

LOUISE ELTON.

LOUISE ELTON:

OR,

THINGS SEEN AND HEARD.

A *Manual*.

BY

MRS. MARY E. HERNDON.

---

PHILADELPHIA:  
LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & CO.  
1853.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853,

BY LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO AND CO.,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

## LOUISE ELTON:

OR,

### THINGS SEEN AND HEARD.

A STORY,

THE ICENOGRAPHY OF WHICH IS REALITY.

DEDICATED, most respectfully, to HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS, of Mississippi, now Secretary of War; one of the true friends of the "*Union of the States*," who scorns all speculations relative to the established laws of our country, and more especially those adduced by fanatics or misguided partisans, whose theories, founded upon abstract principles, promise that which is never conferred in practice. It is a pleasure to honor the great, particularly those who call to the citizens of our Republic to rally around the standard of Democracy, and who admonish those who lift the American Flag, to be as earnest and zealous as the Emperor Constantine was, who, when he witnessed the downfall of Pagan persecution, exclaimed, under the banner of the Cross,

"In this sign shalt thou conquer."

It is also gratifying to know that justice, for his valor in battle and his decisive course as a patriot at home, has carved his meritorious deeds upon the brightest escutcheon of America; and we believe that the day is not far distant, when our executive diadem will glitter with so brilliant a spangle as the name of JEFFERSON DAVIS!

## INTRODUCTORY;

OR, THE REASON WHY I WROTE LOUISE ELTON; OR, THINGS  
SEEN AND HEARD.

"COUSIN, I wish you to write a book—a novel," said my cousin, John Beverly, to me, one evening as we sat musing over the last letters in "Delphine," by Madame de Stael, while the harsh winds of November were blowing briskly, and the small hail came rattling against the panes of glass, which admit the rays of light into my old studio. "Write a book!" said I; "why, John, what do you mean? I have never even had a dream upon the subject."—"I am in earnest," answered he; "and as the night is chilly and gloomy, and you have the asthma, I will retire now; and when I get home I will give you my reasons for advising you to write a book." Kind reader, sure enough, when cousin reached home, he wrote me the following letter, and I collected all of the materials together that I could think of, and the following novel is the result of my labor.

M. E. H.

MAYSICK, KY., January 10, 1852.

MY DEAR COUSIN—

Do you not recollect that I remarked to you last summer, whilst we sat under the apple tree at Rose Spring, that you ought to write a novel? I believe the only reply you then made me was a laugh, a derisive one too, for you seemed to conclude that if you were to write a novel, nobody would read it. You have told me, many a time, that you



thought we had too many book-makers; that the motto of our ancestors was, "Study, study, study;" nowadays, the cry is, "Genius, genius, genius;" and that if you were to attempt to write a novel, you might labor a long time upon it, and, perhaps, the literary world would pay no attention to it. I recollect that upon one occasion you remarked, "Why, I should feel about my book, I fear, as the gay belle feels, who, after toiling for hours in her boudoir, arraying herself in fine laces, ribbons, flowers, curls, and gems, enters the spacious ball-room, and no one asks her to dance." Do not, my dear cousin, be so timorous; but go on and write a novel. It will be read, I feel assured, for the literary reader of the passing age may be compared to the California gold-finder, who washes sand all day and accumulates a quantity of gold dust, and at night dreams of other adventures, but promises that another sun shall not go down upon him in the mines; another morning's light, notwithstanding, dawns on him, and he finds a huge stone, under which is hidden a lump of gold; he remains there and toils again and again, and after a time declares that gold-finding has become the business of his life, and he is determined to search on, at every spot where he has reason for believing that there is a treasure. Be not discouraged, therefore, because you have accidentally heard a few declare that they never intend to peruse another novel; for this has nothing to do with the taste of the reading million. It does not interrupt them at all; they are not easily satisfied, but will read page after page; yea, they will devour folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos, and lie down apparently satiated; still the intellect will roam in visions over Tempean valleys, and view the inexhaustible treasures which may be gathered within their classic shades. They still wish to ascend Mount Parnassus, and upon its loftiest tower build an altar, and look around, like Abraham, when he was about to sacrifice Isaac upon one of the mountains in the land of Moriah, and hear the voice of the Muse declare that the mountain upon which you stand

is sacred to Apollo, and that no sacrifice can be offered thereon, save to Literature and Science. Yes, my cousin, they will continue to listen to the stream that murmurs forth from Castalia's sparkling fountain; nor will they grow weary, while Time lasts, in searching for the small path that leads to the temples upon Helicon and Olympus; neither will they faint nor tire in clambering over crags, rocks, and wide deep valleys to Hippocrene's bubbling waters. I have often told you that you were wrong in saying that you would never like to write anything but a book of travels. A home novel would be more interesting, as so many have climbed Mount St. Elias, Chimborazo, Mount Blanc, and Dhawalaghiri; so many have, likewise, heard torrents roar, and gazed upon limpid cascades, which flow over wild steepes, into deep broad rivers and bays. There is many a Robinson Crusoe, who has regaled upon the delicious odors, and inhaled the soft gales from the orange bowers upon isolated islands and distant shores. Many adventurers have sent home books, who have gathered diamonds, gold, and silver from Pannah, Ophir, and Peru; others have told us of the nutmeg trees, of the pomegranate, the ginger, and clove, as well as of the ostrich, which runs over the burning sands of the Arabian desert, and of the tiger, which growls in the jungles of the Ganges, and the majestic condor that darkens the air with its broad black wings; besides, look what a myriad of books we have upon the ruins of temples and palaces, of the old classic cities, and in short, all the places of fame and notoriety. Wait no longer, but begin and compose a novel for us, and I promise you that it will be read by hundreds. Take my advice, cousin, and remain in your philosophic cell; for you can write a novel, and you may never have an opportunity to go abroad and see foreign countries at all, and your cousin is unwilling for your educational acquirements to lie dormant.

Sincerely yours,

J. B. HERNDON.

# LOUISE ELTON;

OR,

## THINGS SEEN AND HEARD.

---

### CHAPTER I.

"SISTER," said my brother Alva to me, one evening, as I was busily engaged packing our carpet-bags and trunk, to commence our journey homeward from the South, where we had been on a visit, and I employed as a governess for some time, "do you not recollect of hearing our father speak of the great pecuniary distress throughout the United States, in 1837, and also of the failure of hundreds of houses in the large cities, when the banks all suspended specie payment, and so many persons were cried out to the world as bankrupts?"

"Certainly I do, brother," was my reply.

"Very well, then, sister Louise," said Alva, "you also recollect of hearing our father say that he lost two thousand dollars by the failure of Mr. George Lampton?"

"I recollect it perfectly," I answered; "also the astonishment the failure of such a wealthy, and as father always called him, long-headed calculator as Mr. George Lampton."

"Well," continued Alva, "after his indebtedness to our father, he migrated to this State, and by rigid economy, industry, and uncommon success in his business affairs, he has retrieved his broken fortune, and has sent me word, by a friend, that we ought to go home by land, and call at his house, and

he will certainly pay us the money he owed our father, with interest on it. There is a great deal of integrity in the world, Louise, which I am happy to find, too; and when I received Mr. Lampton's message, I thought of what father used often to say; it was this: 'My sons,' said he, one day, to brother George and myself, 'recollect that your father believes that George Lampton is an honest man; and if it shall please God to remove me from this world, before Lampton recovers sufficient money to pay me, I believe that at some future period, if he live, that he will recollect my widow and orphan children. Oh, no; George Lampton is too good a man to have borrowed my money, and then failed *full-handed*; besides, his energy has no limit, and I verily believe that he will yet be a rich man.' What do you think, then, sister Louise, of going home by land?"

"Not very favorably, of course," I replied. "The exchange of a fine boat, a deep rushing river, etc., for a buggy, rough roads, and country taverns, is not very desirable; however, as we are so poor, and you are assured that Mr. Lampton will act uprightly, I will make the overland journey homeward, without complaint, and brook all inconveniences for our mother's sake: so go on, Alva, make the necessary preparations, and we will start to-morrow morning."

## CHAPTER II.

I HAVE travelled in some places where persons accustom themselves to calling a circuit of fifteen, twenty, thirty, and often forty miles a neighborhood. Where I had resided, we were in the habit of calling six, eight, or ten farms adjoining each other, with families living in them, a neighborhood. Both, I suppose, may be denominated neighborhoods;—the first, very sparsely, and the second, more densely settled and populated. The last inn-keeper, of whom we inquired, informed us that

Mr. George Lampton was one of his neighbors;—that we must leave the main-road, in about fifteen miles from him, at the first cross-roads,—drive about twenty miles through the country, and we would find the residence of Mr. George Lampton.

We travelled slowly onward, believing that we would soon arrive at a tavern, where we could rest during that night. Our informant at Holly Lodge had assured us that we would find a number of inns in the neighborhood, where we could stay all night, but we journeyed along without seeing anything which attracted our attention, except now and then an old weather-worn index, on the side of the road, which, with its ancient-looking finger, pointed to the next tavern so *many miles* ahead of us, that it was useless to attempt to reach it. Night was coming speedily upon us; the gales, uncommonly chilly for a southern climate, were blowing my bonnet-strings aloft; the opaque surface of the earth was intercepting the rays of light from the sun, which had fallen obliquely, and were reflecting long lines, causing the trees and other objects to measure slender, ghost-like shadows on the dark surface of the ground.

"I had forgotten," said Alva, "that the days are so short; I have not become accustomed yet to brief hours. The earth moves with such apparent velocity, especially after the autumnal equinox, and gets from under the sun's perpendicular rays so rapidly, that when I am travelling, I am unmindful of the length and brevity of the days." In a few minutes more we came to the cross-roads,—and, according to instruction, we followed the track which led us down a narrow, rocky road. We soon discovered, from the appearance of the fences, fields, &c., that the plantations in this vicinity were highly improved, and we believed, that after a while we would come to a house where we could stay all night.

After driving about one mile farther, we drew up in front of a large, and elaborately wrought gate; which, when unclosed admitted one into an extensive forest, and which seemed from its fine appearance to shut in the *Lapides Terminales*, of some

wealthy southern planter. This was a beautiful prospect. The gorgeousness with which autumn had dyed the leaves of this old wild forest was fading away. A trace now and then of the fantastic paintings of nature was visible;—the last rays of that day's sun were flickering on the distant hill-tops, and the uncourtly gales of a November's evening were hastily denuding the most of the trees of the woodlands of their once fresh and verdant foliage.

"There was not a tree in all the grove but had its charm."

The elegant magnolia, the lofty chestnut, the cotton-wood, the shellbark-hickory, and the kingly oak stood upon the soil of this fine demesne, with as much firmness and majesty, as if they held the only title to the ground over which their lofty boughs had waved so long.

The trumpet honeysuckle and the wild rose had scattered their leaves upon the grass, and their vines were clinging, like true friendship, to the sides of the more antiquated trees, as if they felt assured of finding protection from the evening breezes. The wild grape vines were closely embracing the persimon and plum trees, all loaded with clusters of fruit; sweetened by the late frosts, and on these luxuries, hundreds of gay singing birds were fattening. I was engaged in contemplating this lovely scene, almost forgetting that the night was so nigh at hand, when Alva sprung from the buggy and ventured to unbolt the fine gate.

"Drive through, Louise," said he, "I suppose they will allow us to stay all night."

"They!"

"Whom?" said I. "Do you know where you are going?"

"No," replied he; "but this gate looks as if it has been made to imbound people of quality, and this gravel road will doubtless lead us to a house. I will pay double price if it is required, rather than be compelled to drive after night. I feel chilly, and very much fear another ague," continued he, as he

drew the fur collar of his overcoat above his ears, and reseated himself in the buggy.

We drove over this neatly gravelled road and I resumed my meditative mood. First I listened to the crushing of the shells and gravel under the wheels, and as we commenced the descent of a hill I gazed on the beautiful lowlands, the luxuriant-looking fields, the fat cattle; then the autumnal fruits and seeds, which lay upon the ground made me conclude that the horn of plenty had been emptied of a large portion of its golden treasures upon this broad, exuberant savanna. A shallow, but wide creek flowed at the base of the hill; we crossed it and struck the road on the opposite side. It curved off to the right hand, and soon we were in sight of an elegant mansion. I began to feel great diffidence and embarrassment as we neared this fine place, for the countenance of everything was decidedly aristocratic, we were total strangers, and we were perhaps approaching the residence of some great family, who would not like to be troubled with travellers. I might have known better, if I had weighed matters correctly. I had been staying in the South for a length of time; and whoever heard of a southerner who was not a model of hospitality and kindness? Generous, chivalrous, open-hearted people, I would rise at the hour of midnight to unbar my doors to you, I would kill the fatted calf, nurse you in sickness, and rest you on the softest couch my house afforded!

We had not stopped long before the front yard, when a neatly attired mulatto-boy appeared at the angle of the mansion—paused a second, looked at us,—then walked briskly towards the gate and opened it widely before us.

"Drive through, sir," was the polite and laconic salutation.

"Who lives here?" said Alva, to the servant who seemed surprised that my brother did not obey his polite direction.

"Colonel Manville, sir," returned the boy.

"Is your master at home?" inquired Alva.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well," said my brother, "run to the house and ask him to come out to the gate, if he pleases." The servant was soon out of sight, but returned directly to us saying, "Master is waiting on mistress, *who is in one of her ways* this evening, and he cannot come out; he says you must drive into the yard, around the circle, and stop before the portico, and he will send his brother-in-law to you."

We followed the directions of the master, through the Anglo-African, and came to a halt in front of a large open portico, with stately columns, of great circumference and height, adorned with all the beauty of which the most skilful Corinthian architect could boast.

The groundwork was of marble, and the steps composed of the same huge white material.

The servant opened the door that led from the portico into the great hall of the mansion, and out came a gentleman who appeared to be about thirty-eight or forty years of age. He had on a pair of fair leather slippers, a black coat, drab pantaloons, a leghorn hat dyed black, the reddest cravat that ever was seen, and before his great prominent blue eyes he wore a pair of glasses, spherically concave, which *said* that he was *short-sighted*, physically of course, as his amiable countenance told us, immediately, that he was too heavenly-minded to be short-sighted morally. He ran down the great steps, as if he was the lord of the manor, and with as much gracefulness and loftiness of carriage, as if he had been tutored in old-time courtliness by the fascinating Talma. My brother was younger than I, and more timorous, and when I discovered that he was embarrassed, I spoke to the elegant gentleman myself. Said I, "We left the main road about one-half hour ago. I discovered from the indices along the wayside that we were a great distance from a tavern; the day was closing so fast, that we concluded to enter the lane, which brought us to your woodland: we have penetrated to your mansion; will you permit us to stay all night? My brother has had the ague and fever, and dreads the air after it grows so late."

"Certainly, certainly, with pleasure," said the gentleman, who had waited patiently till I explained to him how we came there. "Alight, both of you; you can spend the night here;" and continued he, "I should not only be encroaching upon the hospitality of my amiable brother-in-law, were I to deny you admittance to-night, but I would commit a sin against my own conscience." I saw directly that he was in the habit of attending ladies, for as I stepped from the vehicle he held my hand, and protected my skirts from the ragged ends of plating about the old buggy, and as the step was high from the ground, he made me lodge on his foot as I got out of the time-worn little carriage. After I was fairly on the gravel walk, he made a slight inclination (for he was six feet and one inch in height), gave me his arm, and then turning to my brother, he said, "Walk in, sir; your trunks and other articles will be attended to by the servants." As Alva stepped to my left hand, the boy drove off with the buggy and its contents.

We passed through a great square hall, and about twenty feet from the front door we commenced ascending a flight of winding stairs. I held my unknown chaperon by the arm, and we tripped up the steps with the regularity and agility of two cadets who have been trained to arms for a moderate lifetime. At the head of the staircase we entered a hall similar to the one below, and immediately on our right hand was a door which admitted us to the magnificently furnished parlors.

My escort seated me within the arms of a large rocking-chair, elegantly cushioned, and covered with a rich dark green damask silk, looped and decorated with tassels of the same fine material. I leaned back against the soft supporter, and as the gentleman loosened the ashes and cinders between the bars of the grate, he asked me, how far we had travelled that day, and hoped I was not fatigued? I told him we had come thirty-five miles, that I was not fatigued—a *great deal*. He then arose and left the room. Presently he returned, and there came, also, a genteel-looking servant girl, bearing a silver

waiter, two small cut-glass bottles, a silver pitcher, and six silver goblets. She then presented the plate to me. The polite gentleman approached me, pulled the stopper from one of the bottles, and then, in his overpowering and courtly manner invited me to take a glass of brandy and water, after my long drive through the chilly air. I thanked him, and he poured a small portion into one of the goblets, diluted it with water, and handed it to me. I knew *this* beverage would suit my brother very well, as he was threatened with a chill, and from the scintillations that flew about, from the mouth of the bottle, against the sides of the bright silver cups, one might have concluded *perhaps*, that *both* of the gentlemen were endeavoring to avoid the ague.

Some of my readers may consider it indelicate in a lady to drink anything so strong as brandy. Have a little patience, and after awhile you will learn that the gentleman who was attending us so politely, had his own peculiar way of doing things, and believed a small portion of brandy to be at this time, far more acceptable than wine or sweetened toddies. I admire the custom, too, *very much*: I mean, the fashion for gentlemen to drink brandy and water. I also admire it in a social way. I dislike to see persons indulge so freely as to render themselves contemptible and culpable, or to become slaves to intoxicating drinks. We may carry *many things* into the portals of impropriety. I saw an individual eat so excessively upon a certain occasion that he died the same night of apoplexy. I have not the slightest objection to those who form temperance societies, if they think proper. The Washingtonian system has, I believe, been the means of reclaiming many a wanderer. The rigid temperance of its members, their example, &c., have produced a salutary effect upon the minds of many, who have plucked up, root and branch, those vines which annually distilled so vast a quantity of wine into the pernicious vats of old Bacchus. However, I cannot divest myself of the admiration I have, to see gentlemen toasting each other.

Alva now drew his chair nearer to me, and remarked,

"Sister, I never tasted such excellent brandy in my life. That clever gentleman must have descended from Sir Robert Graigdarroch, or Glenriddel, whom Robert Burns declares '*unmatched at the bottle.*' I wish I was at home, or out on the big road, where I could sing

"Then let us toast John Barleycorn,  
Each man a glass in hand,  
And may his great posterity  
Ne'er fail in all this land."

Or the old ballad of 'The Whistle,' by dear old Robert Burns. The fourteenth stanza in the song always amuses me; don't you recollect it, Louise?

"Six bottles apiece had well worn out the night,  
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,  
Turned o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,  
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.'"

As I was walking across the parlor admiring the fine house, and rallying Alva upon taking more brandy than his honest heart intended, our friend returned. He inquired of me, if I would have anything? I told him I wished for nothing, at that time; that I was admiring the plan of the house; that I never had seen the parlors above stairs, except in towns and cities. "This mansion," rejoined he, "was planned by a lady. Do you not think her genius as an architect very tasty?" I told him I did. Continued he: "The whole fabric is very convenient: there may be a large company above stairs here, and all the domestic duties be performed below, and the company may spend their time pleasantly without the slightest interruption," and at that moment he again left the room.

### CHAPTER III.

In about fifteen minutes, our friend returned, and he led into the room a beautiful young lady. As he presented her to



me, he remarked, "I have not the pleasure of knowing your name, but allow me to introduce my niece, Miss Kate Manville, to you." As I received the polite introduction, I informed the gentleman that my name was Louise Elton. Reader, have you ever seen an account of the fisherman whose angling rod and line is charged with electricity by the *Gymnotus Electricus*, and the angler becoming paralysed by the mysterious shock on the banks of the tropical rivers and lakes? I thought of the angler at this moment, for when I pronounced my name, the strange gentleman *startled*; he was agitated, confused, and evidently shocked. I looked at him a second; then I introduced the beautiful niece, Miss Kate Manville, to my brother, Mr. Alva Elton. Immediately, Miss Kate made us acquainted with the interesting gentleman, who was recovering from his late surprise, and to whom we felt under so many obligations, as her uncle, Dr. Finlay. It seems as if it would be unjust to pass on, without giving a more minute description of little Kate. I judged from her appearance, that not more than the gales of eighteen summers had fanned her raven-like curls, which hung wantonly about her round, pretty neck and face. Her eyes were of a rich black; she was beautiful; yes, *very* beautiful; just my style of beauty too; for no woman can look ugly, *according to my notion*, if her eyes are black. Kate's were also expressive, and as she cast them down, which was often the case, her long dark eyelashes seemed to sleep upon her *full*, soft Italian cheeks. Her forehead was high, her chin beautifully dimpled, and her teeth small and white as milk. Her stature was rather low, but her form, round and perfect. Notwithstanding her encirclement by all the luxuries and elegancies of life, and the society of a gentleman of apparent dignity, affection, and intelligence, whom she addressed by the tender appellation of uncle,—still, there was something sad in the expression of little Kate's countenance. "Am I correct," said Dr. Finlay, to Alva, "in understanding your sister's first name to be Louise?"

"You are, sir," rejoined my brother; "her Christian name is Louise." Dr. Finlay then leaned back in his chair and looked intently at me. I thought he gave me a curious look, too, for he rolled his great eyes at me over his glasses, and he fixed his gaze so full in my face, that I turned my head aside, wondering what there could be in my appearance, or the name of *Louise*, that interested him so deeply, but I dared not interrogate him, of course.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"Do you feel fatigued, Miss Elton?" inquired little Kate, as the bell was heard to ring announcing the hour for supper.

I replied, "I do not, for I enjoy travelling so much, that I can ride all day, through a desert, or a forest; over mountains, valleys, rivers, and bayous, and at night resemble Alexander the Great, who *'wept for more worlds to conquer.'*" I should not weep, but would be sufficiently interested to beg for more forests and mountains, and more streamlets and vales to range over. I am a great admirer of nature's works, and therefore generally in the humor for contemplating its beauty and grandeur." "We are in confusion here to-day, somewhat," said the lovely little woman; "my mother, or rather my step-mother, has, at times, some of the most distressing spells imaginable. She has had an alarming nervous spasm this afternoon. It seems to worry my father very much, for she refuses every one who should attend her but himself. My father is remarkably fleshy, and it always looks odd to me to see a gentleman acting as a sick-nurse. We have a great deal of company to-night. The ladies and gentlemen are in their rooms now, preparing to dance after tea, but they will be disappointed. Pa has several servants who perform delightfully on the fife, drum, and violin, but ma's *nervous spasm* precludes our anticipated enjoyment." Again I apologized to little Kate on account

of our unexpected intrusion, and again I was assured that we were welcome. She then invited me below stairs, into her dressing-room, in order that I might adjust my hair, for she very considerably remarked, that as the company were all strangers to me, she had conducted me down, to afford me an opportunity to prepare for the eyes of several fine gentlemen. I did as this beautiful, kind maiden bade me, and in a short time I heard her uncle inquire for us. He had come down to escort me to the table. We entered the room, I holding to the arm of Dr. Finlay, and little Kate and Alva coming after us.

The folding-doors of two large rooms were thrown open, and a table reaching through them, covered with massive plate, and dishes well filled, was spread before us. I had never seen a more abundant supply of luxuries, or a board more tastefully and handsomely laid out. On each side stood gentlemen and ladies, as if they had convened upon some great festivity; the nature of which I could not tell. They were laughing and chatting when we entered the saloon, waiting for us to take places at the table. I soon discovered that they were people of high life, but could conclude no further; and all they knew of us was, that we had travelled all day, and stopped to stay all night. Dr. Finlay, however, was very polite, and seemed to be at home, and little Kate so kind and interesting, that I felt unembarrassed when the Doctor led me into the room, and introduced me to his brother-in-law,—a polite, smiling old gentleman, whom he called "Colonel Manville."

Kate introduced Alva, and after a kind welcome from the hospitable Colonel, he remarked.—

"My wife is indisposed this evening. Dr. Finlay will introduce yourself and brother to Miss Morris, the lady presiding at the head of the table." We were next presented to her, and the guests introduced to "Miss Elton and brother." "Give thanks, brother Charles," said Col. Manville, to an aged personage at the table; and silence regained her supremacy, spite of the despotic triumph of woman's gossip, for perhaps three

minutes. We all then commenced partaking of the sumptuous viands before us. Everything was fine, fashionable, and gay, and the most polite and accomplished servants I had seen for many a season. I kept listening to the merry chat of the ladies and gentlemen, and the rattle of the shiny silver plate, till I almost thought myself dreaming. I was seated between Dr. Finlay and the most noted dignitary at the table, "old Mr. Charles Manville," as he was reverently called. The same, too, who had offered an ardent prayer of thanksgiving, for the table comforts set before us. I well recollect his concluding words. "Whether we eat, or drink, or whatever we do, may we do all to thy praise, our Heavenly Father."

## CHAPTER V.

DR. FINLAY, who sat at my right hand, was particularly attentive to me, and as I sat nigh enough to Miss Morris, she complimented me so much as to make many polite inquiries about the long journey I had to perform,—the distance we had come on that day, and insisted on my partaking heartily of the dainties on the magnificent board. I readily complied with her invitation, as I felt disposed to eat. The long drive, or *that brandy and water*, of which good Dr. Finlay had induced me to taste, had aroused my appetite, and I did not wait for Miss Morris to urge me a second time. I found that this lady was the governess; that she possessed some educational accomplishments, and that she was attentive and kind, but exceedingly loquacious, and officiating in place of "*my wife*," whom the servant boy Godfrey had familiarly informed us, "was in *one of her ways*," when we made our halt, about sundown, before the elegant gate at Green Haven. I noticed that Miss Morris seemed to cast some very significant glances at Dr. Finlay, but all was a mystery. Once I heard her whisper and say, "Is *her name Louise?*" and the Doctor replied, "It is." Then I no-



ticed that his hand trembled as he presented something to me. I felt curious to know why the name of Louise should agitate a gentleman so much, and why Miss Morris should betray significant expressions, by her sidelong glances at the Doctor, but I was forced to sup in conjecture, and at last concluded that, perhaps, the Doctor was a widower, and that his wife was named Louise, or that some great favorite, with himself, was called by this name. After tea, the gayest portion of the company adjourned to the parlors, and the remainder retreated to their respective apartments. Dr. Finlay handed me into the upper parlor, and we took a seat on a large sofa, covered all over with rich green Persian silk. The Doctor commenced a conversation about a magnificent painting that constituted a portion of the ornaments, which embellished these princely halls. It was a picture drawn in view of the scenery of "Corie Lin,"—that wild, romantic fall of the River Clyde in Scotland. "I have visited Corie Lin," said the Doctor, "and these words of the poet came forcibly to my mind, as I looked upon the wild scene.

"'Here awful beauty puts on all its charms.'"

Then he directed my attention to the correctness of the painting; to the stupendous cliffs,—the ragged black-looking rocks growing from their sides,—the angry and impetuous flood, thundering over the crags,—the fisherman, with his long boots on, throwing into the pool, below the fall, the hook baited with some delicacy, which tempts the finny tribes.

There were painted over the hills and lofty trees the old spires and turrets of Corie Castle, which was surrounded by the peaceful shades, and overshadowed by low, heavy clouds. When I examine a fine painting it always excites my admiration and enthusiasm. I stood up to look at the one before us, and presently I remarked to Dr. Finlay, "that it was out of my power to express my admiration for a fine painting, especially such a grand old scene as 'Corie Lin.'" Said he, "Are

you acquainted with the poems of Eliza Cook?" I replied quickly, and very thoughtlessly, "Oh! Doctor, indeed I am; Eliza Cook is one of my favorite poets." I was provoked that I had exclaimed 'Oh! Doctor,' and with so much vehemence, too, as if I had been acquainted with Dr. Finlay a great while; for as I exhibited so much enthusiasm he gave me one of those *queer* mysterious looks, over his spectacles, that made me turn from his glance; and I asked him if he recollected those exquisite lines by Eliza Cook, in her beautiful "Song of Marion." Said he, "Do you refer to the stanza beginning

"'Not yet, not yet! I thought I saw  
The folding of his plaid?'"

"Ah! that's it," I said, and as he was rather slow of speech I could not wait for him to repeat the two last verses of the stanza, so I seized the poetic thread, and unwound the beautiful, silken sentiment, and said—

"'Alas! 'twas but the mountain pine,  
That cast a fitful shade.'"

There are other verses in it still more beautiful and melancholy; do you not think so, Doctor? Do you not also recollect this stanza:

"'Not yet, not yet! I heard a sound—  
A distant crashing din;  
'Tis but the night-breeze bearing on  
The roar of Corie Lin.'"

"Yes, Miss Elton," said he, "it is all pretty. I have stood near this fall when the evening gale bore to my ear the thundering of the cataract; but I do not think I enjoyed the natural scenery so much as I have that painted view, during the short time I have been conversing about it with yourself.

"There surely is something more interesting and stirring, in looking at a painting, if it be a correct one, and listening to the remarks of some accomplished female, who calls to mind the

sentiments of a fine poetess, whose power of describing scenery is equal to Eliza Cook's, *than to see the natural scenery alone*. I did not think of 'Marion's Song,' when I saw Corie Lin. I was amazed at the stupendous grandeur of the scene, but unmindful that those wild romantic situations are the favorite haunts of the muses. Oh! yes," he continued, "I admire Eliza Cook very much: I mean her poems. She is the only poet on either side of the ocean, I believe, who has ever made sentiment of the *grunt of a pig*."

"Sentiment of the grunt of a pig?" said I, for really I thought this the most singular expression I had ever heard; and in spite of all the Doctor's gravity, I laughed at his odd remark, and asked him what he meant by saying that Eliza Cook could make a pig grunt sentimentally?

"You misapprehend me, Miss Elton. I meant that she had even manufactured sentiment *with* the grunt of a pig! Do you not recollect her exquisite lines, in the song of 'Norah McShane,' where she says—

"Oh! there's something so dear in the cot I was born in,  
Though the walls are but mud and the roof is but thatch;  
How familiar the *grunt of the pigs* in the morning,  
What music in lifting the rusty old latch!"

I had forgotten "Norah McShane," and told him so, but said to myself, I never will forget the oddity of Dr. Finlay's remark. As we were now promenading the room, a servant came to call him out; some one was ill, and had sent for him. He apologized, and reseated me on the sofa. I thought he was going away immediately, but he went into the lower parlor, and brought and introduced to me Mr. Upperton, a dashing-looking young gentleman, of the city of ——. I soon discovered that he was remarkably sprightly and handsome and well educated, and that he was far more cheerful than Dr. Finlay. I looked into the lower room, to see if I could catch a glimpse of Alva. He was seated beside a young lady who was re-

clining against the marble statue, representing Atlas holding the world on his back, that upheld a massive mantelpiece, which was loaded with elegant ornaments. The soft light from the oriental lamp glowed above her, and was reflected gently from her pale cheeks, causing me to notice the sweet expression of her calm blue eyes. Her light, yellow ringlets seemed to quiver in the golden light, and I was surprised to see her lend such an attentive ear to the conversation of my brother, who I supposed was, like myself, a total stranger. Alva and the lady, were conversing as if they were old acquaintances, and I thought as I approached them, with Mr. Upperton, that I heard him call her "Floretta." Mr. Upperton was beginning to tell me of his first acquaintance with Alva. They had graduated at the same time, at the University of —, and were no little astonished, at this unexpected meeting at Green Haven. Presently, I observed a tall lady, gorgeously dressed, who had little, keen blue eyes, and skin as white as the cotton that bursts from the myriads of pericarpiums which had come to perfection upon her native soil. She was five feet, eight inches in height, and weighed about one hundred and five pounds. Her hair was of a pale red color, and her eyebrows and lashes perfectly white, but she was more elegantly dressed than any lady in the parlors. She came dancing towards Mr. Upperton and threw a small bouquet to him, laughed loudly, and pranced off. Mr. Upperton, turning to me said, "Miss Elton, do you know anything of the sentiment of flowers? In this bouquet, I find three sprigs. What definition is given in the floral lexicon to holly?"

"Think upon your vows," said I. He smiled saying, "*My* vows alas! are like the first coats of ice that cover the little ponds and brooks in the fall of the year;—they are extremely frangible. I must reform, and make no more vows to Miss Ashmore. Now tell me the definition of the hawthorn leaves, if you please, Miss Elton?"

"Hope, I thee invoke," said I.

"Well," said Mr. Upperton, "a man might involve himself in considerable difficulty, if the laws of our commonwealth allowed flowers to be admitted in court as evidence against him. I must be more cautious in future, for fear that some of our ladies will have an act passed by our Legislature, to admit bouquets as evidence against gentlemen. I should be sued for a breach of promise, and perhaps be sentenced to the penitentiary, and the complainant have nothing to do but to present the jury a bouquet. Now, Miss Elton, please define this wild rose for me."

"It reminds you," said I, "not to allow your unsophisticated heart to be corrupted by intercourse with the world." I rather thought that this last sentence applied to me, and that the tall lady understood the definition of flowers well enough to have selected the wild rose, in order to remind Mr. Upperton that he was, by leaving her side, liable perhaps, to be corrupted by associating with a stranger. "You will acquaint me with some of this gay lady's secret," I remarked to Mr. Upperton, "as you have requested me to translate the language of her flowers. They are very expressive;—they speak the language of the heart."—"If all the bouquets Miss Ashmore has sent me," he said, "were collected together, they would make a parterre as large as one of those belonging to the '*swinging gardens of Babylon*,'—and if their language was translated and the MS. published in book-form, I would have a volume as large as Byron's '*Childe Harold*.'" As the lady of the mansion was in "*one of her ways*," and no one was allowed to open the piano, or strike the guitar, *as music would certainly drive her mad*, some one proposed cards; but I could not play; and as Miss Morris and little Kate had not been in the parlor since supper-time, Dr. Finlay had left me, and I was not very much interested in the strange company, I then concluded to ring the little silver bell I saw on the table, call up a servant, and beg to be shown to bed. Lettie soon made her appearance, when I bade my brother good night, and left the gay crowd. I followed the servant through the apartments of this magnificent edifice,

across a wide gallery to the library, where she invited me to remain, till she spoke to her mistress. I did not sit down, for I was occupied with the furniture of the room, especially the four large book-cases which were so well filled. There was a lounge and sofa in the room, where the industrious student might recline in the arms of Somnus, after his toilsome travel to Mount Pierius, two old-fashioned rocking-chairs, a large mirror, two walnut tables, with deep drawers in them, these were unlocked and partly open, and I had curiosity enough to look at their contents. In the first was a skull, and from the marks on it, I concluded that Drs. Gall and Spurzheim had influenced some one to become a disciple of the science of craniology. The phrenological locations were all surveyed and marked off with great accuracy, and if I had been favored with a companion, *especially a gentleman*, he would *not* have agreed that the skull belonged to one of his own sex, for the organs which make *contrariness* were exceedingly prominent. On one of the tables sat a small orrery, and on the other, a handsome rosewood escritoire, with this epigraph, on a square piece of silver which was inserted into the cover of the case, "From Eugenius to Emily."

Four high wide windows permitted the disk of the pretty lunette, which shone brightly in the cerulean dome, to illumine this storehouse of literature and science. I walked to the side oriel to feast on the beauties of nature, and to inhale the rich night air, which ventilated this grand looking-apartment. This window was raised a little, and I had a fine view of the rear of the gentle hillock which upheld the magnificent mansion. From the base of the hill away off to the right was a wide grassy valley. Its surface was mantled in delicate verdure, sparkling with diamond-like globules, with which cohesion's plastic hand had strung the emerald grass. On the opposite side from the mansion flowed a deep transpicuous stream, separating the valley and a hill of medium height. The water of the brook reflecting the moon's light, rolled onward as gracefully and

brightly, as if the Naiades were floating over its surface, and dragging down the streamlet a trail of silver. Here Terra had lavished some of her most exquisite workmanship, and the scene looked enchanting enough to have been one of the favorite abodes of the wood-nymph. The few ancient oaks, that now and then bespotted the broad champaign, at the eastern side of the villa, boasted of trunks of sufficient dimensions to have been the dwellings of the Dryades. The distant hills were symmetrical, green, and pretty enough to have formed thrones for the Orestiades; and the surface of the small lakes was imperious to the rays of light, and so smooth that the fabled Narcissus might have used them as mirrors, or they might have been chosen as lavers by the Fluviales.

When faithful Lettie returned, I inquired of her, where I was to sleep. "I have asked Mistress," she replied, "and she says if you are not a married lady, you can sleep in Miss Anna's room with Miss Kate."

I told her, "I was not married; that I was travelling with my brother," and she conducted me to the other end of the long corridor. I was then ushered into the chamber of the governess and little Kate;—just where I wished to be, for I experienced an uncontrollable yearning after these two beings, and why, I could not tell, but there seemed to be a congeniality between us, from the first time I met them. When I entered their room, I noticed several large trunks and carpet-bags, which looked as if they belonged to some person or persons who had perchance as long a journey to perform as I had. My own baggage, I observed, was placed at the foot of a comfortable-looking couch, which was dressed off with yellow and white curtains, and an elegant muslin valance, that touched the flowers of the fine Brussels carpet. Miss Morris handed me a rocking-chair, and as she was remarkable for garrulity, she commenced interrogating me about my family, my name, and place of destination. After I had satisfied her, I thought I would ask some questions. I inquired of her the name of that tall

young lady I saw in the parlor after tea. Said I, "She has singular red hair, white eyebrows, and lashes." "Miss Carrie Ashmore," replied Miss Morris, "cousin of our little Kate; niece, and adopted daughter of Mr. Charles Manville, the elderly gentleman you saw at tea. She is also the niece of Col. Manville, the proprietor of this villa. She's rude in company, is she not?" asked Miss Morris. "She appears to be somewhat sprightly," said I, "but I do not think I should call her rude." "She's a girl of her own head, as the saying is," continued Miss Morris, "of wealthy parentage, though poor now. She's an orphan, of aristocratic family, but unfortunately on her father's side they are people of weak minds. I have been told that Major Ashmore, her father, died in a bedlam. I do not think she will ever be a favorite with her venerable uncle; she is too vain, and light-headed. Mr. Charles Manville is one of the most retiring, sensible, religious men in the State, and dislikes everything that is pompous and noisy. The old gentleman seems to carry the marks of suffering in his aged countenance; he sighs deeply, and I often hear him groan; they say there's a dark mystery about his house, and that he has, in his life, witnessed some heart-rending scenes."

As this lady was so strangely communicative, I ventured to ask her the nature of those "dark scenes," which she intimated had embittered the life of one, who seemed so pious and sad. "I know nothing definite," continued she. "I have heard that he has been unfortunate with his family; 'tis said some one murdered his son, and that is sufficient to make one gloomy." Wishing to change the conversation, as I discovered that this lady, if she knew more of the history of Mr. Manville, did not intend to tell me, I inquired of her, the name of that pretty girl I had seen in conversation with my brother. Said I, "She had on a pink merino dress, trimmed with green gimp, and buttons and green velvet." "Oh! that is the celebrated Miss Woodman, one of the most wealthy, intelligent, and elegant of women." Just as I was repeating her name to myself, try

ing to recollect who she was (for her name was familiar to me; I had certainly heard it, and had heard Alva speak of her too, but I had lost sight of her), little Kate came into the room, approached Miss Morris and said, "Don't you think it best for us to remain in the house till it grows late, and then go *yonder*? The moon shines, and I discover that the wind is changing towards the southwest; it is much more mild now than it was at sundown. I have just examined the barometer, and it foretells rain." "I'll go at any time you wish me, Kate," replied Miss Morris, then Kate approached me and said "Miss Elton, we are going to make a visit by moonlight to a very sweet, melancholy spot, are you too much fatigued to go out? if not we will be pleased if you accompany us: 'tis not far,—our old servant Dorcas will go with us; I suppose by this time you have heard all about it;" then taking Miss Morris by the hand, she said, "Tell the lady all about it, Miss Anna,—I cannot, you know." The mystery when given to Miss Morris was soon unveiled. The youthful, sweet and beautiful Kate was to be married the next morning; the fashionable ladies and gentlemen were a portion of the guests invited to witness the ceremony: Kate's trunks were packed, the bridegroom had taken lodgings within five miles of Green Haven, and Kate, with her younger sister, accompanied by Miss Morris, old mamma Dorcas, and myself, was going, after everything became tranquil, to shed some parting tears over her mother's grave. Presently the noise and confusion of the mansion died away, and the duties of the domestics concluded. An aged servant woman now entered our room, leading a young girl, I suppose about eleven or twelve years of age. "Where is Ada, Aunt Dorcas?" said Kate. "She is asleep, and I was afraid to wake her," answered the obedient old slave. "I had a great deal of trouble, Miss Kate, to get Miss Lizette; she climbed out of the end window, and I knew if I called Ada, or Miss Liz aroused her, that your ma would scold all night about it." Kate turned to me, and I saw her black orbs shining through the tears gathering over them.

She said to me, "Miss Elton, don't you think that is enough to make me weep? Our poor mother is buried at the corner of the garden; I have chosen this silent hour to make a farewell visit to that hallowed spot. I shall leave here to-morrow morning; the gentleman I am going to marry resides a great distance from Green Haven; what is it a bad-tempered step-mother will not do? Oh! how I dislike to leave my sisters here, and how anxious I am to take Lizette and Ada with me. We are the last of eight children, and it seems as if we ought not to be separated. If we were to awaken Ada, and our step-mother know it, *and she would certainly find it out*, she would quarrel all night about it, and perhaps rouse the whole household with her spasms; for whenever she gets angry she flies into a spasm, and it distresses our father so much, that we avoid everything that is calculated to agitate her. It seems very curious in her to get angry too, which she never fails to do, whenever our mother's name is mentioned, or she sees us at her grave." Miss Morris then spoke. "Dear Kate, go without Ada, and do not think about your step-mother again. You know *she* must not be disturbed; Ada is asleep; poor child, she has had the toothache, let her sleep; the night air might not be good for her; 'tis best as it is, so come along before it gets too late, or rains." Kate wiped the tears from her pretty cheeks, put on a short black coat, and tied a handkerchief over her dark curls. Miss Morris put on her shawl and bonnet, and as I had not unhooked my travelling dress, I had only to throw a veil over my head and I was ready to go. "Walk easily," whispered Miss Morris, as we stealthily crossed the gallery. We reached safely the back door, went down a flight of steps, painted yellow, into a long walk, well paved with brick, to the garden gate. We entered the main walk, which was long and wide. Here everything looked new, as well as about the house and yard. Everything had been repaired, and was kept in grand style. I could see in this enclosure no deep shaded bowers, no ragged cliffs in the back ground, no dark ivy



shades, no deep ancient groves for the night birds to grieve in, no wild scenery, no rustic seats, no moss-covered stones, no solitary pine clusters for the night breezes to wail through. The shrubbery then was all young. The long walks were bounded on the east and west by beds of loam, and abundantly filled with roots and shrubs of many species. In the spring-time, this elegant garden boasted of all the delicate and gorgeous flowers which dazzle the eye and please the senses. I noticed a great variety of evergreens, but the southern sunbeams had withered many of the gayest flowers. It looked as if Flora had retreated into some secluded grotto, and during her absence the wanton gales of autumn had shaken to the earth the flowered leaves, which had so short a time before decorated the vines and young trees with delicate green drapery. We trod silently along, nothing interrupting the stillness of the night but the mournful bleating and neighing of the tethered cattle, on the distant plains, and the crush of the dry leaves that lay in the wide path. At length we made a curve to the left, walked about fifty paces down a narrow walk, bordered with box-trees, cut in all the fantastic shapes imaginable. This path led to Kate's mother's grave, or rather her place of rest, for we saw no grave. It was covered by a tall white marble monument; an iron railing surrounded it, and a small gate of which Dorcas had the key, led into this sacred abode. The old negress unlocked it, and Kate, holding Lizette by the hand, entered the enclosure, and both knelt down and leaned against the snow-white stone. This was a solemn scene, and one that I have often adverted to. The recollection of the countenances of those two affectionate sisters, kneeling in silent prayer before the dumb, cold pillar that hid the form of a deceased mother, both, perhaps, fearing that this was the last visit, they were ever to make together to that loved tomb,—the anticipated marriage,—the bride saying farewell to her father, her sisters, her youthful friends, the faithful old servants, and her home—all these things clustered around my heart, and impressed

me with recollections too indelible to be washed away by all the waters in the deep sea of time. A gleam of moonlight fell upon that side of the monument on which I stood. Just above the plinth, I read this inscription, "In memory of Emily and Lavinia," and on the north side, "My Julia and Edwin lie here;" on the front was recorded the name and many virtues of "Mrs. Fidelia Manville." Not far from this was a cenotaph, erected in memory of Waldegrave, who, I learned from the epitaph, fell at the famous battle of the Alamo, in Texas, in 1836. I almost shed tears when I read the inscription: it reminded me of the gallant Milam and Travis and Evans and Crocket and Bowie, and the famous watchword, "*Remember the Alamo!*" The monument and cenotaph were specimens which bespoke the skill of the architect, and corresponded with the appearance of everything else about this fine place. The monument stood on a ground-plot which was about twenty feet square, raised two feet and covered with high grass. The base of the marble was perhaps eight feet square, with four graduating slabs, placed one on the other, the shaft standing about eight feet above the pedestal, and the chapter was decorated with an urn, with flowers and birds sculptured around the rim. There knelt little Kate, holding the hand of Lizette, and moistening the pale stone with their pious and innocent tears, till they trembled with anguish: both of them shivered in the moonlight. After they arose, I saw Kate take hold of a rose-vine and place it on the slabs of marble. She spoke to the old servant and said, "Aunt Dorcas, I planted this rose-vine here last spring; it used to clamber over sister Emily's bower. I wish you to come here every now and then, and attend to it; I want it to run round the base of the monument like a wreath. I wish you to notice the cypress and weeping willow, also, that wave over poor brother Waldegrave's cenotaph;" then she cast a sad look at the monument again, and I heard her whisper, "Farewell! farewell! loved shades! long, long will it be ere I revisit you. Peradventure the springtime of my existence

will have vanished, the riper years of summer may have flown; the melancholy shades of autumn may gather over me, or the winter of death entomb me: I may never behold this sacred spot again. Never return, perhaps,

“ ‘To ask the listening grove,  
Where are the mates who joined me in your shades?  
To feel at once the whole remembered load of joys and griefs  
Upon the struggling heart, . . . . .  
And breathe the deep-drawn sigh for friends much loved,  
Now buried in long sleep.’ ”

## CHAPTER VI.

I AWOKE early in the morning. I had not closed my eyes to sleep till after the clock struck two. My thoughts were so scattered and confused, after I retired, as I was thinking of the adventures and discoveries of the preceding day and night, I could not sleep, and I rose often on the bed, exclaiming, “Macbeth hath murdered sleep.” The only repose I enjoyed was some time after two o’clock. I was also taking a retrospect of what Alva and I had gone through in twenty-four hours. On the day of our arrival at Green Haven, we had travelled nearly forty miles over a rough road; had become acquainted with some of the most elegant people I had ever seen; had been affected by their tales of domestic grief; heard a portion of their good fortune; and were being entertained by their hospitable hands. As Kate had remarked the night before, the wind had changed to the southwest, and a heavy rain had fallen during the night. The morning was cloudy, and the atmosphere cool and vapory. We were called from our rooms to a very early breakfast, and at the board met the same strange guests of the night before. Dr. Finlay continued to act as my escort, and after the ceremonies of the breakfast table were over, the ladies, impatient as they usually are upon

such occasions, retired to their rooms to dress for the wedding. I had not then seen the lady of the mansion, but was told that a night’s rest had restored her to her usual health, and that her nerves were sufficiently strong to bear the excitement of company. As there were so many ladies and gentlemen, Kate could not, even in that spacious mansion, have a room to herself, and I being an occupant of the one with herself and Miss Morris, had the pleasure of dressing her for the occasion. I love to assist a bride to dress—I don’t know why either; but there is then a kind of melancholy pleasure and interest which always inspires me. After awhile Lizette and Ada came into the room, the massive door was closed, and Kate was to promenade her father’s stately halls but once again as Miss Kate Manville. A courier had arrived, announcing that Mr. Percy, the expected bridegroom, would arrive at nine o’clock. “Kate,” said Miss Morris, “be ready, my dear girl!” and we both went to work to assist the bride, and then to array ourselves. Notwithstanding the morning’s rain, we were every now and then advised of the arrivals of the invited company, which was large and gay. We could see the carriages from our windows, and heard the flutter of the umbrellas as they were raised to protect the ladies from the weather. As the doors were sometimes opened to admit the passing in and out of the servants, we could see that a large party was collecting, and that the parlors above stairs would soon be filled with “barons bold and ladies gay.” I wondered not a little that Miss Ashmore or some of the relations did not come to see about Kate, and that she had no bridemaids. Miss Carrie Ashmore, however, was too busily engaged practising the honors of her own boudoir; too much pleased with that distinguished personage *myself*, to bestow any attention upon Cousin Kate. Moreover, Kate was the elder of the two,—Carrie just “sweet seventeen,” and Kate twenty. Carrie was still a “thoughtless schoolgirl,” as some are called when they choose to act the child to appear younger than they really are.

Very young and very thoughtless, *some might say*, but Miss Morris would declare her very headstrong, ill-natured, and *old enough* to be *violently* in love with Harry Upperton. Some of the elderly ladies of the neighborhood were acting as matrons about the table, and as Kate was so much accustomed to the society of Miss Morris and her two little sisters, she seemed to think but little of any of her relations, except her father, and her amiable uncle, Dr. Finlay, and old Mr. Charles Manville. The bridegroom, "*true to his charge*," came about nine o'clock. As the time was drawing near for the final close, Dr. Finlay tapped at our door. He was invited in, and I saw him surveying Kate from head to foot. She was dressed in a rich white watered silk dress, white gloves, white slippers, a pearl breast-pin in her bosom, and a string of pearls encircled her pretty neck. Her long shiny black curls waved over her shoulders and around her modest face, without any ornament except the lustre with which nature had glossed them. Miss Morris was dressed in crimson silk velvet, with black lace trimmings, and wore many elegant jewels. I wore a green silk dress, trimmed with two flounces, a chemisette of French work, ornamented with pink rosettes, had my hair dressed with crape myrtle, and wore pink kid gloves. I saw Dr. Finlay look at me too, and he seemed pleased to see me "*dressed up*." The Doctor told us when we were ready, to go up to the parlor No. 4, and that Mr. Percy would receive Kate and be married in the opposite room. We followed his direction, and at ten o'clock Col. Manville came into the room, kissed Kate, and as he brushed away the tear that was dimming his parental eye, he said, "Ladies, are you all ready? '*for behold the bridegroom cometh; arise and trim your lamps.*'" Then he took Lizette by one hand and Ada by the other, and led them into the opposite rooms. Dr. Finlay had sent for Alva to come up and conduct Miss Morris into the marriage apartment, which he did, and I had the Doctor's arm to the same room, where I was presented to Mrs. Manville. She was seated in one of those elegant rocking-chairs near the window, dressed in

a fine purple silk dress, trimmed with three black lace flounces, and a large crape scarf, embroidered all over, enveloped her bony shoulders. She wore a thin cap, trimmed with yellow ribbon, and some small clusters of yellow calceolaria in the tabs of her cap. I never saw a greater profusion of jewelry. She wore a watch, a heavy gold chain, a buckle at her waist set with diamonds and emerald, a pair of long gold ear-rings, a large breast-pin, and her fingers were decorated with pearls and other gems of great value. She wore four elegant bracelets. On her right wrist she had one of gold links fastened with a large clasp set with rubies; the other on the left wrist was in the form of a serpent, with its head lodging under a gold star, richly chased, and this had a diamond set in the centre. On her left arm she wore a broad gold band, and above this one she had another composed of cameos, *with three large sets*. The stone in the centre had cut on it the statue of Niobe, represented as weeping, and stupified with grief. The other two had a representation of Aurora metamorphosing her husband into a grasshopper, and Mercury, in the disguise of a shepherd, playing upon his pipe, and the hundred-eyed Argus falling to sleep. There was beautifully wrought on them a peacock, with its tail spread out to receive the eyes of Argus, so soon as Io escaped, and the wrath of Juno fell upon him. Mrs. Manville was tall and bony; had a large hooked nose, like the bill of an eagle, and fierce glaring gray eyes. Her jaws were sunk and her forehead low. I could not tell what the natural color of her hair was, for her head was covered with a dark-brown wig and a fine cap. Her mouth was large, and her teeth exceedingly prominent and long, and she continually exposed a large portion of wrought gold, proving that she had been a liberal patroness to dental surgery. She received me with formal politeness, catechised me severely, and made me think that in haughtiness she was a Catherine of Braganza, and in temper a second Xantippe. She did not embarrass me, however, though she seemed to be endeavoring



to do so. I soon discovered that she was very uneasy in her manners, stiff and affected, but I had been communing so long in my library with illustrious personages, that I felt unembarrassed in her presence. My inward resources seemed to afford me protection against her airs and her frowns. Dr. Finlay handed me to a chair, not far from Mrs. Manville; and after I was seated, she said, "Miss, I do not know your name, but I suppose you are a Yankee lady?" "Oh no, madam," said I, "my parents were natives of a Southern State; I never saw New England in my life; and have had but few associations with people of any of the *free States*, as they are called." Then I asked her what made her think me a Yankee. "Well, I do not know what," replied she, "nothing particularly; it seemed to me that you were; for I understood from some of the family that you lived at the North, and I did not know whether the gentleman with you is a relation or not; as it is more customary for the women of the Eastern and Northern States to be travelling about than our women." I thought, perhaps, that our unceremonious intrusion at Green Haven had induced her to think strangely of me; so I explained to her how we came there, and why I was dressed to attend her daughter's wedding. I took particular pains to show her that I had no "*Yankee actions*;" for, in the course of the conversation, I discovered that she had an inexpugnable hatred for the people of the Eastern and Northern States. She informed me that she travelled through those States one summer; and that the vile abolitionists stole her old servant, and she had no sick-nurse but a gross, awkward Dutch woman, who left her one day in a fit of passion when she was in a spasm. I was more attracted by her voice than anything else, and never heard anything that I could compare it to, but the shrill, cutting notes of E sharp on the violin, when I have seen my uncle take hold of the thumb-screws and tune the instrument, then draw a well-rosined bow five or six times across *that keen fine string*. I now saw the large folding-doors slide into the walls, at about half after ten

o'clock; and in the first parlor, as it was called, stood Mr. Percy with the angelic Kate hanging on his arm. The clergyman went forward, and all was still. Then commenced the solemnization of the matrimonial rite, after good old Episcopalian style. Not a sound disturbed the silence of the audience; nothing was heard but the solemn and earnest voice of the reverend personage, till the ring was placed by the bridegroom on the white finger of Kate's beautiful little hand. Then in an audible, manly tone, that vibrated upon the nerves like some holy and musical sound, Mr. Percy said, "With this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow," &c. &c. After awhile they were pronounced "man and wife"—the minister's blessing was poured out upon them, they looking as happy as Milton has represented our first parents when they "stood whispering soft by a fresh fountain's side." They seemed to me to be models of earthly purity, the very impersonation of *the pair* that roved the bowers of Paradise,—who associated with angels, and listened to their voices sometimes floating on the gales of Eden, as they soared away to heaven. After the ceremony was over, the usual gratulations were offered to the wedded pair by the family and numerous friends, with but one exception: Mrs. Manville did not leave her chair, neither did Kate approach her. The gentlemen and ladies were promenading in the halls, and through the long rooms, when Miss Morris came to me, and inquired if I performed on the piano or guitar. I told her I played only for my own amusement; that my songs and dances were too ancient entirely to play before such a fashionable assembly; that my brother Alva was a music-master; that he had been teaching music on the piano, guitar, and violin; but I begged to be excused. About this time I saw some gentleman conducting Miss Carrie Ashmore to the piano, and the crowd gathered quickly around her. She ran hastily over the keys, and commenced one of Mozart's fine waltzes. She performed admirably, and one might have concluded that her knowledge of the

theory of this grand science was thorough, considering her age. She had long arms, and long keen fingers, and "*handled the piano*" with perfect ease. She was a brisk performer too; and the seeming interest excited in the minds of the company by the loud, strong, rich notes bound them all in silence to one spot. After enchanting the assembly with the famous waltzes of Mozart, she turned the leaves of the music-book before her, and played one of Haydn's magnificent marine marches. This was truly elegant; 'twas like

"A sound that comes on the rising breeze,  
A sweet and lovely sound."

Then she played one of those grand oratorios of Handel, "that entrance the senses," that seem to raise the spirits gently from this earth, and bear them away on the pinions of fancy to the bowers in the fabled Elysian fields. Carrie Ashmore's performance pleased everybody; all the amateurs of music yielded her the civic wreath; but there was one to whom her little blue eye wandered for approbation;—one who made her young heart throb with violence, and her hand tremble upon the strings of the guitar. Perhaps this emotion gave a more sweet expression and greater power to her music than it would otherwise have possessed. I have thought sometimes that it is thus with the musician as well as the poet, for when musicians play *merely* by theory, the action is so mechanical, that the piece loses a great deal of that softness, sweetness, and gentleness of expression which might be given it nine times out of ten if the person was a *little excited* by the tender passion. I dislike the productions of these cool calculating poets. They are what I call hibernal writers or frigorifics, who compose without enlisting the feelings of the heart. Some excuse them by saying that they are too philosophical to love, and write none but the poetry of reason and good sense.—After music, the assembly were notified that the refectory was unclosed, and all repaired thither. "The tables groaned with the weight of

the feast," loaded as they were with all the luxuries and delicacies of every climate. About twelve o'clock, Kate left the great hall to put on her travelling dress. I believed that I was going too. We had stayed to the wedding by special invitation from Col. Manville, Kate, and Dr. Finlay, but the day was fast waning away, so I went into Miss Morris's room, where I had lodged the past night to repack my trunk, in order to go across the country to Mr. George Lampton's. I found in the room the venerable old Charles Manville, Kate, Col. Manville, Dr. Finlay, Lizette, and Ada. Kate and the little girls were weeping, and I heard her say, "Pa, I wish you would send Liz and Ada away from here. I know how kind Uncle Charles will be to them, and as you are necessarily compelled to leave home a great deal, and Miss Morris will be gone, I do not like the idea of our step-mother having the exclusive management of Lizette and Ada." "Be consoled then, my dear daughter," said Col. Manville, "the children shall go home with Brother Charles. I will advertise at once for a governess for them, and I will send them to Manville Hall immediately." "Oh pa!" said Kate, "I thank you so kindly for the arrangement;" and addressing old Mr. Manville, she said, "Dear uncle, if you could know one-half of the trouble and mortification I have seen in my own father's house, caused by a bad-tempered step-mother, you would not censure me for begging pa to send Lizette and Ada away from her. Now I shall go away satisfied." The porter came in, about this time, and the bride's trunks were carried out. Kate tied her bonnet on, kissed us all, and was received at the door of the chamber by her husband. He conducted her to the portico, where there was a general rush to bid the bride adieu. The carriage that was to convey her away was drawn up near the front steps, the same that, on the evening before, I had ascended with so much uncertainty of mind, and so much timidity. Col. Manville stood at the carriage, and again embraced his daughter, saying, "Farewell, my child; write to

your father." I listened, for I wanted to hear the tones of Kate's sweet voice once more, but she was too deeply affected to speak above a whisper. Those tears which ran over her pale cheeks spoke more eloquently of her strength of attachment and sorrow at parting with her father, sisters, her uncles, and the scenes of her youthful affection, than could be expressed by all the tender language of poetry and romance. Yes, thought I, there's a religious reality in those tears, "some delicate nerve of the heart is wrought upon," and they are not lost by those for whom they fall, but are gathered and preserved within the bosoms of those who truly love one another. I shall never forget the parting look of little Kate at the group who stood upon the portico at Green Haven, nor that affectionate embrace of Dr. Finlay and Llewellyn Percy. These gentlemen shook hands very cordially, then inclined their faces together, and no one ever saw a more fervent kiss, or heard a more musical smack of the lips than they gave each other. I had often observed that females were addicted to kissing when they meet, and frequently had done so myself when meeting or parting with those of my most intimate acquaintances, but when Dr. Finlay kissed Llewellyn Percy, I murmured to myself "well done!" but I never before saw two men conclude their valedictory with such an affectionate kiss. The newly-made husband and wife were soon shut within the carriage, kerchiefs were waved from the lofty balconies and the portico, the two little sisters stood upon the steps with Dr. Finlay, Colonel Manville, and his venerable-looking brother Charles, gazing at the carriage that was conveying away those who were so dearly beloved, and as I caught the last glimpse of little Kate, she was looking from the window of the carriage, bidding adieu to the vales, the shades, the vines, the forest trees, the wild birds that were merrily warbling in the hedges, and to the winding streams that laved the base of the distant hill, which soon obstructed her line of vision, and she was out of sight of the affectionate father, sisters, uncles, and friends who were

so eagerly gazing after her. Reader, it may seem as if it would be a gay and cheerful time to marry and leave home, but such of my lady readers as have experienced the reality, and have parted with those so dear to them as relations generally are, will remember that they have shed many a tear at leaving home, directly after marriage too. There is something very solemn in it, at least, and if you think there is not, my dear girls, wait till you marry and leave home as little Kate has done, and then you will find that it is not only a day of joy, festivity, and gratulations, but one of serious reflection and tears. As I left the window, this pathetic stanza arose within my mind, for I had once heard the same repeated by a lovely, blooming young woman, who married, left her home, and died in the South.

"See'st thou my home? 'tis where you woods are waving,  
In their dark richness, to the summer air;  
Where yon blue stream, a thousand flower-banks laving,  
Leads down the hill a vein of life—'tis there."

My reflections were broken, however, by a conversation I heard between old Mr. Charles Manville and Dr. Finlay. The former gentleman said, "Walter, you did not object to the marriage, I presume, of course, as there is not a better man living than Llewellyn?" "Not at all," said Dr. Finlay; "I was, too," continued he, "in favor of the marriage of my dear Lavinia and Llewellyn, but she had no health. I opposed it solely on account of her delicate constitution. It was the same thing with Emily and Eugenius. I told Emily she ought not to think of marrying. I knew her to be a dying woman; that she had consumption of the lungs; and I could not bear the idea of her marrying. I was rather amused at Kate; for when Llewellyn proposed marriage to her, she came to me, saying, 'Uncle Doctor, I love Llewellyn Percy, and he has asked me to marry him. I know that if you think I am organized like sister Lavinia or sister Emily, you will say

directly, "Kate, you have got the consumption, and you must tell Llewellyn that you are too unhealthy to get married; that Uncle Doctor says so, and there the matter will end." Now, uncle,' continued she, 'do tell me if I am to marry Llewellyn or not?' I told her Yes; that she was a healthy, strong, rosy young woman, and that she might tell Llewellyn that I had consented to their marriage." "All right," said Mr. Charles Manville; "Kate is a lovely woman; she has become the wife, too, of one whom I love as a son. She will render him happy, and ever be,

"A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,  
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing;  
Winning him back when mingling in the throng—  
Back from a world we love, alas! too long;  
To fireside happiness—to hours of ease,  
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please."

## CHAPTER VII.

AFTER the departure of most of the company, I began to look around for my brother. I discovered him in the lower parlor, in conversation with the same lady by whose side I had left him overnight. I advanced to him, and said, "Brother, it is time that we were leaving. Had you not better go and see about our baggage, buggy, &c.? We will make it late in the night before we reach a hotel. Colonel Manville has informed me that it is forty miles to Mr. Lampton's, and that the road thither is exceedingly rough and hilly." "Oh, never mind, sister," replied he; "have you had any conversation with that elderly gentleman, Mr. Charles Manville?" I told him I had not. "Well," continued Alva, "I have; and I can tell you that it is probable you may not leave here for a week, and perhaps longer. It is useless for you to go to Mr. Lampton's. His wife is dead, and Charlotte and

Evelina are married and gone. He has no one with him but his servants and overseer. *There is no company there for you.* I can go and collect the two thousand dollars, and you *must* stay here till I return. It appears that Col. Manville married his wife in the city of ——. She wishes to return there and spend the winter. Her husband, of course, goes with her. Miss Kate is married and gone, and will probably not return for several years. In about a month, the governess, Miss Morris, is to depart also. Mr. Manville and the Colonel propose to me to remain here till after the dispersion of the wedding guests—and you see how fast they are leaving—in order that *they* may have an opportunity to converse with yourself. Mr. Charles Manville, whom I discover is to arrange the matter (with your consent), wishes to propose to you to go home with him, and become the governess of Col. Manville's two little daughters. We occupied the same chamber last night, and I found him to be a pious, intelligent, old gentleman. He made a great many inquiries of me concerning your educational acquirements and your age. He seemed highly gratified when I told him that you had been a governess, and that you were now desirous of engaging in the same employment. He begs an interview with you, which I have taken the liberty, dear Sis, to promise. He is extremely wealthy, and you will be handsomely remunerated, and have nothing to do but to educate the two little Manville girls. You will, of course, reside in his family. He lives at an ancient, romantic place, in the State of ——, not far from the thrifty town of ——. You are such an admirer of nature, Louise, that I believe you will be pleased with his retired home. It is a long way from here. I passed it once in going from home to the University of ——. You can see the blue tops of the mountains that surround his ancient residence. You can cull wild flowers from their rugged sides, and moss from the old rocks. There you may listen to the roar of the perennial cataract, run along the banks of the meandering river that bounds the southern limits of his

extensive domain, and contemplate the wonders and beauties of nature beneath the lofty old trees that shade its banks. He says there's an old church close by, where his family go to worship; and if you think proper to make the bargain and remain with him, you can for years regale the epicurean appetite of your intellect upon the vast amount of mental luxury which, he says, he has stored away in his library. Moreover, Sis, I have had the pleasure of meeting two old college chums here: Harry Upperton and young Roff. The latter has his cousin Floretta with him—that same cousin of whom you have heard me speak so often. The first time I ever saw her she called at the boarding-house of the University, where her brother lay ill. Her gay companions were on a jaunt to the White Sulphur Springs in Virginia, but so soon as she found how ill her brother was, her trunks were hauled off of the coach, and she watched by his bedside many long sad days, and slept not through the gloomy nights, till he was out of danger. I fell in love with her, Louise. I must introduce you to her. There she comes now. She's '*a bonnie, sweet, sonsie lassie*,' too, as Burns would say." After we were introduced, Floretta informed me, "that she was well acquainted with Alva at the University, and that she regretted that I did not witness the meeting between Harry Upperton, her cousin Roff, and Alva; that they seemed really happy to meet again; and that she had also been deeply interested in their relation of the events which had occurred as three years had been rolling away."—I made arrangements to remain at Green Haven; for Mr. Charles Manville had come to me, and insisted on having a conversation with me, and Col. Manville advised me to remain, and let Alva go over to Mr. Lampton's alone. It suited Alva very well, as the beautiful Floretta Woodman resided near Mr. Lampton, and he intended to gallant her home. Do not, charitable reader, be surprised when I tell you that my stay at Green Haven was the means of introducing my brother to the family of Miss Woodman; of his collecting

two thousand dollars from old Gen. Lampton, sure enough; and that on that day fifteen months precisely, he married the modest, pretty woman, in whom there was a conjunction of amiability, sweetness, and intelligence, and a sufficiency of innocence for her to be compared to the little butterfly, that fans, with silvery blue wings, the beds of pinks, thyme, and lavender in her own pretty garden; and she was as truthful as the ring-doves, that coo all day in the China trees and the hedges of rose and crape myrtle which ornament the rural homestead of her widowed mother.

## CHAPTER VIII.

AT half after four o'clock on the afternoon of the wedding-day, I was sitting in the parlor alone, meditating upon what "*a day may bring forth*." The gay crowd, who had glided through the stately halls during the morning, were all gone. Colonel Manville was acting as sick-nurse in his wife's chamber: the confusion of the wedding had prostrated her again. Miss Morris and Mrs. Fisher were gathering the fragments of the feast together, and acting the housewife; Carrie Ashmore had gone to sleep; Lizette and Ada were in the library. I could hear them singing, and striking the strings of Kate's guitar. Dr. Finlay was again off on professional business. Old Mr. Charles Manville was resting on the top of his staff in a little cottage, in view of the balcony. I could see his "*lint-white locks*;" he looked so patriarchal, that I roved away back to the days of Abraham, and compared him with that venerable old sire, sad and melancholy, as he must have been, when he sojourned, a stranger, in the land of Hebron, when Sarah died, and he begged of Ephron a place to hide her dead body from his sight. I wondered what sorrows this good old man had passed through; what species of misfortune had clouded his pathway; what were his thoughts; and what was the load that depressed him. I had almost forgotten that Miss

Morris had intimated that there was a mystery about his house (*old Manville Hall*); but what it was, she did not tell. She said that his son had been murdered, and the murdering of one's son is sufficient to cast a shade over us so long as life lasts. Never, thought I, were those beautiful verses so completely verified as they now are. I feel the reality forcibly; I almost startle, as fancy wings to my ear the merry laugh, and loud music of the morning. It looked as if I had been dreaming; then I repeated, again and again, those verses, so expressive of my situation—

"I feel like one who treads alone  
Some banquet-hall, deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garland's dead,  
And all but he departed."

My reverie was broken, after a while; for Miss Morris came in, with Lizette and Ada playing about her. "Miss Elton," said she, "Mr. Manville has learned from your brother that you will be pleased to become a governess. Kate, I am sure, has said enough in your presence, to convince you that she wishes these children removed from Green Haven, particularly on account of the unkind treatment they receive at the hands of their stepmother. They are to be carried to Manville Hall, the residence of their uncle. Mr. Manville requested me to ask you to come out to the office; he is quite indisposed this afternoon, and, as is common with him, greatly depressed in spirits. Poor old man! he has had enough trouble to sadden him."

I followed Miss Morris to the office, and as I have described the furniture, &c., of all the other apartments, I must not pass over this one. It seemed to be filled with the old-fashioned furniture of an old house, that, perhaps, thought I, which the first wife had. The room was about twenty feet square, an old Scotch carpet covered the floor, an ancient mirror was suspended between two narrow windows; one old desk, a table, a bed,

six Windsor chairs, a settee, two tin spittoons, and an old book-case, constituted the furniture, except the number and variety of paintings in narrow, old, gilt frames, that hung closely around the apartment. When I entered the office, Mr. Manville saw that I was noticing these pictures, and he very considerably remarked, "Go round and look at them all till you are satisfied, then sit here by me, and I will talk to you about going home with me." He remarked further, "These paintings were executed by two lovely women. I love to see you admire them, and it seems to me that you resemble Lavinia, my niece, who died some time ago. Poor Vinnie! she was a sweet, good girl." I first noticed the landscape over the mantel-piece: it was very large, and represented the rocks and hills of Loch Katrine, in Scotland,—that wild, romantic lake, so beautifully described by the poets, especially Walter Scott in his "Lady of the Lake." Its dark, shaded glens, and huge rocks projecting from the cliffs,—the willow and birch trees waving over its banks, the lowly hawthorn, and the wild, ragged top of Mount Ben Lomond, then, in the distance, a partial view of a dark grotto, with its entrance covered with vines, and the rock above it, with the famous Rob Roy standing there, his knife in his belt, and his black plume waving to and fro in the Caledonian sunshine. All the stories and legends of ancient romance were called to mind, as I gazed on the representation of this stupendous scenery. Mr. Manville still sat with his eyes downward; he seemed almost unmindful that there was any one in the room, or near him. I saw that he was disposed to wait till I was satisfied with a survey of the other paintings, that were hung around the cottage, and which seemed to speak to me more eloquently than the human tongue can speak, or the pen describe. I always loved Madame de Stael's ideas of sculpture and painting. "Sculpture," said she, "is the heathen, and painting the Christian art." I next examined a Swiss valley, painted by the elder sister, Miss Emily Manville; representing a Swiss cottage in a deep



vale, with a vine-covered bower, on the side of a mountain, the retreat of the chamois, as it seemed to have been chased by the hunter from an old ruined castle, that showed a part of its ancient turrets and spires in the distance, all covered with vines and grown over with turf and moss. The most interesting one was near the door: it was a painting of the cottage of Robert Burns. How I wished that Alva could have seen it, he was such an enthusiastic admirer of Burns. Everything pertaining to that rural bard interested my brother; and there was painted his clay cottage, and native, gloomy-looking hills in the background,—the rough little stream, that washed his natal sod, flowing onward through a labyrinth of rocks, clad with wild vines; indeed, nothing had been forgotten; for there were painted the deep hedges of hawthorn, the dells, the flowers, the birds, and "*green braes*," that Burns "*has twined into so many beautiful and affecting idyls*." As I looked at this picture, I almost wept at the thought that such tasteful genius as these paintings portrayed, such beauty of intellect, and such embellished understanding as must have belonged to the designers, should have to die such an untimely death as I had learned that Misses Emily and Lavinia died. I turned from them towards the aged, melancholy old man, willing to forget that the artists who painted these eloquent pictures were no more. I could not bear to think of them, though total strangers to me, for the contrast was too vivid: the hands that spread these lively colors were all gone to dust,—ay, shut up in the chamber of death, where a few brief days would carry us all. I approached Mr. Manville, who raised his fatherly hand, took me by the arm, and said, "Sit down." I broke the stillness of the moment first. I said, "I have been spell-bound, delighted, and saddened, gazing at the paintings of those grand old places; not a vine, nor a leaf, a winding rivulet, a path through the dingles and brakes, a pebbly shore, nor murmuring cascade, has escaped me, all look so natural; and although I never have seen those romantic places, I have

studied their geography, till I think I have an intuitive knowledge of them, and this is why I declare they look natural. I see them plainly, I think, and hear the water murmur in my imagination, and again repeat the beautiful sentiment from Madame de Stael, who said, 'Paintings seem to speak to us from the canvass.'" "If you will go home with me to Manville Hall," rejoined the old gentleman, "and be the *gouvernante* of Lizette and Ada, as you are so fond of landscape paintings, I think I can show you some scenes on the banks of the river that flows near my house, that will inspire you still more with the admiration of scenes drawn from nature. All of the oldest members of our family are natives of Scotland. The girls knew how delighted my brother, Colonel Manville, and my sisters were, as well as myself, whenever anything was shown us relative to our native country, so they have painted almost all the Caledonian landscapes of which they have so often heard us speak. My granddaughter is quite an artist too, and has painted some large pieces also," and then he again hung his head and groaned, so that I thought I would endeavor to call his attention again, and ask him a few questions; so said I, "Mr. Manville, is your granddaughter dead too?" "No, my dear," he replied; and I thought I saw tears gathering over his ancient orbs; then he moved his chair closer to mine, and said, "I have sent for you, and, like a good girl, you have come to me, and I wish you to tell me if you think you can go home with me, and be the *gouvernante* of Lizette and Ada? I have promised their sister, Kate, that I will remove them to Manville Hall, my residence, as they are so unpleasantly situated here. Their father, some years ago, married a very supercilious, unkind, and tyrannical woman, whom the stepdaughters have never liked. Miss Anna Morris, the lady *gouvernante* of Green Haven, designs leaving here also in a few weeks; my brother, Colonel Manville, is going with his wife to spend the winter with her own mother, in a distant city, and as there is no school in this neighborhood, and I am not willing

for Lizette and Ada to be sent amongst strangers at a boarding-school yet awhile, I have determined to carry them home with me. Their sisters and mother, who sleep under that tall white stone yonder, in the corner of the garden, would rather see me take charge of Lizette and Ada, than any one else. I am satisfied, could they speak from the grave, they would tell Colonel Manville to give those children to me. I shall start to-morrow morning, with my niece, Miss Ashmore. I am going to carry her back to the academy where I have stationed her, until she shall complete her education. I expect to return to Green Haven in a few weeks, accompanied by my two sisters. My widowed sister, Mrs. Newland, has disposed of her plantation and negroes. Her health is delicate, and she cannot now manage her plantation. My house is to be her home for the remainder of her life. My other sister is a maiden lady, and is also going to my house to remain. I live in a very secluded place, Miss Elton. I have a large, but ancient mansion, and live a lonely life. I rarely leave home; but came down to visit my brother, and to see Kate married; besides I have a son who lives near my sister in the county of —, in this State, and when I take Carrie again to the academy, visit my son, and get my sisters, I will return to Green Haven, and then go to Manville Hall. I wish you to remain here, my dear daughter, if you can, till I return, and then go on with us, and commence the ensuing year with the little girls. I will pay you the customary price; but I wish to employ a lady who will stay closely at the Hall, and from the account your brother gave me of yourself, I concluded directly that you are just of the disposition that we wish our *gouvernante* to be. You can have my horses, carriage, and servants to go to the little town of —, whenever you have matters to attend to; and you can attend the small church close by if you choose. My neighborhood is very thinly settled; but for amusement, and in place of company, you shall have everything that I am capable of affording you. I have a son who married several

years ago; he was, at one time, one of the greatest students I ever saw; he has left an ancient and extensive library at my house; to this, you can have access. I have my grounds about my house laid out in long walks, all well gravelled. I have some ancient trees, and rare shrubbery. You can walk about the yard and garden for exercise, after the duties of the day are over. I have a small green-house, and you can relieve the monotony of walking in the garden and court-yard by visiting the plants in the hot-beds, and examining them. Your brother informed me that you are a scientific botanist, and a dear lover of all Nature's works. I tell you precisely what will be your situation if you reside with me. I live amongst the mountains, and old Manville Hall is a sad-looking place. I find it extremely difficult to persuade a lady to go there, as the most of your sex, Miss Elton, are averse to solitude and solitary places; and, indeed, I do not blame them; but, it seemed to me, when I first saw you, that you are the lady who will go home with me. I wish you to reflect upon this subject, and tell me to-morrow what you will do? Let me entreat you, however, not to allow any one to frighten you about Manville Hall. I have seen more sorrow there than all the remainder of my family, but one unfortunate, poor creature, my granddaughter; but there is nothing thereabouts that can harm you. I make this last remark, Miss, because people talk too much sometimes, and Miss Morris, I fear, has heard that Manville Hall is haunted with ghosts. There is nothing vicious in Miss Anna, but as she has heard of its seclusion, she often represents it as being a horrible, lonely, and gloomy place." The old gentleman seemed very melancholy, and when he spoke of his granddaughter, I saw a tear steal down the "furrows of his aged cheeks." I felt an ungovernable curiosity, and I said, "Mr. Manville, you say your granddaughter is an unfortunate, poor creature; what calamity has befallen her? I wish to sympathize with you in your affliction, and I notice how much you are distressed when you repeat her name, or rather when you say 'my granddaughter.' I thought, perhaps, that



she had lost her life by some sudden and dreadful misfortune. I regretted that I asked this question; for I saw that the tender-hearted old man was again moved to tears. At length, he replied, "I believe I said she was *unfortunate*,—yes, truly so; but she was not killed. We all have sorrow in this life, my daughter; and do you not know that it is our inheritance? Do you recollect what writer says, 'That sorrow and disappointment are temporary trials sent by Heaven to correct and improve us; and when not occasioned by any conscious imprudence, ought to be endured with patience?'" I replied, "The sentiment was very salutary," but I could not recollect the name of the author of it. "And, now," said I, "Mr. Manville, I am pleased with your proposition, and will consent to become your *gouvernante*; but I must first go home. I have been living in the South for some time as a governess, and am anxious to go home. Chance has brought me hither, I verily believe. My mother is rather an aged lady, and I have not seen her for several years; she now resides with my married brother, and if it will suit you, I will go home, as soon as my brother collects his money from Mr. Lampton, and some time about the middle of January, or first of February, you may look for me at Manville Hall; but it is entirely inconvenient for me to go with you till I have seen my mother." The old gentleman seemed a little disappointed to know that I was determined to go home before I went to Manville Hall. I was very much pleased with his proposal, and pleased with himself. I resolved at once to accede to his proposition, determining, however, to see my mother, although mountains, and rivers, and valleys, lay between the home of my brother and Manville Hall. We were now called to the tea-table, and after partaking of the refreshments thereon, I retired, at a very early hour, with Miss Morris, to her luxuriant couch, where we soon fell into the embraces of Somnus, as

"Softly as roses, on a summer's eve,  
Beneath the small sighs of the western wind  
Drop to the earth."

