks when they are small chickens. It happened that I never had a home, although my father was a wealthy old libertine."

Mr. Ruggleston here inquired: "Captain, you don't mean to say that a home is not desirable for little children and established adult citizens, do you?"

"For hungry and puling youngsters," replied Nelson, "a place to tie up, of a dark night, and to huddle about during meal times, is all well enough. But, sir, decidedly and entirely I oppose such an institution for real live, wide-awake, go-a-head, enterprising citizens of the United States."

"My experience is full of the most delightful reminiscences," said the doctor with unsuppressed enthusiasm.

"And my recollection of a home in New-Orleans," suddenly rejoined the captain, "is studded with the most contemptible experiences."

"Ah monsieur!" said the doctor, in a persuasive and conciliatory tone, "your mother was your home, was she not?"

"A rosy savage, rather," said Nelson, with undisguised hatred in his voice and flushed face. "My mother, sir, was a pretty drawing-room tigress. She loved jewels, fine garments, a pet monkey, and the vile caresses of that magnificent libertine."

"Monsieur Nelson is untrammelled in his speech," said the doctor blandly, at the same time gesturing encouragingly for further disclosures. "You describe your mother as a perfect specimen of fashionable womanhood—

a little haughty, perhaps, but undoubtedly beautiful, and extremely fond of and affectionate to pets."

"A charming fool," replied the captain bitterly. "Sir," he added savagely, "she used to horsewhip me while hugging to her bosom that infernal monkey."

"Perhaps," suggested the doctor, mildly, "perhaps the monkey was more affectionate and more obedient than you."

"Doctor Du Bois," said the captain, "I fancy myself possessed of some penetration. I can discern the difference between love and hate. I can tell the difference between a pretty, coquettish, rosy-cheeked savage, and a woman of practical common sense. Now, sir, again and again I have been told by that charming lover of the millionaire libertine that *she hated me for nine months before I was born!* Goths and Vandals!" he exclaimed with intense anger, mingled with a fierce and reckless look of revenge: "I must have been overjoyed when some hand helped me to escape from that maternal prison."

"What, Nelson," said Mr. Ruggleston, inquiringly, "am I to understand that you was an unwelcome child?"

"Unwelcomed!" he ejaculated savagely—"unwelcomed! By the bloody Goths! That sort of language, sir, is too *soft* for my case. I was *hated* with a hundred thousand horse-power of *hate*. Hated, sir, every day and every hour from the start. Hated with more hate when, six months before my birth, the old libertine *jilted* my monkey-loving mother. So diabolically was I *hated*, sir, in my helpless condition, that murderous instruments were introduced to destroy me, and medicines were swallowed to poison my existence. Goths and Vandals! I fully believe that my infant heart was *cut*, and that my infant brain was *poisoned*; for the one is continually *bleeding* and the other is continually *hardening*!"

Lawyer Ruggleston was deeply impressed. But he could not resist the temptation to say facetiously,

"Pretty smart boy, anyhow, to know *so much* six months before he was born."

Nelson added, "At least a thousand times, I have been told these things of my mother by servants and others who had knowledge of everything. In fact she herself never once lost an opportunity to impress her *hate* upon me; and the savagely more so after she was abandoned by the aristocratic villain, because she said 'I resembled *him*.'"

"Captain Nelson," said the doctor, with a voice rich in tones of compassion and kindness: "Allow me to inquire, further—Have you ever dreamed of vengeance?"

"Next to my ambition for great wealth, sir," Nelson replied, "is the mad passion in my red blood to cut the hearts and poison the brains of all those who compelled me to enter this cursed world of Goths and Vandals."

His self-justified exasperation had thrown him off his customary balance.

There suddenly shot out from his black eyes a flash of live lightning that seemed overloaded with a terrific power to strike, and blast, and kill.

"Permit me to indulge the hope," said the persuasive doctor, with a volume of soothing goodness in his honest voice, "the hope that you have never yielded to your revengeful feelings so far as to inflict any physical pain upon either your father or mother."

Nelson made no verbal reply. He, however, shrugged his shoulders like a Frenchman, and smiled sardonically. He drew from his side-pocket an elegant gold snuff-box, and politely extended it to the two gentlemen who had just risen from their chairs. Then he took a very large pinch for his own use. All his movements and manners—excepting a slight inclination to swagger and an

indescribable expression of rakishness—closely resembled the carriage of a thoroughbred and wealthy gentleman. With stern composure and deliberation, and yet with a look in his eyes of melancholy presage, he buttoned his half-military coat snugly up to his finely-bearded chin. Being thus prepared to leave the office, he walked straight to the door; then, soldierlike, he turned squarely around—still smiling with an expression of self-assurance and conscious triumph—bowed very respectfully but stiffly to the professional gentlemen, who were mutely and mutually observing him; and then, with the lofty dignity and cold splendor of a lord, he turned and walked out into the renowned thoroughfare of the New-York money changers.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

"CHECK and chide  
The aerial angels as they float about us,  
With rules of so-called wisdom, till they grow  
The same tame slaves to custom and the world."  
*Halleck.*

"RIGHTEOUS God!" exclaimed lawyer Ruggleston, as soon as the remarkable captain left their presence, "I would not carry Nelson's conscience for all the riches and splendors of Europe."

"Conscience!" said the doctor, with a tone of emphatic remonstrance. "That man, sir, notwithstanding his really high intellectual endowment, is a national, social, and moral monster."

"Come this way, doctor," said the lawyer, as he led the way through two rooms to a more interior office, containing a large library of law-books; "come, let's sit



down by ourselves, doctor, and talk calmly over this most important matter."

The two professional gentlemen, who were now more like two brothers, and bound together by the noblest principles to discharge their duty against the common enemy, sought this secluded room in order to enter into a freer conversation. They were quite removed from the incessant confusions and annoying interruptions of the business departments, wherein the distinguished junior partners, Messrs. Stryker and Syrdam, presided daily over the immense official transactions of the popular legal firm.

"Captain Nelson's confessions," said the lawyer, "struck me like a thunderbolt. In fact, my thoughts persisted, in spite of my wish or will, in analyzing and comparing Nelson's remarks concerning himself with your seven postulates, in which you give the formula or prescription, so to speak, by which hereditary and circumstantial causes might have been so centralized and organized as to have made him the murderer of the young woman, Miss Mary Ruciel. And yet, doctor, you use strong language about that man's conscience."

Doctor Du Bois immediately raised his right hand, and pointing and shaking his fore-finger with emphasis, said, "Sir, as to kindness of heart and moral feelings of right and wrong, that man is as depraved as a vampire and as miserable as an idiot."

"Strong language, doctor, and very denunciatory too, of a New-York detective, whom I have personally known more or less intimately, and seen almost every week, for these last ten years."

"Monsieur Ruggleston," said the firm and dignified doctor, with a look of remonstrance mingled with feelings closely resembling resentment—"sir, that is a bad, cruel, wicked, murderous man."

The two men gazed for a moment at each other, the lawyer's countenance indicating awakened feelings of anxiety, curiosity, and amazement, while the generous and handsome face of the physician kindled with excitement, and his expressive eyes enlarged with the consciousness of a great unselfish truth welling up behind them.

"In the name of sovereign science, monsieur," said the doctor, "I pronounce sentence upon Captain Nelson."

"You are not his judge, doctor," said the lawyer, "and besides, he has not yet been fairly tried before this secret conclave of inquisition."

"Ah, you smile, monsieur! Sir, my authority is based on immutable science. By its exact principles I affirm—of course confidentially to you, sir—that Captain Nelson is a constitutional *hater* of his fellow-men—a social outlaw, sir—a freebooter, sir, disregarding the finest feelings of humanity—in a word, sir, he is, by the laws of inheritance, *a moral monstrosity*."

"Then, where is that man's free-will and moral responsibility?" asked Mr. Ruggleston, earnestly.

"In the name of science, monsieur," returned the doctor, "do you not rather ask where is parental responsibility? Look out into the street, monsieur. Child-beggars and adult vagrants—outcasts, vagabonds, petty thieves, and imbeciles—sir, are they not the offspring of demoralized and intemperate fathers and mothers? Are they not born, sir, with the vice of vagrancy circulating through their very hearts? Do they not, sir, inherit physical and mental disqualifications for obtaining an honest livelihood through the exalting agencies of useful and profitable labor? No, monsieur! The offspring of such parents are naturally indolent—without the checking and controlling feelings of right and wrong—and they are, therefore, constitutionally unfit for industrial and civilizing pursuits. They are bodily lazy, and



mentally thriftless by inheritance. Destitute of ambition for enterprise and emigration, and almost always without homes, sir—without the fostering and strengthening soil of a true *home of love*, sir—in which alone the roots and germs of individual virtue and happiness can cling, and flourish, and unfold—then, sir, what are the results? A world of sufferers, and a world of criminals!”

“All quite true, quite true, doctor,” said the attentive lawyer; “but, just now, I am especially curious about the antecedents of this remarkable Captain Nelson of the detective force.”

Instantly the doctor’s face was in a blaze of excitement. “Oh! monsieur, here is my theory: A physically healthy young woman, but mentally stupefied, and morally weak and ignorant, gestated and turned upon society a savage nature, a horrid child of evil, yet externally appearing in the lovely form of man, with a capacious intellect firmly rooted in selfish instincts, and animated with vicious vital proclivities.”

“State, if you please, explicitly and entirely,” said the lawyer, “what influences were ante-natally at work, and how those influences worked post-natally, to produce the monstrous character you describe.”

“Certainly, monsieur,” replied the polite physician. “With your permission, sir, I will state what I know. Positive feelings and governing thoughts, during the most delicate and impressible period of pregnancy, appear sooner or later, either in the bodily persons or in the mental characteristics of children.”

“Yes, doctor, that is your proposition; now, if you please, present in brief your facts and arguments.”

“Maternity,” said the doctor, with beautiful simplicity and modesty, “is a divine wonder! Stern, rude, and cruel women are often, under the mysterious influence of maternity, transformed into miracles of hovering tender

ness and fostering affection. On the other hand, tender and artistic natures, by the fact of pregnancy may be marvelously changed for the worse in their thoughts and feelings. The pregnant state is announced by the suppression of the periodical evacuation, which is generally accompanied with fullness in the breasts, headache, flushings in the face, and heat in the palms of the hands. Consequently many women, soon after entering upon maternity, become very much altered in their looks, and have peculiar irritable feelings, inducing a disposition of mind which renders their temper easily ruffled, and inciting an irresistible propensity to actions of which, on other occasions, they would be ashamed. There is also morning sickness, with a tendency to vomiting, and often intractable emesis. In such cases, the features acquire a peculiar sharpness, the eyes appear larger, and the mouth wider than usual; and the woman has a particular appearance, which can not be described, but with which women are well acquainted.”

“At about what time,” asked the inquisitive lawyer, “does the greatest inter-impressibility exist, by which the feelings of the woman are most disturbed, and through which the foetal characteristics are by the mother imparted and determined?”

“The period of greatest psychological impressibility commences positively at the beginning of the third month, and thence is continued with a progressive increase of power, until about the first of the ninth month, at which time is inaugurated a happy period of passive growth of the bodily parts of the child, giving the nervous systems of both mother and foetus a much needed opportunity to gain some rest, and thus be the better prepared for the critical and painful labors of parturition.”

“Now, doctor, taking Captain Nelson’s voluntary confessions of his antecedents as a basis, state, if you

please, the effect of his mother's feelings and mental conditions upon him prior to his birth, and the results on his subsequent life.

"Certainly, monsieur," said he. "First, she received the child's germinal essences at the climax of a powerful libertine's passion. Result in offspring: vigorous vitality and quick muscular energy, a fiery temperament, magnetic but short-lived amateness, and a tendency to longevity.

"Second. She was outrageously neglected and deserted by the man on whom all her fondest feelings were freely bestowed; therefore intense hatred, possibly jealous feelings, and dreams of revenge, took possession of her heart and mind throughout the period of pregnancy. Result in offspring: Inversion of all benevolent affections, uncontrollable animosity, a diabolical contempt for mankind, and sudden impulses toward the commission of murder. Suicide, also, is sometimes a temptation.

"Third. She commenced to throw off every real and imaginary bond that could possibly link her destiny or memory with the unprincipled libertine who had mercilessly deserted her, by terribly *hating* (sometimes feebly and with fickleness, at other times with a maddening passionateness of demoniac repulsion) the little soul and the little body that were steadily unfolding within her conscious existence; she frequently weeping; wishing, praying for its sudden death; and silently cursing it, and by nauseating medicines and by surgical instruments attempting to murder the approaching fiercely-hated little stranger. Result on offspring: A natural impatience and contempt for woman, no reverence for her maternal functions, no respect for her delicate impulses and feelings, and an irresistible propulsion burning in the very life of his blood, and firing his intellect

with practical plans, to wander like a savage, diabolical freebooter, through the social system of humanity, bent on empowering himself with money acquired by robbery, poison, and murder."

"Beware of circumstantial evidence," said the lawyer good-naturedly. "Now, really, doctor, would you bring Captain Nelson to trial on your abstract theory of the ante-natal causes of crime?"

"No, no, monsieur. But, sir, I shall most certainly put him in my new volume on the hereditary origin of physical, mental, and moral debasement, which is the fountain-head of all human vices and crimes."

Mr. Ruggleston involuntarily smiled, and said, pleasantly, "Well, doctor, that will be the climax of all cruelty in the art of punishment."

Then he added, "And yet, doctor, it is hardly either justice or humanity to condemn a fellow-citizen and imprison him in a book on science before he is convicted of any capital crime or petty misdemeanor."

"Monsieur," replied the extremely earnest physician, "I shall immediately proceed to *detect* the whole ante-natal and post-natal truth in this case; and then, sir, he shall appear in my quota of criminals under the fixed laws of human propagation."

"Quota of criminals!" echoed the lawyer. "What, in the name of righteousness, does that mean?"

"Ah, monsieur, you shall see presently." With great animation the medical man went on: "Under the law of human propagation—especially during the protracted reign of ignorance in that most divine function of woman—there is a mathematical proportion of *human failures*. All cities, for example, will have, in proportion to their population and physical circumstances, a certain fixed quota of sick, of infirm, of vagrants, of

idlers, of indigents, of paupers, of drunkards, of adulterers, of thieves, of swindlers, and of murderers."

"What, doctor! Do you really mean to say that the whole and entire quota of each class come from mis-directed feelings and demoralized thoughts of mothers during pregnancy?"

"No, monsieur, no. This, rather, is my meaning: that human failures, in the propagation of our species, bear a certain mathematical proportion to the population of a city or kingdom."

"Do you account for the existence of all imbecile, idiotic, insane, abandoned, and vicious characters upon this principle?"

"For a certain proportion of them only, monsieur. Ignorance or mis-education next, and debasing physical and social circumstances subsequent to birth, account for the remainder."

"Then, doctor, if I comprehend you, you imagine that a wider diffusion of just knowledge among men and women, both married and unmarried, concerning the laws of the physical and mental inception, organization, and multiplication of our species, will have a tendency to lessen the sum of suffering and crime, by preventing ill-assorted marriages and the propagation of defective offspring? Do you mean to argue that side of the question, doctor?"

"Exactly so, monsieur—exactly. Ah, sir! you charm and honor me with your sympathy and appreciation."

"Not my sympathy, doctor; for, although I agree in the main with many of your sentiments, as yet I am not a convert to your peculiar theory."

"Ah, true. But, sir, you shall be most positively convinced. My agreeable assistant, a brilliant young man, will coöperate with me as detective. We shall find in this very city 'confirmation strong'—thrilling

facts, sir, most startling evidences, too plain and too potential to be resisted by either judge or jury."

"Criminals will not suffer in your hands, will they doctor?"

"Justice is an inherent law of the physical and mental universe, monsieur; if it develop sufferings in a criminal it is both right and remedial, and sometimes I let him suffer."

"True, doctor. But I take it that you have what is called a heart in your bosom?"

Tears suddenly started in the mild eyes of the doctor. Emotions of benevolence and love, warm and gushing from a fountain of innate affection, choked his utterance. After a pause, and laying his hand upon his breast, he feelingly replied—

"Monsieur Ruggleston, I adore knowledge, sir, and yet—I would rather be robbed of my head than lose the love of my heart."

The lawyer smiled pleasantly, and said, "Yes, doctor, the cold and lofty justice of the universe is rapidly warmed and melted, and becomes very soon a healing balm to poor wounded humanity, when it streams through the chambers of your heart. Am I right, doctor?"

Not another word passed between them. They seemed half inclined to embrace one another, and give way to the sudden exuberance and congeniality of their sympathetic natures. But, unhappily, such manifestations of affection among men ded with lofty contempt by the dignified icebergs of society. Therefore with a warm, fraternal hand-shaking, the gentlemen separated; but only, however, to meet again soon, under different circumstances, and for the accomplishment of important ends.

PART III.  
REAPING THE FRUITS OF CRIME.

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CHAPTER I.

"BUT let us now, like soldiers on the watch,  
Put the soul's armor on, alike prepared  
For all a soldier's warfare brings."—*Ballie*.

EVENTS come and rush by like the flight of eagles. We seem to see them as they pass us and disappear beneath the swift tide of the river of time. But so beguiled and involved are we by the circumstances which immediately surround us, and so entertained and consumed by our present sensations, that we do not realize how inseparably related we individually are to the events and consequent changes which occur in the physical, human, and mental worlds in which we live and have our being; and thus a majority of isolated and selfish persons acquire a belief that they are not individually connected with or in any manner accountable for the misfortunes, faults, vices, and crimes of other and unknown persons in the moving and breathing world about them. Time, however, which progressively brings changes and wisdom to every one sooner or later, is a powerful element in overcoming the selfishness, injustices, and miseries of humanity.

About an hour after night fall, two rough and ready

men, each mounted on the bare back of a stout country horse, were riding along the road leading from a remote fisherman's hut on the Jersey shore, near Metetecunk River, and about five miles from Squan Beach, to a small fishing schooner waiting for them in Shark River. A cold, sleety rain-storm from the Atlantic ocean was raging fearfully. A furious wind swept down the invisible road, and into the grim faces of the travelers, with such violence as to render rapid riding impossible. They brutally whipped and cursed, however, and damned and kicked and pounded the poor stiff-jointed and half-starved animals; in fact, they did and they vociferated all the outlandish and uncivilized and unfeeling and inhuman things which are expected of men in their irrational and savage treatment of horses; and yet it continued to be impossible, in that tempestuous storm and in such pitch-black darkness, to force the weary animals into a canter. Sometimes, after fearful goadings, the beasts would trot a dozen yards or so, and then break down. Notwithstanding the merciless urgings and whippings and cursings, a "walking speed" was all the brutal travelers could get out of the half-perished horses.

Thus after a long and exhausting journey, the two savage-looking men, but with countenances expressive rather of stupidity and stolid indifference, arrived wet and half-frozen at the old weather-beaten fishing vessel.

The tempestuous fury of the storm began to abate; and far away over the Atlantic they noticed the first signs of morning light. The men peered about cautiously and listened attentively. No person or other living object was within sight; and no sounds save the bellowing winds and the splashing waters.

"Halloo!" sharply shouted one of the men, "Jack Flemmer! Dick Lindsay! Halloo, there!"

"You damn screech-owl!" growled the other. "Plug

your old windpipe. Your devilish squeaking and squalling will fetch about us more cursed Jerseymen than we can find time to anchor in Shark River for a week to come."

No answer was returned, however, save the whistling and booming of the winds through the rigging of the schooner. "Sharks all gone?" asked one. "Well, let 'em go," the other gruffly replied. "The jig is all up with us this time; so let's turn in and get some sleep."

In fact the fellows were over five hours behind the "time" that was fixed upon for their appearance. And the consequence was that a brutal murder and a great robbery, which had been long planned to come off at twelve o'clock on that very night in New-Jersey, never happened.

And another murder and another robbery, but conceived and arranged by other men, to occur that very night in the Carlton Hotel in New-York, was also prevented, but through a very different set of circumstances.