## CHAPTER IX.

It was now pretty well understood throughout the household that I was to remain at Green Haven till my brother returned, and that I had consented to go to Manville Hall to be the *gouvernante* of Lizette and Ada. After breakfast, I saw Col. Manville in the parlor, who informed me that he would be satisfied with anything his brother Charles and his wife should do in the matter, and that he wished me to repair to his chamber and have a conversation with Mrs. Manville, who was too much indisposed to leave her room. I accompanied the Colonel into the presence of this aristocratic lady. She was tolerably polite, giving me, however, the same stare that I noticed when I was presented to her in the parlor, on the morning of the wedding. She appeared like a woman who had been accustomed all her life to govern,—to have had husband, children, and servants, all under her dominion; proving to me clearly by her actions, that she had been, from a very early age, impressed with a strong and habitual persuasion that she ought to rule and reign, in her little canton, unmolested by any one. She was dressed in a green merino wrapper, lined all through with pink silk, quilted in small squares, had on pink kid slippers, and a rich lace cap: this was her morning costume. Her apartment was furnished with all the elegance and taste of an Oriental palace: her foot rested upon a crimson velvet cushion, and turn to which side soever you chose, your person was reflected from the large mirrors that hung around the walls. The brass knobs about the stove shone as brightly as gold; the carpet and sofas were elegant; but what spoiled all, and most attracted my attention, was an article, very conspicuously suspended by a twine string at the side of the mantelpiece, called a long keen red cowhide. "Miss," said she, after I had been seated some time, waiting for her ladyship to break the silence, "I understand, from Col. Manville, my husband, that you are

a governess. You look very youthful to take charge of the girls. Do you think yourself qualified and sufficiently experienced to take my step-daughters and educate them?" "I think so," said I. "Well, tell me how old are you?" "I will be twenty-two next March," I replied. "Now tell me," said she, "if you are willing to go to Manville Hall, and stay there amongst the mountains, in seclusion; for, to be plain with you, you must allow me to inform you that you will have no society at all, and without you intend to remain there, I advise you not to go. It seems very strange that a woman of your appearance should take a notion to bury herself alive. Manville Hall is one of the loneliest places in the world, and nobody but a *Manville* or some of *their tribe*, can live at such a gloomy old pile." Said I, "Mrs. Manville, you are all strangers to me. I came to your house accidentally. I have taught school in the family of a gentleman in the South, and feel competent to instruct girls like your little step-daughters, or of any other age or size, in everything except music. I have never taught music, and never intend to do so. As to the loneliness of the home of Mr. Charles Manville, I care nothing for it. I think I am naturally of a happy temperament, and desire to spend the remainder of my life as a governess, or to be employed in some profitable pursuit." I told her I felt very grateful to the family for their hospitality and kindness to my brother and myself, and that I had agreed to go to Manville Hall about the middle of the ensuing January, or the first of February. I determined to be positive with her, for I saw directly how overbearing she was, and that her strongest forte was circumvallated only by her assumed air of superiority, and notwithstanding her wealth, her arrogance, her presumption, and self-importance, I discovered that her educational acquirements were inferior to my own, and as I had all my life been told that I was the last woman in the world who could be embarrassed by one of my own sex, I felt perfectly at my ease in her presence, and ardently wished that she would question me

upon some of the leading features of history, or the general principles of mathematics, rhetoric, or philosophy, but she did not venture to do so. She informed me that she was married to her third husband, and had two sets of children; two daughters, Augusta and Laura, were at school in the city of——; that her two sons, Theodore and Douglas, were at college; that she was going to visit her native city, where her daughters were boarding with her mother; that she intended to bring them to Green Haven the next summer; that she had been compelled to carry them away, because there was a perpetual uproar with the Manville children and her own; and that, if I deemed myself competent, she wished me to go to Manville Hall and teach Lizette and Ada. She said she wished them instructed in the common branches; that it was useless to attempt accomplishments or embellishments; that Lizette was naturally a coarse, rude, disagreeable child, and that Ada had the consumption, and like Emily and Lavinia would die before she was twenty years of age; but, said she, further, "You know how unpleasant it is to have two or three sets of children about a house, especially when they are being educated; after they are matured, of course, they will have more prudence than to be daily disputing, and worrying one another. My first husband was named Haddington; he died and left me a widow with two children, Douglas and Laura. I married a second time, a gentleman of the name of Danetson; I have two children of his name, Augusta and Theodore. I am naturally of a very nervous temperament, and I do not know what is to become of me when I get the Haddingtons, and Danetsons, and Manvilles, all under the same roof. I think it best at present to send Lizette and Ada away to Manville Hall. I hope my health may be improved, before they all congregate here again. The responsibility of one's own children is very great, but not to compare with the restraint one feels as a stepmother. You see, Miss, that I am exceedingly particular, and I want you to promise me that you will make the children wear aprons to fasten around the neck,

and I positively forbid their wearing pantalettes, unless they go into company; for I think it is all nonsense for children so secluded, to be dressed like those who are at schools in cities. Reading, writing, and spelling, are as many branches as they will ever have any business to know. I have some books left here by Augusta and Theodore; they are of my own selection. Colonel Manville leaves everything to me, and you can take them along for the children to use. I wish them taught to write a running hand, and as I am in the habit of making them say two or three verses before they retire of a night, I hope you will not neglect this all-important matter. I generally select passages from the Old Testament, say in the Psalms, Proverbs, Book of Job, or any other I may think proper. You must not permit them to retire without getting down on their knees beside yourself and saying their prayers: I never fail to make them observe this duty, and I hope you will feel your obligation to God, to them, to Colonel Manville, and myself. Do not fail to make them repeat the Lord's Prayer every morning, when they first get out of bed: I do this in order that it may have a restraining influence on them through the day, and I wish you to see to this very important matter, and recollect that it is your bounden duty to make them attend to repeating prayers, and if they are not willing to do as directed by older persons; you ought to resort to some mild punishment. I have striven very faithfully to make them good children; to make them obedient, and to infuse into their young minds a reverence for God, and the doctrines of pure religion. I regret deeply that I ever became a stepmother, for children are generally so ungrateful, that no matter what you do for them you receive no thanks for it, and continually hear it whispered through the house, 'that our mother did thus and so.' It makes no difference with me; I am determined to do as I please; I brought as much property here as Colonel Manville had, nearly all of this fine silver plate that you see here belonged to me. My second husband gave it to me the day after our marriage; poor

Mr. Danetson! Do you not see it is all marked P. D? that was my name, Penelope Danetson! Lettie," she then screamed out, "bring me that middle-sized silver waiter and those goblets here. I wish you to look at that elegant service, Miss, and tell me if you have ever seen anything more elegant and massive, and if it is not entirely too fine to be battered and bruised by step-children? but," said she, checking herself, "we are off of the subject. Do you promise me to manage these children in question as I have directed you?"

"Mrs. Manville," said I, "the father and uncle of these children have engaged me to be the governess of them. I have consented to undertake nothing but their education. As regards their aprons, pantalettes, prayers, and religion, I shall have nothing to do with them. I am neither a preacher nor a dressing-maid. Mr. Manville made no such request of me; and, to be plain with you, I am not religious myself, and it would look rather inconsistent in me to be as you suggest, forcing and punishing a poor little child about religion, when I am not a Christian, except in theory." "Well, then, Miss, you will not fulfil your duty; and your God will hold you accountable for so great a sin of omission; and, as I have my conscientious scruples upon this subject, I feel it my duty to inform Col. Manville that you are not a professor, and that you refuse to teach Lizette and Ada Christianity, and that I am fearful that you are sceptical, but, rather than make such a charge against you, I will be pleased to hear your views on this interesting subject. Now, do tell me, will you, Miss, what you think of Christianity; what is it according to your idea? for surely you have read the Bible." "I have been taught," rejoined I, "from my cradle, to believe that Christianity is the religion of all who believe in Jesus Christ as the Saviour of mankind, and who receive the Holy Scriptures as the record of God." "Well," said she, "your definition will do, but I would like to know what denomination you have been reared amongst; for I wish Lizette and Ada to think and believe

just as I do." "Well, well," said I, "it matters not who taught me to think and act. I can promise you that I will not set your children a bad example, or teach them anything of which you will be ashamed or disapprove. I know that I am competent to educate them as Mr. and Col. Manville desire them to be educated; but, with the subject of religion I do not intend to trouble them. This is a land where the spirit of Christianity is abroad. Its fundamental principles are generally admitted and acknowledged, the differences of the sects exist only in matters of trivial importance; and as there is so general a sympathy, and so much Christian philanthropy amongst people of every denomination, such a coincidence in the essential principles of Christianity, that there is no danger of these children, even if they never say a prayer till old enough to have 'zeal and knowledge.'" I did not feel the least afraid of this great lady; nor would I have cared a cent if she had dismissed me; but this I felt satisfied she could not, and would not do if it was in her power, for she was rejoicing that the road had at last opened, and that the two little step-daughters were soon to travel out of her way. I relied on my own firmness and decision, as it has ever been a fixed rule with me never to yield to the tyrannical and unlearned, when I am convinced that I am correct in my course, and that they are only boasting, to hear themselves talk, and to endeavor to make others believe that they are better than those persons we commonly meet. I have always sought for that species of personal reliance and independence calculated to sustain one in life, and have passed a resolution never to attempt to argue or controvert a subject upon which I am uninformed. I am not ashamed to acknowledge that I am uninformed, and always desire the admonition of those who are educated, and I feel perfectly willing to receive instruction from those who are capable of imparting it. All the time that Mrs. Manville had been conversing with me, Lizette and Ada sat one on each side of her, with their books

open upon their laps, attending to us. It appeared that Miss Morris had for almost a year been afflicted with a chronic ophthalmia, and had taught the children very little for several months. Mrs. Manville requested me to take Lizette's book, and question her upon her lesson. I took the book from her, and found it to be "Dick's Christian Philosophy." Lizette was on a page headed "Chemistry." I questioned her upon hydrogen, carbon, fixed air, and nitrous oxide; but the child knew no more about them than her vain, conceited stepmother who sat near her, with as much self-importance and confidence as if she had been an acknowledged Aspasia, Zenobia, Hannah More, or Lady Mary Wortley Montague!

---

## CHAPTER X.

ON the fourth day of my stay at Green Haven, as Miss Morris and I were together in her room, I informed her that I had consented to go home, settle my business, and then travel over the mountains, rivers, and hills to Manville Hall, and commence a second time in life as a governess. As we were conversing, I thought from her communication, &c. &c., that she was not an American, or rather a native of the United States, and as she was so very inquisitive, I deemed it not inconsistent to ask her to what nation she belonged. I discovered that her "language though inelegant was not ungrammatical," and not very inelegant either. She seemed to be pretty well informed. Howbeit, I could discover that her accent was foreign, and her articulation not so pure as our own. She cut off her words too short, and galloped through her phrases so swiftly that her tongue seemed to double, and render her pronunciation indistinct. She clipped her words as if her tongue had been a pair of shears. She told me that she would tell me her history, if I wished to hear it; and, as I was

in want of amusement, I told her to proceed, that I would listen to her with pleasure.

#### STORY OF MISS ANNA MORRIS.

"When I left England, my father was engaged in the manufacture of woollens in Huddersfield. My mother died when I was fifteen years old. I have two sisters older than I. My eldest sister, Amelia, was married to a cutler of Sheffield. I left two brothers in England working in the factories: one in an establishment at Leeds, and the other with my father in Huddersfield. After the death of our mother, sister Caroline and myself went to reside with our elder sister. There came one day to Sheffield a gentleman of the name of Wells. He was a native of Gloucester, away down on the Severn, and by trade a pin-maker. He formed an attachment for sister Caroline, and married her. I was not so fortunate as most of the members of my family, I had no trade; every one of the grown ones had trades; and as I was so much attached to sister Caroline, I made arrangements to go home with her to Gloucester. It is not very common for the women of England to love to travel about; but I always loved to roam; and long before I had an opportunity to quit Huddersfield, I was heartily tired of the old dark walls of the town, and the tops of the Cheviot Hills around the place of my nativity. I resided with sister Caroline three years, without anything of especial interest transpiring, till one day, as I was walking in the streets of Gloucester, I saw a group of females, and amongst them a lady who tottered as she walked, and seemed to be very sick. I quickened my pace, and, when I overtook them, I discovered that they were people of quality, and that the sick-looking person had fallen on the stones of the side-walk, and that her face was greatly bruised, and her arm broken. I had a vial of volatile salts, which I applied to her nostrils, and it revived her so much that she asked me to accompany her home. She begged also to take the vial, for fear of another

vertigo, to which she had been subject for a great while. She said she had left her mother's house in company with her sister, to exercise on foot; that her physicians had directed her to take exercise, and that she felt a rush of blood suddenly to her head, and had fallen, and was badly hurt. I accompanied the persons who were aiding her, and presently they conducted her into her mother's house. It was a fine, strong, old building: massive and dark in its appearance. Its great heavy oak doors and Gothic windows showed the architectural skill of at least one hundred years previous to that day. All within was comfortable and convenient, and now and then new-fashioned elegancies were exhibited, which proved a rejuvenescence of the interior, spite of the antiquated features of the walls of the exterior. I found the lady with the broken arm to be a Mrs. Deptford, who had returned to England, the previous winter, to visit her mother. She had emigrated, a few years before that time, with her husband, to Canada, and resided in the city of Quebec, and intended to start homewards the next week but her arm was now broken, and her general health very precarious. I told her, after awhile, that I must go home; that I had been out later than usual, and that my sister would be uneasy about me. She seemed to become fond of me directly, told me she had no nurse, and that her husband was absent from home a great deal, and that she would pay me high wages if I would nurse her, and go home to Quebec, and live with her. I thought it would be a good berth for me, so I ran home to tell sister Caroline of the change I was desirous of making. My sister objected to my going so far as America, but I was of age, and incited with a desire to see the world. I accordingly packed my small stock of clothing in an old portmanteau, and repaired to the bedside of my new employer. She suffered a great deal, and it was six weeks before she was able to raise herself in bed without assistance. Her husband, Mr. William Deptford, was one of the best of men. He treated me with great politeness, and



always bestowed upon his suffering wife the most delicate attention. At my request, he wrote to my father of the change I had made, and that I was going to cross 'the deep blue sea,' and reside in Quebec. I was anxious for the day to dawn on which I was to emerge from the fog of England. I longed to roam far away, I cared not much whither, and was happy that my father did not oppose me; for Mr. Deptford had promised me, and my father too, that he would send me to school; and as the only advantage I had had of acquiring an education, was through the Lancasterian system, of course my stock of learning was very small. My father asked me to come and see him before I left our native Isle. I did so, and after spending one week with himself, my brothers, and sister Amelia, I bade them adieu, and shed a few tears as I gazed for the last time at the dark old piles of Huddersfield and Sheffield. We embarked at Bristol on the Avon, and on the sixtieth day after I bade farewell to the distant green tops of the Mendip Hills and the tall spires of Bristol, we arrived at Quebec. In a short time after reaching that city, Mrs. Deptford discovered that my education was even more limited than she believed it was when we first became acquainted, and she determined to send me to school at once. I buried myself in a convent for three years. When I came out I was pretty thoroughly educated. My parents were Protestants, but I was educated by the Roman Catholics. Mrs. Deptford was, as she called herself, an ingrain Catholic. I applied myself very closely, and the abbess, who had the care of me, bestowed great attention upon me. I left the convent four months earlier than I intended, in consequence of the ill health of my benefactress, for, when I got to my new home, I found Mrs. Deptford almost in the last stage of consumption. Winter was fast approaching, and the cold would soon be too intense for the delicate frame of Mrs. D. Her physician recommended a southern climate, as the extremes of heat and cold are so great in Quebec, that they are very trying to the constitution of a delicate

person. I have noticed the thermometer in Quebec often, and many a time in summer I have seen the mercury at 96°, 97°, and 99°, and the last winter I spent in the convent, it sunk several times to 30° and 40° below the freezing point. We left Quebec about the last week in September, and reached the city of — in October. We carried Mrs. Deptford to a hotel, and laid her on a sofa in the parlor. She was very weak, and coughed till she was almost exhausted. She rested on the sofa till a room was got ready for her, to which she was borne in the arms of her devoted husband. The next time I saw her lying on that sofa, she was a corpse. She died just three weeks after she arrived in that city. I found myself a stranger, and on a strange shore; but, as I was well enough educated to become a governess for small children, I was commended to Colonel Manville, who had lately married the gay, dashing, rich widow, Danetson, of that city. Mrs. Manville called upon me, and told me if I could teach the French language she would employ me; that she was going, in a few days, with her new husband to his seat in the State of —; that there was no academy in his neighborhood; and that Colonel Manville had requested her to superintend the education of his children; and as it was her intention to carry three of her own children to Green Haven, she desired that they should all be taught the French language. I was quite at home in that fashionable tongue, having studied it attentively during my pupilage in the convent, and had conversed also in that idiom for three years. I re-packed my trunks, for I had a lot of fine clothing then. Very different, I thought, was my situation from the day I packed my wardrobe in the old portmanteau, and left sister Caroline in tears at my departure. I had sufficient means to procure such necessaries as I required, and at Mrs. Deptford's decease I fell heir to two hundred dollars which she gave me, also her gold watch, and her most costly jewels. The Manville family is one of the most wealthy and fashionable in the United States. My situation has been a

very pleasant one, so far as Colonel Manville and his daughters are concerned. When I came here, Misses Emily, Lavinia, and Julia were alive. They were often at Manville Hall, with their uncle, for they did not like their stepmother at all. I loved the girls, and it made Mrs. Manville dislike me. She brought me here, and she seemed to think that I ought to have agreed that she was always right and the girls wrong. This I could not do, for I never saw a more agreeable family of children in my life than those of Colonel Manville. She removed her own children, because she thought that I did not do them justice, and charged me with being partial to the Manvilles. She came very near prejudicing the Colonel against me, too, but I had the influence of Emily, Lavinia, and Julia; and since I have taken Kate, Lizette, and Ada off her hands, she has not meddled with me so often. Everything has gone on very quietly since her children were sent away, except when she takes a *spasm*, to which she is subject. If you disagree with her upon any subject, ten to one if she does not scream out, and the first thing you know she is prostrate on the floor, screaming, and almost in convulsions. All this is the result of a very bad temper, nothing else in the world; for, I assure you, Miss Elton, that a greater tyrant, nor a woman having a more unamiable disposition, never lived. I have seen four of Colonel Manville's children buried since I came to Green Haven; and now I cannot close my narrative without expressing my delight that Lizette and Ada are to go to Manville Hall, and that you are to be their governess. I could not have gone away happy, if I had been compelled to leave them here. I should ever regret it, and it would always seem to me that the spirits of their elder sisters were censuring me for leaving them in the hands of their cruel stepmother."

"Then," said I, after listening attentively to Miss Morris's history and remarks, "is departure compulsory on your part, or why do you go away?"—"Oh," said she, smiling, "you

will make me tell you all. I expect to be married next Thursday week."—"Married!" said I, startled and frightened. Yes, gentle reader, startled and frightened. And can you guess why I was frightened? I presume you cannot; for I had no acquaintance with Miss Morris's affairs. There was no cause for me to be so frightened; but as I skilfully concealed my agitation from her, I yet felt very uneasy, and was afraid to ask her to whom she was engaged to be married; for it appeared to me that it was to Dr. Finlay, and I did not want her to have him. And why, I knew not. She was a clever woman apparently, and I knew I did not love the Doctor. Still, I had formed such an exalted opinion of his great moral excellence, and of his intellectual acquirements, and I thought I discovered that he was a little eccentric too, it seemed to me that very few women could please him, even if he did marry. He had been very kind and polite to us,—had behaved like an elder brother to me. I cannot exactly explain my feelings. I admired him from the first hour I saw him; but I did not love him. Somehow, I feared that he would not be pleased with Miss Morris. Then I said, What a simpleton am I! Dr. Finlay has resided in the Manville family with Miss Morris for seven years—what am I thinking about, and how foolish in me to feel a single anxiety about a matter that is none of my business! I knew, too, that I had promised myself that I would never love again. I had been disappointed in marriage when I was eighteen years of age, and when my loved one died, I buried my heart with him also, far away, across the ocean. Love! said I. I smiled at the name. The idol of my heart had perished in a foreign country; his grave was where the nutmeg trees bloom,—where the cinnamon leaves breathe their spicy gales over the land,—where the cocoanut and talipot wave over the Oriental pagoda,—where the blossoms of the alma bedeck the ground, and where the nightingale grieves forth her melancholy song in the bowers of rose and sweet myrtle, that perfume the gales of India.

Yes, he roamed away to Hindostan and Persia in search of the Eldorado, and the bowers of Hygeia. He thought that travelling would restore his broken health; but, alas! he neither found Hygeia's groves nor Eldorado's healthful founts.—After I had thought a while, my moral courage predominated; then, said I, “Miss Morris, are you going to marry Dr. Finlay?”—“Oh no,” quickly replied she, and greatly to my relief; “I became acquainted, some years ago, with a gentleman of the name of Kipton, who first visited this house in company with a Major Barrick, to whom Miss Emily Manville was engaged to be married; but consumption,—O consumption! it blighted that sweet flower, just as the morning sun of life had warmed and expanded the rose-bud into a delicate, beautiful blossom. What made you ask me if I was going to marry Dr. Finlay?”—“Nothing, nothing at all,” said I; and as guilt was so perceptible in my eye, I turned away from the penetrating glance of Miss Morris, and remarked, “I thought, perhaps, you were going to marry him, as you have resided together so long; you must be very well acquainted with each other.”—“We have been acquainted for a great while,” rejoined Miss Anna, “and the Doctor has always declared that he believes in the doctrine of first love. He loved a lady, a great many years ago; but did not marry her. He is too intellectual, as some think, to dream of love; but I do not believe it. He declared to me, on the morning of Kate's wedding, that he was pleased with you, and he said, also, that if he was to call you Louise two or three times, that he would fall desperately in love with you,—that there is something in the name of Louise that always electrifies him.” I smiled, and told Miss Morris that she must be a phrenologist; that I believed my organ of approbateness was large, and that she had pleased me very much, and that I thanked her for the flattery she lavished upon me. “No flattery at all, Miss Elton; and as I am in possession of a very interesting family history wherein Dr. Finlay is concerned, if you like to hear it, I will relate it to you?”—“I am sure,” said I, “there

can be no impropriety, and, moreover, I love to listen to you.”—“We must do something to amuse ourselves; and I do not disclose family secrets for the sake of gossip, or because I am a tattler,” continued Miss Morris; “but if you will listen to the histories of Dr. Finlay, Emily, Lavinia, and Julia Manville, I am sure you will say, at the conclusion, that I have unveiled to you the arcana of a great deal of human nature. Your brother, I understand, Miss Elton, has gone perhaps fifty miles from this place to collect money, and to sing love-songs to Floretta Woodman. He will be compelled to visit Harry Upperton and young Roff, his old college mates; Floretta is so beautiful and amiable, he will not tear himself from her; and if I can interest you during his absence, I am willing to do so. But the servant is now ringing the bell for dinner: let us go to the table, and after we return to our room, I will first tell you Dr. Finlay's story, then Lavinia's, Emily's, Waldegrave's, Julia's, and Edwin's.”

#### STORY OF DR. FINLAY.

In consequence of the preparations Miss Morris was making for her anticipated nuptials, we did not meet in her chamber till late next morning. My impatience was very great, for she had promised to tell me the story of Dr. Finlay. When we were together once more, she remarked, “Miss Elton, I presume you would like to listen to the story of your friend, Dr. Finlay, first?”—“Oh, yes,” said I, “tell it; I am more interested in the story of the Doctor than that of any one else.”—“Well,” said Miss Morris, “I have heard him declare, for a great while, that it is impossible for him to love. He has resided at Green Haven for several years, and is a native of the State of ——. While he was acquiring his education, in the city of ——, the lady with whom he was boarding brought her niece to her residence. The young lady's name was Louise Banthier; she was of French extraction on the side of her



father. The Doctor paid her the attention that young gentlemen at college usually extend to young ladies at boarding-houses. He gallanted her to church, escorted her to parties, circuses, and theatres, and on Christmas and New Year's Days made her some handsome presents. Sometimes he composed and sent to her a few tender sonnets; all of which Louise received and cherished. The Doctor was a close student, and resolved to penetrate into all the mysteries of the sciences. He discovered that Louise was extremely well read, and that she was well acquainted with the French language; that her mind was fertile, and her heart benevolent. She, of course, became an object of great interest to Dr. Finlay, and he proposed to her one day, as she was reviewing the French poets, that she would allow him to become her pupil, and instruct him in that polite tongue. To this request, Louise readily consented, and furnished 'Walter,' as she familiarly addressed Dr. Finlay, with her own elementary works. She taught him the alphabet, then learned him to spell, and she used to sit with him for hours correcting and improving him in orthoepy and orthography, and took particular pains to teach him the proper pronunciation of the vowel *u*, and the consonant *g*. He resided in the city four years, and with the additional assistance, occasionally, of Professor Lannae, he made himself an accomplished French scholar. He has often told me how delighted he was when he was able to address letters to Louise in the French tongue; that sometimes he would make mistakes in his orthography and accent, and that Louise would return his letters with all the errors corrected, his mistakes all pointed out to him, in order, as she said, to make him '*do right the next time.*' Things went on in this way for some years. Louise was then twenty-three years of age. Dr. Finlay was twenty-one. His lady-love was his senior by two years. Her mental superiority, her natural activity and sprightliness, tempered with all the amiability, patience, and philosophy, that mortal ever possessed, rendered her a charming, interesting, and love-

able object, not only to Dr. Finlay, but to *all* with whom she became acquainted. Her aunt, who, it seems, had been intrusted with her at the age of fourteen years, had, at that tender period, implanted within her heart a tact to conceal her passions and emotions, and had also indoctrinated the principles of self-control. Dr. Finlay has often told me that she managed him so adroitly, that her caution and reserve sometimes threw him into suspense and uneasiness. Still, he never feared a rival; for the interesting and philosophic Louise had naturalized herself to the practice of forming but few associates. The Doctor says he contented himself with the belief that *he* was her 'chosen lord,'—he believed that Louise loved him,—that she would marry him,—that she was inwardly anxious to marry him,—and that her greatest desideratum was for him to name the subject of matrimony to herself. He says that, in spite of her philosophical efforts to avoid betraying herself, he could trace the impressions of Cupid in her modest little billets, and that she wore the fragrant blossoms of his bouquets in her bosom till they faded, and then they were carefully pressed, and placed in her anthology of flowers and leaves. He says her voice used to tremble when she sung for him; and with this little stock of evidence against the heart of this noble woman, Dr. Finlay rendered a verdict of '*Guilty.*' After the Doctor completed his course at college, he applied himself to the study of medicine. He says he was not fond of the law, notwithstanding the labor and expense he had lavished to accomplish himself in that great science. He had an aged relative, on the side of his mother, who was wealthy. This old gentleman now resides at Manville Hall, whither you are going: he is Dr. Finlay's uncle, and is called Parson Macdonald. He sent for Walter Finlay to come to Manville Hall, and study medicine in company with Arthur, the son of old Mr. Charles Manville. The Doctor was at first perplexed at this request, as the city wherein he had received both his academic and professional education was also hallowed by the

presence of Louise Banthier, who had been his companion, his friend, and counsellor. He thought it would be too unphilosophical to weep; but he says he stood under the cedar tree near her parlor, and embalmed within his bosom her tender friendship, her generosity, and her good-humored jests, and that he breathed a fervent prayer that the deep and strong affection, which he hoped she cherished for himself, might last as long as she lived; for he promised himself that he would return to the city, and when he left it the second time, that Louise would go with him as his wife. The morning, at length, arrived, when he was to bid her adieu. He repaired to the residence of her aunt, Madame Revierre, where he found Louise composed, and even more cheerful than he desired her to be. She managed to sustain her complacency and self-composure so skilfully, that the Doctor could see nothing to characterize the parting of himself from her but the *seeming unstudied candor* with which Louise gave him her hand. The Doctor says that fortitude almost left him; that he came very near shedding tears; but that Louise's firmness and philosophy triumphed even in the moment when he kissed her hand, and pressed it to his palpitating heart. There is an ancient and very extensive library at Manville Hall, and after Dr. Finlay reached that secluded place, he buried himself within its shades with Arthur Manville, and read all the valuable works on physic. They were two very close students, and he became, what he had always been told he would be, a confirmed bibliomaniac. He has remarked to me that Arthur Manville and himself used to read all day, and often till Aurora would raise the dark curtains of night, and the piercing beams of the sun illumine the old studio at Manville Hall. All the mental respite he took was in pondering upon the warm friendship, the sprightly conversation, the instructive lessons he had enjoyed with Louise; and he sometimes spoke to Arthur of her intelligence, modesty, and her unpractised ingenuousness. One day, Arthur Manville advised Dr. Finlay to address a letter to Louise. He did so,

requesting her to respond immediately. Louise complied, and they corresponded for six months. Every line written by her, however, was guarded with prudence and discretion, and her letters evinced a mind well fortified against the adversities and sorrows of life. She waited for Dr. Finlay to declare his passion first; but Walter was slow, and too indifferent. He was a student and a scholar; he loved a great room filled with books, maps, and globes; he loved philosophy, rhetoric, and mathematics, and thought more of the experiments he daily performed with his chemical apparatus than that affectionate heart at a distance, which secretly yearned for his return to the haunts of his pupilage. He loved Louise; but just came to the conclusion that he could marry her at any time, and determined not to hurry himself. He had been wedded, too, so long to his books that he began to conclude that worldly attachments, especially to women, were unphilosophical, and of too little importance to be formed by a man who intended to make study the business of his life. He accustomed himself to think and act in this way from his earlier years, and spent much time in contemplating the maxims of great and good men, and in perusing volume after volume, and in the practice of his profession, to which he seems devoted. The correspondence between Louise and himself continued, as I said, about six months; the Doctor promising Arthur Manville, at the reception of every letter, that in his reply he would propose to Louise to become his wife; and every letter she received from Walter brought a renewed hope that the long-wished-for proposal was written on the page which she tremblingly glanced at, as she tore the seal from the 'rose-scented' missive. Those cold, Platonic, unaffectionate epistles pained her heart, and spite of all her self-command, she would burst into tears, and beg that Providence would interpose and give her strength of mind to emancipate herself from the unfortunate attachment she had formed for Walter Finlay. 'Another month glided through the night of time,' and when Dr. Finlay

received the last letter, except one, that ever came to him from the hand of Louise, she insisted so strongly that he would visit her, he determined, at once, to go. When he arrived at Madame Revierre's, he discovered that Louise was saddened. Disappointment was plainly marked on her once sprightly, handsome face. The Doctor, at again meeting her, so interesting under the influence of a little sorrow, felt the second pang that then had ever run through his heart. He remained in the city a whole month, visited Louise every day, but made no avowal of love to her. She still waited, with her usual patience and modesty, and kept the lamp of Love burning upon the shrine of Hope. She could not resort to stratagem to force Dr. Finlay to a matrimonial proposal, for she knew not what to say; she had too pure and honest a heart to practise chicanery; and at the close of the month, Dr. Finlay returned to Manville Hall, without having alluded to love or marriage during his stay so near to the woman who was almost dying in love with him. As the day was nearly gone, in about three weeks after the Doctor was reincarcerated within the walls of old Manville Hall, a servant returned from the neighboring town with a letter containing the following lines:

“History informs me, that in olden times the Carthaginians were an ambitious, brave people. At the height of their renown and greatest strength, they became a formidable enemy of the Romans. Hannibal, their general, crossed the Mediterranean Sea, landed in Spain, and forced his way, with his vast army, to the lofty, rocky Alps. He crossed these “stupendous boundaries of nations,” and defeated the Romans at Cannæ. He tore the Roman army to pieces, and then had it in his power to improve his conquest, by taking possession of the “Eternal City;” but he, with his army, lay down to luxuriate under the cool shades of the olive trees, in the bowery dells of Italia, and became intoxicated with the beauty of the scenery, the lofty snow-topped mountains, the warm, soft

gales of the valley, and the sweet, languishing strains of music from the lute of the plebeian girl, and also with the delicate flowers and crystal rocks in the mountain grotto. These things so completely charmed the indolent Carthaginians, that they idled their time away, and soon beheld, to their great fear and astonishment, the clouds of Romans soldiers that darkened the morning's rosy face. How many, alas! refuse to improve a victory when it is in their power.

“There was no name affixed to the singular piece of composition, and he thought it a quiz from some of the girls of the neighbourhood. He was at tea when the servant handed it to him, and after reading the story of Hannibal, he soon forgot it, and left it lying on the floor of the supper-room. Presently, Miss Lavinia Manville, the niece of Dr. Finlay, who was spending some time at Manville Hall, came into the room, and took the letter from the carpet. Seeing it addressed to her uncle Walter, and the name of ‘*Louise*’ written on the corner of the last page, she carried it to the library, and playfully remarked, ‘Uncle Walter, you must be a very devoted lover to throw your dear Louise’s letter under the tea-table.’—The Doctor started, and remarked: ‘You are mistaken, my lovely Lavinia; that is some anonymous affair got up by you girls of the Hall to hoax your “uncle Doctor.” That is very unlike the hand of my darling Louise, your future aunt;—will you call her aunt?’ said the Doctor, as Lavinia held the letter to the lamp.—‘I will, indeed, dear uncle, but I suppose that you would tell me to call her Louise, as you love to hear the name. You declare often that you cannot hear it enough. Do you not recollect the other day that you told me you frequently wish that my name was Louise instead of Lavinia?’—‘Oh, yes,’ said the Doctor; ‘but leave that anonymous quiz there; perhaps I will look over it before I retire.’—Lavinia left the library to join her sister and cousin, and retired to bed, as usual, at about nine o’clock.

At half after eleven, such a noise as was never before heard at Manville Hall, broke the silence of the night. Something seemed to fall, below stairs, as if one side of the old mansion was tearing away, and the sound appeared to come from the library. Every member of the household arose, and the girls ran down to ask the cause of this unusual and frightful noise in the old Hall. The library door was pushed open, and there lay Dr. Finlay stretched on an old settee, groaning, and the perspiration standing in large globules all over his face. 'What's the matter, Walter?' said Arthur Manville, who reached him first.—'Oh, Arthur, I am ruined! I am ruined! Oh me! poor wretched fool that I am; take that pistol, and blow my brains out!'—'Walter,' said the astonished Arthur, 'are you drunk, or crazy? what is the matter with you?'—'I'm ruined!' said the Doctor; 'I'm ruined!'—'Are you, indeed,' rejoined Arthur; 'well so is the chemical apparatus; and, bless me, he has thrown the crucible at the large old mirror, and broken it into millions of fragments. Why, Wat,' continued Arthur, 'I never have suspected you of lunacy, or that you kept liquor hidden in Manville Hall.'—'I am neither drunk nor crazy, Arthur; but I am ruined! I'm a ruined man!' said Dr. Finlay, vehemently.—'Well, what has ruined you so suddenly, and at such a late hour of the night? When I retired, you were composed, and reading the "*Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle*," by the Bishop of Meaux.'—'D—— the Bishop of Meaux! when a man learns that the only woman he can ever love is married!' said Dr. Finlay; and then turning to the girls, who were viewing in astonishment the damage their uncle had done the chemical apparatus, as well as the antique mirror which hung in Manville Hall long before they were born, he said, petulantly, 'Go to bed, girls; what, in the name of common sense, did you come into the library for anyhow?' They ran off above stairs, laughing at the droll figure their uncle cut; for as they entered the library, the Doctor was greatly agonized, and kept say-

ing, 'O, poor, miserable, unhappy me! poor, unfortunate, d——d fool that I am! blow my brains out, Arthur! blow my brains out, if you please?' and Arthur, to plague him, was remarking all the time, in a loud tone of voice, 'Walter, you have got no brains. I used to think you had some; but I was mistaken. You are either drunk or crazy, I am satisfied.'—After the girls had left them, however, Dr. Finlay said to Arthur, 'Come here; take this document and read it, and let me groan on. I deserve it all; and I'm ruined! I'm ruined! O, Arthur, I am a fool, and a ruined man!'—'Not a very enviable character,' jestingly continued Arthur; 'but silence, Walter, and let me read what you have handed me.' Arthur Manville perused the little Carthaginian allegory, and then commenced reading a letter, of which the following is a true copy:

"I had prepared a letter to hand you, when you visited me the last time. The last time! O, Walter, what a mournful sound! I could not hand it to you; for when I saw you, and heard your voice, hope revived within my sad heart. You left me more sorrowful than I had ever been. I have been informed that you object to me because I am not a native-born American. I do not believe it; for you used to praise bright, sunny France, and tell me that you loved my nation very much. My mother was a native of your country, and I am only half French. Can you object to me because I was born on that classic soil? Do you recollect the warm tears you shed, and the tender expressions of sympathy you uttered, when I related to you, under the lofty old trees in my aunt's park, the sad story of my ancestors? When I told you I had trod the ground where my grandparents were murdered by the Jacobins, and you sighed and groaned? When you told me that nothing was wanting in France to establish the happiness and prosperity of the nation, but a strong link to connect the morals and the politics of the people together? You reminded me that "the spirit of patriotism and a general corruption of manners, cannot possibly be co-existent in the same age and nation."

You eulogized me, Walter, and said, "I would to God that bloody France had women like yourself, Louise, all over her territory, to proclaim to them that they abuse the term, liberty; that this hallowed word has been shamefully used in all the countries of Europe, save Great Britain and Switzerland, and that neither of these countries yet compare with infant America. How delighted I should be to see you wield your graphic pen, Louise, in admonition to the nation you so ardently love. You have experienced the difference, Louise. Could you not tell them that all Europe is in a corrupted state, so far as liberty is concerned; that history proves that the most profligate of the country are the most clamorous for freedom, and that with such persons as these, the meaning of liberty has no relation to patriotism; that there it means no more than the general *aversion to restraint*." I listened to you, Walter. I would not controvert a word you spoke; for I believe you are correct. Still, I did not think your prejudices could carry you so far as to induce you to object to me because I came from France. O, how often, and foolishly too, have I wished myself a fair, rosy-cheeked American woman; then, perhaps, you could have loved me. Your girls are truly beautiful, modest, and interesting; but their hearts are no warmer than my own. I hope, however, that I have been incorrectly informed as regards your objection to me because my father was a Frenchman. Long have I desired, I confess, to hear you say that you loved me. I have fondly believed, too, that you would make this declaration to me; but, alas! how have I been deceived! I have desired to love you, Walter, as I ought to have loved you. I mean legally. I have wished that one house could have been our home, where I could consult you, and where you could have interested me. I have wished that you might be my future guide, my counsellor, my friend, and my husband. You have, notwithstanding, been Walter the inflexible. You are cold-hearted, calculating, and philosophical. However, you have won me without wishing me. I know you have

made no effort to gain my heart. I have loved you though for your own intrinsic beauty. I have to-day gathered all the precious fragments of billets, &c., which you used to give me; and while I sit here perusing the little notes you once wrote me, particularly when I was your school-mistress, my eyes fall upon one billet which I am sure you also recollect. Have you forgotten one afternoon when Monsieur Augereau came to see me, and you had just remarked, 'Louise, I have something in my heart that I wish to pour out this afternoon?' You were greatly perplexed at Monsieur Augereau's remaining so long; you said he was in your way. I discovered that you were vexed with him; then I whispered this into your ear, "Walter, go into the office, and write to me; but do not take your lexicon nor your reference memorandum-book. It will be one of my happiest moments to peruse a little billet from my pupil, written in the French language too, more especially when I know you have improved so rapidly that you can write to me in my own beautiful idiom without your dictionary. I see that you are tired of Monsieur Augereau, and so am I." Please read the following note, Walter. I have translated it, and as I was writing it I wondered if you could have been so cruel as to crush my heart just because you loved to see it bleed.

"MY DEAR LOUISE:—

"You are an Ariadne, though not the daughter of a Minos, for according to heathen fable, Minos ruled the infernal regions, but you must have come from the abode of celestial spirits. I am a kind of Theseus, and you are my literary Ariadne, for you gave me a clue of thread which guided me out of the French labyrinth. I have held on to the thread till I have come out of the cavern, I see a bright sun now gleam upon my page. You say I am a good French scholar. I believe you, Louise, for you are one of the pillars in the Temple of Truth.

Will you believe me when I tell you that I wish heartily for the departure of old Augereau.

“Ever and ever, your friend,  
“WALTER FINLAY.”

“My dear sir do not be surprised when I tell you that I have nearly carried out the character of Ariadne. Do you not recollect how fable says, she withered under the coldness of Theseus, and married some old heathen king? I know you recollect all about Ariadne. Very well; you have wounded my heart by neglect. I am a married woman, Walter! I have married Mons. Augereau! Do you not know that a woman seeks protection, especially when she is a poor orphan like Louise. I did I confess, wish that you had been in place of Mons. Augereau, as I have loved you more tenderly than I can ever love again. You are so philosophically resigned that I shall now bid you farewell, and try to forget you very soon. May you always soar above the elements of passion, and may your closet musings continue to interest you. A requiem to those halcyon days through which we have lived, begins and ends with the sad, sad word farewell.”

After Arthur Manville concluded the epistle, he went to Dr. Finlay to condole with him. The Doctor told him that he never was so astonished, and never felt so furiously angry in his life; that in the paroxysm of rage he seized a large earthen crucible and flung it at the old mirror, because when he arose from his chair there was the hateful form and face of himself reflected, telling him what a fool he had been, and that as he started to leave the room he upset the centre-table, whereon were jars, bottles, tubes, and all manner of things belonging to a chemist's apparatus. He remarked to Arthur that he was deeply mortified at his folly, and begged pardon for having disturbed the family, especially old Mr. Manville, who had by this time come from his chamber, and stood holding a lamp in his

hand, surveying in astonishment the many fragments that lay all over the floor of the library. Dr. Finlay says, he told Arthur Manville at that moment that he had always loved Louise, that he intended to marry her; that no other woman could ever engage his affections as Louise had done, and that he was too slow, too indifferent, and that her union with Augereau would murder all that pertained to love or admiration in his bosom for ever. ‘Oh! Louise! Louise! sweet, precious, hallowed name,’ he ejaculated, ‘I never can forget you. You have made an impression upon my heart that is too lasting to be blotted out, or expunged by the hand of age or time.’—‘Good for you, Wat,’ said Arthur Manville, as he was gathering together the fragments of glass on the floor. ‘I always told you that Louise loved you truly; still I feel sorry that you have toyed with your own happiness. Try and sleep some, old fellow; Llewellyn and Wallace Pitkins are expected here to-morrow:’ and after working away with the glass for some time, Arthur Manville left the library, with a promise from Dr. Finlay that he would try to sleep, and break no more glass. I am under the impression,” continued Miss Morris, “that Dr. Finlay will marry, notwithstanding the shock that Louise gave him, by announcing her marriage to Augereau. He says he could render a wife happy; and you have discovered, Miss Elton, that he has a strong mind, and his mental acquirements entitle him to ‘soar on the wings of an eagle;’ he is amiable and reasonable, and I have believed for some time, that there is within his heart a secret fountain, whence the stream of pure love would flow, if a woman of the right kind attempted to search for its source. The Doctor, with all his natural talents and learning, is one of the most timid men I ever saw; he is a true impersonation of diffidence; he always intended to address Louise Bantier, but put it off with the belief that she would remain single her lifetime, rather than marry any one but himself, and he, about half the time waited for her to tell him that she loved him and wished to marry him.”—“Well,” said I, after



listening attentively to Miss Morris, "you seem to think that there is still a fountain pent up in his heart, and it is a fountain of love; have you never attempted to discover the charm which the Oriental bird is said to possess? Do you not recollect that the poets sing of a bird of the land of 'Iran,' that has the power of discovering fountains hidden in the earth?" "Oh! no, Miss Elton, I never have; still I have said frequently, that I believe Dr. Finlay will marry. You must not call me vain, Miss Louise, when I tell you that I believe, at one time, and I had grounds for my belief too, that I could have married the Doctor myself, notwithstanding my name is not Louise. I have heard him declare many a time, that he was dying for an object upon whom he could lavish his affection. I remarked to him, one day when he was telling me of his former love for Louise Banthier, 'Doctor, I thought you could not love; that such a thing as affection for any woman, aside from your relations, was not to be found in your heart.'

"He replied, 'Miss Anna, sometimes I think myself mistaken, particularly when I recollect that I used to believe that human nature has not the power to effect a total alienation of the heart from many of the ordinary affairs of life, especially love and matrimony. I often wonder, however, if there is still that deep clear fountain of the waters of love pent up in my heart, which used to send forth such a sly, but lucid stream, in the days of Louise Banthier. I have read that subterranean reservoirs many a time burst forth, and then cease to flow from some obstruction of their current; but the pools are full, and only wait for the drift to be cleared away, when they again gush out. I suppose this may be the case with my heart; for I often am inclined to believe that the basin of love, which was filled by the hand of nature, is still full, and its waters might pour out could I only get that load of anguish cleared away from the conduit, which drifted there when I read of the marriage of my Louise.' Thus, have I often heard Dr. Finlay talk; but as I have never loved him, of course I have at no time en-

deavored to win his affection, or to induce him to address me. I have pitied him, and sympathized with him in his loneliness, and whenever he has spoken to me of his youthful delay and indiscretion, which has occasioned him so many miserable hours. He is still a student and a philosopher; but when he comes to the more sober realities of reflection, I have seen him forget his books, and say that he was unsettled as to what he would do. Human nature will fail at times: none of the philosophers have ever found an antidote against those moments of sadness to which we are all more or less subject."—"I have a question," said I, "to ask you, Miss Morris, to which I trust you will respond. I think very strangely of Dr. Finlay for remaining at this place, where there is a stepmother over the children of his sister, who treats them so cruelly. Does he not abhor her conduct? and has he never spoken to Colonel Manville about it?"—"Dr. Finlay," replied Miss Morris, "is naturally a taciturn, peaceable man. Colonel Manville's daughters have complained to him often of the bad treatment they have received from their stepmother; but the warmest intimacy has for years existed between Colonel Manville and Dr. Finlay, and notwithstanding the cruel and harsh treatment of Mrs. Manville to the girls, Colonel Manville loves her very devotedly, and is extremely anxious to live peaceably with her. She is one of the finest managers I ever saw. I think she is too fretful with the servants though, and is often very severe; but about the management of her household matters, her garden, dairy, the scissors, needle, loom, and spinning-wheels, she is a capital hand. She never does a stitch of work herself; but she knows how work ought to be done. She has also gained the greatest victory that mortal woman ever gains over the opposite sex, and it is this: she has the absolute control of her husband's mind and heart. She studies how she may deceive him: she knows precisely when to greet him with a smile, when to appear silent and unhappy, and when to call forth his tender sympathy by shedding sorrowful tears. She

can draw from him a warm eulogy upon the management of her domestic affairs by telling him of the work the servants have done; she can force him to smile the smile of gratification, when she tells him how fast his children are improving under her motherly supervision; then, if she chooses, she can frighten him almost out of his senses, by falling with a spasm, screaming, and declaring that her nerves are ruined, and that she is going to die. Sometimes I have thought that Colonel Manville is afraid of her, or afraid to offend her. She has discovered that he has tried hard to please her, and she is ungrateful enough to take advantage of his kindness, and plays the tyrant successfully over husband, children, and servants. I have seen many a woman like Mrs. Manville. A man may talk to some women till he wears his tongue out, and his purse too, in humoring and spoiling them, and still they are not satisfied. The more that is done for such unreasonable beings, the more is required. Dr. Finlay seems to know but little of the disposition of the two little girls, Lizette and Ada; for Mrs. Manville has induced him to believe that they are bad-tempered and disobedient. Misses Emily and Lavinia Manville disliked their stepmother so much that they would not reside here: they made Manville Hall their home; and Miss Julia Manville, the third daughter, told Dr. Finlay once, in my hearing, that as Emily and Lavinia had left Green Haven on account of her pa's wife, she intended to stand her ground, that she had been told she had more temper and spirit than all the others; that she would never leave her father's house, but stay there to quarrel and fight her stepmother, for Kate, Lizette, and Ada. Mrs. Manville declares that it is the fault of the girls, and not of herself. And as Emily and Lavinia left here, and Julia said what she thought, no doubt, to her uncle, sometimes, I think that Dr. Finlay believes that the girls have been to blame. They are of Scotch extraction; and I have often heard Colonel Manville remark, that 'his countrymen might get whipped, but they would never be conquered.' Per-

haps his children inherit that principle; but, as they were mostly daughters, he did not happen to think his remark applicable to them. The old lady is entirely too well practised in duplicity to allow Colonel Manville or Dr. Finlay to surprise her in her fits of anger with the children. If they ever discover that there has been a jar, she, of course, has the privilege of explaining first. Then she tells them that the children 'are refractory and unmanageable,' and argues that her responsibility is so very arduous; that she is doing all she can for the children, and that her health is so delicate; that when night comes on, or the morning dawns, she makes Lizette and Ada get down upon their knees, and repeat verses by heart from the Bible and hymn-book; and that she is very particular about their saying the Lord's Prayer. In this way she worries herself and the children too, without doing the least good. I have often thought with Madame de Stael, 'that it is very strange that a woman, who is called sensible, can for a moment imagine that she is doing her duty to her fellow-beings, and serving God, by tormenting his creatures, and rendering everybody miserable about her;—'tis strange,—ay, 'tis an inexplicable mystery.'—"Tell me, Miss Morris," said I, "was Miss Julia unamiable?"—"No, Miss Elton, I never thought Julia unamiable. She was remarkably quick-tempered; but she disliked the name of a stepmother, and the grown daughters were very indignant at the Colonel for marrying so soon after the death of their mother. He only lived a widower six months; and Julia, much more than either of the others, seemed to take delight in fretting her stepmother. If you feel disposed to listen, I will tell you the histories of Julia, Lavinia, and Emily. You recollect I promised to begin with the history of the girls after I finished the story of Dr. Finlay. Julia's history seems to come first, although she was the last of the girls who have died."

As I had already become so much interested in the family history, I requested Miss Morris to proceed, and tell me about the three grown daughters, especially, for, as I traversed the

library, I saw so many reminiscences of them, that I concluded they must have been girls of genius, and also elegant women. I was assisting Miss Morris in sewing her wedding garments, and as I was pretty well assured that Alva was on a courting, as well as a collecting expedition, and knowing the uncertainty of women and paper money, I satisfied myself by going to work, and listening to the history of one of the most interesting families I had ever heard of. I begged Miss Morris to proceed, and to tell me about all who were buried in the garden. I had seen their sleeping-place, had read their names on the granite column, and I wished to hear more about them. Miss Morris consented; and here, reader, is the history of the spirited and noble Julia Manville.

## CHAPTER XI.

### STORY OF JULIA.

"SHORTLY after I came here as governess, Miss Julia Manville returned from the convent, where she had completed her education. She was remarkably fond of books, and used to assist me very often in marking off the lessons for the children. I then had to instruct Laura Haddington, Mrs. Manville's eldest daughter, her son, Theodore Danetson, and her youngest daughter, Augusta Danetson. You are aware that Mrs. Manville has been thrice married. I had, also, Kate, Lizette, and Ada Manville. Julia was about sixteen years of age when she came home. I have told you that she despised her stepmother, and was the only one of the grown girls whom the old lady could not subdue. Emily and Lavinia always gave up to her in everything. They were too amiable and gentle to dispute with her; and as disputes were inevitable, they chose rather to leave Green Haven and reside at Manville Hall, with their kind old Uncle Charles. It was customary every morning,

after breakfast, for Mrs. Manville to assemble with the children in the library, for the purpose of hearing them repeat Bible lessons. One morning, she was provoked at Kate for not knowing her verses. Kate got frightened, and cried, so that she could not say her lesson at all. I saw what was the matter, and requested Mrs. Manville to allow me to finish with Kate. She positively refused; declaring that she was acting from pure contrariness, and that she would whip her if she refused to proceed. By that time, Kate had become so much confused she could not speak, whereupon Mrs. Manville took a cowhide, which she was in the habit of bringing with her into the library, and gave Kate a most unmerciful flogging. Julia and Colonel Manville had rode over to see Edwin, Colonel Manville's youngest child, who was then being nursed by a Mrs. Martin. When Julia and the Colonel returned, I had the children in the school-room, and all was quiet. When they were dismissed to go to dinner, and we all were entering the dining-room, I saw Julia's keen black eyes dart fury-glances at me. She thought that I had been beating Kate, or scolding her so violently that the poor thing was cowed. Julia was very quick, and she immediately demanded of Kate the cause of her swollen eyes and downcast countenance. I was greatly relieved when Kate said, 'Sister, ma whipped me this morning, in the library, with the cowhide.' No sooner said, than Julia seized a cut-glass tumbler, and threw it at Mrs. Manville's head, but missed it; then she threw a knife at her, which did not touch her either; and she was going to upset the large bowl of hot soup, in order to make the most of it spill on Mrs. Manville's lap; but, fortunately for her, Dr. Finlay caught hold of Julia, and led her from the room. Mrs. Manville went into spasms. Colonel Manville had a long talk with Julia, Kate, Lizette, and Ada, privately, and things went on tolerably well till the next summer. Mrs. Manville continued to come to the library every morning, when she thought herself well enough, and hear the Bible lessons. As Kate was so much afraid of her, Colonel Manville

had told Julia to go into the library herself, but to keep cool, and summon forbearance to her aid; that the presence of an elder sister, would give the younger ones more confidence, and perhaps make things better. Julia, in spite of all I could say to her, would select and repeat, at every lesson, a certain passage, which, I could see, sent something like a keen arrow to the heart of Mrs. Manville. I have noticed the old lady writhe and smart under Julia's biblical lashing. Julia observed that her plan had the desired effect, and then she would pour out another vial of reproof. The old lady's conscience I often thought fireproof; for she stood it a great while. She did not like to offend Julia, if it was to be avoided. She knew that she was full of resentment; but still, she could not bear the idea of being outdone by one of the 'Manvilles,' as she indignantly used to call the daughters of the Colonel. Julia was at the head of the class, and always took it upon her to commence the lesson where she pleased, and contrary to what Mrs. Manville wished; she would also repeat a certain set of verses at the close.

"I can in my imagination now hear Julia, with her strong clear voice, reading the third verse of the thirteenth chapter of St. Matthew: 'And he spake many things unto them in parables, saying, Behold a sower went forth to sow. And when he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, and the fowls came and devoured them up. Some fell upon stony places where they had not much earth, and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth.' She invariably closed the lesson by reading these lines: 'But woe unto you, Scribes, Pharisees, and hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in. Woe unto you, Scribes, Pharisees, and hypocrites! for ye devour *widowers'* houses, and for a pretence make long prayers; therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation. Woe unto you, Scribes, Pharisees, and hypocrites! ye are like unto whitened sepulchres, which indeed

appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and all corruption.' Instead of reading the word 'widows,' when she ought to have done so, she would say, and emphasize it, 'for ye devour *widowers'* houses.' The old lady perfectly understood Julia's severe rebuke. She bore it for some time. One morning Julia read as usual the thirteenth chapter of Matthew, and closed the lesson with the Scribes, Pharisees, and hypocrites. Mrs. Manville was very nervous that morning, and she had seemed fretful all the time. She kept lecturing the children, scolded a good deal, and was evidently not in a good humor. When Julia was about half done, Mrs. Manville grew stormy. She dashed her Bible on the floor, and cried out, 'Julia Manville, stop this instant, you impertinent wretch. What do you mean, I say, Julia Manville?' continued she, screaming and in a fit of passion. 'What do you mean by reading and repeating the same verses in the Testament every morning?'—'I mean,' said Julia, with the most perfect nonchalance and composure, 'this I read and repeat them because they are my greatest favorites.'—'You tell a falsehood, Miss! you have another motive in it; and if you ever repeat or read them in my presence again, I will make your father chastise you severely for doing so, or I will do it myself.'—'I wish you would attempt it, Madam,' replied Julia; 'just lay the weight of your hands on me, if you dare, either playfully or passionately; you should not touch me if you were in a good humor, and if you do it in anger I will try and scratch your eyes out; I am not afraid of you at all. I know you have married parents; and if you were not such a heartless tyrant, you might perhaps fill the office of stepmother; I should then respect you as such; but you go all over the house, yard, and garden, armed with your cowhide, preaching religion at every corner. You have treated the servants whom my mother left in her nursery, and on the farm, with the greatest cruelty. Your boisterous language, and your unkind behavior has driven my elder sisters, who are sickly, from their paternal roof. You have acted the

part of the spider in the fable, which wove the web over the fly, towards pa; he has humored you, and been beguiled by your hypocritical stories, till you have woven a web over him completely; he has been blinded by your deception; you have put out the eyes of his judgment, and now he is groping about his own domain, as it were in Tartarean darkness; you are his guide; you lead him whithersoever your whims direct you; you have lulled him to sleep as Dalilah lulled old Samson; you have shaven off the seven locks of his head; you have afflicted him; you have him now at the "Gaza of blindness;" you have bound his reason in fetters of brass, and you grind his children and servants in their own home, once dear to them, but which by yourself is converted into a prison.' Mrs. Manville was still, while Julia spoke, for I suppose no human being ever listened to such a severe, yet unpremeditated reprimand from a girl of scarcely seventeen years. I have heard clergymen in the pulpit lecture their flocks very severely, at times, but I never heard such an outburst of eloquent and severe reproach in my life. She at length started to leave the library, and as she passed along she shook her bony fist at Julia, and said, 'I will inform your father of your conduct to me, Miss, and if he refuses to chastise you, I will leave this place; another sun shall not set without my being on the road to my own once quiet home.'— 'That is just what I would like,' said Julia; 'you ought to have had more prudence, anyhow, than to have married pa; if he would address you, you ought to have advised him to wait till he erected a monument over mother, at any rate. You are a curious woman; indeed I saw you aiding pa once, in planning a monument for my mother, and a cenotaph for my brother Waldegrave. I thought of the man of this neighborhood who lost his wife on one Sunday, the next Sunday he was married again, and on the third Sunday, he, with his new wife, attended his first wife's funeral.'— 'Rest assured, Julia Manville, that my marriage with your father is the last that will ever take place between the two families; I have heard that my son Dou-

glas Haddington was in love with you, and that, perhaps, you and he would be married; but I would rather see my boy put ten feet under the earth, than to see him marry such a hateful wretch as you are.'— 'I do not want your son, Madam; I never thought of loving him; I must say that so far as I am capable of judging, Mr. Haddington is a gentleman; he must certainly inherit the good qualities of his father, for you have none, alas! and I can assure you that I would not like to marry any one who had ever heard of you, letting alone one so closely allied to yourself as Douglas Haddington.'— 'Never mind, Julia Manville,' continued the old lady, who had come back into the library; 'I will make you alter your course. Yes, I will make you treat me respectfully; you are a minor, recollect, and you dare not leave your father's house without his permission.' 'I have no idea of leaving,' said Julia; 'you would have more latitude if I should leave here; you have more than your share already. I treat everybody respectfully who treats me so. I regard the feelings of persons whose behavior merits respect: but remember your cruelty to these motherless children, and your inhuman treatment to our servants. Your own conduct is quite sufficient to render you an object of contempt. I know my duty to my father, Madam; I will endeavor to obey him. I reverence and love him; while I mourn over his weakness in marrying so soon after the death of our dearly beloved mother. We were happy together before you came here; and I don't care one cent what you tell pa. I never intend to allow you to impose on me, or these poor little sisters of mine, who tremble at the sound of your footstep.' Mrs. Manville now left the library, slamming the door after her, and declaring that Colonel Manville should chastise Julia. When I went into the dining-room, on the same day, I found Julia at the table, laughing, and rallying her pa about some joke her ma used to tell him. I thought that I discovered in Mrs. Manville a relaxation of temper, from exhaustion no doubt. She had been so actively engaged during the morning, and Julia had withstood her with

so much severity and decision, that she said but little while we were dining."

"Tell me," said I, to Miss Morris, "if the violent dispute effected Julia's purpose."—"Yes, Miss Elton; for I never heard Mrs. Manville speak a harsh word to Julia, nor to the younger girls, in the presence of Julia, so long as she lived; and Mrs. Manville never came into the library to hear a Bible lesson after the quarrel, and in a short time she sent her children to the city that she came from, to her mother, old Mrs. Chadmun."—"What was the cause of the death of the spirited Julia?" I eagerly inquired.—"The bilious fever raged here during August and September of the year 18—. Nineteen of Colonel Manville's servants died of it. After awhile, it entered this fine mansion, and poor Julia was attacked the first one. She had fatigued herself a great deal attending to the servants who were ill. I think that there were about fifty sick negroes here at one time. Julia was a kind of house apothecary. She went through rain and sunshine. By day and night she was at the bedside of the suffering, fever-scorched African. She administered hundreds of doses of medicine with her own fair hands, and carried soup and boiled rice to them many a time, which she cooked herself. Everybody grew tired with sick-nursing. Julia held out a great while, and seemed to know better than any one else what to do. I used to go and assist her before I took the fever, and many a time the servants were delirious, but Julia could manage them. Sometimes she would assume a stern, angry look, and her decisive order would be instantly obeyed. Others she managed by soft words; and often have I seen the tear of pity roll over her fine black eyes, when Dr. Finlay would assure her that such a one must die. Colonel Manville barely escaped death himself; and poor Julia died on the twenty-eighth day after she took her bed.—Now, I will tell you the history of Miss Lavinia Manville, who died on the Island of Cuba, before the death of Julia. It seems as if I ought to have told

the stories of Emily and Lavinia first, but we were conversing about Julia, and without thinking that she was younger than Emily and Lavinia, I commenced with her. Emily and Lavinia were two sweet women. Colonel Manville used to call Emily his judge, Lavinia his lawyer, Julia his soldier, Kate his private secretary, and Lizette and Ada his little ring-doves. I could not, however, altogether justify Miss Julia in the course she pursued towards Mrs. Manville. I often felt disposed to advise both parties, but again, I would conclude, that it was none of my business. It is not characteristic of my nation to meddle with other people's business, consequently, I never presumed to advise;—neither spoke exculpatory of one, nor condemnatory of the other; but I believe that the haughty stepmother was to blame oftener than Colonel Manville's daughters. I never have met, either in England or America (agreeably to my judgment), a more interesting family of people. I could have resided in the same house with Julia a lifetime, and we would never have quarrelled. Douglas Haddington loved Julia, and I have heard that he said his mother did not do right at Green Haven, and that he once addressed Miss Julia, and assured her that he had not inherited a particle of her inflammable temper."

## CHAPTER XII.

### STORY OF LAVINIA.

"I HAVE been told that a vein of consumption lurks in the Finlay family. Two of Colonel Manville's daughters and his first wife have died of it. Emily and Lavinia had very fragile constitutions. I never will forget the evening before Lavinia started to Cuba. Miss Emily had stayed at Manville Hall. Lavinia had been brought thence by Dr. Finlay some time during the winter. She was ill when she came home, and



appeared anxious to travel. Dr. Finlay proposed to Colonel Manville to send her to Cuba, and to let Emily go too, and I heard him tell Colonel Manville that he had great fear about Emily's health. Then I heard Dr. Finlay whisper to Colonel Manville, and tell him that Arthur Manville's trial was over; that the jury rendered a verdict of not guilty, without leaving the jury-box; that Arthur had married, and was in the South; but that Parson Macdonald, with Mr. and Mrs. Falkirk, and perhaps Llewellyn Percy and others, would stay with Mr. Manville; and he thought that the best plan would be for Colonel Manville to write to his brother Charles, and advise him to send Ivanora to Cuba with Lavinia and Emily. I was astonished to hear that Arthur Manville had had a trial. I never had heard a word of his being a criminal. I had heard that Mr. Manville's son, Louis, was murdered very near to Manville Hall, but the family have always kept perfect silence relative to the matter. There is some mystery about this Ivanora too. She is Mr. Charles Manville's granddaughter, and, notwithstanding there was the greatest intimacy between the Manville girls of Green Haven, and the Manville Hall family, still I never could get one of them to say much about her. I have heard a whisper, too, that some awful deeds have been done at Manville Hall. I do not wish to discourage you, Miss Elton. You are going there as a governess, and I hope you may find a pleasant home. There can be no better man than Mr. Charles Manville, and his old sisters, Mrs. Newland and Miss Matilda, are kind and lady-like. But now I will tell you about Lavinia. The afternoon before her departure for Cuba, I was sitting in the office with herself, Julia, Kate, Lizette, and Ada. Lavinia was lying on that old lounge in the office, which is covered with green damask, when Colonel Manville entered the room. 'Well, my daughter,' said he to Lavinia, 'do you feel strong enough to leave home to-morrow?' 'Yes, pa, if I am as well to-morrow morning as I have been to-day, I can start. I think it best to go as soon as possible, for the

confusion and noise of these workmen will kill me. I hope all the fine buildings will be completed before I return.'— 'Well, my darling, the daily prayer of your father is, that you all may reach Cuba safely, and that its healthful air may restore you. It is impossible for me to accompany you, but your Uncle Walter is going, and I intend to send Emily also. I have written to Brother Charles to let Ivanora come with Emily, and go too. I expect he will do so, and you will have good company. I hope that your outfit, in the way of apparel, is as you wish it. I shall put money into the hands of your Uncle Walter, and you must call on him for any and everything you may want in this world that money will procure.'— 'I am very frail, pa,' said Lavinia; and she commenced weeping, and said, 'sometimes, I think, I am never to see you again, after I leave you to go to Cuba. I told Kate to-day, that I was half sustained by excited anticipation, especially when I recollect the favorable accounts I have had of the air of Cuba, for those who have a cough. Ivanora says that her friend, Miss Rollins, has returned from Cuba entirely restored. I wonder that they do not arrive. I have been looking for Uncle Doctor all the afternoon.' 'Have patience, dear,' said her father, 'they may get here about dark. I suppose they are already packed for the journey, and even if they make it late getting here, they will have nothing to do but to rise to-morrow morning, and start, if you are well enough.'—I do not think I have ever seen a more affectionate father than Colonel Manville. He seemed anxious to please everybody. Nature made him a gentleman, and fortune, with a finished education, had embellished the inborn patrimony. He continued to gaze on Lavinia with fatherly tenderness, and the tears ran down his face as he looked at Julia, Kate, Lizette, and Ada, remarking, 'My children, I regret that you are not happy. I have always desired domestic harmony. I am often pained at the discord which has prevailed at my fireside.'— 'Pa,' interrupted the pale, weak Lavinia, 'henceforward I

hope the girls, for your sake, will endeavor to live peaceably, if not happily. I know how you are situated. I feel distressed often on your account. It is useless to regret a matter that we know to be fixed and unalterable. I know that when a widower marries, especially if he has a family of children, he must either please one party or the other. If he attempts to conform to the wishes of his children, he, of course, must offend his wife. If he makes a favorite of his wife, the children are apt to become jealous, and think that 'father' bestows too much attention on a stepmother. Sister Emily and I spoke of this to one another often, when we heard that you were determined on marrying Mrs. Danetson. Emily and myself could not reside here in any degree of comfort, as there was generally so much confusion with the servants, and the pulling down of old houses, &c. &c. We are too sickly to be where there is so much noise, and such a perfect bustle, as has been here so long. I believe that we could stay here, however, without quarrelling with our stepmother. Emily's amiability is a safeguard against outbreaks of temper, and I do not think that there would be any danger of me, for you have always told me that I kept my temper entrenched within the fortress of forbearance. I may never see you again, dear pa, after to-morrow morning, and I beg you to be master of your own house as you once were; and as I believe it to be contrary to nature for a stepmother to practise maternal affection towards children who are not allied to herself, I hope you will never forget that paternal justice and guardianship which you are expected to extend to my dear young sisters here, especially Julia and Lizette,—they have more temper than the remainder of us taken collectively.'

"Colonel Manville seemed to be deeply impressed with the admonition of his dying daughter; and after wiping the tears from her eyes, he kissed her, and left the office. I felt saddened at this affecting scene; for I did not believe that the Colonel knew how low Lavinia really was. The evening, like

the beautiful woman, was wasting away. Lavinia, every now and then, would leave her couch, walk to the side window, and look wistfully through the forest. She expected to see her sister Emily every moment. Once she remarked, 'I hope Uncle Charles will send Ivanora with Emily, and let her go to Cuba with us.'—I repeated the name of 'Ivanora'\* to myself three or four times. I thought it a very singular and beautiful name. At length, I said, 'Miss Lavinia, who is Ivanora?' I am fascinated with the novelty of the name.'—'She is,' said Lavinia, 'our dear, sweet cousin.'—I replied, 'I have never heard you speak of her. I suppose she is a young cousin just from some convent, and just old enough now to come out on the arena of society?'—Lavinia answered me by saying, 'She is a very interesting woman, indeed.'—'Does she reside at Manville Hall?' said I, not satisfied altogether with the reply of Lavinia.—'She does,' said she.—'Well,' said I, 'is she your first cousin?'—'No,' rejoined Lavinia, 'she is not; she is Uncle Charles Manville's granddaughter, and she is our constant companion when we are at Manville Hall. You have often seen Uncle Charles, have you not, Miss Morris?'—'Oh, yes, frequently,' said I; 'but I have never heard you speak of your cousin Ivanora before. When I first came here, you and Miss Emily used to talk a great deal about your cousin Ella.'—'Yes,' said Lavinia; 'but we have stayed almost two years at Manville Hall, and as it is seven hundred miles from here, and such a secluded old Hall, of course, there has been but little or no communication between the inmates of Green Haven and those of Manville Hall, with the exception of Sister Emily, Uncle Doctor, and myself, for a great while, and, more especially, since ma's death; for she used to think that there was not such a model of perfection on the earth as Uncle Charles Manville. He is, I expect, coming down with Emily and Ivanora to spend a few days with pa. Dear Uncle

\* Pronounced I-van-o-ra.

Charles! he is so heavenly-minded; I never saw so much purity blended with human nature; and he is perfectly devoted to Ivanora. She is the only child of his deceased daughter, Mrs. Birlyn.'—'Ivanora,' continued I, 'tis a grand and lovely name; what is it taken from, Miss Lavinia?'—'I do not know exactly,' she said; 'I believe Uncle Charles gave her the name of Ivanora. I have not strength, at present, to tell you about our cousin; her history is as curious as her name. Just wait till you see her; she is a perfect beauty; so everybody says who sees her. You will see a moderately tall, elegant woman; she has sad, large, brown eyes, and brown hair, which curls naturally in great long ringlets, that touch her waist. Her complexion is pale,—very much so: she is the whitest creature I ever saw, and she has such a pensive cast of countenance; she sighs often, and has shed many tears of sorrow. The burning stream which has so often flowed over her cheeks, has washed away that delicate peach-blossom hue which bloomed there when she first grew up. She has been truly unfortunate. She is devoted to her grandfather, and he is equally as fond of her. Lovely, unfortunate Ivanora! when I am lying here alone, reflecting upon her sorrows, I seem to feel an inward tingling of my tenderest heartstrings. I have never seen a woman of her age with such a finished education,—no one so highly gifted,—no one so deeply read,—none so familiar with all the elegant accomplishments,—and no one so truly unfortunate. I cannot tell you now her history in detail. Emily will bring her, I know; and I shall be happy in her society on the "distant sea-girt isle."—Said I, 'Miss Lavinia, is your interesting cousin in bad health?'—'Oh no,' replied Lavinia; 'she never had a day's sickness in her life, except at heart. Her physical strength is far superior to that of every member of the Manville name, amongst the females; and I want her to go to Cuba, because I love her so dearly; besides, Emily and I never feel satisfied without we have Ivanora with us; and, notwithstanding her sadness, I have seen the day when she was

sprightly and cheerful. She is so intelligent, and such a pattern of gentleness, goodness, and resignation, that I want her to go with us. If I die on the island, I want Ivanora, Emily, Uncle Doctor, and my priest, to be the only persons present; and I want Ivanora to hold my hand till my spirit leaves this world. She can sometimes make me feel that there is a charm in death, and I do not believe that she would be frightened at any moment if told that she was dying. I regard it as a very happy circumstance to have some one you love so near you, when the bark, containing the timorous spirit, is about to be launched on the deep, dark waters of eternity.'—'I wish she may come,' said I; and just then Lavinia called me to the window, and said, 'Look through the trees, away to the left yonder; is not that a carriage moving slowly along? They are coming! There's Emily and Ivanora, I feel assured,' and calling to Godfrey, the servant boy, she bade him run to her pa, and tell him that Miss Emily was almost at Green Haven. 'Oh, how joyful I feel, Miss Anna; there's another carriage coming, and 'tis Uncle Charles Manville's. I shall not be surprised if he goes with us to Cuba; he loves Ivanora so much that I do not see how he can part with her.' Lavinia now laid herself down on the long, white-covered couch, almost breathless with excitement, at the approach of those so near and dear. I ran to the other office, which then stood by the front gate. I sent Julia, with Kate, Lizette, and Ada, to Lavinia; for I thought it most advisable for me to retire till their tears of joy, at meeting, were wiped away. Curiosity, which is said to be a prominent feature in woman's character, chained me to the window that opened on the lawn. I was anxious to see the face of that beautiful, melancholy, and mysterious woman. I saw Mr. Charles Manville alight from his carriage, and then Dr. Finlay. They went to the other vehicle, and helped two ladies out of it. I could not tell one from the other, they were so near the same size, and dressed exactly alike—in deep mourning. I soon knew which was Ivanora; for Miss Emily

threw her arms around Colonel Manville, and exclaimed, 'Ah, my dear pa! how is Lavinia?' I looked in vain for the long brown ringlets, and the beautiful face of Ivanora; for the mournful, nun-like veil hid those charms from my eager eyes. They all went to the office to weep over Lavinia, and I heard no more of them till tea was announced, when I was introduced to the strange lady. I looked steadfastly at Ivanora as she sat beside her venerable grandfather. She looked pensive and melancholy sure enough. She appeared to be a young lady of about eighteen years of age, exceedingly beautiful, and I thought I discovered rather more restlessness and quickness in her countenance than I expected to see. It is, however, a nervousness, thought I, brought on, perhaps, by the bitter draught of sorrow of which I had learned that she had so often drunk. There was something like decision, too, stamped upon her face, and her high, white forehead, and splendid hazel eyes, bespoke an intellect naturally powerful. She was very taciturn. She seemed not disposed to converse, and spoke to no one at the table, but in the laconic response, when invited to partake of the table delicacies, 'I thank you, no more.' I was charmed with the music of her voice. I thought it must render her a dear object, when she was in conversation with those who appreciate a musical voice. She only ate one small cracker, drank a little tea; and as she left the supper-room with her grandfather, Colonel Manville, without thinking of me, remarked to Emily that he supposed 'Ivanora was more miserable and melancholy, than ever, since Louis'—then he stopped suddenly, at observing me, and made some other remark to Emily. You recollect I told you that Mr. Manville had a son murdered while Lavinia and Emily stayed at Manville Hall. I believe he was called Louis; but I never have been able to learn the particulars of his death. I retired to my room that night perplexed, because I always dislike mystery and suspense, and I felt disappointed in not learning more of the strange being than I had, whose arrival I had looked to

with so much anxiety. I feared that there was more sternness, perhaps, and coldness in the organization of Ivanora than I at first imagined, and I began to wonder if she really possessed that gentleness and humility, with which Lavinia had said she was endowed; or whether she was capable of lightening the burden of death, or of raising the hopes of the sufferer as the gates of eternity opened."

### CHAPTER XIII.

"THE fair goddess of the morning had unclosed the portals of day; the tender rays of the sun were gleaming through the morning's twilight, as Emily Manville stood weeping under the old cypress tree, that shaded the front windows of the little cottage, where she had slept with Ivanora, and the sinking Lavinia. She looked up to the old tree often, as if its deformed limbs called to mind some loved circumstance. Its ancient branches heedlessly beat the boards that covered the rustic cottage; for the strong gales of the vernal equinox were blowing briskly, and the tall forest trees bowed before them. The family at Green Haven (except Mrs. Manville), arose at an earlier hour than usual; after awhile breakfast was served; tears at saying farewell were shed, and then Lavinia and Emily Manville, accompanied by Dr. Finlay and the melancholy Ivanora, commenced their long journey over the broad flower-bespangled savannas, to a busy city on the verge of the sea, to embark in search of the evergreen groves, where the youthful and beautiful goddess of health is said to reside. They arrived safely in about ten days after they left Green Haven, and went aboard a ship bound for Havana. After their departure, Miss Julia told me, that she 'feared she would never see either of her sisters again; that Emily's health was dreadful, and that Emily believed she never would return alive; that she spent

the greater portion of the night before her departure in tears, over the reminiscences of home. Said she to Julia, 'Scarcely a vestige of its former sweetness and simplicity now meets my eye. The wild rose that clustered so thickly over the old porch, has been cut down, and its leaves, once so fresh and green, lie scorching yonder on those piles of rubbish. Where are those pretty mounds, whose tops used to rise almost to the upper windows? they were once covered with grass and sweet myrtle. Major Barrick planted the myrtle there, but it is all gone; and the top, whereon he used to sit and serenade me, with the soft strains from his flute, has been scalped by the trowels of the rude mortar-makers. The magnolias are cut down, and our little beds of sweet violet and heartsease have been crushed by the relentless wheels of the brick-mason's Juggernaut. The workmen have kindled fires with the slats of the alcoves, where the rose and the ivy used to grow. Waldegrave's violin and gun are now thrown into the lumber-room with old broken furniture, and his white dog Luath is dead. Edwin, poor babe, is nursed by a foster-mother; and the paintings that ma used to love so well, are crowded within the offices. So many great weights of chairs, mirrors, and tables, are piled upon them in the out-houses, that Julia and Kate cannot get hold of many of those precious relics. Everybody's attention must be directed to the fine buildings going up. Old things are passing away, all things are to be made new. This,' continued mournful Emily, 'is not the home I used to love. Ours was plain, but I loved its rustic sweetness; I love the clear stream that winds round the little hills yonder; the tall forest trees, and the vines that climb round them; the wilderness of native flowers; and the birds that swarm in the hedges of jasmine and Chickasaw rose. There's the cool, clear spring, that breaks from the base of the hill,—they are going to remove the moss-covered rock that has sheltered it so long, and build a high brick house over it; they will hew down the pretty trees that have shaded it, and tear away those delicate vines which cling to them. I

have, perhaps, drank my last draught of water from the rustic fount. To-morrow, I will visit my mother's grave, and weave chaplets of evergreens and leave them on the stone at her head, for this sequestered green spot is ere long to be crushed by a tall weighty monument. How I love simplicity! especially about a grave, for I always recollect this beautiful sentiment, that in gazing on a splendid monument, we are apt to forget the dead in admiration of the tomb.' Poor Emily! this was her soliloquy before she bade farewell to Green Haven; she did not think, perhaps, that the heavy monument she so much disliked to see rising over her mother, was to have her own pretty name engraved upon its smooth white shaft. It was not erected till about six months ago; not until everything else had been handled by the great genius of modern architecture."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

"You must allow me, Miss Elton, to describe a scene to you on the afternoon of the day that the party left Green Haven for Cuba. The workmen who were building this fine house, had torn away the old wicket that once opened in front of the house, and the deep tracks of the cart-wheels were visible all over the yard. The axe, the saw, the hammer, the plane, and the trowel, were being actively used, and the merry whistle of the hodman rung through the bracing atmosphere of March. All was bustle and confusion; Colonel Manville, looking very serious, was walking about the yard with his beloved moiety hanging on his arm. She had on her over-shoes, as she was too delicate to venture upon the damp ground without protecting her feet. Her knit shawl was thrown over her shoulders, and her hooked nose stood out in bold relief, from beneath her green quilted silk hood. There she promenaded around and around, talking to Colonel Manville. I imagine that I hear her now,

saying, in her shrill fine tone of voice, 'My dear, I want to get into the house by the latter part of May. I am heartily sick of that old frame tenement yonder, 'tis so uncomfortable. It seems to me that these workmen go on so slowly, that I believe they are at play about half of their time; I am tired of the whole set; their noise almost turns me crazy; and I wish you to dismiss that great rude fellow who drives the brick-cart forthwith, and that one who whistles so loudly and shrill on the wall there. I am surprised at you, Colonel Manville, to humor such men as these rough fellows, by permitting your servants to attend them so constantly. You need them this moment about your corn. Dear me, how you remind me of Mr. Haddington, my first husband; he was an easy manager, and at last all of his out-door business devolved upon me. I expect we will starve here this year: that great stone-mason eats like a Kentucky hog-driver, and I have heard all my life that the Kentuckians can eat more than any people in the world. I want you to tell him he must leave here immediately; that your wife's nerves are so delicate, that she cannot be composed where he is; his name is Jackson, too, and I cannot bear the name; so send him away, my dear, immediately, if you have any regard for me, for General Jackson turned my father out of the post-office in the city of —; and I shall be thrown into spasms if that man remains here, for every time I look at him I think of Old Hickory Jackson, whom I consider a grand villain, and a disgrace to this country. If you have any regard for my feelings, Colonel Manville, I know you will send him away; I cannot stand it, indeed, my dear, I cannot; it wounds my pride every time I hear the name of Jackson, for I never can forget the humiliation of our family, when orders came for father to leave the post-office.'—'Never mind Jackson, my dear,' said Colonel Manville; 'compose yourself, and do not act so much like a child. Jackson is a first-rate fellow, and he is not related to Andrew Jackson; he is one of the best workmen at the building, and if you force me to send away the best hands, perhaps I may

not be able to supply their places. I want the work done by superior men; and Jackson is one of the finest architects in the Union. I am the best judge of such matters, so let Jackson alone.'—'Colonel Manville, you are one of the most contrary men I ever saw. I always managed Mr. Haddington's and Mr. Danetson's affairs just as I chose; they used to praise me for my judgment and good sense, and I stick to it, if Jackson remains here his very name will render me miserable. You know how nervous I am; and instead of endeavoring to soothe me, as my other husbands have done, you use all manner of argument to aggravate me.'—'Well, my dear,' replied Colonel Manville; 'I cannot send Jackson away. I tell you I wish to get this work completed as soon as possible; Jackson has undertaken a large portion of it, and he must not be interrupted,' then walking up to her in a playful, kind way, as if the Colonel concluded to jest with her, and humor her, he remarked to her, 'My dear, Jackson has voted for me several times; his vote aids me sometimes to get to the Senate, now do not say any more about it, love. It was conceded by all your father's friends to have been the best thing for him that ever was done, to be removed from the arduous responsibilities of the post-office. He was dying for months, for relaxation from business, and he never would have left the office voluntarily; he died extremely wealthy, and made seven-tenths of his fortune, anyhow, by holding a lucrative office of the Government.'—'That does not alter the case,' said she; 'old Andrew Jackson is the meanest man on the earth; and I will not breathe the same atmosphere with anybody who spells his name as he does.'—'Well,' said Colonel Manville, 'be satisfied then, for I tell you he is not related to Andrew Jackson, and I believe he spells his name *Jaxon*.'—'Colonel Manville,' said his wife, 'I see you are attempting to gain a victory over me, and no man has ever done that; I tell you my other husbands never offered to contradict me; and I know that you have had all this contrariness put into your head. I knew yesterday that you were clo-



seted in conversation with your children about me. I was at the door of the office, once; I was going to ask Lavinia about her faith in Christ, for I see that she is dying; and I heard her tell you to be master of your own house. Very good! I'll show the whole set of you that I am invincible; I am, indeed, sir; I am!' and then she began to scream, and would have fallen, but the kind-hearted husband caught her in his arms, carried her into the library, laid her on a lounge, and sent a servant for the Doctor.

## CHAPTER XV.

"THE summer after Lavinia and Emily left home was noted for its extraordinary beauty. When they left here, the fierce winds of March, were blowing over the great seas, their strong tempestuous currents. The air at last became still, and the rough winds were safe in the hollow of the hand of the Great Architect. The warm southern sun and the life-giving showers of the season, had awakened vegetation's most exuberant blooms. Here, the majestic southern forest rose before you, and there ran the deep, rapid rivers, with schooners and steamboats, bearing aloft the ensigns of commerce, of four, five, and six hundred tons, laden with many luxuries, and the convenient articles manufactured by foreign people. The gales that blew over the beds of flowers in the spring-time, brought their delicate fragrance into my cottage; the wild birds built their chantry, in the tops of the crape-myrtle trees, and warbled all day amongst its clusters of rich pink blossoms. The margins of the clear rivulets were welted with flowers, wild flowers of brilliant color and glossy leaves. Now and then, the live oak raised its mystic head, perpetually green, and mystic because it always looks young and fresh. Its strong roots seem to be wetted in the mysterious fountain of Eldorado, which is perhaps hidden underneath the earth, and its moisture always keeps the live

oak in a green and healthful state. The magnolia, that magnificent tree, was not far off, raising its conical head towards the clouds, loaded with bunches of elegant flowers, which glittered in the sunlight, amongst the delicate shades of the foliage. A large portion of the 'low country' was clothed with the cotton plant; the rice, and sugar cane, also stood in abundance upon the southern lea, and plenty was spread before you, as far as the eye could scan the planter's glebe. I was one day contemplating this glorious scene, when Colonel Manville received the intelligence that Lavinia was no more. He received a letter from Dr. Finlay, through Dr. Hume, who came here to inform her father and the girls, of the sad death. Miss Julia gave me an extract from the letter that she received from Ivanora. I have taken care of it, on account of its wild sweetness. It read thus:

"Her young spirit, as it was departing, appeared as if it wished to linger around the tenement it had so lately enlivened! Once, when we thought she was gone, she unclosed the lids of her eyes, that so lately were black and sparkling, but the gauze-like membrane of death was then over them! They shone dimly through the gloss! Again her spirit seemed to rise, on its untried pinions, to take a view of eternity! The valley of death was before it! I thought of the young bird, when it rises first from the downy nest, where it has slumbered and been gently rocked; it trims its little wings, then flies timorously above the green shade, but afraid of the broad expanse of hills and vales, again it seeks the nest. It rests, and after gaining more confidence, it soars away out of sight, over the interminable wild! Just so, did the spirit of Lavinia gently linger. I heard her draw a deep sigh, then I said to the weeping Emily, All's done! but the timid spirit had come back to rest on her bosom, and to deliberate upon the wide, strange country to which it was going. In an instant, it was time to depart, and bird-like, it mounted the island zephyr, and she breathed no more.'

"I supposed that Dr. Finlay would return with Emily and Ivanora, immediately, but as they intended to bring Lavinia's remains to Green Haven, and Emily's health had improved so fast, they concluded to stay several months. Dr. Finlay was willing to remain, as he had an opportunity to study the Spanish language, and as subjects for dissection were so plentiful, he perfected himself in the science of anatomy; he also had the beautiful intellectual and amiable Ivanora, to entertain him, and was favored with the society of his accomplished niece. It seems that Miss Emily believed that her health was entirely restored, for she wrote to her father, that instead of that tall, light figure which she presented when she left the United States, that she weighed one hundred and thirty-five pounds. She said that she rose early every morning, and exercised a great deal, before the inhabitants of their part of Havana were awake. She thought that the Cubans seem to be a languid class of people, but whether it was the result of the warm, luscious air they inhale, or the effect of tobacco and rum, it was difficult to define. I received one letter from her, in which she wrote me, that no one had ever seen her cheeks red in her native country. Poor Emily, those were her healthiest days, perhaps, for she never saw any more. They returned, the following December, and with the carriage and baggage wagon, that conveyed the two cousins, and Dr. Finlay, and their traveling effects, came the hearse bearing a leaden coffin in a black case, containing the remains of Lavinia. Yes, they brought her home, and I saw her coffin put into the cold earth. Colonel Manville was greatly distressed, and the girls were in tears for months, after the burial of Lavinia. Poor Dr. Finlay! I used to see him, many a time, standing over the graves of Lavinia and his deceased sister, the first Mrs. Manville. He looked very serious, and I have seen a stream of tears burst from his eyes many a time, when he has spoken of those dear departed ones."—"Did Mrs. Manville shed any tears over Lavinia when they brought her corpse to Green Haven?" said

I—"Not one," replied Miss Anna; "she went to bed and declared herself too nervous for anybody to speak to her."—I then asked Miss Morris, to tell me all she had heard about Ivanora, after her return from Cuba, and requested her to conceal nothing from me that she knew of Manville Hall. I now felt a little dissatisfied about promising to go there. I began to think so much about its seclusion, and Ivanora, the mysterious granddaughter, who was a resident of the Hall, and the manor, and that old Mr. Manville's son had been murdered there, that I regretted I had consented to go, and I ardently longed for Alva to arrive and take me home. "Miss Morris," said I, "did you hear Ivanora converse with any one?"—"I did," replied she; "I heard her converse with Colonel Manville, at dinner one day; she only remained here one week after they returned, and she kept her room very closely. I heard Colonel Manville ask her about her expenses on the Island, what it cost her for board, &c., and then she gave him a very lucid account of the Spaniards in Havana, and different parts of the Island of Cuba. I then heard Colonel Manville remark, 'I trust, my dear child, that your darkest sorrows are past, and that your future life may be a happier one than that which has clouded your bygone days. I know nothing, of course, of the individual in question, but suppose that Finlay is sufficiently acquainted with human nature to form a correct estimate of his moral worth, &c. Emily seems to be very much pleased with him, and believes that there is no risk at all. The name of his father is quite familiar, although I am not personally acquainted with himself. I very much approve your course, Ivanora. I believe it will be the means of drawing your mind from those sorrows and cares which have occasioned you so many bitter tears and days of mourning. Your relations know that you are not to blame, and, of course, what the world will think and say, you cannot help. Everybody feels licensed to express their opinion about a matter which becomes public. Some will condemn; still,

where the conscience is tranquil, it must be a source of great consolation to one in your situation. I was deeply distressed when I heard of the fate of Louis. I knew very well, when Finlay informed me that Louis was suspicious of that fellow and was eager to let him know what *he* believed about him, that there would be a serious difficulty. I knew that *his* Manville blood was warming, and I too well knew that when his Scotch fire was kindled that there would be a great conflagration before it was extinguished. I addressed a letter to Dr. Finlay and Arthur, upon the subject, and entreated them to caution Louis and beg of him not to act rashly; but before they received my letter all was over.' Ivanora was in tears, during the time that Colonel Manville was conversing with her, and she spoke not a word; and as I was rather shocked at what I had heard, I left the lower parlor and stood on the balcony until they walked out of the upper apartment. All was to me an enigma. I could ascertain nothing, of a definite character, relative to the mystery which shaded Ivanora, or the strange death, or murder perhaps, of Mr. Charles Manville's son.

"The day after this conversation, as I was coming from the school-room, it commenced raining, and I stepped into the new office; all these new buildings were finished then; there are two rooms to the new office, and in the adjoining room I heard two persons talking. Miss Ivanora was in conversation with an aged servant-woman belonging to Colonel Manville. It appeared that old Sallie had nursed Ivanora when an infant, and they were familiarly acquainted. When I first entered the office, I heard Miss Ivanora say, 'Aunt Sallie, tell me everything he said?' Old Sallie, instead of addressing her by the name of Ivanora, called her 'Miss Ella.' I supposed Ella was a name perhaps given her by old Sallie, for some reason, when she nursed her, for she said, 'Well, dear Miss Ella, he told me that you were not to blame about it; that you were so young, and such a child; that he believed, then, that he loved you as well as ever. He said when he heard what had happened, he

was so sorry it almost killed him. Did you ever see his wife, Miss Ella?" continued the ancient negress.—'Oh, no,' said she, 'I never have seen her.' Then old Sallie warmly exclaimed, 'My stars, Miss Ella, she's so ugly. And one day, I says, "Master Leon, what made you marry such an ugly woman?"' He said, "Confound the woman; what difference does it make? a man never loves but once, and you know how dearly I used to love Ella? I respect my wife," he said; "and she had plenty of money, and a large plantation well stocked with slaves, and everything else, and she's a very good woman;" then he clapped his hands on his heart, and says, "All the love I ever felt for the female sex is locked in here, and I never mean to love any more."'" As Ivanora came out of the room, I discovered she had been weeping. I explained to her how I came there, for fear that she might think me an eavesdropper. She behaved very politely, however, and as it was raining too fast for her to go to the mansion, she went again into the adjoining apartment, and closed the door. I heard her dismiss old Sallie, telling her to come to her room after the shower, that she had a box of nice things to give her. 'Thank you, thank you, Miss Ella,' said old Sallie, as she left the office; 'God bless you, pretty Miss Ella, I hope you will be happy; but dis is a strange world;' and so I thought too, and wondering why the inmates of the mansion called the lovely woman Ivanora, and why the old nurse should address her as 'Miss Ella.'"

"What has become of her?" said I to Miss Morris.—"Well, all I can say, Miss Elton, is this: she left here with Colonel Manville, who carried her home to Manville Hall, and I suppose she is there now."—"Why did you not ask Miss Emily something about her?"—"I mentioned her name to Emily often, but she was like all the others; she did not seem as if she loved to speak of her. I said to Emily, one day, 'How sad and careworn your cousin looks. I suppose she must be very melancholy from some cause or another?' but Miss Emily evidently evaded my interrogation, and I never could condescend

to question servants; I place little or no confidence in what they say; and as I plainly saw that there was then, as there still is a mystery that envelopes this woman's life, I would not make many attempts to break the silence which this family observed towards her."—Said I, "Where is old Sallie?"—"Old Sallie," said Miss Morris, "died that summer when the fever raged here so violently. She died about one week before Miss Julia. There was a regular and frequent correspondence between Emily and Ivanora, after Ivanora left here. And one day, not long after Miss Emily's death, Julia was in my room looking through Emily's portfolio. All of Major Barrick's letters were there; but Julia seemed to be searching for Ivanora's letters to Emily. She remarked, 'I am so sorry to find that Ivanora's letters are not here. I was just preparing my mind for a feast upon the intellectual banquet which her letters afford. They are not in the portfolio. That's just like some of their notions, and I expect that Sister Emily destroyed them, and if she did not, Ivanora has, no doubt.' Now is the time, thought I, to ask Julia something about her. So I said, 'Miss Julia, where is your cousin Ivanora? I was pleased with her intellectual and beautiful face, and graceful figure, when I saw her here, and wished to become acquainted with her.'—Julia replied, 'She is at Manville Hall.'—I then said, 'Miss Julia, what is the cause of her paleness and grief?' Now, what do you think, Miss Elton! Julia sprung upon her feet suddenly, walked quickly to the door, and said, 'Did not some one call me?' and out she ran, and I did not lay eyes on her again till the next morning at the breakfast-table, and I have not been able to learn anything definite of Ivanora at all. I have never heard Kate, Lizette, or Ada, mention her name."—I asked Miss Morris if she thought Ivanora would be at Manville Hall while I remained there as governess.—"I suppose so," she replied; "her home is at Mr. Charles Manville's. They say he is her grandfather, and she seemed devoted to him; and the old gentleman really looked greatly

distressed when he parted with her the morning on which she started to Cuba. I am satisfied that she is there; for Emily Manville showed me the superscription of a letter from Ivanora once. Emily was boasting that her cousin was such a splendid scribe; and just before you came here, I saw a letter directed, in her handwriting, to Colonel Manville. She does all old Mr. Manville's writing; and her hand upon paper shows individuality of character decidedly, and, indeed, all the fragments relating to her, tell me that her mind and heart, naturally, must have inclined very reluctantly towards melancholy and gloom. She appeared to me like one who was formed for a busy, active, and gay life. I felt very sorry when I heard old Mr. Manville groan and sigh so mournfully. When I first lived at Green Haven, and he visited here occasionally, he was remarkably chatty, and full of jest and repartee. His son resides somewhere below here, and whenever he visited him, he used to stop to see the family at this place. However, I had not seen him for some time, till he came down to see Kate married. She was exceedingly anxious for her Uncle Charles to be present at her wedding, and, secretly, I was wishing that Ivanora would come too; but I was disappointed and vexed. I have curiosity to know what this great mystery is, and why she so studiously manages to keep herself so retired from the world. I suppose I shall never know anything more about her, unless you learn her story, and write me the particulars, after you reside some time at Manville Hall. I shall expect to receive letters from you, Miss Elton; and if you hear anything, you must be certain to let me into the secret too."—I recollected that when Mr. Manville engaged me to go to his house as *gouvernante*, that he sighed and groaned frequently, like a person who was suffering from some great mental affliction; he did not, however, of course, refer to the murder of any one of his family, and only spoke but a few words relative to his granddaughter. "I recollect," continued I, to Miss Morris, "that he said something about his granddaughter's being a poor,

unfortunate creature; but he did not mention the name of Ivanora. I know I should have recollected it; for I, like yourself, Miss Anna, think Ivanora a strange, yet sweet name. How uncommon it is! I never before have heard anything like it."—"You will have a pretty large family at Manville Hall, Miss Elton," rejoined Miss Morris; "you will be pleased with Miss Matilda Manville, and Mrs. Newland; and old Parson Macdonald is at the Hall, too. He came here once, and is one of the most religious men I ever saw. He is a Presbyterian preacher, and thinks more of his nephew, Walter Finlay, than anybody in the world." I thanked Miss Morris for the trouble she had taken to interest me, as the time would have hung very heavily upon my mind and heart, if I had not found such an interesting and communicative lady. I thought, too, that I never had heard of so many elegant and beautiful characters in my life as she had described to me; and as my brother had informed me by letter that our friend, Mr. Lampton, had gone to the city of Mobile to get the money he owed us, and that he was very comfortable with Upperton and Roff, and much in love with Floretta Woodman, I knew he was not coming away from them very soon, I thought I would content myself; so said I, "Miss Anna, give me something else to sew for you, and then go on, as you promised, and narrate to me the life of Miss Emily Manville."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### STORY OF EMILY.

"You recollect, Miss Elton, I have told you that Emily came home from Cuba, and in a short time Colonel Manville went to Manville Hall, and carried Ivanora home. He was gone about five weeks; when they left here, to us, Miss Emily appeared to be in perfect health. As the season advanced, she grew very

delicate. She used to have spells of coughing, which almost exhausted her; still, she kept about, and was cheerful and very sprightly. Sometimes I used to sleep with her, and I discovered that she had a great dislike to my lying very near her. One night, just before Colonel Manville returned from his brother's, it grew damp and cool. Our fire had gone out, and Emily awoke with a chill. I rose, rung for the servant, and sent out to the office for Dr. Finlay. He came immediately, and I judged from the questions he asked Miss Emily, that he believed she was not long for this world. She had a shortness of breath, and was exceedingly weak and low. We sat up till about three o'clock with her, Julia, Kate, Dr. Finlay, and myself, and we tried to compose her, as she seemed to be greatly distressed, and told Dr. Finlay that she had never believed herself dying till that night. The Doctor asked her what had made her come to that conclusion so suddenly? She replied that whenever she saw a doctor coming with the stethoscope, she trembled, and that when he had come to see her of late he brought it with him, and that she knew, when he took it from her chest, from his countenance, that he had nothing favorable to say to her. After awhile, she fell asleep, and before I lay down again, I went to her, and she was bathed in a clammy sweat. I put my hand on her heart; it beat quickly; and she breathed as if it was fatiguing to her. She awoke as I stood over her, and started. She says, 'Is it you, Miss Anna? I thought it was Uncle Doctor going to put that hateful stethoscope on me again. I always think of what Lavinia said. We were talking about consumption one day, and she said that she would as soon see her coffin in the room, as to see a set of physicians with the stethoscope, and their ears close to your chest, listening to the beating of your heart.'—Said I, 'Miss Emily, you are in a perspiration.'—Then the poor thing commenced weeping, and remarked, 'I believe I am half gone in consumption. I have striven against it so faithfully, and tried to outlive it. I am like the Spaniard I saw

drown when I was in Havana. He rose to the surface four times, soldier-like he buffeted the briny waves, but his feeble arms gave way after awhile, and he sunk from our view. I have thought for several years that I had the consumption, and still I disliked to say anything about it. I have often tried to prevent your lying near me when we have occupied the same bed, fearing that you would discover that I had the night-sweats. I dislike to linger so long; if I could die suddenly, since I know my fate, I would prefer it. I cannot bear the idea of seeing the grave open so long. Pa has no idea that I am so nigh gone. I looked so much better than I have looked since I was first grown, when I came home, that pa has hopes of my entire restoration. Uncle Doctor knows how I am. He is too tender-hearted, however, to tell me to go to bed, that I am too ill to sit up. He knows there is no earthly remedy for me, and he dislikes, too, to distress pa. He brought several of the most eminent Spanish doctors of Havana to see me. They used to call every day to see Lavinia, so long as she lived, but not one of them could do any more than Uncle Doctor. We heard of an old Spaniard, who resided at a place called St. Juan, on the Island of Porto Rico, who was famed for a tonic, which, it was said, would cure consumption. Uncle Doctor went to Porto Rico, and purchased the medicine for me. It was after Lavinia's death. I know how much we regretted that we had not heard of it sooner, as it seemed to be restoring me by magic. I became fleshy, and my face reddened like any one's in perfect health; but the medicine was very deceptive. It seemed to puff me up, and give my face a healthful glow that did not last. I showed it to Dr. Gaustalla one day, the old Spanish physician who attended Lavinia, and he very deliberately stepped to the balcony, and dashed bottle and all into the street. As he came in again, he frowned, and said, "Toxicum, toxicum, take no more; kill you; toxicum me tell your Oncle give dat no more; toxicum." He could not speak our language very well, but Ivanora

gave him lessons for amusement, and before we left the Island he could speak English passably well. He was very candid, and one day when he examined my chest, I said, "Doctor, what do you hear in there?"—He says, "I hear consumption in dar, and I see it in your shiny black eyes."—For what Ivanora taught him, he presented her with about two hundred dollars' worth of hot-house plants, some of the most magnificent shrubs I ever saw. They have been shipped to Mobile, and are to be sent to Manville Hall before long,' continued Emily; 'and Ivanora remarked to him, that her grandfather lived in a cold climate, and she would lose most of them, she feared; and as Green Haven is in a warmer latitude, I proposed to Ivanora to let me take some of the most delicate of them, to which she readily consented. As I left the parlor, I heard him tell Ivanora that I had one flower to carry home that would soon wither in any climate. "What flower is that?" asked she.—He said, "De hactic ross." He meant the "hectic rose."—It really blooms on my cheeks daily. I have been sitting with my veil over my face every evening for weeks. You thought I did it on account of my eyes, but, to confess the truth, I did it to conceal the hectic flush. Is it not strange, that although we know that we have the consumption, and that it is incurable, still there lurks an antipathy towards owning it, or thinking that it is so? I have been gasping for breath many a time, and punished myself by taking syrups and other things, fearing that the family would find it out.'—Miss Emily remained at home till the May following. Sometimes she was pretty well, and then ill for a week. In May she was no better, and she proposed to Dr. Finlay to carry her up to Manville Hall. He complied, and Miss Julia went with her. Julia stayed there till Emily was thought to be much better. She told me that Emily was going about the Hall with Ivanora, and riding out with her cousin, Arthur Manville, who was visiting his father, with his family; and that her old uncle thought the mountain air more



salubrious and better for Emily, than the warm, humid atmosphere of Green Haven, or the scorching sun of the West Indies; but 'the ways of Providence are inscrutable and beyond the ken of frail mortality.' Emily was a corpse not long after Julia left her. Julia was ten days on the road from Manville Hall. When she got home, Colonel Manville was preparing to go to the convent of — for Kate. She had been there about three months. Miss Emily would have Kate sent to the convent, she was so partial to the Catholics; and the small-pox had broken out there, and was prevailing to a great extent. He got Kate away from there, however; and about the time they reached Green Haven, the fever commenced its ravages. Emily left home in May, and Julia left her apparently better about the latter part of July, I think the 25th, and Emily died the last day of August. Colonel Manville was low with the fever, so low that Dr. Finlay deemed it unadvisable to inform him of Emily's death. I told you how unsuccessful the physicians were with the servants, and that poor Julia caught the fever, and died the 1st of October. They put Miss Emily in the old family burying-ground at Manville Hall, and she was removed hither the winter after her death. She sleeps on one side of that load of granite in the garden. You read her pretty name, along with Colonel Manville's other children, the first night you came here."—"Yes," said I, "and they are a saddening yet interesting group to me, and I feel deeply interested in that mysterious woman you call 'Ivanora.' " I never had heard of a family of women before in whom there was such a combination of goodness, gentleness, sadness, misfortune, intellectual accomplishments, personal beauty, and mystery, as there seemed to be in the character of Ivanora, and to have also belonged to the deceased cousins, Emily, Lavinia, and Julia.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Two weeks had already run out, at Green Haven, and my brother had not returned, and Miss Morris was almost ready to take the hymeneal vow. I had begun to instruct Lizette and Ada; for I concluded that as circumstances beyond my control had thrown me there, and that as I had engaged to take charge of the girls, I proposed to Mrs. Manville, that in order to become familiar with them, and to afford them an opportunity to become acquainted with me, that I would begin the following day; I did so, and on the same evening, I received a letter from Alva, by a private conveyance, assuring me that he was doing well; that he was forty-five miles from Green Haven, stopping with his old friends, the Roffs and Uppertons, and rioting in the smiles of the beautiful Floretta, and waiting the return of Mr. Lampton from Mobile, where he had been compelled to go to get funds to liquidate the long-unpaid debt. I found too, that Mrs. Manville was anxious to retain me, as she was afraid of losing the opportunity of sending Lizette and Ada away; her heart was so fully set on her contemplated visit to the gay city of —, that she had no idea of letting me go. Colonel Manville seemed to be satisfied with me, as a governess, for he was about the library sometimes, and questioned me a good deal; he at all times appeared satisfied with my answers, and told me that he wished me to keep Lizette and Ada four years at their books; then he intended to send them to the convent, to learn needle-work, painting, music, wax and shell-work, and that all of his daughters, who completed this education, had gone one or two years to the convent of —. On the fourth evening after I had commenced instructing Lizette and Ada, Mrs. Manville requested me to come into her room. When I entered the chamber, she was lying upon the sofa, quite indisposed in body and mind. There sat Lizette and Ada, on one side of the hearth, and two negro girls, on the opposite side all knitting.

"Sit down, Miss Elton," said she, "and don't be offended when I tell you that I am deeply mortified, to learn from Lizette and Ada, that you have neglected to make them say their prayers to you. It is my rule to hear their prayers at night, and I wish you to begin school with prayer every morning, and then make them kneel by you and repeat the Lord's Prayer. It is essential to their immortal souls, and I am astonished that you should attach so little importance to a matter of such magnitude as this."—"Mrs. Manville," said I, "my course of instruction has not commenced regularly. I have just been practising Lizette and Ada in a few spelling, reading, writing, and grammar lessons, more for pastime than anything else, and to inquire into their dispositions, and enable them to become acquainted with me. You talk a great deal about teaching them Christianity and *forcing* them to pray, but let me tell you at once, I do not know how to teach religion to children, and as to *forcing* them to pray, I do not intend to do any such thing."—"Well, Miss Elton," she said, "as you are a young lady, you ought not to say such things; you ought to set them a pious example, and appear religious whether you really are so or not; and I think you have committed a great sin, by not making Lizette and Ada say prayers to you. A child's religious education ought to be the first thing attended to. It is my rule to cultivate the moral soil first, and then transplant flowers into the intellectual garden."—"Well, it is very strange," said I, "that as you have been so careful to make them pray, that they should need forcing after being under your supervision so long, and hearing so much of God and the gospel."—"Well, you know that some children always require some one to make them do right," said she.—"That may be correct," said I; "but, madam, let me understand you, what system of religion do you wish me to indoctrinate into the minds and hearts of these little girls; for my own part, I have got no religion, but if you wish any system of religion imprinted upon them, you must tell me which it is, and then I can understand you, though I did not know that it is obligatory upon me, as

their governess, to teach them religion, as I shall feel bound to teach the theory of grammar or geography."—"Miss," she said, "I am so much interested for them, that you must, indeed, give me your views upon Christianity, and if I think you are correct, I will be satisfied, if not, you must change your doctrine, or be guided by me."—"Oh," said I, "if you talk about Christianity, I can promise to teach them what the whole civilized world calls Christianity; but Christianity and religion are two things; and so far as an argument for the sake of edification shall go, by way of interesting each other, I have no objection to it, but if my engagement as a governess depends on the nature of my religious belief, it must be broken, and I shall not go a step towards Manville Hall; and I will inform your husband immediately of my determination. I have told you once before that I would not force children to prayer, and that I had not been employed to teach them religion."—"Then," said she, "give me your views upon Christianity; tell me what you believe in, and to what church your family belong, then I shall be better satisfied, for the more you see of me, the more you will be convinced that I am extremely particular about the Bible and religion. I am sure, Miss Elton, that you are not ashamed of the religion of your family!"—"This," said I, "is what I have been taught, and that which I verily believe; I hope also to see the day, that I may practise what the theory of Christianity teaches, because Christianity itself is the religion of all who acknowledge Jesus Christ as the Son of God, and receive the Holy Scriptures as His word.

"My greatest desire has ever been to know what were the forms, &c., of the primitive church of Christ on earth. Upon a diligent search after them, I find that the Church of Christ was first planted upon this earth in the city of Jerusalem, on the day of Pentecost, when the Holy Ghost came down from Heaven. We all know that the first church at Jerusalem is the mother of all churches. We know that the beauty and

perfection of this church has long since been shamefully obscured, and has almost faded from the earth. I then sought for the most correct likeness or portrait of this church on earth, after I examined the one drawn and painted by the apostles themselves, on the day of Pentecost. This one is described in the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and has hung so long in the grand halls of the earth, that I believed I could find its correct likeness as painted from the original, by those who lived after the inspired painters had gone to Heaven. You may ask me, If I see the correct portrait suspended by the thread of inspiration in Nature's great hall, why I wish to gaze upon one drawn from the original? I will tell you. The votaries of pagan philosophy have drawn and painted likenesses of the true Church, but they have dressed them in colors and garments which Christ and his Apostles never wore. The style of garment which they have painted upon the true Church of Christ is false, and not like the primitive garments at all. For illustration, now, I will use this argument: A lady comes to you, Mrs. Manville, and says, 'Madam, I have understood that you have an exact pattern of one of the dresses worn in the days of Queen Elizabeth, of England?' You reply, 'I have one cut and made according to the Elizabethan style.' The lady borrows the same of yourself, carries it home, cuts and makes one by it precisely. She steps out upon the fashionable arena, and all eyes are cast towards her. A lady comes to her saying, 'Madam, by whose pattern did you cut your dress?' She replies, 'Mrs. Manville gave me the pattern of one she has cut and made according to the dresses of Queen Elizabeth.' 'Indeed, my friend?' replies the lady, 'you are certainly behind the times. Queen Elizabeth never wore nor sanctioned such an unbecoming, abominably fitting gown as yours. The dresses in the days of Elizabeth, were made with long waists and flounced to the knees. Your dress is very short in the waist, and the skirt is not flounced.' You immediately ask her for her authority, in pronouncing your habiliments so to-

tally unlike the pattern of Queen Elizabeth. She will say directly, 'Because I know the dress by which your own was cut, is of too modern a date. Your pattern came from some little village, and it is an imposition; but go to the city of London, where I have been, and there you will discover that the wardrobe of Elizabeth contains no such cut dress as the one you have on.' What is the next thing to be done? Do you not then endeavor to ascertain whether this lady, who has condemned the cut of your gown, is a woman of truth, and whether her word would be taken as to her seeing the wardrobe of Elizabeth? Certainly you would. You begin, then, to scold and censure the person who has imposed an unfashionable garment upon you; you cast it from you, because an individual, in whom you have confidence, has assured you that you are not dressed agreeably to the Elizabethan fashion, and that an impostor, to make money, or to gain a little celebrity perhaps as a leader of fashion, has arrayed you in garments unbecoming, and unfit for the season. Presently you meet an individual who has also seen the wardrobe of Queen Elizabeth, and you have on a dress made according to the advice of your friend, who condemned your short waist and plain skirt. The latter person says, 'Your apparel very much reminds me of that which I have seen in the wardrobe of Queen Elizabeth.' You are then gratified to learn that a second person has advised you, has told you what is true. You continue to wear the latter dress, because the fact of its being of the Elizabethan style has been established by the word of one who has seen and examined the wardrobe of the great British Queen. It is just so with the garments of the true Church of Christ. Impostors have cut and altered, and ruffled, and flounced, and pointed, curved, scoloped, and fluted them, till it is a difficult matter, at the present day, to find out who cut the truest pattern of the habiliments with which the body of Christ's Church was clothed, or how we are to wear them; whether we should put bonnets upon our feet, and shoes upon our heads, or whether we should have

gowns with long waists and loose sleeves, or loose gowns with tight sleeves. The impostors of the primitive Church heaped upon its body all of the absurd fashions. This is the reason why the Roman Catholic Church is not adorned according to the true cut of the garments of Christ's Church. In one age of the world she permitted the pagan philosophers to come into her tabernacle, and dress it as they chose. Their novelties, however, have nothing to do with the precepts and pure doctrines of the religion of Christ. The grand charter of the liberties of the people of these United States, is the Constitution. Who made it?—The very wisest and truest of patriots. What caused them to make it?—For the sake of argument, I say these patriots were inspired by the Genius of Liberty. They proceeded and made a Constitution, under which all nations of the earth may gather, prosper and be happy. 'Tis a guide, a luminary, a glittering scone, as it were, suspended in the grand arena of the universe,—a standard by which all nations of the earth may regulate their government. The Apostles were inspired by the principles of Christ. They drew the great Christian Constitution on the day of Pentecost; but grievous to say, many, ay, many foreign sects, like the Gnostics, the Ammonians, and the Platonizing Christians, have crept into the charter-house, have engrafted upon its pure stock novelties, polytheistic tenets, and all those irrationalities calculated to corrupt and poison the minds of those who seek for the genuine flower, and wholesome fruit of the tree. Did not Alexander Hamilton attempt to incorporate monarchical institutions in the grand charter of our liberties? Hamilton was a great man, and perhaps a good man. He was loved and revered both as a statesman and a financier; he was a Treasurer of the United States once; he was a Major-General in the American army; he was a talented lawyer, and possessed the confidence of General Washington. Hamilton, however, was in favor of monarchical institutions, in a certain degree, and offered to insert the same in the Constitution; they were rejected,

and the instrument guarded and nurtured with so much care that it still remains pure. We see that Hamilton was wrong; that had he been permitted to insert his notions, some other individual of acknowledged talents might have come in with other principles, and corrupted the design of the true workers of liberty. Thus far we have the parallel. The Church has been established, and the Constitution has also been established. After a while, it becomes necessary to make State Constitutions, because people multiply, and so vast a population gathers as has accumulated within our Federal boundary, and it becomes necessary to form separate sovereignties. A multitude, in a religious point of view, might say, we are going to emigrate from Jerusalem, Antioch, Alexandria, Geneva, or London, and how happy we are to be the disciples of that great and pure charter, drawn and established by the Apostles, who were inspired by Christ. We are moving from the cities where the pure doctrines of Christ have been taught to us; its precepts are infallible; no sect can corrupt them. We carry them in our hearts, though we travel to the margin of the Universe, and we establish them wherever we go. As the population of the United States becomes so dense, people, incited by enterprise and industry, have formed many new States. Necessity compels them to do it, and for the sake of order, 'one of Heaven's first laws,' it should be done. They are disciples of the true Constitution; they are virtuous, law-abiding citizens; but would it not be the height of inconsistency in them to attempt to justify every little matter by the general Constitution of the country? No, indeed, madam; they have the principles of the primitive charter within their hearts, and are themselves capable of establishing a government, founded upon these grand principles, which all the world cannot destroy. Suppose, however, that an individual should tell you, that, in the State of —, the people tolerate negro-stealing. 'Tolerate negro-stealing!' you stare and exclaim, 'that is a wicked and grievous thing. The Constitution

of our country guarantees the right to certain individuals to own slaves if they choose, and is it possible that a sister State can tolerate such a vile sin against the great charter of our liberties? It is, indeed, true, says your informant. A third person, listening to your friend and yourself, will say, 'If that is the case, I will go out of the United States; for I will reside amongst no set of people who tolerate stealing. Surely there is some great fault in your grand charter: I cannot live under it,—'tis imposture.' Would you not then endeavor to show the latter individual that he is mistaken; that although there may be ten thousand thieves in every State, they do not draw their roguish propensity from the doctrines of the Constitution; that the government of the States and the general government are founded upon the purest of principles; that these thieves are impostors, and come upon your effects during the night, and that there is a law sanctioned by your government to punish them, and that you need not be afraid to remain under the Constitution of the United States, as the bad conduct of some cannot affect its purity. Then you might ask him, What harm can a set of thieves do to your government? I will say they may bring reproach upon us from foreigners, who may not understand the case. Still, it does not injure the purity of the Constitution of our country. A son may leave his father's home, where the doctrines of morality have been taught him from his boyhood; his parents are people of genuine principles; virtue has been the leading feature in the domestic code, under which he has been brought up. He commits a wilful murder after he leaves his natal home; but does that affect the true character of his parents? It, of course, casts upon them a reproach from society, but still their principles are uncontaminated. All that the Pagan philosophers have done is to bring reproach upon the true Church of Christ. They have never detracted one iota from its purity. What had the cruelties of the Inquisition to do with the purity of the principles of our Roman Catholic brethren? The Inquisition was a State institu-

tion, and although its horrors were practised by those who were Catholic rulers, their wickedness could not truthfully be a reproach upon the religious principles of the Catholic Church, no more than the murderous character of the son can be ascribed to the parents, whose domestic charter contains no such precept. How far did the persecution and injustice of the Star-chamber affect the pure doctrines of Christ's Church in England? Was not the Star-chamber a State institution? and although, like the murderer, it brought reproach upon the Protestant Christians, what effect had it upon those pure doctrines and precepts of Christ and his Apostles, which were established according to the Constitution of England? So you see that those rays of Christianity which diverged from Jerusalem, may be collected into a burning mirror in every portion of the wide, wide earth, and shine with the same soft, bright lustre with which they shone, when, at the great emporium of Christianity, where these words were so beautifully and brilliantly gilded by their beams, 'The law went out of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.'

"The Pagans introduced the fashion of celibacy of priests, purgatory, monastic seclusion, mortifications, and penances. Neither Christ nor his Apostles had such vain trimmings upon the garments of the visible church they left upon earth. I sought a great while for the true pattern, and found that the Roman Catholics had a very ancient one; but it was decorated with too many vain and unbecoming appendages. Then I examined the pattern cut by the Greek Church. This came nearer to the original garments of Jerusalem than any other; and, grievous to say, this one, too, was threadbare, and had been handled and abused, till almost every trace of its once delicate and beautiful paint had faded, and scarcely the outlines of its attractions were visible. By diligently looking upon the tattered robe, comparing and fitting it to the original pattern, I found that it more closely resembled the garments of the Jerusalem Church than those cut, in years after, by the



ambitious gentlemen-mantuumakers of Rome. Well, when I found the oldest pattern of Christ's garments, they had been so greatly mutilated that I could not tell exactly how to fasten them when I put them on; I could not tell whether they used to be tied, hooked, sewed, or buttoned on. I wanted to wear them according to the fashion of the Apostle's time, as near as possible. All the loops had been cut off; the sashes had been spliced and clipped; the buttons had been cut from some parts of them and tacked in other places; sometimes the flounces had been ripped off, and abominably botched upon other ends of the robe, and some had even been so vile as to cut off the whole waist from the skirt. I thought I would not be discouraged; for about that time, I learned that 'The promise of divine protection, and indefectible subsistence, is not made to any particular church or churches, but to the Church of Christ in general; and as the seven churches of Asia have, for a long time, almost wholly disappeared, and the glory of the Greek Church has for ages been wretchedly obscured, so may any church or churches, however flourishing now, be equally obscured, and, sooner or later, even wholly extinguished and forgotten. 'I know that in the New Testament Christ and his Apostles have given us a genuine system of medicine for the soul. Still, the manner in which they designed this medicine to be administered has been abused by the impositions of those empirics, who, to acquire a little worldly glory, have envenomed the pure medicine for the soul with their charlatanical experiments. You ask, Who, then, is a true disciple of the medical academy of Christ? and I answer you, the bishops, priests, and deacons of the Episcopal Church. These have taken the true medicine of Christ; expunged all the poisonous matter with which empiricism has injured it, and administer truth to the soul, and it has the effect that Christ and the Apostles desired it to have. Again, you ask me, perhaps, if all those die who are poisoned by the experimenting physician. Many of them have died without having an opportunity to taste the antidote which destroys the poison. Human nature is frail; and where persons have died

who have been secretly poisoned by an impostor, the Great Physician of souls will, on the last day, heal that body, and inspire it with freshness, vigor, and unfading health and strength. The death by poison will be charged against the false doctor, and he will be held accountable to the Great Practitioner of Heaven. Others, who do *not* die from this bane, may be kept sick and feeble a great while; still, the remedy, when applied according to the theory of Christ, never fails to effect a cure. Its actions are immutable and cannot be mistaken, if it is administered without deterioration, and without the admixture of extraneous drugs with the purer remedies prescribed in the code of Christ and the Apostles. The genuine principles of Christ's Church will always remain in the world, and according to my view, Madam, the Episcopal Church practises these principles. She has sailed along the stream, which burst forth in Jerusalem, and although her frail bark, many a time, has been cast upon a barren shore, chased by the galley of a Nero, Domitian, a Porphyry, a Philostratus, and a Mahomet,—rocked upon the tempestuous waves of the deep ocean, enveloped in thick, black clouds, and often boarded by the bloodthirsty corsair, and almost all the trembling crew murdered, still a providential hand has been over it. The wings of the Almighty have hovered around it during its gloom and danger, and the light bark has been moored in the haven of safety, where it now lies, in the crystal waves, unharmed by the rude storms that have lashed its prow. I believe that the creed, commonly called the Apostles' Creed, is of the highest authority, and greatest antiquity. I believe that the earliest Christians regarded it as a compendium of the Gospel, and the epitome of Holy Writ; and that they considered it equal with the Scriptures, and used it in their refutation of heresies, I have not the slightest doubt. What folly it seems to be for sensible people to say that there is no Scriptural evidence for the Apostles' Creed! What an idea! What vanity! What presumption! I believe every word in the Old and New



Testament, from the beginning of Genesis to the final Amen of the Revelation. I confess I have never seen an inconsistency in the book. I have many inconsistencies in my own organization; but none are visible to me in God's Word. And there are many things written by the elder orthodox fathers of the Christian Church to which the world object. These were uninspired men; but when they wrote in accordance with the truths of Holy Writ, what right have I to contradict them? When I read the writings of Clemens Romanus, and he says that 'the creed, commonly called the Apostle's Creed, is of high authority, and great antiquity;' 'that the apostles, having received the gift of tongues, while they were together, by joint consent, composed that creed, which the church of the faithful now holds;' what right have I to disbelieve what Clemens Romanus has written, when the most learned antiquarians admit that Clemens Romanus was contemporary with the Apostle Paul, that he was a man of piety and wisdom, and that as there were not as many schismatics in the true Church at that day and time, that there were also fewer impostors, and not so many questions at issue, what motive could Clemens have in raising such a falsehood? The first and greatest cause of a division in the Church was not until the seat of the Roman Empire had been moved to Constantinople. 'Tis true that the Church of Christ had suffered persecution ever since he ascended to Heaven, until the downfall of Pagan persecution in Constantine's day. And such fathers as Clemens Romanus wrote and argued not to destroy the Word of God, but to substantiate it, to preserve it pure and immaculate; and all that the elder fathers of the Church have written, which goes to sustain Christianity, and which corroborates the narratives of the Word, I believe and receive. If a father of the Church should say that he saw the Apostle Paul feed himself with a wooden spoon, but because Paul has not mentioned the same in any of his writings and sayings, am I to chronicle that father as a liar, because he has said that he saw Paul feed himself with a

wooden spoon, and Paul has said nothing about it? A lady of acknowledged veracity, Madam, shall address a letter to you, from the city of Charleston, South Carolina, and inform you that it is fashionable, in that great emporium, for women to wear their husband's pantaloons. Another lady addresses a letter to you upon the subject of fashion, who is, perhaps, in a lower circle than the first writer, still she is a woman of unimpeachable veracity; she says a great deal about forms, manners, fashions, &c., &c., admits that there are some singularities sanctioned by the *élite*, but does not mention the *fact* that the women wear their husband's pantaloons, would you call her a false writer, and declare that she is an impostor, and an untruthful woman, because she has written some things that your first correspondent did not think to name, and because she has not mentioned some things which were named in the letters of your first correspondent?"

"You admit, then," said Mrs. Manville, after listening attentively to me, "that the Church of Rome might have had Christians in it, and may have to this day?"—"Certainly I do," I replied.—"I do not," said she; "and I believe it will be blotted out entirely, and your Church will go with it."—"As to your belief upon that subject," said I to her, "I cannot attach much importance to it. I believe that the time will come when the Roman Catholic Church will be purged of those trivial abuses which the philosophers of Paganism introduced into her, which have corrupted the purity with which she was at first endowed."—"I have always been informed, Miss Elton," continued she, "that you Episcopalians never had a Church till the days of Henry VIII., and it is amusing to me to see you attempt to trace the ancestry of your Church to the first Church at Jerusalem, when I know that Henry VIII. made your Church; that if he had not fallen in love with Anne Boleyn, your Church would never have been heard of."—"Indeed, Madam," said I; "you are mistaken; and I see that you have imbibed those educational prejudices which a

great portion of the civilized world entertain relative to the Episcopal Church, which you all think had its origin with Henry VIII. Now, Mrs. Manville, you recollect that I started with the Church, as a little bark that came sailing over the stream which flowed out of Jerusalem; that it floated along to Syria and Greece, and thence to Rome; and although it had been persecuted from the time of the ascension of Christ, its pure principles remained untarnished. It glided along, despite of all those pernicious tenets which were tacked to its spotless garments by those who brought reproach upon the true Church. It was, however, steered to the port of Rome. After the removal of the seat of the Roman empire to Constantinople, the Church was liberated from the cruelties and oppressions under which she had groaned since the Christian faith was established at Jerusalem. Splendor, opulence, and worldly grandeur were its concomitants. After awhile envy and slander arose between the two great emporiums (Rome and Constantinople), which again disgraced the votaries of the Church. In the first ages of Christianity, all of its ministers possessed an equality of office. The terms bishop, elder, and minister, are used in the New Testament interchangeably, referring to the same office, with the same rights and duties in the Church. A number of churches, within certain convenient limits, usually united together, for their mutual benefit, for additional strength, and for the proper maintenance of gospel order, which would naturally become an established ecclesiastical body. By degrees this distinction was claimed as a matter of right, and, with more or less reluctance, was acceded to by the other pastors and churches. This led to an establishment of bishops as a superior order of clergy in the Church. This order was modelled after the plan of the Apostle Paul, who ordained Timothy, the first bishop of the Church of the Ephesians. The rank and superiority of this order of clergy is lucidly expounded by Paul in his first epistle to Timothy, third chapter. Upon the same principle

that the clergy of the provincial towns acquired a superiority over their brethren in the vicinity, the bishops of the great cities claimed a precedence above all others of the episcopal order. This led to a distinct denomination in the clerical office, and introduced the titles of metropolitan bishops and archbishops. The Christian emperors granted an additional authority to the bishops of Rome, Constantinople, Antioch, and Alexandria, who exercised a certain control over all other bishops and churches, and were called Patriarchs. After awhile the patriarch of Constantinople acquired a superiority over the Churches of Antioch and Alexandria. The patriarch of Rome was also making rapid acquisitions of ecclesiastical power in the western churches. Envy thus arose between the prelates of Constantinople and Rome, which involved the churches again in all the horrors of tumult and confusion. The patriarch of Rome claimed to be the Universal Bishop of the Christian Church. The patriarch of Constantinople denied the supremacy of the ambitious patriarch of Rome, who had caused himself to be proclaimed Universal Bishop by Phocas, an inhuman emperor, who was then reigning in Rome. In the next age, the eastern and western Churches quarrelled about the worship of images. The Greek Church at first opposed this custom, and the Latin Church contended for it. The Greek Church, however, fell a victim to the same absurdity, but without acknowledging the title of Universal Bishop which was claimed by the Roman pontiff. This pontiff acquired a temporal jurisdiction before the patriarch of Constantinople, hence the declaration of the Roman Catholics, that the Church of Rome is the oldest Church upon earth, because their pontiff acquired a spiritual jurisdiction before any other Oriental patriarch. Still, the first Christian Church came out of Jerusalem, thence to Syria and Greece; and if ever St. Peter was at Rome at all, which has never been satisfactorily proven, it was not till after he had been Bishop of Antioch, so that the Latin Church is unquestionably the daughter of the Greek. The Greek

Church was an Episcopal Church, which has glided down the stream of time from Jerusalem, with this motto: 'The law went out of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.' It has passed along through Asia, and Greece, and Rome. It was repaired by the faithful servants of righteousness in the wild and lonely vales of the Alps, after the Waldenses hauled the barge ashore, and sent adrift those corrupt things which had been a part of its cargo. It came on through the days of John Wickliffe, Huss, Jerome, Luther, Zuinglius, Melancthon, Calvin, and Cranmer. God's grace was bestowed upon the Church of Christ upon earth long before the days of Henry VIII. The law from Zion had come down in the little frail bark till the days of Cranmer, who was a co-laborer with Luther. Admit that the voluptuousness of Henry VIII. caused him to abrogate the authority of the Pope of Rome in the English realm, and that Henry was once a Roman Catholic, and always a vile, base character; but what has that to do with the purity of that law which came out of Zion, and that word of God from Jerusalem? The Church had so long been stript of her modest and becoming garments, and clothed according to the pattern of worldly votaries, that Luther and others determined to follow the absurd fashion no longer. They compared the picture of the Latin Church with that portrait painted by the Apostles on the day of Pentecost. The features bore, to the primitive Church, a striking likeness, but the garments with which the Roman pontiff had adorned it were of altogether a different style.

"Henry VIII. suppressed the authority of Clement VII. in England, and assumed the title of 'Head of the Church;' this title was sanctioned by the nation; then the Archbishop of Canterbury annulled the first marriage of Henry with Catherine of Spain. After this, the English people acquired license to establish the fashion in apparel which was worn at the time that the Apostles were at Jerusalem. I admit that the love of Henry for Anna Boleyn incited him to abrogate the Pope's

authority; but might not Henry for an age have longed for an opportunity to order this dictatorial Pontiff to practise no more imposition within the realm of England? Let us do him justice: although there are many dark spots upon his moral escutcheon, still, his vices never corrupted the principles of the true Church. What a delicious morsel it has ever been to the ignorant, to say that the Episcopal Church was made by so vile a wretch as Henry VIII. It is a mistake. The abrogation of the Pope's authority by Henry, enabled the workers of righteousness to plant the Christian faith in England. The Protestant Episcopal Church of England is built upon the law of Zion. After the suppression of the authority of Clement VII. in England, they began to look for the genuine pattern of the garments of Christ. The clothing cut and made in Rome did not fit it; Luther cut a pattern, so did Calvin, Zuinglius, and Melancthon. They followed the original dress of the Jerusalem Church tolerably well, but the beauty, accuracy, and well-proportioned habiliments were never so exactly cut and fitted till the martyrs and confessors, together with the learned bishops and divines of England, threw aside the foreign costume with which the Pontiff of Rome had dressed it, and built the Church of England. What are the names of the true robes? Supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks for all men. Our litany is a supplication. It is one of the most antiquated forms of worship upon the earth. Henry VIII. had no more to do with making it, than you or I, for St. Chrysostom, who was a native of Antioch, and who was consecrated bishop of Constantinople in the year 398, derives the custom of using litanies from the primitive Christians; "when the priest began and uttered by the Spirit some things fit to be prayed for, and the people joined the intercession, saying, 'We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.' When the miraculous gifts of the Spirit began to cease, they wrote down several of these forms, which were the original of our present litanies. St. Ambrose, who died in 397, has left us one, which agrees in many

particulars with that of our own Church. About the year 600, Gregory the Great, from all the litanies extant composed the famous sevenfold litany, by which Rome, it is said, was delivered of a grievous mortality. This has served as a pattern to all the western churches since; and to it ours of the Church of England comes nearer than that of the Romish Missal; in which later Popes have inserted the invocations of saints, which our reformers properly expunged. Henry VIII. had nothing to do with our litany. One of the chief corner-stones of the Episcopal Church is the Apostles' Creed. Clemens Romanus declares that this creed is of 'great antiquity and high authority; that it may be proven from the unanimous testimony of antiquity in the writings of the fathers,' whose works corroborate and are co-extensive with the writings of the Apostles. Did Henry VIII. unite with the Apostles, when 'by joint consent they composed that creed, which the church of the faithful now holds?' This was done before Henry's day. The Episcopalians acknowledge 'that the Lord Jesus Christ, the true eternal Son of God, is the only Saviour of the world, in whom alone all the mercies, grace, and promises of God to mankind, for this life and the life to come, are fully and wholly comprised.' Has Henry VIII. put this language into the mouth of the Church? Did Henry compose the liturgy of the Church of England? I should say not. When the liturgy was compiled by others, and approved by Henry, and the same introduced for the strength and sustenance of the Church of Christ, after it was established in England, how can any one say that Henry made the Episcopal Church? There might have been ten thousand formularies compiled and sanctioned by Henry, without his having laid the plan of one of them. Suppose a physician should come to you when you are ill, and administer to you a specific medicine; Colonel Manville is head of the house; he shall approve of the medicine, and also the manner in which your physician has administered the same to you; for argument's sake, say that you have been in the habit of taking

this medicine in ice-water, but your physician assures you that your life has been hazarded in the cold water experiment, and that you should have taken it mixed with wine and oil. Colonel Manville declares that he believes your physician to be correct, for the doctor has produced a recipe from the most learned of the medical college, who sustain him in his practice. His administration of it cures you, and your husband proclaims that the same specific shall never be given to any member of his family, unless it is mixed with wine and oil. After awhile an enemy may come to see you, who, perchance, may hear Colonel Manville declaim against one system, and applaud the other. This individual is, perhaps, anxious to construct a theory of his own, and envious too, because Colonel Manville has incorporated the more genuine principles of the orthodox college into his medical formulary. He goes away misrepresenting your husband, and calls him the founder of the system of Physic. Would you not call this person an ignorant, envious, slanderer? You see now, Madam, how clearly the fact can be established, that poor old Henry VIII. did not make the Episcopal Church. He only abrogated that power which prevented the growth of the faith, once delivered to the saints,"—just as the Judiciary of the United States would repeal a law which sustained measures dangerous to the liberties of the people. And further, for the sake of illustration, suppose we take an emigrant who goes forth into a new country, and with the aid of the inhabitants he hews down forests, levels mountains, and drains marshy lakes and pools of stagnant water. After this is done, the architect and horticulturist go to work and build houses, lay out grounds, and in time rear towns and cities. A stranger after awhile comes along, and says to the people, 'Your houses, grounds, towns and cities, look very attractive; who amongst you constructed them?' A person may say, 'My father built this house, but he drew the plan of it by the pattern of my grandfather's house, built many years ago in England.' You surely would not say that the plan of house-

building originated with the person who has constructed a house according to the pattern he brought from his father's house in England? The genuine pattern of the Christian Church came from Jerusalem. Its model got to England, and after the ferocious thorns of popery were lopped off of it, it began to grow, blossom, and bear fruit. This pattern has also been brought to America; the fabric has been built; it was modelled after the English Church, and the English is modelled after the Church at Jerusalem."—"Indeed, Miss Elton," said Mrs. Manville, "I have all my life known that your Church was made by an Act of the British Parliament, and in England there is a union of church and state."—"Very well," said I, "the king, archbishops and bishops of England, live under a monarchical government; the Church of Christ, in Great Britain, is established there, and protected by a monarchical government. In the United States of America it is established according to the constitution of a republican government. I thought I had proved to you, my dear Madam, that, if state institutions are carried into effect, their principles do not injure the purity of the true church, and where there is a union of church and state, as there is in some countries, and this union is legalized by those in power, it has nothing to do with the genuineness of the church's principles. Ambitious people will do such things, where there is a nobility and legalized aristocracy. It is not the case in this country, however, for here the people are sovereigns, and rule both church and state. It is the true medicine of the soul that I contend for, which, if taken according to the directions of the great Doctor of Jerusalem, will surely have a healthful effect, be the patient an aristocrat, a monarch, or a democrat. It is a specific, and there can be no mistake in it."—"Then, Miss Elton," answered she, "you must have a great many quacks amongst you?"—"Admit that we have; for are not all institutions liable to be abused? I commenced with that argument when I told you that the pagan impostors introduced their novel tenets into the Church of Christ at Rome,

and that the Greek Church after awhile went astray likewise. We cannot help this. I wish we could. We cannot make any change, either, in the civil constitution of Great Britain. Your Doctors of Divinity are the very empirics, many of them, who have introduced a false practice amongst us. They grew tired of the ancient plan, and for the sake of glory and honor, they took the liberty to establish theories of their own construction. Now that you have said that the Episcopal Church was made by an Act of the British Parliament, permit me to explain some things relative to the Act, about which the anti-Episcopalians have framed so many wonderful stories.

"It was thought, in the year 1551, that the Liturgy even then savored too much of superstition; on which account it was revised and improved by Bucer and Martyr, two foreign reformers. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, some further corrections were made, and it remained unaltered till the reign of King James the First, when a few small alterations were made; thus it remained till the time of Charles the Second, when the whole book was revised. The commission for this purpose was dated March 25th, 1661, and empowered twelve bishops and twelve Presbyterian divines. The Liturgy was then brought to the state in which it now stands. It was unanimously subscribed to by both houses of Convocation on Friday, December 20th, 1661. An Act was passed for its establishment, and the thanks of the Lords ordered to the bishops and clergy for the great care and industry shown in their revision and improvement of it; and Henry VIII. had been dead a great while when the Liturgy was last revised and corrected."—"There may be a good deal of truth in what you have said," replied Mrs. Manville, "and the amount of it is, that the primitive Christians at Rome permitted the wanton and unbecoming garments of the vain and worldly-minded to be used upon the body of the primitive Church. I must tell you, however, Miss Elton, that I do not wish you to teach Lizette and Ada your religion. I do not wish them to know anything of the Catholic religion. I abominate it.

Colonel Manville's eldest daughters were Catholics; the three who are dead were educated entirely by the Catholics, what you call the Roman Catholics; they died in the belief of the tenets of that church. I have often told Colonel Manville to keep his children from everything that approximates to that mother of corruption and superstition. Lavinia Manville died on the Island of Cuba, and you do not know how I was mortified at their proceedings when she was dying; and Dr. Finlay disgusted me for allowing it. There they had the host carried to her bedside, by a Spanish priest; she was anointed with holy oil, and had a crucifix held by some one, for her to gaze upon. A little more than a year after this scene, Emily Manville died, at Manville Hall. She too, as she had lived, died, devoted to the religion of the Roman Church; there she was, repeating the Articles of the Roman creed, worshipping the image of the Virgin Mary, kissing her crucifix, declaring her faith in the holiness of the Pope, and when she found that her days were numbered, she requested her uncle to send for a priest: there was one about fifty miles off he came down in a few days; and remained at Manville Hall till Emily died. He performed the sacrament of extreme unction, poured over her lifeless body many sacerdotal benedictions, and to sustain his delusion referred some women, who came to lay her out, to the 14th and 15th verses of the fifth chapter of the Apostle James."—"I am always willing to do the Roman Catholics justice," said I; "the world is indebted to them for the diffusion of a great deal of intelligence, and for the encouragement of the arts and sciences; and that there are many conscientious and truly devout people amongst them, nobody doubts."—"You are just like Miss Morris," said Mrs. Manville; "raised a Protestant, but making all allowances for palpable errors, which you contend yourself were borrowed from Pagan philosophers; in shorter language, you are making excuses for the Roman Catholics. Miss Morris was educated by the Catholics of Quebec, and I should not be surprised if you had also been educated by them. Now

tell me if you have not."—"Partly," said I.—"Very well, I thought so, and my opinion cannot be altered; you have imbibed some of their notions; 'tis impossible to divest yourself of them; 'tis not so much liberality in you at all; you are prepossessed in their favor, and I very much fear that you will tincture Lizette and Ada with your views."—"Give yourself not the least uneasiness on that score, Madam. I should not have thought of even arguing this subject with you, if you had not forced it upon me. I have told you that I have no idea of teaching them religion; that it is none of my business. I trust that you are now convinced yourself; your preachers may teach them religion; I shall not do it, I assure you."—"I should be very happy for you to attend to them on the Sabbath, hear them recite the Catechism and make them read the Bible; but I have no idea of your teaching them the religion of Henry VIII. You would never have had a church, I repeat it, if Henry VIII. had not fallen in love with Anna Boleyn."—"I deny the charge, Mrs. Manville," returned I, "I have shown you the origin of the Episcopal Church, and traced it to England, from Jerusalem. I have explained to you that Henry's abrogation of the authority of the Roman pontiff cleared the way for the establishment of the Episcopal Church of England. Its principles were, to a certain extent, promulgated by Luther and other reformers, before Henry annulled the pontifical power. Suppose you examine the principles of the Reformation. You will surely discover that there is a striking resemblance in it to the tenets and practices of the Lutheran Church. Luther was once a Roman Catholic, and before the Reformation, by this reformer, Wickliffe had the minds of the people of England prepared for a revolution. Before Henry VIII., Wickliffe had made an attack upon the doctrines of transubstantiation, auricular confession, indulgences, and had translated the Scriptures into the English language. Wickliffe propagated his doctrines in England about the year 1377, in the reign of Richard II. You recollect that Henry IV., Henry V., Henry



VI., Edward IV., Edward V., Richard III., Henry VII., all had been upon the English throne between the days of Wickliffe and those of Henry VIII. Why do you *all* not tell, that Luther abjured the doctrines of the Latin Church, because he fell in love, also? Luther took the liberty to throw off the authority of Leo X., just as Henry VIII. did that of Clement VII. Luther wrote the book entitled the 'Babylonish Captivity,' and applied all of those scriptural attributes of the unchastity of Babylon to the Latin Church. He committed the Roman pontiff's edicts to the flames, advocated the universal abolition of mass, crushed the images of saints, razed the friaries to their foundations, and married a nun. I think that Luther, in abolishing the mass, &c. &c., was about as impudent as Henry VIII., who divorced himself from Catherine of Spain. Still, you would contend 'that Luther was a subject of the grace of God;' 'that the Reformation was one of the greatest achievements ever accomplished by human effort, and that Luther was the instrument, raised of God, to accomplish this grand and important incident.'—"Well, Miss Elton," said Mrs. Manville, "promise me that you will attend to their lessons in the Bible and Catechism, will you not?"—"No, Madam," said I; "Mr. Charles Manville informed me that he resides very near Rocky Chapel, where there is a Sabbath school taught, all the year; that he intended to send Lizette and Ada there regularly, and no doubt they will meet with excellent teachers."—"Rocky Chapel! the Catholics built Rocky Chapel. Julia Manville used to attend the Sabbath school at that church," said the old lady vehemently, "and Julia was the worst one amongst them; but I outdid her at last. She wanted a priest sent for, when she came to die; now the idea of a priest coming into the house that I had built! very clear of it! I knew what ought to be done for her, so I took away her beads and crucifix, and prayed for her myself, and when I arose from my knees, to my great astonishment, she had her fingers stuck in her ears, to deafen herself, and had not heard

one word of my prayer. I attempted to compose her, but she called me a vile heretic, and ordered me to get out of her sight. Then she commenced crossing her breast, and calling on the blessed Virgin, to drive away evil from her countenance; 'to send mercy upon her, to make her chaste in heart, to preside over her during the shades of the night, to be with her in purgatory, and grant her soul the suffrage of the faithful; she prayed to the holy saints to mediate for her, and when full satisfaction was made, and the heavy debt of temporal punishment liquidated, that the gates of eternity might be opened to her by the glorified saints, and that she then might enter heaven.'—"I left her, sick as I could be, at all this nonsense. I pitied her, and have always determined not to allow Colonel Manville's other daughters to be brought up in that church."—"And this," said I, "is what you term educational prejudice, is it? Really, Mrs. Manville, it seems to me, that Colonel Manville's daughters must have informed themselves very thoroughly upon the rites, &c., of the Roman Catholic Church. It really appears to me as if they must have acted from principle, and not from any educational prejudice, or sentiment, but from honest conviction, and because they were conscientious, and knew that they had the right in their native country to worship God agreeably to the dictates of conscience."—"I have the right too," replied Mrs. Manville, "to object to their views, and yours also; and whether they have acted according to principle, prejudice, sentiment, or conscience, I care not a red copper but I can tell you that I never can get over being called a 'vile heretic,' as Julia Manville termed me, and an apostate from the one Holy Catholic and Apostolical Church; and as it will be a difficult matter to procure another governess, and I am compelled to go to my native city, and it is impossible for me to carry Lizette and Ada, and you will not make them Episcopalians, I expect you had better not say anything to Colonel Manville about abandoning your engagement."

I laughed, for I knew all the time that she would not permit

me to give up my office as governess for any consideration. I saw that she was like many other people—a perfect bigot: that she thought she was a model of intelligence, and had persuaded herself that she was so thoroughly learned, that a poor governess would not dare to oppose her. She was a great tyrant, and gloried in the power she had even over an ignorant slave. Wealthy associations, however, stations in high life, &c., had caused her to nurse her passion, and she loved to command all whom it was her lot to be related to, in every capacity. Miss Morris had been a resident of Green Haven for several years, and she had endured, with humility and resignation, a multitude of indignities which Mrs. Manville had thrown in her way. Miss Morris looked to Colonel Manville as a daughter looks to a father. She loved his children, and they loved and respected her. She had been on the eve of leaving Green Haven several times on account of Mrs. Manville's behaviour, but the tears and entreaties of the girls always overcame her determination. Mrs. Manville could not bear the slightest opposition, and resembled the individual who, a tyrant by nature, and fearing that his wife's stratagems controlled him, became boisterous and quarrelsome, in order to convince himself that he really was ruler of his own house. Before I left her chamber, she called Lizette and Ada up to say their prayers. It was then bed-time. She sat on her velvet cushion, while Lizette knelt on one side of her lap and Ada on the opposite. Now, thought I, is the time for me to learn her form of devotion, and the manner in which she taught her stepdaughters to address their evening supplications to heaven. The children were kneeling, with their sleepy eyes buried in the folds of her Oriental drapery. She at length, rather sharply, said, "Go on, Lizette."—"Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name," said the little sleepy child. Mrs. Manville then put her hand upon her head, which was a signal for the child to stop.—"Lettie," she said to her servant girl, who sat nodding in the corner, "put your knitting in the

basket, and tell Harriet to count Rachel's "broaches," and tell me how many she has spun to-day. Go on, Lizette."—"Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."—"Lettie, come here to me," squalled the pious lady; "come here to me, I say. How dare you slam that door so?"—Rap, rap, rap, she gave Lettie over the head and shoulders with her cowhide. "Now go and learn to keep silence when I am at devotion with these children. You all are too provoking.—It is impossible to be religious, and manage Colonel Manville's children and servants.—Go on, Lizette."—"Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us."—"Miss Elton," said she, "do me the favor, if you please, to ring that bell."—I rang it, and in came Harriet.—"Here I am, Mistress," drawled the stupid African.—"Go into the library, and wake your master. Tell him I say it is bed-time; and if he is not in that room, go down to Dr. Finlay's office; he is always stuck down there. Tell him to come in; that I am going to fasten up the house for to-night. Go on, Lizette."—"And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil."—"Lettie, Lettie!" she called loudly.—"Madam," responded the servant.—"Take that candle, and go to the front door, and see if it is locked.—Go on, Lizette."—"For thine is the kingdom, and the power"—"Stop, Lizette, for I do believe there is Dr. Finlay just come home. He has been off to see some of his patients, at a distance, and ten to one if he does not want supper. How troublesome it is to have a doctor about the house, coming in interrupting everything at all hours of the night! I do declare that no ten women of ordinary health and strength, taken collectively, and interrogated, could tell of as many troubles and perplexities as myself. Go on, Lizette."—"For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen."—"Now, Lizette, take Ada to bed: She has gone fast asleep here on my lap. Go into the nursery; make her kneel down, you kneel beside her, and repeat the

Lord's Prayer to her, and see that she calls every word after you. Now, mind what I say to you, for you know how strict I am about your prayers; and you are aware, also, that your father will be greatly displeased with you if I tell him that you have disobeyed me. There is your candle on the table, light it, and go on. I hear Dr. Finlay out there upon the portico, and I shall have to see about his supper."—As I was leaving her chamber, she said, "Nice time of the night to be coming in, and now supper is to be cooked and set for Dr. Finlay! I hate a doctor, and wish they were every one at the devil,—just where Finlay will go for salivating me when I had the fever."—I could not sleep till about midnight after I retired. I kept laughing at Mrs. Manville's remarks about Dr. Finlay. Sleep, at length, waved its somniferous wings over me, and on the next morning, after breakfast, Miss Anna resumed her chair in the fine chamber, and gave me the following narrative.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### STORY OF WALDEGRAVE.

"THE genius of adventure at a very early age, it appears, inspired Waldegrave with a disposition to roam. When he was quite a young man, he determined to penetrate the wilds of the Southwest. He accordingly left his father's house, in company with several of his youthful companions, and migrated to Texas, where he purchased a plantation, and there settled. He continued upon his farm, until the war broke out between Mexico and Texas in 1836. He then enlisted, and fought bravely for the liberty of the 'Lone Star.' Letters came to Colonel and Mrs. Manville that Waldegrave was a soldier; that his interests were then identified with all that interested Texas, and that there he had

made his home; that as he had often heard the screams of the dying virgin, and had seen her snowy bosom dyed with her own blood, which gushed from her heart when the lance of the Mexican or Indian was plunged into it; and, moreover, as he had seen infants torn from their mothers' arms, and murdered within their view; and had heard the crash of the falling roof of the lonely cottage, as the flames kindled by the savage foe arose red and angrily over the defenceless inmates,—he informed his father and mother that he had engaged to drive away these murderers, who were not only ravaging the frontier, but had forced themselves into the heart of Texas, and that their watchword was 'Murder.'—'This is the country for me,' said he, in a letter to Colonel Manville; 'this is the country for which I will fight. Here the native decorations of the earth, in the way of luxuriant evergreens and gorgeous flowers, are as brilliant and magnificent as the eye of mortal ever beheld. This is the counterpart of Eden, and no other country save Texas can boast of such beauty and brilliancy. The beams of the sun, and the natural vivifying moisture of the soil, perpetually enliven the flowers, fruits, and trees. Here the gay-plumaged birds sing and revel in the umbrageous trees, and rock their progeny to sleep amongst the clustering vines which interlink their chain-like tendrils with the branches of the thick flowering hedges. This is an imperial dominion. There is something grand and lovely in its appearance. It ought to be one of the States. Nature declares that it does belong to the Union, and the inhabitants are determined to rise up and shake off the manacles of barbarous and unenlightened Mexico! From the lance of the assassin then be it free! From the scalping-knife and tomahawk of the savage be it free! The very last drop of my blood will I lose in defending this beautiful gem, yet to be set in the brilliant diadem, which sparkles upon America's fair brow! Poor Waldegrave! I have often heard Colonel Manville sigh, and exclaim, 'My dear son, Wal-

degrave, fell in Texas in '36.'—Indeed, Miss Elton, I have often heard that he was a true patriot.—'Yes, the generous, noble-hearted Waldegrave,' Miss Emily used to say, 'loved Texas, and its green sod has been consecrated by the blood of my brave brother! The night-winds have many a time howled his requiem around the old castle at Alamo! The birds of prey have fattened upon his flesh! His gory regimentals have mouldered to dust beneath the fortress, and his bones have been hidden under its heap of ruins!' Yonder tall white cenotaph, erected to his memory, often reminds us of his valor in his country's cause, but his virtues have a mausoleum in the hearts of all who burn incense upon the altar of patriotism!"