About twenty minutes past nine o'clock in the evening, while Doctor Du Bois and his gallant young detective, Fred Wilson, were engaged in a pleasant conversation about indifferent matters, a man suddenly knocked at the door and entered without further ceremony. He was dressed in the shabbily genteel style. His manners were those of a real loafer but pretended gentleman; staggering slightly as though under the influence of drink; his heavy lips were swollen and his small eyes inflamed; a large forehead, a short red nose, rather large ears, a thick black beard, stout arms and legs, a corpulent stomach, a coarse and strong voice. Unannounced, unpermitted, the dissolute and disagreeable stranger walked about the apartment, (which was the doctor's private office, also used by Fred as a bed room, at the head of the first broad flight of stairs,) and seemed to be

amusing himself, in a half maudlin manner, with the doctor's large collection of valuable foreign curiosities. While thus staggering and peering about, but with a slightly foreign accent, he hoarsely began to sing:—

"When I was a young lad,  
My fortune was bad,  
If e'er I do well 'tis a wonder.  
I spent all my means  
Amid sharpers and queans,  
Then I got a commission to plunder.  
I have stockings, 'tis true,  
But the devil a shoe,  
I am forced to wear boots in all weather,  
Be d——d the boot-sole,  
Curse on the spur-roll,  
Confounded be the upper-leather."

"What will you have, stranger?" asked the doctor kindly, rising and walking to where the intruder stood.

"Ha, ha! hurrah, hurrah! ha, he, ho, ho," laughed and shouted the fellow. Then suddenly and comically checking himself, he said—"All I can get, mister, and as much more as you've a mind to give me."

"Stranger!" demanded the doctor, with the firm and quick energy of a fearless man, yet fired by the excitement of sudden apprehension—"State your business!"

"By thunderbolts," replied he, with another burst of coarse laughter—"now that's kind of you. Well, come—I'll tell you. Once I was a quarrelsome soldier in Uncle Sam's employ. Now I cheat death, and get whisky-money, by catching fish along Shark River away down and over in the Jarseys."

The doctor, although considerably excited, appeared perfectly cool and collected. Without betraying the least sign of trepidation, he tapped the annoying visitor

on the shoulder and ordered him peremptorily to "Leave the room."

With an expression of indescribable comical stupidity on his bloated but jolly face, and with a drunkard's disgusting indifference to decency and others' rights, and in his maudlin manner of address, he said, "Don't be alarmed. Don't give up the ship. Fisherman's luck. Never say die. Live and let live. Jersey fish and Jersey whisky. Them's my sentiments. Open field and fair fight. 'Sa't and battery every night. Them's my sentiments."

While reeling off these disjointed sentences, he managed to find in one of his pockets a slip of writing-paper, which, with the fumbling clumsiness of an intoxicated man, he finally presented to Doctor Du Bois, accompanied with a rollicking bit of unasked advice, "Sir, jest you read that President's message."

Immediately the doctor proceeded to read aloud, so that his assistant detective could hear every word, as follows:

deer doctr do boys—jack flemmer wil han yu this, i no a man in room no. 23 and he is agoin to rob yur hirun box to nite, i no him he alus dus wot he Ses an he is ben boring heare 2 das on a purpis i no yu wus again Out to nite an he noed it tu an the deede he wil du if he Shedd's yur blud for he's mad at u fore sain to mistrugleston he wus no beter nor a vyllin an i no jack flemmer is rite an no feers fur im i no yur fren wilsun an he nos Me an he wil sa wot i sa is the trooth—O mi god doctr do boys i hoop yu wil bee spard to du yur doty so no moar at prisint frum yur fren  
nelly makfarland.

"Nellie MacFarland!" exclaimed the doctor, interrogatively, as soon as he had finished reading the awfully written and worse-spelled letter—"Fred, have you positive knowledge of any such person?"

Young Wilson with the utmost difficulty concealed his

embarrassment. His thoughts fled backward some six years to the Globe Hotel in Duane street. It was through Nellie's instrumentality that he, (Wilson,) acting under the motive of fear and the consequent coercion exercised upon him by the tyrant Captain Nelson, effected an entrance into the kind-hearted Doctor Du Bois's sleeping room. He recalled all the circumstances of that resentful robbery. Sudden mortification and regretful misery for a moment prevented utterance. Apparently taking time to recollect, however, he soon replied, yet rather dreamily and indefinitely,

"It seems—to me—that the name—is that of a—of a kitchen girl—who used to work—in a—in a down-town hotel."

Turning to the staggering and singing stranger, the doctor asked, "Where can I find the writer of this message?"

"Hurrah! ha, ha, ho, ho! Come now, that's jolly!" said the drunken and comical visitor; then he continued, "Thunderbolts! Some streets away. Trip up the ladders to mast-head. Four stories from the ground-floor. Back room. Under the sky-light. Broken out. Rain washing in. Sick young woman on the straw. Nellie putting cinders on the fire. Three hungry children. Tea and bread—know where it is, sir?—know where she lives, now, sir?"

"Wilson," said the doctor, "shall we call in a policeman to arrest this fellow for outrageous trespassing, or shall we heed this warning, and reward this interloper for bringing the note from Nellie's attic?"

"One moment, sir," said Wilson promptly. "Retain the fellow till I step down to the desk. The proprietor, or the gentlemanly clerk, will inform me at once who occupies room No. 23."

Noisy groups of men were clamoring in the office on

political topics. But the energetic and quick walking detective crowded his way up to the hotel register. He rapidly examined the recorded lists of names for three days back, and found that two nights before No. 23 was taken by a man who had clumsily written his name, "John B. Myers, Albany, N. Y."

Wilson immediately beckoned to the book-keeper, who at once drew quite near, so that, in whisper tones, Fred asked, "Is Mr. John Myers, of No. 23, among the crowd of men in this office?"

Instantly the clerk's searching eye caught a glimpse of that gentleman. He cautiously pointed him out to Wilson. "Aha!" said he to himself, as his steady black eyes rested on the features of an old member of the secret association—"Dick Lindsay, eh?"

Next moment the young detective returned to the doctor's office. "All right, sir. Reward this honest intruder, but only on condition that he will let me accompany him to Nell MacFarland's attic."

"Who's occupying No. 23?" asked the doctor.

"An old hotel-thief," replied Wilson. "There's no blacker villain, no meaner sneak-robber, out of New-Jersey, than this same Dick Lindsay."

This unexpected intelligence gave the doctor a disagreeable and mysterious sensation. "Marvelous!" exclaimed he. "Last night a voice came to me in a dream saying, 'Guard your property and your life.' Already' eh? my midnight dream is a reality! O marvelous world!"

Then turning to the New-Jersey fisherman, who was beginning to behave somewhat more like the civilized citizens of other states, the physician handed him a small gold coin, and said, "Present my most cordial compliments to the person who wrote that warning letter. As for yourself, notwithstanding the discourtesy of your

New-Jersey style of entering other people's premises, here's hoping you will catch as many fish as ever swarmed into the great net of St. Peter."

## CHAPTER II.

"THE spiritual world  
Lies all about us, and its avenues  
Are open to the unseen feet of phantoms  
That come and go, and we perceive them not,  
Save by their influence, or when at times  
A most mysterious Providence permits them  
To manifest themselves to mortal eyes."

*Longfellow.*

FRED WILSON found Nellie's dark and squalid attic. He took good care, however, not to enter the apartment. Nellie, now grown to vigorous womanhood, came outside. They conversed in subdued tones on the landing of the stairs. Her warm, impulsive Irish heart overflowed the moment she heard his voice. Suddenly drawing his face to her with her strong hands, she actually kissed him, first on one cheek and then on the other. Then the tears of joy streamed down her ruddy face, and she sobbed and cried dreadfully.

"Hush, Nellie," said Wilson, sternly. "Now about to-night's adventure at the Carlton Hotel. What do you know about it?"

"Oh! God be good to us!" she replied, half frightened and still crying. "God help us!"

"Tell all—every thing—quick, quick! Not a moment to lose!"

And Nellie began: "The poor sick craythur's brother, Jack Flemmer, sur, coom to visit her, and brought a big bag full of fish; and, sur, as he was walking the streets



sur, he spied Dick Lindsay—the miserable ould vagabond of a murderer, an ses he to Dick ses he, and where the divil are ye sthaying? And then ses Dick ses he, ‘At the Carlton Hotel,’ ses he; then ses Jack ses he, an whin did ye coom, an where do ye slape, an what the divil are ye fishing for? An then Dick Lindsay went on walking in the streets, saying nothin at all at all.”

“Be quick, Nellie, quick! How did you find out what Dick was trying to do at the hotel?”

“An shure, sur,” replied she, “an’ don’t I do the washing and all the mendin’ for police-captain Nelson; an’ did not he say in my own very hearing, (the ould villain!) that the rich ould Frinch doctor at Carlton’s would *bleed* this very night; an’ shure, sur, didn’t I know that the bloody craythur of sin allus done what he promises?”

Bidding the Irish Nellie good-night, and leaving a valuable piece of silver in her hand, promising to see her again, and telling her to “keep still,” young Wilson made all possible haste back to the office.

“Doctor,” said he, as soon as he could catch his breath, “Nellie MacFarland has saved your life.”

“What, sir?” said he, “saved my life! How?”

“She washes and irons and mends for one Captain Nelson, and he carelessly let out to her the secret plot to murder and rob you!”

“Indeed! Very well. Now how shall we proceed?”

“This Dick Lindsay,” replied Wilson, “is nothing but a sneak thief. Of himself, he could do no harm to any body. Nelson runs him as a steam-engine turns the shaft and wheels of a boat. If we let him know that he is ‘spotted,’ that’ll be the last of him. Captain Nelson can be checkmated on some other plan.”

“Very well,” said the doctor, evidently highly charmed with the rapid and reasonable suggestions of his assistant. “You will immediately ‘spot’ him, eh?”

Wilson bowed politely and disappeared. He proceeded to the office, requested the obliging clerk to approach Mr. John Myers, and ask him a moment into the hall leading to the door that opened on Broadway. The young detective also requested the gentlemanly clerk to accompany Myers, and listen to what would pass during a short conversation. Wilson waited calmly, and presently the two individuals approached.

“Mr. John B. Myers,” said Wilson sarcastically, and yet authoritatively, “got a trunk in your room, in number 23?”

“No, sir,” he said, much agitated.

“Got a carpet-bag, or a sack of any kind?”

“What business is that to you?” asked Myers, savagely and brusquely.

Wilson fixed his steady, dilating black eyes upon the villain, then slowly raising his fore-finger, with a significant motion and warning gesture, he said—“Hark, sir! Captain Nelson’s murderous plans can’t be carried out in this hotel. Now, sir, if you want to keep out of State-prison a few weeks longer, follow my advice: leave this city within two hours; and mark, Dick Lindsay! as you value your life, keep away from New-York. Dragon! *I* know you.”

At this unexpected mention of his *real* name the fellow quailed and trembled with deadly fear. And what alarmed him still more was the secret password “dragon,” which for years was used among the “devils,” in their subterranean “hell” on Long Island. Wilson’s tall, commanding form overshadowed him, and so paralyzed his will that he could hardly move a muscle. “March!” said the authoritative voice of the young detective; and on the instant the terrified robber fled out into the fearful blackness of that stormy night.

Thus was begun the dreaded labor of reaping and de-



stroying the fruits of the trees of evil. And we have the blessed assurance that in all works of this nature the angels of heaven are ever present to cheer, to counsel, to strengthen, to purify, and to save.

### CHAPTER III.

"The waves of fiery darkness 'gainst the rocks  
Of dark damnation broke, and music made  
Of melancholy sort."—*Pollok*.

DETECTIVE WILSON and Doctor Du Bois locked and bolted themselves into their comfortable office. The world was now shut out, and they were safe. Immediately they commenced a conference concerning the existence of social destructive elements and secret criminal organizations. The philosophical physician very naturally wished to sound the young man on these topics; and, if necessary, he meant to endeavor to *convert* him to principles of justice, virtue, righteousness, and loving-kindness.

"Fred," began the doctor, in a social and confidential voice, "what is the *cause*, think you, of so many burglaries and inexplicable murders in New-York?"

"Because," said Fred, "there are organized bands of burglars and assassins in the very heart of this city."

"Why do you think so, my young man?"

"Don't *think* any thing about it, sir; I *know* it."

"Know it!" echoed the doctor in an undertone of surprise. "How came you to know it, Fred?"

The question startled and uncontrollably excited Wilson's nerves for a moment. But with firmness and such assurance, he replied, "Robbers, counterfeiters,

and assassins, sir, can't carry their tools and concealed weapons, and commit their boldest crimes upon peaceful and law-abiding citizens, and then get away from the police, and keep out of way of all authorities, unless they train each other and associate themselves together, and thus form bands for mutual aid and protection."

"Ah, very well," said the doctor. "But, Fred," he continued, "what is the *cause* of such men forming themselves into companies antagonistic to the lives and property of good men?"

"Humph," grumbled Fred, "such men justify themselves."

"What do I hear?" hurriedly asked the doctor. "What do you say, Fred—that thieves, ruffians, robbers, murderers, and lawless characters generally, *justify themselves* in the commission of their cowardly and bloody deeds?"

"Yes, sir," replied Fred firmly—"they do! And this way they do it: The chieftain makes a speech before his crew of stinking devils, and says, 'A king, when he wants more kingdom, raises an army of murderers and marches them into a peaceable country. He don't skulk about with his men and keep shady till after midnight, as we poor devils are obliged to do, and why? Because his men outnumber ours at least an hundred thousand to one of us. Now, devils! we want not land, but money and jewelry. We organize to do what the great kings do under a like motive. But we are weak in numbers, and must do our work in the *dark*. We kill only one or two to get property, while the powerful kings kill.....thousand—'"

"Fred!" exclaimed the doctor vehemently—"Fred," you astound me. Great God! Do robbers and assassins justify themselves?"

"Certainly, doctor," replied the detective; "and this

is how they do it. The captain makes a speech to his devils, and says: 'A New-York merchant has a mountain of money. He didn't honestly make that mountain. He tricked it all out of the pockets of folks who trade in his store. We devils want a mountain of our own. But we an't mean. So we won't trick the poor folks, as the bankers and the tradesmen do, every how, but we'll keep a sharp lookout and trick the old big-bellied cove what owns the mountain.'

Astonishment seemed to overwhelm Doctor Du Bois. The young detective's revelations of a robber's theory of justification surpassed any thing he had ever heard. Upon those topics, however, he resolved to start no new questions at present, but asked: "These characters must be known to the police. Now, Fred, why are they not caught and brought to justice?"

"Oh! that is easily answered, sir," said Wilson. "The fact is, sir, there exists an official or a political conflict between the judges and the policemen, and the organized criminals know all about it."

"What conflict do you refer to?" the doctor inquired.

"The Judges, sir, belong to one party, and the Police to another; between the two, all crimes in the city are committed, and the head-devils are permitted to escape arrest."

"A serious charge, Fred—a very serious charge indeed," said the doctor. "What further can you state about it?"

Detective Wilson answered: "A policeman, sir, does not want to make an enemy for his political party; neither does he wish to make an enemy for himself personally. A great city like New-York, sir, is governed by men who obtain their offices by the votes of hosts of ignorant citizens and criminal characters. A Judge often gains political power by siding with and discharg-

ing from custody the characters who helped to elect him—the ignorant citizens and the robbers and assassins; while the Police force on the other hand, by which the ruffians were arrested and brought before the courts, has made for itself, and also for the policemen individually, as many dangerous and formidable enemies. So long, sir, as there shall exist this political antagonism between the Judiciary and the Police, so long will thieves and assassins flourish in this great city and continue to escape punishment."

A protracted pause ensued. The first to break the silence was Doctor Du Bois: "Fred, do you know Captain Nelson?"

Wilson involuntarily trembled from head to foot. He quickly covered his face with his hand to conceal the sudden paleness of his features. Then, in a tremulous, half-petulant voice, he replied—"Perhaps I do, sir."

This remarkable manifestation of nervous excitement in the young man did not escape the observant, practiced eye of the physician. Appearing, however, not to have perceived the agitation, he asked—"Do you regard him as an honest and efficient member of the detective service?"

"Sir," hurriedly and fiercely said Wilson, with a perfect torrent of indignation—"Sir, Nelson should have his arms tied behind his back and be forced to walk the plank. An executioner should fasten a cord of strong hemp around his cursed neck. Then, sir, without the prayers of a father confessor, he should be compelled to weigh anchor and sail straight to hell."

"A terrible fate!" said the doctor, with a tone of disapprobation and commiseration. "Fred," he added, "a bloody reign will begin when you become supreme judge!"

Wilson murmured angrily between his teeth, but

made no reply. He seemed lost in thought, and abstractedly drew a long-bladed knife from his pocket. While so absorbed, he quietly wiped the bright steel blade carefully on the corner of his red bandanna handkerchief, sharpened it a little on his boot, then suddenly but still abstractedly shut the formidable weapon, and returned it to its own place. All the time, seemingly, he was lost—sadly, angrily, tumultuously lost—in the dark recesses of painful retrospective thought.

"Fred," interrupted the doctor, taking from his pocket a bright button attached to a piece of woolen cloth, which had evidently been torn in haste from a coat or sailor's jacket, and extending it toward the young detective—"Fred, that was found near the murdered body of Miss Bridgston, some three years ago. A poor sailor, named McRiggy, was tried, convicted, and hung for the murder. In my opinion, Fred, Captain Nelson knows more about that terrible deed than any other living man. You may take this little piece of evidence, and see if you can link it into the clothes of that remarkable policeman. Take your own time, and your own method, Fred; and remember this: Do nothing that will publicly compromise, or in any degree involve in unnecessary trouble either yourself or me."

Wilson's black eyes dilated and glowed and glittered, and actually seemed to dance with a wild, savage, triumphant delight. He, however, politely took from the physician's hand the button and cloth; put the little "job" carefully away in the side-pocket of his vest, silently bowed, and pleasantly smiled his glad acceptance of the important mission.

## CHAPTER IV.

"Oh! welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,  
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings,  
And thou unblemished form of Chastity!"—*Champion*.

MISS PHOEBE MILTON, who, as the reader remembers, is Lawyer Ruggleston's wife's unmarried sister, at last made up her mind to act upon the suggestion of the distinguished French physician; who is now vigorously operating as a self-appointed and self-salaried New-York detective, in the cause of justice and the science of human improvement. The reader can not but sympathize with the feelings of delicacy and reluctance which for weeks kept Mrs. Ruggleston's sister from the desired investigation.

At length, however, a letter was carefully prepared and written by Miss Milton, purporting to be an application for treatment from a Miss Laura Brookfield, of Baltimore., Md, and addressed to "Madam La Stelle, No. —, ——— street, New-York." Although several weeks before the time specified for confinement, yet Miss Brookfield said in her letter that she wished to make all suitable preparations as early and as secretly as possible; wanted to engage a first-class room in Madam's renowned establishment, and begged the privilege of having one or more female servants at her command, if necessary. The amount of compensation demanded was of no moment, as her means were ample.

Madam La Stelle's reply was prompt and satisfactory. A room was immediately made ready for Miss Brookfield, and she was informed that she might enter the es-

tablishment as a boarder and prospective patient at once, if she so wished.

One evening, therefore, soon after this correspondence, the Baltimore patient arrived. She paid the coachman, in the presence of the lady doctress, for her ride from the wharf. A small black trunk was deposited in the hall, as Miss Brookfield's only piece of baggage, and then the coachman disappeared.

All these little devices, taken in connection with the correspondence which was invariably mailed from Baltimore, completely covered up the fact that the patient was a citizen of New-York.

"Miss Brookfield's baggage is limited," said the shrewd, quick-sighted, prompt, and business-like doctress.

The reader will recall Lawyer Ruggleston's brief description of Miss Milton's mental characteristics and large societary experience. She was naturally a public-spirited and very capable woman. Promptly and cordially, therefore, and without the least show of embarrassment, she replied:

"True, madam, but as I have friends in this city, with whom I shall spend most of my time during my stay with you, my wardrobe can at any time be replenished sufficiently to meet all my necessities."