## CHAPTER XIX.

### STORY OF EDWIN.

"EDWIN's story is simple and short. He was in the arms of his nurse when he died, as he was only a little upwards of two years of age. At one time he was a lovely, rosy infant. Mrs. Manville, however, fell out with his foster-mother. She pretended that she felt it her duty as a stepmother to have Edwin nursed at home. She deceived Colonel Manville about the child, and although she did not care a cent for the little fellow, she did not cease to worry Colonel Manville, and told him that Edwin was not properly attended to; that the old lady who had charge of him was not a professor of religion; that his prayers would be neglected, and that he always had a cold, and that she could see that his foster-mother was incapable of raising him. She kept on, in this way, after Colonel Manville, and notwithstanding her dislike to his children, she used every stratagem imaginable to impress the Colonel with the belief that she was performing her duty to him and his children, and

she hourly feared that, at some unguarded moment, he would see through her nicely studied and well-practised duplicity. Preparations were made, and Edwin was brought home. This fine mansion was finished and furnished then. His stepmother's vanity was gratified; for she had said to Colonel Manville, that if he allowed Edwin to remain where he was, she would conclude that he placed more confidence in the foster-mother than in herself. This, of course, would have been an encroachment upon her superiority of character. He only lived three months after they brought him here. He died the winter after Miss Julia's death.

"How often have we seen the horticulturist preparing his beds in the garden for the reception of some tender little plant; the soil is, perhaps, fertile; the clods are all crumbled, and lie in a pulverulent state; he has procured a large watering-pot, with which he intends to refresh the lowly plant, after it is placed in the flower-bed. For awhile it looks fresh and green; you think it is beginning to take root; it buds, and the small fibres of the green bark begin to expand into leaves. Presently, the attention of the horticulturist is called off to the lordly trees of the garden, or park;—these are "Nature's nobility," the florists and botanists say, and they attract more attention than the humble floweret. After awhile a drought comes on; the lowly plants of the garden have been neglected too long; the watering-pot lies rusting on the gravelled walk; the thirsty insects have sucked the juices from the green stems of the plant; it languishes, sickens, and dies upon the neglected parterre, and its delicate petals are blown away beneath some thick old shade; then, alas! how soon they are forgotten!

"I have now told you all I know, Miss Louise, relative to the deceased wife and daughters of Colonel James Manville, as well as his two sons, Waldegrave and Edwin. Sometimes, when I have been walking out with Kate, Lizette, and Ada, we have gone to the monuments, and found Colonel Manville there. I recollect one afternoon in particular we walked down there, and

the Colonel was standing under that cypress by Waldegrave's cenotaph, looking very serious and gloomy, and as we approached, I heard him say, 'Gone, but not lost!' then he emerged from the shade, and went to the house. I thought then, 'Poor man! why did you hurry so, and get married so soon again, without scarcely taking time to think what you were about.' I also thought he might have been so much happier with his lovely daughters than to have married any one; then I recollected that my aunt once told me that the greatest simpleton in the world was an old man who had just become a widower."

## CHAPTER XX.

"You have never seen the garret rooms of this house, have you, Miss Elton?" said Miss Morris to me, one evening after I had come from the school-room.—"I have not," I replied.—"Well," continued she, "before I leave Green Haven I will try and get the keys from Mrs. Manville, and take you up there. I want you to see the portrait of the first wife the Colonel had. The present Mrs. Manville had it hung on the garret-wall, locked the door, and has kept the keys. She furnished the greater portion of the money to build this house, and she would not allow Kate to hang the portrait in her own room. After Julia died, it was sent to the garret. I will go up there, and remove the veil of dust that covers the beautiful face, and give you an opportunity to see it. As soon as convenient, it is to be sent to Kate. She is going to housekeeping next spring; and when you go to Manville Hall you will see the portraits of Misses Emily, Lavinia, and Julia." I was delighted at the idea of seeing Mrs. Manville's picture; but more than delighted when Miss Morris assured me that I was to behold the portraits of those lovely women in whose history I had been so deeply interested. Miss Morris, agreeably to

her promise, by some means procured the keys of the garret, and we entered the room where hung one of the most magnificent paintings I ever saw. We brushed the dust off of it, and there was the picture of an angelic-looking woman. The portrait was painted when she was at the most interesting period of life. I said, "I have noticed the rosebud, in the morning twilight, with dew-drops glittering on its delicate, half-unclosed petals; but its loveliness is somewhat hidden. It is pretty, but not so exquisitely beautiful as it is after the sun glows upon it awhile. This is its highest point of delicate and tender beauty. After awhile, the noontide comes on; it hangs on its flexile stem, waving to and fro in the gale; its fragrance is sought by all who behold it; its beautiful fresh glow ravishes the eye of the spectator, because it has arrived at perfection;—yes, 'tis beautiful, perfectly beautiful now. After the mind of an individual comes to maturity, if the features are beautiful, they have a brighter glow, a sweeter attraction to me, than is pictured in the face before the features become consolidated, and the principles of the heart formed. Usually, after this period, the sorrows of life begin to arise; like the beast John saw in the vision, 'with seven heads, and ten horns.' There is no alternative then; the perfect charms are beginning to fade, like those of the rose's petals. The sun begins to pass the meridian; the rays are so hot the flower is withered; it looks very pale, and the storm that rises later in the evening shakes its sweet bloom to the ground. When we begin to descend the other side of life's mountain, and look back to the crystal streams that are murmuring in the youthful grottoes, and the fresh, green foliage that we have left there, the countenance is apt to sadden at the gloomy idea of going downwards. The farther side of the mountain is more rocky than the other. There is a dark valley at the base, and the shadows of this vale conceal the river called Lethe, or forgetfulness. After awhile, we fall into it, and are remembered but a little longer, and only by a few, who, perhaps, may gaze upon our portrait, look towards our grave, sigh,

and dash away a small tear, and then hasten themselves to the foot of life's mountain." In gazing on Mrs. Manville's portrait, I found what I looked for,—intellectual beauty, pictured as forcibly as could have been done by the mimic pencil. At the time she sat for her portrait, she had passed a few degrees beyond that period of life, when her beauty was most brilliant. Still, she was beautiful; her eyes were languishing, and of a rich blue; her hair was brown and glossy; and Nature had bestowed upon her one of the most indelible stamps of beauty, in my judgment, in an arched, heavy, dark eyebrow, and a long, rich brown eyelash. "'Tis strange," said I to Miss Morris, "that a man of Colonel Manville's taste, sense, and judgment, should have married a woman like his present wife, if the picture before us is a correct likeness of his first partner."—"Yes, it is," said Miss Morris, "very strange; and this picture is said to be a perfect likeness of the beautiful, modest, amiable, pious, and intelligent mother of eight children. Colonel Manville has hours of solemn reflection, I know, and drops many a secret tear when he looks up to the top of that green mountain, of which you were just speaking, when memory gilds the clear waters and green bowers there with the gentle 'light of other days.'"

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE hours at Green Haven were passing rapidly away. Employment, that healthful pabulum of the mental appetite, and the invigorating power which ever buoys the physical constitution, was carrying me along with inconceivable swiftness. I had received a letter from home: all were well; and satisfied that I was acting for the best, I had my little students at their books every day, and they were progressing finely. I now spent the most of my leisure hours in the library,—just where

I loved to be,—for I revelled away many moments that would perhaps have been spent in idleness, in opening the literary caskets which were stored away there. I examined their priceless gems, and endeavored to make my mind a kind of prismatic glass. I collected all the brightest rays I possibly could into a mental focus. Nothing interrupted me, till one evening Mrs. Manville sent for me to come to her room. I complied with her request, and she proposed that I should accompany her to the house of her dressmaker. I had very lately been in the fashionable city of —, and had several new French patterns that pleased Mrs. Manville very much. She insisted on my going with her, and soon made me understand, indirectly, however, that I might consider myself highly complimented to be invited by her to go to a place, and also to be called upon to furnish the patterns of my dress, etc., for so elegant a lady as the one before me. I proposed to her to permit Lizette and Ada to go along with us. She consented for Ada to go, but said plainly that Lizette should not go: that she had disobeyed her the previous night, and that she would make her stay at home. We came out, and I heard Mrs. Manville lock the door of her chamber after her. We walked across an old field; along a narrow beaten path, till we came in front of a neatly white-washed log-house. When we went into the house, Mrs. Manville was so greatly fatigued that she was compelled to lie down. The name of the seamstress was Alice Watts. She seemed to regard Mrs. Manville as a kind of goddess; she sat the best chair for her, pressed the bed for her to lie upon, spread a quilt over her, darkened the room, insisted on heating a flat-iron to put to her feet, and told her sister Melinda to run out and prepare a cup of hot tea for Mrs. Manville. After resting awhile, the lady arose. I showed Alice how to cut patterns of my dresses,—cut the pattern of a French negligée that I had; and while I was doing this, she took the liberty to rip open the side-seams of a large silk cape, in order to see how it was cut and put together. No matter if Queen Victoria had lent



a piece of the most complicated needle-and-scissors'-work in the world, Alice would have deemed herself justifiable in ripping it to pieces to cut something like it, provided Mrs. Manville wished it. After awhile we started back to the mansion, and reached its noble halls about sunset. We went to the door of Mrs. Manville's room, when she took the key from her pocket and unlocked the door. When I entered the room the first thing I noticed was Lizette lying on the floor asleep, and when Mrs. Manville aroused her, I was actually frightened. It seemed that to punish poor Lizette for some trivial offence, or misconceived act of disobedience, Mrs. Manville had directed her to sit on a stool in the middle of the floor till her return. The child had wept till her eyes were swollen, her cheeks were stained with the tears that had poured over their pink surface, her nose had bled profusely, and when she got upon her feet, I saw that her apron was all spotted with the crimson drops which had fallen upon it. She looked frightful. Bloody and cowed, she hung her head, and seemed afraid to look up. I looked at her, and she sunk again on the silk-covered "stool of repentance," and wept anew. There stood her haughty, cruel stepmother, gazing on her, and looking as if she was trying to spy out a look or a gesticulation which she might declare a testimonial of inward disobedience. I felt very much disposed to tell her what I thought of her, but I knew the violence of her temper; besides, I was consoled with the fact that Lizette and Ada were so soon to be removed from her; that they were to be exclusively under my charge, and I knew my affection for children was such, that I would be tender with the poor little girls; that while Mrs. Manville was ringing the bell for a servant, I reminded Lizette that we all would go to Manville Hall soon, where she would be under my control, and that I would love her, and be good to her and Ada. Lizette seemed greatly relieved by what I told her, and when Lettie made her appearance, I heard Mrs. Manville order her to take Lizette to the kitchen, and wash her, and that if she

met Colonel Manville or Dr. Finlay, to say to them that Lizette got in a passion with her ma, and before she became quiet, her nose bled all over her face and clothes.

As I crossed the portico going into Miss Morris's room, I saw her stop Lettie on the pavement, near the kitchen, and inquire of her what was the matter with Lizette; but the servant said not a word, and hurried into the kitchen with the child. When Miss Morris came in, she said, "Miss Elton, what's the matter with Lizette?" I told her that Mrs. Manville had said that Lizette had disobeyed her, and refused to take her to Alice Watts's, the dressmaker; that she locked Lizette in her room, and that when we returned we found her on the floor asleep, and her snow-white apron all stained with blood; that her nose had been bleeding. "Gracious!" exclaimed Miss Morris, "I have been here all the afternoon, in my room, and poor dear Lizette suffering in that stepmother's prison, and I did not know it; for," added she, "Miss Elton, if Colonel Manville himself had come and attempted to open the door of his wife's room, and his own child in there, in blood and tears, Lizette would have been afraid to tell her father that she was in there. The children have been taught to believe that their father regards them as being bad and unruly; and no matter how deeply his feelings would have been hurt at the sight of Lizette, he would have said that surely no woman, who is herself a mother, would punish my poor little child, unless it was for some very great misconduct. Mrs. Manville would have told him that Lizette was bad-tempered, and would have made the Colonel believe that she was right."—"Miss Morris," said I, "how long do you suppose it will be before the return of Mr. Charles Manville?"—"He is expected here day after to-morrow; he promised me to come back to my wedding, as I invited him particularly to do so. He has been staying in a town where Carrie Ashmore is at a boarding school; his sisters are there, and he will fetch them with him, being on their way to Manville Hall. He will insist

on your going directly to his house. I know, Miss Elton, for he is devoted to the children, and knows how unpleasantly they are situated here. If you should tell him that you saw Lizette's apron as bloody as the apparel of a soldier after a hardfought battle, he would shed tears; for I never saw a gentleman have a more sympathetic heart in my life than old Charles Manville. He is the greatest friend to woman too, I ever saw. He is delighted with you, Miss Elton; and who knows but that you may marry the old gentleman one of these days? You know how fashionable it is becoming for old men to seek young wives. The old gentleman is so kind, amiable, interesting, talented, and wealthy, that he is calculated altogether to make somebody happy; and he says that he has committed an unpardonable error, as he did not marry when he was a young widower. It has been a great many years since the decease of his wife." I was listening in astonishment to what Miss Morris was saying, for I supposed that Mr. Manville did not even dream of matrimony; and what astonished me most was that Miss Morris should say that perhaps Mr. Manville and I would marry. I was almost angry with her, and replied, "Miss Morris, if I believed that Mr. Manville would ever entertain such a thought as naming the subject of marriage to me, I would not go one step to Manville Hall. It would look too much like going there with the expectation of getting a husband; an article I do not want, nor never intend to have. I had a heart once, which I gave away. There was one who carried it many a mile from here; he died, and with him went all the affection that ever vibrated upon the strings of my heart. It is like the wires of a musical instrument, that, once snapped in twain, no human power can re-string it with the same wires; and if they are twisted or soldered together, they only send forth, when struck, a dull, inharmonious sound, that is displeasing and discordant to the ear; after a while they rest on the sound-board till the instrument is found to be worthless; then it is tumbled with other lumber into the garret or cellars

of the mansion. O no, Miss Morris, don't speak of matrimony to me. I am incapable of falling in love; 'tis impossible; such a thought never enters my head. I am naturally of a cold, phlegmatic temperament. I have sufficient education to procure a comfortable support. I care not a fig for wealth; nor would I yield my personal independence to marry any man living. Alphonse is dead. I loved him, but have never loved another. I love his memory, however, for his name and vow is inured within my heart's most sacred recess. I never can forget him. He was the *first* and *last* personage to whom I ever thought I could swear fealty, as lord paramount. I think I understand the duty of a wife well enough, but I do not believe that I am *now* competent to impart that happiness to a husband, which I think every woman should endeavor to impart, or not marry at all. I have had several opportunities to marry, but have declined them. I considered the matter well, and concluded that I preferred the life of a governess to any other; consequently, I have no idea of entering the matrimonial arena. I believe that when a woman does what you are about doing, that she should relinquish the business of teaching, and turn her attention to household matters. With me the case is entirely different. I never was intended for the wife of but *one certain individual*; he is dead, and as Junius says of the great Earl of Chatham, 'left nothing on this earth that resembles him.' I love the employment of a governess, and my peculiar faculty for imparting instruction fits me precisely for the business."

"Miss Elton," said Miss Morris, laughing, "you have taken a vow of celibacy then, have you?"—"No, not a vow," replied I, "for if I had, I would be a nun, and wear the black veil; or turn Sister of Charity, of the order of St. Vincent de Paul, and wear the broad-frilled cap. I have said that I never intend to marry, because I do not think I can ever love any one well enough to marry them; besides, I should not like to attempt to accommodate myself to the restraints of a married

life. I tell you, Miss Morris, that my heart is dead to love, and I verily believe I shall die an exception to the general rule, and be, as long as I live, what the world never saw, and perhaps never may see again; a woman who does not wish to marry! and after a while the world will see a prodigy (in that same woman) still more marvellous,—an old maid through choice!”—“You will alter your mind,” Miss Morris replied; “I know you will. I have heard women talk, on both sides of the sea. Somebody, some of these days, will prevail upon you to change your purpose.”—“I do not believe it,” said I, “for I have named myself the inveterate, invincible, inflexible Louise Elton, especially against the hymeneal vow. I am a confirmed misogynist, because I do not believe that I was ever formed to love but that one who died in India. I am in favor of women living up to their duty when married. If I were a married woman, I would try to do so. I never would express an opinion upon a matter of any importance, if it met not the approbation of my husband.”—“Your ideas, Miss Elton, are correct, regarding the duties of a wife, and also what you think of the connubial felicity of those who determine to make their firesides happy. I regret, however, to hear you declare yourself a misogynist; for I dislike that some clever fellow should lose you: there is some one whom you might render happy, and I very much dislike to see one of the cleverest of God’s creatures swindled out of so good a wife as you are capable of making, if you would only turn your attention to it.” As I could not bear to talk about getting married myself, for it revived all those painful recollections which had a few years before saddened my heart, and even sickened me with my own existence, recollections that I wished to be like the leaves of autumn, withered and faded, and forgotten upon the earth, as I felt so perfectly shielded from the shafts of love, and had chosen the life of a governess,—so, by way of changing the conversation, I requested Miss Morris to tell me something of the gentleman to whom she was so shortly to be married, “for,” said

I to her, “I love to hear of the mutual happiness of those who are married, and I feel a deep solicitude in one who is about to tie the ‘Gordian knot.’ Now do hush about me, and tell me something of your intended husband. Is he an Englishman?” “His parents were from England, but he was born in the United States; his name is Kipton,” said Miss Morris; “he is about six feet high, his eyes are of a bluish-gray color; he is forty years old: amiable, handsome, and intelligent; he is a rich merchant in the city of ——. I regard mine as a very judicious choice, indeed. I love him very much, and have every assurance from him that he loves me. I believe that I am sufficiently well acquainted with myself to assert that I shall have too much regard for truth and justice, and love him so well, that I shall never ill-treat his children. Captain Kipton is a widower with three very interesting children. I have not seen them yet, but I have promised him that I will be a mother to them, and I intend to comply with my promise. I shall ever have before my eyes the wrongs I have seen practised in this house against poor motherless children. Mrs. Manville’s conduct will be a beacon to me. I shall profit by the hard, long lessons, I have seen other people forced to learn, whilst I have resided here. There is a mystery, shrouded by a veil, Miss Elton, through which I have never been able to see. It is this;—whenever a woman marries a widower, who has children, of course she must have some idea of the responsibility which she is taking upon herself. If she loves him, how can she abuse those children? How can a woman be so cruel as to weave a charm over the mind of her husband that actually seduces his affection from his own offspring; and persuades him by her wiles, till he believes that they are headstrong, ungovernable, and irascible. Poor Emily Manville, I shall never forget the expression of her countenance, when she bade her father farewell, when she was going to Manville Hall to die; she said, ‘Pa, do you recollect the dying words of sister Lavinia, that when a widower marries, if he has children, he must either please his wife or his children?’

'Lavinia and I often spoke of you, while we were together at Havana. I want you to be happy, pa; I have loved you as much since you were married to your present wife as I ever loved you; but your good sense must tell you, that there is a co-operation between you and Mrs. Manville. I trust you will confide in Julia and Kate to a certain extent, and if they should marry, give Lizette and Ada, if they are alive, to Uncle Charles. Let them go to Manville Hall, and stay till they are grown. Dear, dear old ancestral halls, they are the safest and most happy retreat of any other spot on this earth!'—I know, Miss Elton, that I will make a kind stepmother, for I love Captain Kipton too devotedly to ill-treat his children. I am perfectly satisfied, therefore, to become his wife. He has made three trips to England. He told me once that he intended making another, and that he would carry me with him. I shall see old England again, and my native home. Eight years have passed away since I kissed my hand to the tops of the Mendip Hills, and the dark old spires of Bristol. One of my brothers has died since I left, but my father, sisters, and other brothers still live. I wish the day was here, and my marriage over. I shall not invite a company—I am to have no wedding-party at all. Colonel Manville was anxious for me to be married on the morning of Kate's wedding, but it was not convenient for Captain Kipton to be here at that time. I have had many sad hours here, Miss Elton, about my isolated condition. I often wished myself in England again; now I am satisfied that 'everything happens for the best.' I became acquainted with Captain Kipton several years ago. He used to visit Lavinia Manville, in company with Eugenius Barrick, to whom Miss Emily was once engaged to be married. Poor Emily! her health was involved in too much incertitude for her to marry. She came to me in tears, one day, shortly after her return from Cuba, and said, 'Miss Morris, I have just had a long conversation with Uncle Doctor; he has convinced me that I ought not to marry Major Barrick, or any one else. Sometimes I was upon the eve

of laughing at Uncle Doctor; for there he sat "looking as solemn as three days' rain," advising me not to love or marry. I promised him I would not, but left to myself, I would rather marry Major Barrick, and die the next hour, than to be under the painful necessity of writing to him, and telling him that I am too nigh death to see him again. But,' said she, 'Miss Morris, Lavinia wished Captain Kipton to marry you; and when I write to Major Barrick that the air and medicine of Cuba has not cured me, I will tell him to send Captain Kipton to Green Haven, to see you. I wish I had a constitution like yours, Miss Anna; but I am dying! I am going to Manville Hall, to die on Ivanora's bosom. I must forget Eugenius, and all the pleasant hours I have spent in his interesting society.' She wrote, in a few days, to Eugenius Barrick, and requested him to speak a friendly word to Captain Kipton. The Captain was then in the East Indies somewhere, and did not return till last spring. Major Barrick, however, during his absence, had been corresponding with Dr. Finlay, who kept him advised of my whereabouts. As soon as Captain Kipton returned to the United States, he came down to Green Haven, and spent a week. He paid me marked attention, but did not address me till last summer—which was done by letter. We have been engaged five months; he has at last arranged his business affairs, and we are to be married on Thursday next."

## CHAPTER XXII.

"NOTHING is too strange to happen," thought I, "nothing at all," as I ran over the old proverbs of the nursery. "Nothing is too strange to take place, now-a-days," I said, directly after dinner, on the day that Miss Morris was to be married, for I was thinking how curious it was, to come to Green Haven as I had with my brother, and the unexpected changes that were made in our arrangements, and that I should see two of the most interesting

persons about the mansion marry, go away, and leave me there. Letters had come from little Kate, informing her pa that she was happily married, and begging him to retain "Miss Elton, if possible," and to send Lizette and Ada to Manville Hall, with her dear Uncle Charles, immediately. At four o'clock in the afternoon, I heard that Captain Kipton was approaching. I ran into the front dining-room, and, woman like, raised the fine silk curtain, to see Miss Morris's future husband. Major Barrick was there too. What a contrast, thought I, and what sorrowful changes are made by the hand of Time! The last week that Major Barrick spent at Green Haven, the halls echoed back the notes of that sweet voice, which now was hushed in death. I was surprised, too, as I gazed on Kipton and Barrick—for behold! there was an elderly woman with them, and I had not heard that a lady was expected. I was, perhaps, as much perplexed to think who she was, as the messenger who went to the furnace, and with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, saw another personage. I ran back to tell Miss Morris, whom I found trembling, and so much agitated that she could not stand still.

Said I, "Miss Morris, in the language of Nebuchadnezzar, when he looked into the furnace, 'Lo! I see four people loose,' walking in the midst of the yard, and the fourth person is like a woman! Here comes your bridegroom and Major Barrick, met by Dr. Finlay, and they are escorting an old-looking lady to the house."—"Ah! indeed," said Miss Morris, "it must be old Miss Amy Kipton, the captain's maiden sister, of whom he has so often spoken. She must be invited at once into my room. Miss Elton, please go to the dining-room door for her. Dr. Finlay has met them, and he will introduce her, and hand her out to you, provided you do not wish to go into the room where the gentlemen are. In case you do go into the room, be careful, or you will forget your Utopian schemes of old maidenhood, and fall in love with Barrick. He is a splendid fellow, and I want you to look at his magnificent eyes. I think they

will touch your heart; and as you conduct Miss Amy to me, be certain to take a good look at her, in order that you may know how you will appear at the age of fifty-three, if you are then called 'Miss Louise.'"—I went to the dining-room, and called Dr. Finlay. He came to me in an instant. He was a practising physician, and habituated to coming quickly when you called him, as every good doctor should do. He insisted on my coming into the room, but I told him Miss Morris had sent me for her intended sister-in-law. I did not know that there was anything peculiar in my remark, till Dr. Finlay laughed, and said, "You are quite mischievous this evening, Louise. You will excuse me for calling you Louise, without prefixing the Miss to the name, will you not?"—I told him, "Certainly I would."—Then he remarked, "I love to call your name, Louise. Louise! how sweetly it sounds!" and he gave me such a curious look over the frame of his spectacles, that I had to turn my head away to avoid his significant glance. I saw him look at me in that way every time I went where he was. When I told it to Miss Morris, she replied, "'Tis because Dr. Finlay loves you; I can see that he loves you, and I know he loves the name of Louise."—I thought differently, for I often said that Dr. Finlay and I resemble two icebergs passing each other in the deep cold waters of indifference; and still I could not avoid laughing at the manner in which he looked at me over his spectacles. He gave me an introduction to Miss Amy Kipton, an old maid in the most extensive meaning of the term. She wore a short-waisted, brown cloth riding-dress, trimmed with black silk braid, a pair of narrow white linen cuffs, and a collar of the same material as white as snow. Her hair was very gray, and she wore over it a black lace cap, trimmed in front with pink ribands and flowers. She had very large eyes, and her skin looked as sallow as if the people where she lived had introduced the fashion of yellow-washing the face, instead of whitening it with meenfun and pearl-powder. She had her pocket handkerchief pinned to her left side, and on her right

arm hung an old-fashioned, green silk reticule, with an long riband run through its casing, tied in a bow-knot, which sat upward on her bony arm, with as much obedience as if it dreaded an anathema from its formal old mistress, in case it moved from the spot whereon she had formally placed it. This ancient specimen walked briskly, and with as much activity as a danseuse. I thought I never had seen any one so frisky, unless it was a widow just out of her weeds, and in a great hurry for some one to court her. I presented her to Miss Morris, as I had received her, as "Miss Amy Kipton;" and, in the hurry and confusion of the old maids kissing each other, and their gratulations, &c., I knocked over a chair, and cracked a fine large mirror that was hung to a pier table. "You won't marry for seven years," said Miss Amy.—"I know I will not," said I; and out I ran to the portico to go to Mrs. Manville, and inform her of the damage I had accidentally done to her mirror. As I was crossing the portico, I met Dr. Finlay by himself. He caught my hand, drew my arm within his own, and said, "Louise, will you not promenade with me a little while here?"—I pulled away from him, and ran off to Mrs. Manville's room, and, as I left him, I replied, "No, I thank you, Doctor; 'tis too chilly to walk on the gallery this afternoon."—I informed Mrs. Manville that I had cracked the fine mirror, which, she assured me, would make no difference, but added, that it was a bad omen to break a mirror, especially on a wedding-day;—that she broke one on her last wedding evening, and, said she, "just look what trouble, vexation, and ingratitude I am living in!"—I then delivered some messages to Mrs. Manville from Miss Morris, and started to go back to her room. As I was re-crossing the gallery, I again met Dr. Finlay, and he said, "Louise, I have waited here expressly to intercept you; I want to converse with you, will you not wait one moment?"

"Certainly, Doctor," said I, "I'll listen to you with pleasure."—"Well, you do not think me too familiar, when I call

you Louise? Oh, if you could only know how sweetly that name sounds to me, I know you would not censure me for loving to repeat it!"—"I have no objection at all," said I; "you can call me Louise, if you like to do so!" Then he took my hand again, and said, "Louise, you have a very cold heart; your hands are remarkably hot."—"Yes!" said I, "Doctor, if I have any heart at all, 'tis very cold; there's no sensation in my heart."—"Say not so, Louise, but tell me if you have ever been disappointed in love?" I told him I had loved, and that I had lived through some sad disappointments. I was withdrawing my hand, when he remarked, "Louise, what makes you take so much pains to avoid me? I have made several attempts to be sociable with you, but you run off and hide yourself like a partridge; your brother will be here, in a day or two; he left you in my charge; I shall tell him that you have not spoken a dozen words to me since he left Green Haven!"—"Well, really," said I, "Doctor, you have been absent so often on professional business, that I have not laid eyes on you sometimes for three or four days."—"Yes, but my engagements are never so strict as to prevent my calling upon you, Louise, and I have sent for you three several times, to come to the parlor, but you did not make your appearance."—"The first evening you called," said I, "my head ached so violently, that I could not come. I sent you my apology. The second call you made, Miss Morris and I had gone out to the office, to examine those grand old paintings there. We remained longer than we intended, and when you sent the servant for us to come to the parlor, we had removed one of the pictures, in order to see it in a stronger light than where it was hung, and it took us some time to replace it; and when we came to the house, we heard that you had been called out in haste to see some sick person; and the third time you called, I had walked with Mrs. Manville to her mantuamaker's. When I returned, Miss Morris informed me that you had called again; it seemed as if there was always something happen-



ing on purpose to prevent our meeting. I have not acted in this way to avoid you, I assure you, Doctor; it has been the result of circumstances over which I have had no control." Just at that moment, Miss Morris walked out of her room; and the confusion I felt showed itself in my countenance. I was a little ashamed, because she had seen me alone with Doctor Finlay; especially, as the Doctor seemed to be conversing so earnestly, and rather closely; he held my hand too, in spite of the effort I made to disengage it, and as Miss Morris had seen all, I submitted in silence. The very moment he released me, I sprang from the chair, and ran away from him. As I entered our room, Miss Morris, in one of her provoking and quizzical ways, said, "Miss Elton, I told you so!"—"Told what?" said I.—"I told you," replied she, "that Dr. Finlay was in love with you."—"I was only conversing with him," said I, "a moment!"—"Yes, Miss Elton, it was to him, no doubt, a precious moment too—he held your hand very lovingly, and to ward off my suspicion, you struggled to be released. You know not how I enjoyed your captivity. I hope that I shall hear, some of these days that you are Mrs. Finlay!"—"Do you believe me capable of encroaching upon the holiness of the matrimonial vow, when I have declared to you, Miss Morris, that I cannot love; that I am now an avowed infidel, relative to the tenets of Cupid? I am inclined, also, to believe that a person who really loves, never can have the same tender affection for another; I have often heard that this is the case; moreover, I do not care about being in love. I would not take the trouble to love; neither do I believe that I could be sufficiently interested in a gentleman, to wish to marry him. One thing is certain, Miss Anna: I do not believe that I can ever forget how passionately I once loved Alphonse de Leroy!"—"True, you never may forget him, and always recollect the devotion with which you first loved, but that ought not to harden your heart against the tender passion, however, for you may love again. You are to marry Dr. Finlay, Miss Elton;

I saw it the first evening you came to Green Haven; he told me, before he learned your surname, that a stranger was in the parlor, and that her brother called her Louise; and, said he, 'I was electrified, because she so closely resembles Madame Augereau; and if she is unmarried, I shall deem it a signal interposition of Heaven, that she has accidentally come to Green Haven;' he was almost crazy about you, and no little was I amused and distressed on his account, the first night he brought you in to tea. He seemed to be completely metamorphosed; but the most provoking thing of all was, that unstudied indifference and nonchalance with which you seemed to regard the poor Doctor. Said I to myself, "I have seen you, Dr. Finlay, in agonies about another Louise; when you have spoken of her to me, now I see you enveloped in uncertainty about another, who looks as invulnerable to me, as your first loved Louise used to think you looked yourself. Dr. Finlay is rich, Miss Elton; he has a splendid practice; he is talented, amiable, interesting, tender-hearted, and handsome; and what objection can you urge to him?"

"None, none at all, Miss Morris; only I do not wish to marry any one. I think that if a woman is single, and satisfied, she is ten times better off than if she is married; and this is my condition, precisely. Oh pshaw! Miss Morris, don't say marry to me again; my heart's door is padlocked;" and she caught instantly the thread of my sentence, and wound up by saying, "and Dr. Finlay has found the key; ere long it will be unlocked." Said I, "Miss Morris, you had better go and dress, to be married; Miss Kipton and I will assist you; and I will pay you a fine price if you won't rally me about Dr. Finlay again; you must not joke me again about getting married; 'tis all a jest with you, I know; for a few days ago, you were advising me to 'set my cap,' for old Mr. Manville; to-day it is Dr. Finlay; by to-morrow it will be some one else."—"Oh, yes," said Miss Morris, "perchance I may plague you about Major Barrick; his heart is very susceptible;

and if I discover that he becomes smitten, as Dr. Finlay has, I must be permitted to tell you of it. I regret that I am to leave here to-morrow, for I love you, Miss Elton, and I think that, by talking to you frequently upon the subject, I might turn your thoughts into the matrimonial conduit, and be the means, perhaps, of making you happy; for I cannot bear to see a woman who possesses mind, and heart, and health, and personal attractions, bury her charms, just in the bloom of life. I used to beg the nuns, when I was in the convent, to pull off their mournful-looking habiliments, and come out into the world, and be ornaments to society; they are generally so highly educated, and amongst them are some of the purest-minded and most elegant women in the world, all shut out from the pleasures of that society, they were formed to adorn."—Said I, "Miss Morris, the parson is in yonder waiting for you, and Captain Kipton is growing impatient: go along and get married, and let me alone; for, as Hannah More has written, I am

‘Like the steadfast polar star,—

That never from its fixed and faithful point declines.’”

“Dear me,” said Miss Amy Kipton, “I have come down here to ‘set my cap,’ for Mr. Charles Manville; he’s been given to me, and he’s a dear man; what age is he?”—“He is about seventy-eight years old,” replied Miss Morris.—“Well,” said Miss Kipton, “I hear he’s a nice old gentleman; how many children has he?”—“Only one son,” said Miss Morris, “and he’s married and gone; but his household is pretty large; he has two sisters, who are to reside with him, a granddaughter, Parson Macdonald, and a Welsh lady who superintends his establishment, and in March next, his niece, Miss Carrie Ashmore, graduates at the academy of —, and she is his adopted daughter. Her mother gave Carrie to Mr. Manville on her deathbed. Mrs. Ashmore was a favorite sister, I hear, and when Miss Carrie leaves school, her home will be at Manville

Hall. Miss Elton, also, is going there as governess, and Colonel Manville’s two little daughters, Lizette and Ada, are to be carried there very soon. You will have a kind of nunnery there, Miss Elton, as Manville Hall is so secluded by shades and mountains; old Mr. Manville will represent the abbot, and Miss Matilda the mother superior.”—“Dear me,” said the old maid, “I cannot venture there; too many people there for me. I heard that the old gentleman was anxious to marry, that he wanted company, and lived a lonely retired life, but I have been misinformed. Dear me, how curiously people talk; and you say he will not be here to see you married, Anna?” by which name she familiarly addressed Miss Morris. “Dear me, I have come on purpose to see him, and all my trouble’s for nothing. However,” said she, consolingly, as she leaned against the bureau, “what is to be will be;” and in a short time, we were all dressed to see Miss Morris married.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

ABOUT eight o’clock, I entered the parlor, and received an introduction to Parson Bayley, and Major Barrick. Captain Kipton had gone to receive his bride. I found Major Barrick to be one of the most intelligent and interesting gentlemen I had met for a great while, and one of the handsomest I ever saw; his eyes were black, oh richly black, a perfect gazelle’s eye, soft, but expressive; his complexion was dark, and his hair black and glossy; he was eloquent in conversation. His serious cast of countenance attracted me, and I plainly saw that some of sorrow’s darkest clouds had clustered around his manly brow. Colonel Manville and wife, Dr. Finlay, Major Barrick, Miss Amy Kipton, Lizette, Ada, and myself, witnessed the marriage, by Parson Bayley, of Miss Anna Morris and Captain George Kipton. The evening sped away very agreeably indeed. I had the pleasure of an introduc-

tion to the bridegroom, and was several times engaged in a social conversation with Dr. Finlay, who seemed very much disposed to converse upon the subject of the education of Lizette and Ada. He expressed himself highly gratified that they were going to Manville Hall, and told me that as soon as he could leave his patients, he would endeavor to visit 'the children.' He seemed to take particular pains to emphasize the word children, referring to Lizette and Ada, as if he meant me to understand distinctly that I would not be the object of his visit to Manville Hall. I made no reply, but I thought he lingered awhile to see if I would not say, 'Doctor, are you not coming there to see me too?' In a short time after this conversation, supper was announced. After we had retired from the tea-table, about three-quarters of an hour, Dr. Finlay was called out to see a lady in the neighbourhood who was ill, and as I was slow to form new acquaintances, and Major Barrick the only very interesting personage left in the parlors, and he was shrouded in melancholy, I said to Mrs. Kipton 'good night,' courtesied to the gentlemen and Miss Amy, and retired."

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

I KNEW not at what hour the remainder of the company left the parlors. I was so soundly sleeping, that I did not hear the servant girl, who slept in our room, when she arose to open the door for Miss Amy to come in. Late in the night, however, I heard the old lady calling my name. She said, "Miss Elton, I am desperately frightened. I have been disturbed by some one who seems to be walking under the far window; it is so near your head, too, I wonder you did not awake; dear me, you sleep so soundly! I called you six or seven times before I could arouse you." I raised on my elbow, and listened. I did, indeed, hear footsteps, and a low, plaintive

voice. I rose from the bed, and looked through the window. A kind of glittering mist, faintly gilded by the moon's rays, had settled over the landscape. I raised the curtain, which hung over the side window, and down towards the garden; I saw a tall figure moving in the pale moonlight. I saw directly who it was, and knew why he was there. It was the heart-sick Barrick: he had been to visit the spot where Emily slept, and was walking alone, meditating upon bygone days. I remained at the casement for some time after I explained to the affrighted maiden what was the matter, and I heard Major Barrick utter the following words:

"That majestic ghost-like pillar informs me that near it sleeps my Emily, my beautiful, my much-lamented bride! 'Tis finely sculptured, and so highly polished, it shines brightly in the moonlight,—fit emblem of the purity of her I fondly loved, and whose memory I cherish. Alas! how transient are all of this world's beauties! The golden chains of affectionate hopes that once interlinked my heart to that endeared one, are all broken, save in memory. How short and vain is life! Oh, how have I suffered from disappointment! How faded the delicately colored roses that once tinged her snowy cheeks! How dim now are those large, soft, gazelle-like eyes, and those intellectual glances! All are now under the clods of death's valley. Can it be so? Can those ravishing beauties now be hidden under the eternal gloom of death? Is that musical voice for ever hushed, and does the loathsome worm now riot upon those sweet lips, where once bloomed the freshest flowers? O Death! how cruel was thy triumph! Youth and beauty, joy and blooming hope, lie yonder a victim to thy darts. Thy darksome prison now confines a gentle captive; instead of the downy bridal couch, the damp chilly earth is her resting-place, dust and corruption now conceal her from him who would have been her devoted husband. But hark! is that *her* voice I hear in the night-zephyr,—or what is it? Something seems to breathe near me: I hear it say, 'Calm

your thoughts. Emily's spirit hovers over you; she is happy,—be ye, therefore, tranquil; she slumbers on couches of fragrant flowers; the angels sing anthems around her, and perfumes, with soft, transporting strains of music, are perpetually wafting from the surrounding beatific worlds, to me in my celestial home.'” I now saw that he approached the house; he advanced, and stood opposite my window; he cast many mournful looks in that direction, then his majestic form glided off into the deep shades. In conversation, I had been told by Miss Morris—now Mrs. Kipton—that Major Barrick was an amateur flutist, and that she had often heard that there was a favorite bower, covered with vines of honeysuckle, rose, and sweet jasmine, on that side of the yard, before the new mansion was built at Green Haven; that it was also opposite to Emily's chamber; and thither Barrick used to repair when he was addressing Miss Emily, and sit for hours serenading her. I sympathized very deeply with the mournful solitaire, and concluded (with the poet) that Barrick was one of those persons “sickened with gaudy scenes,” and at that still, sad hour, was

“Led by choice to take his fav'rite walk  
Beneath Death's gloomy, silent cypress shades,  
Unpierced by Vanity's fantastic ray!  
To read his monument, \* \* \*  
\* \* \* and dwell among the tombs.”

## CHAPTER XXV.

THE light morning clouds that overhung the disk of the sun, looking like a thin veil of burnished gossamer, soon floated away. I arose early to bid farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Kipton, who intended leaving Green Haven before breakfast. I walked with Miss Amy to the parlors, where the family and visitors were assembled. All the household were there, except the lady of the mansion; and the departure of all the brides in the State

would not have induced her to rise earlier than her customary hour. She had said “good-bye” to Mrs. Kipton overnight; and when we were all in sadness and tears at seeing the bride leave, Mrs. Manville was slumbering softly in the embraces of Somnus, under the white and scarlet banners that waved around her empress-like couch. Lizette stood on one side of Mrs. Kipton, and little Ada sat on a divan at her feet; she hung her head in tears. Captain Kipton was, for a short time, conversing with Colonel Manville and Dr. Finlay. I said to myself, the bridegroom looks happy, for the cheerful expression of his manly countenance evinces his satisfaction with his choice. Miss Amy now commenced tying on her straw hat, and seemed anxious to leave—not only Green Haven, but that haven of single misery, where her spirit had long been exhausted of its patience, in the vortex of hope and despair. Barrick looked very serious, said but little, but behaved with the most captivating dignity. He shook hands with Colonel Manville in the most feeling and cordial manner; and when he parted with Dr. Finlay, I heard the latter say, “Farewell, Eugenius; may you be happy!” Lizette and Ada still clung to Mrs. Kipton weeping, and begging her to return soon to Green Haven, forgetting at the moment that their good uncle Charles was expected every day to return, and carry them to Manville Hall. They loved “Miss Anna,” as they still called Mrs. Kipton; but the moment drew near for her to take leave of them; then she kissed me, and playfully whispered, “Adieu, Miss Louise! I still cherish the presentiment, that if I should ever meet you again upon the broad arena of life, you will *then* be Mrs. Finlay!”

## CHAPTER XXVI.

AFTER Mrs. Kipton had gone, I repaired to my room to meditate. It was now assigned me as my own room. We now

had a thin household at Green Haven. Dr. Finlay's office was about one hundred paces from the mansion. Colonel Manville's overseer was ill, and his agricultural responsibilities called him the greater portion of the day upon the plantation. Mrs. Manville, Lizette, Ada, and myself were often the only occupants of this late gay mansion. The neighborhood was composed of many wealthy planters; but they lived at a considerable distance from each other, consequently (except upon some festival occasion), they very seldom visited each other in a social way. I was pleased with the arrangement I had made with Mr. Charles Manville, and I was eager for the days to depart that I might repair to his house. There was something of an antique and gloomy character in the history of Manville Hall, and the account I had heard of its secluded and romantic situation, made many images of turrets, spires, moss-grown towers, and ivy-curtained walls, rise in my imagination. The bell announcing breakfast now rung. I entered the apartment where we always ate, and found all the family at table, and Mrs. Manville, like the old Fadladeen of "Lalla Rookh," in a morose humor, and in one of her "loftiest moods of criticism."—"Well, Miss Elton," said Colonel Manville, "Mrs. Kipton has left us; I am pleased that she has married so well, and regard myself as being peculiarly fortunate that you are here to take charge of Lizette and Ada."

"Now, I do not know," said Mrs. Manville, "whether you should offer to yourself so many gratulations or not, Colonel Manville, for I assure you I am not altogether satisfied with Miss Elton, particularly her religious principles; for I can say that she has just as good as told me, roundly, that she will not teach Lizette and Ada religion."—"That meets my most hearty approbation," said Colonel Manville, greatly to my relief. "I wish my daughters well educated, Miss Elton," continued he; "I desire that they are first made familiarly acquainted with the English language. I request you, if you please, to purchase a spelling-book apiece for them, make them

proficients in orthography and orthoepy; then teach them to read and write correctly; when they know how to spell, read, and write, you may then put them to studying arithmetic, geography, history, grammar, &c., &c. Miss Morris has been so much afflicted with ophthalmia for about fifteen months, that she has been unable to attend closely to Lizette and Ada, consequently they are backward in their learning. I hope you will bring them on regularly: that is the way my first daughters were educated; it is my plan; 'tis the plan of the English and Scotch; and, I find amongst the most thoroughly educated people of the United States, that it is just what they call 'The Old Virginia plan.' I do not care what your charges are, nor how many embellishments you beautify the minds of my daughters with, provided that you first instruct them well in the rudiments of education. I prefer their crawling before they walk, especially in the paths of education. I have no request to make about their religion. When they are old enough they may connect themselves with any denomination they think proper. I never coerce my children, or restrict them in their ideas of religion. My eldest daughters were members of the Roman Catholic Church; they were every one pious, intelligent, and virtuous women. I do not ask you, Miss Elton, to evangelize for Lizette and Ada; by no means; only fill the office of governess towards them and myself, and all will be well. Miss Morris, or rather Mrs. Kipton, resided in my family a great while; and when her health was good enough for her to teach, I admired her course very much. I am happy, however, that she has married George Kipton." Mrs. Manville did not speak for a great while. I saw from her actions that she was displeased at the remarks of Colonel Manville, but it was one of those times when the sovereignty of a husband resumes its throne, and there was something so decisive and commanding in his manners and voice, that even the restless and domineering spirit of the irascible wife was checked, and an innate monitor bade her be silent. At length, she recovered a few more of her words of contention, and spoke.

"Yes," said she, curving her thin lips, "I think you ought to be happy, as the old maid is surely married; she came to this country as a sick-nurse; you brought her here penniless; she has made a little fortune out of your purse, and you have married her to a rich merchant. I'm happy, also, that she has gone; and when I heard the wheels of the carriage that bore her off rattle over the gravel walks, this morning, I could not help thinking of the remarks of Miss Martineau, who was so astonished at the wealth and plenty of the American people. She wrote home to England, 'Happy is the country where factory girls carry parasols, and pig-drivers wear spectacles.' Then that trifling, abusive fellow, Marryat, came over here without a shilling, and wrote a comment upon the people of this Union. In his book of lampoonery, he says: 'How much more happy must be that country where a little black boy of nine months old wears Valenciennes lace at the bottom of his trousers.' Poor English wretches, thought I; and how much more happy ought your nation to be when she can land her women here, beggars, sick-nurses, and common school mistresses; where they marry rich merchants, and are rolled off in fine carriages, attired in fine linens, laces, jewelry, and velvets."—"Very good, my dear," said Colonel Manville; "'All's well that ends well,' you recollect, do you not? Miss Anna, then, was worthy of a good husband on either side of the ocean; her own merits have won George Kipton; 'tis a first-rate match; for Anna is a prudent, sensible, affectionate woman, and I have no hesitation in saying, that I believe the Captain will often be heard to exclaim, happy man that I am, because Mother England has sent me so good a wife as the woman I found at Green Haven."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

"THE autumnal months had nearly gone by, with their profusion of flowers, leaves, and fruits. The once soft green

foliage of the trees had faded beneath the feverish influence of the southern sunbeams. November had come and gone. Its chilling gales had dried the sap of the foliage, and the earth now looked as if Æolus, or some other invisible god of the wind, had confusedly scattered the nuts and leaves over the earth. I was in the habit of strolling about the garden in the evening. I went frequently to the monuments also. There was something in the appearance of those tall, white stones, which always caused a serious cast of thought to steal over me. I loved to walk round them, and read the names of the dear dead, whom they hid from my sight; but in whose histories I had been as much interested as if I had been personally acquainted with them. The grass about the base of these monuments seemed to have a melancholy wave. I thought the little beds, covered with ivy and myrtle, appeared to have leaves of a deeper and more sombre hue than anywhere else; then, as the evening winds arose and shook the vine which Kate had wreathed around the stone, it, too, sounded mournfully, as it quivered against the white pillar. As I was entering the yard, I was met by Lizette and Ada, who were coming, they said, "to see ma's grave." Ada was a child of extraordinary beauty; more perfectly beautiful than Lizette; but there was something of the commanding and lofty in Lizette, something queenly. She spoke and acted as if she was impelled by an innate divinity, who whispered to her that she was born to be commanding in her manners, and to govern something or somebody. Lizette was of a rounder form than Ada, and she was remarkably straight. Like all the Manvilles, Ada had large, rich black eyes; but there was a mischievous glance in Lizette's eyes which belonged not to Ada. When Lizette was in a gleeful mood, which was often the case, I loved to notice her eyes as they sparkled under her long eyelashes, and I have often said to her, "Lizette, you laugh as much with your eyes as you do with your lips." I was happy to meet them at the gate, and encouraged them to go on and look at the monuments.



Just before I left them, said I, "Ada, do you recollect your mother?"—"O yes, Miss Elton, I recollect my ma," said she; "and Aunt Dorcas tells me every day that I must not forget ma. She says we lost our best friend when ma died. Aunt Dorcas tries to make me remember how Sisters Emily and Lavinia looked. She says I must pattern after them, because I favor both of them. She says I am the very picture of Sister Lavinia; and when I walked away from her, the other day, across the portico, old Aunty said, 'Dear me, master ought to change your name to Lavinia, you look so much like poor Miss Finny.'"—"Which of your sisters do you resemble, Lizette?" said I—"O," said Lizette, "in temper, pa says I am like Sister Julia; that I remind him, in my form and walk, of Sister Emily more than Ada does. Pa thinks we all resemble our mother, with the exception of our hair and eyes. We every one have the 'Manville eye,' pa says." They then ran into the garden; and as I had been accustomed to walk down the gravelled road every evening, since the departure of Mrs. Kipton, looking for my brother, I strolled off to the front yard and commenced my lonely promenade. I wished for Alva to come back to Green Haven; for it seemed to me I had had a great dream, which I was growing impatient to relate. I knew, however, that he was capable of taking care of himself, and as such good fortune had attended me, I concluded to stimulate afresh the organ of contentment, and wait till he returned to conduct me home. I was joined, after awhile, by Dr. Finlay, and we promenaded around the circle in the yard. "Louise," said he, "do you take any interest in contemplating the cause of the ensanguined color of the leaves with which the earth is now dyed?"

"O yes, Doctor," I replied, "I am deeply interested in all the works of Nature. I was thinking about the scarlet leaves when you first came up. I will tell you, too, what my reflections were. Do you not know that Scorpio is one of the signs of the zodiac? Well, the Chaldeans thought that when the

sun entered that sign, that it sent on the world all manner of frightful diseases. You know the sickly season of this country is generally in the fall, when the fruits are so abundant; and we often say people are sickly because they have so many fruits; they indulge in eating them so freely and imprudently that they grow sick. The Chaldeans and Egyptians believed this sign sent disease and death upon them, hence their saying, 'that when Scorpio recedes, he wounds with the sting in his tail.' I thought it was as reasonable in me to say that these red leaves which lie here under my feet have been stung by the scorching beams of the sun, or poisoned by the sting of Scorpio, and that they seemed to be wounded, and stained with their own blood."—"You love to admire the planets, and stars too, do you not, Louise?" said Dr. Finlay—"Indeed I do, Doctor," replied I; "and when I am travelling I watch them all night, especially if I am in a stage-coach, for then I cannot sleep. I recollect, upon one occasion, I had my veil torn from my bonnet, as I leaned out of the window of the stage to gaze upon one of the softest and most beautiful stars which bespangles the heavens. I refer to Fomalhaut. It is a nautical star, between the first and second magnitude, right in the mouth of Pisces Australis. Its light is soft and gentle. I watch it during the summer, till it culminates in the fall. It is my favorite star;—now, tell me which is a favorite of yours, Doctor?"—"I have no particular favorites," said he, "amongst the stars separately. My greatest favorite yonder," continued he, pointing upwards, "is Corona Borealis. I love that little semicircle that glitters so beautifully. I also love the history of it. It is named in honor of the crown presented by Bacchus to Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, the king of Crete. I knew a gentleman once," continued Dr. Finlay, "who loved a lady, and a little circumstance connected with the name of Ariadne and the Northern Crown, always affected him in after life."—"Why did they not get married, Doctor?" said I. "Carelessness on his part,"

was his reply; "and, indeed," continued he, "it was a lesson to him. The lady loved him devotedly. She waited, of course, for him to make an avowal of love to her; but some men are of this disposition, Louise: they wait, they consult, they hope, they promise, they love; yes, they adore the softer sex; they have a natural yearning to be loved in return by some one; they desire to be the chosen of one affectionate heart; they waste a lifetime in drawing plans, in dreams, and in inquiries; and at last look around, and, like the enchanted Belides, after their days of toilsome labor, discover that they have been drawing water in sieves; that their vessels are destitute of ground-work, or, to use the Scripture term, 'they have hewn unto themselves cisterns, broken cisterns that hold no water.' To confess the truth to you, Louise, I was once at the environs of happiness myself. I had nothing to do but to unlatch the gate and walk in; but I kept loitering without, thinking the scenes on the outer side might interest me a little longer. After awhile night—O! the darkest of nights!—came on, and I lost the track I so lately had trod! I sat down, and after a little time, I was so favored by fortune—that fair goddess—that she sent a great genius, who raised me on his shoulders above the walls of the garden. I then saw the Hesperian apples, of luscious, golden appearance. I saw I had nothing to do but to reach forth, and pluck that one which hung swinging near me. I gazed on it with admiration. I said to myself, 'Such heavenly fruit will never wither, and I will gather it after awhile.' I even, at that propitious moment, Louise, concluded to wait, and I again sat down upon the earth without having enriched myself."—I saw that the scorpion of regret had left its sting within the heart of my worthy friend, and I knew that his own reflections sickened him. Miss Morris (as she then was, when she told me the story of Dr. Finlay) had made me acquainted with his unfortunate loss of Louise Banthier. I therefore changed the subject of the conversation, and said, "Doctor, which of the male poets of the old world do you most admire?"

Said he, "When I wish to feast my mind on the stupendous and grand, I read Milton; when I desire to be refreshed in antiquated legends and stirring romances, I read Scott; when I wish to feed my rural mental appetite, and cull something sweet and unvitiated in simplicity, I select the poems of Robert Burns; if I feel in the ethereal humor, and wish to soar beyond the beauties of this earth, and swing for awhile in the blue ether upon strings of silver, or inhale the exquisite fragrance from bowers of Elysium, Shelley is then selected; when I tune the strings of my sentimental lute, I listen many a time in delicious transport, as it re-echoes the fervor and harmony in the verses of Thomas Moore; I read Shakspeare when I discover myself growing dull in many of the affairs of ordinary life; when the fire of love seems to be burning out within my heart, Byron furnishes me with a substance which quickly ignites the dying embers. I admire the lyrics of Pindar and Terpander; I often renew my acquaintance with old Æschylus, the father of the tragic muse; I think, in sublimity of thought, that Dante is almost, if not entirely, equal to Milton; I read Tasso with deep interest, and often roam over the consecrated sonnets of Petrarch. Many a time has my poetic spirit been rocked to sleep, lulled by the gentle fragrance of Virgil; but, above all, when I wish to revivify my mind, and gild it with brighter light, I collect in my glass the finer rays that beam from the sun of Homer." I could have remained much longer in the society of Dr. Finlay, for I wanted to go with him over the whole arena of science and literature, but, to my mortification and surprise, I heard the great clock of the mansion strike ten. We had been on the portico and around the gravel walks for four hours. "What an imprudent act in me!" said I to myself, "to stay out so late." I was really provoked; but my enthusiasm was so great when the sciences of botany and astronomy were mentioned, that it seemed as if I would never wish to eat or sleep, if I met a friend with whom I could converse upon the beauty, grandeur, and mystery which they

develope. Said I, "Doctor, why did you not remind me that it was growing so late?"—"Never mind," said he, "the family have not yet retired. Colonel Manville is reading, I hear him. Listen, Louise, do you not hear him too?" I did not stay to listen; I bade the Doctor a hasty good-night, ran off to my room, and as soon as possible I retired. I could not go to sleep either, for I had begun to think anxiously about Alva and home. I knew the family at Green Haven were hourly expecting Mr. Charles Manville to return; that he was to carry Lizette and Ada to Manville Hall; that Colonel Manville and lady were preparing to visit —, to spend the ensuing winter, and in a short time Green Haven would hear my valedictory,—then, thought I, poor Dr. Finlay, will he remain here entirely alone? I would have given a good deal to have asked him if he intended staying at Green Haven by himself, but I was afraid he might think I had a motive in asking him, so I reluctantly suppressed my interrogation. I quieted my mind, however, by concluding that the Doctor had been trained in the academy of that celebrated old philosopher, Anaxagoras, who placed the supreme good of life in contemplation. I believed that he loved solitude—that he loved to be alone, and where he could secretly indulge his thoughts,—thoughts of Louise Banthier; for, when he spoke of Ariadne and the Northern Crown, his recollections revived, and he was deeply affected. I concluded that when the day-dream of earlier years hovered over him, he loved to woo the phantom; and I knew that he loved to meditate upon his lost Louise. My belief, too, was exactly like those who declare that the rays of first love are inextinguishable, and who believe its impressions rarely, if ever, are obliterated. I could not sleep without reprimanding myself again for spending four hours out of doors with Dr. Finlay, and all the excuse I had to satisfy myself with was, my great love and admiration for the sciences, and the interest which always overwhelmed me when I met with one so highly gifted, and whose intellect was so richly draperied, as I found

Dr. Finlay's to be, that I unconsciously revelled away the hours, banqueting upon the luxuries of his mind. "He is one," said I, "with whom we seldom meet in this world; one who can 'soar aloft and swing on contemplation;' who delights to 'climb the heights of yonder starry road,' and to 'rise through nature up to nature's God.'" This is the history of the mind of Dr. Finlay, the only species of intellect capable of buffeting the waves of life's briny ocean,—the only description of the mind of an associate, especially of an intellectual cast, for whom I ever cherish a heart-burning wish.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN a few days, sure enough, Mr. Manville arrived again at Green Haven; with him came Miss Matilda Manville, an old maiden sister, Mrs. Newland, his widowed sister (who was quite an old lady also), all bound for Manville Hall, which was their home sometimes for years. "Brother Charles," was the idol of the family; every one looked up to him; all consulted him, and all were interested by him. I heard him inquire for me soon after he came on the lower portico. I was in the library with Lizette and Ada. He came to the door. I saluted him and invited him to walk in. He kissed Lizette and Ada, sat down, and held one on each side of him. He pressed them to him, and a sweet, innocent smile illumined their wonted downcast faces. They were happy, because Uncle Charles had come to carry them away; happy to find one heart upon which their pretty little heads could peacefully and securely repose. They began to tell their uncle that "dear pa" was going to let their aunt Dorcas go with them to Manville Hall, and that as soon as the spring opened, their "Uncle Doctor" was going to see Sister Kate, and would carry "all of ma's servants to her." "Then," said Ada, "pa's wife will not have any of us here to abuse; and Uncle Doctor is going to carry ma's por-

trait to Sister Kate. He took it out of the garret the other day, and it hangs in his office over the mantel-piece. Lizette and I go there every day to see it; and after we say our evening lessons, and Lizette practises her guitar lessons, Aunt Dorcas takes us walking, and we go to the graves." As I always had a religious love for children, I felt a secret cord of affection already winding itself about my heart for Lizette and Ada, and I had to turn aside to wipe away the tears that gathered in my impulsive eyes. I rejoiced to see these children happy. Their sweet, rich black eyes seemed to reflect the rays of kindness which glowed in the soft, benevolent-looking orbs of their heavenly-minded uncle, as they were enjoying his affectionate caresses. I thought of two little beautiful pea-blossoms, which had lain all night on the cool, damp ground, that became cheered and revived by the morning's sun; they looked chilled many a time; but when the good horticulturist comes along, and raises them upon frames, and the rays of old Sol come down, then the tyrannical and untimely frosts of April are subdued; the flower produces fruit, and the board of the mansion is furnished with a delicate vegetable in due season. Mr. Manville began to insist on my going home with him from Green Haven; but I told him it was impossible, that I had not seen my mother for so long, having been closely engaged in the county of ———, in the South, as a governess; that my mother resided with my married brother, and that I must go and visit her before I could go to Manville Hall. I was greatly pleased to learn that Mr. Manville intended stopping a week or more at Green Haven, in order to allow Miss Matilda and Mrs. Newland an opportunity to spend some sociable hours in the society of Colonel Manville, who was also their brother; but whose second marriage seemed to have somewhat cut him off from the nearest relatives of his household; for no matter who came, if Madam took a notion that Colonel Manville neglected her for a moment she would go into spasms, and likely as not keep him up all night, acting as sick-nurse.

Dr. Finlay was often called in to prescribe for her, but having made her very angry upon one occasion, she declared him to be no better informed upon medicine and disease than old Glasgow, a servant belonging to one of her brothers, who cured toothache and rheumatism by taking the patient to a tree, boring a gimlet-hole in it, and placing a lock of the patient's hair in the hole. The tree had to be a young one too, and as it grew the pain in the tooth and the rheumatism left the patient. She had medicine from her old family physician, which always relieved her, if Colonel Manville would only administer it right. She wanted nothing to do with Dr. Finlay; he let nine of her negroes die during the sickly season, one fall, and she had called him a quack ever since, and hated him because he gave her pills made of that abominable assafoetida, as he pretended he believed she had hypochondria. I was quite at my ease when I heard that Mr. Manville was going to stay, perhaps ten days, at Green Haven. I knew that Lizette and Ada were going away when Mr. Manville and his sisters left, and there would be no one there to engage my attention; I knew that Alva was detained longer than he expected, for I had heard from him in the mean time, and he informed me that Mr. Lampton had gone a second time to the city of ———, to get the money he had owed my father; I recollected our poverty too, and endeavored to content myself with the argument that my brother was using every effort to collect the debt, and also, courting a beautiful, worthy girl, and I became satisfied, spite of my impatience to see him, to be on our road homeward, and my anxiety to embrace once more an affectionate mother.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

ON the second evening after Mr. Manville came to Green Haven, my brother arrived also; I had put on my cottage

bonnet, and my short cloak, and was just going around the circle in the front yard, to take my evening walk, and look for Alva, when I saw him come dashing along in a new buggy, the plating on it glittering in the evening sun, and a gay, fine-looking, beautiful, bay horse. "Well, well," thought I, "Alva has got his money, he returns in so much better style than he left." I ran to him—sprung into the vehicle, fell on his breast, and wept for joy; my heart filling with gratitude, I breathed a prayer of thanksgiving to Heaven for his safe and profitable journey. "Well, sister, you look as if you were in perfect health," said Alva.—"I have been very well, dear brother," said I; "how are you, and how many chills have shaken you since I saw you?"—"I have had four; I am well, however, and what do you think cured me? I went down home with Roff and Upperton, and whenever I was well enough I was out visiting the ladies; for, Louise, you never saw such fine society as they have at —. Well, one day, when the chill was about to come on, Roff said "Alva, come, and take a ride with me? I intend presenting you with that fine, bay horse at the stile there; come and ride him; he paces delightfully." I never dreamed of what Roff was at, of course; so I went along with him, got in the saddle, and the first thing I knew, Roff jumped on behind me. I thought he was only at some of his customary mischief, but he gave the high mettled steed a cut with a huge whip he held in his hand, then stuck his great Mexican spur into him; and such another 'John Gilpin' of a race, you never saw in your life. He trotted me for ten miles at the top of Red Jacket's speed; I cursing, begging, and often praying to him to stop, and to know what in the name of civilization he meant. But on we went, as hard as we could make Red Jacket trot—for he could no more pace than a hog. After awhile, I told Roff, I would jump off, or roll off, for I was so nigh exhausted, I could scarcely sit up; I told him I was in a profuse perspiration, and weak enough to die. "Oh, well," exclaimed he, "then your chill is broken, and that is why I

have made Red Jacket trot with you. I'll bet you'll never have another chill; and now that we are in sight of Harry Upperton's, we will just trot to his house and stay all night." Well, we trotted up to Harry's, and dismounted; we found him at home, and as it had been a plan between them to get me well jolted to break my chill, Upperton came running out, with a cunning smile on his lips, playfully saying, 'Well, Alva, when had you a chill?' I got into the house as soon as I could, had a cup of hot sage-tea made, and I have had no symptom of a chill from that day to this. Do you see this fine buggy, Louise? Harry made me a present of it, and Roff gave me the horse. Do you see these fine clothes too? Mr. Lampton gave them to me; he purchased them in Mobile; he paid me the money too, and the interest on it; and his son Warren Lampton, has sent a watch, worth one hundred and sixty dollars, to our brother George, who is named in honor of his father, and grandfather; and Evelina Weston, and Charlotte Northby have sent to you, mother, and brother George's wife, a host of little presents. Do you recollect Evelina and Charlotte? Louise, they are both married, and reside on plantations adjoining old Mr. Lampton, their father. I am engaged to be married too, Louise, and the 'old folks' have consented. What better luck could mortal have had, than your brother Alva."

"None," I replied. I had not spoken for a long time, I was so rejoiced to see Alva, and been so much interested in his account of his friends, &c., I could not speak. After awhile we got out of the buggy, and I conducted Alva into my room to the fire, he remarking, "Louise, you look and act as if you were at home; have you married anybody since I saw you?"—"No, nothing like it," replied I, "but the former governess has married since you were here, and she has gone with her husband, Captain Kipton, to Dariin, Georgia. I am in her place; and when we get home and see mother, brother, and his family, you must carry me to Manville Hall. I have consented

to go there, and stay four years, to educate Lizette and Ada, the younger daughters of Colonel Manville. Their sister, who was married the morning you left here, requests that they may never be brought to Green Haven any more; their stepmother is unkind to them; and I learn that Colonel Manville is going to divide property with his married daughter, send Lizette and Ada home with his pious old brother, and that when Lizette is sixteen years of age, he intends to send her to Philadelphia. Ada is to go, if her health is restored by that time. She is a delicate child, and everybody thinks she will have the consumption, like her two elder sisters, who have died with it. After they are thoroughly educated, they are to reside with their married sister or other relations." I then rung my bell for a servant, whom I requested to go and inform Colonel Manville that my brother had come. I knew the hour for tea was at hand, and I did not wish Alva to go to the table until he had seen the master of the house. The Colonel came directly, and Dr. Finlay also; and both welcomed him back to Green Haven. Then Dr. Finlay reminded him, that there was still a bottle of brandy about the mansion, and that if Alva thought proper they would commemorate the eve of their first acquaintance, by partaking of another social glass. After supper, we all assembled above stairs in the parlors. Alva had no young lady to talk to this time, so he cornered Miss Matilda Manville. In about half an hour, perhaps, Colonel and Mr. Charles Manville left us. I heard the Colonel say, "Brother, walk to the library with me." Mrs. Newland, who was often sick, retired early, and then Dr. Finlay had an opportunity to talk to me alone. The Doctor could play backgammon, and so could I. We lifted a small table into the upper parlor (as Miss Matilda and Alva thought to play). We did not pay, however, very strict attention to the game. I saw that Dr. Finlay's mind was roving. He was one of the "brags" of the State of ———, but I gammoned him the first game. Said I, "Doctor, that's a great victory for me. I have heard

that Colonel Manville plays a splendid game at backgammon, and that you are considered his superior."—"You play very well, Louise," said the Doctor. The second game I gammoned him again. I laughed at him very heartily; and he smiled at my being so much amused at him. I was, however, not laughing so heartily at my success in out-playing him, as I was at the mechanical roll he gave his great blue eyes at me over the frames of his spectacles. There was something inexpressibly amusing in the manner he had of rolling his great eyes at me over his glasses. I never knew what it was, but whenever I saw him cast such glances at me I always ran away from him, or buried my face in my handkerchief and laughed at him. I saw him make a wrong play several times; twice he ought to have played six and four in his table, and closed an important point, but he played his men on the points, making six and five. Again, when the dice gave him the advantage of me, and he ought to have played six and one, and closed the point in the corner of his table, and prevented me from running with my men, he played his six in the corner, and would not move the ace upon it from the cinque point, but played an ace from the cinque point in the table, which gave me an opportunity to take his men; for luck, the next throw with the dice, gave me four and six, and I triumphantly lifted two of his men from the board. Said I, "Doctor, you have played carelessly, on purpose, have you not? You have let me gammon you twice, and I am in a fair way of doing so the third time; my ace, deuce, tray, and six points are closed; you have thrown tray ace, and cannot enter either of your men, and I have now another throw ahead of you."

"Well, Louise," said Dr. Finlay, "I believe I can beat you, but really my thoughts are not on the game to night, or rather not on the game of backgammon. Suppose we quit, Louise; I acknowledge myself vanquished, and I know that you have too much generosity to exult over me; however, I take pleasure in surrendering to you," and at this time Miss Matilda bade



us "good night," and Alva also retired, leaving me alone with Dr. Finlay. "Let us walk to the balcony, Louise," said he; and as we stood in the soft light which shone upon us from the moon, listening to the roar of the distant winds sweeping over the woodlands, Dr. Finlay said to me, "You are going away to-morrow, are you, Louise?"—"Yes, sir," replied I,—"I hope there is no doubt," said he, "that you will go to Mr. Manville's and take charge of Lizette and Ada?"—"None, sir, that I now know of."—"I regret," said he, "to see you leave us, and that I have not sought your society oftener; but I hope I shall see you again. It is a duty I owe my deceased sister, to visit Lizette and Ada; besides, I am ardently attached to them, and shall certainly visit them as often as my profession will allow me, when they go to Manville Hall. I would rather see you have the care of Lizette and Ada, than any one I know of. Dear old Manville Hall," continued Dr. Finlay, "many, many and happy, have been the hours and days that I have passed there." I assured him that I would go to Manville Hall after I had made a visit to my mother. "Then," said the Doctor, "let us go into the parlor." I thought he was for another long talk, and as I had reproved myself so severely for staying out too late with him the week before, I determined to excuse myself. Said I, "Doctor, I will have to rise early, to-morrow morning; brother and I calculate on starting home; I must bid you good night, and retire." "I am sad, Louise, at the thought of your leaving us; and," said he, listlessly, "how has it happened? I really cannot tell. I feel an attachment. I wish I had been more sociable. 'Tis just like me, however; I acted thus foolishly with Louise Banthier." Then recollecting himself, he said, "I will visit Manville Hall, and see you there." It shall not be later next year, than April, either, before I come," I replied. "I thank you, Doctor, for your polite attention to my brother and myself. We were total strangers when we first came to Green Haven. I wish you may be a participant in all the happiness and pros-

perity that belong to this world." "Happiness!" said he; "I once dreamed of it. When Emily, Lavinia, and Julia were here; when we were all at Manville Hall, and other friends were there; I dreamed of happiness, then; but the dark clouds that have gathered over me since those happy days, can never be dispelled. Oh! Louise, if you have never been associated with dear family relations, whom you loved; whose society was a kind of domestic paradise, whose bright eyes glittered at your approach, and whose merry laugh made the welkin ring, who now lie in the cold grave, you can form but little idea of the gloom that shades my heart at times. It seems unmanly in me to give way to such feelings, but those for whom I mourn were the daughters of my sister. I loved them, and they loved me. I was happy in their society, and many a time has my heart been pained when they were suffering, and kept calling on me to do something for them. Alas! it was out of my power to relieve them, and I have been compelled to give them up, to press them to my aching heart, and to kiss the cold and clammy dew of death from their marble brows. Who, then, Louise, can take a retrospect of the past, without feeling the heart sink under the recollection of so many happy hours? I never could learn that species of philosophy in my life, which teaches us to say, 'Who cares for to-morrow!' and 'Why remember the past!' Oh, no! many a time the scenes of bygone days come up vividly before me, with all their changes, their gaiety, their sadness, their hopes, and disappointments. 'Tis then that I have some gloomy hours, Louise." "I regret," said I, "that the clouds of life have darkened your pathway; but recollect, we must all suffer in this world more or less;" and as the moments were fast gliding away, I said, "Doctor, do not be melancholy; cheer up; and in case you are from home to-morrow morning, on a professional call, I will bid you farewell." He took both of my hands, which he shook in the most cordial manner, and then he sat down in the fine rocking-chair,—the same one on which he enthroned me

the first evening of our arrival at Green Haven. As I was leaving the door, I paused a moment and gazed at him. He was a magnificent-looking gentleman, dear reader, and I felt as if I could not take a parting look at him without breathing a little short prayer in my heart; then I hastened below to Mrs. Manville's chamber, to say "farewell" to those around her. She gave me several charges about Lizette and Ada, and I listened to many expressions of kindness for my health, safe arrival at home, and speedy journey to Manville Hall, from Col. Manville and his venerable brother Charles. I went into the nursery, a little room adjoining Mrs. Manville's, kissed Lizette and Ada, shook hands with old Aunt Dorcas and Lettie, and then in about twenty minutes I was asleep, dreaming of home,

—"and my dear native bowers,  
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn."