Miss Milton occupied herself, reading and sewing in her very pleasant room, during three successive days. She had her meals brought to her, was careful not to attract observation; and kept herself, as far as practicable, isolated and unknown. On the evening of the third day, Madam La Stelle called for the first time upon her Baltimore patient. As soon as she had seated herself for a conversation, Miss Milton immediately alluded to the financial question, and begged to be permitted to advance one hundred dollars on account of board

and prospective treatment. This entirely novel and original proposition so astonished and overdelighted the susceptible madam, that she had not a particle of strength wherewith to decline the acceptance of so large a sum. She became suddenly warm-hearted, and was inclined to take a very deep interest in her Baltimore patient.

"Many fine ladies who come to me for treatment," she said, "appear feeble and anxious. But, Miss Brookfield," she added, smiling admiringly, "you look young and as fresh as a maiden."

Miss Phœbe Milton's intuitive knowledge of character helped her to see through this flattering compliment. But her purpose was to lead the celebrated abortionist into pleasant confidences concerning the *causes* which led her to adopt a profession so fearfully at variance with all the sacred ties of nature. Therefore, she modestly drooped her head, and made an effort to blush. Then she sighed pathetically, and said,

"Ah, madam! I fear that I am but a poor remnant of beauty. I have seen much trouble in my time."

Madam La Stelle, not stopping to notice that there is a world-wide difference between seeing trouble and experiencing trouble, said sympathizingly, but energetically, "Been led, undoubtedly, into your trouble by some heartless villain?"

Miss Milton sighed heavily, and hid her face in her handkerchief. Thus she concealed her real confusion.

Madam's heart was really touched with affectionate sympathy. "Better get rid of your trouble at once," said she kindly; "then, dear, you will be *as free* as the villain who misled you."

Miss Milton inwardly thanked God that the *very heart* of the object of her delicate mission was thus so soon reached, and so agreeably unfolded by the renowned

abortionist herself. And yet she trembled with veritable anxiety, lest the thread of the discourse would be by some mishap broken, or hopelessly interrupted. How to feed the fire of confidential conversation without appearing to, and how also to elicit answers to the essential questions, without appearing to ask those questions, exceedingly puzzled even Miss Milton's cultivated and quick-sighted intellect.

Again she undertook to blush. After considerable hesitation, she lowered her voice almost to a whisper, and asked, "Madam, pray tell me how am I to get rid of my trouble?"

"When's your time for confinement?" she inquired.

The patient signified that perhaps four months hence. "Oh! then," said the doctress, "as your health is sound, take my treatment immediately, and thus without risk make yourself free."

"Oh! no, no!" exclaimed the 'patient, agonizingly. "Nature must not be balked. It is dreadfully wrong, madam; it must be very, very wicked."

"Pshaw!" said she disdainfully, "what matchless sim-  
pletons we women are!"

"O dear Madam La Stelle," nervously replied Miss Milton, "pray don't be angry with me. I am dreadfully alarmed."

"No, dear, not for the world would I be angry with you," said she. "But women *do* so dreadfully try my patience."

"In what respect, madam?" she timidly asked.

"Because they so easily go astray, and so frequently get themselves into trouble; and then they have so many dreadful qualms of conscience—are so feeble-minded and so self-reproachful—that the graceless profligates make all sorts of fun of them—and well they may!"

"Do you give such treatment to all who come into your establishment?"

"Oh! no, dear," she quickly replied. "Patients take their choice. Some choose 'Still and Lost,' others 'Live and Found.' And my treatment and charges correspond. But if girls and married women take my advice they wouldn't have a child until they really and sincerely wished for one."

"Why, madam!" exclaimed Miss Milton with a genuine and moral surprise, "do you really and truly justify abortion and infanticide?"

"I wouldn't be a single hour in this establishment if I didn't," she rejoined with hard and bitter emphasis.

"Merciful heavens!" said the inquisitive patient. "Pray, madam, tell me why are you in this disreputable business?" (She was about to add other words, such as "atrocious," "scandalous," "criminal," and "satanic," but her discretion saved her from offending the plain-spoken doctress.)

"Many years ago, dear Miss Brookfield," began the abortionist, "my drunken and brutal husband forced me to have children. Under the rapes of that drunken villain—I say 'rapes,' dear, because I hold that all intercourse between the sexes when not mutual, whether in or out of marriage, are rapes and adulteries and nothing else. Well, dear, those rapes compelled me to bring into the world three feeble, deformed, and half imbecile children."

"God gives, and God takes away," suggested Miss Milton; which, in fact, was her genuine sentiment, for she was a through-going member of the Orthodox Church.

"Oh pshaw!" irreverently said madam, "what egregious nonsense! Oh, women are so dreadfully silly! As if God sent miserable children to me through the

rapes of a drunken beast of a husband! Pshaw! what lamb-like, silly nonsense!"

"O madam! your expressions frighten me awfully," said Miss Milton.

"O pshaw!" she replied impatiently, "just hear me through."

The amiable patient assured her that she would listen. Whereupon madam continued:

"One day my mind was made up. My position in society was unexceptionable. I said, 'I don't want to lose caste, or impoverish myself, by leaving my husband.' He held the abundant purse, and was in all things my master. Then, as the next thing, I resolved to keep my trouble to myself, appear cheerful and agreeable in society, but rid myself of every thing that resulted from the sensuality of my hated legal lord."

"Did you keep your resolution?" asked the attentive Miss Milton.

"Oh! yes, indeed!" she quickly replied. "And what's more, I helped other ladies of my acquaintance to free themselves from like incumbrances. When my husband died, and our property was all sold to pay his debts of intemperance and for years of beastly debaucheries, my mind was made up again."

"What did you do?" anxiously asked the patient.

"This grand establishment is my answer." And immediately she added, "My doctrine is that girls should be as free as the villains who betray them. And what is more, dear, I don't believe it is any more right for a woman to have an unwelcome child than it is for a man to force one upon her. And I mean to do my best, if the dear unfortunates will only pay me roundly for the risk I am continually taking of being convicted and sent to the penitentiary for life—do my best to create more equality between men and women in the sexual relation."

"Madam La Stelle!" said Miss Milton, "your sentiments positively shock me."

"O pshaw!" she murmured with a contemptuous emphasis. "Women are such silly things! Let them suffer as much as I have. Suffering will open their eyes, and it is to be hoped that they then will see two inches beyond their silly notions."

"Don't you love children?" asked the patient. "I don't understand how you can possibly find the heart to prevent one from being born."

"Do I love children!" exclaimed she. "Of course I do—or, rather, perhaps I should say that *I used to!* But since the death of those three miserable idiotic imps and images of a drunken brute, I see nothing in children to love; that is, I mean nothing in such young ones as come in opposition to all the best feelings and contrary to all the prayers of the mother."

"But, madam," asked Miss Milton, "is it not impossible for a true and virtuous woman to wish to destroy her unborn child?"

"Impossible?" she returned with sharp emphasis. "O pshaw! how preposterous! What consummate sentimental simpletons all inexperienced young ladies are! Why, dear Miss Brookfield, if you had ever had any *real* trouble of this nature, you wouldn't ask me a question so everlastingly foolish!"

"Perhaps not!" said Miss Milton, with a successful show of being highly offended.

Suddenly a house-servant tapped at the door and called for madam. She arose, with calmness and dignity, patted the pretended patient kindly on the cheek, and went directly out; thus leaving the half-overwhelmed lady-detective to her own cherished feelings and reflections.

Very early next morning she hurriedly packed her

trunks, ordered a carriage, and without waiting to see madam, hastened like an affrighted bird to the residence of Lawyer Ruggleston.

## CHAPTER V.

"My will fulfilled shall be,  
For, in daylight or in dark,  
My thunderbolt has eyes to see  
His way home to the mark."—*Emerson.*

WE return to Doctor Du Bois and his agreeable detective, Fred Wilson.

It was long past the midnight hour when they separated to gain some rest and sleep. Wilson's bed was situated in an appropriate recess at the farther end of the office. The doctor's sleeping apartment was in an adjoining room connected with the office by a door; so that each had quite an easy access to the other's room without first going into the outer hall, which is customary in most hotels where a large number of single bedrooms are in constant demand.

The physician's mind was, however, too excited for sleep. His thoughts busied themselves in reviewing the unexpected occurrences of the night. He reflected and speculated upon the probable prolongation of his life in consequence of the notes of warning brought by that drunken Jersey fisherman from Shark river. With amazing rapidity his thoughts traversed the sphere of departed and existing circumstances by which all the curious and exciting events had been made both possible and actual. By regular degrees of reflection he arrived at recollections of the strange mood and surprising acts of his assistant detective when the name of Captain Nel-

son was mentioned. The doctor did not altogether like young Wilson's uncontrollable and dangerous symptoms of murderous excitement.

"What!" said the doctor to himself, "can it be possible that this young sailor has in his feelings some animosity toward Captain Nelson?"

Suddenly the sound of stealthy footfalls reached his ear. They came from the office, and from feet not clad with anything heavier than stockings. He listened breathlessly, and waited long for a repetition of the startling sounds. All was still as a graveyard. For at that early morning hour even the inmates of a New-York hotel are lost in the semi-death trance of profound slumber. The shadowy suggestions of a supernatural existence, at such an hour, frequently mingle with the dreams of the peaceful sleepers.

Again the sound of rapidly moving feet in the office. Instantly the doctor imagined the possibility that, notwithstanding their precautions of bolting and firmly locking the door, the burglar and would-be-murderer might be at that very moment committing his nefarious depredations. But this supposition the doctor immediately and willfully banished from his thoughts. It was particularly absurd, because the ceaseless vigilance of young Wilson's lightning-quick black eyes would detect the presence of the robber and assassin. To the doctor the eyes of his assistant never seemed to sleep. But a more frightful imagination instantly succeeded and eclipsed the other, and started a new train of the most fearful reflections.

"Who is this strange, nervous, melancholy young sailor—this Fred Wilson?" the physician asked himself. "Have I not relied too confidently and implicitly on my own judgment of human character?" Rapidly he reviewed all the peculiar circumstances and confidential



conversations which had brought them so intimately together. Then the doctor recalled, with blood-chilling minuteness, the knife-sharpening process, and instantly connected the act with all the other subsequent attitudes and menacing gesticulations of young Wilson; and then he thought—"What if Fred, who seems to know so much about the personal habits and mental justifications of criminals, is himself an assassin and a robber in disguise!"

With this terrible and not wholly irrational imagination operating as a motive for prompt action, Doctor Du Bois hastily prepared himself, lit his private metallic night-lamp, and cautiously opened the office-door and entered.

No other light, no other person, was anywhere visible; and no sound, save the heavy breathing of young Wilson. To his experienced medical ear, however, that breathing was decidedly unnatural.

Noiselessly the physician approached the bed and turned his light full upon the young man's countenance. It presented a remarkably fine and yet startling appearance. His features were fixed and pale as death. His black, curly, and abundant hair was accidentally disposed in beautiful and graceful clusters on the snow-white pillow, and his wavy beard looked like the mane of the majestic lion as it rested upon his heavily-laboring bosom.

Why did the physician suddenly exclaim "My God"? Because the young man was apparently on the verge of apoplexy? No! Because of the beauty and majesty of the sleeping detective? No! Why, then, did he repeat, "My God," and ask aloud, "can it be possible"? Here is the answer: Because, with the swiftness of the photographic impression, the physician's eye saw in the prostrate form and lovely pale face before him a wonderful

*likeness.* On the wings of the spirit-lightning his thoughts flew back to his patient of years ago—the image of that divinity which had so long lived in his faithful heart and swayed his destiny—the adorable Sophia del Aragoni of New-Orleans!

## CHAPTER VI.

"STRANGE World, with its phantasmic show;  
Deceitful in its beams;  
A world of happiness and woe,  
Reality—and dreams."—*Tuttle.*

THE young man's unnatural and helpless physical condition demanded immediate medical attention. Doctor Du Bois, therefore, diagnosticated the symptoms and found them to be those of catalepsia; which, according to the medical authorities, consists of a total suspension of sensibility and voluntary motion, and generally, also of mental power; the pulsation of the heart and the breathing continuing, the muscles remaining flexible, the body yielding to and retaining any given position, in which respect it differs chiefly from ecstasy. This condition sometimes lasts from a few hours to several days.

But while examining the patient, and moving his hands and limbs about in order to restore normal circulation, the doctor observed a rapid change or rather transfer of symptoms. According to the physiologists, Wilson's state would now be denominated ecstasy; which, it is said, also consists of a total suspension of sensibility and voluntary motion, and mostly of mental power; while the muscles are rigid, the body erect and inflexible; the pulsation of the heart is felt, and the breathing not affected. The exciting cause of this disease is generally



supposed to be some mental affection. It differs from catalepsy and trance in the inflexible and rigid state of the muscles, and the obvious continuance of the breathing and the heart's action.

And yet, notwithstanding the unmistakable presence of cataleptic and ecstatic symptoms, the magnetically-minded physician decided that young Wilson's state of unconsciousness was perfectly normal. His philosophy was this: that the condition of trance is simply a *natural* state to the soul, intellect, or spirit—a waking life to the mind's finer senses—when the external avenues of sensation are closed, and when the spiritual feelings are measurably emancipated from their customary corporeal imprisonment.

The doctor instantly recalled analogous cases he had met in his extensive readings. In the eighth volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh he had read the case of Mary Lyall, who slept a continuous slumber of nearly *six weeks*, and yet who, on being fully restored to her ordinary consciousness, believed and declared that her sleep had been not longer than *one* night in duration.

"Strange mind!" said the doctor to himself, contemplatively: "what priceless prescience in thy intuitions! How quickly before thee does all earth fade away, and how soon it ceases to feed and inflame thy desires and passions! How the shadows of impending events flit across thy sleepless vision. Immediately thou enterest the penetralia of truth. Future occurrences mingle freely with thy present consciousness; and these perceptions excite not the least anxiety or surprise in thee; because time and space vanish like errors in thy God-like omnipresence. Strange sleep! which rolls the restraining earth away from spirit into space, and brings

hope and happiness and thoughts teeming with wisdom from realms of immortality."

These metaphysical thoughts, and fine feelings far too sacred for expression, occupied the physician's mind; while, with his hands, he continued to magnetically treat the unconscious Fred Wilson. The rigid symptoms soon yielded and gradually vanished, and a state of comfortable muscular flexibility was restored. Pulsations and respirations resumed natural conditions. The expression of the countenance indicated a return of ordinary sensibility.

"My dear young man," said the doctor, with heartfelt sympathy in his deep, sweet voice, "can you answer me a few questions?"

For a time the young detective gave no sign of mental consciousness.

Still, however, the magnetic hands moved with increasing power through the air over the patient, and again the question, "Wilson! can you hear my voice?"

Only a shudder and a long-drawn sigh in response.

"Come, Fred!" said the doctor, with some sound of authority in his voice—"Do you realize where you are?"

Silence for a few moments. Then groans and moans escaped his parted lips, which looked pale and incapable of speech. Suddenly the patient relapsed, and the symptoms of catalepsy again supervened. The doctor then administered a homeopathic remedy, and for a time left him to his seemingly painless and tranquil condition.

Having dressed and prepared himself for breakfast—for the day had long since dawned—Doctor Du Bois went to his desk to write a note to his friend Lawyer Ruggleston. Immediately he noticed a sheet of paper on which some one had recently written these words—

"Save my son from crime! He is now in your power!"

Over and over again the conscientious physician read this remarkable request and this incomprehensible announcement.

"Who is the unknown father of this unknown son, whom some person is implored to save?" The intelligent medical gentleman was completely baffled. "It seems like fiction," he continued. "Am *I* the person referred to in this mysterious communication? and if so, who are they whom I am thus mysteriously called to serve?"

He hurriedly penned a line begging a call from Mr. Ruggleton, and forthwith dispatched one of the hotel errand boys to the lawyer's office. Then, after first satisfying himself that the young man was entirely comfortable, although in a complete cataleptic trance, the doctor went to his breakfast.

## CHAPTER VII.

"WHEN I was a boy, it was all my joy  
To rest in scented shade,  
When the sun was high, and the river nigh,  
A musical murmur made."—*Cornwall*.

THREE days and three nights Wilson had remained mentally unconscious. Faithfully the doctor watched and waited upon his patient. On the morning of the fourth day, however, the symptoms rapidly disappeared, and young Wilson was thus fully returned to his customary state, with the exception of a weary weakness which seemed to pervade his entire body. He had no memory of any thing that had happened, and could form no conception of the lapse of time. His appetite soon revived, and in the course of the day he ate and drank nourishing pre-

parations, and by evening was sufficiently invigorated to walk about the hotel.

Next morning, soon after breakfast, a well-dressed gentleman arrived. He immediately sent his card up to Doctor Du Bois. On being admitted to the office, he presented a note of introduction, which read thus:

LAW OFFICES OF MESSRS. RUGGLESTON, STRYKER & SYRDAM,  
No. 29 Wall Street, New-York,  
December 20, 1839.

SIR: The bearer of this, the Rev. Silas B. Richardson, D.D., whom we do not personally know, but who is most favorably commended to us by one of our New-York clients, seeks an interview with you relative to the peculiar nature and extent of your investigations, in which he avows himself very profoundly interested.

Hoping the acquaintance will prove mutually agreeable and beneficial, we subscribe ourselves, with assurances of great esteem,  
Yours, &c.,

RUGGLESTON, STRYKER & SYRDAM.

To  
DOCTOR LA FORCE DU BOIS,  
Carlton Hotel, N. Y.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"THE quality of mercy is not strained;  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

*Shakespeare.*

THE Reverend Dr. Silas B. Richardson was a middle-sized, well-proportioned man, apparently forty-five years of age, with the bluff address of an old-fashioned rough and ready country parson. His head was large and fairly developed, especially large at the base, and sloped rapidly toward a bony bridge at the top, which was respectably bald; while a mass of thick, coarse, grizzly-

gray hair gave his brain-piece the general character of of a man of sturdy common sense, but quite deficient in literary cultivation. The general expression of his countenance, however, was far less promising; there was in his light watery blue eyes and about his heavy-lipped mouth a look of shrewdness, hypocrisy, sensuality, and treachery.

"Monsieur," the doctor began politely, "you come to speak of poor people and the criminals of New-York, eh?"

"Hav-in a little tay-em to giv-e," said the drawling-voiced visitor, "I beg-ged an intro-duction for this purpose. Like th' de-vine Lee-der and Mas-ter, I'm told you go a-bout doo-in good."

"By way of penny charity and trifling alms-giving," replied the doctor smartly, "my services to the poor of New-York are of no account."

The peering and object-hunting eyes, and the uncertain expression in the features of Mr. Richardson, afflicted the observing doctor with an indescribable feeling of uneasiness. The feeling made him reserved and cautious. He was greatly relieved when young Wilson—paler than usual, trembling with weakness—entered the office. After the slight ceremony of introduction—which seemed immensely to interest the hunting eyes of the clergyman—the sick and sad-looking detective walked feebly away and dropped wearily down upon his bed.

"A you-ng friend of yours?" asked the reverend gentleman, at the same time critically eyeing and measuring Wilson from head to foot.

A polite bow, and an affirmative gesture with his hand, was the doctor's only reply.

"Al-mayghty Goud in hay-s many-fold marcies," said the visitor, "giv-s to hay-s peeple the poo-r as a purr-pete-ual leg-gay-see."

Suddenly the feeble and pale young Wilson sprang from his prostrate position. A terrible destructive fire blazed and flashed in his steady black eyes. He advanced rapidly, but with a firm step, looking as invincible and determined as a powerful giant.

"Dragon of hell!" he said savagely, at the same instant grappling the reverend Silas B. Richardson by the collar and throwing him headlong upon the floor. "Lie there! you hypocritical villain."

The doctor interposed immediately in behalf of the groaning and pleading visitor. "Fred," said he, "your mind wanders, I fear; a delirium is still possessing your brain."

"God knows!" exclaimed the young detective; "I have struck down a thief, a spy, and a forger."

Richardson stoutly and vehemently contradicted and positively denied every thing; and yet he looked at Wilson and begged and groaned and plead for his life.

"Doctor!" said Wilson with commanding energy, "this man must be instantly arrested. Please, sir, at once call an officer."

A hotel servant was immediately called and dispatched for two or more policemen.

Richardson jumped immediately upon his feet and made a rushing spring for the door. His countenance was wonderfully changed from a smooth-shaved and grave-faced clergyman to that of a corrupt and withered agent of evil. Wilson caught him by the shoulder when he had reached the door and suddenly hurled him with terrible violence against the floor. He seemed like a mere helpless child in the giant grasp of the pale-faced detective.

"A dragon's life," said Wilson to the doctor, with a revengeful sternness, "is not worth all this trouble."

"All life is sacred," replied the doctor, in a decided tone of expostulation and admonition.

A look of inexpressible contempt and abhorrence shone out from every part of Wilson's face. His eyes flashed angrily, and his whole body trembled and quivered with a wild fury. But he stood still, and made no answer to the physician's philanthropic remarks.

The sound of footsteps on the stairs and a smart rap at the door. Three officers of the police entered.

In the meantime Richardson had arisen, and was looking about for an avenue of escape. He began to move toward the door of the doctor's sleeping apartment, but was closely followed by the vigilant and invincible young man.

At that moment Fred Wilson presented to the beholder's eye a perfect picture of personal beauty and kingly majesty; but alas! a picture, also, of a youth whose heart and ardent nature were strangers to the sunshine and tenderness of pure affection. He seemed to be heartless and merciless—and in reality he *was* exactly what he seemed to be: and why? Because, from his very beginning, the poor boy had been homeless and motherless. But the generative powers and enkindling essences of his ancestors and immediate progenitors had attained in him both organization and expression. He was free from concealment and hypocrisy, but passionate, rash, impetuous, retaliatory, cruel, and revengeful; and yet, notwithstanding the percussive violence of his inherited temperament, young Wilson had honor, truthfulness, industry, sentiment, enthusiasm, and an indescribable love of sweet and tender strains of music. What a picture! Behold him standing guard over the cowed and terrified Richardson close by the doctor's bedroom door. You see a tall, gentlemanly, commanding figure—

a profusion of black curly hair, black glossy whiskers, curling long moustache, harmonious features, steady and fiery black eyes, and a pale face, at once expressive of energy and hopelessness, of true womanly sentiment and merciless cruelty. You behold in him an embodiment and illustration of parental characteristics, combined with the moulding effects of circumstances in the development of individual organization and career. He is, like an explosive chemical compound, at once safe and dangerous. Every thing depends upon the skill, the patience, and the judgment of those who have the management of such fearful agents of either immense good or immense evil.

When the policemen entered, Doctor Du Bois politely addressed them and said, pointing to Richardson, "Arrest that man."

All three officers suddenly and simultaneously exclaimed, "At last!" They actually committed the indiscretion of clapping their official hands with irresistible emotions of triumphant satisfaction.

"At last!" Yes, and so it will forever be with evil doers and criminals. They sow to the wind and reap the whirlwind. "At last!" after more than seven years of diligent looking about in the villages and cities and crime-haunts of the vast republic of the Western World. "At last!" after long and perilous journeys, made under the stimulus of immense rewards, to Ireland and France, to England and Italy, "At last!" the officers of law and order and justice have the unutterable pleasure of laying their legal hands upon the prince of counterfeiters and the most successful of forgers, the renowned George Cantrell! He, like other criminals and doers of evil, fancied himself beyond recognition and detection. He had ventured, after years of absence, to return to New-York. Already Captain John Nelson had enlisted him in the diabolical enterprise of robbing Doctor Du Bois,

and then by intrigue or stratagem stabbing to the heart his formidable and most direful enemy, young and honest Detective Wilson.

To this end George Cantrell employed his remarkable imitative penmanship, and had forged a letter of introduction from the Wall street legal firm to Doctor Du Bois.

"At last!" the time had come when the prepossessing forger Cantrell must take in his own hand the sword of truth, which is invariably two-edged and just; and, thus armed, he must go forth a miserable wanderer in the thorny fields of his own inner life, and there reap the bitter fruits of the seeds of crime, which he had for many years been sowing broadcast among his fellow-men.

## CHAPTER IX.

"If love be sweet, then bitter death must be;  
If love be bitter, sweet is death to me."—*Tennyson*.

As soon as the policemen had departed with the forger, and all the consequent excitement was over, young Wilson resumed his prostration on the bed.

The reserved and thoughtful physician regarded the young man with a countenance indicative of mental uneasiness and painful forebodings.

"My God!" he exclaimed to himself. "Here is a terrible human instrument; the invention of a mysterious combination of ante-natal forces. His nature is at once noble and malevolent. A secret destructive fire is burning in his blood and within the very fibres of his brain. He is independent as a millionaire, and proud as an emperor. Elects to live apart from his fellow-men, in a

state of contemptuous isolation. And like Nemesis, he seems to execute justice, to discern truth, through the double darkness of his wonderfully black eyes."

Thus the doctor delineated and reflected, in silence. Meanwhile, young Wilson's face grew paler, and he moaned sadly, like a person in great bodily pain and mental distress.

The bachelor physician, being fond of rich and beautiful objects, had handsomely furnished his office, and bed-chamber. Among other comforts, near his medical library and cabinet of choice medicines, he kept an elegant side-board always locked, all the best varieties of wines and liquors, arranged in handsome flasks, and two or three decanters of celebrated brandies. He mixed a tumblerful of brandy and water, and proceeded to administer the dose to young Wilson.

The young man smelt the brandy aroma, and hesitated.

"A small portion," said the doctor, "to warm your stomach and quiet your nerves."

With a serene and grateful expression of countenance, Wilson replied, "Pardon me, doctor. My stomach revolts. Wines and liquors do not serve my nature. I hate them, and I also hate tobacco in all its forms."

"Why, Fred!" said the astonished doctor. "Do you really never indulge in any of these agreeable and gentlemanly habits?"

"Gentlemanly!" returned Wilson, disdainfully, and then ejaculated twice—"Dragons! dragons!"

Immediately the doctor seated himself by the bed-side and firmly laid his right palm on the young man's cold left hand. He meant to soothe the yet excited detective, and also to interrogate him closely on many of his personal dispositions and characteristics.

"You puzzle me greatly," said the doctor. "Your nature and disposition seem to conflict and war together."

"I am sorry for you," said Fred, coldly and sadly, with a peculiar, distrustful, and half sardonic smile.

"Criminals and other unfortunates seem to excite you beyond your self-control," remarked the doctor.

"Well," said Fred, coldly, "why shouldn't the hellish dragons excite me?"

"Young man," returned the doctor, admonishingly, "you seem to be instantly possessed with an uncontrollable passion for vengeance; and that, too, against individuals who are strangers to you, and who have, therefore, never harmed you in any manner?"

"*Villains!*" said Wilson, warmly and emphatically, "the villains came from the belly of hell, and they ought to be sent straight back to hell."

"Your strong expression," said the doctor, rebukingly, "is heartless. The human world," continued the benevolent man, "is but one family; all the individuals in it are relatives; no one is positively independent. The poor depend upon the rich, and the rich depend upon the poor; the very worst man is own *brother* to the very best man; one class of individuals are low and another class are high, as in physical nature there are valleys and streams *because* there are mountains and springs."

Young Wilson was evidently lost in thought. But quick as thought can change, he returned to his first alarming and heartless assertion, and added—

"And, sir, in my opinion, the old hell-bent villains shouldn't have such a blubbering and praying psalm-singing fuss made over them, just before going to the gallows. Why, sir, if all accounts and professions and confessions are true, the kingdom of heaven must be populated principally with angels who were once the most hellish murderers. The priests convert every devil of them before execution, and away the hell-born imps sail straight into a damn jolly paradise! No sir! If I had my way,

every bloody murderer should spread his canvas, and be forced to make twenty knots an hour for the hottest harbor in hell!"

"Would it not be better, and infinitely more praiseworthy," asked the doctor, "if you should habitually turn your thoughts toward God, and a possible heaven of everlasting happiness?"

"Sir," he frankly replied, "I think I do not believe any thing in that direction."

"Indeed! Do you never attend any of the city churches? Do you never listen to discourses on religion?"

"Whenever on shore," replied the candid young man, "I am regular at the Roman Catholic services, although I never take any interest in the religious part of them."

"Why, then, do you attend?"

"For the music, sir, and for nothing else."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the doctor, with animation. "The prayers, the sermons, pointing the heavenly way, the appeals in behalf of pure principles—do not these things interest you?"

"If I believe any thing," said the pale young man, sadly, "I believe in the almighty and awful trinity—Devil, Damnation, and Hell."

"Indeed, Fred! Do you really believe in a devil?"

"Certainly, sir! I think he must have been my father, if I ever had one."

"Ah, you jest! young man," said the doctor, gravely.

Wilson fixed his great black eyes on the doctor, and said, firmly and sadly, "Sir, why then am I overflowing with destructive fire, and emitting suffocating smoke, like a hell-hot volcano?"

The doctor wished to change the subject and asked, "Why do you take such delight in music?"

"Within me," replied the frank-hearted detective, "is

a restless and hungry craving for sweet, soft strains—that's all I know about it

"What sensations, or what memories, do you experience when listening to most agreeable music!"

"Well," said Fred, meditatively, "I don't know that I ever thought much about it. It is a *feeling*! I seem to dream of bright days. I hear happy words. Weary hours vanish. I am rested. The world's noises sound like swaying woods and rolling waves. I weep like a silly girl. At such times, sir, it seems as though I might love another. Unless I hear such music, sir, my bosom burns with *hate* toward every body! Sorry to say it, sir, but my feelings are bitter, and my impulses murderous toward utter strangers—men and women and children—who have never done me the least injury; all the same in my feelings as though they had been my life-long enemies. I feel this way, sir, when I pass them in the street. This terrible impulse is less troublesome on ship-board, sir; on shore, where all noises are hellish, I am sometimes maddened. On land, sir, every thing looks devilish disagreeable. I hate the ground for its wet and mud. I hate the weather for its air-blasts and drizzling storms. I hate the very streets of New-York for their straggling crowds of human villains, and because I see plodding horses dragging carts and omnibuses through the damn black mud. The very houses and shops seem hateful. But, sir, if I attend a concert, or the Catholic church on Sunday evenings, a few strains of sweet, soft music restore my reason and warm my better self, and for the moment I fancy I have both the sentiment of hope and the feelings of happiness."

With intense interest the doctor listened to every word of this free and full confession.

"Your expressions of hatred to every thing and every body," said he, "recall to my mind the contents of a

letter I once received from a Cuban lady, who was a resident of New-Orleans, and was at one time a patient of mine. She expressed herself as strongly and as unqualifiedly as you do; but *her hate*, however, was bestowed specifically and mercilessly upon New-Orleans, and upon every body and every thing in that city, indiscriminately; while it seems *your feelings of hate* are universally diffused, and *your sanguinary impulses* yield to nothing so quickly as to strains of music."

Suddenly the doctor started to his feet and commenced to pace the floor. He was evidently under an intense excitement.

"My God! my God!" he articulated, in an under-tone to himself. "Madam Sophia Del Aragoni, the adorable creole widow, was *pregnant* when she conceived and nourished her bitter hatred for every thing and every body in New-Orleans! My God! what if this remarkable Fred Wilson should prove to be *the lost son* of that extremely charming woman?"

Then he suddenly recalled the striking *likeness* he had fancied he had for a moment discovered in the young man's pale and attractive countenance, during his recent cataleptic and ecstatic entrancement.

Hurriedly he walked to the bed and commenced a searching analysis of young Wilson's features. In vain! He could trace not the least resemblance. His beaming face suddenly looked heavy with a heartfelt disappointment.

"Young man," said the doctor slowly, "you remarked that, sometimes, when listening to music, you felt as though it was possible for you 'to love another.' Now, Fred, if you feel at liberty to answer, I will inquire whether or not you ever really loved any lady?"

"Doctor," he replied, promptly, "I never had any other feeling than the bitterest contempt for females."



"Indeed!" exclaimed the doctor. "Have you not, during your long sailing voyages, been tempted to accompany your comrades into the haunts of profligacy and vice?"

"Never!" said the young man, indignantly. "For such excitements, sir, I have a terrible abhorrence."

"Remarkable!" said the physician. "And yet, your experience in this regard is like my own, with the exception that I am not conscious of any abhorrence or hatred toward my fellow-men. You confess, Fred," continued the doctor, "that you sometimes feel as though you could love another?"

"Ay, sir," he quickly replied; "but then I know that I should demand her entire existence. I should be a jealous tyrant. My whole nature would be exacting, merciless, and all-controlling. If I should ever meet a human being in whom my nature could find happiness, I fear that both of us would be very soon the most hateful and wretched of devils out of hell."

At that moment the office-door was unceremoniously opened by a servant, who in a coarse voice announced "a gentleman." The doctor promptly rebuked the impolite waiter for the outrageous incivility of neglecting to knock and wait until he received an answer from some person within. Then he extended his hand and cordially welcomed his friend Lawyer Ruggleston.

## CHAPTER X.

"BRAVE thoughts are pioneers of mighty deeds;  
They stir the sea of souls, as winds control  
The currents of the surge, which ever roll  
Where'er the boundary of the ocean leads."—*Stewart.*

THE physician's favorite guest, Lawyer Ruggleston,

gave a detailed circumstantial narration of his sister-in-law's visit to the establishment of Madam La Stelle. He related how, after Miss Phœbe Milton had escaped from the fearful woman and had fairly intrenched herself in her own room at home, and felt safe, and out of excitement, a reaction suddenly came upon her, and that from that hour she had been exceedingly nervous, attacked with severe headaches, and almost prostrated with fever symptoms.

"Ah! monsieur," said the sympathetic physician, "most deeply do I deplore these painful effects. My pleasure will be immense if I am permitted to render appropriate reparation." Then he added, sadly, "But Monsieur Ruggleston, is it not enormously remarkable that women thus fly from each other?"

"Under the circumstances," he replied, "I think it is not remarkable. Madam La Stelle, you are aware, is secretly and illegally attacking the very foundations of societary morality and private virtue."

"In what manner?" asked the doctor.

"Why, sir, under the guise of a private lying-in hospital, she is practicing infanticide and abortion on a large scale. Now, doctor, I ask you: does not such a practice exert an unfavorable influence upon female virtue? Does it not directly increase the temptation to licentiousness?"

"Masculine virtue is openly assailed," politely replied the doctor, "and masculine prostitution is undoubtedly increased."

"Men are all right," said the lawyer, rather facetiously. "Female virtue, however, and social morality and good order, are what our marital laws and domestic institutions were made to protect and perpetuate."

"Have you a foundling hospital in New-York?" asked the Doctor.



"We Americans," the lawyer replied, "agree with the people of many of the German states on this question. Public sentiment here is decidedly antagonistic to foundling hospitals. We think they encourage prostitution and increase the number of illegitimate children."

"An erroneous theory," remarked the physician, "is the mother of evil practices. Among all nations there is a certain proportion of men and women who, by force of their inherited temperaments and the influence of circumstances, conduct themselves contrary to the established laws of virtue and social order. These persons give rise to the institutions of licentiousness, and illegitimacy in progeny. Now, inasmuch as, for illustration, sailors provide themselves against storms, and duly prepare to stem adverse winds and tides in all seas, and thus save their ships; so, why should not social and national captains, with equal foresight and discretion, provide wholesome protective institutions, whereby the general good may be subserved by those who antagonize with the interests of the obedient millions?"

"Private charity can do much for foundlings," replied Mr. Ruggleston. "Personally I don't approve of legalizing foundling hospitals and other licentious institutions. What virtuous individual is willing to be taxed enormously to support the illegitimate children of parents who ought to bear the expenses consequent upon their criminal licentiousness?"

"There are natural and fixed laws regulating conjugal infidelities and parental transgressions," said the doctor. "Observation, and a just judgment derived from studying the experience of the citizens of all nations and for hundreds of years, should teach us that the evils of foeticide and infanticide are immensely increased in all countries where no provision is made to prevent those evils in the form of foundling hospitals, wherein, as in France

and Russia and Spain, the best educational advantages and many refining social privileges are accorded to each little stranger child of either sex."

"The virtuous instincts of humanity," replied the lawyer, "naturally abhor illegitimate children. All nations have enacted severe laws to punish the guilty parents; and yet it would seem the crime of infanticide, or the heartless desertion of illegitimate children, has not been materially checked."

"Ah! very true, Monsieur Ruggleston," said the doctor. "This, sir, is true, because what you call the 'virtuous instincts of humanity' are not enlightened. Oldest nations are invariably the most barbarian. Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and Chinese, indicate how vicious is an unenlightened virtue."

"Doctor!" interrupted the legal gentleman, "your remarks are rather vague. Please, sir, have the goodness to express your sentiments in plain, direct language."

"Certainly, monsieur!" he replied, cheerfully. "My thought is this, sir: A public morality, a popular virtue, which consigns to perpetual disgrace a child because of its illegitimate origin, is an immoral morality and a very vicious type of virtue."

"Alarming strong!" said the lawyer. "But pray proceed, sir; for the subject, doubtless, is vital to a Christian civilization."

"Maternity," continued the extremely earnest physician, "is a miracle of both body and soul! No woman can become a mother without struggling with imminent perils and pain. Her very existence is involved. Therefore, sir, a child is sacred; a divine wonder, a revelation."

"Doctor," said Mr. Ruggleston, "your high and transcendental views are accepted not even by women themselves, are they?"

"Individual parents," he replied, "do not often, I am aware, think these holy thoughts. On the contrary, married men, especially if poor, often say to their wives—'Don't bring any more hungry mouths to feed!' Well, sir, what follows? The hard-working wives are mortified and offended. They live under a legal sanction by which they virtuously yield to the vicious passions of their husbands; then, sir, they swallow patent medicines and seek private abortionists in order to prevent an increase of family."

"Granting all you say, for the sake of the argument," said the lawyer, "the question arises, What's your remedy?"

"The spiritual exaltation and legal recognition of woman's world-producing works," the doctor replied, with hope and faith beaming upon his countenance.

"Confound metaphysics," said the lawyer. "Please, doctor, state explicitly and plainly your best thoughts on the question."

"Incomprehensible, eh?" said the doctor, smiling incredulously. "Is it metaphysical to assert a woman's fundamental and absolute *right* to the wealth and love and worship of the world, when it is known beyond dispute that the world and all it contains arrived by and through her direct mediatorial instrumentality?"

"Well, Doctor Du Bois," said the lawyer, with a look of skepticism in his eyes, "what have you to say of abortion and infanticide and illegitimacy?"

"Abortion, monsieur, like infanticide, is a crime against nature, and for which unpardonable crime your virtuous society is responsible; because your virtuous society condemns to hopeless infamy every child which is introduced to the world without having upon its back the seal of State. America is a new republic, monsieur. Why can not woman's divine function of maternity be

exalted? Why can not every child, born in the image of the great Creator, be provided with a nurse and a home?"

"Ah, doctor!" said the lawyer, "your plan is still open to this objection: It tends to immorality, to increase prostitution, and to augment the army of illegitimate children."

"My God, monsieur!" exclaimed the doctor, warmly and somewhat impatiently, "do you not, sir, openly avow and advocate a heartless and merciless standard of virtue, which leads females directly and continually to fœticide and infanticide? Do you not see, sir, that your theory, in practice, develops on one hand a mighty host of libertines and courtesans, and on the other a large army of celibates and self-pollutionists? Oppose foundling hospitals and you increase child-murder?"

"We must crush out licentiousness," said the lawyer firmly and thoughtfully.