### CHAPTER XXX.

WE arose early on the morning of our departure, and commenced the journey homeward. As I was leaving Green Haven, I cast a farewell look at the mansion, which I could barely see through the fog of the morning, that enveloped its stately walls, like a thin gray veil. After the rising of the sun, however, all nature seemed to look so beautiful that I began to enjoy its charms. The country over which we were travelling, to me became more and more interesting, and all the way I was deeply interested in the appearance of the beautiful scenes. The black bear of the South\* had dyed his fawn-colored muzzle with the red juice of the ripe grape; he had fattened upon the

\* The black bear, after growing fat upon the luxuries of autumn, retires into its den, and remains during the winter. They take the precaution, however, to lay up an abundant supply of food, and keep closely incarcerated, till awakened by the perfumed breezes, and the songs of gay birds, the ensuing spring.

hazel-nuts, and had laid up an abundant supply of the rich muscadine to regale him during his hibernal incarceration. The sullen ground-hog had fallen asleep far off in the deep, solitary forest. The nimble squirrels were playing upon the limbs of the lofty chestnut trees, and the fish-hawk was encroaching upon those tribes which glide through the dilucid streams. The gray eagle flew over the "cloud capp'd" mountains with as much indifference as the rice-bird skimmed the southern lea. Now and then, the bird with ensanguined plumage, gilded with a greenish, golden hue, fluttered among the foliage of the dark pine trees; then the oriole, with its wings of gorgeous yellow and black beautifully interspersed, crossed our road. The omnivorous great crow blackbird was slyly peeping into the granaries, where the richest harvests had been gathered. The raven flew over the white sandy road, shadowing it with its dark wings, and the jocund notes of the thrush were re-echoed on the bosky hills. The golden, velvet-like plumage of the cedar-bird glittered amongst the lowly shrubs of whortleberry; and the mocking-birds, in little armies, had attacked the fortification of the black-snake, and with their bayonet-like bills were driving him from his strong fort.\* The

\* The mocking-bird is much more common in a warm than a cold climate. In the Southern States they are often seen attacking the black-snake, which frequently interrupts them during their time of incubation, or whilst they are brooding over their young. They fly at the snake, striking it with their keen bills in the eyes, and about the mouth, till they completely vanquish it. Says an eminent writer, "The snake soon becomes sensible of his danger, and seeks to escape; but the intrepid bird redoubles his exertions, and as the snake's strength begins to flag, he seizes and lifts it from the ground, beating it with his wings, and when the business is completed, he returns to his nest, mounts the summit of the bush, and pours out a torrent of song in token of victory." They seem to wind themselves around the nests, seemingly conscious that their loathsome bodies have fortified the home of the birds, rendering an escape impracticable, till they are beaten off.

passenger-pigeons, hungry and careworn, had colonized themselves on the low plains, which were covered with ripe fruits, and nutritious kernels. The wild turkey had dined upon the green lizard, and was preparing to partake of a dessert of the aromatic seeds falling from the perfected pericarps which were left by the wild flowers in the greatest profusion. The hoarse notes of that winged trumpeter, the wild-goose, resounded through the air, seemingly crying, "Winter! winter! winter!"\* eloquently proclaiming the motive of its hurried migration to a softer and more genial clime. At intervals I noticed a huge, black walnut rising over the rich wet soil on the creek and river bottoms. The silver maple had shed its coat of leaves. The unhewn forests of pine, and the mournful old cypresses, hung their sad branches over the road, and for miles the country was draped in the melancholy, crape-like habiliments of Spanish moss. It looked as if the wood-nymphs had just died, and that the few dryads who remained had hung the forests in deep mourning for their lamented death. Occasionally, the haggard American chestnut stretched its gigantic limbs across the lowly dales; while the silvery texture of the catalpa, and the smooth, whitish bark of the magnolia, glowed through the hedges of underwood. The bright red berries were clustering on the china trees, and numerous branches had been torn from the trunk of the persimon by the weight of the fruit which loaded them so heavily. The coral tree and the palmetto lifted their heads above the lowlands, and the black larch and holly grew in wanton exuberance over the wide alluvial plains. All nature pleased me, and I delighted to contrast the lovely scenes over which we were passing with

\* The wild-goose lives in the North during the warm months. When the cutting frosts and bleak gales of autumn come on, they migrate in large flocks to the sunny South. There is always a leader, who flies in front of the flock, and is frequently heard to sound his harsh bugle-note, which seems to encourage those in the rear to follow. Some persons think the song of the wild-goose says "Winter! winter!" which is a sufficient apology for its hurry from the North.

those of my own native land. Ours was a lovely country, too, and the thoughts of home often "rushed on my nerves." I saw, in fancy, in the springtime, our own lovely State; the fertile soil, where the white ash lifts its magisterial form,—where the wild cherry and the blackberry scatter their fruits,—where the black locust studs the earth with its durable stock,—where the varieties of maple shade the sod,—where the blue-bird and robin sing in the hedges,—where the deep, pellucid streams roll round the small green hills,—where perpetual fountains burst from the limestone rocks,—where the sleek mule capers over carpets of soft and luxuriant blue-grass,—where sheep, with their snowy fleeces, bespot the green meadows, and where the beautiful cattle drink the sweet dews from the red clover that blossoms on the extensive lawns,—where Ceres seems to have reared her summer palace beneath the shades of the lofty forests,—where the stranger often exclaims, "Surely, this is the land that flows with milk and honey!" Reader, this is the description of country whither my brother and myself were going, and the place we called our home.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

It was late in the afternoon of the last day of the year, that we were coming in sight of the residence of our brother. The tired-looking rays of the sun were then glimmering pale and low, on the snow-clad meadows! "This is the last day of the year," said I to Alva; "did you think of it?" "Yes," said he, "the year is dying! The chamber of Mars is robed in raven-like drapery! The bier of Time now sits in the great hall of Nature, and its mournful figure is stretched upon it! Ay, Time's spirit is fast sinking, and another year of its existence will soon fall behind the curtain of darkness for ever! Its mystic chariot has run another annual round! Its impressive wheels, however, have deeply scarred the hearts of many,

and now, like others of its predecessors, the old year is falling into the still waters of Lethe! What a theme for contemplation, Louise, especially if we take into consideration, the many sad events recorded in Time's register: all the dark storms that gather over our political world! 'Man's inhumanity to man,' the sorrows, sighs, and death of friends! The ingratitude of the world! The sufferings of the sick, and the pains of the dying; the pale corpse; the white winding sheet; the sable coffin; the dark hearse, the opening grave, the fall of the hard clod on the small, lowly roof of the dead-man's tenement; the stone that notes the spot; the yew, the weeping willow, the cypress, the myrtle, and ivy, that clothe the grave, and the rains and dews from heaven, that moisten their foliage! There is many an aged man, who, on the first day of this year arose in the fulness of health. The goddess Hygeia seemed to have built a favorite altar upon his demesne. Incense to health and buoyancy of spirits, was daily offered thereon, but alas! one day the flame ceased to burn, and no healthful hand came to replenish the lamp, for the master was dead. I saw a devoted husband at the bedside of his dying wife, and I heard the sobs of innocent children sink on the midnight air; then I was told there was a young wife who moistened the fevered brow of her dying husband with her tears. This grim intruder has been in the virgin's chamber too; he laid his icy hand upon the tender strings of her young heart, and instantly they ceased to vibrate. I knew an ambitious statesman, whose mind was often agitated with tempestuous political storms; he was all the time pining after fame, and thirsted like Dives in torment, for a release from domestic duties; he longed to mount the lofty minarets on the temple of honor, and to inhale the atmosphere that blows over the cupola of wealth and distinction; but where is he now? I saw his corpse carried away, and hidden in the ground. I read the other day of a sweet babe who was torn from its mother's arms, like the white rose-bud that begins to unfold in the morning's twilight; it swings to and

fro, in the gentle gale; the mother stem seems proud of the delicate bud that decks its pliant branch; but what is that coiled up underneath the leaves? 'Tis a viper, it thrusts out its venomous tongue, it blights the beautiful bud, and the next thing you observe, it is lying low on the cold ground. I have seen this unbidden guest come into the bridal halls, and with his dark wings, fan away from the cheeks of the young bride, the freshest roses there blooming. I have seen the flowers of hope, that were growing so sweetly in love's urn, shrink and wither, in the hour that the bride forgot that her adored one could die! I have seen her dash those flowers to the earth, disgusted with the sickly odor which arose from their faded petals!" These were the remarks of my brother, which he closed as the wheels of our vehicle ceased to rattle over the stones, and a white 'kerchief was seen to wave from my mother's window, held by her venerable hand, bidding her long absent children to be once more comfortably seated at her happy fireside.

---

## CHAPTER XXXII.

THE cold and uninviting blasts of January are anything but desirable to one who wishes to go abroad in quest of adventure. The season was so inclement that I began to fear that I could not go to Manville Hall at the time I had promised to be there. Nature had now locked her icy doors over the crystal fountains. All its once lovely charms were covered with thick sheets of snow. The dark arms of the rugged trees seemed to reach forth their rude branches, as if they were begging a shield from the tyrannical wintry winds, which had chilled their sappy veins. Two ancient cedars arose above the garden gate, and their evergreen adnate leaves waved great white caps of snow. The old rocks, that flagged the walk from the house door to the front gate, were smoothly iced over, and

looked as if some magician, during one night, had metamorphosed them into great lumps of crystallized quartz. The oblique rays of the sun were too feeble to melt the long, dagger-like icicles from the eaves of the houses. The cattle and sheep stood like drilled sentries all day under the sheds; and the solitary warblers were too melancholy at the sad change to sing a song from the low bushes of flowering almond, and the thick hedges of gooseberry in which they had taken refuge. Nothing was green on the flower-beds but the low box-tree, the ivy, and myrtle. I was waiting patiently, however, for the weather to moderate a little, in order that I might start to Manville Hall. During the long nights, we were often interested in hearing our mother relate the events that had happened during our absence. I had told her my story, and Alva had related his success in pecuniary matters, and his prospect of a happy alliance with Floretta Woodman. Our mother's story of home was sweeter than all. During my absence, she had made a visit to the scenes of her nativity. Is there a person upon this earth, as the pious Cowper said, "having human feeling," who delights not in listening to the relations of a mother's youthful days? There is something in those reminiscences that seems to inspire one with a pure sentiment. They make an impression, too, which goes with one through life. Those simple, old-time stories that we have listened to, as we sit beside her, and twirl her apron-string between our thumb and finger, are always listened to in transport, and remembered at all times with pleasure; and as memory reprints them upon the pages of the imagination, we love to linger over the sweet lesson, and always peruse it with pleasure. Although the pleasures are dead and gone, they are of a delicate odor. Like the petioles of the chrysanthemum, even after the frosts of autumn have nipped their beautiful flowers, and the outer cuticle is withered, the inside stalk still emits a sweet odor. Thus, the hours were gliding away, as I prepared to leave this hallowed home for the halls of

strangers. As I have candidly informed the reader, we were poor, and all that our father was able to give his children was an education, I determined to apply mine; and as I had had a predilection for a great while for the life of a governess, the fulfilment of the engagement I had made with Mr. Manville seemed to me the easiest mode by which I could make my living. I kept thinking over the unlooked-for changes one makes in life sometimes, and the many curious scenes I had passed through, for I had many day-dreams of the mansion and inmates at Green Haven, and it really seemed that I had been dreaming for a long time, and that the things I had related were like visions treasured up and told after many nights of mysterious perambulations amongst curious and foreign people. I often thought of the brotherly politeness of Dr. Finlay, the haughty stepmother, Mrs. Manville, the Colonel, and his magnanimous old brother Charles. I thought there must be great pleasure in store for me, with Lizette and Ada, as I knew how delighted I would be to guide them along the paths which wind around the mountain, on whose summit sits the citadel of knowledge. I often fancied myself leading them through the bowers of Arcadia, and pointing them to the fragrant blossoms which always grow upon Mounts Helicon and Parnassus. I could see myself patiently teaching them to extricate the nettles and prickles from the finer flowers and buds, which they were culling, and the interest I was going to take in disarming the stronger shrubs of those ferocious thorns, which grew on the branches of the trees of information. After many a toilsome search amongst these wild and unfrequented tracks, I have seen all three, weary with mental labor, reach the consecrated tower that is erected on the "Hill of Science;" there we were welcomed by Genius, feasted on many rare intellectual dainties, and our parching thirst regaled at the salutiferous fountains of Pieria.

I said, however, to my mother, one day, that if any one were to blindfold me, and carry me to a place on earth of the same

temperature as my native place, and lead me into a garden, then unbind me, and show me the yellow crocus in blossom, I would say directly, "This is the last of February!" Ever since I was a little girl, I have noticed that the crocus-blossoms appear about the latter days of February; no matter how cold, nor how damp, nor how much snow and ice during the winter, I have never seen it vary. I have often seen it sprout through the cold ground, which was covered with snow or frost, and its bright, golden petals look as soft and beautiful as if its bulbs were warmed in some subterranean green-house. It is a kind of floral calendar with me, and admonished me that it was high time that I had left home and gone to Manville Hall. After I meditated awhile upon the punctuality of the flower, I said, "Yes, 'tis as true to warn me of the departure of winter, as the Pleiades are to be with the sun on the eighteenth of May, assuring us that the season of blossoms has begun. I must be true too, for I have been kept from performing my journey to Manville Hall by the cold weather; now I must take a lesson from my lowly flower, and brave the dangers of the bleak storms of ice and snow." I left a parting tear on the garden parterres, hastened to our antique cottage, repacked my trunk and carpet-bag, and at eleven o'clock at night was wide awake, thinking of the long, rocky, muddy road I had agreed to travel, and of my mother's prayers, the admonition of kind friends, and their many wishes for my happiness and earthly prosperity. Late in the night I fell asleep, lulled by the sad murmur of the wind, which seemed to breathe away the pains and melancholy of the then gray-haired old winter.

*No 200*

### CHAPTER XXIII.

WE commenced our journey to Manville Hall on the second day of March. The same good brother Alva was with me; and on the afternoon of the eighth day of the month we were far amongst the mountains. They rose away above us, and not

only seemed fit "barriers for the separation of nations," but to me the deep dark vales that ran between them seemed to be winding-ways to the abodes of eternal silence and seclusion, so many short curves around headlands; so many rugged cliffs, deformed with dark rough stones; so many impenetrable glades, and so many steep, rocky hills. Still we journeyed on, and late on the evening of the tenth day we met a man in the road with a rifle on one shoulder, and over the other hung a variety of game, bleeding upon his woollen shirt. We halted, and I called to him. Said I, "Good sir, do you know how far it is to the residence of Mr. Charles Manville?" "Oh dearthfu lassie, ye're very near him now; he's at hame again. God bless him, and with him came his dear auld sisters." I was a little startled when the old Scotchman only mentioned the return of Mr. Manville with his two sisters. So, said I, "Did Mr. Manville not bring Colonel Manville's two little daughters home with him also?" "Oh! yes, lady, there's Lizette, a dear, sweet, laughing, gleeful child, and little Ada is as sweet and gentle as the jasmine flowers that used to cluster over my thatched cottage in Caledonia. And have ye ever seen Scotland, lady? if you hae nae, ye've not seen the finest part of the yird. Ye've not seen the Trosachs, and Loch Katrine, Loch Awe, and Loch Tyne, nor Edinburgh, nor Glasgow, nor Dundee, nor Gretna Green, where the fugitive lovers all go? I was telling little Ada last night about Arthur's Seat, and the birth-place of Jennie Deans, the fair heroine in the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian,' by Walter Scott. A dearthfu bairn, Ada is; she's just like the Lady Lavinia, and I fear the germs of consumption are growing now in her gentle little breast. I guess ye're the lady governante, are ye? I heard Sir Charles say ye'd come; and a merry household there'll be of ye. There's so many maids too. The auld widow Newland is hame again at the Hall. Ye'll have plenty of company, lady. Lizette and Ada are too childlike for your companions; but next spring Sir Charles fetches hame Miss Carrie—his dead



sister's daughter. She's gay enough for you. She comes dashing along like the storms of the mountains. She makes the auld Hall ring with her noise and music. Poor Emily and Lavinia, they used to make Manville Hall a merry place. Ye've never seen them, lady? I loved the dear creatures so much, that I would be like the auld sexton, who crept into the vault to see Shakspeare's ashes; for where is there on this yird I would not gae to see their sacred ashes?" I had listened in silence to the old Scotchman, and so soon as I found he was coming to a period, said I, "Has not Mr. Manville a grand-daughter who resides at the Hall at this time?" I was eager to hear again of Ivanora, of whom I had heard so much. The old hunter looked at me as if he was surprised, and it was evident that he evaded a direct reply to my question. "For," said he, "oh! ye'll find one of the best of households, at the Hall. They are dear, kind people, who visit you when you are sick; who see that the impoverished mountaineer never suffers; they come and administer to you when the snow and sleet cover the ground, as willingly as when the green spring invites every body to roam, or when the warm days of summer have dried the paths of the mountains; and as the gloamin is coming on, ye'd better drive along, young man. Just follow the road, and directly ye'll see the auld Hall to the right, on the hill. Drive to the front gate, and send your names to Sir Charles, and I'll warrant you'll be attended to. My name is Peebles, lady. My auld mither is the howff at the hall; my daddie was a Welchman, but my mither was a gusty gipsy frae auld Clackmannan's gowany glens." The old-looking peasant then walked off across the valley singing—

"Ye banks, and braes, and streams around  
The castle o' Montgomery,  
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,  
Your waters never drumlie!" &c., &c.

"This is a genuine old Scotch peasant," said Alva, as we drove off, "and he cannot forget the titles of the nobility, but

still addresses the proprietor of Manville Hall as Sir Charles. I very much, however, admire his native simplicity." After conversing a little longer, and turning abruptly around a projecting part of the mountain we came directly in front of an old-fashioned stone mansion. "This," said I, "is the first specimen of antiquity I have ever seen." The house was a huge pile, built of great square blocks, hewn from the quarries in the tall mountains that surrounded the antique domain, and these dark gray-looking stones had something dismal in their appearance. Then there were the old lofty chimneys, the long, narrow windows, the huge steps in front of the portico, the leaning balustrade on the summit of the moss-covered roof, the deep, dark hedges of shrubbery at maturity, and the trees! oh, such lofty, grand old trees! They were of sufficient size and age, thought I, to be registered with all of the most antiquated specimens of vegetable longevity, ever known in the world. There, near the rock-welted brook, stood the sycamore, lifting itself as proudly as if it could declare its descent from the old sycamores of Palestine, which lived ten hundred years. The pine trees that waved over the sod in the wide courtyard, seemed to say, 'We trace our lineage to the aged trees of Asia Minor, and our ancestors lived eighteen hundred years:—there was the chestnut, its rough bark clothing the huge trunks and limbs of those kingly trees, and looking as ancient as if they could declare their descent from the old tree that shaded Mount Etna, and heard its groaning volcano, and felt the heat of its lava for two thousand years; then, there was a wilderness of vines, and dark shaded bowers, and millions of brown withered leaves blowing along the deep, narrow gravel walks. Everything was ancient; and here, amongst the stupendous antiquities of nature, found we Manville Hall. There was an old rack by the front gate, where we left our horse; and then we walked to the door of the stone mansion. Going along, Alva said, "Louise, did you ever see such a dismal, gloomy-looking pile? I am afraid, dear sis, that

you will not be satisfied; I feel as if I was approaching some old Gothic vault." Then he repeated,

"Oh, solitude! where are the charms  
That sages have seen in thy face?  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
Than reign in this horrible place."

We at length struck the door-nail loudly, with an old rusty iron sounder, and in a few seconds Dorcas, the servant of Col. Manville, and the nurse of Lizette and Ada, made her appearance. She knew me instantly, caught my hand and said, "Dear Miss, old master will be so glad that you are here. I hear him every day wishing for you. Miss Lizette is mighty noisy, and it worries old master to think she is so wild; he is mighty nervous at times; and since Miss Lizette has come up here, she looks like a bird just out of its cage, and says she never can play and run enough. Old master tried to keep her at her books,—but oh, no; Miss Lizette says she is going to play till Miss Louise comes." We had followed the old servant into what I supposed was a drawing-room, one of the old-fashioned kind, too; but everything, though plain, was neat, and in perfect order. In a short time I heard the creak of Mr. Manville's shoes. He came to receive us; to welcome me to his house, and express his delight at seeing me again. "As there is no fire in the chamber I design lodging you in, Miss Elton, you must walk with me to Sister Matilda's apartment and take off your bonnet and cloak?" I followed him through old halls, long passages, and down steps, till we came to Miss Matilda's chamber. Mr. Manville was so ceremonious that he stopped and knocked at the door, and waited with as much formality for Miss Matilda to say "come in," as if he had never been at Manville Hall before. He soon, however, ushered me into the room, where I found Mrs. Newland and Miss Matilda. They were very kind and polite, and after I had inquired about the inmates of Green Haven, Lizette and Ada, and rested perhaps an hour, we were called to supper. At the table Mr.

Manville said to me, "Miss Elton, take that chair to the left of my sister; you may hold it as your own as long as you are a resident of Manville Hall." Mrs. Newland, Miss Matilda Manville, the old gentleman, Alva, old Parson Macdonald, and myself, composed the company at tea. I was of course introduced to Parson Macdonald, at whose reverend physiognomy I cast many glances. I had heard of him at Green Haven, and had heard also, that he was Dr. Finlay's uncle. His features indexed a good heart, and I registered his name immediately on my list of pure characters. He was exceedingly dignified, but kind and polite, and everything I saw confirmed the account I had heard of the goodness of the inmates of Manville Hall. I looked, but looked in vain for Ivanora; she did not make her appearance at the table, nor did any one speak of her. As I had not seen Lizette and Ada, I ventured to ask Miss Matilda where they were? She replied, "They are visiting, a short distance from the Hall, but they will be here to-morrow, perhaps, or maybe not until Monday morning, when they are to begin their school."

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

AFTER tea Miss Matilda directed a servant to carry my baggage to my room, and then she invited me to go above stairs and learn the way to the apartment assigned me as my chamber. I went along with her, up great old-fashioned steps and to the lower end of a wide, gloomy-looking hall, into a large and beautiful room. A fire had just been kindled, and there were two tremendous beds in the room, with white cambric curtains hanging around them, a wash-stand, one old bureau, several chairs, a carpet on the floor, one long, narrow looking-glass, a table, and in the walls were two high, wide presses. "This is your room, Miss Elton," said Miss Matilda; "here is a bell, and you must ring for a servant, whenever

you wish anything; you must occupy that bed next to the back gallery, and this one, between the windows, is for Lizette and Ada; there is a small dressing-room," said she, pointing to a door, that I had not observed, "where Dorcas is to sleep; if any of you get sick in the night, she has candles, tapers, and many little things you may need, provided you do not require the aid of a physician. If so, you must send her to Brother Charles's room, which is at the upper part of the gallery. The room adjoining yours is to be your school-room, next to the school-room, is one that we have set apart for my niece, Miss Ashmore, who is to come home next year some time, and the next room to hers is the apartment my brother occupies. I sleep below stairs; Sister Newland and I occupy a lower room. We keep house, and it is more convenient for us to be near the pantry and kitchen. Mrs. Peebles, our seamstress, has the old nursery adjoining us, and Parson Macdonald sleeps in the office, a little room in the corner of the yard. After Miss Matilda had told me how everything was arranged, we sat down at the fire-side, conversing about my journey homeward from Green Haven, and my late trip to Manville Hall. Miss Matilda was a maiden lady of about forty-seven years of age, and remarkably neat in her appearance. She always wore black dresses, with small white collars around her neck. She was a thin, tall woman, had eyes of the deepest black, and a head of heavy, glossy black hair; but time had left some footprints on her physiognomy in the wrinkles about her eyes. She appeared not at all disposed to be over communicative; she was polite, but somewhat dignified; and there was so much reserve in her manners, that she even appeared stiff and severe. Still, there was nothing like haughtiness about her. She seemed to be formed for contemplation; was strictly religious, and looked as if she had studied all her life to keep within the sphere of a woman of business. She spoke of their poultry, the amount of sewing and cutting they found on hand when they arrived here; and she seemed interested

about the vegetables, and the smoke-house, and carried a tremendous cluster of keys, in a willow basket. She had now told me how they all slept, but as she said not a word about Ivanora, I concluded there was no such person about the establishment, but said to myself, she is perhaps in some convent, or with some relative of whom I have not heard. At nine o'clock, Miss Matilda asked me if I would walk down to prayers. I went along with her, and was conducted into a small back room, which was lighted by one old-fashioned lamp. All the members of the family were seated on one side of the room, and on the other side there were about ten old servants. The Rev. Mr. Macdonald sat by the table, and before him lay a tremendous, old-fashioned Bible, and hymnbook. He opened the Bible, and in the most solemn and earnest tone, read the 38th chapter of the Book of Job; then all of us kneeling down, he addressed an eloquent and impressive prayer to the Supreme Being. After his conclusion all arose, and the servants quietly left the room. The three females, Mrs. Newland, Mrs. Peebles, and Miss Matilda, also arose, and left to go to bed. Aunt Dorcas took a lamp and conducted me again to my lonely chamber, and very soon I told her that she might retire into the little apartment adjoining mine. The old negress courtesied, and begged of me to allow her to undress me, before she left. I told her that I could do that, myself.

"But, surely," said she, "young mistress, you are going to allow me to pull off your shoes and stockings?"—"O no," said I, "Aunt Dorcas, I never have any one to undress me."—"Well, well," rejoined she, "I take so much pleasure in waiting on young ladies. I always loved my young mistresses so much, it seemed I never could do enough for them; but, dear Miss, you are strong and healthy; the most of master's children have been so delicate, I had a habit of dressing and undressing them. Then they were so good, and always treated us colored people with so much kindness, I shall always feel grateful to them. Dear souls! I know they are in Heaven

every one of them."—"Well, now, go into your room, Aunt Dorcas, and I will retire also," said I. I got into bed, and the old woman extinguished my lamp and left me. Reader, do you think Louise Elton fell asleep directly? If you do, you are mistaken. I was restless, and rolled from one side of the bed to the other. I never had felt the horrors of loneliness before, in all my travels. I kept thinking about the son of old Mr. Manville who I heard had been murdered, and I wondered if the room I was occupying was not his room, and where they laid him out in the old Hall; then I kept thinking of the death of Miss Emily Manville, and that "mysterious Ivanora." I got to thinking that, perhaps, she was deranged, and maybe she might come into my room in the night, and although it would seem foolish in one woman to be afraid of another, still, I thought if one should walk into my room at Manville Hall, I should be nervous enough to be frightened, and, perhaps, scream. I recollected that the door, which led into the great, wide, old passage, had not been locked; so I sprang up to lock it, and I heard such strange, awful sounds, that seemed to come from without, that my reason almost forsook me. I never feared a ghost in my life, and had always declared that if people who were alive, would not disturb me, I had no fear of the dead. I listened again for the frightful sound, and heard it; but fastened as I was in the house, I could not tell what on earth it was. I would have given the State, had I possessed it, to have been near my brother; but I knew not in which apartment he was lodging. I commenced arguing and charging myself with acting the child; but that awful, melancholy sound kept ringing in my ears; and, dear reader, now I will tell you what it was. It was the mournful wail of the wind through those magnificent old pine trees, near the back gallery, to which my bed was so near. There was a back yard filled with them, and amongst them was many a magnificent balm of Gilead, clusters of pine, yew, and black larch; and if the reader has never heard the night-breezes grieving, as it

were, through large trees of this nature, the first time they are heard, at such a dismal old place as Manville Hall, they will make an impression that will not be soon forgotten. I went creeping back to my bed, and, simpleton-like, jumped under the covers, frightened and agitated; for it seemed as if something under the bed was going to catch me by my feet as I lifted them from the floor. I fell asleep, however, after awhile, and was awakened in the morning by the dutiful old servant, who was taking the ashes out of my fireplace, and preparing to make me a fire to dress by. I laughed, then, at my foolishness during the night, and determined to be more of a woman before I came to bed again.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

AFTER I was dressed, I walked out on the back gallery to survey my new home. It was quite early, but I had a fair view of the prospect before me. The ploughmen were beginning to turn up the earth, with the view of producing an abundant crop. The long line of blue-capped mountains in perspective was beautifully illumined by the bright rays of the morning's sun, and multitudes of birds were chanting their matins in the thick pines, the matted cedars, and the low brushwood that clothed the rough sides of the lofty range. I could see the gossamer vapor rising from the valley to an atmosphere of its own specific gravity. I looked over the ancient garden, with its low, fertile beds, which were cut in the most tasteful and beautiful shapes. The hawthorn and quince trees, that thickly hedged the rear of the garden, looked ancient in the extreme. I remembered that Robert Burns and Highland Mary loved the hawthorn, and that they often had sat embowered beneath its "fragrant shades." "Who knows," said I, "but that these old hedges were once scions on the banks of the Ayr, or 'bonnie Doon,' or perhaps were dug from the

glades of the 'clear-winding Devon?' The inmates of Manville Hall, I learn, most of them, are natives of Scotland: they have come from that romantic land, which is hallowed by so many thrilling and stirring scenes." The narrow walks about the yard were all gravelled, and all the vines, trees, and bushes were ancient and luxuriant. How beautiful and interesting, thought I, will all these decorations look during the "season of blossoms!" How happy shall I be to roam among yonder green dells, and listen to the sweet song of the mountain bird! I noticed, also, away in one corner of the garden, that the emblems of death were growing in that sequestered niche. I saw great mounds covered with myrtle and ivy, and that the yew, cypress, larch, and weeping willow, were growing in clumps about the sacred spot. I saw no haughty monument, —nothing but the low, bluish-looking stones hewn from the neighboring hill. These headstones were about two feet above the graves, and the ivy was clustering over and around them, and the body of the graves was covered with long spires of withered grass, which had fallen over them, and the delicate little flowers of the myrtle were just beginning to open their beautiful blue eyes in the morning's sun. When we die, is it not more appropriate and interesting to be hidden under the green sod, and to have the flowers and the evergreen leaves of the myrtle and ivy to creep over us, than to be obscured by the tall, arrogant, cold marble pillar? There is something so stiff and lifeless in the appearance of monuments; but, I am a tasteless creature, perhaps, and every one will say so when I declare I despise sculpture. I was repeating the sweet lines of Gray,

"Can storied urn or animated bust,  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath;  
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?"

when Mr. Manville unexpectedly came out of a narrow, old-fashioned door, near to where I was standing, which had till that moment been unobserved by me.

"Are you contemplating the glories of the morning, Miss Elton?" said the venerable father, as he advanced nearer to me. "Yes, sir," I replied, "as well as the beauty and romance of the environs of Manville Hall. There is a charm about the ancient hall and the old trees, that I have nowhere else seen; there is something here like antiquity, which I so greatly admire."—"I am gratified," said he, "to hear you talk so, for I was fearful that you would not like the appearance of things, perhaps. I have great confidence in impressions at first sight. I am not often deceived, either, if I like a person at first sight; I am apt to be pleased with them if I afterwards live with them, or have them near me as my neighbors. I thought when I first saw you, Miss Elton, that if I ever had seen a young lady who would not grow tired of being embosomed amongst the mountains, that it was yourself." Said I, "Mr. Manville, I believe if I had searched the State through, I could not have found a place so well suited to my taste as Manville Hall."—"Well, my daughter, do just as you would if you were at your mother's, and as to-day is Friday, it is not worth while to go into the school-room with Lizette and Ada. Amuse yourself with taking a view of the apartments of the Hall. My library is below stairs; I have about five hundred volumes stored away in that room, and a great variety of shells, and specimens of stones and crystals,—many plants pressed, and some paintings executed by my deceased daughter. My son Arthur's library is in cases standing in your school-room, the astronomical, chemical, and philosophical apparatus are also there,—you can have access to all of them at any time; besides, there is an elegant piano and a new guitar in the front parlor, and a large case of music books. To-morrow, you can arrange your matters in your own chamber, and prepare for the Sabbath. Rocky Chapel, at the foot of the mountain, is about one mile from here; if you choose, you can attend worship there. The Rev. Mr. MacDonald is the minister."

Then said I, "I have not seen Lizette and Ada, Mr. Manville; where are they?"—"They have some relations," replied he, "not far from the Hall. They are with them on a short visit. I shall bring them home, on Monday morning, in due time to begin their lessons. Now, Miss Elton, go down to the back-parlor, my dear; Mr. Macdonald assembles us there, morning and night, at prayer."—As I was tripping down the steps, I met a servant, who said she was just coming to invite me to hear "Master Macdonald pray." I entered the room, where I found Alva, and we joined in prayer with the family, who seemed as devoted and fervent in their thank-offerings as the pious clergyman himself. After breakfast, the trying time came with me. My brother was going to start for home. I never had thought of my long distance from my native State till that moment, and until then I had not thought once of being amongst strangers. Everything to make me sad seemed to rise suddenly before me. The hour for his departure at length arrived. I parted with him, kissing him, while a flood of tears streamed from our eyes. Alva wept at leaving me so far from my family, and even whispered to me, as we stood together at the ancient stile, "Sister Louise, if you are not satisfied, for God's sake tell me so, and I will carry you home."—I told him, "I thought I would try it one session at least; and if I was not pleased at the close of five months, I would write for him to come for me, and I would leave the Hall."—"Well, well, sister, you always were a soldier-like, decisive woman," and then he kissed me, mounted the buggy, and I stood on the stile gazing at the vehicle, as long as it was in sight, for it was conveying away from me one whom I so fondly loved. As I was returning to the Hall, I met Mr. Manville, who had noticed my movements, and as he saw that I was weeping because Alva had gone, he said, "Be comforted, my daughter, your tears are natural; but I hope you will be happy; walk into Sister Matilda's room." I approached this dignified lady's room, tapped at the door, and was invited

to walk in. I told Miss Matilda and Mrs. Newland that I had been weeping because my brother had gone home. "Sit down, my dear," said Mrs. Newland, "you must not be lonesome." I took a seat by the old matron, and told her that I would endeavor to compose myself; that I was, of course, distressed at parting with my brother. "That is natural, Miss Elton," said she; "but have you ever seen a copy of Tyndall's version of the English Bible? I have a copy of it that was printed in the year fifteen hundred and something. You see it has been so long ago that the figures are almost entirely obliterated." I took hold of the old sacred work, and turned over its coarse, narrow leaves. To me it was a great curiosity, particularly the pictures in it. I shall never forget the cut representing John the Baptist, standing in the river Jordan, pouring the water of baptism on the head of the Saviour. I knew that Mrs. Newland was endeavoring to divert my attention from my brother, for which I was obliged to her; so said I, "Mrs. Newland, do you not believe that Christ was put under the waters of the Jordan? but, to judge from the picture, I would suppose that the water was dipped, and then poured upon his head."—"Just so, my dear girl; in earlier times, people had fewer books than we have, and pictures were their books; and all the pictures you see there, my dear, were copied from the most ancient plates of Jerusalem, Antioch, and Rome, and, of course, the old fathers of the Church knew all the forms and practices of the earlier Christians." Then she opened a small case she kept in her room, and took from it a book, which she handed to me, and said, "I wish you would read the twenty-first article in the Roman Catholic Creed. It may be the means, perhaps, of instructing you upon the great use of pictures."

"ARTICLE XXI.—I do believe that the images of Christ, of the blessed Virgin, the mother of God, and of other saints, ought to be had and retained, and that due honor and veneration ought to be paid unto them."

"*Exposition.*—'Pictures are the books of the learned.'



But it is not this idea alone that suggests to the pious Catholic the propriety of paying veneration to the images of the saints. The catechism says that the minister shall teach the people; that images of saints are to be placed in churches that they may be likewise worshipped. If any doubt arise about the meaning of the word worship, when applied to images, the minister shall teach them that images were made to instruct them in the history of both testaments, and to refresh their memories; for, being excited by the remembrance of divine things, they excite more strongly to worship God himself. It is a stupid and illiberal error to charge the Roman Catholics with the proper worship of saints and of images, and to call them idolaters, as many have done, and some ill-informed Protestants still do; the charge is both untrue and unjust. Who has not often involuntarily ejaculated a prayer to the One God, when looking upon some well-executed piece of sculpture or painting, representing some person or scene of sacred history? The scriptural paintings of the late Mr. West, some of which ornament the altar-pieces of our own churches, have a powerful tendency to call forth this feeling; and he has but a cold heart, if not even a sceptical one, who can look upon that artist's 'Christ Healing the Sick,' or his 'Christ Rejected,' and be totally unmoved by something of a devotional spirit. It is certain, that nothing more than the excitation of this feeling is intended by the use of images and pictures amongst the Roman Catholics. If ignorant persons in ignorant times have made any other use of these visible remembrances of departed worth, it has been an abuse of a harmless, if not a profitable practice. The Catholic Church forbids idolatry, ranking it as one of the deadly sins. Let them be rightly understood on this as on other points. Let us not charge them with being of a religion which they deny, nor judge them lest we also be judged. I neither justify nor condemn, but state facts."—I laid the book upon my lap, and said, "Mrs. Newland, do you belong to the Roman Catholic

Church?"—"No, my dear, but I have a high opinion of their piety and moral worth. My father was a Catholic, and my brother, Colonel Manville, is favorable to them; but never has united with them. His eldest daughters belonged to the Roman Church. They were educated at a convent, and chose that form of religion. I believe they were pious; that they were Christians when they died; and that they are in heaven; but, I believe, dear Miss, in doing justice to the Catholics, we are under obligations to them for a diffusion of some of the most valuable knowledge the world now is in possession of. I only showed you that Article to make you inform yourself upon the subject of pictures, and to prove to you their great antiquity." I found that Mrs. Newland was not only pious in theory, but also in practice. She daily read her Bible, and was one of the few who seem hourly impressed with the belief that we are placed in this world only to prepare for one that is better. Every day was now fast leaving the frosts over the other side of the mountains. The spring-time was gradually coming on. The spring-breezes blew their bracing breath into the windows of the old Hall; and from the appearance of the vines and the lofty trees, one would have directly concluded with me, that the heat of summer had but little effect in this secluded abode, which was made cool by the deep dark leaves of the trees, and the many old vines that interlaced the bowers and groves.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

RAIN during the day prevented our attending Rocky Chapel on Sunday. The sombrous shades of the twilight of Monday morning were illumined by a bright sun, and Lizette and Ada met me with joyful faces at the breakfast table, and in a short time we repaired to the school-room. We had a fine flowered carpet on the floor, two neatly made writing desks, well stocked with stationary, two large book-cases full of books—"Son Arthur's library," as Mr. Manville had said—there was a celes-

tial and a terrestrial globe, a thermometer and barometer, an orrery, a tellurium, an achromatic telescope, and in one corner sat a case of chemical instruments—there were glass receivers, an air-pump, the cryophorus, glass bulbs, tubes, lamps, concave metallic mirrors, prisms, galvanic cups, wire, crucibles, matrasses, retorts, melting-pots, a gas apparatus, bottles, vials, twine, iron spoons, and a shelf filled with great high jars, containing a variety of liquids. According to the directions of Colonel Manville—after I had surveyed the apartment and its contents, and handled too, the huge stone crucibles, and wondering which one Dr. Finlay threw at the large mirror, the night he read the sad letter announcing the marriage of Louise Banthier—I called Lizette and Ada to me, marked off a lesson in Webster's Spelling Book, and set them to studying; I employed myself in making a lot of pens for them, writing copies at the tops of the pages of their copy-books, in filling an inkstand apiece for them, and in writing the names of each in their respective books. I shortly became devoted to the education of Lizette and Ada; and if I had searched the United States over, I could not have found a place where reserve of manners, rigid conformance to domestic method, &c., were more strictly practised than at Manville Hall. The "clergyman," "the lord of the demesne," the sisters, the little girls, the house-keeper, the governess, and the servants, all understood and practised that ceremony and method, which was incorporated in the domestic charter. Mr. Manville owned one hundred and fifty slaves; and he employed an individual by the name of Falkirk to assist him in the management of his plantation. The servants all had durable, comfortable cabins, about half a mile from the Hall; they all had good beds to sleep upon, and were liberally fed. Miss Matilda, Mrs. Newland, and Mrs. Peebles, used to cut out their clothing, and Mrs. Peebles sewed and knit constantly. She was assisted by Hagar, Melinda, and old Mammy Dorcas. I never heard of a servant being whipped while I lived there. If they committed a fault they were lectured, and as the older servants had been

so methodically trained, their example seemed to keep those who were growing up in their places. They were well attended in sickness, and seemed always willing to wait upon you. They had three clergymen of their own amongst them, who had been religiously brought up. They had a large burying-ground, in a grove of lofty walnut trees, in sight of their dwellings, where they buried their dead. There was an old frame house, about four miles from the Hall; it was an African church, which they called Mount Zion. The whole neighborhood of negroes used to meet there to pray, preach, and sing, and where they used to shout and seem so happy. They worshipped God according to the dictates of their own consciences, and seemed to be truly pious. I attended their church once, in company with Miss Matilda and Mr. Manville, who went to hear the funeral sermon, by the Rev. Moses Lewis, of old Aunt Rachel. The ceremony was truly impressive. A coffin had been made by Uncle Isaac, the farm carpenter, of poplar plank, and painted black. The corpse was enveloped in a snow-white muslin shroud, which reached below the feet; the hands were crossed on the breast, and tied with a white ribbon, and on the head was a white linen cap. They carried the corpse to the church, and the coffin was opened and placed upon a bier, immediately under the pulpit. The service was opened with prayer and singing; the whole congregation seemed to be engaged in the solemn chant. They sang—

"Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,  
To have a home in glory!  
My Saviour smiles, and bids me come  
To have a home in glory!  
Bright angels beckon me away,  
To have a home in glory!  
To sing God's praise in endless day,  
And have a home in glory!  
O glory! O glory! there's room enough in Paradise,  
For all to dwell in glory!" &c., &c.

The clergyman preached from the 12th chapter of St. Luke, thirty-seventh verse. "Blessed are those servants, whom the lord when he cometh shall find watching: verily I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them." After the sermon they prayed, sung, shouted, shook hands, looked at the corpse, and then the lid was screwed down, and it was borne by six pall-bearers to the hearse. The procession was then formed double file, and they marched slowly, mournfully, and silently, along the deep winding road, to the walnut grove, and there deposited the remains of ancient Rachel in the earth. The negroes appeared to reverence Miss Matilda and Mrs. Newland, and regarded "old master," as they termed Mr. Manville, as a kind of tutelary divinity. I soon grew attached to many of the servants, they were so humble and always wished to be serving you in some way. Every day was now unfolding new matters of interest to me, for during the months of summer, I used to roam along the narrow, winding paths about the mountains, the yard and garden. I gathered many a mountain herb and flower, which I pressed within the lids of my herbarium, and I loved to stay in the greenhouse amongst the gorgeous exotics, which grew luxuriantly in pots and tubs. I went as regularly as possible to Rocky Chapel. This was an old stone edifice, and like everything else belonging to Manville Hall, looked as if it had been "rocked by the storms of a thousand years." The quarries in the mountains had furnished material for the stone-mason, and the wild cherry trees, the tall poplar, the pine and walnut, lent the carpenter what he required to wainscot it, and erect an altar, where the minister proclaimed the word of God to the good people, who came on horseback, in phaetons, dearborns, and old-fashioned carriages, to this secluded tabernacle to worship. Every day, Lizette and Ada improved; and Lizette was now able to compose and write a letter to her pa, her Uncle Doctor, or Sister Kate. We had communications frequently from Colonel Manville and

Mrs. Percy, and I heard that there was a regular and frequent correspondence between Dr. Finlay and Parson Macdonald. Mr. Manville, for the first time, now came to the door of the school-room to express his surprise and delight at receiving a memorandum from me, just before he started to town, to purchase for Lizette, Tytler's School History, with an Arithmetic, and a Geography and Atlas for Ada. Lizette and Ada were in the best place to study in the world. I kept them as closely as I thought requisite at their lessons, and they saw but little company. Mr. Manville said, he had no idea of girls entertaining company during their pupilage; that he wished them to be as retired and studious as if they were in a convent. I had not then visited the little town whence I received and mailed my letters, and had become acquainted with no persons but the Cardigan family, who resided about six miles from the Hall, and who came there occasionally. Once in awhile, some acquaintances from town would come out and probably spend a day or night with Miss Matilda and Mrs. Newland. I scarcely ever saw them but at the table, and upon making each day 'a critic on the last day,' I discovered that I was becoming as formal and reserved as the inmates of the Hall, who were as aristocratic and fashionable in their ceremonies, as the most formal coteries of London or Edinburgh. The first spring and summer at Manville Hall had vanished now, and the autumn went gliding away ere we had tasted its sweets. I was rioting at the banquets of science and still unveiling bright pictures to my little charges. Ada was a delicate, narrow-chested child; she had large, languishing black eyes, and bluish-looking finger nails. Her face was pale, and her lips were of a livid hue, and as it fatigued her to spell long words, I mentioned to Mr. Manville that I thought she was too delicate to be confined to her book, and he immediately took her from school. Lizette and I stuck to the desk, and Lizette studied faithfully, not because she loved her book, but because she felt it her duty to obey her uncle and father. I was sitting one night

by our fire in my bed-chamber with Lizette and Ada beside me. Lizette, after putting aside her long, black curly hair, said, "Miss Louise, am I a hateful girl?"—"Hateful!" said I, "why, Lizette, what makes you ask me such a strange question?"—"Because," replied she, "I am trying to find out if everybody thinks I am hateful. My stepmother always told me that I was hateful, and that no one would ever love me; then she used to pinch my ears, and pull my hair so hard I almost screamed; but when she abused me and Ada, if we made a noise, she used to whip us with that great cowhide you saw her have. She used to say that Ada was so tiresome that she could not bear her in her sight."—Ada's bright eyes sparkled as she looked up to me, and said, "Miss Louise, do you get tired of me, and can you bear me in your sight?"—"No, no, my darlings," replied I; "you are not hateful Lizette; you are a dear, sweet, sprightly girl, and you are growing to be an elegant woman; and little, pretty Ada is not tiresome at all. I love you both dearly; you are two amiable, sweet children; you must learn fast, and have a good education by the time your sister Kate sends for you."—"I am so glad," said Lizette, "that you think I am not hateful, and that everybody at Manville Hall loves Ada and me. I am going to tell Cousin—Oh, I forgot," continued Lizette, "that Miss Elton loves us so dearly." I supposed she was going to say she would tell Cousin Ivanora; but she checked herself, and concluded with saying, "Come, Sister Ada, 'tis time for us to go to bed." I had never seen Ivanora, and no one had ever spoke of her in my presence. Late one evening, however, after a shower of rain, during the month of August, as I was leaning over the balusters, I saw a lady go down the back stairs, with Mr. Charles Manville, and they walked off in the direction I had frequently seen Miss Matilda, Mrs. Newland, Lizette, and Ada go. The figure was enveloped in a thin, large black shawl, and a black calico or gingham sun-bonnet covered her head: It was late in the afternoon, and I supposed it was

Ivanora, as the height of the female was not great enough for Mrs. Newland or Miss Matilda. I had always felt a delicacy in asking questions about Ivanora, as I knew the family determined to conceal her history from every one, and I could not get my own consent to interrogate Lizette, Ada, or the servants. Oh, no; that would have been a deviation from the code of ceremony so rigidly adhered to by all about the mansion. I felt some curiosity, of course, to learn something of her, and to know why she lived in solitude and seclusion.

It is useless to remind my kind reader that "time flies," but at this period of my narrative, I had been living at Manville Hall one year and one month. Be not surprised when I inform you that, when I had been there one year and two months, to my great astonishment, I received letters from my mother and my brother, informing me that Mr. George Lampton was then my stepfather; that he had married my mother, and they were going, in a few days, to start for their elegant home in the South. "My mother Mrs. Lampton!" cried I. "Strange! strange, indeed! She always declared she would not marry a second time. Now, she is shortly to be mistress of Boscobello, the magnificent residence of Mr. George Lampton."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE glories of another spring were beginning to unfold themselves again at Manville Hall. Many a night have I sat at my window watching the mountain landscape, by the light of the moon. There were the tall rocky minarets, reaching far into the blue sky, looking as if Time had founded his watch-towers on their majestic heights, and sat there, with his hoary beard, and with a sceptre in his hand, ruling the destinies of mortal beings. Green leaves on the thick, heavy vines, embroidered their sides for miles and miles; and they were bastioned by huge heaps of blue stones, that clung to their bases.

The night air came fresh and moist from the beautiful hedges, and from the gum-trees that lavished their sweets in these romantic wilds. Here, the picturesque and sublime had married the enchanting and fascinating. In the valleys, at the base of the mountains, as well as on their steep sides, bloomed some of the most gorgeous of shrubs. Refreshing fountains gushed from the limestone rocks, and lowly sweet flowers of vivid beauty brocaded the margins of the rippling streams. The Sabbath mornings, especially, amongst these silent ram-parts of nature, always inspired me with a kind of religious awe. There was something of a holy influence that all the time subdued my feelings, as I trod the deep winding-ways to Rocky Chapel. We had to go, almost every step of the way, along the dark ravines. The huge arms of the valley trees waved their green leaves over us, and the mountains in majestic grandeur rose on either side. The deep-cut road wound through the shady labyrinth, bounded on one side by a dark blue stream. Now and then, a white-washed stone cottage was built on the grassy bottoms. Nature had levelled some places in front of the strong mountain fortifications, where the mountaineers had made little gardens, filled with culinary plants. The rustic girls and boys wore linen or woollen clothes, which were washed in the water that the transpicuous brooklets afforded them. Often have I listened to their merry songs, as I stood under the hawthorn and crab-apple trees, as the morning's breeze shook their fragrant blossoms on my head. It was, indeed, an enchanting scene, my dear reader, for there was the dark green-leaved laurel on one side of me, with its soft milk-white flowers, and the boxwood, too, as white as snow, with its beautiful blossoms. The pale sassafras breathed a delicate fragrance, and the Judas tree shed near me many a shower of blood-red tears. All these beauties and glories every day more and more endeared me to Manville Hall and its environs. I had not yet visited the little town, which was within seven miles of us. Miss Matilda

used to go there sometimes, and occasionally Mr. Manville of Mrs. Newland went. I had now been at Manville Hall nearly two years. Mr. Manville sent to the town, sometimes three days during the week, for merchandise, or anything we needed, and we received our letters, newspapers, and magazines, regularly. The first year that I resided there, the ladies and Mr. Manville had company oftener than they had during the second year. Manville Hall was such a dull, lonely place—as it was thought by almost every one—that people seemed to dislike to come there. All the household looked anxiously forward to the time when Carrie Ashmore was to come home. Mr. Manville had said he intended to bring her there during the second spring that I was at the Hall, but she wrote to her uncle and requested him to let her stay another year at the Academy of ———; that she could not leave there without graduating, which she could not creditably do before the next year. Mr. Manville consented. Still we all regretted it, because Miss Matilda and Mrs. Newland seemed desirous for the old Hall to be a place of merriment, as they said it once was; and that Carrie Ashmore was the girl to revive their lost pleasures again, as she was so gay, fashionable, and sprightly; and we all supposed that of course she would come home highly educated and accomplished. “Uncle Charles,” too, was going to give her ten thousand dollars. “I am sure,” said Miss Matilda to me, one day, “that when our young niece comes home, she will attract a great deal of company to the Hall; then I hope you will not be so lonely, Miss Elton, as you are here with us old folks. I know I am poor company for any one. I have all my life been a retired kind of woman. I so much dislike pomp and confusion, that I have loved retirement best. Sister Newland's health is generally so poor, she scarcely enjoys life at all, but in spite of our dulness and retirement, you all the time look happy and satisfied.”—“I am,” replied I, “as perfectly satisfied with my home here, as any mortal could be, Miss Matilda. I really love you all, and enjoy the solitary grandeur of the

scenes around the Hall so much, that I am never lonesome, or tired of gazing at the magnificence and beauty which is spread about this romantic abode. Besides, since the marriage of my mother, I feel more like continuing at Manville Hall than I ever have. Everything is so delightful here. You are all so pious, and we have all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. Everything is so methodical and quiet, and all, except poor dear Mrs. Newland and Ada, enjoy such perfect health, that I do not see how we could better our condition. The great secret, after all, in rendering one's situation pleasant, is contentment of mind. I often have said to myself, since I have lived here, that I surely have found the place the poet's heart so earnestly yearned for, when he sung,—

“O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
Some boundless contiguity of shade,  
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,  
Of unsuccessful or successful war,  
Might never reach me more.”

“We have but little company,” said Miss Matilda, “as our neighborhood is thinly populated, and we are dependent upon our friends in the town of — for what little society we enjoy; but ladies who reside in cities and towns are not very partial to visiting at such a secluded place as this. They are generally so much fascinated with gay, fashionable people, that when they start to drive out here, and get into the deep valleys, and are jolted over the rocky hills, and they see the tall mountains by which Manville Hall is surrounded, they think they are going into all the gloom and horror of solitude. Many a time sister and I have sent for you to come down and sit with us, but the servant always returned, saying that you were engaged with Lizette and Ada; then I have wondered how you can confine yourself so closely, but believing that you loved the seclusion of your chamber or school-room better than company, I have left you to enjoy yourself as you pleased. I expect Manville Hall will be a gay place again as it once was.

My brother certainly intends to bring Carrie home about January. I heard him say a few days ago that he would not let her remain longer at the academy than January. She will attract a great many persons here, I know.”—“I am perfectly satisfied,” said I to Miss Matilda, “particularly since Ada has got well enough to be a classmate for Lizette.”—“Well, well,” said Miss Matilda, “Miss Elton, please accompany me to the parlor. I have listened to your playing on the piano several times. You play some Highland reels that I am very partial to; where did you learn them?”—“I heard them played when I was at my brother George's. My brother Alva is the most partial fellow to Scotland, and everything that pertains thereto, of any one I ever saw. He is a scientific musician, too, and plays most of the old Scotch reels and songs. To the science of music I have, however, devoted but little attention, for I play altogether by ear.” They had an elegant piano in the parlor, and it belonged to Carrie Ashmore. It was in splendid tune, and as I played for Miss Matilda, I saw a tear glide down her cheeks, for she listened very attentively to the reels and hornpipes that she said were so familiar, and which made her remember the days of her girlhood, when she used to dance in her own dear native Scotland.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

My dear little Ada had indeed got well enough to return to the school-room. Lizette had improved so finely, that she was pretty far advanced in chemistry. She was also remarkably fond of playing with the apparatus we had in the school-room, and I loved to perform experiments with her. One day, while we were using some oil of vitriol, I burnt my hand very severely with it. I had on my left hand a knit cotton glove, with the fingers cut off. I got it wet with the water in the bowl, into which I was occasionally dipping things. Every one



who is acquainted with the nature of oil of vitriol, will recollect that its causticity depends on its avidity for water or moisture. My hand was severely blistered before I could draw the glove from it. I was suffering intensely, and Lizette stood frightened, not knowing what to do, and I lost sight of everything I knew about the oil. At length, regaining a little composure, I said, "Lizette, run to your Aunt Matilda, tell her how badly I am burnt, and ask her to come up and bring me some linseed oil." Lizette accordingly ran off, but returned immediately, saying, "Miss Louise, Aunt Matilda has gone to town with Uncle Charles. Aunt Emily—referring to Mrs. Newland—says she is so sick she cannot leave her bed, but cousin says you must pack your hand full of prepared chalk; that there is a jar of it in Uncle Arthur's drawer there, in the side of the walnut case."—"Your cousin?" said I to Lizette in astonishment, "who is your cousin, and where is she?" As I proceeded to unbolt the drawer and put the chalk on my hand, I again said, "Tell me, Lizette, who is your cousin? I did not know that you had a cousin here!"—"O," said Lizette, "she's our cousin; she's in uncle's room, at the upper part of the gallery."—Said I, "Does she occupy that room?"—"Only when she visits here," said Lizette.—Said I, "Is her home here, and what is her name, Lizette?"—"Please don't ask me anything about my cousin, Miss Louise," said Lizette; "for I dislike to run away from you, and make you no reply, and pa, uncle, and our aunts have made us promise that we will not speak of our poor good cousin; and now, if I do talk about her, will I not be acting disobediently?"—"Yes," said I, "you are correct, Lizette, and if I had known that you had promised to keep any secret relative to your cousin, I should not have questioned you; but do you go to her and thank her for prescribing for my hand; it is a great deal easier than it was a moment ago."—Said Lizette, "'Tis not worth while to go and thank her, as I expect she has gone. She said she would go home directly, and she had already put her bonnet on, and had

the key of the back stairs in her hand." I was satisfied that it was Ivanora who had prescribed for me, and that she was often about the Hall, and many a time locked in Mr. Manville's room, when I was promenading on the gallery; for sometimes I noticed that the curtains in that secluded apartment were more closely drawn than at others, and I had often heard Mr. Manville in conversation there with some one, whom I knew to be neither Miss Matilda, Mrs. Newland, nor Parson Macdonald; I was also satisfied that she was the person who came down the back stairs, the year before, with Mr. Manville, enveloped in black, and went away with him.—When Miss Matilda and Mr. Manville returned, to our joy and surprise, Colonel Manville came with them. They received the intelligence on the morning of that day, that the Colonel had come to the little town, and immediately, without telling Lizette, Ada, or myself a word of the news, Mr. Manville and Miss Matilda went in the carriage to conduct him to Manville Hall. I was almost as happy to see the Colonel as Lizette and Ada were. He met them with the warmest affection, kissed them, and shed many tears as he caressed them. He was surprised to see how they had grown, and rejoiced to find Ada in such good health. Ada was a child of more gentleness than Lizette; there was something angelic in her temperament. She learned her lessons because she loved her books. The Colonel had no fault to find whatever, and made every allowance for Ada's slow progress, on account of her delicate health. Lizette teased her pa to let her lay aside her English grammar, because she declared to him that she "disliked it more than anything Miss Louise made her study." She had a great natural talent for mathematics, and wished her pa to send her to the convent, where she could learn music. Colonel Manville was determined to pursue his own course with Lizette, and plainly told her she could not leave the Hall till she was sixteen years of age, and that Miss Louise had agreed to stay there four years. I knew that it would be gratifying to Colonel Manville, so I

inquired about his wife. He remarked, "She is in very fine health, and seems happy. She has brought her two youngest children to Green Haven, and the other two will come home next winter. Dr. Finlay is there also, Miss Elton," continued he, smiling mischievously, "and I suppose he thinks of you oftener than of any one else living." He sent his compliments to you, by me, Miss Louise, but I knew he meant love, and you must receive it as such."—"I thank you, Colonel," replied I; "when you return present me respectfully to Dr. Finlay."—"With pleasure," said the Colonel; "and," rejoined he, "I will be obliged to you to examine Lizette and Ada, in the branches in which you have instructed them, as I wish to report to their Uncle Doctor what they have learned."—I commenced in the spelling book, and made them spell; they also read for their pa; then I examined Ada in geography, arithmetic, and history, and carried Lizette on with chemistry, botany, mythology, rhetoric, logic, and astronomy, and lectured her thoroughly in Murray's Grammar. She really answered astonishingly; and I saw many a tear drop from the eyes of their kind parent, as they responded so promptly to the questions I put to them. I made Lizette parse in prose, then transpose and parse blank verse. I had taught her to transpose and parse with great accuracy, those beautiful lines from Milton's "Paradise Lost," beginning—

"Now came still evening on, and twilight gray  
Had in her sober livery all things clad," &c.

She could parse and transpose several other difficult pieces, and, amongst them, the "Universal Prayer," by Pope. The Colonel listened attentively, and when Lizette had transposed the last-mentioned piece, her pa said, "Stop, my daughter, that is sufficient." Then he came to me saying, "Miss Elton, here is my hand, accept of my kindest thanks for what you have done for my daughters, and also accept of these as a present from me," handing me ten gold pieces, worth five dollars apiece. I trust the reader will not say, "And has

Miss Elton been so long at Manville Hall without receiving some compensation for her services?" No, indeed, I had not. My wages were punctually paid me by the reverend uncle of the establishment, Mr. Charles Manville. I endeavored to banish avarice from my nature as much as possible; still there was one thing I desired to accomplish, and one person whom I longed to imitate. I often examined my heart, and became satisfied that I was not covetous; for, notwithstanding my great anxiety to imitate and follow the virtuous example of Miss Nancy Parsons, I was willing to exercise sufficient patience and industry, till I could procure the comforts and pleasures that she had around her. I know the reader recollects my determination long ago to live and die an old maid. Well, Miss Nancy Parsons was an old maid, who resided near the populous little city of —, in the State of —. She owned fifty acres of fertile land. About ten acres of this rested beneath the shades of a lofty forest, the remainder was open land. Fifteen acres were well covered with blue-grass. Then she had several fields of timothy and clover. On her little farm she reared small herds of the finest breeds of horned cattle, and kept a stud of several sleek fat horses. Two men-servants attended her fields of corn and other grain, and cultivated a superabundance of vegetables of every description which grew in that climate, which, with butter, milk, cheese, honey, and luscious fruits, she sent to the market-place in the city, hard by, and disposed of. It seemed to me, that the strawberries which I used to purchase from the old market-man, belonging to Miss Nancy, were larger and brighter than those I saw others raise. Her butter was sweeter, and the cream that she sent in to be sold, was thicker and richer than common. Her fowls and mutton were tender and fat; and I recollect how I used to be delighted when old Uncle Levi brought in his cart along with those carmine-striped apples, the great golden pippins, the large purple bonummagnums, and the mellow peaches. Then there were the

rich black raspberries shining as if the old major domo had gathered his rush-basket full of beautiful black beads. I said to myself, "I shall never be satisfied until I am mistress of a yard and garden, in which I can plant pretty trees and flowers, like those which grow on the edges of those nicely-gravelled walks that adorn the tasty homestead of this quiet old lady." I was often laying out my own grounds in my imagination, as I sat by myself in my chamber at Manville Hall, and I sometimes forgot where I was, I grew so busy with arranging my buildings, and the round cistern I intended having built near my house, with the plan of my ice-house, dairy, pantry, my servants, my books, paintings, and the many little curiosities I intended placing in my domestic cabinet. I saw but little company at Manville Hall, and had but little or no desire to have the luxuries of life. Everything about us was comfortable, clean, and abundant, and I believed that after awhile I could, by economy, perseverance, and industry, accumulate sufficient means to settle myself upon the same happy, comfortable, and independent kind of platform, as the one occupied by Miss Nancy Parsons. Whenever I soberly reflected upon the inequality of the circumstances of the people of this world, there was something in the agrarian system that always fascinated and interested me. Then I many a time found that I was lamenting that the world had not belonged to me, in order that I might have called upon every man to come up to the general office, and enter land sufficient, at least, to make bread upon for himself and family.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

I WAS sitting alone one Saturday evening, when Mr. Manville sent a servant to my room with several large packages of letters and newspapers. I discovered, upon perusing the latter, that my native State was agitated, throughout its length

and breadth with the subject of African slavery. At the tea-table, I mentioned to Mr. Manville the news I had read, and told him my dislike of these great political storms; that, not like the lightning and thunder, which purify the atmosphere, rendering it fresh and salubrious after a hot, sultry day, when these political elements became excited, they blew like the hurricane and whirlwind, over certain regions of the country, tearing the loftiest trees from their places in the soil, causing the grand old hills to dash their tops into the valleys, and shaking houses to atoms over the heads of the fear-stricken inhabitants, burying every one and everything in the edifice in one common grave. As we were seated after supper in the back parlor, as it was called, I again mentioned to Mr. Manville that our politicians were at variance with one another upon the slavery question, and asked this well-informed, fatherly old gentleman to give me his views upon this all-exciting subject. Mr. Manville was a native of Scotland,—he had resided in the city of Paris four years,—he had travelled in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Greece, and had gazed upon the imperishable pyramids of Egypt; he had common sense, too, one of Nature's invaluable boons,—he was highly educated,—he was old, and had drunk many copious draughts at the fountain of experience. I knew that he was familiarly acquainted with the genius and spirit of the British government; that as England had liberated her slaves, and claimed to be the great propagator of Christian philanthropy, of course I was eager to hear the opinion of this venerable octogenarian. I was a subscriber to several leading political journals, published in various places in the Union; I also read the Edinburgh and London papers, for which Mr. Manville subscribed; but so great seemed the confusion and excitement everywhere upon this question, that it was impossible for me to understand anything about it. "Miss Elton," said Mr. Manville, "as you have requested me, I will express to you my own private views upon the subject of African slavery; but, mark me, I am not going to open the

lids of the Bible to prove or disprove anything about it. Some people, you are aware, run to the Bible to prove everything; they toy with its sacred revealings, and select such gems from it as they wish to adorn the diadems that they are to wear themselves. I was acquainted with an individual once, who proved that drunkenness was sanctioned by the Bible, and he quoted to me the seventh verse of the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs: 'Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more.' So, by taking parts of the holy book, and applying them to certain things, you can prove and disprove almost anything. I knew a lady in the city of —, who was a reader, but a very careless one. At a dinner-party one day, at my sister's, Mrs. Newland, I was speaking of the longevity of some of the antediluvians; the names and ages of Methuselah, Noah, Seth, and Jared, were mentioned; you recollect that Methuselah lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years, Noah nine hundred and fifty, Seth nine hundred and twelve, and Jared nine hundred and sixty-two years. This lady contradicted me, and declared that Methuselah did not live so long as Moses; that she could prove from a certain history of the Jews that Moses was more than a thousand years old. She was so positive about it, and, knowing that Dr. Finlay had amongst his books the history she referred to, I sent to him for it. Upon examination, I found that she had glancingly read, or had taken sentences in a detached manner from the chapter, for she pointed me to this sentence: 'Before the age of Herodotus, Moses lived more than a thousand years.' Now, she had only noticed the conclusion of the sentence, beginning at the comma just before Herodotus, which she had read, 'Moses lived more than a thousand years.' Of course she believed that Moses was older than Methuselah, or any of the other antediluvians who were distinguished for longevity. So, by taking detached portions of Scripture, some people prove and disprove what they please. I very much dislike to see the Word of God so familiarly and often blasphemously

handled. It is like the son who says, 'My father has willed to me a great fortune; I can do just what I please with it. I will give "loose rein to my desires and passions," and in all the luxuries of pleasure will I riot. My money sustains me. The income I daily receive is inexhaustible; and my having so much money is sufficient proof that I may abuse the privileges of fortune.' Now, to the point.

"I believe that the white race are special favorites with our Heavenly Father; that he made the negro for their benefit, just as much as I believe that he made for our use the horse, the cow, or the sheep, only He favored us more in the mental structure of the negro, for He gave them power to think, to understand, what we desire them to do, and to converse with us in an intelligible manner. I believe that their hair, color, physical and mental organization, all emanated from design, that God intended that they should be subservient to the white race. I can lift up my hand, Miss Elton, and say in the hearing of my Maker, that I have at no time, since I have resided in the United States of America, felt a compunctious throb within my heart, because I own African slaves: still, I think that the good people of this country are too slothful and indifferent on the subject of the cruel treatment of some masters to their slaves. Not more than two months ago, I saw a man offer a likely, stout boy, aged eighteen years (just built to work), for sale. I knew the boy, who insisted that I would purchase him. Upon looking at his arms and shoulders, I found great gashes on him, where his unfeeling and brutal master had whipped him. 'What a pity,' thought I 'that the law cannot, or will not punish this man for his wickedness.' I knew him to be a cruel, hard task-master, so I purchased the boy, brought him home with me, put him in the care of my beloved sister Matilda, who dressed his wounds, till they were healed, then I clothed him well, and gave him bed-clothing, and sent him to my dear son Arthur, who wanted a servant of his age and character. My son is a Christian, and will treat

him as he does all the slaves I have given him; he owns three hundred, on three plantations, and there is not one who will say that master Arthur ever whipped or punished me more than I deserved. I believe, that if they transgress your commandments, that you ought to punish them, according to the offence, but never give a stripe more than the act deserves. It is a sign of a brutal spirit, a depraved heart, and a tyrannical mind; yes, 'tis a sign that the heart of that individual has never been purified by the sweet and mellowing influence, of that religion which inspires one with humility and humanity towards his slave. Because my negroes are as much my property as my carriage horses, my mules, or my oxen, is that any reason why I should cut and gash them, and demand more of them than they are able to perform? Can I not thus argue? My lot has been cast in a land, that is, comparatively speaking, submerged in milk and honey. I have around me every comfort, yes, every luxury. I am educated, and my health is good. I have servants in my power. I thank God that He has favored me: I will at all times, too, remember that I must not abuse His goodness and mercy. My horses and my oxen are able to perform so much. I will not allow them to be abused, nor to go unfed nor unhoused. My negroes have been given to me, too, for my use and convenience; they are the rational stock of my plantation; they are able to perform so many things, and no more. I will feed them well; they shall be well clothed; I will allow them certain patches on my plantation, where they may cultivate such articles as they think proper. I will allow them time to do it. They may use the implements belonging to my farm; they may dispose of their produce as profitably as they can. They may have churches, where they may go and worship God according to the dictates of their conscience. They may visit one another, and thus intermarry. I will do all in my power to make life as comfortable and as easy as I possibly can. They shall be nursed in sickness, and I will pay their doctor's bills; when they die, they shall be decently

buried, and have a funeral sermon preached by any one the living friends think proper to appoint. I believe African slavery will exist, as long as there is a white man on the earth. England has emancipated her African slaves, and her example has done little or no good. God never designed that her example should be followed. The system is largely tolerated in the Southern States of America, but abolish it here, and it will blow like the seeds of the plant which the botanists represent as having wings, and in a short time it will be disseminated somewhere else. I think it best to keep my slaves, and treat them kindly, work them according to their strength, and whip them in proportion to their disobedience, than to attempt to set them free, or to send them to some inhospitable, sickly region, without the means of obtaining daily bread, and subject them to be kidnapped and driven where I know they will be ten-fold more miserable than they will be as my slaves.

"Freedom, in the head of a negro, is just like a painted toy in the paws of a cat. She looks at it, rolls it about over the floor, is amused with it till she grows hungry; then she leaves it on the carpet and skips off after the mouse, or something which suits her appetite, for the useless bauble is of no earthly account to her. I have often seen children take 'papa's' razor from his desk, mount a chair, lather the tender face, and attempt to imitate the aged sire. The cheek, however, is too soft, and the juvenile hand is too feeble to wield a weapon of that sharpness and nicety; the little fellow soon finds that he is unskilled in the business of a barber, he therefore lays the instrument back in the drawer. You may say that he will, after awhile, when he reaches the years of manhood, be strong, and have use for the razor, and that he will know what to do with it; and so will the negro know what to do with freedom, if he be educated and learned; that at some period he will properly use the privileges of that too often prostituted term liberty, just as the boy uses 'papa's' razor when he becomes a man. I do not believe it—I do not believe that the negro ever can arrive at



the same height that the white man reaches. I believe that freedom, amongst negroes, is just as useless as razors amongst children. The current of a negro's mind runs within certain embankments. These were designed never to be overflowed, and it was designed that no other streamlet or river should flow into that one, fixed current, for it needs no tributary at all; moreover, I believe that God stationed its limits, and said as he did to the waters of the ocean, 'thus far shalt thou rage and no farther; that he designed the mental powers of the Ethiopian and Mongolian to be confined to narrow limits, and to be like water within certain embankments, which are too lofty to be overflowed by the most rapid of streamlets. The negro has not the natural capacity to acquire education that the white man has, and it would be both useless and foolish to educate the African. How simple and unprofitable it would be for a physician to go every day to the couch of a dwarf, and pull him by the legs, and declare that he believed that he could by practice make him a man of six feet in stature. I knew a lady once who punished her daughter because she could not cultivate an unnatural taste for music. The mother kept a rigid governante over her daughter every day for years, endeavoring to make her pleased with what she naturally hated. One day the daughter thus addressed her: 'Mother, Nature never intended me for a musician. I have no taste for it,—I dislike it, and the phrenologist says that I have no musical development. Now, mother, you know that I love to sew and knit; I have a natural talent for such things, and as I expect to be married one of these days, and believe that my husband will prefer my sitting beside him with my needles, &c., to listening to my squalling and banging at the piano and guitar, therefore I see no sense in your forcing me to squander so many hours in trying to cultivate those unreclaimable and arid spots in the soil of my brain. To music I have been born blind, and why torment me further by attempting to give me eyes! The piano never was made for me,—I

was created to sew and knit.' Now, I do not believe that the African negro was ever intended to be educated, or that maps, globes, or a chemical or philosophical apparatus, can ever be successfully used by him; neither was he designed for a statesman, a poet, an orator, or a philosopher. We are continually hearing of the complaints of our brethren of the North, and of foreigners, relative to the degraded condition of the slaves of the southern portion of the Union; that they are unenlightened by education; that, extend the same advantages to the negro that we extend to the white boy, and grant him the same privileges, and in time he will equal the white boy in talents, energy of character, refinement, philosophy, enterprise, wealth, and eloquence. I do not believe it. 'Tis a picture drawn, painted, and varnished in the school of fanaticism, which ere long will only serve as combustibles at the furnace of Wisdom. I care not how highly you polish the intellect of an Ethiopian, he never, never will equal the white man.

"I believe, if the finest scholar in the United States was to come and select two boys of this neighborhood, one a white and the other a black boy, each say at seven years of age, and give them the most accomplished education they are capable of receiving—each being of good mind—preparatory to putting them to college, then send them to the first college in the Union, let them graduate, send them to Oxford, in England, cause them to remain there four years, and give them access to the Bodleian library of that institution; let them go to Rome, and study in the Vatican Library, where I saw, in 1829, five hundred thousand volumes, or to the Ambrosian Library of Milan, where I saw one hundred thousand books, or to the St. Genevieve, which has one hundred and ten thousand, or the Pantheon, with as many, the Royal library, with three hundred and seventy thousand volumes (the last three are in Paris, France); then give them means, and send them traveling to all the most instructive and interesting portions of the Old and the New World; bring them home again, and the



white man, as he will then be, will be as far ahead of the negro, the President of the United States is of one of the caciques of the West Indies. It is true, however, that the phenomenon strikes us with greater force, because we see so few negroes educated. It is the novelty of the thing that charms and interests us, and not because the African has principles or elements in his organization equal in grandeur and beauty to those of the white man. How much greater the sight would a magnificent palace reared in Lapland be to the inhabitant of that desolate region, who is accustomed to his rude hut and reindeer, than to us, who see a superb edifice at every angle we turn? But transport one of those grotesque and curious buildings from Lapland, and place it in the midst of our fine fabrics, and we look at it because it is a curiosity, for many of us never saw one before, and we even pass the palace, the chateau, and the cathedral, to look upon this miserably constructed cottage; but we would regard an individual as a lunatic, were he to tell us that he believed some of our architects sufficiently skilful to convert this rough hut of poles and mud into an elegant mansion. What is the reason that we gaze with so much more astonishment and interest at a comet than we do at the sun? The singularity of the phenomenon, its mysterious appearance, and its novelty, attract us; we are not accustomed to such things, and we declare that it is equal in grandeur to the sun, and that it surpasses the moon and seven stars in splendor, but it is a mistake, and as we see one so seldom, of course it excites us; for, we know all the time that the sun, which lavishes so many rays of light and so much heat upon our globe every day, is far greater than all the comets commingled into one orb, and greater than all those gems which glitter in the empyrean concave. The white race in mind are just like the sun, they are capable of holding the different systems of the world in their proper places;—the moon cannot do it, neither can the stars nor the planets; all the other varieties of the human species then are like satellites, planets, and stars, from

the first to the sixth magnitude, and they revolve around the Caucasian race, who shed the rays of wisdom and virtue upon these independent dependents. Let me again entreat you, my daughter, to impress it upon your mind, that I believe there is no sin in owning slaves. I believe that great sins, however, are to be atoned for though, by those who have treated them inhumanly and unkindly. You might ask me if I did not wish for the time to come when the lake that burns with fire and brimstone shall be opened to receive those who have acted so cruelly? I will tell you that I do not; that I hope the light of humanity may yet shine around them as effectively as the bright rays which shone around Paul from Heaven, when he was nearing Damascus, with his wicked hands still wet with the blood of those whom he had persecuted, bound and delivered into prison. O, that some righteous Ananias may come to them, and put his hands upon them, and they receive new sight, and then learn to be merciful, and inscribe these verses upon their once cruel hearts,—

“Teach me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the fault I see;  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.”

“I know that Europe groans and bleeds at every pore, under the lash of her tyrannical rulers. She imagines herself free, and she believes that the lamp of liberty burns upon all of her altars, as well as in her princely tabernacles. She feels it a duty obligatory upon herself to attempt to sever the manacles of the African in America; England, too, will tell you that she has manumitted all her slaves. True, all her African slaves have been emancipated, but what will she say of herself and her sister nations, when the cataract that now dims her eyes is cut from them, and she looks over her chains that have been linked together by tyrants and monsters? when she sees the *quibliettes*, the *gens-d'armes*, and the multitudes of starving mendicants, that rove about free, ay, too free! the

pillories, the racks, the jailers, the *moutons*, the dungeons of dirty, rotten, wet straw, where hundreds of the people of *free* Europe have dragged out their unhappy lives. Go! philanthropic Europe! abolish all these causes of human misery! file the chains from the ankles of your own down-trodden people! undo that spangel, which dooms such sorrowful victims to your lordly power; then cross the sea, and we will have a lengthy argument about African slavery in America. And to our brethren of the North, I say you certainly have the right to lecture us of the South, about what you consider a moral wrong. I have the right to return the compliment, and to believe and receive as many of your arguments as I think true, and upon true premises, and so have you; but, we are opposed to your coming amongst us, and exciting our slaves with your well-painted landscapes of freedom and education. I do not believe a word you say upon this subject, nor do I believe that you are either richer, happier, better, more intelligent, or refined than we. Your dense population, of which you so often boast, is no proof of your wealth, quietude, or happiness. When you tell me that you can show ten citizens to our two, I will be bound that seven of them are poor, ragged, hungry beggars; driven from the Old World by war, famine, tyranny, and cruelty. In place of your ten wretched freemen, I can show you two negroes, fat, lively, polite, and well-clothed."—"Very well, then," said I, "Mr. Manville, you certainly believe that the African race belong to the human genus, but that they are a remote variety of the human race, and differ from the white species, just as much as the little sour crab-apple differs from the huge, mellow, and luscious queen-apple, while both belong to the same species, and thus vary as the different kinds of fruit vary, and just as the *pyrus* species produces the innumerable varieties of the apple, crab-apple and pear? And, sir: do you not believe that the African, also, has an immortal soul, as well as we? and tell me how you can excuse that class of beings who are denominated slave-

drivers? who buy and sell negroes—human beings—just as they purchase horses, mules, or sheep, for as negroes have some feeling, although, I may admit that they have not that keen and delicately nerved sensibility that we have, yet do you not consider it a dark sin in any one to purchase and sell them, and often tear them from their fathers, mothers, and kindred? Now Mr. Manville, do you not think that this is cruel, and that God will hold mankind accountable for such unmerciful conduct?"—"Yes, my dear!" answered he, "I believe that the negro belongs to the human genus, and that he is a distant variety of the human species; I believe, also, that he has a soul, either to be saved or lost, and that God will exact no more of him than he has endowed him with capacity to perform. The slave-driver many a time, no doubt, abuses the privileges of the law, and where they do nothing else for a support but buy and sell slaves, as the trader buys and sells four-footed stock, I regard it as an infringement upon the moral law, and I wish such a thing could be suppressed; but where men are legally authorized to do so, many who are engrossed with the love of worldly gain, forget that they are sinfully abusing the privileges of Heaven. Alas! however, how apt we are to run into such things; the glory of earthly grandeur, which wealth can purchase, is so eagerly sought for, that we often forget our duty to God, and to one another; and how prone, alas! we are to misuse and abuse the little power that falls to our lot. You recollect that Solomon grew discontented, and had seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines, and fell by effeminacy and luxury into idolatry! The slave-driver becomes dissatisfied perhaps, with, furnishing this rational stock to the Southern planter, with whom it is indispensable; but he has the privilege to drive them as he would a mule, or a horse; and like Solomon he abuses the moral right. But for a Southerner, who has a plantation, to come to one of our States and purchase slaves for his own use, I do not consider that there is

any sin in it at all, and the only sin he will be called upon to atone for is this: if he has treated them cruelly, and not extended to them the comforts and privileges that every human master should extend to his slave. Well, you may say that the planter who purchases for his plantation may tear asunder the social ties as well as the slave-driver. I respond, that nine times out of ten there is no necessity for his doing so, as our Southern planters generally prefer purchasing whole families at once. And should they even separate some, humanity should prevail, and they should have a family by law, and observe it, that these slaves shall hear from their friends and commune with them by letter. I presume that all of our planters can write, and as they are thus favored with education, they ought to use it to the advantage of the slave; for one might as well say, "I can write, I know, but it is of no use for me to apply my talent in that particular to the African." This again is an abuse of privilege; for he might just as well say, 'I know my slave is starving for bread, and I have plenty of money, I could buy it for him if I chose, but no, it is of no use, he's nothing but a nigger.' Interrogate my sisters, Miss Louise, and you will find that they carry on a regular correspondence with the slaves of Manville Hall, and those belonging to the plantations of my son Arthur, and several other places. My slaves are gratified to hear from their relations, and although they may be separated for life, they are assured that those whom they have left in a distant land, are kindly cared for, and treated with humanity. I left my native land when I was young, and went to France. I left my mother in tears and sorrow at my departure. It is true, however, that I could have returned to her, but how many thousands of white people leave home and never return, and all the satisfaction to them, after they become wanderers, is enjoyed through epistolary conversation. If the slaves of the different States occasionally heard from their families, and were assured that they were humanely treated, less reluctance would be felt by those

who are purchased and carried away. In short, I believe that the laws of our country ought to hold every person accountable for his or her cruel treatment to their slaves; that when one neighbor sees another give his slave an unmerciful beating, or knows him to abuse him in any way, if he is not comfortably clothed, well fed, nursed in sickness, and allowed to enjoy the society of his fellow Africans, and also allowed to go to church and worship his God, I say that I wish all such people could be legally dealt with, and that cruelty to the slaves be made a penitentiary offence, and punished accordingly; for who would give a button for a law that is not rigidly enforced, when the happiness and comfort of a person is involved?"—"Then," again said I, "Mr. Manville, if you allow the planter to purchase slaves, and prohibit the slave-driver from doing the same, would not your plan be an anti-republican one? and would you not allow them the privilege of purchasing rational as well as irrational stock?"—"Yes, the slave-driver might supply the Southern planter just as the horse-driver does, provided he is a humane man; and if he is not so, the law should punish him; and when he disposes of his drove of stock, let the purchaser treat them kindly and religiously; but I deprecate the practice of permitting every ruffian of a man to be going about the country, picking up a slave here and there, and then handcuffing him and disposing of him to anybody, just for speculation; besides, Miss Louise, I do think that there should be some distinction in the treatment of the rational and irrational stock. You are aware that some of the breeds of horned cattle require different treatment from the long shaggy-haired bullock that ranges the field. I am in favor of humanity to brutes, and of course, I am in favor of treating, with the tenderest humanity, that portion of my rational stock, with which Heaven has complimented me; so by holding every man accountable by law, for his treatment to his slave, I would not only not go contrary to, but strengthen, the principles of republicanism; for as we live in a republican government, and

every one is permitted to be a slave-driver who chooses, some limitation must be made, certain privileges be allowed, and no more. The laws of the country must force people to do their duty to their slaves, and punish them if they do not do it. It is the cruelty of a few, who have been permitted to escape the penalty of the law, that has disgraced the reputation of the many, who own slaves, and who treat them with humanity. How often, my child, has the congregation of Christ been disgraced by some, who are murderers and drunkards, and still, you know that the purity of Christ's institution upon earth is untarnished; and thus it is with the institution of African slavery." I thanked my patriarchal friend for the trouble he had taken to instruct me. As the lamp upon the old centre-table was beginning to flicker, and every now and then drop within the oil-receiver, I bade the kind-hearted father good night, and hastened to my chamber, with a mind at rest upon a subject which, at times, had caused me no little sorrow and vexation.

## CHAPTER XL.

THE second winter at Manville Hall came on very early. One of the deepest snows that I ever saw, fell on the second day of November. In the middle of the month, while the earth was frozen, and the chilling rains of November often pouring down, our venerable friend, Mr. Manville, was taken sick. I had heard him complain several times during the fall, of giddiness and swimming in his head, and he told us one day that he was sometimes blind in his left eye, and felt a singular, shooting pain through his ears. He had often expressed his dread of apoplexy, but was, at this time, prostrated with pleurisy. Dr. Murray attended him, and considered him in a very critical situation. We had hitherto been a healthy family at the Hall. Ada had been in delicate health, but she was now fleshy and

rosy. Mrs. Newland's disease was asthma, which plagued her considerably, but we did not consider her in danger, and we had offered prayers to Heaven, twice a day, in conjunction with Parson Macdonald, for our health and happiness. We congratulated one another upon our situation, away from the vanity and deception of the world. We had lived so temperately and so methodically, and as the religious formalities of the Hall forbade one from interfering with the business of another, we were all bound by the cords of attachment and truth.

The reader has long ago learned that the family of Manvilles were genuine Scotch people. Those at the Hall were like their countrymen in old Scotia. They were always polite, refined, dignified, and warm-hearted; still, they never seemed to have that taste for becoming intimate, and often making, like the people of the United States, what they call confidants and bosom-friends. If a Scotchman once likes you, and you cultivate his friendship, it is generally the most abiding of any in the world; and no matter to what point of the compass he may steer, you are not forgotten. This description of friendship will last until you do something to prove to the true-hearted Caledonian that you are deceitful; then he never trusts you. He often forgives, but never forgets; and although he is not apt to take any advantage of you or to speak harshly of you, even in case he does not like you, still, he will not be willing to risk his "goods again aboard your bark," if he has ever had the slightest grounds for suspecting that you have been sailing under the pennant of a corsair. In our seclusion and unwavering friendship, we almost forgot that sickness could come over the mountains. Their lofty spires looked as if they might fortify us against the trials of the outer world. Daily, our old father of the Hall grew worse, and it now became necessary for some one to sit up with him during the night. Parson Macdonald, Mrs. Newland, Miss Matilda, Mrs. Peebles, and an old gentleman of the name of Falkirk, assisted

by the servants of the Hall, watched him alternately. I offered my services to Miss Matilda, but she kindly and politely informed me that her brother had so many to nurse him that I need not be disturbed. His chamber was kept dark, and as quiet as the chamber of death. I often went to the door which opened upon the gallery, but it was fastened, and for fear of startling my worthy friend, I forbore to knock for admittance. I stood there, listening to his groans, many a time, till I was driven away by the pinching winds of the season. One night, during his illness, I was waked by a faint cry. I did not know what it was. It seemed to be about the Hall, too, and sounded like the scream of a young child. I arose on my elbow to listen, first thinking that I had been dreaming; but as the cry grew louder and stronger, I got out of bed, opened my door on the gallery, and listened. I could hear persons talking, and still heard the cries of the child. I walked out on the gallery, a few paces, but as my school-room and Miss Ashmore's closed apartment were between my chamber and that of Mr. Manville, it was impossible for me to distinguish what was going on. It was evident, however, that the child was crying in his apartment. It was a novel sound, indeed, to hear the cries of a child about Manville Hall, and I began directly to think of the private staircase that led from Mr. Manville's room to the little gate in the back yard, and also to form conjectures of the narrow alley, thickly covered with vines, that so closely interlaced the slats which supported them, that a bird could not fly through them. I had frequently observed Mr. Manville come out of the stair-door, and pass beneath this alley of vines. It led to the edge of a peach orchard. After he walked a little way down the alley, the deep shade obstructed my line of vision, so that I could not see him. I had frequently been through the peach-orchard; but I had never seen a vestige of a human habitation beyond it, or near it.—I heard persons talking, and the child screaming, all the time I stood there. I also was thinking of the mysterious Ivanora, and had long

ago concluded that the "vine-covered alley" and back-door of the narrow stairway, leading from Mr. Manville's chamber, was the way she came to the Hall. The cry of the child still rung in my ears. I stepped again into my chamber to see if Lizette, Ada, or Dorcas had stirred. I heard them breathing lowly and tranquilly, and then I stole softly to the upper part of the gallery. "What shall I do," said I to myself, "if any of the family open the door of Mr. Manville's chamber and find me here?" They will call me an eavesdropper, and this I cannot bear; for after remaining so long at the Hall, in credit with the family, how can I bear, for so trivial a circumstance, to mar their faith in me! Reader, do you know anything of a woman's curiosity, under such circumstances, too? If so, Louise is excused.

Notwithstanding that I was shaking like the aspen's leaf, as I had become thoroughly chilled, I determined that I would attempt to see what was going on in Mr. Manville's room, and risk being caught. I heard other sobs and groans, besides those from Mr. Manville's couch and of the poor child, who seemed to be suffering. Some one else was weeping in that ancient chamber, as well as the child. I crept back to my room, put on a pair of thick yarn stockings, and my cloak, then took a little chair in my hand, which I placed under the window opening from Mr. Manville's room, upon the gallery. I stood on it and looked over the curtain which veiled the lower sash of lights. I saw my beloved old friend, immediately before me, prostrate on his snow-white couch. He looked pale and gloomy; beside his bed stood Miss Matilda, and on the foot sat Parson Macdonald. At the fireplace was Mrs. Peebles, who was holding a child, it seemed to be in great pain, as it writhed in her arms and screamed violently. In an old-fashioned chair sat a magnificent-looking gentleman, to me a total stranger, and he held on his lap the delicate, sylph-like figure of a female! The woman seemed to be in the greatest agony; she wept, while her arms were clasped closely

about the neck of the stranger. She was dressed in black, and looked pale by the dim taper that gleamed from the ancient mantelpiece; and those long auburn ringlets of which I had heard fell in great, thick clusters over the shoulder of the gentleman in whose arms she was weeping. Presently I heard her sweet, plaintive voice. She said, "Oh! Uncle Arthur, how can I quit weeping! whenever I gaze on you, my poor darling Louis's image is before me! Oh, Louis! Oh Uncle Arthur! what shall I do?"—"Indeed, Ivanora," said Miss Matilda, "you must not weep, and call poor Louis's name in the hearing of Brother Charles, for he is too low to hear his name, as it revives so many painful recollections. Try and compose yourself, my dear; we are all afflicted by your grief, but can do nothing." She still wept, and clung to her uncle, who was the Arthur Manville of whom the reader has heard. At this moment I saw a figure emerge from the bedside, next to the wall, and approach Parson Macdonald and whisper something to him. Reader, I nearly fell on the gallery floor, for after he spoke to Parson Macdonald, and looked for a moment at his watch, he turned partly around to go to the group at the fireplace, and I recognised the intellectual and calm physiognomy of my friend Dr. Finlay! "Doctor," said the weeping woman, "please do something for my child? Oh wretched! unhappy me! Doctor what shall I do, to cure my anguished heart? Doctor," continued she, "is my darling child ill?"—"Oh no, Ivanora; try and compose yourself, my dear, and be guarded. Do you not know that you will cause your grandpa a great many pangs, if you mention Louis?"—"Well, I ask pardon," said the sorrowful woman; "I will be calm and not distress my dear old grandpa. I hope he was asleep, when I unguardedly spoke of poor Louis. Whenever I see Uncle Arthur, I cannot avoid thinking of the past. I see everything, and my heart bleeds, as it did at that dreadful moment. Then Uncle Arthur pressed the weeping woman closer to his heart, and put his handkerchief to his eyes, as if his tears

were gathering, and I thought, with Madame de Stael "that some unwonted nerve of the heart was touched." Again Dr. Finlay walked to the bedside of the suffering old gentleman and examined his pulse, while he held his watch in his hand. I had then a perfect view of his manly face. He was a tall, elegantly formed gentleman; and I had but one objection to his personal appearance and that was because his eyes were not black. I wondered how he came there, at that hour of the night, but contented myself with the conclusion that he had come to see "the children," as he said he intended doing, when I saw him at Green Haven. I was upon the eve of quitting the window, when Dr. Finlay came to his uncle again, who had not left his place on the foot of Mr. Manville's bed. He touched Parson Macdonald on the shoulder, and said, "Has Ivanora heard anything of that fellow lately?"—"Not a word," replied Parson Macdonald.—"Villainous! villainous!" said Dr. Finlay, curving his lip as in scorn.

"Is the child ill, Walter?" said Parson Macdonald, to Dr. Finlay. "Not at all," was his reply, and, continued he, "the mother is naturally of a nervous, excitable temperament, and of course is now frightened at trifles, and after suffering so greatly, nothing else may be expected." Still the child every once in a while would scream, as if a keen pain shot piercingly through its little body. Dr. Finlay was preparing a powder in a teacup of warm water, to administer to it, when I stepped again on the floor of the gallery, took up the little chair, and went into my room, to reflect on the dark mystery which hung over Ivanora. I rather reproached myself, for having listened to the conversation I had heard in Mr. Manville's chamber; but then I had so much curiosity to know what was going on there, and I felt as all women do, when there is a shadow over one of our sex: we every one desire to see into its pene-tralia, and many a time would rather do so unseen by any eye than not. I therefore had no malicious motive, in eaves-dropping; not because I wished to gossip about anything I saw



and heard, but the screams of the little sufferer, and the mournful wailings of the disconsolate mother, enlisted my sympathy and attention. I regretted that I was not permitted to offer my soothing balm of affection to the grief-stricken young woman, which I felt flow into my heart, as I gazed on the lovely creature. I could not sleep again that night for thinking of what I had heard about Louis. I had been informed that Mr. Manville's son had been murdered, and that some dark deed had been done at Manville Hall. I saw nothing, however, to justify the suspicion that the family were anything but pious, refined, intelligent people; ever ready to "do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly before God." I also had heard that Arthur Manville had been arraigned before the tribunal of his country for some alleged crime, and acquitted. That Ivanora and Arthur Manville were closely concerned in the affair relating to Louis, I was satisfied; but in what way I could not tell. It was an enigma to me, and one which I feared would never be explained to my inquisitive mind.

## CHAPTER XLI.

EARLY in the morning I arose and made considerable change in my toilette. I knew that I was to see Dr. Finlay, and also Arthur Manville, who was a stranger to me. While I was dressing, Lizette and Ada came running back to our chamber, to tell me that "Uncle Doctor and Uncle Arthur" had arrived in the night, and that "dear Uncle Charles was not going to die; that Uncle Doctor had said he would get well." When I was equipped, I went down to the parlor to attend prayer. Dr. Finlay met me with smiles, shook my hand very cordially, then introduced me to Dr. Manville, who was, sure enough, the distinguished "son Arthur," of whom I had so often heard. I responded by my actions to the great pleasure I saw Dr. Finlay evince, when he grasped my hand. He seemed de-

termined to be as gallant, too, as he had been at our first meeting, for when I attempted to sit down at some distance, he took hold of my arm, and said in a whisper, "Sit here, Louise." I saw that he still loved to pronounce the name of Louise, and it appeared that he gave a more tender expression to the name at that time than he had formerly done. There is always something in those fine, soft touches of words and tones, easily detected, when they are sent forth by the delicate and tender sensibilities of a devoted heart. Parson Macdonald's prayer, according to custom, was pathetic and eloquent, still I could not concentrate my thoughts upon his pure words. His nephew, Dr. Walter Finlay, was devoutly kneeling near me, and I kept thinking about him. I was just like a person in an infected room, who scarcely breathes, so much afraid is he that he will inhale the malady. I believed, from the actions of the interesting Doctor, that he was pleased with me. Mrs. Kipton had declared that he loved me, and I seemed then to regard love as infectious; still, I had not that quick perception, of which some women boast, for I was once acquainted with a lady, who told me that "if half a dozen gentlemen called upon her at the same time, she could point out every one of them who would address her upon the subject of matrimony." I had promised myself that I would not love, still, if the Doctor really loved me, I feared that I might be infected by the disorder. I carelessly said to myself in a whisper, "Doctor, you are a fascinating creature, and you pronounce my name so sweetly that I could love you, I believe, but your eyes are not black!" After we all arose from our knees, and breakfast was announced, the Doctor offered his arm to me, and we entered the room together and sat down to the table, opposite to Arthur Manville and Parson Macdonald. Mrs. Newland took the foot of the table, and Miss Matilda the head, the place she had occupied since her arrival at Manville Hall. Mrs. Newland declared that she would take dear Brother Charles's place, as Parson Macdonald was

fatigued sitting up at night, and Arthur and Walter had travelled so far the preceding day that "we will not impose the duties of the foot of the table upon either of you."

I regretted it, for I shrunk from the glances of the two distinguished gentlemen before me. I had met old Parson Macdonald a thousand times about the Hall and the premises, and I had not until that morning observed that he took any particular notice of me. Now, his inquisitive eyes were directed at me; I was facing him, and it seemed to me that as he gazed at me and then at "Walter," that he was drawing a silent comparison. I observed that Dr. Manville looked at me in a way that made me blush, but he seemed to notice my confusion, and then, as if he wished to make me feel at ease, he addressed something to me, but I made mistakes when I responded to him, my hands trembled, and I dropped my knife on the floor. Dr. Finlay observed my confusion, and whispered to me, "Never mind, Louise, do not be so timid." I looked at him, and instantly caught a ray of that self-command and calmness which was a predominant characteristic in the countenance of my friend, and I became more tranquil. Dr. Finlay was decidedly the most composed man at the table. I thought I could easily read Parson Macdonald's thoughts in his countenance. He seemed to think, "Well, I have been here almost two years with Miss Elton; my ecclesiastical duties have chiefly engaged my attention. She has seldom, if ever, missed coming to prayer; she is regularly at church; I am also very well satisfied with her management and instruction of Lizette and Ada, still, I have paid but little attention to her till Walter mentioned her name to me." Arthur was more cunning; he talked to his aunt Newland and to Miss Matilda, and kept joking Lizette and Ada, who were as affectionate towards "Uncle Arthur" as they were towards "Uncle Doctor." Arthur was their cousin, but they called him uncle, and had a thousand questions to ask him, because his plantations adjoined the one on which resided "Llewellyn Percy and Sister Kate." I went to

my school-room after breakfast, and shortly after Ada came to me, saying, "Miss Louise, Uncle Doctor says 'Come down to the library;' there is a good fire there, and he wishes to see you." I hastened down to him, and as soon as I was within the room he remarked, "My dear Louise, I am highly pleased to meet you again, and you need not go to school to-day; 'tis too cold; spend the day with me. In revisiting this old stone pile, I feel as I imagine Adam and Eve would have felt, if some angel had after a few years carried them back to Eden. Some of my happiest and bitterest moments have been passed beneath this roof. Here is an old book," said he, rising, and taking the *Life of Washington* from the book-case, "in which I made a quotation once in early life, upon standing again in this antiquated library." I took the book and read these exquisite lines:

"What is this charm which thrills through all my nerves,  
And seeks my inmost soul? 'Tis nature's voice  
Invites her erring sons to rural peace.  
Why, eager, leave the home of pure delight,  
And seek, through ocean storms or din of war,  
The pleasures which the humblest peasant finds  
Freely bestowed in his sequestered cot!  
'Twas here my infant footsteps trod, where truth  
And nature boundless reign. Here art's dull film,  
Sordid and false, drops from uncheating eyes,  
The social feelings now resume their sway;  
Delightful, tender, penetrant, and strong,  
As is the giant's grasp.  
Where is my term of life that's gone? With years  
Of good Aurelius. Blest hills and vales,  
Where my first vision dawned! and talking streams,  
How much you tell me, I had else forgot!  
Yes, there's a charm around the native home,  
Could make the miser, for awhile, forget  
His gold; and call the felon back to virtue."

I carefully perused these expressive lines, then handed the book to the Doctor, and asked him who was the author of them.

"I do not recollect," replied he. "I was in hopes you could inform me." I began, and asked him then a great many questions about Green Haven, and Mrs. Kipton; and pleasant, indeed, were the reminiscences of our first acquaintance, and of my brother Alva; our evening's promenade; our conversations, &c., &c. I thought Dr. Finlay more agreeable than I had ever seen him; and I often interrogated my heart to know if there was not a secret web of love weaving itself over it. My short reverie was broken by Dr. Finlay, who, closing the doors of a book-case, resumed his chair beside me, saying, "Louise, you know not how anxious I have been to come to the Hall, since you have been here. I have fixed twenty days, I know, and said I would start; but whenever a doctor sets a day to go a journey, or even make an ordinary visit, that is the very day on which the whole neighborhood will be taken sick. I kept waiting and promising. Then I would write to you, and burn the letter—I feared that you would not reply to me. And even if you had replied, it would perhaps have been in a style calculated to make me a 'despairing suicide;' but after Colonel Manville returned to Green Haven, and told me about seeing you here, the admiration he expressed of you revived all that which filled my heart the first moment I saw you. I received a letter from Dr. Manville—or Cousin Arthur—who was exceedingly anxious to visit his aged father, and we concluded to come this month. We both felt an inexpressible anxiety to revisit this old Hall and its environs together; and since our arrival last night, I suppose that ten thousand reminiscences of bygone days have all been dreamed over." I knew that when Dr. Finlay lived over his earlier years, it made him so melancholy that it was painful to hear him converse on the subject, and as I wished him to be happy during his stay at Manville Hall, I said, "Doctor, do you play backgammon with any one at Green Haven now?" I wanted to turn his thoughts into another channel.—"I have not played lately," replied he, "but now that you have reminded me of

it, we will play."—"Play backgammon at Manville Hall!" said I; "it would be encroaching upon the religious ceremonies of the Hall, Doctor. Mrs. Newland and Miss Matilda would run out of the house were they to open the library door, and see such a novel sight as two persons playing at backgammon; besides, Mr. Manville is too ill for us to think of such a thing. Dear me, Doctor, Miss Matilda and Mrs. Newland have so many conscientious scruples." But the Doctor was not so easily persuaded as I supposed he would be. "Now," replied he, "Louise you are mistaken about Mr. Manville. I do not consider him dangerously ill, at all; and I'll have him out of that chamber in three days. He is able to sit up this morning, and to transact business with Arthur; and don't you believe that Mrs. Newland or Miss Matilda either will faint at the sight of a backgammon box; I have played many a game with them."—"But," said I, "Doctor, there is your uncle, Parson Macdonald, who spends three-fourths of his time in the library here; now what would you say if he opens the door? besides, I do not think that there is a board about the Hall."—"Never mind uncle," continued Dr. Finlay, "we will bolt him out. I know more about Manville Hall than you do, my dear Louise, and if you will consent to play with me, I will order the backgammon box and its contents to be brought." I consented—reluctantly, however, for I was so familiar with the rigid economy of the Hall, that I felt a backwardness in playing. I knew that Dr. Finlay had every day and night, for years, had the excitement of his practice to engage his attention, and I feared that he would too often relapse into those melancholy thoughts of bygone hours, if I did not exert myself to interest him. Lizette and Ada had also informed me that "Uncle Doctor" was going to stay two weeks at the Hall, so I gave my assent, and then he rung the library bell. When the servant came to him, I heard him say, "Go to the cottage, and tell Mrs. Falkirk to send me Miss Ivanora's backgammon box, with the men, dice, and dice-boxes."

After awhile the servant returned with it, and we commenced a game. We continued to play till near dinner-time, and he beat me almost every game. He gammoned me four times, and when I proposed that we should quit, he laughed very much, and said, "My dear Louise, I have triumphed over you at last. You are not half so indifferent as you were towards me at Green Haven. Your provoking nonchalance is somewhat subdued. I do not think, however, that you stand defeat as well as I supposed you would."—"I do not understand," said I, "what you are talking about. I admit that you can out-play me, still I am not in the least wounded by the fact."—"I was then half angry, because Dr. Finlay had said what he had about my indifference towards him. I knew I did not love him, and thought my heart circumvallated against his many seductive fascinations; but then for him to have thought that I would love him, or that he had subdued my obstinate resistance to love, was more than I was willing to admit. I had not been so much chagrined for years, and all for nothing too, but I wished very much to tell Dr. Finlay that I was angry with him, for he kept joking me about his triumphs, &c., until my dormant energies of temper were aroused sure enough. He pushed the table to one side, and came and sat close by me. He took my hand, and said, "My dear Louise, I hope I have not really offended you."—"I pulled my hand away from him, and arose to leave the library; and, as I closed the door after me, I said loudly, "I'll thank you not to call me 'My dear Louise, again.'"—"I hastened to my chamber, and felt the tears of regret arising in my foolish eyes. Then I was more and more provoked at myself for having given way to my temper, over which I imagined that I had acquired absolute control. And how childish, argued I. I have got angry with Dr. Finlay for a mere trifle;—nothing, in fact; and what a piece of superlative folly I have been guilty of. I was almost on the eve of returning to the library, and asking pardon of the Doctor, for his kindness, politeness,

and preference for me, came into my heart, and I wept afresh when I reflected upon my abrupt departure from the library. However, I promised myself to apologize to him at the tea-table, and resolved that I would behave towards him more politely in future. At the hour when tea was announced, I was so much ashamed of myself and vexed because I had shown my temper, that I deliberated whether I would go down to supper or not. I disliked meeting Dr. Finlay, and wanted to meet him too. Still, I was conjecturing how he would approach me, after I had slammed the library door with such violence, and left him alone in that old granary of science and literature. I arose, however, and went down. I looked, of course, for Dr. Finlay first, and there he stood by his chair waiting for me, and as I entered the room, I observed that he glanced at me over his glasses in that quizzical manner which he had so often done at Green Haven. He seemed to be in a fine humor, greatly to my relief. Still I saw he wished to laugh at me, for his eyes fairly danced when I looked at him, and very soon he said, pleasantly, "How are you now, Louise? I discover that a heavy snow fell during our stay in the library. If to-morrow morning is not too ungenial, will you go a-sleighing with us?"—"With pleasure," said I; and after breakfast the ensuing morning, Miss Matilda, Lizette, Ada, and I, accompanied him. We were driven all over the fields and meadows, then down the road, which led to Rocky Chapel, and for several miles beyond that sacred old edifice. Coming back, we drove near a public burying-ground, one not belonging to Rocky Chapel, and I saw Dr. Finlay rise from his seat by Miss Matilda, and cast a sad look at the moss-covered stones that stood up through the snow. As he sat down, in rather a low voice, he said to Miss Matilda, "At whose direction was that monument placed there?"—"The Pitkins' family had it done, I believe," said she. "It bears the name of Wallace Pitkins," said I; "I have frequently been to the 'old kirkyard,' and to the public burying-ground

too. I have noticed the name on the marble column. Was he a friend to you, Doctor?" inquired I.—"He was an acquaintance of mine," said Dr. Finlay, drily.—"I thought, perhaps," continued I, "that he was an intimate friend, as you seemed to cast such mournful looks at the stone over his ashes."—"Only an acquaintance," said the Doctor. If I had then known, or had ever heard of the relationship which once existed between Dr. Finlay and Wallace Pitkins, I should not have mentioned his name. Have patience, dear reader, and you shall presently hear of Wallace Pitkins.

When we got home again to the Hall, I asked Miss Matilda, "if I could see Mr. Manville; that I understood he was then able to sit up?"—"Certainly, Miss Elton," replied she, "and I have no doubt but that my dear old brother will be pleased to see you. I hear him inquire of Lizette or Ada every day, —'How is Miss Elton?'"—"Arthur says, he thinks his father low-spirited, and is greatly grieved to see how he has broken and faded!"—"Come!" said Miss Matilda, "we will go up now." I made sure that I was to see Ivanora, for I thought she was there early in the morning, but there was no such woman in Mr. Manville's chamber; no sick babe, and not a trace of either of them. I was seated beside the bed of the aged valetudinarian, sponging his wrinkled hands with warm vinegar, when Mrs. Newland entered the chamber, and sat down at the fire-place to converse with Miss Matilda. I heard her say, "Brother Charles says, he will send for Carrie, just as soon as he gets a little stronger; what a pity Arthur did not make her come home. The letter Madame Dirotte addressed to Brother Charles, has worried him no little. She states that Carrie has not recited a lesson to her for six months, and that Carrie induced her to believe that Brother Charles had directed her to abandon her French lessons altogether. She has written to Arthur's wife also (so Arthur told me), that Miss Ashmore was acting very indiscreetly with Harry Upperton; you are aware sister, that Upperton and Roff leave their plantations

every winter, and stay during that season in the city of —? They are there now, and Carrie is attending parties, balls, and theatres. Everybody thinks that Carrie is in love with Upperton, and they are talking about it; but I know that he has no idea of addressing her. I know when a man's intentions are honest, just as well as he does. I cautioned our niece about that dashing, handsome, musical fellow, for he's a flirt; and Carrie has been so long without a mother, and has remained in that gay city so long, that I really do not know what we are to do with her when she comes to the Hall. How will she live secluded here behind the mountains? I regret that she has inherited none of our sister's resignation and force of character; she is altogether Ashmore in her organization; then she is too wild, too ungovernable, too fond of fine dressing, entirely, to be a country lady; I am afraid she will be miserable here, for where will she find gentlemen enough to admire her? She will not accommodate herself to the mountain swains, I know. Have you looked over those bills Arthur brought from the merchants, sister?" continued Mrs. Newland; "they call for the *moderate* sum," (ironically said the old aunt) "of one thousand and fifty dollars! Bless me, what waste, and what a vain girl Carrie is! If her father's brothers were not so dissipated, I should insist on their taking her; as she cares for nothing but society, and that must be of the most fashionable, city character. I care but little for the money she has wasted, compared with my anxiety to have her separated from the society of Henry Upperton. She loves him, and he may take advantage of her weakness. Arthur is too indulgent with her entirely; he should have used more authority with Carrie, or summoned sufficient moral courage to talk to her; but he is timorous about some things, and is so perfectly devoted to his wife and children, that he forgets the outer world." Shortly after this visit to Mr. Manville's chamber, Dr. Finlay sent Lizette for me to come again to the library. I went down, and backgammon was proposed; but I roundly refused, telling him that

I had resolved never to play again. I remained in the library conversing with the Doctor, for in his interesting and eloquent flights, no one could hear him and leave him unaffected. He told me that he was, after awhile going with Dr. Manville into my school-room; that he hoped it would be no intrusion; that Arthur wished to look at some of his old books; that they had not been in that apartment together for a great while, and that it used to be their bed-chamber. "The room you occupy, Louise, is where my dear, sweet Emily died." Oh," said he, covering his eyes with his hand, "how plainly I see her in my imagination as I once saw her, when I took her in my arms and laid her on the couch in that chamber. I thought she was dead. She had received a fright at something and fainted; and poor, darling Lavinia was as much frightened as Emily."—"At what?" said I.—"I may tell you, one of these days," said Dr. Finlay; for at that moment Arthur Manville came into the library, and said, "I dislike to interrupt your conversation with Miss Elton, but suppose we go to my old chamber now? Excuse us a moment, Miss Elton," continued Arthur, and off they went. I then stole softly into my own chamber, adjoining the school-room, which used to be Arthur's room. I wished to hear what they were going to talk about, and as I had succeeded once before in eavesdropping, I bent my head near the door and listened. Dr. Finlay said, "Arthur, do you recollect this crucible?" holding a small one in his hand, and turning it over and over.—"I think I do," replied the other; "'tis the same that you threw at the old Venetian mirror, the night on which you received the intelligence of the marriage of Madame Augereau."—"The very same," said Dr. Finlay.—"Well, Walter," said Arthur, "is not the lady governante named Louise?"—"Yes," replied Dr. Finlay.—"Well, why do you not fall in love with her, and marry her?" asked Arthur.—"I do love her," returned Dr. Finlay, "and I have been about half crazed ever since I first laid eyes on her. Yes, her name is

Louise,—dear, tender, sweet word. I roll it, like a delicious morsel, under my tongue."—Arthur turned towards the Doctor, and remarked vehemently, "Walter, are those your sentiments; then why, in the name of common sense, do you not make the proper advances to her? You know whether she will suit you or not; and I have, at all times, had the greatest inclination to see you happily married of any one in the world. Do you not recollect how I used to scold at you for your inflexible and provoking indifference towards Louise Bantier? Go and be a man, Walter. You have now no time to lose. I see, however, that you are a timid fellow yet, and still wait for some woman to come and tell you that she loves you, wishes to marry you, and that her name is Louise. You will fool away a valuable life yet, and sinfully swindle some woman out of a good husband. I believed once that the marriage of Louise Bantier would be a lesson you would not easily forget. Go on; go to courting at once, and be of some account."—Dr. Finlay laughed, and said, "Arthur, I would address that woman in a moment; but I am afraid she will discard me, and I would rather be shot than to take a denial from a woman I love. I know I err, too, in devoting my attentions to her, and I know I am a fool for living on the hope that she, perhaps, cherishes a secret love for me, and will not marry so long as I am single. I confess, also, that this is presumption in me, and I know not what to do in Miss Elton's case. I have heard that she declares she will not marry at all; that she has laid out certain schemes which she desires to accomplish, when she retires as an old maid. I am afraid she is cold and indifferent; and God save me from a cold-hearted, self-important woman! Why, Arthur, just look at Colonel Manville; he is in torment every moment of his existence; that wife of his is a perfect fiend; and I am disgusted with the whole of womankind, when I seriously reflect that, perhaps, she is a sample of the generality of the sex. I then thank God that I am a single man, and resolve never to marry. What do



you suppose I would do with a wife who would interfere with my business, and scold me for bleeding my patient because she thought she ought to be blistered, and if I administered calomel in pills for her to declare that it should have been given in powders? I often think of all this; for I have been as anxious to be a married man as you ever were; but I confess that I am unpractised in the emotions of a woman's heart; then the changes in life are often so strange and sudden, that it is impossible for me to come to any definite conclusion. Suppose I address Miss Elton (for I love her), and we are married. At first everything goes on swimmingly. After the honeymoon fulls, and she then looks round at the sober realities of every-day life, the novelty begins to milder, and she becomes sullen and cross; what do you think will become of me?"—"The risk is the same on her part," said Arthur; "she may reason just as you do. Comparatively, you are both strangers to each other, I know, and that you never would relapse, I also know; for I see exactly what kind of a husband you would make; but, unfortunately, the women cannot know you as I do. I regret, too, Walter, that you do not know as much of a woman's heart as I know. Now, you ought to know that when a woman says no, she generally means yes; for in love matters there is, comparatively speaking, little or no truth in any declaration they make. Half of the time when you are wooing, and they almost dying to marry you, they assume a cold and indifferent air, and charge you with flattery, many a time, when that very charge is but an invitation for you to flatter on. They discover that your pride is, perhaps, a little wounded at being called a flatterer,—they call you by that name in order to excite you; your eloquence is warmed by the charge, your energies are invigorated, and the coquettish creature listens in transport and triumph at the fresh and beautiful epithets that you lavish upon her, in endeavoring to persuade her that you are not a flatterer, but are speaking the words of 'truth and soberness.'"

"You are a good anatomist, Walter; you know all about the dissection of dead bodies; you are a good physiologist, also, for you can investigate the functions of living bodies, and you know all about the aorta, the ventricles, the valves, the arteries, the vena cava, of the heart, but of that emotion, sympathy, which old Dr. Blandel used to say ran along the chordæ tendinæ, and settled in the columnæ and massæ carneæ, you know nothing.\* However, Walter, I am only jesting with you about Blandel, for you recollect that when the old fellow was a little 'shot in the neck,' when lecturing the class, he was addicted to the construction of theories which wanted circumstantial evidence for their groundwork; still, I shall never forget his eccentricity, and his curious and truly laughable remarks when he was a little tipsy, especially if he had a human heart to lecture upon. I tell you, Walter Finlay, that I do not believe there is a woman on the earth between fifteen years of age and four times fifteen, who would not marry; so go on, Walter, and court Miss Louise, for if I am any judge of such matters—and you often say to me that I am—I will declare that I think her a fine woman, and one

\* As this conversation, every word, in substance, actually took place between the two gentlemen whom the authoress has named Walter Finlay and Arthur Manville, it may not be out of place to explain what "Dr. Blandel," as he is fictitiously called, meant by emotion and sympathy, running along the chordæ tendinæ, and settling in the columnæ and massæ carneæ. This gentleman told the writer of Louise Elton, once, "that he believed there was in nature an invisible fibre which grew from the heart of persons in love,—that like the tendril of the grape-vine it grew, until it clasped the heart of the object it was reaching after; that the tenderest emotion of the heart then ran along this invisible chordæ tendinæ, like the silvering runs along wire, and settled in the columnæ and massæ carneæ, as the galvanizing matter fixes itself over anything which is intended to be gilded." "Quite a laughable definition of love," methinks I hear somebody say, "or rather of the manner in which it takes effect." Poor Dr. Blandel, like all the world, had his faults, however, and often indulged too freely in what he called "grape-tonic."

after your own ideal. Promise me that you will, for I know there is a deep fountain of pure, crystal-like water in that woman's heart, and all you have to do is to borrow the power of the lapwing, and search for it, and if you ever make the discovery, too, my dear fellow, recollect that it will be like the affection Tom Moore has written of, when he said,—

“Fresh as the fountain under ground,  
When first 'tis by the lapwing found.”

“You are exceedingly eloquent and persuasive, Arthur,” said Dr. Finlay, “and as Agrippa said unto Paul, ‘Almost thou persuadest me to be’—instead of ‘a Christian’—a married man; and now, as you have looked over your books, and the chemical apparatus, &c., let us go and see how the old man is.”\* They left the room, closing the door after them, and I stole away below stairs to Miss Matilda's room, where I was quietly sitting when Drs. Finlay and Manville passed through the passage and out of the door, then directly I saw them enter the viny avenue through which I so often saw the respective members of the family go. They bowed politely and smiled very bewitchingly as they were passing the window, for I had placed myself where I knew they would see me, to ward off any suspicion with them of my being in my chamber, and listening to their conversation. I knew they were going to “the cottage,” as Dr. Finlay had called the home of Ivanora, when I heard him give directions to the servant who went for the backgammon box.—In a few days, Mr. Manville came below stairs, and was driven out occasionally in his carriage. We were all truly thankful when he resumed his seat at the table, for we had missed him so much that it seemed as if everything was wrong during his confinement, and no music had vibrated on my nerves, for years, so sweet as the tones of Mr. Manville's voice when he spoke to Arthur. He would say a thousand times a day, “Arthur, my son,” for he almost

\* Mr. Charles Manville.

idolized him, and the son proved by his affectionate manners that he had been trained from his earliest youth to reverence and love his father, to pay him deference, and at all times to show to him that the filial love and obedience he had learned when a boy, had made that indelible impression upon him which is generally made upon children trained according to the code of Solomon, “in the way they should go.” After remaining three weeks, the two doctors bid adieu to this ancient Hall,—Dr. Finlay returning to Green Haven, and Dr. Manville to Magnoliona,\* his seat in the South.

## CHAPTER XLII.

I WAS indeed thankful to Dr. Finlay, for not mentioning the subject of love or matrimony to me. I respected and esteemed him, but had no idea of loving, and rejoiced that no one was able to make me break the resolution I had formed of not marrying. After the restoration of Mr. Manville's health, he sent for Miss Ashmore to come home. She was put in the care of a gentleman, who left her at the hotel in the little town, seven miles from Manville Hall. As soon as Mr. Manville was informed of the safe arrival of his niece, he took Mrs. Newland in his carriage, and went for her. They took with them two of the largest-sized trunks, lashed on the rack of the carriage, and the next day Mr. Manville sent his two-horse wagon to town, and they hauled out five other trunks, all pretty large too, crammed with Carrie's finery. The room adjoining my school-room had

\* The gentleman whom the writer of Louise Elton calls Arthur Manville, improved a magnificent villa, many years ago, in one of the States of the South, which he called in honor of Professor Magnol, of Vermont—who gave name to the elegant magnolia tree—and his wife, whose Christian name was Iona. The two names combined form Magnoliona.

been furnished for more than a year for her, but she so often wrote to her uncle to permit her to remain another session at school, that the indulgent old gentleman had not made her leave the academy at the time he intended, when I first went to Manville Hall. Mr. Manville now furnished Miss Ashmore with a chambermaid, named Rosetta, and told her that her piano and guitar were in the parlor, and invited her to go into his library, and read about two hours every day. Miss Ashmore was in the supper-room the first time I met her at Manville Hall. When I walked into the room with Lizette and Ada, Miss Matilda remarked, "I believe that you are acquainted with Miss Elton, Carrie?"—"I!" ejaculated Miss Ashmore; "indeed I never seen but one governess in my life, and that was that old Morris creature that Uncle James Manville once employed, but I was barely introduced to her."—She drawled the word barely out, with as much precision as if she made large calculations upon the long sound she gave it.—"I thought you were introduced, perhaps, to Miss Elton, at your Cousin Kate's wedding," said Miss Matilda, who then introduced us. Carrie only curved her thin, bluish lips scornfully, and, as gracefully as she knew how, moved her head to one side. Her organ of approbation was so full, that it inclined her head to one side, then, all of a sudden self-esteem being more commanding, pulled the little cranium in place, declaring that her sharp, vain, red head was in an undignified position. Her hair was short, and clustered all over her head in kinky red curls. She had lost it in a spell of fever she had had. She talked incessantly before her uncle came down to supper, told Mrs. Newland and Miss Matilda of all the balls, parties, theatres, circuses, operas, beaux, and belles that she heard of, and all that she had seen in two years. She told what Miss Adams wore to the grand ball at New Orleans on the 8th of January, and what Miss Merchant purchased to wear on the 22d of February; of the costly bouquet that Mr. Roff gave her; that he sent to England for it, and every bud

and flower in it came out of the celebrated conservatory at Chatworth, the magnificent seat of the Duke of Devonshire. She told what Mr. Linton said of the delicacy and symmetry of her feet and ankles, and spoke eloquently of billets, music, troubadours, and serenades by moonlight; but what murdered all was her ungrammatical language. Said she, addressing herself to Mrs. Newland, "I wish I could have saw Mr. Williams before I left. He sent me word that he had a letter for you. I waited a day for him, and I seen he was not coming, so I sloped."—Said I to myself, "I do not think you have told an untruth in declaring that you have never seen but one governess, and you have but barely looked into an English grammar." Miss Ashmore was dressed in a heavily-embroidered green merino dress, an elegant watch and chain, a whole set of jewels, of diamonds and rubies, also ribbons and white kid gloves. "Have you no French wines here?" said she to Miss Matilda, after Mr. Manville had retired to his chamber (for in his presence she took care not to run on with her ill-digested nonsense).—"Plenty," replied her aunt, "in the cellar."—"Oh! I rejoice then; for I expect to feed on wine and music all the time, especially when my beaux comes. Oh! Aunt Matilda, you do not know how many compliments the gentlemen pay my playing on the piano; then I speak French with the greatest eccentricity."\* Madame Ducroix said that Monsieur Barnotte was not so great a—a—a—, dear me, I have spoke French so long that our vulgar English is almost forgot. I can't recollect that English word, but I want to tell you about Monsieur Barnotte. Then," said she, vehemently clasping her kid-gloved hands, and trying to roll up her little, ugly, pale blue eyes sentimentally, "Monsieur Barnotte, *il est bon pianiste, il a un bon doigt et une exécution très brillante.*"—Then turning to me, she said, "*Il fait un temps superbe aujourd'hui.*"—I replied, "*Oui, il fait le plus beau temps du monde.*"

Miss Carrie was not a little astonished, for I knew when she

\* Accuracy.

first began to murder "our brother tongue," what she was attempting to do. She had been pretending to study the French language, and had learned by rote a few disconnected sentences from "Collot's Progressive French Dialogues and Phrases." I was soon satisfied that I could speak as correctly in that elegant and polite idiom as the overbearing Miss Ashmore. I thought, however, that she looked a little crest-fallen when I replied to her in the very next line, in the conversation between "Peter and John." Poor barbarised language, thought I. "O murdered! butchered brother!" A language that is hackled and riddled by those who wish to make a display of what they have not got, nor never can have till all of its native fragrance is drunk up, or carried off by an atmosphere of nonsense. I could think of nothing but those people who wish to appear grand, but who wear imitations of diamonds and other gems set in galvanized cases. After tea, I arose, with Lizette and Ada, to go to our chamber, and as we left the supper-room, Miss Carrie gave her sharp head another toss, and I heard her say, "*La tournure d'une grisette*." — "What?" said Mrs. Newland, to Miss Ashmore. — "*La tournure d'une grisette*," continued Carrie. "I mean, dear aunt, that the governess looks like a chambermaid." After awhile, Lizette and Ada retired, and I went into the school-room to write letters to my mother and brothers. Very soon I heard Miss Ashmore in her room. It really was a strange noise to hear her about the house, for everything up to her arrival was so quiet. She had not been there long, however, before she rung her bell for Rosetta. When the girl came into the room, I heard Miss Ashmore say, "Sit down here, Rosetta; I am going to lecture you. I don't intend for you to be called Rosetta. I intend for you to have a more technical name; technology is all the fashion now; you must either be called Rosalind or Rosettee. Whoever heard of a fashionable lady, like your Miss Carrie, permitting her waiting-maid to be called Rosetta? No, indeed; you are now a fashionable *grisette*. Do you know what

I mean by *gri-set-te*?" — "No, Miss Carrie, I do not," replied Rosetta; "I know that Master Macdonald has a *settee* in his office." — "La! Rosalind," said Carrie, "how stupid you are; it means chambermaid; don't you know that you are my chambermaid, and that I am a French lady, and abominate such vulgar English words as chambermaid? Now, whenever I call you my *grisette*, I mean my chambermaid; and do you always tell everybody how stylish your Miss Carrie is, and that she speaks according to the rules of technology." Just as Carrie had concluded this speech, Miss Matilda entered her room, and I heard her in a very solemn tone say, "Carrie, my dear child, from what your aunt Newland has told me, I am afraid that you have behaved very indecorously to Miss Elton, after I left the tea-table. We all love and respect Miss Elton very much, Carrie, and I am sure, there is nothing you could do that would so readily offend your Uncle Charles as to treat Miss Elton as sister says you have done to-night. I am glad that brother was not at the table. You will have to be particular, and not do anything that is calculated to wound your uncle's feelings. You are aware of his sufferings on account of Ivanora and poor Louis; so now, my dear Carrie, be particular, and do nothing that will harass him. He is with Ivanora now, who has been ill ever since Arthur and Dr. Finlay were here. The sight of Arthur has revived so many things in her mind, that she has suffered greatly ever since he was here. You must never speak of Ivanora to Miss Elton; never mention her in her presence. Miss Elton has been here now nearly three years, and has not seen Ivanora; she, therefore, knows nothing about her or any of her sorrows; nor has she ever interrogated one of the servants about the Hall relative to her; if she ever has heard of her, or anything about her, it has been accidental. I admire Miss Elton for her integrity, for I always dislike to see people interrogating negroes. I would rather find out a matter myself, fifty times, by my own exertion, than to hear family secrets from a servant. I do

not wish you to go on talking French either, as you did at tea. You must recollect that brother spent several years in Paris, and as he is an accomplished French scholar, he will detect your errors; and I am sure Miss Elton will see directly that you do not understand the language well enough to enable you to converse handsomely."

"Well, now," said Carrie, "how very curious you all are, and about that governess too. I! I! Carrie Ashmore! here at Manville Hall, a fair buzzard's roost, listening to a lecture from your aunt about that creature. Nice doings, indeed, for a young lady just from a fashionable boarding-school, to be put under such restraint about a great fat governess! and just to think of such a thing, as Uncle Charles being offended at my candor! I had reasons to believe that I am a favorite with Uncle Manville. He knows that ma gave me to him, and that he promised me education, company, and fortune; now you talk like Ivanora is his favorite, and speak as if he likes Miss Elton as well as he likes me. If I had done what Ivanora has to give uncle trouble, I would not be hidden yonder, behind the mountains; I would have committed suicide long ago."—"Silence, Carrie, I command you to be silent," said Miss Matilda, most vehemently; "and if you ever say one word, in the hearing of Brother Charles, against Ivanora, or whisper one syllable disrespectfully of her, I now tell you Carrie, Ashmore, that you will be forced to leave here; that you will be sent away to your father's relations, and without one cent of my brother's fortune, and the doors of Manville Hall will be shut against you. Speak not of Ivanora; I caution you not to do it, for she is nearer to your Uncle Manville than yourself. Her mother was his only daughter, and the sorrow that she has been groaning under so long, has rendered her an object dearer to brother than every other thing in existence. You are not worth a cent, Carrie, unless brother should think proper to bestow something upon you. He certainly intends doing so, but if you speak so rashly, and you appear so unreasonable

to him as you have done to me, you will offend him, and he will then not be so willing to provide for you. You have mistaken rashness for candor, therefore learn to discriminate, and through life be particular and not do anything to hurt the feelings of any one, who is recognised and esteemed by your friends."—"Why," said Carrie, no longer able to bear her aunt's reproof, "do you all wish to convince me that I have not the right to express my opinion? Indeed you are every one sadly mistaken if you think that Carrie Ashmore is afraid to converse. I have been complimented too often upon my collusory phrases, my commanding detonations of voice, my indomitable profundity, and my bombulatory circumvolutions, to be afraid of my opinions, or anybody's opinions, and especially of that ugly, obscuratory governess. I recollect now, I did see her at Kate Percy's wedding; her brother and herself were ranging about like two stray cats, and stumbled in at Green Haven, at the wedding. I know too, how droll she looked; and she managed to get herself introduced to my kingly beau, Harry Upperton. I saw him conversing with her, and make fun of her when he said she was intelligent. I knew he was jesting, for he asked me to allow him to introduce her brother to me. Ha! ha! ha!" squalled the mirthful Carrie, "how I laugh every time I think of the boots he had on at Kate's wedding, for when Harry Upperton asked him to waltz, he excused himself by saying they were too heavy, and that he was not in waltzing costume. Now, the idea of a clodhopper waltzing! who ever heard of such a thing! and there was Dr. Finlay gallanting that governess about the parlors at Green Haven, and the Doctor a fashionable, gay gentleman too, and to cap the climax, it is reported that the elegant Walter Finlay has fallen in love with her, and that she has flirted with him. Ha! ha! ha! A man of Dr. Finlay's requirements to be flirted with by a country governess, whose father, I have heard, was a poor man, and a Methodist circus\* rider. Now, Aunt Matilda, do you in reality

\* Circuit rider was what she aimed at.

think that Lizette and Ada have improved one cent's worth under the instruction of Miss Elton?"

"Carrie, you have spoken so foolishly, and said so many rash and vain things, and ruffled my feelings so much, that really I cannot enter into a social conversation with you, unless you will promise me that you will do better, and act with more discretion. There is no doubt, however, relative to the improvement of Lizette and Ada. Your uncles are perfectly satisfied with what she has done; Brother James was here last fall, and was last delighted with Miss Elton, and I saw him shed many tears as they recited long and difficult lessons; for Miss Elton examined them closely before their father, Brother Charles, and Parson Macdonald. Lizette and Ada, also, are devoted to her, and you must treat Miss Elton politely, Carrie; promise me that you will?" said Miss Matilda.—"You speak, aunt," said the stubborn girl, "as if I have no politeness. I wish you could know what has been said of my refinement of manners. You are all so different off here, and out of the world, I may say, to people in cities. How many city ladies do you suppose would condescend to listen to as many long lectures as I have, about that ugly governess and Ivanora? Uncle, and Aunt Emily, lectured me, the other day as we came out here, about Ivanora, and her private troubles, telling me never to mention her name. Uncle need not have given himself all that trouble, for I do not care one fig for Ivanora. I know that you all have made such a pet of her; and she has been spoiled and fondled with so much, that I do not wonder at her having so many misfortunes. It is a judgment upon her. You would make me believe that Uncle Charles has made a favorite of everybody but myself; however, I am going to advise Uncle Charles to send Ivanora to a convent; there's where she should be; she has disgraced the family anyhow, and that is more than any of you can say of Carrie Ashmore. I am Uncle Charles Manville's adopted daughter; my mother was his favorite sister, and my opinion is, that this governess had bet-

ter go to her home, if she has got any, and stay there; and I am going to tell uncle so, too."—"If you wish to please your Uncle, Carrie," said Miss Matilda, in a mortified tone of voice, "you must be obedient to the rules of his house, and let me entreat you, never to speak to him of Ivanora, as you have to me. A granddaughter, whose misfortunes and sorrows are anything like Ivanora's, is dearer to the heart of an aged grandfather, than a niece can ever be. Your uncle, if he were to hear you, as I have to-night, would call you a mocking-bird. Do not attempt to give him your opinion, upon any subject, unasked. You know his principles, you know his feelings, sympathies, &c., &c. You also know the obedience and affection of Ivanora, towards all of us; and I can tell you, that when I have heard my brother speak of your coming to Manville Hall, he has expressed a warm desire for you to be here, and believes that you will be exactly the kind of girl, in his house, that Emily and Lavinia used to be."—"I expect to be run crazy," returned Carrie. "I wish to retire, aunt; I missed my siesta, to-day, for the first time for ten months. I am in the habit of reclining every afternoon for about two hours. I then rise and dress for evening calls. I am going to keep up the same custom here, for I suppose I shall, of course, have at least two or three calls from town every evening." She arose and rung for Rosetta, and as Miss Matilda bade her a cool-sounding "good night, Carrie," I heard her slip out of her fine rattling silk, and shortly afterwards spring upon her bed.

#### CHAPTER XLIII.

AT breakfast the next morning, Miss Ashmore was fast asleep; it was impossible for her to rise and dress so early as we breakfasted at Manville Hall. Before we had finished down came Rosetta, to Miss Matilda, and said, "Miss Carrie says, her breakfast is to be sent to her room, that she does not



intend to come down."—"Is she sick?" inquired Mr. Manville. "No sir," replied Rosetta.—"Very well," said Mr. Manville; "tell her to dress herself, and come down; that this is my house, and my rule is, that all the ladies about it shall eat with me. Tell her that I am like Bonaparte, when he declared that 'society was nothing, unless ladies are present, and that women are necessary to civilize and soften the other sex.' Tell her to come to the table, for I'll have no breakfasts carried above stairs, unless she is too much indisposed to come down."

I thought, perhaps, that Miss Matilda had mentioned the conversation she had with her niece overnight, to Mr. Manville; for he seemed, disturbed at breakfast, and there was something in the tone of his voice that indicated a ruffled temper, and different, too, from anything I had ever heard from him since I had known him. As I returned to my room, I met Miss Ashmore, descending the stairs in her elegant cashmere morning negligee, trimmed with ermine, and her hair in papers; she had not undone her curls. She looked very sullen, indeed, rolled her eyes scornfully at me; as I said "good morning, Miss Ashmore," and without speaking, she flirted off into the breakfast-room, where I had left Mr. Manville, Miss Matilda and Mrs. Newland, who, no doubt, read the by-laws of Manville Hall to her in a tone that she would not be likely to forget. In about two hours, she came back and said to Rosalinda (as she called Rosetta), "I discover there is no fire in the parlor; who ever heard of such a place? Go and ask your Miss Matilda or your Miss Emily, or old Mrs. Peebles, the housekeeper, who is to order my fires in the parlor? I believe that they every one are trying to insult me at the start. Wouldn't it look well for several gentlemen to come to Manville Hall this afternoon, and to have to be invited into that miserable dining-room? It looks just like the dining-rooms the people used to eat in before the flood. I won't stand such cruel treatment; so go immediately, Rosalinda, and order a fire, and tell Aunt Matilda that the parlor is the oldest place

on earth; there's my piano ruining in that damp corner; and how in the name of saints, does Uncle Charles expect me to practise my music lessons without a fire?" After a while the servant returned to inform "Miss Carrie" that the parlor was ready, and away she went below stairs. She played and sung, and sung and played; every now and then, she would leave the piano, and survey herself in one of those ancient Venetian mirrors which hung on the walls of the parlor at Manville Hall; then she would raise the heavy silk curtains from the window that looked out towards the main road, to see if any beaux were coming. I had taken Lizette and Ada below stairs, into the library, to listen to the performance of their cousin. The day, however, was too cloudy and rainy for the gentlemen of the town to drive seven miles over a rocky road to call on Miss Ashmore, especially when there were so many sensible and interesting girls close by them. After a while she gave it up, and came dancing into the library. She was dressed in a rich pink-colored silk dress, that was elegantly flounced, with a profusion of curls, jewels, and embroidered satin boots. She unceremoniously sat down by me, and said, "How long have you been at this miserable, desolate old Hall?" "Going on three years," I replied.—"Is it possible that it has been so long since I saw you at Green Haven?"—"Yes," said I. "I left Green Haven in December. Your cousin Kate was married in November, but I did not come to Manville Hall till the March after you saw me at Green Haven. You were to have come home the next spring, your uncle informed me, but as you requested him to permit you to remain at your boarding-school, he consented."—"Oh, yes!" said she, "I did not finish my education so soon as uncle expected; then I remained about twelve months after I graduated."—"Did you get a diploma, Miss Ashmore?" said I.—"Oh, yes, indeed!" was her response. I asked her if she would allow me to look at it. "Oh!" said she, enthusiastically, "I did not care a fig for it. I gave it to some gentlemen, one night, at an oyster frolic, to light their

cigars with."—"Do you," said I, "allow gentlemen to smoke in your presence? My brothers have told me that it is a breach of etiquette for gentlemen, at parties, especially, to smoke or chew in the presence of ladies." I had heard her denominate my brother a "clodhopper," overnight, and I determined to say something about him, for I had pride enough in the matter; and although I knew that Alva would not consider such a weak-minded creature his equal, yet I intended to show her that herself and her beaux were no better than other people. "Oh," said she, "we girls did not see them smoke, of course, as we are too modest to look at a beau if he has a cigar in his mouth; so they lit their cigars after they left the parlor; but," continued she, "never mind the cigars and diploma; do tell me how you have managed to breathe here for so long. I know that I shall die with the blues, for I plainly see death before me. Is there no society in the neighborhood? and have you not attracted any gentlemen to the Hall? or how do you all do, to stand this old, gloomy place? I wonder that Lizette has not had a beau or two; she is plenty old enough. I was engaged to be married at her age, but I was just flirting with the fellow."

Lizette laughed very heartily and said, "Cousin Carrie, pa and Uncle Doctor, would be angry with me if I should hint such a thing as a beau, and if you please, cousin, do not mention beaux, where Uncle Charles is. I should be so much ashamed if you should. Please, Cousin Carrie, do not mention my name in conjunction with that of a beau."—"What strange creatures you all are!" said Miss Ashmore; "you have been buried alive so long, that you know no more of the fashion and excitement of a city, than the nuns in the convent at —; but do tell me, Miss Elton, what is it that you all do? what do you see in Manville Hall, and the mountains, and the river over yonder, that is so pretty? and what does Uncle Charles see to keep him off on the plantation all day?"—"Your good uncle," said I, "is happy because he is satisfied; he attends to

his farm, to his servants, and his fine stock; he visits the town of —, occasionally, and once in awhile he visits his neighbors, and they come to see him. Sometimes elderly gentlemen come here from a distance, and he seems overjoyed at welcoming them to his house; he spends a good deal of time with Parson Macdonald, when he comes home from his preaching tour. I often see him in the library here reading, and many a time he is playfully walking about the beautiful old yard and garden, with Lizette and Ada; then he goes to Rocky Chapel almost every Sabbath to hear Parson Macdonald preach."—"La! Miss Elton," spoke Miss Carrie, "you will run me crazy, telling me that Uncle Manville has come so low in the scale of religion, as to be going to Rocky Chapel to worship God. I stayed at this abominable place two weeks, when I was on my way to —, to school. Cousin Arthur Manville was here, for he carried me south. Aunt Newland's husband was alive, then, and they all lived near each other in the South; well, I was thinking about the trip before me, all the time, and as there was so much company here, of course, I thought nothing of the horrors of the place. I wish I could have known something more about it, for uncle would not then have got me to come here if he had paid me ten dollars a mile. Old Rocky Chapel!" continued she. "I was there once, and like to have been killed; my horse got frightened at a mountaineer, who was the greatest sight I ever saw: he had on a pair of curtain-calico pantaloons and a straw hat, with a bow of red ribbon on one side of it; and as I walked to the door I got my long riding-skirt torn on those low bushes about the churchyard and my blue kid boots got dreadfully soiled; and those miserable old pews frightened me;—then, as I walked into the church, the foolish country people turned and stared at me, as if the elephant had come in to hear old Macdonald preach. But do go on, Miss Elton, and tell me how you all do to live here."—"About half of the time," resumed I, "your Aunt Newland is abed, as her health is delicate, but when she

is well enough, she knits, sews, cuts out work for the seamstresses, attends to the green-house, and many a time she assists in nursing the servants when they are ill. Mrs. Peebles and your Aunt Matilda have a kind of partnership business with the fowls and the dairy: they send a great many things to market from the garden, dairy, and poultry-yard. Miss Matilda attends to the cooking, to the beds and bedding about the Hall, and every other article of furniture. She often assists Aunt Dorcas with the clothing belonging to Lizette and Ada. We all attend divine service at Rocky Chapel, and sometimes the ladies go to town, and I accompany them. I teach Lizette and Ada, from Monday morning till Friday evening. Sometimes, I sew all day, and on Saturdays, if I have nothing to sew, I read or write. When the weather is pleasant, I range up and down the brooks that murmur around the mountains and hills. I have whiled away many an hour gathering flowers, and pressing them in my herbarium, and in this way I have become more familiar with the science of botany. I often remain in my school-room experimenting with the philosophical and chemical apparatus; then I write letters to my mother and brothers, and read newspapers and "Godey's Lady's Book."

"In the summer-time, I often traverse those deep glens yonder, by moonlight, with Lizette and Ada, accompanied by Aunt Dorcas; then I contemplate the glittering floods of light that are poured upon the earth from the bright moon and stars. I look at the diamondlike vesicles of dew that hang like gems upon the emerald strings of grass; for I would rather gaze upon the sweet dew-drops that shine upon the verdant foliage, than all the diamonds which have been collected in the mines of Lumbulpour and Golconda, and set in the diadems that glitter upon the brow of vanity. I often uncloset my window at daybreak, and watch the goddess Aurora ride triumphantly over night and sleep. I almost blind myself looking at the gorgeous waves of the sun, as his flood of light is rolled over

the tops of the wild, steep mountains; then I take a snowy towel and a small bowl, and go down to the old spring; I roam about there, sit on the moss-covered rocks, that look as smooth as velvet; indeed, no velvet, how green soever it may be, is either richer or more beautiful than that soft, verdant cover which grows over those huge stones at the spring. I stand sometimes for half an hour under that hanging cliff yonder. I love the rugged sides of the mountains, for the air is so sweet and bracing by the river's side. There's the yew and ivy that grow so exuberantly on the opposite side of the river, and there are the lofty trees overshadowing the uneven banks. I ramble along the margin of the river, which is so beautifully welsted with wild honeysuckles, and other flowering vines. All around me the laurel is in elegant white bloom, and at the ferry, I am often charmed by the wild song of the boatman, who is perchance rowing some traveller across the deep, clear stream. I shall never forget the morning I went to the ferry, when I heard the oarsman singing 'Lord Ullin's Daughter.' He had been called at an early hour to come to the ferry, and row across the river two fugitive lovers, who had escaped overnight, and who were going to some Gretna Green, to seal their vows of love and constancy. It seemed not a very appropriate time for the song either, for the morning was calm, the sky blue, and the waters of the beautiful river went murmuring sweetly along; but still the boatman sung out so clearly, and his tones were so rich, that I listened to him in rapture for some moments; then I turned my face towards the Hall again, and when I reached the spring where I performed my facial ablutions, I took up my towel and bowl, and sat down

"Upon the fragrant bank of limpid rill,  
Where sleeps the violet in the dewy shade,  
Where opening wild-flowers balmy sweets distil,  
And the wild musk-rose sweeps along the glade."

"And that is the way you spend your time here, is it?" said

Carrie in a mournful tone. "I wonder," continued she, "if Uncle Manville has the presumption to think that I am going on in that way? No, indeed, I am not! for I must have gay, fashionable society. Nice doings, indeed, for me to spend so much time in a city acquiring a city education, and then to be forced to bury my youth and acquirements at this old haunted castle! I will open this Hall with a big dance, some of these days, now mind if I do not. All that you have said, Miss Elton, relative to what amuses you, uncle, and aunts, can never interest me; I would not give one of those elegant bouquets that I used to have sent me from Harry Upperton's ma's hothouse, for everything you all have seen in the hills here for nearly three years. If I could go to Switzerland, I could love the mountains, for there, everybody says, is some sense in hills and mountains; but what are those plain, rough-looking things over there to me? A mere nothing. Never mind! Harry Upperton, in company with a party of fashionable ladies and gentlemen, has promised to come to Manville Hall next spring, then won't I be happy once more! If you could only see Harry now, Miss Elton, he is so much improved, and such a dear, darling fellow; and then, he has the sweetest greyhound that you ever laid your eyes upon; and what do you think its name is? Why, Carrie Ashmore! Harry named her after me, and the dear dog got so fond of me, it actually took to following me to school. I used to pass Mrs. Upperton's going to the academy, and the greyhound would spring out and run after me; it seemed to know me from every other girl at school. Now was not that strange? just to think of Harry's dog taking such a liking to me! I really thought that Harry told the dog to love me. You know Harry is called my beau? Well, I expect we will marry, because everything rhymes so well: Harry will marry Miss Carrie, this was the old song amongst us girls in the city of —. Harry's mother is so wealthy, too; she owns the most magnificent palace in —; has a splendid garden, yard, and green-house; also, an elegant coach and four

horses, with servants in livery—then she allows Harry to give so many splendid parties; for he spends his winters with his ma. What, oh, what shall I do for that dear circle of society which used to make me think that I was in glory!"

"Here is a book," said I, handing her "Ethelinde, or the Recluse of the Lake," by that favorite authoress, Mrs. Charlotte Smith; "suppose you turn your attention to literature, and think less of fashion and society. You will, no doubt, be a great deal happier." I really felt distressed to see any one so miserable; for notwithstanding her unprincipled disposition, I was grieved to see any one unhappy at Manville Hall, consequently I would have done anything to reconcile her. "That wretched old thing!" replied she; "Uncle Manville has had it in the old library for years before I was born. It is too old; it is moth-eaten, and not fashionable now."—"Very well," said I, "Miss Ashmore, your uncle has a number of later works;" but she only answered me by dancing out of the library, and the next thing, I heard her thumping again on the piano.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

IN about a month after Miss Ashmore came to Manville Hall, two young ladies, Misses Thompson, came out from town and spent a day with her; and as all three of them seemed restless, Miss Matilda sent for a young Mr. Collins, a plain, clever young man, who lived not far from the Hall, to come over and spend the day with the young ladies. As they were scarce of beaux, and as Miss Matilda knew very well that Collins was as respectable as any of the party, consequently she seemed willing to interest Carrie, and make her home agreeable to her if she could. After dinner, Carrie almost asked the Misses Thompson to invite her to go home with them. She expressed her dissatisfaction at being, as she called it, "buried alive,"

raised many objections to her lonely situation amongst the mountains, and often sighed for the gay pleasures that she believed her town acquaintances enjoyed. As I was familiar with the circumstances of the Thompson family, I could have told Miss Carrie "that all was not gold which glittered." They resided in the town, and were able to furnish their parlor in good style. Their visitors were chiefly persons about the place, who only made fashionable calls, and left directly. One of the girls dressed fine every morning, in order to be ready to go into the parlor when any one called, but no one was permitted to look behind the curtain; and, indeed, no one had any business looking there, for they were truly honest and industrious people, but had a little too much vanity, and dreaded the idea of their visitors seeing "ma" in the kitchen cooking, and of their getting a sight of "Sister Eppie" at her work washing dishes; and it was also kept a profound secret that "Sister Maria" took in sewing. I knew that Misses Molly and Mag did not wish Carrie Ashmore to go home with them; but Carrie was so unhappy, and so stupid, that she could not take a hint at all, for Mag Thompson remarked at one time, whilst they were talking about Carrie's going home with them, that her ma was not very well, and that their servant was quite ill. It made no difference, however, as Carrie longed so ardently for the society of a town or city. "Anywhere on earth," as she was heard to exclaim, "but this abominable old Hall." After dinner, Carrie and Rosetta were busy, for at least one hour, packing things in her largest trunk, and she carried her fine, pearl work-box and her gold thimble. I believe everybody about the house was glad that she had gone, for she kept every one uneasy all the time; after her departure, it seemed as if the former days, when we were so happy, had returned. However, "Terrestrial happiness is of short continuance," said Doctor Sam Johnson, in one of his most beautiful allegories, for while I was enjoying the absence of Miss Carrie, a courier was sent to her uncle, to request him

to send his carriage for her the next day. She only spent one week with the Misses Thompson, instead of a month, for she said that they were too poor to entertain her, and that instead of having a fine, large spring-mattress to herself, she was packed on the same bed with Moll and Mag; then, as the mornings were remarkably cool, and as there was no fire-place in the room, she was compelled to shiver in front of an old cracked looking-glass, before she could go to breakfast, and that she had to dress herself, and never missed any one so much in her life as she did Rosalinda, for she had to pull off her shoes and stockings herself. "I listened," said Carrie, "for a sound of those delightful serenades of which Moll and Mag so often boasted, but was disturbed, long after midnight, by the banging and creaking of an old garret door."

I thought that, peradventure, after awhile, Miss, you may learn that Manville Hall is not so desperate a home, after all the abuse you have poured upon it. I had no doubt but that she suffered a good deal from the cold. She had been a great deal in a southern climate, and had seen and felt nothing but sunshine and flowers for the past four years; and she was in figure scarcely more than a shadow. She was uncommonly lean and bony, and had grown in stature since I first saw her at Green Haven; for when she came to Manville Hall she measured five feet and nine inches in height, and then only weighed one hundred and ten pounds. I thought I never had seen any one fonder of flattery than Miss Ashmore; for it seemed as if she required flattery to keep her alive. The day after she returned from town, she came to my room, and as this was the first time she had ventured within my door since she came to the Hall, I was quite surprised to see her come thus sociably where "the ugly governess" was, as she had denominated me; but she was lonesome, and wanted to hear my opinion of her taste in dress. She tapped at my door, and walked in when I invited her. When she seated herself, she said, "Miss Elton, the girls at the academy used to say that Carrie Ashmore dressed

with more taste than any lady who had ever promenaded those streets. Do tell me if you think so too?" I could not tell her a story, nor did I think it right to flatter her. I was, however, perhaps too candid with her; for I told her promptly that she might dress to suit the taste of some people, and that no two persons entertained opinions exactly alike, but that she by no means pleased me.—"Not like my style of dressing, when everybody in that grand city said I was tasty, and the finest-looking woman on the earth!" ejaculated she.—"Not if all the world should say so," said I, "I could not agree with them."—"Well," continued she, "do tell me your objection to my dress, Miss Elton."—Said I, "Miss Ashmore, according to my taste, you arrange colors badly. You wear yellow, pink, and blue, when you should never wear a pink dress with dark yellow trimmings; nor should you wear a sky-blue dress with red or pink trimmings, as you so often do. You also wear scarlet ribbon around your neck, and pale blue ribbon on your hair. I often notice, too, that you have on a pale pink dress, and blood-red ribbons about your waist and neck. Now, according to my taste, no woman looks well, or is tastily dressed, if she wears anything pink or red, and more especially if she has such fiery red hair as you have. Your dresses should always be black, brown, blue, white, purple, or green; for nothing could be more becoming to you than dark green; and when you were dressed the other day in that grass-green silk, with your white satin cravat, spotted with straw color, I said then to myself, this is the only time that I have ever seen Miss Ashmore tastily dressed. You also should have capes like your dresses, or have them cut close to your throat; for your neck is too long entirely, and your shoulders too bony to bear exposure. You should dress in white a great deal in warm weather, and wear either a green, lilac, or blue colored crape bonnet, or a straw hat tastily ornamented, and a thin black lace veil; then you would look well; but, whatever you wear, never mix pink and blue, or wear anything red about your neck or hair." The

only response Miss Carrie made, was a "deep-drawn sigh," then she looked steadfastly at me, and said, "I wish I was just your size, as I abominate being so tall, especially as I am so delicate. How much do you weigh, Miss Elton?"—I told her one hundred and twenty pounds.—"And how tall are you?" said she.—"Just five feet four inches," I replied.—"Well," continued she, "how is it that you wear such deep pink trimmings, and so often have on a scarlet or crimson cravat?"—"Because," said I, "my hair and eyes, my complexion in general, is so much darker than yours; besides, you have never seen me wear pink and blue at the same time; blue and white I wear, and I wear pink and green, and with a black dress I wear white satin or watered ribbon around my neck, also pink, blue, yellow, lilac, and all the fancy colors, with a black or brown dress; but have you ever seen me with a sky-blue dress trimmed with scarlet or pink?" Shortly after this conversation, a servant came to inform Miss Carrie that Mr. Collins was in the parlor, and that her Aunt Matilda had sent for her to come down and entertain him. She left my room, and I was soon advised of her arrival in the parlor; for I heard her playing some elegant piece on her guitar.