"True, monsieur, very true, sir," the doctor replied. "But, sir, is not crime in the social world exactly what a thunderbolt is in external physical nature? Avoid the shaft of lightning and you remain unscathed; avoid the causes of crime and you promote virtue. We must begin, sir, to build society upon broader and deeper principles of love, and truth, and justice. Conjugal infidelity and illegitimacy in offspring will certainly accompany and embarrass the march of humanity, on the same principle that tempests and destructive earthquakes will accompany the growth and revolutions of the physical world. All efforts to mercilessly condemn and destroy these irrepressible concomitants, will inevitably weaken all just and wise efforts to rectify evil with good."

"With your theory, doctor," asked the lawyer, "what would you do with such a social monster as Madame La Stelle?"

"Ah, it is my intention to call at once upon the lady, sir, and persuade her, if possible, to convert her grand establishment into a benevolent lying-in hospital and a children's aid association, which are now so much needed in your great city."

"Too late, doctor, too late," replied the lawyer, exultingly. "It seems you are not posted in current legal intelligence. Madame La Stelle has been arrested and duly committed. It was brought about by the parents of a young and beautiful girl who died while the infamous woman was operating upon her for abortion. And perhaps you have not heard that my tenant over in Hudson street, Doctor William Morte, has been convicted of a similar crime and sent to the state prison for life, and his red-headed clerk for a snug little term of only twenty-two years."

"Madame La Stelle arrested!" exclaimed the sympathizing physician. "Doctor Morte in prison for life!"

The two gentlemen remained silent and thoughtful for a long time. At length the doctor said, meditatively, "How true it is, sooner or later, every one is obliged to reap the fruits of all the evil seeds he or she has willingly or unwillingly sown!"

## CHAPTER XI.

"FINALLY won! Is the wife like the maid?"

Read here the answer as plain as a book;

Trusting, in thine, a soft hand is laid;

Boldly in thine the loving eyes look.

Ah, it is well! and we need not be told

The love of thy wife is more precious than gold!"—*Poet.*

LAWYER Ruggleston could not tear himself away

from the attractive society of Doctor Du Bois. They sat face to face and conversed like brothers concerning many interesting things and events. Addressing the doctor, Mr. Ruggleston said:

"You seem to be a firm believer in female chastity?"

"Ah monsieur!" said he, "I am a devout believer in the chastity of true men as well as true women."

"Indeed!" ejaculated the lawyer. "Then you really do not make any distinction in this particular between good and true men and good and true women?"

"Monsieur Ruggleston," said the physician, "is it not plain that the social advantages and personal liberties of a man are immensely greater than those of a woman? And do not men frequently and treacherously involve women, and then desert them in their helplessness? And even then, with all such disadvantages and after such treacherous treatment, is not woman's heart faithful and her pure love unchanged?"

"You study human nature, doctor, while I am consulting Bacon, Blackstone, and other legal authorities; so you will not expect me to reply intelligently."

"Monsieur," said the physician, "among the *causes célèbres* I have found a case in point. It is written in the quaint style of the last century. But it illustrates how a young man, aided by his father, tried to forsake a maid after involving her; and how she, with faithful affection and rare eloquence, saved him from the executioner."

"Please, sir," said the lawyer, "read the case; it may instruct and amuse us." Doctor Du Bois immediately opened the old book, and in deep, rich voice read as follows:

"In the year 1594, a young gentleman, whose family dwelt in the town of Sues, in Normandy, came to the university of Angiers in order to study the law. There he

saw Renée Corbeau, the daughter of a citizen of that place. This amiable girl was young, prudent, handsome, and witty. Though her parents were not rich, yet she inspired in the heart of the young student a passion so vehement, that he was unable to enjoy a moment's easiness when she was out of his sight. He found means to introduce himself into her company, and love inspired him with such eloquence, that, in a very short time, he was no less agreeable to her than she to him; and their attachment became so fervent, that in his transports he offered to espouse her, and gave her a solemn promise in writing. The young woman, urged on by the violence of her passion, and agreeably deluded by his putting this paper in her hands, forgot all her prudence, and granted him all he desired. The consequence of this fair one's tenderness was her being with a child. This constrained her to acquaint her mother with what had happened, who told it with all the circumstances of mitigation she could devise to her husband. The young woman was then sent for into their presence, and after her parents had reproached her in severe terms, they began to consult about the means by which her error might be repaired. The result of their deliberations was that he should make an appointment with her lover at their country-house, and thus give her parents an opportunity of suprising them together.

"This scheme was effectually carried into execution, and while love alone possessed the heart of the young innamorato, fear entered on a sudden, and became the stronger passion of the two. The sight of a father and mother, enraged at the injury done to their daughter, banished for a time the idea of his charming mistress from his heart. He thought of nothing but how to pacify them; and, in order to this, he assured them that his intention was always honorable, though he might

have made use of some indirect means. The father and mother of his mistress then began to put on an air of satisfaction; but at the same time told him, that, in order to evince the truth of what he had said, it was proper, that he should give their daughter a contract of marriage. Knowing no other way to escape, he yielded, with a seeming readiness; and a notary public being brought to the house, the business was immediately dispatched, and the young man bound to marry the lady, however his sentiments might alter afterwards.

"The moment he had put his hand to this instrument, it filled him with disgust. Those charms, which had pierced his heart a few hours before, now lost their force, and the fair one, from being the most lovely of her sex, now appeared the least agreeable. After a few days, he left her abruptly and returned home to his father, to whom, without the least reserve, he related the whole series of his adventures, and the unlucky event by which they were closed. The father was a man in good circumstances, who valued riches much more than the finest qualities of the mind: he was, therefore, extremely chagrined at this story of his son's, and absolutely disapproved of the match he had made. But how to avoid it was the difficulty. The old gentleman at last told his son there was but one way left, and that, if he would regain his favor, he must follow it immediately. The young gentleman was all obedience, and, in pursuance of his father's directions, he entered into holy orders, and was actually ordained a priest; so that now it was impossible for him to perform his contract.

"Renée Corbeau heard this news with the utmost grief, nor was it possible for her to dissemble the anger she had conceived against her lover, for committing so black an act of perfidy. It is very likely, however, that her wrath would have vented itself in complaints, and all her threat-

enings evaporate in words ; but her father, being as much provoked, and having less tenderness, immediately accused the young man before the magistrate for a rape or seduction, and on hearing the cause he was found guilty. However, he appealed to the parliament of Paris, and the cause was moved to the Tournelle, where Monsieur de Villeroy at that time presided. On hearing all parties, the behavior of this young gentleman appeared so gross and capable of so little alleviation, that the court decided that he should either marry the woman or suffer death. The first was impossible, because he had taken orders ; the court, therefore, directed that he should be led to execution. Accordingly, he was put into the hands of the executioner, and the confessor drew near, who was to assist him in his last moments. Then it was that Renée Corbeau found her bosom agitated with the most exquisite affliction, which was still heightened when she saw the pomp of justice about to take place, and her lover on the point of being led to the scaffold.

"Furious through despair, and guided only by her passion, she rushed with such impetuosity through the crowd, that she got into the inner chamber before the judges were separated, and then, her face bathed in tears, all in disorder, she addressed them in the following terms : 'Behold ! my lords ! the most unfortunate lover that ever appeared before the face of justice. In condemning him I love, you seem to suppose that either I am not guilty of any thing, or that, at least, my crime is capable of excuse, and yet you adjudge me to death, which must befall me with the same stroke that takes away my lover. You subject me to the most grievous destiny, for the infamy of my lover's death will fall upon me, as I shall go to my grave more dishonored than him. You desire to repair the injury done to my honor, and the remedy you bring will load me with eternal shame,

so that at the moment you give your opinion, that I am rather unhappy than criminal, you are pleased to punish me with the most severe and most intolerable pains. How agrees your treatment of me with your equity, and with the rules of that humane justice which should direct your court ? You can not be ignorant of the hardship I sustain ; for you were men before you were judges. You must have been sensible of the power of love, and you can not but have some idea of the torment which must be felt in a breast, where the remembrance dwells of having caused the death, the infamous death, of the dear object of her love. Can there be a punishment equal to this, or, after it, could death be considered in any other light than as the highest blessing of Heaven ?

"Stay ! oh ! stay, my lords ! I am going to open your eyes. I am going to acknowledge my fault, to reveal my secret crime, which hitherto I have concealed, that, if possible, the marriage of my lover might have restored my blasted honor. But, urged now by remorse of conscience, I am constrained to confess that I seduced him. Yes, my lords, I loved first ! It was I, that to gratify my passion, informed him of my attachment, and thus I made myself the instrument of my own dishonor. Change then, my lords, the sentiments you have entertained of this affair. Look upon me as the seducer ; on my lover as the person injured ; punish me ; save him. If justice is inexorable, and there is a necessity for some victim, let it be me.

"You look upon it as a crime that he took holy orders and thereby rendered it impossible for him to comply with his contract ; but this was not his own act ; it was the act of a barbarous father, whose tyrannous commands he could not resist. A will in subjection, my lords, is no will at all to deserve punishment. The offender must be free ; his father could only be guilty ;

and were he not the father of my love, I would demand justice of you on him. Is it not clear then, my lords, that your last sentence contradicts your first? You decreed that he should have his choice to marry me, or to die, and yet you never put the first into his power. How odious must I appear in your eyes when you choose rather to put a man to death, than to allow him to marry me! He has declared that his present condition will not allow him to marry, and, in consequence of this declaration, you have condemned him to death; but what signifies that declaration? his meaning was, that he would have married me if he could, and if so your sentence is unjust; for, by your former decree, he was to have his option. But you will say a priest can't marry. Ah! my lords, love has taught me better. Love brings things instantly to our minds that may be of service to the object of our loves. The pope, my lords, can dispense with his vow: you can not be ignorant of this, and therefore his choice may be yet in his power. We expect every moment the legate of his holiness; he has all the plenitude of power delegated to him which is in the sovereign pontiff. I will solicit him for this dispensation, and my passion tells me, that I shall not plead in vain; for what obstacle will it not be able to surmount, when it has overcome that of your decree? Have pity then, my lords! Have pity on two unfortunate lovers; mitigate your sentence, or, at least, suspend it till I have time to solicit the legate for a dispensation. You look on my lover, 'tis true, as a man guilty of a great crime; but what crime too great to be expiated by the horrors he has already sustained? Has he not felt a thousand times the pains of death since the pronouncing his sentence? Besides, could you enter into my breast, and conceive what torments I have endured, you would think our fault, foul as it is, fully atoned. I see among your lord-

ships some who are young, and some who are advanced in years; the first can not, sure, have their breasts already steeled against the emotions of a passion natural to their sex; and I may hope the latter have not forgotten the tender sentiments of their junior years. From both I have a right to pity; and if the voices for me are few, let the humanity of their sentiments prevail against the number of their opponents. But if all I have said is vain, at least afford me the melancholy pleasure of sharing his punishment, as I shared his crime. In this, my lords, be strictly just; and, as we have lived, let us die together.'

"This amiable woman was heard with equal silence and compassion; there was not a word lost of her discourse, which she pronounced with a voice so clear, and with a tone so expressive of her affliction, that it struck to the hearts of the judges. Her beauty, her tears, her eloquence, had charms too powerful not to incline the most frozen hearts to think with her. The judges receded unanimously from their opinions. Monsieur de Villeroy having collected their sentiments, and declared that he agreed with them, proceeded to suspend the last edict, and to allow the criminal six months to apply for a dispensation.

"The legate immediately after entered France. It was the great Cardinal de Medicis, afterward Pope, by the name of Clement the Eleventh, though he enjoyed the chair not quite a month. He heard the whole of this affair, and inquired narrowly into all its circumstances, but finding that he took holy orders with a premeditated design to avoid the performance of his contract, he declared, that he was unworthy of a dispensation, and that he would not respite such a wretch from the death he deserved.

"Renée Corbeau had a passion too strong to be over-

come; she threw herself at the feet of the king, Henry the Fourth. He heard her with attention, answered her with tenderness, and going to the legate in person, requested the dispensation in such terms, that it could not be refused. He had the goodness to deliver it to the lady with his own hands; the criminal gladly accepted Renée for his wife; they were publicly married, and lived long together in the happiest union. He always regarded his wife as a kind of divinity, by whose interposition his life had been saved."

## CHAPTER XII.

"DEAD—for the want of a crust!  
Dead—in the cold night air!  
Dead—and under the dust,  
Without ever a word of prayer.  
In the heart of the wealthiest city  
In this most Christian land,  
Without ever a word of pity,  
Or the touch of a kindly hand!—*Chambers.*

THE ensuing four weeks were memorable to the doctor and his assistant detective.

They adopted a programme of voluntarily visiting the destitute homes and haunts of the industrious population—worthy mechanics and energetic women who, because of the business and financial prostration of 1837, and the rigor of the succeeding winter months, the severity of which reached a fearful climax about the first of March, were obliged to send to the pawnbrokers every saleable article, in the panic-stricken struggle to stave off death; and thus desperately impoverished, and thus fearfully exposed to the terrors and desolations of the season, and

in many cases utterly houseless, they were by force of direst circumstances compelled to huddle and pack themselves together in miserable quarters, in the dirty attics and leaky rooms of cheap tenements; void of every comfort, and in violation of every sensibility of delicacy and refinement. The merciless pinchings of hunger, and cold, and nakedness, drove numberless persons into social and moral bankruptcy, men and boys into robbery and crime, and women and girls into prostitution, and into wretched and hopeless dissipation.

But yet there were among these thronging sufferers, as there always are in every large company of human beings, high-minded women and brave-hearted girls who although unknown and unrelieved in their death-threatening necessities, remained personally pure and strong in the right. And there were also strong and true men and noble-souled boys, who, though unpitied and unrecognized in the midst of their almost death-pangs, remained superior to pauperism and mendicancy, and above every temptation to rob bakers' wagons, tear down fences for fuel, and to every suggestion leading to the commission of crime.

In his peregrinations and observations, Doctor Du Bois found that his knowledge of the laws of human magnetism was of great assistance. They unlocked to his mind many of the mysteries and miseries of human nature.

He observed, for example, that where there existed from the confluence of external circumstances the largest aggregations of idle persons, men and women, and boys and girls, there the largest mass of moral evil was rapidly developed and most strongly intrenched. He recognized at once the stimulation of a compound magnetism emanating from individuals. A pernicious and vigorous growth of minute vices and petty crimes commenced immediately. Individuals, before known and respected



as mentally sound and morally good, became suddenly involved (at first unwillingly) in the vicious manifestations of these human circumstantial and magnetic associations. Thus the producing causes of many species of crime appeared exceedingly and painfully distinct.

Now the benevolent doctor, it will be remembered, was a firm believer in, and a devout worshipper of the idea of HOME. The family system for the development of both young and old he regarded as some people regard the holy church and the sanctuary of religion.

On the other hand he was positively an enemy to all congregated institutions, like the imposing monastic establishments of Europe; wherein a high type of personal responsibility is impossible, because it is overwhelmed by official teachers and religious dignitaries, who govern and misdirect the individual life by the sceptre of power which they exert upon the impersonal mass.

The doctor, therefore, despaired of ever seeing emanate from the aggregated religious systems any thing resembling a high and self-sustaining type of manhood or womanhood. He, however, regarded the young and triumphant republic of the United States with unbounded hope and unrestrained enthusiasm, because he seemed to see the immense opportunities and natural encouragement which America furnished for the highest developments of individual character, through the constructive instrumentality of the independent HOME.

The following language embodied the doctor's views on this subject. "God ordained the family to be the fundamental social institution. In it are the roots of individual virtue and happiness, and of national strength and prosperity. All political and social organizations should be shaped, so far as possible, with a view to foster and strengthen this primal institution, and to preserve intact its essential features; to wit, separate homesteads, in

which may be constant indulgence of parental and filial affection, extending to kith and kin; the natural relations of sex, and the mutual influence of various ages. Where these are enjoyed in homesteads, with a portion of land, there is the type of the family. Where such families are multiplied, and spread over even an ungenial soil, the people flourish and cling to it with the tenacity and vitality of grass; and national life is healthy and secure. . . . Now all institutions which ignore or nullify any of the essential features of the family are, in so far, unwise; those which persistently nullify them are wrong; imitations of the natural family on a large scale are not only by necessity imperfect, but they are always difficult, and sometimes dangerous and pernicious. The family is, moreover, the most powerful remedial agency which exists in any community."

In a New-York journal appeared the following description of circumstances and scenes in the great city, which most faithfully and accurately pictures the discoveries and observations made by Doctor Du Bois, and his young assistant, Fred Wilson.

"The art of sinking from a high social position to a lower one is peculiarly that which persons out of employment learn. Commencing at a fashionable boarding-house, they frequently go through all the gradations of furnished rooms, cheap hotels, lodging houses, and the station-house, sustaining life during the process by messes procured from the cheapest restaurants.

"Houses let out in apartments are plentiful in New-York, and differ from each other vastly in kind and degree, ranging from the elegantly furnished room, occupied by the bachelor of leisure, to the bare attic of the tenement house, let out to lessen the rent, and containing as little furniture as a cell in the Penitentiary, and that of an inferior quality.



"The prices vary, of course, according to location. The east side of the city contains the most of the more inferior class, as well as the majority of cheap hotels. East Broadway, Henry, and Madison streets, and, in fact, the whole of the Seventh Ward, contain them in great abundance.

"It is considered more respectable to rent a room in a private house than in one of the lower class of hotels. The latter contain from twenty to one hundred rooms, though there are several that have a far greater number. They are said to be kept on the European plan, probably for the reason that Europe possesses nothing that in the least resembles them. Some have a bar and restaurant attached, though this is not usual.

"The articles found in the bedrooms are usually in a very dilapidated condition. The floor is bare, or at most a narrow strip of carpet beside the bed, which is sometimes of iron. If, however, the occupant is compelled to sleep in a wooden nest for vermin, his situation is pitiable. The raspberry-like odor of the bug is seldom absent, and while roaches abound, the little creature that sticketh closer than a brother is frequently present. A three-legged chair, rickety washstand, with handleless pitcher and chip-edged basin, constitute the furniture, while a frameless looking-glass, with most of the quicksilver rubbed off its back, gives a distorted reflection to a face already unhappy, without being compelled to view his own degradation.

"These hotels are open all night for the accommodation of wayfarers, and this of itself, together with the air of dirty dissoluteness that pervades such places, is apt to have a demoralizing effect on the lodgers. The prices for a night's accommodation range from thirty-five to sixty cents per night. Still cheaper hotels can be found, which

supply beds for twenty-five cents, one, even, in addition, giving the lodger a cup of coffee in the morning.

"In one of the busiest streets of this city is such an inn. In a basement, dimly lighted by a flaming oil lamp, are twelve beds ranged around the wall, each with a number at its foot, and the guests, like those in public institutions, lose their personal identity, and become figures of arithmetic on entering. The walls are damp and green with moisture, and the odor is almost unendurable. Parties enjoying these accommodations will do well to use their clothing and shoes for pillows, as without great watchfulness it is almost impossible to retain any articles of wearing apparel. Persons passing through Roosevelt, James, Dover, or other streets of that kind, may have remarked roughly-painted sign-boards over basements containing the words "Board and Lodging." Happy they if their knowledge does not extend beyond this outside view. The board is coarse, and is composed, in some places at least, of what has been begged during the day from charitable persons or restaurants, and consists of a variety of articles, or, as also happens, it is composed of what has been bought at a nominal price from such hotels as sell their leavings. The lodgings can only be appreciated when seen. The room has generally two or more large beds surrounded by dilapidated curtains, which rather give it a ragged appearance, and are useful for little besides. During the day these are thrown roughly over the strings from which they depend, and it is only at night that their use is apparent.

"At about 9 o'clock the guests begin to assemble—men, women, and children, all miserable-looking creatures, whom poverty or vice has led into this pandemonium of filth and discomfort. Pipes filled with "hard up"—the technical name for smoking tobacco made of cigar stumps—are lighted, and until ten o'clock or later, according to

the customers, conversation is indulged in. The beggar relates his tricks and the bummer his expedients.

"Preparations for the night are then made. The shutters are closely barred so as to let no warm air escape. The curtains are let down and the large beds are given to the married couples, who are expected to take with them to bed one, or, if very small, two, of their children. Trundle beds are drawn out from under the larger ones, and mysterious bundles of clothing make their appearance from unexpected nooks and corners. Every vacant spot on the floor is covered with something that must answer for a bed. The lodgers, for fear of the vermin, wear as little clothing as the temperature will admit.

"Decency is unknown, and modesty undreamt of. As many as twenty-three human beings, men, women and children, are sometimes found thus packed away seeking rest.

"The proprietor rules his guests with a rod of iron, or rather a big stick. Grunting or talking meets with con-dign punishment, and if any, made happy or the reverse by bad liquor, attempt any boisterousness, it is quickly silenced by blows delivered by a master hand, while the victim is asked with grim seriousness if he wishes to destroy the respectability of the house. The price for the accommodation is fifteen or twenty cents per night. A time sometimes comes when even this sum is beyond the means of men out of employment, and then their last resort is the station-house. The lodgers in these places consist of regular bums, men driven by stress of weather to seek its hated shelter, or strangers who have been overtaken by misfortune, or have fallen among thieves.

"The treatment the applicant receives depends much upon the view the officer in charge takes of his character, and as policemen are not always infallible, and mistakes

are sometimes made, a man whose only crime is his poverty is received with insult. It is necessary to apply early, so as to get a place before the lodgers' room is filled, the number of applicants depending in a great measure upon the weather. His name, age, and birth-place are entered in a book, and he is then turned over to the charge of the door-keeper, who leads him to the room, opens the grated door, locks him in and his self-respect out.

"The rooms are usually large and airy. Stone walls and floor, with iron bars before the windows, make it seem as a place of confinement, and add to the strange feeling that the occupant for the first time possesses. A stove, usually kept at a red heat, is in the centre of the room, and, when the storm rages about the house, gives some comfort and compensation for the situation. A water-closet and hydrant occupy one corner. Around the walls is extended a wooden platform about one foot and a half or two feet from the ground, inclined at a gentle angle from the wall. This serves as a bed, and upon it are stretched all manner of figures in the shape of men. Sometimes, when the weather is peculiarly unpleasant, not only the platform but even the floor is occupied by wet, shivering wretches, who huddle and crowd together for warmth and sympathy.

"Almost all the rooms are alike, though at one place the floor is lined with tin and at another iron frames with movable wooden slabs are used instead of the platforms. This latter arrangement is for the sake of cleanliness, which is very necessary, as the entomological specimens found on the bodies of unwashed and uncared-for persons abound. The cries and curses heard from the drunken men and women confined in neighboring cells, murder sleep, and the guest is glad when daylight arrives and the door is opened, that he can slink away in the early

dawn without being seen. Many men without work go through this course every winter—some deservedly, others from misfortune, but in any event, if they sink to the lowest depths, the foregoing are the stages through which they pass."

### CHAPTER XIII.

"FROM the strong will and the endeavor  
That forever  
Wrestles with the tides of fate;  
From the wreck of hopes far-scattered,  
Tempest-shattered,  
Floating waste and desolate."—*Longfellow.*

WEEKS rush by like chariots carrying enormous loads of passengers and freight.

One cold, blustering night in the first month of the spring of the new year, a strolling vagabond knocked at Doctor Du Bois's office, and gruffly demanded admittance.

Wilson opened the door and looked out. A ragged, dirty-faced fellow, half-frozen and evidently suffering from hunger, handed out the following open note, written awkwardly with pale ink, upon very greasy paper:

der doctor:

i set down to wright a fue lynes i heerd Off yor goadness to folks whots pooare i cende me chumbe to yo fur to se eff you Cooulde col ande joudge Off me meaddicole cenis iff knoate to moache truble. i Cloase buye Cenden yu me adres no 4 celur 2 dors abuv foam catherns moarket.

From a ole weather beaten calor.

jack tarpolin.

Wilson's prompt and penetrating sense—a power of divination which far exceeded the doctor's practical observa-

tion—discerned in this forgery the murderous hand of Captain Nelson. Concealing his discovery from the disguised bearer, however, the detective pretended to be pleased with the opportunity of accompanying the doctor on such a mission of mercy. As a further mask he handed the ragged fellow a piece of silver, assured him that the case of charity would receive early attention, and then abruptly closed and locked the door.

When the physician returned from his walk, Wilson related the details of the foregoing circumstance.

"For some unexplained reason," said Wilson, "that bloody devil, Nelson, is scheming and intriguing to take your life."

"Ah!" exclaimed the doctor, with a shuddering shrug of his shoulders, "a very disagreeable prospect!"

"No fear, sir," said Wilson, proudly and grandly. "I have Nellie MacFarland and three sharp-eyed coves drifting day and night on the track of that land-pirate."

"Now Fred," said the doctor, apprehensively, "you begin to excite a thousand fears in my mind in your behalf."

"Sir," he replied, with the assurance of a brigadier general, "Sir, there isn't a ship afloat under Nelson's command that can run my craft upon the sunken ledges of this city."

"Ah, Wilson! my brave young man!" said the doctor, "you are as fiery and as confident as a Turk; and, to tell you the truth, Fred, this is the very reason why you excite my apprehensions."

Wilson smiled. Referring immediately to Nelson, however, he said, "It has been discovered that he leaves and returns to his boarding-house by means of a rope-ladder, which he employs on dark nights when he has bloody work or highway robbery on hand."

"How can such a discovery concern you?" asked the doctor, with much curiosity in his face and voice.

"Why, sir," quickly replied the detective, "by way of that ladder our little army of three (one of them a city policeman) will sail in behind the villain's breast-works, where he shelters himself in the confidence of the landlady and her servants by making them believe he is in bed and sound asleep. But, sir," he added fiercely, "we shall wake him up suddenly the morning next after we have searched that strong, black trunk he keeps double-locked in his room."

"Young man," said the doctor with marked solemnity, "you are too hot-headed to enter the deadly fray. Let the battle end, let the jaws of danger be locked, let others follow Nelson and grapple with him when the moment for fighting and carnage shall arrive—but you, Fred," continued the physician—"you should drift calmly into the enchanted shades of the Roman Catholic Church, where all storms of wild emotion in your nature are mysteriously hushed by the visionary strains of sweet, soft music!"

Young Wilson's bosom heaved with the surging currents of his fiery blood. He seemed gigantic in his expansive energy and resistless will. He was splendid in his wrath. The doctor contemplated him with positive admiration. There were terrible mental qualities on exhibition. With magnetic repose of manner, however, the doctor said:

"My brave boy! let us leave New-York for a time. A journey, affording new scenery and novel objects of interest, might do us both good. Come! suppose we pack to-night and start to-morrow morning, bright and early—come! What say you, Fred?"

A quick, light shudder trembled through young Wilson's body, and a sudden calmness and paleness

settled upon his countenance. He stepped back and dropped into a chair. A heavy-hearted sigh escaped his lips—his eyes closed slowly as in death. The physician's magnetic hands were instantly at work upon the already unconscious patient. Presently young Wilson spoke in an under-tone:

"Benefactor! When his thorns are covered with blossoms, they will not afflict you."

"To whom are these words addressed?" asked the doctor; "and who is the third person alluded to?"

"Man," said the entranced detective, "is two-fold. His outer, material life is one, and his inner, spiritual life is one. These two meet and struggle with each other for mastery."

"Ah, doubtless! doubtless!" replied the delighted and enlightened physician.

"Fate, Destiny," continued the young man, "rules the life of the body; but Faith, Deity, rules the life of the soul which is eternal."

"Supreme truth!" exclaimed the overjoyed physician. Then he listened again, keeping his ear close to the whispering lips of the inspired Wilson.

"He harbors and cherishes the elements of crime," continued the detective, with sorrowful solemnity. "Follow him with your prayers, lest he fling his life into the grave and enter the cradle of another existence too soon."

"What," exclaimed the doctor, hurriedly—"what am I qualified to do for him?"

"Leave him not," the whispering lips replied. "Neither go from the city. Plaintive music, the voice of an affectionate woman, will calm and restore him. Regard him—as you regard all who commit crime—as, by inheritance, diseased. You are his physician."

An hour or more now passed away in silence. Nothing further could be extracted from the whispering lips.

The doctor was immeasurably gratified with the grand sentiments and prophetic utterances of his now tranquil assistant. Very soon he was sufficiently restored to walk about the office. Then they cordially separated, and each retired for the night.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

"YET lament not, my mother! our souls shall greet  
In that land where the dead and the living meet,  
Where the friends we have wept come around once more,  
With the smiles which their living features wore."

*Huron.*

NAVIGATION on the Hudson had been open but a short time. Steamers had made but few regular through trips from New-York to Albany and return. Multitudes assembled on the piers to witness the grand spectacle of an incoming steamboat. Among others, on this particular evening, was Fred Wilson. He was never weary of thinking of the sea. Frequently he watched the incoming and outbound vessels with something akin to a sailor's delight.

When this day's steamer from Albany was made fast to her dock, and the passenger plank had been thrown out, the young detective leisurely walked aboard to look around. The passengers had nearly all gone ashore. A young lady remained. Her tender, agreeable eyes were looking out in expectation. There was something in the expression of her prepossessing countenance which instantly arrested young Wilson's favorable attention. She, however, seemed painfully anxious, melancholy, and frightened. He approached her and politely asked:

"Do you expect somebody to call for you?"

His question seemed to fill her mind with an inexpressible

sible dismay. He noticed that he had increased her confusion and agitation. After a little she tremblingly replied:

"Sir, I am a stranger and know not where to go."

"No friends in New-York?" asked Wilson in a stern tone of surprise and indifference.

"There is a gentleman in the city," she replied, with much confusion of manner.

"Yes," said Wilson, sneeringly and contemptuously, "there is more than *one* so-called gentleman in this city."

His abrupt and tantalizing remark terrified her beyond speech. A cold sweat oozed out upon her fair countenance. She was suddenly seized with a fit of weeping, which instantly filled Wilson's cynical temperament with disgust and impatience. He sullenly and roughly asked,

"Where does the aforesaid gentleman reside? Didn't you bring street and number?"

"O my poor mother!" she exclaimed. "O my poor father!"

"Odd street and number, that!" muttered Fred, more than ever disgusted. "No objections to getting a coach and seeing you safe to your lodgings," he added, in a somewhat kinder tone of voice.

She cried from the very bottom of her heart. At length, however, she found a letter in her bosom addressed to her, "Miss Mary Morgan, Syracuse, N.Y."

"Dragon!" ejaculated Wilson, in a sepulchral and terrifying voice. He instantly recognized the half-disguised handwriting of Captain John Nelson!

The timid and terrified girl gazed through her blinding tears eagerly and inquiringly at the young detective.

"Got street and number in that letter, miss?" he asked, looking almost black with suppressed excitement.

Her confusion and dispossession increased. She opened the letter with trembling fingers, however, and found at the bottom the desired direction, as follows "Martha Cubal's boarding-house, No. 96 Mercer street, New-York."

"Hell!" said Wilson with fierce indignation. "Young woman!" he continued, "who, in the name of devils, gave you that old dragon's address?"

"Sir!" returned the girl with considerable spirit—"The gentleman's name is Mr. Russel Fitz James, a young and wealthy retired New-York merchant, and Mrs. Cubal is his own sister, from whom I have received a pressing written invitation." Then she trembled with fright, and wept from the depths of an overwhelmed heart.

Darkness of night was rapidly gathering over the city. The captain of the steamer ordered all passengers ashore. Wilson at once procured a respectable carriage. Miss Morgan and her traveling packages were hurried in, and the detective, after giving the driver directions to Nell Palfry's establishment, located in another quarter of the city, stepped in and seated himself opposite the wretched girl. He fixed his steady black eyes upon her, and quickly divined the whole infernal trick which had been played upon her by the arch impostor. He said severely,

"You have run away from your father and mother?"

"Oh!" she cried, "to-morrow I will take the first boat back to my poor forsaken mother."

"No, you won't," said Wilson willfully. "You've got your foot in it, and now you'd better just wade in over your head, then stay under. It won't take you long to get sick and die in New-York."

Wilson quietly and critically contemplated her pleasing features; her innocent, large blue eyes, and handsome

mouth; her trembling white hands; the golden ringlets of her beautiful hair; and, strange to relate, he suddenly realized the unspeakable anguish of her maidenly heart. A rich tenderness came mysteriously into his voice, when he asked,

"Have you ever seen the gentleman with whom you have been so long in secret and loving correspondence?"

"Oh! no, no, sir!" she quickly said. "He promised to call on me as soon as I arrived at his sister's residence."

"He did not know, then, exactly when you meant to run away from your home, did he?"

"Oh! no, no, sir! He ceased writing to me for some weeks, and I felt crazy to hear from him. Oh! it is dreadful! I feared he was taken sick, and then, I thought that I alone could nurse him and care for him, and so I fled in the night from my poor forsaken mother." She sobbed aloud, and her intense anguish seemed to touch a tender chord in the strange soul of young Wilson. His voice rapidly became mellow and wondrously soothing, yet it was firm and resolute, when he said,

"We met by the merest accident, just as all the best things happen. We are strangers. Perhaps you won't believe me. Any how, it is my duty to inform you that your girlish imaginations have been excited by a villain who has deliberately plotted your destruction."

The affrighted girl seemed about to shriek for help. She looked outrageously insulted and magnificently indignant. Wilson firmly cautioned her against alarming the police, and thus involving herself in endless notoriety and misfortune. He frankly complimented her on the exhibition of indignation. Then he continued—

"If you will, for a time, consent to follow my counsel, no harm shall befall you. The truth of my words will come home to you soon enough. The Mercer street

boarding-house—to which you were going—is a low resort for abandoned women and dissolute men. We are now driving to Madame Palfry's stylish boarding-house, which, I am told, is conducted on princely principles. Here you can choose your lover, or live independently; the last, if your board and contingent expenses are promptly paid. Now, young woman, my purse is cursed short. My clerkship brings me a devilish limited income. But I promise to place you by yourself in safe and comfortable quarters, for which I will pay the proprietor all she asks for at least two weeks. Thus, as you see, you will have a full chance to understand your situation, make all necessary soundings in these strange waters, and then you may spread your canvas and sail for home, or for hell, just as you like."

At this moment the carriage stopped at the door of Nell Palfry's splendid establishment. Wilson and the young lady were total strangers to every one. He straightforwardly made all appropriate arrangements as he had promised. The female book-keeper made out and receipted a bill for one week's expenses which Wilson promptly paid. Then he followed the porter and the trembling young lady up stairs to the room which she was to occupy free from all molestation. Having satisfied himself that all was right, he politely bowed without speaking, and immediately returned to the Carlton hotel.

## CHAPTER XV.

"A PROVIDENCE that works by laws,  
And moves in troops of circling suns,  
Obedient to the spirit cause,  
Through life harmonious runs."—*Harris*.

WILSON confided nothing of what had happened to

Doctor Du Bois. He kept the precious secret closely locked in his own bosom. The doctor, however, observed a change in the countenance and deportment of his moody and mysterious detective.

"Strange book of fate!" said Wilson to himself. "Why can not I turn the leaves and read them when I will?"

Every day for a week, just before the dinner hour, he called upon the young lady. But he never entered her room. He inquired respectfully at the door whether she needed any thing to increase her comfort. If yes, he promptly procured at once any little article for which she expressed a desire; then proudly, and even sternly, he bowed, quickly closed the door after him, and returned to his hotel.

Sometimes he found her in tears, and evidently bowed down by the weight of suffering, lamenting the wickedness of her conduct. But the hard-natured detective never heeded any thing of it; except, now and then, he seemed to smile at her, with a look of insulting mockery and bitter contempt in his eyes, as though he rather enjoyed the sight of her bursting tears, the sting of her folly and remorse, her dread of the world, her self-reproachfulness, and her withering sense of shame and mortification.

One evening, for the moment forgetting the perpetual self-conscious pride of his nature, he carried her a few flowers he had gathered. He tapped gently at her door. She opened it. He bowed calmly and gracefully, stooped and kissed her forehead, then placed in her hand the fragrant blossoms.

Her heart seemed bursting. Poor, beautiful, unhappy child! Her girlish dream all vanished. She was humbled and repentant. The beloved idol of her imagination had fallen. Her tears would not flow. She

was cold, and sick, and horror-stricken. Her agony of spirit was a thousand times worse than death, and yet she took the flowers from the detective's hand, and exclaimed, "Oh! my poor forsaken mother! my mother! my mother!"

"Heavens!" replied Wilson, gently taking her hand: "why do you weep, Miss Morgan? I never learned how. My mother, if I ever had one, left me with a crazy old woman when I was too young to care much about it. Possibly I was vilely, cruelly wronged; possibly it was just what a wicked young devil deserved; at any rate, Miss Morgan, I have never shed a tear about a mother."

Her large, deep, blue eyes looked wonderingly and tenderly into his large, deep, black eyes. She said, mournfully and compassionately, "Ah, sir! now I understand why you sneer, and mutter curses, and use bitter, wicked words."

During all this time they had been standing. Now, however, for the first time, Wilson helped her to a chair and seated himself in her room, and near enough to take her hand in his. She continued, inquiringly,

"Why do I fear you?"

"Because," she quickly replied to her own question, "you never gladdened the heart of a mother!" She wept. Again, thank God! the tears would flow from her sorrow-stricken and terrified heart.

"Miss Morgan!" said Wilson soothingly, "I once asked that crazy old woman to tell me all she knew about my mother; but instead of answering me, she looked as solemn and mysterious as a Spanish cathedral."

The young lady made no reply, but continued to yield to the tears that came from her long-tortured feelings.

"In three days," said he, with a slight tremor in his voice, "you are to decide about your journey—whether you will return to a pleasant home, or sail on a dreary voyage to——"

He suddenly stopped. She trembled, and could not speak. A silence ensued. Then, saying that an engagement called him, he kissed her fair forehead again, politely bade her good-night, and hastened away.

When he had gone, the half-imprisoned girl actually kissed the flowers he had given her. She wept over them and pressed them passionately to her bosom. She suddenly regarded with affection every thing he had touched. She recalled his tones and words of tenderness, and strove to forget his bitterness, and wept and forgave him in remembrance of his motherless childhood.

"O my mother!" she cried, "my wild, mad folly has driven all happiness out of your heart. O our dear, sweet home! I can never again return to it. The world's coarse repulsion, its sneers and maddening jeers, I can never, never endure. Hearts once united in sweet friendship can never meet again. O sweet, dear, darling mother! How can I ever bear to see your face again? Oh! I can not! I can not! The world will neither understand nor forgive me. Oh! what shall I do? Where can I go?"

Doctor Du Bois was in his office when young Wilson returned from the visit to Miss Morgan. Something oppressed the detective. "One of his inherited fits," said the physician to himself.

He asked, "What's the trouble with you, Fred?"

Young Wilson immediately replied, while a red flush suddenly mounted to his brow, "Doctor! I can hide nothing from you. You are my only wise, strong, and faithful friend. Fate has so far ruled me with an iron



hand. I have till now *hated* every thing and every body, from my childhood up; and I know that I have been, and that I now am, *hated* as horribly by every thing and every body in return."

"Because," said the doctor, "you have been supremely selfish. "Love," he continued, "is a wonderful thrill from the spirit of God. It is the joy, the hope, the life, the happiness, the prayer, the mystery, the heavenly miracle of the spirit. Therefore, Fred, love is divinely unselfish—the infinite joy of the pure in heart. Now, boy, have you found something or somebody to regard more tenderly and more faithfully than you regard yourself."

Wilson related every thing just as it had happened. Then he said, "Doctor! I forget myself, my own miserable existence, when I look into her eyes. Her presence charms me like music." He spoke in hurried words and looked extremely anxious as he went on: "A pure life flows in her veins. She is strong in will and beautiful in person. But," he added, thoughtfully and despairingly, "She may deem and denounce me as unworthy, as I am; besides, she may wish to return to her home, because I have no means of support."

The doctor kindly offered to take a journey to Syracuse in their behalf. He would carry an explanatory and repentant letter from the daughter to her afflicted parents. He could, he thought, gradually reconcile them to the marriage of their daughter with his highly-esteemed detective; at least, he would gladly render any assistance in his power, and pray with his whole heart for their perfect happiness.