## CHAPTER XLV.

THE weather was once again delightful, and I concluded to exercise more than I had ever done in the springtime. Every day, after school was over, when I had no duties of my own to perform, I assisted Mrs. Newland about the garden and seeds. She was very busy, having the dead leaves and sticks raked into piles from the borders and walks of the garden. The gardener was dressing the asparagus beds, while Lizette, Ada, and I helped Mrs. Newland to untie and assort her numerous bundles of seeds. She had small beds prepared to sow her bachelor's button, sweet William, and pink seeds. She



also had the purple flowering bean, the daisy, and china-aster of every variety; then we sowed touch-me-not, painter's brush, larkspur, sweet pea, hollyhock, and every variety of marigold. The tender green buds of the lily of the valley were peeping through the ground, the tulips also, were alive, and had begun to come up; then there were double white hyacinths, and also, purple, blue, pink, and flesh-colored ones, growing thickly, in great square beds of loam. The golden yellow crocus was there too—my little garden calendar—but its glossy rich hue, which had dazzled my eyes, was then almost gone. The purple, pink, and white phlox were growing beautifully, and the harebells, near the white and purple violet beds, were coming on. The lilies, roses, myrtles, ivy, sweet vernal grass, thyme, tansy, sage, marjoram, calamus, lilac, the alanthus, the varieties of honeysuckle, the snow-ball, the virgin's bower, the glycene, the mock-orange, the calacanthus, and the jasmine, all from their life-giving appearance, foreshadowed that a few genial showers, from the clouds of April, would make Manville Hall again a sweet, desirable place, especially to the lovers of nature and retirement. It was rather late, one evening, after promenading alone in the garden, that I was going along an avenue leading to the graves, which were deeply shaded by the cypress, yew, cedar, holly, and pine trees. This was then the greenest spot about the garden, and as there was a mournful pleasure in its appearance, I often sought its shades to meditate, and was going thither for that purpose, when I saw a tall, delicate lady emerge from the opposite hedge from me, glide off beneath the dense cluster of yew and holly, and soon pass out of sight. As she had retreated, I, supposing she would not return, continued to approach the graves. As soon as I entered the enclosure, I observed an old man sitting on one of the headstones. As it was rather late, and the long slender branches of one of the largest and oldest weeping willows I ever saw, were gently swaying around him, I had to take a second look, before I was satisfied that it was Mr. Manville. "I will not interrupt your meditations,"

said I, as I was preparing to depart, for I knew that Mr. Manville had come to that hallowed spot with Ivanora, to weep with her over the ivy and myrtle, which had mantled so thickly the graves of their dear departed friends, and that she had departed as I approached the shades. I had often visited the graves during the "season of blossoms," and had frequently found a beautiful garland of white roses on all of the graves but one, and on that one I always noticed that the chaplet was woven of dark red roses. I put things together in this way: I supposed that the wreaths of white roses were placed on the graves of those departed friends who had died a natural death, and that the red garland signified the untimely and bloody death of the son of Mr. Manville, who, I had heard, was murdered. The old gentleman noticed that I seemed embarrassed, when he arose from the gravestone, for he said to me, "Is that you, Miss Louise? My children are buried here, and I often come to commune with their spirits under these dark shades."—"I am sorry to intrude upon your solemn reflections," said I to Mr. Manville; "but I often visit this spot myself, and," continued I, "is not your wife also buried beneath these aged trees?"—"No, my dear," replied he, "would to God she had found a grave in my domain; but she has been swallowed by the wide ocean, and I know not the place where her poor body sleeps. She was in ill health for several years, and her physician advised a sea voyage for her restoration. I married her in Scotland many years ago; her relations in that country were all anxious too that she should return, and bring with her our children, and we had but three. My daughter, Elana, was then married, and she could not accompany her mother; as our youngest son was a delicate boy and a great pet with me, I proposed to my wife to go home, and carry our eldest son Arthur with her. I accompanied them to Norfolk, Virginia, where they embarked, and after I bade farewell to my wife, on the morning of her departure, I saw her no more. She, however, arrived safely in Scotland, and spent the autumn and winter there. Her family rejoiced to see her, and her father

often wept over our son Arthur, who was named after him. He wanted to keep him with him, and begged his mother to allow him to stay, but she knew my attachment for my child, consequently she declined leaving him; and after considerable improvement in her health, she bade adieu, for ever, to her long, loved home in Scotland, and re-embarked for America. As they were crossing the ocean, my wife was seen at dinner one day, but has not been heard of since. Arthur was a young lad of just fifteen years of age; he attended his mother at dinner, and as he did not see her during the afternoon he supposed that she had gone to sleep, as she was accustomed to do, after dining, and he spent the afternoon with his companions, thinking that his mother was quietly sleeping. At supper he went for her, and she could not be found; no one recollected seeing her since dinner-time, nor could any one give any account of her. The shades of night had already curtained the ocean, a few solitary stars gemmed the dark sky above, and the mad waves washed the ship. What could any one do? Was it worth while to retrace the ocean in search of her? Oh no! for it would have been madness and folly to have gone back. The great fabric was at length moored at Norfolk, and I stood eager to catch in these withered arms my wife and son, when Arthur came bending towards me, while the hot tears flowed over his cheeks, and embraced me, saying, 'Oh! my ever dear father, we have lost ma in the ocean, and not one of us knew when or how she fell overboard.' You may imagine my emotions, Miss Louise, for I cannot express them to you. All that I could ever learn was, the supposition of the captain and passengers, who concluded that she must have fallen into the sea shortly after dinner, when all supposed she was sleeping away the afternoon in the ship, but it was more probable that then she was food for the shark, or some great sea monster that was following the ship, and perhaps gasping for something to eat." I could not avoid weeping as the old man related this sad story; and as the evening dew was already

shining on the dark trees which hung over the low graves, I proposed to Mr. Manville to go with me to the Hall. I wondered not, as I mused on the relation of my aged friend, that he was often sad, and that he shed many tears, and often uttered so many groans.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

MR. COLLINS had now become a regular visiter at Manville Hall, as well as Captain Mays, a fine, dashing gentleman from town. Carrie Ashmore was evidently pleased with the Captain, and as Mr. Collins often came to the Hall and met Captain Mays there, it gave Carrie a good deal of concern, for she disliked Collins because he was a plain, home-bred farmer. He, however, had more common sense, as the saying is, than Mays had had in a lifetime; but Mays bore the name of "Captain," and he never called upon any lady who was not reputed wealthy, for he was a fortune-hunter decidedly, and one of those persons who would lower themselves in the scale of principle to marry a rich woman, and care no more about her than he would for the greatest stranger who passes his dwelling. Captain Mays dressed finely, and was driven to Manville Hall in a barouche drawn by two dun ponies, elegantly nicked; he also had an eighty-dollar diamond breastpin, and generally sat in the parlor with lilac-colored kid gloves on his great coarse hands. He believed that Miss Ashmore would be wealthy at the death of Mr. Manville, and this was sufficient, for he at once then became a beau, an admirer, and lover. Carrie's good old uncle intended settling a nice little fortune upon her; still he did not design to make her wealthy. He had provided liberally for Miss Matilda, and as Mrs. Newland was quite rich, she did not need any more property. Miss Ashmore also had a married sister, who was very poor, and who had a family of nine children, and "Uncle Charles" intended to give them something too. He had enriched his son Ar-

thur, who was a wealthy Southern planter, and as Ivanora was his granddaughter and greatest favorite of all, I believed that she would inherit the most of the old gentleman's estate. I had often heard Mr. Manville say that he intended to provide well for the females of his family; that his warmest sympathy was for them, and that as far as his property would go, he intended to relieve that portion of his household whom he termed helpless. He would frequently exclaim, "Poor, helpless womankind! what is it the rougher sex should not do to facilitate your happiness? Men have so many more advantages than women, they should ever remember them, and never tire in promoting their comfort." I had an inexpressible reverence for Mr. Manville, for he was truly a tender-hearted man; I saw that in his disposition there was a union of sensibility, benevolence, and piety. There was also a natural excellence about him, and all those pure adornments which virtue bestows had been successfully cultivated in the heart of this gentlemanly old man. Lizette, Ada, and I, had been interrupted more frequently by Miss Carrie, than we had during the whole time previous to her arrival at the Hall. She was in the habit of rushing into the school-room, and would many a time bring her sewing there, where she would sit for hours, asking questions and singing foolish ditties. One bright morning she came there when Mr. Collins was in the parlor. She had made every excuse that she could think of, and many a time sent poor Collins off disappointed and vexed at not seeing her. I thought it strange that the man could not see that Miss Ashmore avoided him on purpose, for she would feign sick headache when she was in perfect health,—still, "love was blind." Reason, however, after awhile regained her throne, and the last call that Farmer Collins made at Manville Hall, he was convinced of the thorough hypocrisy of Miss Ashmore. She was on the front gallery, when he alighted at the stile in front of the mansion. Carrie was then amusing herself with teasing two snow-white leverets she had in a cage, for she often used to stick straws in their ears, and

poke them with pieces of whalebone. As soon as she saw Collins she stepped behind a large oleander tree, which was growing in a pot, and had been placed there by the direction of Mrs. Newland, but she was too late, for Collins had seen her, and she was so much taller than the bush, that she could not conceal her ugly red hair, which was even more conspicuous than the cluster of blossoms which grew from the stems of the flowering shrub. She soon came running into the school-room, saying, "Miss Elton, go down and talk to Collins; he is a plain, poor-folks of a fellow, and different from the society that I have associated with; but still he will just suit you, and I am tired of him, as he is the greatest bore I ever saw; you can find something to say to him, but for gracious' sake, don't let him go into the parlor—the dining-room is good enough for such a common fellow, and maybe he has sense enough to teach him to go home, when the servants go in there to set the table for dinner. If he gets into the parlor, I know he will sit there and rock himself in the chairs all day, and you know what a fool he is about the piano. He's all the time teasing me to play a reel or a cotillion,—things I despise, and he hasn't sense enough to understand Haydn or Mozart. Now do go, Miss Elton, for I have not got my parlor trimmings on, and you know how queer I feel if I am not elegantly dressed. Go on, and tell Aunt Matilda that I am too sick to see company to-day."

"You must excuse me, Miss Ashmore," I replied; "I cannot leave the girls to go down and entertain your beau. Your uncle would not approve of my course, and I do not like this thing of making a playhouse of my schoolroom; moreover, Lizette is just beginning to review her lessons in botany, and I must not neglect her."—"Botany! botany!" said Carrie, with a sneer, at Lizette; "and what good is botany ever to do Lizette? She will go home to Green Haven, next year; reside on the plantation with about four hundred negroes, and be tied to her stepmother's chair, carding cotton, knitting stockings, and sew-

ing coarse stuffs. I learned all such things at my boarding-school, but they are nothing but trash. I wasted my time on botany and so on, when I ought to have studied Latin and Greek, which my teachers wished me to do; but uncle heard that I was engaged to be married to Harry Upperton, and he hurried me here to this despicable old Hall." At the close of this speech, Rosetta came, to tell Miss Carrie that her Aunt Matilda said that Mr. Collins was in the parlor, and she must come directly down stairs, and see him. "I won't go one step," said she; "and why did you not tell him that I am ill, or from home? Rosalinda, you have not got one atom of sense. Here, take this bouquet, and give it to Collins; also tell him I am ill, with a sick headache; tell him that this bouquet is full of sweet sentiments, which he may read, and as he turns it over and over, he can be as much interested with the flowers and leaves, for there's language in them, as if I was there; and it will save me a good deal of trouble, too, for I despise to talk to common people anyhow; so Collins may pass on." As Rosetta left the school-room, with the flowers, Carrie danced into her own chamber singing,

"Young man, if you'll take my advice,  
You'll find it an excellent plan,  
Don't marry a charming woman,  
If you are a sensible man."

And so I thought too, and her stratagem of sending Collins the bouquet made me recollect a piece of management I had read of, peculiar to a certain people, who had a variety of objects to worship, and had consecrated every highway, mountain, hill, and stream, to some divinity, to which, the custom of the country required every one to address a multitude of prayers. As travellers were generally in haste, and could not stop long enough to invoke all the divinities, the ruler of the country, ordered a machine to be made, having an upright post, with an iron plate set in the top. The turning having this plate around, upon which was engraven the long ceremonious prayers,

was deemed equivalent to a repetition of the same. So it was with Miss Ashmore's bouquet. It was full of sentiment and poetry, which, if the neglected lover turned in his hand, would be equivalent to that long tissue of pretended admiration, love, and preference with which she was in the habit of bewildering the senses of the innocuous Mr. Collins. How little, thought I, does your venerable uncle know of your true character, for Miss Carrie generally managed to be in a pleasant humor, when "uncle" was about. She knew his dislike to a woman who was "stormy," as he called it; he despised a loud talker, and often told Lizette and Ada to avoid everything like the notes of parrots and mocking-birds. Miss Ashmore was too cautious, however, to allow her uncle to surprise her, when she rode her flying horse. But one day I heard Mr. Manville interrogating her concerning Captain Mays, when he said, "Carrie, my dear, are you thinking of engaging yourself to the Captain?"—"I don't know, uncle," she replied, "maybe so."—"I have been trying," continued Mr. Manville, "to see what attraction there is about him. I can still see to read large print with my spectacles, but have lost the use of the crystalline humor of my eyes, so that I cannot penetrate the attractions of this gay Captain. I discover, notwithstanding, that you are the object he is seeking at my house."—"Well, uncle," returned Miss Ashmore, "I have not promised, exactly, to marry him; perhaps I may though; and at your not having sufficient eyesight to see the charms of Captain Mays, I am not at all surprised; for whoever heard of one man seeing charms about another. God never intended that men should love one another. Then Captain Mays is so wealthy, and dresses so fine, and is so handsome and good-looking; and it is my determination, uncle, to marry a gentleman who dresses well; for now candidly, uncle, I think men are generally the ugliest things belonging to the brute creation, and if they are not dressed fine all the time, they are abominable enough to kill a body. I intend too, to marry a gentleman who is rich

enough to dress fine every day. Now, just look at this fellow Collins, who comes here; he wears the same suit every time, and has his hair perfumed with cinnamon oil. Don't I know that he keeps a Sunday suit, dresses in common clothes every day at home, and looks like an overseer? Captain Mays will dress fine all the time, and what makes him more interesting than all is that he lives in town."

Mr. Manville said not another word, but took his hat and cane, and left the Hall. Miss Ashmore had told the truth, however, for she was like many a woman who places her earthly happiness in kid gloves, diamond pins, and fine cloth, and therefore such a girl could not be happy with any other than the description of husband she had spoken of. All her vanities, fancies, &c. &c., had, from the day she first trod the fashionable arena, been nursed upon the cushions of luxury. Many a time, when contemplating her, I concluded that heaven designed that some people should be rich, more particularly when they have so little mental wealth, and the soil of the mind is entirely too arid to bring forth fruit. Where land is fertile, it is common to see the laborer contented to toil until the harvest, when he makes the hills and mountains reverberate his songs of rejoicing at the superabundance of fruit and grain that he is about to gather. A barren mind cannot be made to long for such grain. It must be fed by wealth. Its possessor will, as Pope said, "flutter in brocade," and go through life with ostensible ease and happiness, without having to cast one sheaf into the storehouse of knowledge. The love of money, then, and the luxury which it procures, feed the mind of many. They swim in perfumed baths. They feast, dance, and then slumber on satin couches. What would be wholesome food for Miss Ashmore, would destroy another person, and I was aware that I could not exist in the fog of excitement that she so ardently loved. What curious machines we are, for it seems that what kills one cures another. I recollected that I was acquainted with

a lady, many years before I resided at Manville Hall, who could not rise of a morning till she had drunk half an ounce of laudanum. I took twenty drops once, which almost turned my brain. Then, is there not something striking in the analogy between those who are provided with the goods of this world, and the riches of intellect? Miss Ashmore sought her pleasure in the society of gay, wild, wealthy people. Her mind required such pabulum as cards, music, and dancing. She loved flowers, too, but could not take the trouble to leave her boudoir to inquire into the beauty and utility of Flora's casket. Still, as human nature is so liable to misfortunes, if I was permitted to choose one of the two, I would certainly take the wealth of mind in preference to that of purse; for, suppose a woman of the cast of mind of Miss Ashmore became poor, her gaudy silks, perhaps, have faded, and they are even ragged and old, and her gilded slippers are almost soleless, and her glittering gems have been sold to pay her debts. She must now retire from the gaze of the world, beyond the mountains, and their lofty turrets prevent her from seeing those dazzling baubles which bedeck the windows of the city shops. She is closeted, and listens no more to the merry song, and no more joins the dance. She looks around at her Siberianised condition, but sees no beauty in the wild-flower that she crushes underneath her feet! The clear, cool streamlet, which pours down the hillside, looks turbid to her, and the song of the blithe bird is unmusical! There is neither beauty in the green bud that peeps from under the moss-covered stone, nor is there any verdure in the myrtle, nor fragrance in the Eden of flowers with which nature has brocaded her wild parterres! There is no delightful murmur in the transparent cataract of water that weeps over the green hill! No gems in the mountain grotto; and for her there is no companionship with the almost numberless volumes of books that lie in the hermitage of meditation. When I have thus reflected, I am inclined to conclude that this is the reason the Great

Parent of nature made some richer in purse than others, and some with more wealth of mind than others. It was therefore always a satisfaction to me to see weak-minded people have a handsome income; and it seems that the circumstances, too, in which we are placed in this life are more equal than we generally consider them. The dissatisfactions we so often suffer under, are frequently occasioned by the improper use we make of our time and means. Some seem to be constituted by nature to toil in the classic fields. Others have business capacities that the student would never acquire. And how unwise it is for some to weep and groan because they are not wealthy, and for others to lament that their Creator has not enriched the natural soil of their mind to the extent that he has others.

I was altogether inclined to believe with Mr. Manville, for he thus had argued the impropriety of attempting to cultivate the mind of the African to so high a degree as we cultivate the intellect of the Caucasian. "Mind then, always seems to me," said he, "to bear a striking analogy to the soil of the earth. In some regions of country, vegetation with even a little cultivation, will be so exuberant, and will, therefore, yield such a superabundance, that the store-house of the garner is not roomy enough to hold the harvested grain. This is the way with some of our great intellects. There are other places upon the earth, though, that are not so fertile, and only yield a medium crop; then are there not many minds that never yield so bounteous a harvest as those who have such a luxuriant intellect? and do we not often traverse burning deserts, too, likewise broken and barren countries, with stony hills and sandy plains? and would not any person of even slight acquaintance with the science of geonics, laugh at us were we to declare that either the rugged mountain sides, the sun-scorched plains of the desert, or the arid sands of some woodless sea-coast, were as susceptible of cultivation, and that by a certain mode of operation, could be made as productive, as the richest fields

of America, or those abundantly yielding plains which are fattened by the vivific moisture and the rich slime which are concentrated upon them by the river Nile? Why do not the inhabitants of Norway rear cotton, sugar-cane, pepper, orange-trees, figs, tea, and coffee? "Oh," says one, "the soil and climate of Norway is not adapted to such luxuries as these; but only travel to the south of Europe, to Spain, or Italy, and on the lovely and fertile plains you will discover many of those elegant things which you have vainly looked for in Norway." I was satisfied, also, that Mr. Manville by no means approved of the course of his gay niece, nor did I believe he knew anything of the infertility of her mind and heart. How fortunate, however, thought I, that Miss Ashmore has so good a friend as old "Uncle Charles." I hoped that Captain Mays would not waste the comfortable support that the kind-hearted uncle designed settling upon her; for I wondered what would become of her if her money should be wasted, and she not be able to gratify her gay disposition. "The best thing," thought Mr. Manville, "is, perhaps, to marry my niece to Captain Mays, as he is her choice;" and, methought I heard the venerable uncle say, "I have seen more of the barrenness of her intellect to-day than I have since she came to Manville Hall;" for a person many a time may walk around a field, the growth of which looks rank and green. It may, also, appear to be yielding something good, and of great utility. The outside observer, after gazing upon the long, green leaves growing from luxuriant-looking stems, finds that he cannot tell whether the production is of any utility or not, and that by examining only the outer parts he merely gets a glimpse of the green leaves that look so fine. He concludes, with the navigator, "that for one to sail around the globe, and be all the time upon the high seas, it is a moral impossibility for him to describe the glories of the land." He enters the field, at length, and discovers, upon examination, that the soil underneath the vegetation, is adapted to the production of nothing but coarse stalks, and



that the large green leaves are worthless, and he finds amongst them, weeds of a sickly and a noxious character, and is often in danger of being stung by the viper that twists its loathsome body about the stalks of the plant. I also concluded, that as Harry Upperton had neither visited Miss Ashmore, nor written to her, that she began to believe that there was little or no truth in rhymes, for it appeared as if "Harry" had forgotten "Miss Carrie." It was evident, notwithstanding, that she was in love, now, with the gay Captain, and, from certain interrogations I heard he had made, I believed that I had the right to conclude that he was in love with a portion, at least, of the splendid estate of Manville Hall, as well as with the brilliant Miss Ashmore.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

ANOTHER soft delightful May was again breathing its perfumed zephyrs from the green-mantled mountains. When the weather was warm, and the days long, we usually ate supper early. One evening, after tea, during this sweet month of buds, delicate leaves, and fragrant flowers, I took Lizette and Ada, and rambled through the peach orchard. Presently I entered, at a distant corner, a narrow alley of trellis-work, thickly interlaced with vines and flowering bushes. To the right and left I noticed the most dense hedges of holly, hawthorn, crab-apple, plum and cherry trees, that I ever saw, and beyond the hedges and clumps of taller trees, there was a high mountain. Upon its rude sides bloomed the milk-white laurel, the box-wood, sassafras, and red-bud, and many an ancient pine and cedar raised their deep green arras over the more humble anemone, the winter green, and woodbine, which grew on the mountain's breast. All the world seemed to me to be a garden of fragrance and blossoms. The evening gales blew softly through the glades, and the grass felt warm under our feet;

and as this alley was just wide enough for two persons to walk abreast, little Ada ran before us, laughing and playing with the buds and vines that interlashed each other all the way down this lovely avenue. After a while, Lizette looked very intently at me and said, "Miss Louise, where are you going?" I replied, "A little further down this pretty walk, then we will turn off and climb the mountain, for I see that the crab-apple trees are in delightful blossom, and as it is my favorite flower, I will go to the top of the mountain and cull some of it. I knew all the time that I had accidentally discovered the labyrinth which wound to the secluded home of Ivanora, and as she had become an anchoress, it was not my intention to penetrate to her seclusion. I saw that Lizette was uneasy, so I left the alley at the first opening I saw, and commenced climbing the mountain of flowers. I suppose we walked an hour, and like a person climbing the hill of life, we were unconscious that we were reaching the summit so soon. We were almost on its rocky top before we knew it; as we had been so enchanted with the flowers and fragrant breezes during our ascent. We sat down on a stone to rest ourselves, and then I heard such plaintive strains of music, which came to my enraptured ears from the dark green valley opposite to us, that I almost said, an angel is singing in those green bowers, and its melancholy voice is gently wafted to me on the perfumed evening gales. I bent my head low and continued to listen. I heard the sound of an instrument, as well as the flexible voice, but I could not tell what it was. I knew it was neither a piano nor a guitar; and, at that time, I had never seen a harp. Some one was warbling "The Last Rose of Summer." The music and sentiment of the song, as well as the romance and mystery of the one who was breathing such delicate grief in the deep green shades beyond the mountain amongst the wild blossoms, inspired me with thoughts of which my pen is inadequate to write, for her voice quavered against the tenderest strings of my heart. It arose also from the dell of sadness, and came on

the pinions of ether to my seat on the flowery mountain! I felt, too, as if her tones went onward to the gates of Heaven, for I inadvertently looked to the white clouds, to see if the angels were not flying down to earth to mingle their voices with the sad melodies from the vale! It was, indeed, Ivanora! and we were not far from her lonely little cottage. She was playing on her harp and singing. I heard her plainly say, as she concluded with these exquisite lines of Thomas Moore:

“So soon may I follow  
When friendships decay,  
And from Love's shining circle,  
The gems drop away!  
When true hearts lie withered,  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone?”

She seemed to me to give the words a touching and tender expression, quite different from any one I had ever heard sing them,—an expression that came from a saddened heart, because its sensibility and sweetness were crushed, and like the “*sorrowful flower*,” of oriental climes, which hangs its head, and breathes out its most exquisite fragrance as the shades of night steal over its delicate petals. Again she re-tuned her harp, and sung these strange, wild words.

Altho' the high mountain with blooms is so gay,  
In my heart there's a sadness,—'tis wasting away;  
I see rosy clouds blushing soft in the skies,—  
Still, still I'm the victim of sorrowful sighs!

Tho' the flowers their fragrance are wafting to-day,  
From the freshest sweet bowers and hedges of May,  
Yet misfortunes their venomous arrows still dart—  
Oh! who ever bore such a sad bleeding heart!

Where! where are ye, loved ones! while I am thus low?  
Do ye not hear my murmurs of mis'ry and woe?  
Will you meet me in visions once more on the mount?  
Or at night when I roam by the stars to yon fount?

Oh oft then I think my sweet Emily's near!  
Or that Julia in musical accents I hear!  
On this bosom, Lavinia, I held you in death!  
And often I feel there thy last failing breath!

Then I think, could ye know how this bosom is torn,  
How saddened this heart, and the gloom I have known,  
You'd grieve with me! weep with me! while I should tell  
Why I thus range, a mourner, within the green dell!

I could tell thee of one who's as false as the flower  
That more often pilfers from Hygeia's bower,—  
To tinge the pale cheek of the maiden who cries,  
“There! see that soft bloom on my cheek!” as she dies!

Yes! false as the corsair who kills as one sleeps!  
Then smiles through the night, as the pale widow weeps  
O'er the cold stiff'ning form of the loved one, whose aim  
Is to tell of the deed, and the bandit's wild name!

Oh! I'm guilty of forming an idol, I fear!  
For I said if he'd love me but one transient year  
If he asked it, I'd serve among brigantine slaves!  
And after I died burn in Tophet's red waves!

And if death was required, I'd willingly call  
For morphine, and dream on my funeral pall!  
Then oh! while all nature's so green and so glad,  
Can any one ask of me, why I'm thus sad?

After she concluded these strange lines, I thought that, I should like to know what they meant. I yearned to behold the unfortunate creature, for as she breathed out her sorrowful lines, it seemed as if her heart was heaving within her bosom, and that the flames of grief, ay, almost madness, were burning within it; like the volcano, which bursts after awhile, being unable to rage any longer within the bosom of the mountain. I kept repeating the line I had heard

“Yes! false as the corsair who kills as one sleeps!”

Again, the contemptuous expression of Doctor Finlay, in Mr. Manville's chamber, the night I heard the mysterious child

scream, while I was looking into the room (stealthily too), came to me, for I heard him ask Parson Macdonald if Ivanora ever heard of that fellow now? and upon the Parson's replying in the negative, I heard Doctor Finlay exclaim "Villainous villainous!" At this moment, I arose to depart, and said to Lizette, "Who is it that sings so sweetly below us?" She looked quickly at me and replied, "It is cousin." I said no more, and we resumed our walk towards the Hall. When we got into the yard, I made a curve around the old mansion, in order to get into the front yard, for, the evening was so fragrant, I could not leave the flowers and the green turf. Lizette and Ada, likewise followed me, and after we roamed along the narrow gravelled paths, we opened the front door of the Hall and went in. It really seemed to be an evening of discovery, for, just as we entered the front door, we met Mr. Manville coming out of the library with one of the most beautiful children in his arms I had ever seen. He seemed a little embarrassed, at first, but when he saw that I looked so intently at the child, he put him on the floor. He was a sweet, blue-eyed, rosy-checked fellow, with long, yellowish curls, clustering over his round, pretty head. He had on a blue gingham slip, a white linen apron, and was barefooted; he danced gleefully over the faded flowers of the ancient carpet, and then sprung, laughingly into Lizette's arms. I stood still, for I knew not what to say. I knew, however, that this was Ivanora's child, and I could not speak. Directly, however, Mr. Manville said, "Miss Louise, isn't he a pretty boy?"—"Beautiful," I replied; then I asked him whose child he was? "He is my granddaughter's little boy; so come here, Louis," said he, "and let Miss Louise look at you?" The child ran to the old man, who took him in his arms and then said, "Kiss the lady, Louis, and tell Lizette and Ada good-bye, you must go home now." I kissed his sweet pink lips, and as the grandfather hurried out of the front door with him, I hastened to my chamber, to meditate upon the adventures and discoveries of this delicious evening in May.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

It was a remarkable fact, that although Mr. Manville was so aged and burdened with flesh, yet he attended most assiduously to the duties of his plantation. He might have been denominated an adept in the theory and practice of geononics. He also took more exercise than any elderly gentleman I ever saw. I thought that he endeavored to keep his mind actively engaged, in order to counteract the sorrows which arose during his moments of meditation. I often listened to his melancholy groans, when the days were so rainy that he could not leave the Hall. He would often bow his snowy head upon the top of his walking-stick,—and sigh, as if some great matter was agitating him. One day, as this lovely month of May was dying out, Miss Matilda and Carrie Ashmore had gone to town, leaving Mrs. Newland in bed with one of her sick spells, and not able to leave her room. Parson Macdonald had left the Hall, a few days before, to visit a distant church, and I was in the school-room with Lizette and Ada. The little girls, had just seated themselves at their writing desks, when I heard such a wild shriek, that I sprang instantly to my feet, and ran down stairs. As I ran, frightened at such an unusual sound, within those peaceful old walls, I heard the scream again, and some one saying,

"O God! where are you all! What shall I do!" Again that agonized shriek was heard; and as I ran into the dining-room, I was met by a beautiful, delicate, and pale woman, who fell on her knees, and cried, "My poor, dear grandfather has a fit of apoplexy, and there is no one to bleed him. What shall I do? Oh! oh! where is Uncle Macdonald?"—"Arise," said I, "immediately; no time is to be lost. Run to the spot where your grandfather lies. Lead the way. Be in haste, and I will follow!" The pretty, angelic creature instantly obeyed me. She then ran along the path through the peach orchard, and

down that narrow alley, where Lizette, Ada, and I, had, about two weeks before, taken the walk. The lady ran on, however; and as the servants were amazed, several of them ran after us. Lizette and Ada I had directed not to come, but to stay with their Aunt Newland; they obeyed me; and presently I was shown into the apartment of an ancient stone cottage. Ivanora, for it was she who was my guide, ran in, and fell from exhaustion. There was a woman in the room, standing over Mr. Manville, who was prostrate on the floor; he had fallen there, and the woman was weeping, and chafing his temples with camphor. She said to me, "Miss, bleeding will save him." He was then foaming at the mouth, and his eyes were wide open, but looked as if they were fixed in their sockets. I could not feel his pulse beat at all; for, in fact, he seemed to have lost all sensation whatever. His face was flushed, notwithstanding, and it was almost of a livid hue, and his finger-nails had a bluish appearance; still he was warm. Gentle reader, this affair happened before steel pens came into use. I was then a school teacher, and I taught Lizette and Ada the use of the "gray goose quill," consequently, I had to keep constantly by me a sharp penknife. I had one in my hand when Ivanora's first scream vibrated upon my nerves, for I had just mended pens for Lizette and Ada, and set them to writing in their copybooks. I told the affrighted woman to put down the camphor and give me a string. She tore off the tape from her apron, and handed it to me; and while she elevated his head, I tied the string around his aged arm, made one of the servants, who had run into the house, raise it from the cottage floor, and as I found that his veins were full, I wetted the one I intended to pierce, then I split it with the keen, fine blade of my penknife, and to the joy and transport of the poor, trembling Ivanora, and the woman at his head, out spirted the incarnadine stream. I felt a little frightened at turning phlebotomist so suddenly; but I saw no time was to be lost. I therefore intended to take about one quart of blood from him,

and then stanch it; but so very plethoric was Mr. Manville, that as the quart cup filled, I attempted to stop the current, but it poured out so freely that I could not. I began to fear that he might then bleed to death, and what to do I could not tell. I bent over the sufferer, however, and held the orifice between my finger and thumb till I was actually pained by leaning over him. I untied the string, and put ice to his arm; but before I could stop the bleeding, he had lost at least half a gallon of blood. After a few moments, the owner of the cottage came home. He had been out hunting, and the affrighted servants had run till they found him at a neighbor's house about two miles off. He said we had done exactly right, and relieved us by his assurances that Mr. Manville's pulse had returned. I put my ear close to his lips, and I found that he could breathe, for I heard a low, soft sound. They put him to bed, put mustard on his feet and legs up to his knees, and also from his fingers' points up to his elbows. At was now evident that he was better, for he had closed his eyes himself, and his skin felt soft and a little moist. "How is Ivanora?" said the huntsman, looking eagerly at his wife.—"She bore the shock tolerably well," said the woman, "till the bleeding commenced, and then she fainted. You know how she sickens at the sight of blood?"

"Yes, yes," said the hunter, "no wonder either."—The Doctor was now sent for, and I went into the adjoining room where Ivanora had been put to bed. She was recovering from her swoon, and after she acquired a little strength she raised herself on the bed, put her arms around my neck and wept. She said she was so frightened, and became so nervous, that she could not assist me at all, and, "Oh!" continued she, "does my beloved grandfather live! Shall I ever hear the tones of his dear voice again?" "Oh, yes," I told her, and begged her to be comforted; but she was in the deepest distress, and rose to go and gaze on the face that she so much loved. She bent her head and kissed his aged lips, and laid her pale cheek

against his forehead. She came weeping to me, and said, "There lies the dearest friend I have upon this earth. He never has forsaken me; many a time when the angry waves of sorrow and affliction have threatened to overwhelm me, he has come and rescued me when I was in the act of perishing! Ay! when I was in the whirl of the deep and frightful Maelstrom, those aged hands have taken hold of me and saved me; he has soothed and comforted me when I thought I was forsaken, and ought to have been despised by himself, if no one else. What shall I, what can I, say to you, you dear ministering angel, for what you have done for me, and my poor dear grandfather! You are surely one of those seraphs of tenderness and mercy, sent from Heaven to relieve the sufferers of this cold world."—"Be tranquil," said I; "your grandparent is better, and I have hopes that he will recover; moreover, I have done no more than my duty; if he died, I should also be deprived of one of the dearest of friends. If bleeding him will save his valued life, I shall be more than paid, and oh! how shall I rejoice to hear the tones of his affectionate voice once more!" Mr. Manville lay ill at the cottage about three weeks. When he was sufficiently recovered to be removed to the Hall, they put a bed for him in a large old-fashioned dearborn. He was brought home one Saturday, and the next day we all spent in fasting and prayer for his recovery, and for the many blessings that Providence had bestowed upon us. The front windows and doors of the Hall were closed, and all the family collected in Mr. Manville's chamber. No sound was heard for nine hours, save the voice of Parson Macdonald, who was for a long time engaged in devout prayer. We felt so grateful that our beloved parent was spared, and that he would probably get well was a thought which made our hearts swell with gratitude to God, and I felt sometimes, during the slow and solemn prayer offered by Parson Macdonald, like shouting and making the empyrean arch to ring with glad some praise! During his confinement to his chamber, Ivanora was

with him constantly. It was she who continued to weep and watch over the careworn man, with untiring tenderness and affection. We had become acquainted, and many a time she would come to me and say, "Miss Elton, come with me into grandfather's room; you know not how much he loves you, and he tells me every hour to try and make you sensible of his gratitude to you for your attention to him."—Notwithstanding Ivanora's deep-seated melancholy, and her rigid love of seclusion, I felt that I could love her. There was a something in the actions of the creature that fascinated me. She seemed to woo me with that unstudied affection, politeness, and gentleness which I had seldom or never observed in any other woman. There was a soft, pensive enchantment about her. I often dreamed of her, and when in her society I felt loth to leave her; bedtime came too soon when I was with her, and the days seemed to glide away like the gentle clouds of April. Time, thought I, has charms about its wings, that steal away these fragrant and lovely moments; and although she never smiled in my presence, yet she did not make me gloomy. I experienced a deep interest in her, though her fault, I supposed, was an unpardonable one; nevertheless, the manners, the looks, and the language of the woman almost made me forget that she might, at some unguarded moment, have forgotten to array herself in the costume of virtue, and that she had, unfortunately, been led away, without a shield, to the cells of passion and crime. Horrible reflection! especially when connected with so many bright charms, so many beauties, and so much that was touching and interesting. She was remarkably kind to me, and as I had an inborn love for children, I caressed with pleasure her lovely, sweet child. One day, when I had fondled little Louis in Mr. Manville's chamber, I took him by the hand and led him into my own room, thence into the hall above stairs, and as I was going down the front staircase, I heard a soft footstep directly behind me, when, looking around, I saw that Ivanora was coming after me. She

called to me saying, "Miss Elton, wait one moment." She seemed to be agitated and confused, and, as I feared, perhaps, that I had done something that touched some of her tender nerves, I returned to her with her child.

She stood wishfully gazing through the window, towards the big-road, and she was pale and trembling. She took Louis, however, and held him to her breast; then said I, "Miss Ivanora, I was going to carry Louis to see Miss Ashmore's pet birds and leverets, in the cages, but I thought you preferred my bringing him to you?"—She replied, "'Tis rather damp this afternoon, and Louis is not very well; these were the reasons why I called you, and let me beg of you, Miss Elton, not to call me Miss Ivanora; I have not avoided making your acquaintance from any motive particularly, but you are the only person, I assure you, out of the pale of my own family, to whom I have spoken for more than four years; I have been a recluse for a great while; I once thought that I never would open my lips again, but I feel drawn to you; besides, I am under so many obligations to you for your kindness to my aged grandfather; then you have seen my child, and must have heard of some of my misfortunes, and my rigid seclusion. If you feel disposed, I will reveal to you the history of my unfortunate life. I know its minutiae far better than any one else, consequently, I would rather you should learn it from my own lips; and as grandfather is well enough for me to go home, I shall leave the Hall to-morrow, and bury myself within the walls of my secluded cottage again. Say, Miss Elton, will you come to me there, and listen to my tale of woe?"—"I will," said I; "I have learned the way to your hermitage, and will listen to your relation with pleasure. With pleasure! I said, but mean not what I say, unless I specify and call it a mournful pleasure; for about you there is a mournful pleasure; but still I love to be near you, to look at you, and to listen to the tones of your voice, it is so sweet, and always seems to come from the recesses of a loving, tender heart. I once heard of you, before I came to

Manville Hall, and I have had reasons for concluding that your life has been clouded by some of the darkest scenes of sorrow. I have prohibited myself, notwithstanding, from making inquiry into your history, as it was none of my business. I have all my life despised a meddlesome person, and have yet to see one of this class of persons who did not become a gossip, and finally a slanderer. 'Mind your own business, and let other people's alone,' is an old and favorite maxim with me. I learned it when I was a school-girl, and now it has not been forgotten. I will come therefore to-morrow, and listen to your sad story." As I said this, Ivanora pressed me to her heart, and with tears streaming down her lovely cheeks, bade Louis kiss me, and we parted; when she went to the chamber of her grandfather, and I to my own apartment, to meditate upon what I was to hear the ensuing day, from the lips of one so beautiful, so intelligent, so truly sad, yet seemingly guilty of some great crime.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

THE anxiety I felt to be with Ivanora, to listen to her mysterious story, may be more easily imagined by the reader, than described with the pen. After my day's task was finished, I informed Miss Matilda and Mrs. Newland, that their niece had invited me to her cottage, and that I had accepted her invitation, and if I did not return that night, they must not be uneasy.—"I am happy," said Mrs. Newland, "that you have become acquainted with Ivanora, and that you are going to visit her. She is a dear, sweet, unfortunate child. You must soothe her sorrows, if you can, Miss Elton, for I suppose she will tell you her history. It will appear quite strange, however, for the bell to be rung, and for Miss Louise not to make her appearance at the table. But go, my dear; and notwithstanding poor Ivanora's melancholy, she can interest you more in one night, than we old people have done during your sojourn



at Manville Hall." I tied on my bonnet and ran off to the cottage, for I had learned the way during the late illness of Mr. Manville, and was soon again at the yard gate. The leaves of summer were now full blown, and the old trees and vines which clustered about this lonely-looking cot, made it more secluded than ever. Their heavy dark branches were exuberantly curtained with rich green arras, which had been woven, dyed, and hung by the hand of Nature. The most tremendous oaks and chestnuts were waving over the low roof, in the warm breezes of July. The old paling that once had formed the limits of the enclosure, had been torn away, and an even green hedge of hawthorn, holly, woodbine, jasmine, and rose vines, had been substituted in its place. The cottage was built of gray stone, and consisted of four rooms, separated by a narrow passage. It had great heavy chimneys of stone, and the fire-places were high and wide. The windows were long, narrow, and antique, the steps were great square slabs of stone, the doors were painted a dark lead-color, and the floors of the different apartments had a strong, durable covering over them. The beds were large and fine, and everything about the cottage displayed neatness and good order.

Old Mr. and Mrs. Falkirk had two of the rooms, and the other two were Ivanora's. The kitchen, dairy, ice-house, servants' house, apiary, and cattle sheds, were in the rear of the main building. In the chamber where Ivanora slept, the dark walls were covered with pictures; in particular, over the mantel-piece was a group of portraits, on a large piece of canvass. There was a gentleman, apparently about forty years of age, and by his side was a beautiful woman; and I knew instantly from the resemblance to old Mr. Manville and Miss Matilda, that it was the mother of Ivanora. There was an elderly-looking gentleman, who sat on a gilded ottoman, with his right arm around the delicate waist of Ivanora, whose long, brown ringlets, blooming cheeks, and gentle eyes, showed that the painting was executed when the roses of youth first bloomed

upon her angelic cheeks. She had on a white muslin dress, a sky-blue silk apron, and held in her beautifully moulded hand, a bunch of geranium leaves, and the delicate bloom of the lily of the valley. The bosom of her dress was cut low, and the snowy breasts which then heaved beneath the gossamer robe, were almost seen to throb on the canvass. Her white arms were bare, and nothing hid the delicacy of her full, round neck and white shoulder, but those glossy curls which dangled over their lily-white surface. I contented myself with the belief that the aged-looking gentleman, who gazed on her so fondly, and who then held her girlish form in his enraptured embrace, was her grandfather. In short, I set him down as the father of Ivanora's father. In the niches on each side of the fire-place were the portraits of old Mr. Manville and his wife, and along the sides of the room were the pictures of two elegant-looking gentlemen. One was an intelligent, full-faced personage, uncommonly handsome, with black hair, clear complexion, black whiskers, and dark, rich blue eyes. He was attired in the most gorgeous of furs, as well as cloth and velvet. There was something like severity, however, in the expression of his countenance, which I have often noticed in individuals, and which, many a time is dispelled by the light of intellect, which often illumines the face when animated by conversation. The other gentleman looked young; he was tall, and of the most graceful and agile figure. His hair rolled in natural curls around his high forehead; and his eyes were large, soft, and luxuriantly black. His mouth was beautifully chiselled, and the accomplished artist had most successfully represented his dark, rich, manly beard, after the sharpest razor seemed to have been drawn over his handsomely modelled cheeks and chin. At the foot of Ivanora's snow-white couch hung another group. It consisted of Misses Emily, Lavinia, and Julia Manville. Emily's features were decidedly queenly, beautiful, and dignified. The characteristics of Lavinia were loveliness of feature and gentleness, and all those charms

which adorn the female form. Julia was a tall, majestic woman, and notwithstanding the sternness in the expression of her lustrous black eye, there was an interesting cast of countenance that made you gaze at her, even longer than you would have done at the queenly beauty of Emily, or the languishing gentleness of Lavinia. There were several paintings besides, of old dilapidated castles and fallen towers; but there was one over the side-door of this apartment which attracted me most. It was a chateau in ruins. The stately columns around the edifice were overrun with rank, green vines, and a mould-covered marble mantel was made visible through the age-eaten windows, on which sat a vase of withered buds and leaves. Upon one turret of the chateau sat a raven with its wings folded, and its head drooping over the sad ruin. There was an avenue, leading to the front door, that was covered with tall, rank-looking weeds; and the paling which had once formed the inclosure, had fallen down beneath the rank clusters of weeds and heavy vines, and these wantonly twined themselves together, and crept through and through the faded slats, which once were white; then, upon a wasted-looking terrace, on the outer-side of the court, was a bed of pure white violets in full bloom, where a large, fierce-looking black snake had been painted, with his lithe form interlacing the violets' tender blossoms, and their delicate leaves. While I stood gazing upon the well-executed painting, endeavoring to translate the mystic language it appeared to speak, I was awakened from my meditative slumber by the silvery tones of Ivanora's voice, who called to me, saying, "Miss Elton, I have now rocked my child to sleep; come into this room, and I will begin my sad story." I advanced slowly, and in a melancholy mood sat myself beside the gloomy-looking, yet beautiful woman, who thus began the mournful tale of her life.

## STORY OF ELLA BIRLYN.

"I SHALL go back, Miss Louise, to the hours of my girlhood, for since that time I have been hurried along the streams of

adversity and sorrow, until I renounced the world, and hid myself in these wild, dark shades. The strings of life's harp, that once sent forth so many delightful strains at my touch, are broken,—ay, all broken. Have you not heard of the Oriental lute, whose soft and delicately sounding musical strings are sometimes so much elongated, when moistened by the breath of a certain dampening gale that is breathed over them, that, during the time in which this wind is passing over them, they cannot be tuned? I once thought that the music of the chords of my heart were hushed by a spell, which a withering breeze, far more destructive than the simoom, blew upon them. But this pestiferous, destroying gale, after awhile, winged its way to some scorching desert, and there, perchance, died upon the sandy plains. I was again enabled to re-tune the chords of my lute, and just as I had begun to strike them with the fervor and expression which I loved to indulge in, and which seemed to tell me was the most tranquillizing method of playing for the solace of melancholy, another blight came sweeping along, and not only softened, but snapped the strings of my newly re-tuned instrument, and as they are all ruined and broken, I thus declare that henceforward they will never be strung again! When I was thirteen years of age, I was sent to a neighboring school, where I became acquainted with a youth of seventeen summers. His parents resided near my own, and he had several sisters to whom I was greatly attached. Of course, this gentleman was the first one I had loved. We wandered along the flowery paths of our pupilage, till I was in my fifteenth year. One day, during the fragrant hours of spring, I was engaged with my school-mates gathering mint on the edge of the limpid brooklets which wound round the hills near our rustic school-house. These ran in so many directions, and crossed and re-crossed each other so often that they formed a variety of the most beautiful little islets. One of these was larger than the others, and was more luxuriantly covered with mint, and I plunged through the water, and stood

on its perfumed bed. It was rather cool, too, for the season in that climate, as it was fresh, lovely April. The spangles of the night's dew had not been dried by the early rays of the sun, so, in searching intently for pebbles underneath the tall mint, I lost my slippers. While I was looking for them, Leon Edgmont came to me. He had been watching me for some time, and came to assist me in searching for what I had lost, and to tell me that my companions had grown tired waiting for me, and had run away in search of other sport. I suddenly became chilly, could scarcely speak, and my naked feet and ankles were almost purple, so long had I stood in the cold dew. At last, Leon took me in his arms, bound my wet feet in a large, yellow silk pocket handkerchief, and carried me to a cottage close by, where the girls were waiting for us. As he bore me along, he said, 'Ella, you must never love any one but me, for I have selected you to be my wife. I will wait till you are sixteen years old, then you must marry me; that is, if you love me. Tell me now, Ella, if there is any one you love more than me? and tell me if you will consent to marry me when you are older?' I was a simple child of nature, then. I knew nothing of duplicity, or of coquetry, and as my honest heart dictated the truth for my lips, they uttered these words, 'Yes, Leon, I love you, and will marry you.' We continued at the same school for some time. The sun all the while shone brightly, and the beams of the moon were tranquilly rocked upon the bosom of the limpid streams that crossed our green paths. The clover-blossoms on the meadows were so fragrant, and we saw the pearl-like pebbles in the clear water, and the islets of mint continued green and vigorous. Naturally, however, Leon was of a fretful temper. He was handsome, and remarkably sprightly, and had a small income. He was not liked by others of the school; for he seemed to delight in obstinacy, and rather grew tyrannical towards every one but myself. I could, however, many a time, subdue him by a frown. Often he would look at me when he was loquacious and irascible; but if I shook my head at him, or said,

'Don't say that, Leon,' he would instantly grow calm and silent. In a few months, his parents determined to remove from that neighborhood, and, indeed, from that State. The old gentleman, Mr. Edgmont, became fascinated with the account he received of the fertility and delights of a Texan soil and climate. Of course, Leon had to go. The tears that streamed from my childlike eyes, when he told me he was going away, were the first which stained my cheeks with sorrow. I wept bitterly during the day, and at night, when I slept, I was disturbed with frightful dreams, and often was startled as I saw Leon in my vision coming to bid me farewell.

"The sad day at length dawned on which we were to 'take the parting hand.' We walked into the garden at my father's, and sat down on a green bank, shaded with virgin's bower and wild-rose. He there gave me a plain gold ring, as a pledge of his love, and said, 'Wear it, Ella, for me,' and as he placed it on my finger, he remarked, 'I return, next spring, and with this ring I'll thee wed.' I promised him that I would be faithful, and in a few moments he had rode out of my sight. I treasured the ring, and daily refreshed the promise I had made with the tenderest recollections and hopes. As our country school was broken by the departure of several families of the neighborhood, I was kept at home, and instructed by my mother. When Leon had been gone some time, and as I could not hear from him, I resolved, one day, that I would write to him, and chide him for keeping me in such painful suspense. I closed my letter, had my saddle put on my little pony, took a servant boy behind me, on a pillion, and away I went to the little village of —, to deposit my letter in the post-office. Going along, my horse seemed to get a sting from something, for he darted across the road, and threw the servant and myself on the blue-grass of a large pasture. A number of negroes who were at work in sight of us came to our assistance, but I was perfectly giddy. The fall had affected my head, so that I knew not what was going on. The negroes belonged to an

elderly gentleman upon whose domain I was thrown. The kind-hearted creatures took me in their arms, and carried me to the house. The old gentleman was at home, where he received me into his arms, administered to my necessities, and sent his fine carriage for my mother to come and see me, as I was unable to be removed. I remained at Avondale, the residence of this gentleman, for several days, and I was delirious all the time. When I recovered a little strength, he loaned his carriage, horses, and servants to my father and mother, who carried me home. I have often looked back to that fatal fall, for it seems to have been an omen of all my undertakings in after-life; which have been dashed to the earth, and clouded by a delirium of sadness, such as attended me after my horse threw me at Avondale, and which will ever shade this humble cottage. After I recovered, Mr. Wordings, the old gentleman at whose house I had been so kindly cared for, came to see me, and I was not a little astonished, when he informed me that he had fallen in love with me, and desired to marry me! My parents always had disliked Leon Edgmont, and they were glad that he had gone so far from me. They mostly objected to his temper, and nothing could have made them believe him capable of making a kind husband. My mother often told me that Leon was only fascinated with my girlish beauty, and that if I married him, he might be amiable or kind for a while, but after we came to the sober realities of every-day life, that I would regret then that I was the wife of such a tyrant and scold, as she foresaw he would make. During my illness at Avondale, it appeared that Mr. Wordings pilfered my letter that I was bearing to the office, for Leon, and had read it. When he admitted to me that he had read it, I charged him with having acted dishonorably in breaking the seal. To justify himself, he declared that I opened the letter myself, when I was first brought to his house, and told him I was just going to put it into the office, and asked him to read it and advise me in the matter.

My head was confused, I confess; still, I have never believed but that Mr. Wordings broke the seal of that letter, and thereby informed himself of my intentions towards Leon. He was my father's senior about twelve years. He owned a magnificent residence, in a distant city, and Avondale was an earthly elysium. He was driven about, by servants in livery, in a fine Newark carriage, which cost fifteen hundred dollars. He usually drove four splendid bay horses; and there was no end to his money. He was then a widower the second time. He had no children, and told me that he only desired to make a pet of me, and that if I would marry him, at his death he would give me every cent he had upon earth. I informed him that I loved Leon Edgmont, and had promised to marry him the ensuing spring. Then he proffered me his advice; told me that Leon was a dissipated, reckless young man, and that he would not be true to me; that new scenes and new faces, in a distant land, would estrange his affections from me, and that the love of school-children was like the bubbling of the soda powder, exhilarating while it was effervescing, but, when it ceased to sparkle and foam, it was of all things the most insipid. He used to talk to my father and mother in the same way, and they thought just as he wished them to think, and every time he had an audience with them they were influenced more and more against poor Leon Edgmont.

"I again wrote to Leon, but received no reply to my letters. I would write again, and again, but could not hear from him. During Leon's silence, Mr. Wordings visited me constantly and regularly. Many a time, too, when he was at our house, he had letters in his pockets, that Leon had written to me, which he had taken from the office and would not give me. One day when I was in the deepest distress, and in tears, and unsettled as to what course I should pursue, Mr. Wordings begged me to come to a conclusion in his favor. 'For,' said he, 'only look how Edgmont has treated you. There is no good reason for his silence, and he will not write to you; he has treated you

contemptibly. Forget him, Ella; summon your pride of character, and your personal independence; spurn the fellow's image from your heart, and marry the man who is able to settle upon you the fortune of a queen, and one who will love you as the Oriental worshipper loves his idol.' My parents aided Mr. Wordings, for they preached to me about his being such a steady man, that he was good-looking enough, and his fortune large, and all those glittering charms which wealth alone can purchase were duly exhibited to my tearful eyes. I saw all of this grandeur, however, through the veil of sorrow which dimmed them, for I still wept for Leon, even when the gaudy shows of Mr. Wordings' great fortune were placed vividly in panorama before me. 'You are too bright a gem, my darling Ella,' said Mr. Wordings, 'to be hidden or crushed by that heartless man, for I know Edgmont well.' 'But,' replied I, 'Mr. Wordings, I do not love you, and I am pained at the idea of marrying a gentleman I do not love.'—'Never mind, my dear,' he would say; 'I will place you in such splendor, and will love you so fondly, that you will be sure to learn to love me. Will you marry me? Ella, only say Yes to this question, and you will seal my earthly happiness.' Before I left the parlor, I consented to marry him, fixed the day, and Mr. Wordings hastened to tell the news to my infatuated parents. I was an only child, tenderly beloved by my father and mother, and as they believed I was going to marry so advantageously, great joy was expressed; while they praised me for my firmness and decision of character, in banishing, as they thought I had done, Leon from my heart. Necessary preparations were made, and Mr. Wordings told me to send to New York, or Philadelphia, or to Paris, if I chose to equip myself properly for the occasion; that if there was anything on earth I wished for, to send and get his money and buy it. Poor unfortunate! the wedding day came before I had taken one moment to reflect seriously upon the step I had taken, for I was hurried and whirled along, by my gay companions,

who came to assist me, and to solicit favors of me, after I became the wife of such a kingly old millionaire. It was not long after I was called Mrs. Wordings, that a friend came to see me, one day, who told me that she was an eye-witness to the agonies that rent the heart of my poor dear Leon, when he received a paper with the annunciation of my marriage to Mr. Wordings. Then, oh, then, I began to look back to the hours of first love! To the bright sun that used to shine, and to the transparent streamlets, the fragrant flowers, and the perfumed islands in the meadows. The first group of portraits there, represents my father, my mother, Mr. Wordings, and myself. Little thought you, Miss Elton, when you gazed on the picture of that old man, that he was once my husband; for I heard you whisper 'Perchance that is the likeness of her grandfather, and as he fondles her so tenderly, she must have been a great pet with the old man.' I imagined your surprise, when I should tell you that he was my husband! When you so wishfully examined the ruins of the chateau, also, I heard you murmuring, 'What can it mean?' I painted it, Miss Elton, and it represents myself. I placed those withered flowers, that ragged foliage, those mouldering columns, and time-worn lattices, there on purpose. I put the raven on the broken column, and interlaced that loathsome black snake, amongst those fresh leaves, and pale blossoms in the bed of violets. I hung, with my pencil, the mournful ivy over those sashless windows, and purposely designed that those Visigothic and Vandal-like weeds should rear their rank heads in my clear pathway, which at one time glittered with silvery sands. The next group is Emily, Lavinia, and Julia Manville, the idols of my heart, the friends and darling companions of my tender years."—"And, who are these?" said I, pointing to the portraits of the two magnificent-looking gentlemen, which hung on the opposite side. I was impatient to learn their names, and as it was late in the night, I thought I could not sleep until I heard thier history too. Ivanora burst into tears and remarked, "We will sleep,

now, for you are weary. There are other veils I know, moreover, over my melancholy life, that I will raise, and then let you view my sorrows. Sleep now, my dear Miss Elton, and come to me again on Saturday, and I will conclude my gloomy story.'"

I could not sleep, however, so completely were my thoughts absorbed by what I had heard from this sweet woman. I quite forgot that she might be an exile from virtue, for there was a soft charm about her, despite of her follies, and perhaps crimes, which made me lose sight of her guilt. I determined, notwithstanding, to listen to her story before I decided, for I considered virtue too sacred a principle to be trifled with, and that perhaps I might have been led into error by certain appearances,—the fact of Ivanora's seclusion, her study to be, as she said, "hidden in those wild shades," that she was a mother, and that I had heard from the lips of Miss Ashmore that she had "disgraced the family;" but still I felt disposed to hear her saddest song. She seemed so truthful, I was eager for her to introduce me herself to the facts in her case. I think it is a sad thing to make any one a victim of opinion or prejudice. Female reputation is too often injured in this way; and people frequently prove themselves disciples of prejudice, suspicion, and injustice by not taking proper pains to investigate tales of slander and envy. Others, again, will inquire; and from this principle of generosity and high regard for virtue, I once knew a lady who was permitted to take her place in society, who otherwise might have become the victim of suspicion, and perhaps, considering herself abandoned by those with whom she had formerly associated, something shocking to her feelings might have occurred, and driven her to despair. Many, yes, very many, were the conjectures relative to her character, which had been seriously questioned; still the community in which she resided so loved and esteemed the principles of truth, that they were not satisfied with the vile tongue of "Madame Rumor," who, in that liberal region, was

suspected as a slanderer, they therefore investigated the charges made, and also examined the character of those who were loudest in outcry against her, and at length, when they discovered that she had been the victim of calumny, the pure and fragrant flower was again cultivated, and permitted to bloom in all its native loveliness in the gardens of refined and virtuous society. I therefore could not close my eyes in slumber till I had offered up a prayer, and shed a tear, for that beautiful and unfortunate woman, whose countenance showed plainly that the iron footprints of sorrow had left deep tracks upon its lovely surface.

## CHAPTER I.

In a melancholy deliberate mood I again entered my school-room on Friday morning. I was pleased that Friday had come, for Ivanora told me to return the ensuing day, which was Saturday, when we would have time to commune together without interruption, and my avidity to learn the remainder of her history, of course, was very great. Whilst I sat with Lizette and Ada in my school-room, I could hear the sound of music and singing below stairs, as Carrie Ashmore was entertaining Captain Mays, and the old Hall was ringing with her gay songs and loud laughter. Music was the only science that she understood, and she performed as elegantly upon the guitar as the piano. I used to listen to her for hours after night, when she sat on the gallery; and many a time when the weather was mild she would make a scene of enchantment in one of the vine-covered bowers in the front yard; these were shaded with black honeysuckle; and the rich clear notes of Miss Ashmore's voice used to float to the Hall on the night-breezes, which were delicately perfumed by the honeysuckle and other



fragrant summer flowers. I often said to myself, "What a pity it is that Miss Ashmore has so much vanity. I love self-pride, but where vanity rules the heart, the character is always despicable." The time that Miss Carrie should have devoted to the cultivation of her mind was spent in adjusting her fine dresses, and in committing to memory light trivial phrases from love tales, and a few stanzas from sentimental songs. While I was absorbed in serious reflection, she came dashing into the school-room. She had on a long velvet riding-habit, and her fine velvet cap was decorated with tall, quivering green feathers; she was very tall naturally, and in addition to her stature, the high plumes of her riding-cap made it necessary for her to bow her head when she came into the room. She seemed confused, and in a hurried manner said, "Miss Elton, I have just run back to get my riding-whip, for I left Captain Mays at the stile. I did it on purpose too, as I wanted to display my elegant figure to him, with my riding-habit and cap on. Harry Upperton used to say he would rather see Miss Ashmore glide off in her velvet riding dress, than to look at the finest ship that ever sailed from Charleston, South Carolina. You know I have promised to ride with Captain Mays this afternoon. Old Uncle Stepney has just saddled Ranger for me to ride. Oh! I am so fond of riding on horseback; but I thought I would run in here and ask you how I look? and ask you to make Rosalind get some worms for my poor starving birds; and you had better go with her, Miss Elton, and see that she attends to them. You know she will neglect them if you do not watch her. Negroes are so provoking. I wish they were all in Guinea; and I am determined never to marry a man who owns a negro. The fortune Uncle Manville has settled upon me is all in money, thank goodness; and I am going to set Rosalind free, and pay her by the job to wait upon Captain Mays and her Miss Carrie. You know how you always pity the poor birds, because they are caged, Miss Louise; then attend to them for me; and if the Captain and I go as far as the Sulphur Springs,

over the mountains, I will pull some wild flowers for you to press in your herb—herb\*—something, I don't know what it is. Don't forget, Miss Elton, and while you are seeing about the worms, make Rosalind water the leverets, they are perishing, poor things, and also make Rosa clean the cages. Uncle has sent to town for a workman to come out and build me a new aviary; then bird and leveret raising will be more decent, and I will attend to it myself. I'll be back about tea-time. Good-bye," said she, as she banged my door after her, and as her gorgeous velvet robe swept the stairs when she ran down, Lizette looked at me, and in the most unpremeditated manner imaginable, exclaimed, "What a fool!"

What a contrast thought I between the gay woman, whose notes are so strong and clear, at the Hall, and the one who warbles such plaintive and tender strains, within her humble cottage, beyond the mountain glade. After breakfast, on Saturday morning, I left the Hall for "Moss Cottage," (for by this name it was called by Ivanora). I wondered as I walked along if I could not devise some means to break the links of the sorrowful chain that held my fair young friend in such painful slavery. She looked to me to be as young as a woman of twenty autumns. She was tall and elegant, and as all the writers have said for the last forty years, in describing ecstatic beauty, so say I, "she was of light and graceful form." Her hair was of a dark, rich chestnut brown. She gathered the long ringlets together which had been curled by the hand of mother Nature, and tied them at the back of her head with a dark ribbon, and her front hair was parted evenly upon her high organ of benevolence; she made a broad and smooth band of this, carried it over her ears, and then twisted the ends amongst the cluster of curls that hung at the back of her neck. She wore black dresses, as if she was in mourning for some lately deceased friend. She had large, sorrowful brown eyes, yet as perfect a

\* Herbarium.

hazel eye as I ever gazed into. Her eyebrows curved high above her eyes, and they were heavy, and of a darker brown than those burnished ringlets which were separated so regularly above her lofty white forehead. Her complexion was pale, though not of a sickly hue. She had a moist, rich, healthy-looking skin, without a shade of pink upon her smooth round cheeks. Her countenance never seemed tranquil to me, for at times she became exceedingly nervous, and then her beautiful poetic eyebrows were only separated by the wrinkles which formed a frown on her snowy brow. It looked to me as if sorrow and vexation often exhibited themselves on the scornful muscles of her face, for she occasionally, when in deep thought, drew down the corners of her pretty lips, as if her innate spirit was conversing with some adverse genii of the hills, and then her face evinced, by its contractile muscles, the contempt she felt at his presence. She seemed to be very amiable, as well as noble-minded and perfectly beautiful. She had lost none of those embellishments which render woman so charming an object, but her cheerfulness and sprightliness. Why these desirable traits had been crushed is for the inquisitive reader yet to find out. Her voice was clear, effeminate, and musical, and she was mild and chaste in her conversation. She was obedient and affectionate to her grandfather, and also to her aunts, and when at the Hall, I often thought she manifested more forbearance towards the disagreeable Miss Ashmore, than any of us. She was also kind, polite, and humane to the servants. She loved Lizette and Ada, and they were tenderly attached to "Cousin," as they called her. But I was afraid that a mother's fondness led her to make too great an idol of her beautiful, blue-eyed Louis. In short, she was the Pandora of my imagination, for it seemed "that all the good and lovely geniuses had presented her with a charm," which was then set like a gem in a royal diadem, and glittered, as it were, behind a delicately woven veil. I formed many resolutions, and constructed many plans, to kill that loathsome snake which was

coiled amongst those sweet violets. In my imagination, I rebuilt the ruined chateau, gathered fresh flowers from the mountain's side, planted greener vines in the intercolumniation, I remoulded the stately columns, and drove away the mournful raven that grieved over the fabric. When I arrived at Moss Cottage, I found Ivanora with Louis in her arms, and as I entered the apartment, she arose to receive me and remarked, "I have been looking for you; but it has really been a long time, Miss Elton, since I looked for any one to visit me, except my family relations. I had begun to think, perchance, that my story of yesternight, my mystery and melancholy, had driven you away, and that you would not come to me any more at Moss Cottage." I told her that I had lingered in the green avenue which led to her abode, endeavoring to devise some means to restore her to the world again, or if not to the world, to the bosom of the family at Manville Hall, where I was satisfied that all the inmates loved her devotedly. All she said in reply was, "Alas! alas! my friend."

"My life is like the shattered wreck,  
Cast by the waves upon the shore;  
The broken mast and drifted deck,  
Tell of the sad shipwreck that's o'er."

## CHAPTER LI.

"MANVILLE HALL," resumed Ivanora, "is my native home. I was born in the chamber occupied by grandpa. My mother married, when she was quite young, Mr. Philander Birlyn, and my maiden name was Ella Birlyn. Old Mr. Finlay, the father of Dr. Walter Finlay, and Colonel Manville's first wife, at an earlier time, lived at this cottage. Co-

lonel Manville was married in the room there that fronts the garden, and Waldegrave, Emily, Lavinia, and Julia, were all born under this moss-grown roof. My father and mother resided at the Hall till I was ten years of age. Lavinia and I were born on the same day, and we passed the gleeful hours of childhood underneath those antique trees at Manville Hall. Colonel Manville and grandpa were in partnership, but after the death of old Mr. and Mrs. Finlay, the Colonel concluded that he would move to a Southern State. He had two hundred negroes, and grandpa had more,—too many entirely, though, for the size of the Manville Hall estate. My father also became inspired with the ideas of adventure, and removed with my mother and myself to ———, three hundred miles from Manville Hall. These movements separated me from my long-loved Emily and Lavinia. We, however, corresponded regularly, and when I was twelve years old, my mother came to Manville Hall on a visit. Colonel Manville was advised that she intended coming, and as we were so extremely anxious to be together at the old Hall once more, he kindly sent Emily and Lavinia to meet me. Oh! we were so happy to assemble again at our dear native place. We remained there six weeks, and again left for home, and I saw them no more till they came to my father's house to be bridesmaids for me. They never saw Leon Edgmont, but had an instinctive knowledge of him, so carefully had I spoken of him in my letters to them. When Emily saw Mr. Wordings, she laughed and said, 'Ella, what a brain-sick creature you are! why, what do you think your grandpa will say, when he sees you married to a gentleman who looks almost as old as himself?' All that Lavinia said was this, 'You know not, my dear cousin, how much we were astonished when we received your letter, insisting upon our coming to see you married. It was very unexpected, and pa laughed it off as a joke, till he received your father's letter assuring us that it was true.' I supposed, of course, that grandpa would not approve of it, for my parents

wrote to him, but he made no reply to their letters, and would not come to my wedding. I had often heard him say that he knew that no young woman could love an old man, and that whoever married one did it to enrich themselves, cherishing the fond hope that the ancient husband would soon die and leave them riches sufficient to insure them a young husband. I therefore knew that he could say nothing in favor of my marriage with Mr. Wordings, and I knew by his silence that he was displeased. I was under the control, however, of my father and mother, who were anxious that I should be installed at Avondale. Emily and Lavinia stayed with me for three months after I was married, and I was tolerably happy while they were with me, for we had crowds of the gayest company at Avondale all the time. It seemed as if Mr. Wordings understood my feelings, for he never allowed the fires which were made for one fashionable assembly to burn down, ere he rekindled more for others, who glittered as brightly in wealth and luxury.

"After a while Col. Manville wrote for Emily and Lavinia to come home. Grief, I thought, surely would kill me, when Dr. Finlay brought them from my father's house to bid me farewell. I then sought the society of my mother, but to be by her side was to secretly reproach her for marrying me to the man I cordially despised. But she was naturally a retiring, domestic woman, very religious, and perfectly devoted to my father. She therefore believed that a woman's interest should be consulted, as well as her sentimental feeling. She believed, also, that after people marry, that they learn to love one another, if they did not love beforehand; and she thought that Mr. Wordings was one of the best of men, and that his hand and fortune would always secure me, not only a luxurious berth in life, but one of certain comfort and independence when she was dead and gone. My grandfather had two sons at that time, brothers of my mother. They were thought by my father to be very extravagant in business calculations. My

mother would often say to me, 'Ella, there is no foreseeing what is to become of the estate at Manville Hall. Father is security for a vast amount, and your uncles are wild in their calculations. Arthur has just purchased a southern plantation and negroes, which will cost him one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Your grandpa is responsible for everything Brother Arthur does. You know not what a gratification it is to your father and me, to see our beloved daughter so independently and handsomely settled in life.' I used to listen to my mother, but made her no reply, for I could not be satisfied with my husband, and no argument could tranquillize my perturbed mind. In the course of a few months, I grew sullen and contrary, for I did not learn to love Mr. Wordings, as he had promised that I would. Nor did I try to learn to love him, for it would have been an exceedingly uninteresting lesson. I hated myself because I had wounded the heart that loved me so dearly. I was daily thinking of Leon Edgmont, and when Mr. Wordings saw that I was unhappy, he redoubled his vigilance to place new toys in my way to divert my attention. He gave me splendid silks and velvets, he sent to London, and purchased three sets of jewelry, one of emerald, one of pearl, and a third of diamonds. These consisted of bracelets, ear-rings, finger-rings, breastpins, bandeaus for my hair, necklaces, brooches, armlets, anklets, buckles, and a cestus for my waist. They cost him forty thousand dollars, and besides these, he had given me a locket containing his miniature and my own, of such massive gold, and so heavily set with diamonds and rubies, that I could not wear it. He also gave me a watch and guard-chain, which cost him three hundred dollars. But I cared about as much for all these glittering trinkets, as the bird cares for its cage of silver wire, or the water cup from which it slakes its thirst, even if it be decked on the gilded rim with gems of great value. I, like the bird, fluttered and beat my wings against the wires of the cage, often looking out at the green woods and white flowers, and the

shady paths along which the companions of my youth seemed to tread with so much happiness and cheerfulness. A fresh misfortune befell me during the second year of my marriage to Mr. Wordings. Death swept away my mother, and my father only survived her two months. I had not seen grandpa Manville since I had been married, and as I was anxious to be released from my old husband's side, I accompanied the remains of my father and mother to Manville Hall. After their interment in the garden, I spent two weeks with grandpa, and then began my sorrowful journey to Avondale. I arrived safely, and I thought every day that Mr. Wordings was rather pleased than not, that I had lost my parents.

"He acted as if he was delighted at my absolute dependence upon him, and he made an effort to estrange my affection from my grandfather. He called him a mean, selfish man, and said he had reasons for believing that the elementary principles of primogeniture still clung to him; that he was a Scotchman by birth; and that not even the influence of a republican government, like that of the United States, had mollified the principle incorporated in the domestic code which he framed under monarchical institutions; that as Uncle Arthur was the eldest son, and, no doubt, would inherit everything, I, in all probability, would be a beggar and an offcast, if I ever depended upon my grandfather for a support. It was this argument that wounded me so deeply. However, I knew it to be utterly false, but still it redoubled my hatred for the one whose presence I loathed, and whose reasoning could never convince me of anything. I liked him less and less every day. I scolded him upon almost every occasion, but he had so much forbearance, and was such a philosopher, that he bore with me. He knew, too, he had won me by unfair gambling; that he had cheated in the game; and he had heard that I knew it also. Those letters from Leon Edgmont, which he had purloined from the post-office, intercepted, read, and burned, phoenix-like, had arisen from their ashes, and I

read every day, in their unscathed, golden letters, that at the time of my union with Mr. Wordings, Leon's heart was mine. At times I was almost frantic, still Mr. Wordings humored me with everything he vainly hoped would soothe my distracted heart. He saw his folly, however, as we all generally see our own short-comings when it is too late to retract what we have done. The sun, which once shone so brightly, and by which he might have seen how to regulate his course for future days, had now sunk behind some dark, inaccessible mountain. There was many a woman, notwithstanding, who could have lived happily with Mr. Wordings, and thanked her God for so kind a husband, for he had married happily twice before I became his wife. He lived with his first wife twenty years, and with the second ten years, and he told me often that he had had more jars with me, and that I had made him see more trouble in eighteen months, than he saw with his first wives in thirty years. But I was too young for him, and I was grieved all the time at the pain I had caused Leon Edgmont. My feelings, too, were like the boiling jets of the Obsidian mountain, for sometimes my passions would abate, then, again, the jets, like Krabla's, would burst forth with uncontrollable violence. I tried music, society, books, and flowers. Music, however, had no melody to me then, for I loved no strain but that which breathed of the lost days I so vainly longed to live over again, and I was so absent-minded and sullen, that my companions could not interest me, nor I them; and the flowers all lost their beauty and fragrance. My thoughts were so scattered I could not read. I recollect that I used to sit with a book in my hand, gazing on a page for hours without reading a single line. I did this to make Mr. Wordings believe that I was reading, when I did not wish him to speak to me. I often said to myself, "I am now well punished for what I have done; for listening to the zealous pleadings of an old man for my hand, which was pledged to another. I justly deserve to suffer the

ordeal of penitence and sorrow." Then I would be easy for awhile, but when the reflection came home to my heart that I had foolishly listened to the advice of others, and that my husband had resorted to means to rob me of that connubial felicity which was in store for me, I again became wild and inconsolable. Mr. Wordings saw every day that the cloud which overspread my heart grew thicker and darker. One evening he proposed to take me on a travelling expedition, and requested me to select some watering-place of notoriety. I named one, and we left Avondale, and did not return for three months. During this time I was mingling with crowds of gay company, and nothing scarcely interrupted my ephemeral pleasures but the occasional meeting with an old friend or school-mate, who never failed to express their surprise at hearing of my marriage to Mr. Wordings. I often heard the remark, 'Well, isn't it strange that Ella Birlyn married that old man? I just as much expected that she would be married to young Edgmont as I ever expected to marry my own husband.' A second person would say, 'Oh! it was his money. You know it is impossible for a young girl to love an old man. She, no doubt, despises him, but old men are blind to the duplicity of girls, and very likely old Wordings is dotard enough to believe that Ella loves him. An old man in his fix is like a woman in love with herself. She vainly believes that every one adores her; and thus it is with Wording. He is so intoxicated with admiration for his young wife, that he believes she loves him. Poor Ella! she strives to be cheerful, and would make the world believe that she is really satisfied, but, once in a while, the curtain which conceals her wretchedness is blown aside. She often laughs, and strives to smile cheerfully, but her smiles and laughter are forced, and will eventually terminate in a ghastly grin.'

"I could not bear to hear these things, for they were too true. I had pride enough, however, to try and conceal my unhappiness from the eyes of the inquisitive world. I often,

when looking at my gorgeous apparel, my magnificent house and costly furniture, my carriage, horses, and liveried servants, my massive silver plate, and my courtly jewels, declared that I would have been happier with Leon Edgmont, in the humblest home upon the prairies of the 'far west.' I seemed to yearn for a white-washed cottage, with vines and wild flowers around it. I wanted to drink water from one of Nature's fountains, for I loved the rustic gourd far better than the silver goblet, and I longed for herds and flocks to roam around my dwelling; and I sighed for all those truly endearing scenes, which are afforded by a pastoral life. I continued, however, during our stay at the Springs, to dance along the green labyrinths of delight. A fashionable watering-place is just like youth and pleasure. It has its seasons—seasons of delight and romance, which, while they continue, render all things charming—all things ravishing to the eye and the heart; but, alas! how dull to me, how old, and uninteresting these pleasures, amusements, and merry songs soon grew; for at heart, I did not enjoy anything. All with me had been chilled, and I compared every earthly pleasure to the white light of the pompholyx, which gleams for a moment upon the dome of the chemist's furnace, and, while a certain degree of warmth is kept up, glistens, but so soon as the air breathes against it, it vanishes and is lost. I returned to Avondale, less satisfied, if possible, than when I left it. I was sullen and often angry, and vainly searched through the bowers of my imagination for the fabled nepenthe I so ardently wished to taste, in order to drive away my cares. Every day Mr. Wordings saw that the sediment of life was settling thicker and thicker and thicker in his massive cups, and the nectar he daily sipped was becoming pungent and bitter. He remonstrated with me; but then I had not seen the beautiful things in the temple of reason. To me, his argument was like that of one who labors to make a blind person understand the glory and brilliancy of the sun, the moon, and the stars. I fretted at every trifle;

and I became like the wheel that turns all day upon its axle-tree without oil, that creaks and makes a hideous noise from desiccation. You may, also, pour water upon it, but after three or four circumrotations the same sound that makes the nerves cringe, will be again produced from friction. Well, one day I told Mr. Wordings that I was the most unhappy creature upon earth; that I had been miserable ever since our marriage, and that I had not forgiven him for cutting the thread of happiness, which Leon Edgmont and myself were winding, and that I would thank him to send me home. He asked me what I meant; said he knew not what I was talking about, and charged me with lunacy. Said I, 'Mr. Wordings, you robbed me of Leon Edgmont's letters; you cheated me out of the husband I should have had. I know this, and if necessary, I can prove it; I am going home, and I do not wish you to follow me.' Again he remonstrated; he told me that the world would censure me, and that he had done nothing to make me so miserable; that he would not take any hand in sending me away, and I need not ask him,—that it was disgraceful in me to cherish a love for Leon Edgmont, after I became his wife. Said I, 'As to the opinion of the world, I care not a farthing's worth.' For I then attached not the slightest importance to public sentiment; that great and terrible tribunal before which I was going. Nor did I consider myself culpable, for I assured him that I had drawn a veil over the affection I once entertained for Leon; and that Leon had forgotten me, and I was then glad of it; that he was happily married, and that I knew it was criminal to love a married man, and I loved no one but my family relations, and that I hated himself and the remainder of the world, and I was resolved to go home. At this moment he arose from his chair, looked fiercely at me, and said, 'Where do you call home, you provoking wretch? you have no home on the earth but mine, and I will not stand your taunts and insults longer.' He came to me then, with a book in his hand, and gave me several very severe blows over my



head, saying to me, 'I have humored you until you are a fool;' and again he put his hand on my shoulder and shoved me down on the ottoman. As I fell, I cried out, 'For God's sake, send me home!' then he caught my long curls in his hand and jerked them several times, saying, 'Where is your home but with me?'—Said I, 'At Manville Hall; there is my home, and there will I go. I was born there; my childhood's blissful days were passed there; the spirits of my father and mother haunt those evergreen bowers, and my aged grandfather is there.' He threatened to tie me, and drew out his pocket handkerchief and began to tie it around my wrist. I told him it would do no good; that I would get away from him in spite of all his handkerchiefs; and that if he put me into a cage like the Dives did the Peris, and hung me in the top of a tree, that I would still hate him. He then left the room, and sat down on the portico, and I got my bonnet, put on my gloves, and passed out of the front door.

"I intended to walk by Mr. Wordings, in order that he might see me go off; for, notwithstanding he had beaten me so unmercifully, I did not feel afraid of him, and I knew that he would not dare to make his negroes run after me, and there was not a white person on the premises but himself and me, and I knew also that I could outrun him, if he attempted to force me to remain. As I walked out of the portico, he called to me, saying, 'Ella, where are you going?'—'Tis none of your business,' said I.—'Oh, Ella!' he exclaimed, 'don't leave me! don't go away in that manner! let me have your wardrobe packed, and send you in my carriage, if you are determined to go.'—'I want nothing you have given me; take all of that vain, doll-baby dressing you have wasted your money for, and do as you like with it. I will not have it; neither do I want your carriage, nor anything else: feet were made before carriages,' said I, tauntingly, and I paced off down the avenue of tea-roses and cape-jasmine. Mr. Wordings came upon the front steps, called me again, and begged that I would come back

long enough to allow him to cut off, as he said, 'one of your rich auburn ringlets.'—'Indeed,' said I, as I shut the great massive white gate, 'if you desire some of my hair as a memorial, there lies a great bunch of it on the floor of the chamber; you pulled it out by the roots when you pushed me down on the ottoman. You may gather that from the floor, and it will serve to remind you of me,—that is, if you require a token, and more especially of my beautiful auburn hair.' I then ran along through the meadow, and across the bridge in front of the mansion of Avondale, and I did not look back, for I was too eager to get away. A new vista seemed to open to me, and I compared myself to the mouse, with which the cat toys; every now and then, he lets it go to see it run, then he grasps it within his paws, and again enjoys its capture. Sometimes, however, the little trembler outruns grimalkin, and regains her bed of leaves and liberty. I crossed his plantation, and as I sat foot upon the highway, I felt thankful that I had got out of his domain, and made haste to the house of a friend, who resided in the village near Avondale. My friend was Mrs. Amanda Dewan, a lady whose sympathy and kindness I cannot forget. I told her that a difficulty had taken place between Mr. Wordings and myself, and that I had left him, and was on my way to Manville Hall. She told me that I had better return to Avondale; that as I had married Mr. Wordings, it was my duty to try to live with him. She deeply regretted that the affair had happened; but said if I was determined to go on, that she would furnish me with money and clothing for the journey. I told her that my intention at first was to remain at her house until I could write to Grandpa Manville to come himself, or send for me; but as Mr. Wordings had beat me over my head, then pushed me with such violence on the ottoman, and had pulled a handful of hair from my head, that I would be bound to make it known, and no matter who came for me from the Hall, they would certainly chastise Mr. Wordings for it. My mother had two brothers at that time at the Hall, and I was

careful, for I was afraid to arouse that Scotch blood, which an insult to me would have set boiling in their veins. I wanted neither shooting, killing, nor duels, on my account. All I ardently desired was to reach the bosom of my family in safety. I told Mrs. Dewan that I regarded the life of Mr. Wordings enough to maintain silence to my uncles about the beating he had given me; that if Uncle Arthur or Louis ever heard of it, that one of them would certainly shoot him, and that I wished her to tell Mr. Wordings, if he set any value on his life, never to let Arthur Manville or Louis see him. The next day, Mrs. Dewan packed a carpet-bag for me with clothing she loaned me, then she gave me sufficient means to carry me home, and at night I was forty miles distant from Avondale, and on my road to Manville Hall.