Suddenly, the young man's face beamed with the light of a new existence. A grand, a beautiful hope burned and blossomed on his pale cheeks. The doctor looked at him in amazement. His fine, black eyes seemed to

reflect the sunshine of another world. "Oh! the goodness and greatness of God," exclaimed the doctor in the silence of his own heart. "The holy miracle of love is transforming the savage nature into an angel of truth and beauty."

## CHAPTER XVI.

"THE heart, the mind, the soul, the sense,  
The being born of love divine,  
Alone can penetrate the dense  
And awful night of time."—*Bard.*

ON the following day, at an earlier hour than usual, Wilson called upon Miss Morgan and said with a harmonious and tender voice:

"I come early because I am not happy away from you. Never before did I love any body or any thing. I love you as I love music."

"You love me!" she exclaimed, "you love me!"

They looked at one another for a moment; then they sprang together, heart to heart, as angel meets angel on the shining shore. They stood still, breathing into each other's soul the breath of life. Tears streamed from the eyes of young Wilson and dropped like baptismal rain upon the golden hair of his darling mate.

It was a long time before either could speak. At last they seated themselves and commenced to talk of existing circumstances and future plans. She was to write immediately to her parents, and thus, through the doctor's great kindness, attempt a reconciliation. They would have but a brief engagement. In a week or two

they would be married; and as one, not two lives, they would then set out on life's endless journey.

The next morning's steamer for Albany carried Doctor Du Bois on his mission of good-will.

Wilson's mind was severely agitated with a new problem. How was he to provide and suitably furnish a home? Hour after hour he paced the doctor's office, endeavoring to solve this perplexing question.

"One thing is clear," he said, "the love of that heart is richer than diamonds—but I want money to give her materially every thing beautiful." He reflected for a time, and then continued, "New-York is a centre of wealth. Money is unjustly piled up mountain high by mean and miserly men. They make mercantile and financial webs like spiders; in which they cunningly catch the flies of fashion, and then drink all they can get out of their victims. Thus every body is immersed in a troubled sea of customary vices. Some, the most honest, go under the surges of trade; others, more witty, ride the waves like pirates and smugglers. Now, I may work away with good heart till doom's day and never accumulate enough money to build the smallest cottage on the cheapest land in New-Jersey. Meanwhile what will become of the darling of my whole life? I have been a homeless wanderer from childhood; shall *she* join me in this gypsy style of vagabondism? Dark destinies arise along our path. O God! why am I floating out into this whirling abyss? Fragments of my hope rush overboard every time I ship a sea. Why am I feeble while so powerful? Dragons! the devils and I understand this business, and I understand this business of making money. How like a coward I hesitate! Hell is my home, and why do I try to live and breathe out of its hot atmosphere. No! I am resolved."

All that day and all the night, succeeding the doctor's

absence, Wilson devoted himself to preparing a *key* that would open the iron cash-box under the doctor's writing table. He succeeded at last, after working and filing the whole night through. Just as the breakfast-bell was sounded in the hotel, young Wilson became suddenly wealthy, by possessing himself of Doctor Du Bois's large packages of gold and silver and bank-notes, all which he transferred to his own trunk.

Immediately after breakfast he hastened to visit his beloved angel. With affection and veneration he kissed her, and said, excitedly,

"Let's leave New-York and sail for Madrid."

"For Madrid, my darling?"

"Exactly! Let's go and enjoy the world. Every body goes to Europe when they've made or stolen money enough to pay expenses. Now suppose you and I take a big mouthful of fashionable life."

"What, dearest! leave our young, fresh America, and live in some old, stale, aristocratic country among strangers?"

"Exactly! Let's seek happiness by going from place to place—sailing in deep waters, and then drifting dreamily—floating for a while, and then scudding like clouds before the driving wind. Come! let's go at once."

"So soon, darling?" said she, lingeringly, and taking in her hand the still fragrant flowers he had given her.

"Yes, why not? Come, my angel! for my sake do not refuse," he said pleadingly.

Her affectionate heart, her very existence, her hopes and aims, were wholly his; and she replied consentingly, "At any time, my darling! To-night—at daybreak to-morrow—at any hour you may name—I will be packed and ready."

He clapped his hands with delight, kissed her with

great tenderness, and hastened away to make preparations; promising, as he went out, to return that very evening and fix upon the happy hour when they would be married and depart on their wedding tour over the perilous sea.

## CHAPTER XVII.

HE was her own, her ocean treasure, cast  
Like a rich wreck—her first love, and her last.”—*Casket*.

DOCTOR DU BOIS's confidence in young Wilson's honesty had been unbounded. They carried duplicate keys to almost every thing in and about the office.

With his constitutional promptness and dispatch, Wilson made all preparations for the voyage, even to engaging a comfortable room in the cabin of the steamer, which was to sail at twelve on the morrow. He seemed perfectly wild with excitement. Persons in and about the hotel remarked the singular conduct of the physician's handsome clerk. He detected this watching, and instantly checked his leaping and impetuous actions, and became apparently calm. He concluded to wait until morning before removing his trunks. He was weary from want of sleep, and overwhelmed with a kind of paralyzing fear that his plans would miscarry. In this condition he hastened to his beautiful angel. She was just in earnest conversation with a lady visitor; so Wilson, unobserved by either, stepped into an adjoining room and quietly seated himself on the lounge and heard every thing that passed between them. Madam Nelson, whose face Wilson had not once seen, notwithstanding his

frequent visits during the past two weeks, was speaking:

“Believe me, my dear Miss Morgan, these men are never to be trusted.”

“I trust one man,” said the girl, tremulously but firmly.

“Trust no man, my dear; for he is certain to forsake you; he will carry you into the darkness, and then slink away and disappear like a shadow.”

“O madam!” she sadly exclaimed, “I can not, can not doubt *him*! He has given me his word of honor and his love.”

“A man's honor and a man's love, my dear,” replied madam, disdainfully and bitterly, “are not worth a breath of wholesome morning air.”

The poor girl began to weep bitterly. “It is horrible, madam!” she cried. “Your words frighten me dreadfully.”

“Man's inhumanity to woman,” said madam, “makes millions of hearts bleed with unspeakable misery. But,” she added emphatically, “I defy and hate all men alike. No man can control me, or impose upon any body in my house. If you, my dear, stay with me, you shall be treated and cared for like every other beautiful girl in my establishment.”

Fred Wilson heard this suggestion with dismay and indignation. “My God!” he mentally exclaimed, “that woman uses to my angel the *very words* I have uttered a thousand times about all living women and men.” He shuddered and recoiled from the horrible feelings which floated in the storm of his thoughts.

“I will go with him any-where! everywhere!” said the young girl, sweetly and firmly.

“Suppose he goes to hell?” asked the woman angrily.

"Then," she replied, "I, too, will go to hell! Madam!" she continued, "I will live and die with the man I love."

"Would to God," said Madam Nelson, mournfully, "would to God, my dear, that there were a man on earth *worthy* of so much pure devotion!"

"O God!" silently sighed young Wilson, despairingly, "I know that *I* am not worthy of that angel's love." He was miserable! Horrible memories of remote and recent robberies crowded like demons upon his crazed and aching brain. Thoughts of his own hateful unworthiness oppressed his spirit into deepest anguish.

He heard no more conversation. But he could hear the pattering feet and busy hands of his angel making preparations for the sea-voyage. Going out upon the stormy ocean with a man who had robbed his best friend and benefactor! This reflection overwhelmed him. Presently, however, he heard the voice of a sweet singer. It was in the house, and on the same floor, at the opposite end of the hall. He opened his door a little more to let the strains float into his room. He listened with breathless attention. "My God! my God!" he groaned to himself. "I have been all my life *waiting* for this very moment." His soul experienced a sudden rectification. A new spirit seemed to enter him as by magic. He wept and inwardly thanked God. The thrilling vibrations of the harp accompaniment filled his soul with ecstatic delight. The sweet, soft angelic voice—so plaintive—so wailing—so sorrow-stricken—so healing—so penetrating—so infinitely despairing—so full of angel's wings—so tearfully pleading—so imploring—so mysteriously divine! He became a new man! Oh! how many, many years he had been waiting for this new birth!

Cautiously he stole on tip-toe along the richly carpeted hall to the door of the chamber whence emanated that

heavenly voice. He distinctly saw her. It was Madame Nelson! The lady from whom, when a mere boy, under the guidance of Captain Nelson, he had stolen the box of diamonds!

He bowed his head and groaned with indescribable anguish. He felt that his physical strength was rapidly failing. Hurriedly he retraced his steps. He prostrated himself on the lounge in utter helplessness. Darkness quickly gathered upon every thing. All sounds of the world receded. He swooned away into deep unconsciousness.

When he came to himself he was stretched upon his own bed in the office of Doctor Du Bois. He had returned in his somnambule condition. His trance had continued many hours. He was alone! His first thoughts were concerning the packages of gold and silver and bank-notes he had stolen from his benefactor. Hastily, but with the utmost care, he transferred every package from his trunk to its own place in the iron box, which he immediately locked with the key he had worked so long to make. He took a hammer and a chisel and pounded the key into the smallest fragments. Then falling upon his knees, he exclaimed—"O my God! O holy angels! I thank thee! I thank thee! I thank thee!"

While he was thus thanking Heaven for his deliverance from evil, the noble doctor arrived.

"Ah Fred!" said the physician cheerfully, "I expected to find you praying for my success. Your prayer is answered, my boy! I bring with me a letter of full pardon from both father and mother! It was an appalling sorrow to the doting mother; and the father, too, deemed his daughter's conduct a bitter and a monstrous thing; but, as I anticipated, they were only too glad to receive intelligence that no harm had befallen the runaway girl. Arise, therefore, young man! you have at

last found an angel of love! Now may you with her enter in at the strait gate of purity and happiness!"

No words can describe the feelings, many and conflicting, which filled the breast of young detective Wilson. He wept like a child. He was thankful for so much *more* than he dared confide to the now beloved physician. But one thing, however, he did disclose, in these words, "O doctor! I have heard the *music* which has been my dream, both sleeping and waking, since my earliest recollection."

"A childish dream *actualized*, eh?" said the physician.

"Wonderful music!" exclaimed Fred, half suffocated with indescribable emotion. "And to-morrow, doctor, you shall accompany me to see the lady whom from this hour, I must call my soul's redeemer."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

"THE tooth of Time  
Has ground the marble sculptures to rude forms,  
Such as the falling waters eat from rocks  
In the deep gloom of caves."—*Percival*.

IMMEDIATELY after breakfast on the following morning the physician and his assistant seated themselves in the office to enjoy a season of most earnest conversation.

"Come," said the doctor, "describe to me, if you possibly can, the singing of that sweet-voiced lady; and describe also how it affected you."

Young Wilson's eyes immediately filled with tears. "With hushed breath," at last he said, "and with palpitating heart, sir, I listened to the wonderful strains. O sir! I have no words with which to tell you what it did

for me. I seemed like a wicked wanderer on some wave-beaten shore, heart-sick and weary of existence, when lo! suddenly, the fearful loveliness of heaven's broad beautiful field seemed to open upon my vision. A fair-handed and beautiful-faced woman appeared in the sky, dressed in purest virgin white, singing; and there was in her right hand a simple flower, which she extended toward me, and at the same moment the music of her song seemed to burst through my hateful bosom; it touched and unfolded, with its bright magical waves, a new existence in me; and instantly, sir, I bent low my proud head and worshiped her as God's messenger of love and salvation to universal mankind. O sir!" he continued, wavering and trembling like a girl, with heartfelt emotion, "I have no words—no words to tell you all that happened. As soon as I devoutly worshiped, sir, all nature immediately became beautiful, and unnumbered strains of slow, sweet music seemed to drop like gentlest spring rains upon the black wilderness of human, savage sinners. Then, suddenly, sir, every body and every thing began to breathe forth infinite purities and delicacies, and the whole round world seemed to bloom with endless beauty; and, sir, while listening and looking thus, my hateful strength began to stream out of me like poisonous vapors, and as fast as it went out I felt a heavenly gentleness and a delicate tenderness pervading my existence; and then, sir, a mysterious fainting came upon me, and I felt like floating up into the sky very near to the beautiful woman; and just as I felt that I was going out of the body and out of my wickedness to where she stood, I suddenly recognized in her *my own mother!* She seemed to be a loving-hearted friend, a comforter, a consoler, an angel of goodness! But, sir, as soon as I knew that she was my own mother, and that it was she who had been singing the song I had

longed to hear from my earliest childhood, my heart seemed to stop beating, and I thought that I groaned aloud, thanked God, and suddenly died!"

"My God!" exclaimed the doctor in great agony, "She is dead! This revelation is like tearing the heart from my bosom!"

Naturally, Wilson was astounded at the noble man's expression. He bent forward to embrace his benefactor. But the sharp rapping of the hotel-servant on the door suddenly checked further conversation.

"Gone!" said the doctor, in a voice of the deepest bereavement. "Gone! leaving me in a wild and boisterous world. Gone! the lovely lady of heavenly treasures. Gone! leaving me a lone rock in this deep sea of human sorrow."

The servant announced Lawyer Ruggleston and a police-officer.

"Captain John Nelson is arrested," said the lawyer, addressing Doctor Du Bois.

"Ah, monsieur! you bring startling news. How did it happen?"

"He was arrested," the lawyer replied, "yesterday morning, for shooting and instantly killing the policeman O'Connors, one of the most faithful and efficient officers on the force in this city."

"Ah! can you relate any of the details?"

"Several witnesses," replied the lawyer, "testified before the coroner's inquest to seeing the prisoner in company with a tall, slim man, with a smooth red face and a sandy mustache, dressed in the United States militia uniform, and lurking in the area of an uptown residence very early yesterday morning. Witnesses thought the men were drunk, and paid no further attention to them. But suddenly hearing a pistol-shot they looked and saw a respectable citizen prostrated on the sidewalk, welter-

ing in his blood, and at the same moment they saw the two men running east toward the Bowery, and two policemen after them. The tall, slim soldier jumped over a fence and suddenly disappeared. But Nelson kept to the street and fled rapidly. Seeing he was about to be captured, the prisoner halted, drew his pistols, and kept the policemen at bay by threatening to murder them instantly. They fired twice at him, but without wounding him seriously. Then he ran into the Bowery and jumped into a doorway which happened to be locked. A large crowd had now collected. The prisoner swore he would not surrender. It was a desperate job for the officers, for they wanted to take the murderer alive. An Irishman seized a sled-stake and gave him a heavy blow across the legs. Still he stood up and stubbornly refused to yield, and compelling the police to keep their distance by threatening to shoot the first man who touched him. At that fatal moment the brave O'Connors rushed up and seized the prisoner by both arms. But the officer dropped dead upon the stones the very next moment, having received a ball from Nelson's pistol through his heart."

"Very well, very well," replied the doctor, calmly: "can either of us assist you or the prisoner?"

Young Wilson, strange to say, manifested not the least of his former terrible fierceness whenever Nelson's name was mentioned in his presence.

"The next five days," said Mr. Ruggleston, "will undoubtedly be very interesting to you, who are studying into the causes of crime. Therefore I advise you to attend the legal investigations in the case of this remarkable prisoner."

Wilson hastened to his angel at the establishment of Madame Palfry. He was delighted to place in her hand the letter of pardon from her parents. He explained

every thing to her, engaged and paid for board for another week, and then hurried back to attend the trial of Captain Nelson.

The prisoner sat where the doctor and his assistant could plainly see his stern brow, his burning eye, his quivering lips, and the fiendish expression of baffled vengeance, which imparted a terrible grimace to his once handsome countenance. Lawyer Stryker, whom Nelson had engaged as counsel, was carefully noting evidence with a view to an argument for defense. There was an unnatural indifference manifested by the prisoner. But every other person in that crowded assembly was affected to the highest pitch of excitement by the cold-blooded tragedy. The evidence against Nelson was clear and positive, and his able counsel himself seemed overwhelmed with the horrible developments.

Suddenly the prisoner sprang to his feet. For the instant he looked calm and grand as a great king in captivity. "Dragons!" he fiercely exclaimed, "would ye plunge your daggers into the bosom of your chief? Would ye kill the master-devil in your sheltering hell? Look here!" he cried with terrible energy, tearing apart his garments and baring his bosom to the spectators, and pointing his trembling finger at the bleeding wound made years before by the outraged lady. "Look here! the devil is sucking my blood. Let him drink! Ha, ha, ha! Let the thirsty devil drink!" His frenzied and horrible eyes looked at the judges, lawyers, witnesses, and then proudly, defiantly he surveyed the assembled citizens. "What!" he shouted, "would ye murder a chief dragon! assassinate a descendant of the invincible Spanish warrior and hellish libertine, Don Huara Marigny! Would ye degrade a man who had a he-devil for a father and a she-devil for a mother! What! kill the sole heir to the rich Spanish estates of old Carmo Del Aragoni,

whose royal name I bear! Stand back, dragons! back, I say!"

Then on the instant, and with the spring of a panther, the prisoner jumped over the railing and ran furiously toward the door. But the crowd impeded his flight and quickly bound him hand and foot.

"Spare him!" said Wilson, with true pity in his voice. "Spare him! O doctor! my noble benefactor! can you not prescribe a remedy for him?"

"My dear young man," replied the physician, with deep emotion mingled with amazement at the revelation the prisoner had made, "the captain is hopelessly insane! He has been," continued the doctor, "from birth affected with a filial madness and a moral perversion, which were continually manifested in his extraordinary criminal conduct through life; but now the madness of the affections and the perversion of the moral faculties have culminated in an intellectual derangement of the most violent, hopeless, and enduring type."

The doctor's diagnosis of his case was complete. And so Captain Nelson, whose real name he had disclosed in his raving, was conveyed to the New-York Asylum. The hemorrhage in his bosom was stopped, but his horrible symptoms and paroxysms increased in violence. Behold him, O reader! Chiaruggi's description, applied to the poor fellow's condition, is not overdrawn:

"We are struck by impetuous, audacious, shameless habits; a bold, menacing aspect; the skin presents a slaty color; the forehead contracted; the eyebrows drawn up; the hair bristled; the breathing hurried. The countenance begins to glow; the eyes become fiery and sparkling; the looks are wandering, and scarcely ever fixed; the eyelids are by turns drawn widely open and closely shut; the eyeballs are prominent, as if pushed forward out of the orbits. With this wild and menacing



appearance are combined a patient endurance of hunger and a remarkable insensibility of cold. If sleep visits the patient at all, it is short, unquiet, and easily disturbed. In the second stage, anger, violence, and the loss of reason manifest themselves in their greatest intensity; shrieking, roaring, raging, abusive expressions and conduct toward the dearest friends and the nearest relations, who are now looked upon as the bitterest enemies. The patient tears his clothes to tatters, destroys, breaks in pieces whatever comes in his way. A striking and characteristic circumstance is the propensity to go quite naked. Whoever touches the patient is abused or struck by him. Strange, confused ideas, absurd prejudices occupy his mind. Stillness soon follows, or a murmuring sound, as if the patient were alone: on the other hand, when he is alone, talking and gesticulating as if he were in company.

"If individuals (with this type of insanity) are confined and tied during the height of their paroxysms, for their own security or that of others, nothing can be compared to the truly satanical expression which their countenances display. In this state they throw hastily away, with cries and shrieks, all the food presented to them, except fluids, which thirst compels them to receive. When, after some days, hunger begins to be felt, they swallow every thing with brutal greediness; they even devour, as it has often been observed, their own excrements, which, black and offensive, escape from them in great quantity, or smear with them clothes, beds, and walls.

"Notwithstanding his constant exertion of mind and body, the muscular strength of the patient seems daily to increase; he is able to break the strongest bonds, and even chains; his limbs seem to acquire a remarkable nimbleness and pliability, and a singular aptitude of per-

forming movements and actions which appear almost supernatural.

"It has often been observed that maniacal patients of this description are never attacked by any epidemic, and are seldom affected by any contagious malady. According to Mead and many others, even consumptive disorders, dropsies, and other chronic maladies, have disappeared on the accession of violent insanity. When patients are not freed from the disease after a succession of attacks, which come on like so many paroxysms of fever, one or other of the following events ensues: either the powers of mind are exhausted to that degree that the disease subsides into a permanent fatuity; or this appearance of fatuity is only a space of calmness interposed between relapses of violent madness, which now and then break out, like the eruptions of a volcano, after a long period of repose; or the patient falls into a state of melancholy, or of complete mental confusion; or finally, his madness becomes chronic, and he scarcely recovers from this condition, in which sense and understanding appear to be lost in incoherence. Chiaruggi saw a woman who had sat during twenty-five years on a stone floor, in a fearfully demented state, beating the ground with her chains without ceasing by day or by night."

Thus sadly rolls down the red curtain upon one of the most remarkable embodiments of hereditary *hate* and therefore inborn *love of crime*; which horrible inversion of naturally noble mental power, and which incurable perversion of tender affections and moral feelings, might have been prevented, according to the doctor's theory, by his parents at the inception and during the utero-development of his life; but taking his case as it was, the doctor maintained that his virulent nature could have been greatly modified by the judicious kindness of his more fortunate fellow-men.



## CHAPTER XIX.

"HE who plants within our hearts  
 All this deep affection,  
 Giving when the form departs  
 Fadeless recollection,  
 Will but clasp the unbroken chain  
 Closer when we meet again."—*Stowe.*

ALTHOUGH young Wilson had told the doctor every thing concerning his first acquaintance and subsequent marriage engagement with Miss Mary Morgan, yet he had—for some reason best known to himself—concealed the startling fact that she, his own darling mate, was boarding at Nell Palfry's notorious establishment. Was it possible? Could any single person ever have his or her true counterpart sojourning in the very heart of temptation, dissipation, and sin?

It was long after dark, however, before they set out together to call upon Fred's beloved angel. They went also to see the lady, the breath of whose song had floated so far on high, and which had so changed and satisfied Wilson's strange disposition.

They were readily admitted to the brilliant saloon. Its splendid allurements and free festivities were most apparent. The doctor was immeasurably astonished. In fact, he was on the instant half-inclined to be angry with Wilson, for immediately he discovered the courtesan and libertine character of the gorgeous institution.

"And yet," said he to himself, "I should not be narrow and blind. I must study and sympathize with human life in all its forms and manifestations."

Thus he calmed himself. After walking leisurely

through all the apartments, so splendidly furnished with every desirable luxury, and so filled and animated with well-dressed gentlemen and brilliantly decorated young ladies, they proceeded to Miss Morgan's private room.

While going up the broad staircase, so luxuriously carpeted, they heard a sudden cry of pain. Several girls rushed toward Madame Palfry's chamber. They screamed with fright. One of them ran out into the hall calling aloud for any body who was a physician. Doctor Du Bois politely offered his medical services. Leaving Wilson, he went immediately to the patient. It was Madame Palfry herself, who had suddenly fallen in a swoon, and looked like one dead upon the floor. The terrified girls loosened her dress, bathed her forehead and temples, meanwhile crying over her, and kissing and caressing her, like so many frightened children gathered around their dying mother. As soon, however, as the doctor could gain access to her he administered a homeopathic remedy, and immediately commenced to magnetize her in his usual graceful and tranquilizing manner. He was at once impressed with her great personal beauty. There was a something in the expression of her fair face which affected him almost supernaturally. Still he continued his manipulations, and strove not to neglect his duty as her physician. But the swoon was protracted, and many of her symptoms seemed unfavorable. Presently, however, her breathing became apparent, and while the doctor was making the healing passes over her head and face, she suddenly exclaimed—

"O good doctor! where were you when I suffered? Why did you not come when my heart was breaking?"

"My God!" cried the physician: "*Sophia del Aragoni!*"

He was indescribably overwhelmed, and seemed about to fall like one stricken down by a thunderbolt. But

in the presence of so many spectators he was forced into self-possession.

Again, in a voice scarcely audible, she spoke:

"Oh! that you had come before I had crushed all goodness out of my heart!"

"Sophia! my darling!" said the extremely agitated doctor, whisperingly, so that the anxious, listening girls who were grouping around the lady could not hear—"My angel! I am now here to save you, and to take you out of all sorrow."

The pulsations of her heart became suddenly violent, as though a great pain was grappling with and threatening her very life. Her breath came quick and frequent, like one running in a dream to escape the devouring jaws of some appalling monster.

After a little time she again swooned down into that solemn stillness which often heralds the rapid approach of death.

Her death-like entrancement and unconsciousness persistently continued. Doctor Du Bois, however, comprehended her condition perfectly. He became calm and happy beyond expression. He immediately quieted the apprehensions of those who had gathered lovingly about her.

"Young ladies," he professionally said, "as her physician I am constrained to enforce entire stillness in this chamber. Leave the patient in my charge, therefore; and should assistance be required, I will forthwith apprise you by ringing the bell." They unhesitatingly obeyed. He was thus left alone with the idol of his manly and long-waiting heart.

He heard arising from the saloons the rollicking merriment and sinful entertainments of the renowned palace of pleasure.

A great and final trial of conjugal love had now come

to him. Should he recoil from the cherished but fallen angel? Should he turn away and abandon her forever? How had she arrived, step by step, through all inherited struggles and through all the manifold temptations of a changeful life, to this horrible dwelling of vice and destruction? What oppression of want, what desolation of heart, what wreck of hope, what uncontrollable passion was it that had changed the lovely creole beauty, with her grand, elevated, sublime spirit, into this brilliant Aspasia of unmingled iniquity and wretchedness? His conflicting and miserable thoughts—his painful and searching questionings—have been thus faithfully embodied:

"On her chain of life is rust,  
On her spirit-wing is dust;  
She hath let the spoiler in,  
She hath mated her with sin,  
She hath opened wide the door,  
Crime has passed the threshold o'er.  
Wherefore has she gone astray?  
Stood Temptation in her way,  
With its eyes so glittering bright,  
Clothed in angel robes of white?"

"Pause! her story soon is told:  
Once a lamb within the fold,  
Stranger voices lured her thence,  
In her spotless innocence.  
Woe! she had not strength to keep  
With the Shepherd of the sheep;  
For the fleece, so spotless white,  
Hence became the hue of night,  
And she stood in her despair,  
Bleating for the Shepherd's care.

"Woe! that none might lead her back  
From the bloodhounds on her track.  
Hunger prowled about her path,

With a wild hyena laugh;  
Scorn came leaping from its lair,  
With defiant growl and stare;  
And she grappled, all in vain,  
With the fangs of Want and Pain:  
Hope and Mercy shut the gate  
On this heart so desolate.

"So she turned again to Sin!  
What had she to lose or win?  
Resting on her life a stain  
Deeper than the brand of Cain,  
Heard she not a pitying tone?  
Weeping in her shame alone?  
Was there not a human heart  
In her anguish bore a part?  
None to hold a beacon light  
Up before her darkened sight?

"No: the altar was not there,  
For a canting priesthood's prayer;  
'*She hath fallen!* let her die,'  
Said the Levite passing by.  
So she turned again to Sin—  
What had she to lose or win?"

These terrifying questions, these half rebellious thoughts and half forgiving feelings, struggled with the soft yet powerful pleadings of immortal love, which glowed and bloomed in the manly bosom of good Doctor Du Bois.

He arose and cautiously approached the beautiful patient. He contemplated her with a heart-agony no words can express. He saw a holy light, and through it received a new revelation. He saw prostrated before him a noble, sensitive, intelligent spirit. It was perfectly conscious of its own weaknesses and consequent misfortunes. Yet aspiration and hope lingered, and beamed upon her deathly-pale countenance. He saw that there was a fade-

less beauty in her nature—a hidden, celestial attraction, which no sin of accident or passion had touched. He was inexpressibly charmed. A sublime mystery floated out from her soul into his. It glimmered beautifully upon the hopeless and tempest-rocked sea of sorrowing and despairing affection. It shone upon his heart with the holy light of a new world in the distant, starry heavens. A celestial, loving light trembled upon her closed and sleeping eyelids. It entered his most interior existence. It illuminated the beautiful memories and lovely dreams of long-vanished years. A bewildering beauty gleamed from her being. And from her sweet lips a prayer floated out like heavenly music, soft and low; it sounded in the temple of his love,

"Like the rushing of waves o'er the distant sea,  
Or the wind's hushed breath o'er the flowery lea."

What did he receive from her? Ah! she, whom all the world had long condemned and shunned, had brought to him a fulfillment of all his sacred dreams—a revelation of pure, infinite love, which lifts the heart, and carries its imperishable treasures over and beyond all ephemeral circumstances; a love which triumphs over all the crimes of fleeting passions, which survives all the perversions that arise from the accidents of birth, and life, and death—infinite love, shining from God through her white face into the long-closed chambers of his faithful heart. "O God!" he silently said, "I thank thee that my bodily life has been preserved so long, and that my spirit has been faithful to the fixed and unalterable laws of love."

Suddenly the patient groaned. She clasped her hands upon her bosom. In whisper-tones she prayed, but in the language of her Catholic education:

"O our Father who art in heaven! O blessed Virgin Mother of Jesus Christ! O our Mediator and Advo-

cate! O holy Angels of light! receive the thanks of my grateful heart for the bestowment of this precious treasure—the *love* of my own darling husband. These vain amusements, these sinful entertainments, these offensive diversions, thanks to thee, O our Father! have not entered, have not overthrown and destroyed, the sanctuary of my inner and true life. I am saved! saved!”

Immediately her breathing became short and quick, and a profound swoon instantly supervened. It continued for more than an hour, notwithstanding the doctor's persistent efforts, by means of the magnetic passes, to restore her circulation and sensibility. At last, however, she returned perfectly to her normal consciousness. At once she raised herself to a sitting posture and commenced looking inquiringly around the room. Then she gazed straight into the honest eyes of the polite and modest physician.

“Sir!” she demanded half angrily, “who are you?”

“Sophia del Aragoni!” he said, trembling with mingling joy and tenderness, “I am your own friend, Doctor La Force Du Bois!”

With a sudden cry of passionate joy, she sprang into his arms. Heart to heart, soul to soul, as angels, long separated, meet and embrace in the imperishable homes of heaven.

“My darling!” “My darling!” both exclaimed at the same joyful moment. Then whole hours rushed by with the speed of seconds to the happy companions of an eternal life.

## CHAPTER XX.

“WRAPPED in the silence of the brooding night,  
The mortal, on his pillow calmly sleeping,  
Sees not the band of angels, clad in light,  
Around his couch their tireless vigil keeping.  
Perchance his thought flies wildly high and far,  
A thousand shadowy forms his sense deceiving,  
But in the woof of all his fancy there,  
A golden thread that angel-band are weaving.”—*Unknown*.

WONDROUS changes were rapidly wrought in the palace of pleasure and in the hearts of pain.

On the following morning, the glad-hearted and beautiful woman, who was not yet beyond the prime of physical life, called her large family of girls together and addressed them, substantially, thus:

“A great happiness has come to me, dear girls! and yet I have a great misery throbbing in my heart. My own true husband, whom I love and worship as my saviour; has come; and I am going home to live with him, and to lead henceforth a life of charity and good-will to all under God's heavens.

“But, my dear homeless girls! my own stricken sisters! what will become of you? This thought fills my heart with intense misery.

“Alas! I see too plainly your looks of unutterable distress—the fountain of tears within your sad and anxious faces, wasting so rapidly away under the consuming fires of dissipation and despair.

“Girls! with a bursting heart I confess to Heaven that I have taught you—yes, almost forced you—to *hate* each man, and all men, alike. I have without mercy mocked at your yearnings and strivings to gain the pos-

session of *one* faithful, manly, human heart to lean upon through life. All your foolish individual jealousies, arising, as all jealousy naturally does arise, from this exclusive, pure prompting of the lone heart to be adored and loved above every other—I have steadily and mercilessly condemned. In the sight of our heavenly Father, and before the holy angels assembled around his throne, I confess my sins and humbly pray for pardon and forgiveness.

“For now, O my darling sisters! I behold and taste the bitter fruits of my crime. Sorrowfully, regretfully, with my bosom oppressed with a wordless agony, I see you all lying around me like wounded and dying soldiers defeated in an unequal battle of a false life with men. God in heaven knows that I, too, years ago have longed and prayed, both day and night, for a sheltering *home* for my boundless and all too passionate love. I yearned, as every true woman yearns, for the exclusive possession of *one* true, noble, unchangeable, manly heart—at once a home, an anchor, a shelter, and a salvation. Alas! it came not then; and then I resolved to live independently and defiantly all my life.

“But now my earnest prayer is answered. *He has come!* O joy, joy is mine! My own true deathless darling has come! And very soon we are to sail away together to establish ourselves in a home of love and happiness. We leave in a few days for grand old mother Spain; the great and powerful country of my long departed ancestors.

“Now, oh! now comes my pain, my grief—the misery of the fruits of my crime! Home and a true heart are mine! But, O my sisters! you can not go with us—we shall not meet again in this world—the hour of parting has struck. Now, *where* can you go? Must I leave you to live a perpetually dying life? Is there no hope, no heart, no home

for each of you? Oh! thank merciful Heaven! You need not despair; you may turn away, and live. You have bodily health, you have personal beauty, you have loving hearts, (if you will but overcome the feelings of hate and enmity you have cherished,) and, oh! believe me! each of you may henceforth live, and you know you ought to live, a true and useful, if not contented and happy life. And it is my belief, my darling sisters! that each of you should, and therefore that in the future each one will, be a good and beautiful companion to a pure and noble gentleman.

“But here, and now, girls, you should not, need not, despair. You can each cheer the home of some faithful, honest man; and thus give your life to usefulness and works of good will. Do good, without selfishness, for yourselves, my darlings! Walk in the right path, and die in it, if need be; then the good Father of all will protect and bless you. The bitter slights and scornful repulses of so-called Christians you need not notice. No, no! Immediately you can leave this corrupting city. You can commence to unfold a better life among strangers. I will give you each a start. You, who have been long with me, shall this day each receive one thousand dollars; and five hundred dollars, with a God-bless-you, shall be placed in the hands of each of the others.

“Go, therefore, my darling sisters! Go, far away into the great West—into new towns and villages, on this young republican continent; learn useful trades; open stores in distant cities where you will not be known; do some good deed under all circumstances, and thus by the help of Almighty God, and with the blessings of his holy angels, *you shall prosper*. You shall come out of the fire of this sin as bright and as pure as Divine Love itself.

“O this painful, parting hour! And yet, oh! the joy of this, the proudest, the happiest moment of my dark,

dreary life. Yes, oh! believe me! my heart is overflowing with tears of sympathy for you, my unhappy, homeless darlings! My own miserable children! My own unfortunate, despairing sisters! No, no, despair not! Weep not! but turn and live. I promise you that the roses on your cheeks shall not fade, if you will but go forth cheerfully, and live pure and useful lives. But, O my yet too hopeless sisters! if you heed not my parting counsel—if you plunge forward again into the wrathful streams of this consuming evil—oh! then, my darlings! you will sink—yes, I know too well you will sink—beneath the angry waves—you will go down, down, down into paleness, into black despair, and into everlasting death—dying miserably into death in a few short years—the same as ships, once proud and beautiful, go suddenly down in midnight storms—unknown, unpitied, and soon remembered no more.”

\* \* \* \* \*

On that very day the saved and happy lady gave to each girl the exact sum of money which she had promised; and immediately the gorgeous establishment of Madame Nelson, so long known and celebrated by the pleasure-seekers of New-York, was closed forever. A large sum was realized from the auction sales of the princely accumulations of the rich and lavish proprietress.

Then Doctor Du Bois handed to his beloved Sophia Captain Aragoni's last two letters, which had been carefully preserved twenty years in the physician's strong iron box. She, at first, recoiled from them. At length, however, she consented to read their contents, as follows:

MILITARY PRISON, NEW ORLEANS,  
November, 1820.

DEAR MISS SOPHIA MARIGNY:

I am not worthy of you, and you shall not be insulted with the

stigma of my name. Life appals me now, since you know, by the exercise of some supernatural power, that I have assassinated—or thought I did—my own mother's son by your father's libidinous brother; and for no other motive than to procure the immense estates within the walls of Madrid, which, by his father's last will, belonged to him during his life-time and then came to me and my heirs with absolute right and title. My unconquerable pride, my ungovernable passions, and my insane thirst for position and wealth have made of me a counterfeiter, a forger, a robber, and an assassin.

The farce of a trial I can not bear, therefore forever and forever adieu, adieu.  
ARAGONI.

Then she opened the letter addressed by the suicide to “our beloved child,” which read thus:

MILITARY PRISON, NEW-ORLEANS,  
November, 1820.

MY BELOVED CHILD:

When a man who sometimes writes his name George de Fréronier is dead; when a man who sometimes writes his name Captain John Nelson, is dead; and when the man who writes this, Jacques del Aragoni, is dead; then, my child, *you* are sole proprietor of the Spanish fortune within the walls of Madrid, which, at present, is known as the Marigny estate, but now by law the property of one Carmo del Aragoni; who, owing to the multiplicity of his bloody and deadly deeds in Spain and in America, is afraid to appear and take legal possession of the immense inheritance. The death of that villain, who poisoned his own father and stabbed his mother to the heart, makes my child the wealthiest person in all Madrid.

ADIEU! ADIEU!

“Wonderful tidings!” said the doctor. “Now where is your child?”

This question opened afresh the long-sealed fountains of her sorrow.

“Lost!” she cried. “Lost on the chain of mountains which stretch through the Island of Cuba.”

“Darling Sophia!” he quickly replied, “sometimes I have almost believed your son to be this remarkable young Fred Wilson. He, I believe, remembers hearing from his old nurse something about his lost mother.”

“Impossible!” she cried. “And yet, oh! let me see him! let me see him!”

The physician soon brought the young New-York detective into the lady's presence.

"Ah doctor!" said Wilson, gracefully bowing, "this lady is the sweet singer who saved me from the commission of a great crime. She, sir, is my adorable redeemer."

The now greatly excited lady looked at him with intense anxiety. His pale face, his long, wavy, black beard, his fine curly hair, his tall, manly bearing—all strange to her longing eyes. Alas! she could not see in him her little sad-eyed, incomprehensible, cheerless baby boy, whom she had twenty long years before left in the arms of his nurse in the rich Spanish mansion.

"Young man," she said, looking him earnestly in the eyes, "will you oblige me by showing me your right shoulder near the neck?"

He removed his garments so that she could see the "mark" which in a certain moment her suffering spirit had impressed upon his white skin.

"*Carmo!*" she instantly cried—"my own child! my long lost son!" and she fell upon his neck in a paroxysm of joy.

"My own darling mother!" he said, folding her passionately in his arms and embracing her over and over again. "O my God! I thank thee for my mother! My own sweet-voiced, darling mother! my adorable redeemer!"

\* \* \* \* \*

In the evening of that day the four happy ones drove in a carriage through the crowded streets to the residence of a well-known Presbyterian minister—a pleasant, elderly, white-haired gentleman—by whom the beautiful Madame Nelson, of New-York, became in law (as she had been for years in spirit and in truth) the bride of

Doctor La Force Du Bois, of New-Orleans; and on the same occasion, and by the legal authority of the same minister, the young golden-haired, bright-faced, innocent Mary Morgan, of Syracuse, became the true and happy wife of the redeemed and wealthy Carmo del Aragoni.

In a certain city in Spain a grand charitable asylum for homeless girls was established, and an immense foundling hospital was erected and furnished with every comfort, by the rich and universally beloved Madame Du Bois. One of the most distinguished men in the government of the ancient kingdom was the great General Carmo del Aragoni. His brilliant-faced and happy-hearted American wife was courted, admired, and respected by all the gallant officers and fair ladies at the Spanish capital. But mankind must wait awhile longer for the publication of the noble physician's great scientific work on the causes and cure of crime.

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