"I arrived safely, after a wearisome journey, at the town, seven miles from grandpa's; I put up at the principal hotel in the place, and stayed all night. The next morning I hired a carriage, and was driven to Manville Hall. Grandpa said he knew that something more than common was the matter, as soon as he laid eyes upon me, and that he saw distress plainly stereotyped upon my countenance. I at last summoned courage, and told him about my difficulties with Mr. Wordings, and my determination to live with him no longer. When I told him of the beating that Mr. Wordings had given me, he enjoined it upon me, not to hint that part of my story to Arthur, or Louis; for, said he, 'if you should, Wordings must either kill them, or they will kill him;' just my own conclusions exactly, and I did not hint to my uncles that Mr. Wordings had either struck me, jerked my hair, or shoved me down on the ottoman. My good old grandfather, notwithstanding, gave me a cordial welcome, and told me to make his house my home; that he had made the same provision for me in his will which he intended making for my mother, and that Arthur had grown affluent by economy and industry, and Louis would be enriched by his own exertion also, and that he had willed to me my mother's portion of his

estate. When I arrived, Aunt Matilda was at the Hall, and Uncles Arthur and Louis were there too; they all expressed themselves as being happy to see me. There was a lady residing in town at that time, Mrs. Percy, a widow, who had two grown children, Iona and Llewellyn, and as Grandpa Manville was the executor of Mr. Percy's will, business as well as pleasure often brought Mrs. Percy, with Iona and Llewellyn, to Manville Hall. Iona being a stiff, dignified woman, and some years my senior, was not very desirable company for me; well, after awhile she was engaged to be married to Uncle Arthur, and ceased then to visit the Hall, and I was altogether without a companion except Uncle Louis, who made himself a kind of playmate for me. Aunt Matilda was all the time engaged with the domestic concerns of the family; and Uncle Arthur went to the South once every year, to see about his negroes and cotton plantation. I now began to be a little tired with chasing the butterflies through the garden, and with catching the humblebees in the cups of the hollyhocks and altheas. I remarked to grandpa, one day, that it would seem like a paradise to me, as it used to seem when we were little girls, if I only had Emily and Lavinia with me again at the Hall. That was sufficient: he immediately wrote to Uncle Manville, their father, to send them back to Manville Hall. Colonel Manville all his life has thought that whatever grandpa said was right; indeed, he scarcely considers him capable of doing wrong; and therefore, asked no questions, but told Emily and Lavinia to prepare to go to Manville Hall immediately. The girls were perfectly delighted to return to a place so dear to them; and we all scarcely believed that we were destined to meet once more, and be happy together. While they were on the way to the Hall, I seemed like the wanderer who has escaped some frightful abyss, or some dark water that lashed the mount on which he stood, who after awhile happens to gain a seat in some forest of sylvan enchantment; for I used to stand on the old balustrade on the summit of the Hall yonder, and watch the road to see

Emily and Lavinia come in sight. It sometimes seemed as if our future life was to be passed in vales of music, in evergreen woodlands, in flowery meadows, where limpid streamlets perpetually wind their silvery waves! I had the greatest confidence in Emily and Lavinia, and I loved Lavinia as fondly as Emily, but Emily was the elder sister, and we looked to her for advice, and called upon her to decide all our matters. When we were in conversation one night relative to Mr. Wordings and myself, Emily said to me, 'Ella, do you not intend to be divorced from that man?' I replied that I had not thought of such a thing, nor did I know that I could obtain one. 'Certainly,' replied she, 'you can be released from him by the Legislature, and it must be done. Pa sent you word by me to get divorced.'—'Very well,' said I, 'we will consult grandpa and do whatever he tell us.' We accordingly had a conversation with grandpa the next morning, who did not oppose me in the measure at all, for he desired to see me finally separated from Mr. Wordings, although he was then penitent, and had addressed a letter to grandpa, begging of him to persuade me to return to him. Grandpa laid the letter aside, however, and made no reply to him at all, for he did not like Mr. Wordings, nor had he ever approved of my marriage to him. He showed me the letter he received from him, wherein Mr. Wordings begged grandpa to advise me to return to Avondale, and when handing it to me he remarked, 'Ella, my child, you are the lawful wife of that man, and so far as money is concerned you never can marry a more wealthy personage upon the American continent; but I do not admire him, for I do not like his moral character, and he is entirely too old for you to love; but he has indeed made every apology to me and to yourself also, for his rude treatment to you, and promises you every cent of his fortune, should you return. You know what I am able to give you; and that I am never happy now when you are out of my sight. Manville Hall is your home, and you are under the guardianship of Arthur, Louis, and myself. Still, if you have reconsidered the

matter, and have the slightest inclination to return to Avondale, I will not oppose you; and as I had received the letter I have shown you from Mr. Wordings, I thought it nothing more than my duty to inform you of its contents, and advise you to think before you act; but rest assured, I shall never advise you to return to him.'

"I told grandpa, that he was acquainted with the circumstances under which I became the wife of Mr. Wordings, and that I had left him with the determination never to see him again; that upon consulting Emily, I learned that it was probable that I could obtain a divorce from Mr. Wordings, and that if he (grandpa), would have me liberated, that I would be satisfied and happy, I thought, during the remainder of my life. Grandpa bade me be tranquil, and said he would do everything in his power to render life pleasant to me; and then I ran off to tell Emily and Lavinia what was the result of the conversation we had had. Accordingly, grandpa went the next day and arranged the matter with a couple of lawyers, who assured him that they would succeed in obtaining the divorce for me. When he returned, he informed us that he would soon have the ligature cut, by the laws of the land, which had so unjustly bound his dear child. He called me his child ever since I first came back to his house, and always treated me with the warmest affection. He complied with his promise, and the lawyers with theirs, for in a few months I received papers declaring that I was restored to the 'rights and privileges of an unmarried woman.' My dear Emily was not yet satisfied, for she could not bear the 'Wordings,' to my name. She persuaded grandpa to have my name changed, and as I had no children, I did not object to being called 'Miss,' once more. Emily then proposed that I should not take my maiden name again, but that I should be called Ivanora Manville. My grandfather had adopted me, and was highly pleased with Emily's proposition, as one of the ancestral females of the Manville House in Scotland, had been called Lady Ivanora.

A reviviscence of this lady's name was truly gratifying to both families, at Manville Hall, as well as Green Haven, and it was not long then before I was metamorphosed from Mrs. Ella Wordings, to Miss Ivanora Manville. In a short time Manville Hall was a gay place. The old walls sent back the merry laugh and sentimental song, as if they were declaring that all things lively belonged to youth. Uncles Arthur and Louis were there, and so were Dr. Finlay and Llewellyn Percy. Lavinia and Llewellyn were engaged to be married, and Emily had a splendid beau, whose name was Eugenius Barrick, who was often on a visit at the Hall. I was visited by a gentleman of the name of Wallace Pitkins. He came with Uncle Arthur from the State of — once, as he was returning to Manville Hall, and Mr. Pitkins soon became a regular visiter there. As grandpa disliked him very much, he one day told me that he had seen Pitkins drunk; that he also saw that his attention was directed to me, and he begged me not to encourage his addresses. 'You know how I despise a coquette, Ivanora,' he would say, 'therefore indulge in no flirtation with him nor shall you ever marry him if I can prevent it.' I assured him that I did not admire Mr. Pitkins at all, and had no idea of permitting him to address me. Grandpa was satisfied, as he usually was with what I told him, and thus the moments glided away."

## CHAPTER LII.

"OUR earthly elysium, however, was destined to be shaded by sorrow, for Dr. Finlay now received letters from Col. Manville, telling him to hasten to Green Haven, that Waldegrave had fallen in Texas, at the storming of Fort Alamo, at San Antonio de Bexar, and that Aunt Fidelia's health was hourly declining. I parted with Emily and Lavinia, and did not see

them again till after the death of their mother, and the marriage of Colonel Manville to Mrs. Danetson, his present wife. When she came to Green Haven, there was an old frame house there, but it was not fine enough for her. She was immensely wealthy, and is a woman who, all her life, has played upon a high key. The girls disliked her, and were mortified because their father married so soon after their mother's decease. But the Colonel was going to do just as he pleased about marrying, and he did not ask the girls a single word. She soon began to have the old mansion pulled down, and as Lavinia's health was very delicate, and the out buildings uncomfortable, she prevailed upon her pa to send her back to Manville Hall. She returned here, and Emily came with her. She improved after she got here, and our circle was again complete. Uncle Arthur and Dr. Finlay were here, and very soon Louis, with Llewellyn Percy, came home from the South, and in a few days, also, we heard that Wallace Pitkins had arrived in town, and was coming to the Hall to spend several days. Not one of us admired Mr. Pitkins; still, we had no particular cause to treat him disrespectfully, and after I assured Grandpa Manville that I had no idea of marrying him, or coquetting with him, that I only treated him as I would any stranger with whom I became acquainted, he was perfectly satisfied, and after that conversation paid but little or no attention to Pitkins. Uncle Arthur did not like him much, neither did Dr. Finlay, and Louis despised him, still, not one of them could tell him to discontinue his visits to the Hall. He was of respectable parentage, a lawyer by profession, and of some property; but he was a conceited, vain, braggadocia; he was noisy, and had a loud and very uncultivated voice, and used to worry everybody with politics, for he was uninformed in everything else; and we all used to wonder that he could not see that he was considered an impostor, and that his visits were disagreeable to all of us. Still he would intrude himself into our circle, and made several efforts to make love to me. One evening, after tea, we were

all in the parlor, when Pitkins came and seated himself by me. He commenced a conversation of not a very delicate character. He asked me what I thought of intrigues. At first I did not understand him, and asked him for an explanation. He replied, 'As so many are present, I cannot now explain to you what I mean, and as I have something to tell you, I want you to promise to meet me in the bower to-night at twelve o'clock. I will leave here at ten, and go towards town; I will stop at the tavern on the road, and remain there till eleven o'clock. I will then return here, and at twelve I shall expect you to come to the bower in the front yard, under the honeysuckle yonder; promise me that you will be there.'

"I was so completely horrorstruck and wounded, that I left the room with tears streaming over my cheeks. As I went from the parlor, however, I saw the fire flash from Uncle Louis's black eyes. He followed me, and as I was afraid he would go back into the parlor and kill Pitkins for his impertinence and villainy towards me, I shut the door of my chamber as I entered the room, and said to him, 'There is nothing the matter, dear Louis, only I have suddenly taken a violent toothache, and left the room because Mr. Pitkins kept plaguing me to sing for him.' I laid down on the sofa, and Louis went back to the parlor. Pitkins left immediately after I went from the room, for he saw that Louis took notice of me as I passed out, and that he also followed me. Pitkins thought, of course, that I would tell Louis what he had said to me, and to evade him on his return to the parlor, he had hurriedly said 'good-night' to the company, and had gone away. Louis was not satisfied with his conduct, and believed that Pitkins said something that made me leave the room. He came immediately to the chamber where I was, and sat down close by me, and said, 'Ivanora, what is that fellow after here? I neither like his looks nor his actions, for I believe he is a seductionist, and a vile scoundrel; and, furthermore, I fear he is planning your ruin. "A drunken man often speaks a sober

man's thoughts," so says the old proverb, and a sober villain's actions are sometimes louder than his words. I have heard of something that he has said about yourself when he was in one of his drunken sprees, and I intend to order him to leave this house if ever he should have the impudence to enter it again. I went to the parlor for that purpose just now, but the cowardly dog dodged me. I wanted to drive him off long ago, but Arthur and Walter said, "Oh no; have no difficulty with him while he seems so peaceable." But let him come here again, and I'll order him out of Manville Hall to a certainty. You have got no more toothache than I have. Pitkins has said something to you, for I heard the word "intrigue" used by him, and then something about twelve o'clock to-night. A man may impose upon you, but I am not to be told, Ivanora, that I can be mistaken in such matters. It is my duty to call the scoundrel to account for any insult offered to you, as I am ready and anxious to die in any such cause. I now no longer will listen to the advice of Walter and Arthur. I cannot pass some things by so easily as they, believing that a shooting match would be published to my discredit and yours too, in all the scandalous chronicles of the age. I love to be prudent, especially when the reputation of one of the females of my family is involved, but I will not allow that fellow to visit here, when I have grounds for believing that his intentions are not virtuous. I do not consider him a proper associate for yourself, Emily, or Lavinia, and I intend to tell him to leave this house, should he come here again. If you hear that he has killed me, be satisfied that I have died defending the honor of Manville Hall.' Louis then left me, and went into grandpa's room, and I heard him say, 'Father, where are my pistols?'—"I know nothing about them, my son," said grandpa; 'but tell me what is the matter, Louis; why are you so agitated, and why do you inquire of me for your pistols?' 'Because,' said Louis, 'that fellow Pitkins, who has been here to-night, has insulted Ivanora. I overheard something,

and I am not mistaken. I followed her to the girls' room, after Pitkins had said what I heard, but she will tell me nothing directly,—she is a chicken-hearted creature, and would rather bury an insult than for me to have a difficulty on her account. Arthur and Walter, too, have advised me to bear with Pitkins, believing that, after awhile, we will get clear of him on peaceable and silent terms; but that is not my plan of settling such matters at all;—Pitkins should be called to account for his impertinence here to-night, and for a remark he made a few days ago in town relative to Ivanora. It was told to me by young Winwood, who heard him. There is no mistake but his intentions are criminal; that he has planned her ruin, and that he has assurance sufficient to persevere in his designs. I would have called him to account yesterday, but Walter and Arthur said, "Oh no, have no shooting, and do not order him from the Hall; for, if you do, he will be angry, and say that his difficulty arose about Ivanora, and that she encouraged him to make advances to her, or he would not have done so, and if you succeed in chastising Pitkins, or you kill him, she is eventually to be the sufferer. You know what the tongue of the public will say, and perhaps he may kill you, for we have never seen him in public or private either without arms." They made this kind of a speech to me, and have hidden my pistols. I was in hopes that you had them, father,' continued Louis, 'and that you would give them to me.' Grandpa uttered many deep sighs, and tried to soothe Louis, and all I could learn was that he then consented for Louis to tell Pitkins that his visits must be discontinued to Manville Hall. I rejoiced, for I believed that what grandpa said had settled Louis, for I had a horrible idea at any one's being killed, and more especially on my account. I could not reconcile myself to it at all, for it was as repulsive to me as suicide, or any great crime, and I would rather have borne a dozen insults than to have had any one killed for me. After awhile, when Emily

and Lavinia came to bed, Emily said, 'Ivanora, what was the cause of your leaving the parlor, and of Pitkins' abrupt departure?'—'We all thought he acted very strangely,' said Lavinia, 'for Mr. Percy and I were on the portico, when he passed out of the Hall, and he brushed by us but did not speak, and then I heard Captain Barrick and Mr. Percy say something about his being a suspicious character; tell us what has happened, cousin?' I related to Emily and Lavinia what Pitkins had said to me, and my reason for leaving the parlor, and told them what had passed between Louis and myself, charging them not to tell Louis, for he was then agitated almost to distraction. The next morning, when we all met at breakfast, everything seemed to be settled, for Louis was at the table, quite calm and as sprightly as usual. I was greatly relieved, for I could not bear to think of a serious difficulty. After breakfast I went into the library, where Louis was, and told him not to leave home, but to stay at the Hall that day. He replied, 'I do not intend to leave here; I expect that fellow Pitkins will be here this evening; he comes here every afternoon, and when he left here last night, Arthur and Walter were at the stile, and he informed them that he would see them again very soon; he'll be here this evening;—he has designs on you, and he is not to be daunted by your tears and sudden departure last night. He has impudence sufficient to return here, and he will pursue you till I shoot him or he shoots me. Now, do not say a word, Ivanora; my course is chalked out; I intend to meet him at the door if he comes again, and tell him to leave the premises, and never to come here again; that his intentions are dishonorable at this Hall, and he must not come here.' To reason with Louis was useless. I saw that his resolution was not to be shaken, so after awhile I left the library, and went to our chamber. We had no company during the morning, except Captain Barrick\*

\* Afterwards promoted to Major Barrick.



and Llewellyn Percy, but they seemed like relations, and we looked upon them almost as we looked upon Uncles Arthur and Louis, or Dr. Finlay. After dinner, as we were tired of confinement to the Hall, we concluded that we would go to an old fortune-teller who had lately moved close by Rocky Chapel. We took Rosetta with us,—the girl who is now Cousin Carrie's waiting-maid. She was then quite young, or not grown. I think she was about fourteen years old. We told Aunt Matilda what we intended doing, and then ran off through the garden. We took a roundabout way, too, for we did not wish the gentlemen to know where we were going. When we got to the old woman's cottage, she was sitting at the door, with her elbows resting on her knees. She did not look up, but said 'Come in; I heard ye coming all the way, and a curious sound your feet made, too.' We walked timidly into the room, and sat down, for we were all frightened, and still we could not tell why. After muttering some curious words, the old woman said, 'Now I must ogle ye,' and then she looked at us with a pair of eyes that would have frightened old Satan. Presently she looked steadfastly at Emily, and said, 'You are the eldest, your sister is the prettiest,' and, pointing to me, she remarked, 'that one is the sorriest.'

"Turning to Emily she said, 'You will never marry, 'tis no use to turn the wheel for you; for I see no husband written over you in the air.' She took Lavinia's hand and said, 'Yours is a dark case, for I see a great animal about you, with a pair of shears, and he cuts mighty close to you;' then she clapped her hands and danced out into the adjoining room. Soon, however, she returned, and said to me, 'I told you that you are the sorriest, but not one of you are going to have good luck in life, still yours is the worst. Do you wish to hear it?' I replied, 'I do; and as we have come to you to tell us our fortunes, we will pay you what you charge us; then we wish you to tell us a ghost story.'—'Oh!' she cried, 'no story about it; what I have to tell you is all true about the

ghost. I learn my incantations from ghosts. They come from the peaks of the mountains over there, and at night I meet them yonder in the auld kirk-yard, where I sit on the grave-stones and they tell me everything. I saw that these girls were sisters, directly, but you are not a sister; still I see wonders about you. I had just trimmed my dead-man's candle when ye came, and heard ye running along; but it's no use to start the wheel of Fate for the sisters, for it stopped last night when I saw two pretty virgins try to make it spin.' Said I, 'Will it spin for me?'—'Oh, yes, child,' answered she. 'I started it to work when I danced away from ye. It spins for you, and it will take a strong spool to hold your thread too, when it is wound up.'—Then she went into the room where Fate, she said, was working for me. We were all astonished at the old creature; yes, we were frightened, and afraid of her too, but ashamed to own it to one another. At length she came to the door and called me. She said, 'The incantation is finished, lady, come in.' I went in, and saw a table in the middle of the floor, covered with a great round paste-board; upon it I also saw painted the sun, moon, stars, comets, men, women, children, birds, dogs, cats, swords, guns, musical instruments, trees, rivers, mountains, snakes, flames, and clouds. The old woman blinded my eyes with a red kerchief, put four silver half dollars into my right hand, and directed me to throw them.—'Throw where?' said I.—'Why, child,' 'upon your horoscope; that is what has come off of Fate's wheel for you, now throw.'—I flung the silver on the paste-board; and as she removed the cover from my eyes, she exclaimed, 'Horrors! horrors! you were born of a dark day; there was a cloud over the sun then, and all of your stars had a dark ring around them; and there is one thing about the color of the water in the rivers that I had better not tell you. You were born for sorrow, poor thing; still there is one chance left for you. I will give you a vial of liquid, and when you go home, get you a snow-white bowl and fill it with new milk

from the cow, then set it at the foot of your bed, for troubles must go off at the feet; and as the flying horse always comes over the horoscope when the bad genii darkens your stars, maybe he'll carry off your heaviest trouble; there's no other hope for you. Take this vial, carry it between your finger and thumb of your right hand, walk backwards to the bowl and drop some into the milk, and all the time the drops are falling say—

“Come to me, hippogriff, come to this earth!  
And brighten the stars that grew black at my birth;  
Kind fortune had meted much pleasure for me,  
But the three fatal Sisters reversed the decree.  
Good hippogriff, hippogriff, as the wine flows,  
Bear on your pinions my troubles and woes!”

“We then left her cell, as she called it, and entered the room where Emily and Lavinia were, who, with Rosetta and myself, all moved close to the old woman to listen to the ghost story. ‘I will tell it to you,’ said she, ‘just as it happened, for these eyes of mine saw it all.’

#### STORY OF THE GHOST.

“Well, my husband had a friend once who was about to depart this life. He sent for him to come and spend the night with him, as he thought it would be the last time they ever would meet in life. My husband went, according to the request of the dying man, and left me at home at my usual employment, which was spinning on the ‘little wheel,’ so common then amongst us mountaineers. Shortly after the departure of my husband I walked the man who had sent for him to come and see him die. I accosted him in the usual manner, telling him that I had supposed him to be too ill to leave home; but he made no reply. He then drew his chair near

me, and seated himself. I felt a little curious, but did not attempt to escape, for you know that there is a charm about a ghost, and they so rivet one to the spot where they find them that one cannot move. I sat still, with my eyes fixed on the ghost, till my light burned out, then I took the distaff from my wheel, put it into the fire, and raised another light. Just as this burned out, the ghost suddenly arose, snatched my cap from my head, and made his escape, just as the day was breaking. He placed my cap under his arm and away he ran. Not more than five minutes after the departure of the ghost, or the man I thought dying, my husband returned. I related all that had happened, and he exclaimed, ‘Impossible! for my friend expired about the time you say he ran off with your cap.’ I persisted in what I said, for I knew what I had seen, and when my husband returned to the house of the dead man, to the astonishment of every one present, there was my cap under the arm of the corpse!”

“I never had the least confidence in the tales of fortune-tellers, in my life; neither had Emily nor Lavinia, and we only went to hear her, as girls are wont to say, ‘for fun;’ and merely for a change. It was customary for persons of respectability to visit old Mrs. Haney, as well from town as the distant neighborhoods, and we were not superstitious, and only elicited the ghost story for amusement; but, unfortunately, it grew late and cloudy before we left the cottage of the necromancer, and when we started to the Hall, the face of everything looked sad, and we were compelled to accelerate our pace, in order to reach home before dark. The tale had frightened Rosetta very much, and she often started and screamed at sounds she imagined she heard. We also had to pass in sight of the graveyard at Rocky Chapel; and Emily and Lavinia complained of being nervous, and said they felt as the Scotch people used to feel when they had to pass ‘Al-

loway's auld haunted Kirk;\* 'Darrell's Stile;† or the 'Banks of Garpal Water.†

"Said I, 'Emily, I really believe you are frightened?' 'Not frightened, Ivanora,' said she; 'but as it is late and cloudy, and we are so near the graveyard, thinking of what old Mrs. Haney told us has made me nervous; then Rosetta keeps screaming out, and startles me.' We passed the old Chapel, and strange to say, not one of us had the courage to look over into the graveyard. Just as we began to cross the bridge, over the river near the Chapel, Emily repeated these lines from Walter Scott's Rokeby:

"'Harper! methinks thy magic lays,'  
Matilda said, 'can goblins raise!'  
Well nigh my fancy can discern,  
Near the dark porch, a visage stern;  
Even now in yonder shady nook  
I see it!"

At that instant Lavinia shrieked wildly, and cried, 'Good Heavens! there is somebody on the bridge!' The foolish negro screamed 'Tis a ghost! Miss Emily, 'tis a ghost!' The tall figure arose, and as it approached us, the whole party ran, and one screamed, 'A man! a ghost! a man!' and another cried out 'A ghost! a ghost! it can be nothing else.' Emily and Rosetta ran on to the Hall, while Lavinia ran about fifty yards from me and fainted. I like a lunatic recrossed the bridge and fell. They were looking eagerly for us at the Hall,

\* As these were genuine Scotch people, the natives of that delightful country will not fail to recognise their characteristics in the Manville family. The girls loved to compare the scene near Rocky Chapel with "Alloway Kirk," which is rendered so interesting in Burns's "Tam O'Shanter."

† For the history of "Darrell's Stile," see Walter Scott's notes on the fifth canto of Rokeby, in the tradition of "Littlecot Hall."

‡ "The banks of Garpal Water, is one of the few places in the west of Scotland, where those fancy-searing beings, known by the name of ghaists, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit."—London edition of Burns's poems, page 83, vol. 1st.

and when Emily ran into the house screaming, and Rosetta after her crying, 'A ghost! a ghost! a man!' it produced no little excitement. Emily had lost her shoes, and her hair was flying loosely all around her head and shoulders. 'What is the matter, Emily?' said Doctor Finlay, as Emily fell exhausted into his arms. She could say nothing but 'Pitkins' and 'the bridge!' Doctor Finlay carried Emily to our room, left her in charge of Aunt Matilda, and then ran towards the bridge. When Louis saw Emily come screaming to the Hall, he darted off in the direction of the river. I had run across the bridge, and, off to one side, under some hawthorn and plum-trees which shade the river banks, I sat down. Pitkins came up to me, and assured me that we were all frightened for nothing, but that he had been to the Hall and Louis had ordered him off of the place; that he intended to challenge him; and that, in going along the main road, his surcingle had broken, and he had fallen in the road, and his horse had run off across the old field towards the bridge, and he had followed him to try and catch him. That he was sitting on the bridge pondering upon what he should do to insure a private interview with me, and that he had left a letter in the hands of one of the servants at the Hall, who promised to hand it to me.

"I heard the sound of feet at that moment, and Louis crossed the bridge, and came towards Pitkins, with fury in his countenance. His nostrils were distended; his long, raven hair was floating in the breeze, and fire was burning in his eyes. As he ran to Pitkins, he said, 'Dastardly villain! how came you here?' Then Pitkins drew a long, glittering bowie-knife, and Louis drew his own. The conflict then commenced; they cut and stabbed each other dreadfully. I heard the clank of their knives as they struck together, and I saw the streams of blood as they flowed from their bosoms. My courage, in that dreadful moment, seemed to return to me, for I ran to them, caught hold of Louis, and begged him to stop; but they were excited

beyond endurance, and the next instant Louis sank on his knees, and I saw that he was dying. I held his head on my bosom, and uttered wild screams. The next moment brought Uncle Arthur to the bloody scene, and Pitkins, not satisfied with having killed Louis, rushed at Uncle Arthur with his knife. Arthur, however, was unarmed, for he had not even a pocket-knife; but being an expert boxer, he watched his time, and knocked the bloody knife from Pitkins' hand, then doubled his fist, and struck him a severe blow on the face, which stretched him on the earth. Uncle Arthur's vengeance was now aroused, for he gave Pitkins a kick on the head with the heel of his boot, and then came to the dying Louis. Llewellyn Percy, by this time, had come up, and so had poor old grandpa. Neither pen nor tongue can express the anguish of my heart at that moment. Grandpa knelt down, and said, 'My son, would to God that I could bid you die happy. I am afraid you have been cut off without preparing yourself to meet your God.' Poor Louis! he fixed his glassy eyes upon me, and his paleness rent my heart, for his blood was then dripping out; still he was on his knees, and I held his lovely head. Dr. Finlay and Llewellyn supported his body, and the Doctor was trying his pulse. Louis, as he continued to gaze on me, exclaimed, in a faltering tone, 'Yes! yes! Father, bid me be happy. Louis has performed the duty he owed to the orphan of thy house. That villain, who lies yonder, had planned her ruin. See the letter I took from the servant, into whose hands he had put it. Sylvester, the shepherd, had it. I locked it in my escritoire. Aunt Matilda has the keys. Father, rest assured that Louis is tranquil. Calm yourselves. My God will deal with me. I rely upon his merciful kindness.' Then he hung his head again on my bosom, and breathed his last breath. Dr. Finlay then made an examination of Pitkins, and found that he, too, had gone to the spirit-world. Louis had stabbed him so severely before Uncle Arthur got there, that he could not have lived long, even if Uncle Arthur had not given him the blow with

his boot-heel. The neighbors were then sent for, who came and took Pitkins to the little country tavern on the road, and buried him. There is a public burying-ground over there between the Chapel and the road, where they buried him, and where his friends, a few years ago, raised a monument over him. Louis was brought to the Hall, and laid out. Such a night of horror, Miss Elton, I hope never again to experience. Lavinia had fainted when she ran after Emily, and all night she had bleeding at the lungs. Dr. Finlay and Uncle Arthur thought she would die every hour, and we could hear the deep, sad murmur below stairs, as the people were placing Louis on his pall. I could also hear grandpa's groans, which were deep and gloomy. I had sick-spells during the night, and so had Emily. I fervently prayed for death, and longed to be put into the coffin with Louis. Daylight, however, shone once more on this agonized Hall, and dried the blood of dear Louis on the stones by the river-bank. I have no language of sufficient strength and gloom to picture to you our distress. They got Pitkins' criminal letter from the writing-case where dear Louis had put it. He intended to kill Pitkins, or try to do so, and produce that letter as evidence against the commonwealth, before the court, at his trial. It was written in a style highly indelicate, and of the most offensive character. Pitkins told me in the letter 'that I dared not expose it; that if I should, the world would say that I had given him cause to approach me in that way, and that he never undertook an intrigue where perseverance had not insured him success; that I was a divorced woman, and, of course, it would be politic in my friends and myself to say as little about me, publicly, as possible, and that I must plan an interview with him; that I could do so easily if I chose; and that, as he requested it, I must promise him that I would. That I must reply to his note the coming evening; send it to the tavern on the road; that he would be there to receive it; and to tell the servant that he would pay him handsomely for bringing my letter.'

"We followed poor Louis to the grave in the old garden at Manville Hall. Lavinia got about again. Uncle Arthur had his trial, and was acquitted; and in a few weeks he married Miss Iona Percy."—When Ivanora had proceeded thus far, I asked her if one of those handsome portraits was the likeness of Louis? "It is," said she, gazing on it, while the tears came down her sad cheeks; "and you may wonder why I keep the portrait of old Mr. Wordings. It is because it is painted on the same canvass with my father, mother, and myself. Mr. Wordings had them painted directly after we were married, and I could not have the portrait of himself cut out of the frame, or a dark shade put over him, as it would injure the dress of my mother, and spoil the picture. You may compare my features now, Miss Elton, with those of the painting, and you will see that sorrow had made no deep inroads upon my heart at that time. My disappointment about Leon Edgmont was a trifle, compared with those horrors of after-life which have torn my heart. Do you now wonder, Miss Elton, that I faint when I see blood? You recollect the day you bled poor old grandpa, how sick I was, and that I fainted, and was carried away from him?"—"I recollect it all," said I; "and now I know why your grandpa utters so many deep, sad, groans; and why the wreath of red roses is often in the springtime seen upon one of the gravestones under the yew and cypress trees; and why Dr. Finlay arose in the sleigh the morning he drove out with Miss Matilda and myself, when he looked over into the public burying-ground, and asked Matilda 'who erected that monument?' I had no idea then, however, that such a bad man as Pitkins slept underneath the white stone, for I spoke to Dr. Finlay myself, and said that I had often made visits to the grave-yards about there, and had frequently noticed the monument, and that it had the name of Wallace Pitkins engraved upon it; and then I observed that the Doctor sunk into his seat looking sad, and was silent all the way back to Manville Hall. I thought but little of it,

however, as he had told me that there was not a tree, a stream, a hill, a mountain, or moss-grown stone about Manville Hall that did not awaken some tender cord of remembrance within his heart, as he retraced his steps over scenes so dear to memory. I wondered, too, the morning on which Kate Manville was married, why Dr. Finlay gave Llewellyn Percy such an affectionate kiss, for it really was quite amusing to me to see two men kissing; but at that time I knew nothing of the intimacy that had existed between them, nor of the pleasures and sorrows which they had passed through together.

---

### CHAPTER LIII.

"THE remainder of that summer," resumed Ivanora, "and the autumn sped away. Manville Hall, during the time, was a place of weeping and gloom. Lavinia's health became more and more precarious, and when Parson Macdonald returned from Scotland at the commencement of winter, he sounded her chest with the stethoscope, and told Dr. Finlay that mortal symptoms had made their appearance. Lavinia and Emily were of the Roman Catholic communion, and so also was Julia. Colonel Manville himself is a Roman Catholic in belief. Grandpa Manville, Uncle Arthur, my mother, my father, and Aunt Ashmore, grandpa's deceased sister, have adhered to the religious tenets of the Episcopal Church of England. Parson Macdonald, Aunts Matilda and Emily (Mrs. Newland), belong to the Covenanters. They adhere to the Kirk of Scotland. They have adopted the Westminster Confession as their standard of faith, and they study the larger and shorter catechisms, which contain the public and avowed doctrines of the Kirk of Scotland, to which grandpa could not subscribe, on account of these formularies being Calvinistic.

Lavinia, however, requested that a Catholic priest should be sent for. Grandpa, of course, gratified her, and one was brought in a few days. We called him Father Eventius. He stayed a week at Manville Hall, and advised Dr. Finlay to carry Lavinia to Cuba. As Father Eventius was a man of learning, age, and experience, Lavinia had confidence in his judgment. She had a great inclination, to be moved about, as persons naturally have, more particularly, however, when mortality assumes its determinate form. Dr. Finlay and Aunt Matilda went with her to Green Haven, but she grew so much worse after she reached home, that she was unable to leave before the spring of the year. She remained at home from January till March, worried almost to death with her stepmother's behavior towards Julia, Kate, Lizette, Ada, and Edwin. Her father, also, was putting up those spacious buildings at Green Haven, and the noise and confusion almost made Lavinia crazy. Besides, she wanted to have her priest with her, to prepare her in case she died at home, and Mrs. Manville, her stepmother, declared that one should not come on the place.

"Lavinia was still anxious to travel, for she had a notion that the air of Cuba would restore her, and Dr. Finlay determined to carry her away from Green Haven. Accordingly, he returned to Manville Hall for Emily, who was then in delicate health herself, having suffered with a cough and pain in her side during the latter part of the winter. I was ready to accompany the girls, and grandpa was willing for me to go, for he did not like to see us separated, and he believed that, after I had suffered so much about Louis, that a trip to Cuba would be of service to me too, and that travelling would serve to take my attention from so many heart-rending scenes. I was of course pained at the idea of leaving grandpa, but he bade me go on, and said that half of his life had passed away with the shadows of solitude, and that Parson Macdonald would remain with him, and Mr. and Mrs. Falkirk, the inmates

of this cottage, would move to the Hall; and his plantation and other outdoor business, would afford him employment. Uncle Arthur had moved to his plantation in the South, with his wife, and had settled there. Aunt Matilda was going from Green Haven, after we started with Lavinia to Cuba, to visit Aunt Emily Newland, who then resided in the neighborhood of Uncle Arthur, and was a widow at that time. Mr. Newland had been dead about four years. In a few days, we left Manville Hall, and Dr. Finlay prevailed upon grandpa to go to Green Haven with us, as Lavinia wished to see him before she started, and the Doctor told him that a little relaxation would be of service to him, too; so grandpa accordingly went with us to Green Haven. We left there, the morning after our arrival, and went to the city of —, where we embarked aboard the *Sea Bird*, and soon bade adieu to our native land. After we recovered from the savage attack the sea usually makes upon the head and stomach, we sailed in triumph over the calm deep waters of the ocean. Although we were upon the dark blue waves, yet there was something soothing in their appearance, as well as in the rocking of the ship. It seemed to me to be a picture of death, and we, like spirits who had left the sorrowful world, were gliding over the mysterious ocean of eternity, without wishing to cast a look at the world behind them, save to beg of those loved ones on the shore to hasten away from the turmoil of life. I felt as if I was severed from the sorrows of the land, and that the beautiful, yet dangerous sea, afforded me an interval of tranquillity which I had concluded would never be mine again. My mind, which had been so severely tossed upon the tempestuous ocean of misfortune and sorrow, now sunk quietly to sleep. I told Emily and Lavinia that the millennium had certainly broken over the waves, as peace seemed to glide down as if she came from heaven. They agreed with me, for Lavinia said she felt as if we were steering from the hills of some cold and barbarous planet, where the inhabitants dwell in palaces of ice, and sleep upon



hammocks swung in the Arctic winds; and rove in bowers of icicles, where the flowers are formed of the drifted snow-flakes! The soft and genial gales which fanned our wandering edifice, the waves, the dolphins, the great monsters of the deep, the sailors, and at night when the clouds were too thick for the moon and stars to give their brilliant beams, the fire of St. Elmo's\* spirit which gathers around the top-mast, together with our own reflections relative to those beloved ones whom we had left weeping and praying for us, upon the shores of our native land, were themes with which we refreshed our minds and hearts, during our meditative moments on the waves, till the polarity of the magnet informed us that we were sailing downwards! downwards! and then, in a short time this reverie was broken, for the fifty thousand square miles of land which compose the Cuban Isle, loomed majestically from the rolling waters, and in a few hours we were walking again over the broad green earth.

"As we rode into the elegant harbor of Havana, poor Lavinia exclaimed, 'What a magnificent and opulent city! O, Uncle Doctor, do you not think we may find something here that will cure me!' We were soon safely landed and conducted to a hotel, where we arranged our apartments as we chose, and in ten days Lavinia was better. She improved so much, that she could exercise upon the corridors and balconies, which surrounded the hotel. If I were to attempt to describe the excitement and bustle of a Spanish city, I could not make it interesting to you, but we formed many acquaintances amongst the Spaniards,

\* St. Elmo's light is a luminous meteor, which is often seen about the mast-head of vessels. It is more common in warm climates, and has been considered an electrical phenomenon, though it is never known to produce any of the disastrous effects of lightning. When it is confined to the top-mast, it is considered an omen of boisterous weather. When it steals down the mast, the sailors regard it very carefully, and get ready for a storm, more or less disastrous, according to the distance the light seems to venture down the mast.

who, when they heard that we were American girls, were as eager to see us as we were to see them. Their rich, sunny complexion and raven hair, made them personally interesting to us; then there was a softness and ease in their manners, that made them fit for social intercourse. Before I visited Cuba, I had learned to think the Spaniards were all a bloodthirsty and cruel kind of people; that they were not interesting, and hardly possessed the qualifications calculated to inspire them with human feeling. I found that I was mistaken, and that they are warm in their temperament, and love one another dearly. Their kindness and hospitality to strangers, also, know no limit. Many of the girls of the royal family of Spain, who were sojourning in Havana, and the descendants of the nobility of Old Castile, Andalusia, and Valencia, would come to inquire about Lavinia, and offer their services to wait upon her, just like our American women. They are the most revengeful people in the world, however, if they think you come amongst them as an invader; but when you seek their clime for health, or you wish to revel in their luxuriant bowers of pleasure, they receive you with bright smiles and warm caresses. We saw many French people on the island, and, notwithstanding my admiration of them, I somehow liked the Spaniards most. A Frenchman is volatile, polite, and fanciful; he glories in excitement, and when under the influence of passion, will shed blood because he loves to see it flow. Their nation gave a specimen of what an excited people will do, in the days of Marie Antoinette, and of Robespierre. The Spaniard will kill you to get you out of his way, and then he is done; he does not seek to shed your blood, unless you turn traitor, or become an intriguer with a rebel to his government. We were constantly going to our windows to look at the crowds which thronged the streets. One hour the hot sun would pour down his beams, and, the next, perhaps, the rain would be rushing in streams and sheets. I thought I had seen some hard rains in the United States, but they were not to be compared with the rivers which flowed from

the Cuban clouds. We experienced the fury of the hurricane, and heard the thunder roll its aerial ordnance above our heads. We saw flames of lightning dart into our chamber, and expected every moment the earth to tremble underneath us. As we were driven by the domains of the opulent planter, we regaled our senses upon the sugar cane, cotton, tobacco, indigo, and rice, growing in large fields. We saw groves of ancient orange trees, also those of lemon, fig, pomegranate and lime. We saw coffee growing in great abundance, as well as ginger, pimento, cocoa, and pine-apple. The sea-breeze refreshed us, and many a time beneath the dark, green orange trees, were we exhilarated with the cooling juice of the lemon or the lime. The scenery was charming; yes, everything was gay, blooming, and sunshiny, and we often made our postilion stop his horses, and allow us time to alight from the chaise to examine the mahogany, the *lignumvitæ*, and grand old cedar trees, where the mimetic parrots, and other gorgeously-plumaged birds, sung and chattered all day. One afternoon, as Emily and I were promenading about our balcony, our ears were greeted with the sound of our native tongue, for we heard two gentlemen conversing on the corridor below us. You have no idea how sweetly our language sounded to us, as we expected at all times to hear the grave voice of the Spaniard, or the light and rapid flow of the Frenchman's idiom. These gentlemen, however, were conversing in our own beautiful vernacular. We paused to listen, and the stranger's voice, which attracted us, was rich and musical, yet manly. It appeared, too, that he had been on a tour to England, France, and Spain. That he had not been in the United States for five years. He was conversing with Dr. Finlay relative to our national literature, and as he compared it with the literature of England, Doctor Finlay asked him what reputation our literature then had abroad, especially in England? He replied, 'Some of our American authors, both male and female, have a high reputation in England, but they are very few, very few indeed; that the

reason our national literature was so often lacerated by the critics of the Old World, is not because the mind of our people is not so fertile and susceptible as the intellect of the people of England, but simply because the writers of America are generally in too great a hurry. They will not take time to lay a solid foundation, by familiarizing themselves with the sciences, consequently they are not sufficiently educated to sustain what is termed 'national literature.'

"A vast number of our authors are wholly unacquainted with the beauty and utility of the sciences; therefore, they are precocious; for they read romance and poetry, and attempt to navigate the broad ocean of the imagination with no more than such poor and uncertain ballast. If they had improved themselves first by a study of the sciences, they might soar and sustain themselves; but where there is so little trouble taken to cultivate the mind, of course its productions will be like the weeds that grow spontaneously in the field. I regard a green-house, filled with naturalized exotics, with far less interest than I do a well-cultivated garden, where the housewife attends to the cultivation of the indigenous plants. And it is also a great pity that our newspaper editors, and those who control our magazines, should permit so much illegitimate mental offspring to go abroad. It is true that every one in our country has the right to be an author. I recollect a genuine republican motto, "The free communication of thought and opinion is one of the invaluable rights of man." Politically, this is right. It is entirely consistent with the genius of a republican government, "that all measures, relative to public interest, should be fully and freely discussed. These discussions serve to enlighten the public mind, and prevent the adoption of measures dangerous to their liberties." Still, it must be conceded by every one who understands the principles of literature, that the many writers we have, are not the proper persons to be registered as national literary standards. I had many arguments, in England, upon this subject, and I

was proud to learn that the literary people of that country appreciate and admire our Timothy Dwight, Channing, Irving, Bancroft, Sparks, Everett, Marshall, Kent, Story, Wayland, John Quincy Adams, Talmadge, Randolph, Clay, Webster, Halleck, Dana, C. Brockden Brown, Dennie, Olmsted, Noah Webster, Chalmers, Dr. Bowdich, Mrs. Hentz, Miss Leslie, Mrs. Sigourney, Edwards, and many others. These people are our national property; they are the gems in our literary diadem, and they sparkle therein, because they have been polished by that skilful lapidist, education. Notwithstanding, sir, our authors, many of them, are called plagiarists, and this is why I deeply lament that our press is so greatly abused. We all have the right guaranteed to us to become authors; but we have not the right to plagiarise, no more than I have the right to put my hand into your purse and steal your money, because I am too lazy to toil for wealth, and its glitter is so fascinating, and it takes a man a great while to accumulate a vast sum of money, more especially, too, if he is compelled to get his earnings by the sweat of his brow, or the hard labor of his brain. You have worked for it: it is your own. Then many, alas! too many, like the thief, become enamored of the beauty and richness of the name of an author, who then resort to unfair means to appear intellectually wealthy. The walls of a castle, like Sing Sing, many a time check the midnight adventurer; but, candidly, my dear sir, I do not think that if I were to turn highwayman to-morrow morning, that the gray, massive walls of a State prison, or its dark and gloomy towers, would be as repulsive to me as those council-boards, in the chambers of literature and science, of the British dominions, as well as of France and Germany. Those Argus-eyed reviewers are the keepers; they are also a set of accomplished literary and scientific spies; for not one word of which they get hold of as coming from America, that they do not quarter and gibbet before they let it go, especially if they have the slightest suspicion that the writer is uneducated. They search

them from the cravat to the boot, and if they discover anything about them that has been plagiarised, they just skin them alive. They have the instruments to do it, too; for being thoroughly educated, they know exactly how to act, and I tell you, sir, their mental weapons are sharp and truly frightful. And they will tell you they can detect stolen literature by the developments in one's book, just as easily as the phrenologist points out the organs upon the head of a thief. But, sir, there is, unfortunately, something so charming in the wiles of genius, that the virginal intellect is often led astray, and is, many a time, seduced by his bewitching blandishments; for he seems to argue with the spotless mind, like the artful seductionist, who would lead the unwary aside from the highroad of virtue, who are sometimes, unfortunately, persuaded from the known and safer track, and are, perhaps, lulled by the promises of enchantment, till some dire calamity befall them. I have seen much of what is forced upon the public eye hissed down in England, for appearing in the stolen or borrowed robes, with which some of our authors were attempting to conceal that deformity with which the wily and fascinating old genius had impregnated them.—Emily and I left him conversing with Dr. Finlay relative to his transatlantic perambulations, felicitating ourselves, too, upon the fact that we never had written anything. I remarked to Emily that I believed, since the stranger had suggested the idea, that I would feel as deeply mortified to be arraigned before the courts of our country, and tried for stealing, as to be accused before the literary peerage of any country in the world. There was, however, an unaccountable anxiety within me to see the gentleman to whom we had been listening. I mentioned to Emily that I really believed I had fallen in love with the stranger's voice; then reminded I, 'He seems to be uncommonly intelligent; there is something masterly in his style of conversation; do you not think so?'—'O, yes,' replied Emily; 'but why are you in such a flutter, Ivanora? 'Tis strange that a man's voice should

affect you so seriously. I have heard you declare that no voice ever vibrated upon your heartstrings since Leon Edgmont's day. Perhaps it is he, who has been travelling, and has accidentally met Uncle Doctor, who has told him that you are here; but you shall soon know who he is, for I will ring for Uncle Doctor to come, and I will ask him.'

"Emily accordingly pulled the bell-rope, and in a few moments Dr. Finlay was at her side. Said I, impatiently, 'Doctor, who was that gentleman with whom you were conversing awhile ago, upon the lower corridor?'—'It is a gentleman of the city of —,' replied he, 'he is going home after a tour of five years in Europe. He is directly from Spain, and designs spending some time in Havana, as business has called him here; then he will embark for Mobile, and go home. He proposes to call upon you and Emily to-morrow morning, as he is anxious to be in company with American ladies again, for, generally speaking, he considers them superior to all others.'—'It will be well enough for him to call upon Ivanora,' said Emily, "for I really believe she has fallen in love with him, although she has not had a look at him. His conversation has charmed her; and I believe it is Leon Edgmont, for I do not think the voice of any other gentleman could agitate Ivanora so much. What kind of a looking man is he, Uncle Doctor?"—'Handsome, intelligent, rich, and religious,' replied Dr. Finlay, 'and going home to settle himself and then marry. Ivanora, you are the very woman who will suit him. He is just the right age for you, and you will doubtless at once lead him "to the cells of captivity." I will introduce him to you, girls, to-morrow. Ivanora, be ready and look your prettiest; 'tis of no use, Emily, to tell you to "set your cap," for you know I have promised to let Barrick have you, provided your health shall improve; but as Ivanora's affections are disengaged, she is the girl.'—'Do you know anything,' said Emily, 'of this gentleman's parentage or family, Uncle Doctor? Perhaps he is a second Pitkins; and you know that Uncle Charles would never

forgive you, were you to introduce any one to Ivanora who might in all probability be another impostor.'—'True, true, my dear,' said Dr. Finlay, 'but recollect that your Uncle Doctor has studied human nature; then I am a freemason, and this gentleman "wears badges of that grand design," with which none are acquainted but the true "sons of light." I am exceedingly careful with Ivanora; and I have no hesitation in pronouncing this man a gentleman. I thank you, however, my dear Emily, for your kind and very considerate remarks.' The next morning while I was dressing to see this stranger, I was agitated, and why, I could not tell. I sometimes thought it was because Emily persisted in her belief that it was Leon Edgmont. I had, however, heard not a word of Leon for years, therefore I knew nothing of his movements, for I never had, up to that time inquired about him. I tried to forget him and had almost succeeded. I said to Emily, that 'if Leon was a widower, and had been on such a long excursion, I knew nothing of it; and,' continued I, 'how can he be Leon, when Dr. Finlay said his home was in the city of —?'—'Ah!' said Emily, 'I expect Uncle Doctor has only said that to annoy you a little; you recollect he evaded telling us the stranger's name?'—After Emily and I were done making our toilet, we informed Dr. Finlay that we were prepared to see company. Presently he tapped at our door, and in a few minutes Emily and I entered the parlor. We were then introduced to a gentleman of the name of Dunmore; and I all the while trembled like a simpleton; I almost tottered. I was so confused that I blushed and appeared very awkward. I do not think I should have been so much agitated, had Emily not induced me to believe that I was more than likely to meet Leon Edgmont. Dr. Finlay also noticed my confusion, and said something to me to compose me. The Doctor, however, believed that my agitation was produced by love at first sight. He often laughed at me, and said he never saw Cupid shoot with a rest before; that the artful god of love seemed to regain his eyesight at the mo-

ment I entered the room, and that he took deliberate aim, and one of his keenest arrows pierced my heart; he declared that he saw the weapon when it struck me, and the ambitious little god, unsatisfied with slaying one heart, quickly turned himself around, and, he said, he saw the glitter of another arrow, which was darted at Mr. Dunmore. After Emily and I were introduced to the gentleman, we sat down and listened with rapture to his conversation; I thought of nothing but the gentle murmur of clear sweet waters, which flow from a copious, and lucid fountain, as I heard his charming voice. He continued to call upon us, and I daily became more and more fascinated with him, till I found my heart bound completely by the rosy chain of love. He too loved with the same devotion; but I idolized him! Yes, I sinfully adored him! And, my dear good, Louise, as I have gone thus far, I must tell you all: he has forsaken me! He is now a wanderer on a foreign shore, seeking for something that may divert his mind from me! He seeks the fabled draught of Lethe, hoping that in its waves of forgetfulness, my name and image may be borne away from him. So, dry your tears and shed no more for me, for I believe that when you have heard my story through, you will say I have done right in hiding myself behind these mountains; and I believe you then will not wonder at my melancholy and gloom, nor deem me a curious woman, for weeping so bitterly when I gaze on the picture there, that hangs against the wall. That is the portrait of Mr. Clifford Dunmore, the father of my beautiful Louis.

"We spent nine weeks together, after I became acquainted with him, in Havana. Every day, yes, every hour, when in his society, I discovered some beautiful treasure in his mind that was truly lovely and of great value. One day while we were driving out, he asked me if I loved to travel? Upon my replying in the affirmative, he told me that he had travelled a great deal in Europe, but that, after we were married, he intended carrying me to Italy; that we there would inspect the grand old ruins over which Oswald and Corinne, once, are said

to have roamed; that he would show me Mount Blanc, and the exuberant valleys of Piedmont; that we would raise the old gray stones that have fallen over the graves of the ancient orators and poets. 'I will travel with you through the time-honored temples and palaces of Greece, and listen to your remarks upon those crumbling altars and ivy-covered towers. I will hear your observations upon the modern, uninformed inhabitants who now range over the same ground that a Socrates and Plato once trod. I will carry you to Jerusalem, and over the consecrated mountains. We will see Mount Hermon rising in sublimity, and stand upon the banks of the Jordan. A little farther from Hermon, your beautiful eyes shall see Mount Lebanon, embowered with dark-green cedar trees; yes, those venerable old trees that have withstood the storms of so many centuries, the same, perhaps, that King David looked upon when he drew this beautiful comparison, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree, and grow like a cedar in Lebanon." We will go beyond this dark monument of shade to Mount Tabor, where the Saviour was transfigured, that steep, wild mountain, which is only familiar with the stars, and the sun, and moon, that rise over its peaks, and illumine its mystic summits. We will not forget Mount Carmel, where old Elijah's heart was awakened by the solitary grandeur of the mountain; where he chose a sanctuary in this wild domain of Nature, to pour forth with ardor the devotion of his soul to God. We will visit Mount Gerizim, and ramble amongst the ruined temples of the Samaritans; yes, we will see its fallen pillars and moss-covered sepulchres, and our sacred reflections will be unbroken until we reach Mount Gilboa, and there will we create anew in our mind the solemn scene when Saul and Jonathan died; also, the melancholy lamentation of David at their sad fate, when the Amalekite handed him the bracelet of the slain king. When the perfumed gales come over the mountains, we will be on a pilgrimage from Gilboa to another old pile which grazes the blue heavens with its majestic turrets; we will listen



to the moving wind as it breathes over its antiquated pinnacles, and look at the first rosy clouds of the dawn that blush over its gray-grown rocks. This is Mount Hor. Then will we see Abanin, and the mountain at a little distance overhung with dark pine trees, where the soft, delicious dews fall, and where the inspissated juice issues from the leaves of the balsam tree which is known as the "balm of Gilead." We will go to that mountain, too, that lifts its head to the clouds; that so often sends the small, fresh showers, which perpetuate the verdure of the evergreens that wave over its lofty ramparts. We will see the mist collect in sparkling drops on the green leaves, while the atmosphere we inhale will come loaded with soft fragrance, and the moon will tinge the scene with her silvery beams. We will visit that long-deserted spot on this same mountain, where one once stood, who said, "My doctrine shall drop as the rain; my speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass." It was the tongue of eloquent old Moses which uttered those words, and this mountain is Nebo. We will then see Mount Pisgah from Nebo, where Moses stood and viewed the Promised Land. How many poetic themes we will enjoy, and where is a mind so capable of enjoying and appreciating, as that of my Ivanora! Nor will we slight the Mount of Olives, where Christ sunk in thought, perhaps, at the frailty of human nature; and perhaps, his eye saw through eighteen hundred years, and his breast was agitated at the commotion and wickedness which he foresaw would befall the institution he intended establishing upon the earth. Ah! no wonder he groaned, if he foresaw that host of impostors headed by a Pharaoh, a Nebuchadnezzar, an Antiochus Epiphanes, or a Mahomet, who were to enter the fold of God and tear the lambs, and slay the sheep and shepherds. Then the thought that one of the chosen band should betray him! How repulsive and heart-sickening? You shall see Calvary too, for that is where our Saviour wore the crown of thorns; and where they offered him wine

mingled with myrrh. None of the consecrated mountains is so interesting as Calvary; none calculated to inspire one with so many serious and solemn reflections. The dust on this monument of Nature was once moistened with the blood of the Son of God. He groaned above its rocks. The trees that clustered upon its rugged sides then, waved in solemn silence as He died! The wild flowers, no doubt, hung their heads as if they were mourning, when the shadows of darkness were spread over the scene, "from the sixth to the ninth hour." We will go to Mount Sinai, too, and reproduce in our imagination, the astonished group who came out of the camp to meet God, when Moses called them; and will there think of the terror of that mystic band, when Sinai quaked, and all was enveloped in smoke, and God himself appeared in fire.

"He spoke in this strain, my dear friend, for at least two hours. He anticipated a trip with me to every place of notoriety in the world. He poured into my heart the story of his love! He said he adored me; not as he adored his God, but with an earthly adoration; that admiration, esteem, and love were words of too small import to express his regard for me. He extolled my intellectual attainments; eulogised my personal appearance, and declared that my manners and behavior had woven a charm over him, and he felt as if Heaven had made me to be his wife! Thus he wooed and won me. I concluded that my earliest days had brought on me my darkest trouble. I felt like the person who has had all those infectious diseases attendant upon young people or children, and who in after life ventures with confidence into an apartment where disease is most violent in its ravages. I dreamed that my shades had all vanished; that the genial gales of the island had borne away all my sorrows on their fairylike pinions, and had lost them in the unfathomable waves of the deep wide sea! The clouds of my life were now all gone, and in a mild sunshine I saw that state of felicity for which my honest heart so long had yearned! I believed then that I was to slumber



in dells of pleasure, and I thought that I would dance over meads of flowers! I saw bowers of everblooming roses and jasmine, wherein I was to recline, and I heard the musical dripping of silvery cascades, that gently wept over green hills and fell into deep fountains, carved in pearl-like stones. So soon as I consented to marry Mr. Dunmore, I informed Dr. Finlay and Emily of what I had done. All three of us then wrote to Grandpa Manville, and informed him of everything we deemed it necessary he should know upon the subject. From the first moment that Mr. Dunmore addressed me, I felt uneasy and unsettled in mind, as regarded my former life. I sometimes thought I ought to tell him that I had been married, and was divorced, and that I bore the name of my grandfather instead of that of my own parent; for I felt assured that he never dreamed of such a thing as my having been married. I was introduced to him as Miss Manville, and the character and name of my grandfather were familiar to him, although they were to each other strangers personally. I said to myself one day, when I was meditating upon this matter, 'Mr. Dunmore, I discover, is strictly religious; he is conscientious, I know, and may he not have scruples about divorces, that would interfere with our marriage?' I replied to my conscience in this way, and as I felt satisfied with my conclusion, I thought no more upon the subject: 'I was not the author of my unfortunate marriage with Mr. Wordings, and became so miserable with him that I ran away from him. In separating as I did from him, I made my condition in life happier, with the exception of the death of my poor Louis. Had he, dear fellow, taken my advice he might have lived, and although he died because he believed that he ought to hazard his life to chastise a vile man, who had wicked intentions towards me, I did not think that I could reproach myself with his death. I believed that I was capable of rendering my husband happy. I never thought of Leon Edgmont, because I had drawn a dark veil over my early affection for him. He was then mar-

ried and had a family of children around him, and a wife who loved him devotedly. I was religiously inclined, for I regarded the laws of man, and feared to transgress the laws of God. I knew that I never had an intrigue in my life; that I would be wealthy at the decease of my grandfather, and have just as much of this world's goods so long as he lived as I could use. I was youthful and healthy, and I cared not what was the moral character of Mr. Dunmore; I knew that my own was pure.' With these conclusions I remained at ease in mind as to what course I would pursue. However, to tell the whole truth, Miss Louise, which I determined to tell at the outset, I was quite happy because I could find so many strong arguments to plead before my own conscience, on account of my marriage, separation, &c., with Mr. Wordings; but all of my former sorrows and difficulties, including the affair with Pitkins, which had cost my poor Louis his life, I took diligent pains to conceal from Mr. Dunmore.

"I felt that I was his equal, and that if he married me, he would not regret it, for I loved him so idolatrously he would certainly see that I was endeavoring to make him happy, and he could not help being interested and satisfied with me. I kept my earlier sorrows all hidden from him, because I was afraid that if I told him anything it would create suspicion, and when he left me, he might inquire of some portion of the malicious world, who would not do me justice. I knew also that Mr. Wordings had a host of friends, that he had languished under jealousy and envy ever since I left him, and that he could not bear the thought of any other person possessing me. I had often received letters from Mrs. Dewan, who informed me of the distress and anger of Mr. Wordings when he heard that I was divorced from him, and that he raved and swore that neither pains nor money should be spared to prevent my marriage with any other person; and that he dared any man to marry me unless he wished to be tormented through life. Knowing all this,

and loving Mr. Dunmore as I did, I thought that it would not be sinful in me if I did cheat him a little. I found that other people succeeded who resorted to the same means, and, my dear Louise, I was so anxious to marry him that I said not one word about my earlier sorrows, and I requested Doctor Finlay not to broach a subject upon which there was little or no probability of his being interrogated. After remaining nine weeks at Havana, Mr. Dunmore left for home, and we remained, as Lavinia was sinking every hour. At length Doctor Finlay requested Father Alonzo, her Spanish priest, to remain with her. He did so, and every moment, we stood over her with the deepest anxiety. There was a large painting in front of her, representing the Saviour nailed to the cross. Lavinia pointed to it, and the last thing she said was this, 'It reminds me of the sufferings of my Saviour, for my sins, and the sins of the whole world. His death-bed was never made; He was nailed to the cross. I will therefore no longer complain of suffering, for I lie here on this gilded couch.' Father Alonzo then performed the ceremony the Roman Catholics perform over the dying, and the gentle spirit of poor Lavinia winged its way to Heaven! We buried her on the 'sea girt isle;' and remained there for Emily's benefit, who was declining every day, till she became anxious to go home. We then exhumed Lavinia, brought her corpse to Green Haven, and there re-interred her. I made but a short stay at Green Haven. I could not enjoy a visit there on account of the vile-tempered stepmother, who was so cruel to Col. Manville's daughters. I saw the old servant there, who lived at the cottage where Leon Edgmont carried me after he had rescued me from the mint island. She had not forgotten how childishly Leon and I loved each other, and she told me that Leon asked a thousand questions about me when he heard that I was married. Notwithstanding that I was so fondly in love with Mr. Dunmore, the sight of the good old slave made me think over my early days. She persisted in calling

me 'Miss Ella,' and I could not prevent the wayward tears from falling, when she spoke of the beautiful little green knolls, where we used to sit and sing beneath the mulberry trees, and the hills, where we climbed after the woodbine and wild rose that loved to cling to the rocks. I gave the old creature some token of remembrance, and then joined Emily, Julia, Kate, and the governess, Miss Morris, who were waiting for me in the parlor, with Doctor Finlay and Major Barrick. I remarked to Emily, one day, that I wanted her to go with me to Manville Hall, and be my bridesmaid? 'Oh no,' she replied, 'my dear Ivanora, I will decline attending you this time. I am somewhat superstitious. I waited upon you when you were married to Mr. Wordings—you had bad luck. The sun seems to shine brightly upon your undertaking, this time, and as you are not going to invite any strangers to witness the ceremony, of course, you will not be embarrassed. Get married without me, cousin; perhaps you may change the luck.' In a short time I said, 'farewell' to Green Haven and its beloved inmates. Uncle, Colonel Manville, came with me to Manville Hall. The place then was truly a lonely one, for 'all my lovely companions were faded and gone.' In the corner of the chamber now occupied by Aunt Newland, sat my aged grandfather. In the ancient dining-room sat old Mr. and Mrs. Falkirk, who at that time resided there. Mrs. Falkirk is my own aunt; she was my father's only sister, and her maiden name was Adelia Birlyn. As soon as I arrived, I discovered that grandpa's eyes were dimmer, his cheeks more hollow, and I saw that Time had been there with his battery, and had galvanized the strings of hair with a brighter coat of silvering, and that they hung thinner over his lofty brow than when I went away. His health had been precarious, ever since the shock he got at the death of Louis. He told me, that sickness, and darker sorrows, together with his anxiety for us all, had made him feel many years older than when he last saw me; and as he was growing feeble, and was then on

the verge of the grave, he thought I had done right in engaging myself to Mr. Dunmore, who had called at Manville Hall, and delivered the letters we had written to him in Havana; that he had consented to my marriage, and that Mr. Dunmore would return to Manville Hall in about a week. Grandpa, however, did not say a word to me about telling Mr. Dunmore of my former marriage, for he could not bear to hear Mr. Wordings' name mentioned, and there was nothing so painful to him as to be reminded of the sad death of Louis. Accordingly, I avoided mentioning a subject which I knew would distress him. He understood from Mr. Dunmore that we had been in the society of each other, for nine weeks, on the Island of Cuba, and that everything was satisfactorily arranged for our marriage. Grandpa has always been a man of few words and he is not apt to ask questions of any one; he is disposed to do right himself, and he presumes that almost every body is inclined to do what is right likewise. How often have I heard Uncles Arthur and Louis and my mother declare that they never knew grandpa to do anything designedly calculated to dishonor the cause of religion, or anything which his conscience could reprimand him for; never having wounded the feelings of his fellow-man, or injured a human being, in character, person, or property.

#### CHAPTER LIV.

"I HAD but little preparation to make for my marriage, as my wardrobe was very complete; for, during our stay at Havana, we purchased a great many articles, and because I was going to be married, I did not intend to take off the mourning I was wearing for Lavinia and Louis. Fresh troubles again were poured upon us now, for grandpa received letters announcing

the death of his sister, Mrs. Ashmore, who requested him to take charge of her young daughter Carrie. This was her dying request, one, too, with which he has complied faithfully and religiously. Letters also came to me from Cousin Julia, at Green Haven, telling me that Emily's health was declining every day, and that she was exceedingly anxious to be at Manville Hall; that her stepmother would not hear to her having a priest about the house, and that her father seemed to give up to her about everything; and that when Emily spoke of sending for father Stephen, the day previous to her writing, her stepmother had a spasm, and the Doctor, with her father, and one of the neighbors, sat up with her during the night. It was impossible for Emily to come to see me married, as the season was so inclement, in our climate, it would have been imprudent for her to make a change. Mr. Dunmore at length came to Manville Hall, and we were married by Parson Macdonald. Grandpa, Mrs. Percy (mother of Uncle Arthur's wife), Llewellyn Percy, and Uncle and Aunt Falkirk witnessed the ceremony. Was I to blame for marrying Dunmore? 'Yes!' a majority may exclaim! Be it so, then, and let no woman hereafter wed until she has told her intended husband the story of her life! Let her inform him that she is divorced, that her first husband lives, and that her name has been changed! I went on, however, to love Dunmore, while many, ah! many sweet hours were charmed away by his kindness and his intellectual conversation. I too, became a gross idolater. I sinned, and now I am punished for it, for I was magnetized, spell-bound, charmed and delighted, in the society of my husband. I would have sacrificed all things on earth near and dear to me, and bade them an eternal farewell, and I would have gone with him through the mysterious regions of death itself. Thus, I glided onward, from the second day of January till the latter part of May, uninterrupted, scarcely, by anything, when one day Emily Manville, Uncle Arthur and wife, Aunt Matilda, and Cousin Julia Manville, arrived at the

Hall. I recollect, when Emily expressed herself so much pleased that I was happily married, that I remarked to her, 'Yes, Emily, my lamp of life now burns clearly. I feel as if the old, green mould, which had once gathered on my youthful altar, together with the mildews and weeds, were all now removed; that I had plucked up all of life's thistles, I hoped, by the roots; that I had purchased a new lamp and placed it upon my altar of hope, and there I went daily, and replenished it with perfumed oil.' Was this scene to vanish too? you whisper, my lovely Louise. Yes, this scene, and all my vainly planned schemes of happiness, have gone like the little spring that bursts from the hill-side on rainy days in April. As soon as the sunbeams come down, the bubbling fountain is drunk by the heat, and then nothing is seen of it but the burning sand, and the pebbles which burst in its ebullition from the ground. Emily looked sad and low when she came here; she also said that she wished to be with me in her last hours, and requested grandpa to send for a priest for her. The reverend father came, and stayed a week with Emily and Julia. I used to listen to the arguments he had with Parson Macdonald, grandpa, and Mr. Dunmore, upon the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church. I was highly edified, and, notwithstanding that Father Eventius had to contend against everybody at Manville Hall, he displayed a stock of talent and learning few were able to combat. Julia stayed here during the month of June, and until the second week in July, when Parson Macdonald took her home. Uncle Arthur and wife went on a tour to Scotland, taking with them old Mrs. Percy, and her young daughter, Adel. Father Eventius told me that Emily could not last very long, though before Julia left her, she seemed to rally a little, and could bear to be driven about in the carriage, and we took one or two short walks together.

"The day after Uncle Arthur left here, Mr. Dunmore received letters from his father, who requested him to come home to him immediately, and urged him to comply with his

request in such a manner as made it out of the question for Mr. Dunmore to refuse to go. He even told him that he must not wait one day after the reception of his letter, but come to him as soon as possible. I was very unwilling for him to leave me, but he seemed himself very anxious to be off, more so than I supposed he would be, for I thought he would feel quite reluctant to leave me. He assured me, however, that he would return as soon as possible, and that he would write to me every other day after he arrived at Cherry Hill, the residence of his father. Still, I thought I noticed a restlessness and impatience in Dunmore to be gone, and I was mortified to see him so eager to get away. I was very sensitive, however, and hurt, because I thought he should have expressed deeper regret at leaving me than he did. His trunks were packed, and sent to town the ensuing morning. On the evening of that day, as the fading sun was gilding the mountains, my lonely form might have been seen, for I stood upon the peak of the hill beyond the Hall, gazing into the deep shades of the trees, where I had caught the last glimpse of my husband as he left me in the morning. I returned to the Hall, however, to administer to the calls of my suffering Emily. She became more and more resigned every day, and Father Eventius then came frequently to see her, and every time I took my thoughts from the bed of my dying Emily, I was in my fancy eagerly pursuing my absent and idolized husband over the rivers and mountains. He wrote to me frequently while he was gone, and surprised me by not writing in a more impassioned style than he did. His letters were kind and respectful, and I read them over a thousand times, trying to persuade myself that I was mistaken, that my own heart was a woman's heart, and that I ought not to expect a man to indulge in so many trivial expressions of love as I was guilty of when I wrote to him. I made every apology imaginable for him, for I loved him as no woman ever loved, and as no woman should love anything that is mortal. I thought of

him, wrote to him, dreamed about him, and as the day was drawing near for him to return, I roamed through the bowers of my imaginary paradise, where I culled the most beautiful and fragrant flowers, and wreathed them into a garland to crown him with when I met him again! I pictured to myself my happiness when I saw the smile that was wont to play over his manly face whenever I approached him. At length he came! The day dawned that I had imagined would be one of the most blissful of my life, but in this also I was disappointed, as I had been in all my schemes of happiness. I was in your bed-room, my good Louise (for there poor Emily died), attending her, when I heard some one enter my own chamber. I left her in the hands of Aunt Matilda, and hurried to my room, and behold Mr. Dunmore was there! I ran to him, and fell into his arms in an ecstasy! He received me kindly, but was silent. I expected that he would return as much delighted at seeing me as I knew I should be when I met him; and when I observed that he seemed cool towards me, I asked him if anything was the matter? He said not a word, but gazed intently at me, and then I saw large tear-drops roll down his cheeks. I was greatly distressed to see him weep, and I said to him, 'Mr. Dunmore, what is the matter?' He raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and said, 'Ivanora, I have something horrible to tell you.'—I could not conjecture what was on his mind; I was agitated, and I trembled. After a little, I remarked, 'Tell me what it is that distresses you so deeply; there is not a cloud that can shade your heart that I may not be able to dispel.'—'Well,' said he, 'sit here by me.'—He seemed reluctant to begin, but recovering his composure, he said, 'Tell me who you were when I married you.' I turned pale, and my head fell upon his shoulder. I was so much shocked I could not speak for five minutes, and he asked me again. Said I, 'My name was changed to Ivanora Manville, my maiden name was Ella Birlyn, and the gentleman I first married is named Wordings.'

"'Why did you not apprise me of all this before our marriage?' said he. 'Because,' said I, 'I hoped it would never make any difference. I knew my character was unspotted, and I loved you so fondly that I was afraid to tell you, for fear that you might inquire about me, and hear something from some idle gossip, and you would not marry me; because I loved you so dearly I determined to secure you, if I could, and I thus said to myself, "I know my heart—I know that my moral character is pure. I will not deceive Mr. Dunmore in that respect; and as I have an aversion to relating my old sorrows, if silence will secure him to me as my husband, I certainly shall have him. I was publicly divorced from Mr. Wordings; the legislature having restored me to all the rights and privileges of an unmarried woman. I have not imposed upon you from any bad motive; then why, oh! why do you receive me in this manner?"—'Be composed,' said he, 'and listen to me. My father, mother, and sister are scrupulously conscientious upon the subject of divorces, and so is every other member of my family. They all have an educational as well as a religious prejudice against the law that permits any one to be divorced, unless one can be obtained for the cause specified by the Saviour in his Sermon on the Mount. Recollect, however, that I am only telling you what are the sentiments of my parents and my sister: I do not say that I fully concur with them, but still their opposition to a divorced person knows no limit. There is no argument that can be used that would palliate this matter with them. Conscience, on that score, is their guide, and they place it above all the laws that have ever been framed under heaven upon the subject of divorce. You recollect I received a letter from my father the day before I left Manville Hall? You know how I was agitated while reading 'it? He urged me to come home to him in such a manner that I could not refuse. When I reached my father's house, I found himself, my mother, and my sister in tears,—they were mortified and distressed. My

father demanded of me the name of the lady I had married. I told him I had married Miss Ivanora Manville. He then walked to his secretary, took out a package of newspapers, and handed them to me, saying, "I wish you to read those hymeneal notices, and explain to us the meaning of them." The first one announced my marriage on a certain day to "Miss Ella Birlyn;" the second said that I had married "Mrs. Ella Wordings," and a third chronicled my marriage to "Miss Ivanora Manville." I knew no such woman as Miss Ella Birlyn, and had at that time never heard such a name as Wordings. I was astonished and deeply mortified to be arraigned in this way before my parents and my sister, and relative to my wife, too, for I was totally unprepared for the trial, and could give no explanation at all. My sister, after a little time, informed me that she had heard you were once the wife of an elderly pious gentleman, and that your indiscreet conduct embittered his life; that you left him and went off with a strange man to your grandfather's; that you were divorced from him, and owing to some mystery in your family, you refused to have your maiden name restored to you; that, before you left Manville Hall for Cuba, you were connected with a man, calling himself Pitkins, with whom you attempted to elope; that you were pursued by your uncle, Louis Manville, who had an encounter with your lover, and that your uncle and Pitkins both fell dead at your feet before you were carried to your grandfather's again; that your cousin, Miss Lavinia Manville, was ill at Manville Hall at the time, and that your conduct and the death of your uncle, no doubt hastened her death.

"It is also rumored that you left Manville Hall late one evening, pretending you were going to some old fortune-teller, and that your cousins Emily and Lavinia accompanied you; that you had formed a plan with Pitkins to elope with him, and detained your cousins at the fortune-teller's house until it grew late, listening to a ghost story, and as

you all returned, you met Pitkins on the old bridge; and Emily and Lavinia being delicate and nervous at the recitation of old Mrs. Haney's ghost story, you endeavored to make them feel alarmed, and as they ran across the bridge towards the Hall, you ran back to the road on the opposite side, and hid yourself amongst the trees, and was on the eve of making your escape with Pitkins, when Louis Manville discovered you; and this is reported to have been the cause of the affray between Pitkins and Louis. Most persons believe that there was a plan between the fortune-teller and yourself for you to propose a ghost story after she had told your fortune, in order to detain you until it grew late, so that when you met Pitkins at the bridge, and eloped with him, you might have the shades of night over you; and in this way, by daylight, you would be enabled to get beyond the reach of your friends at Manville Hall, whom you were satisfied would pursue you.'

"Many believe that this fellow Pitkins was none other than Leon Edgmont, an individual to whom you were once engaged to be married, that he left a wife and several children, and came to Manville Hall to elope with you to the Southwest. The silence, too, observed by your family and yourself respecting these matters, makes me fear that you all studiously concealed things from me which I should have been apprised of; and, taking this fact into consideration with the prejudices of my family, I should commit a grievous sin were I to remain with you another day. I shall leave Manville Hall in perhaps two hours, and although it is painful to me to tell you, I must inform you that I shall never see you more!' I shrieked, sunk on the floor, and buried my face from his gaze. At length, reviving a little, I arose and said, 'Clifford, will you hear me? Will you listen to the truth?—for the charges you have brought against me are all slanders and odious falsehoods.' I then reiterated to him in substance what I have told you, dear Louise, up to the death of Louis. It was, however, as if



he had dealt me a death-blow to say that anything I had done had hastened Lavinia's death, because such a thing was never dreamed of by any member of our family; for, when Louis was killed, one of her lungs was half gone, and she was dying long before she ever thought of Cuba. I then reminded Mr. Dunmore of every little minutia of my life, culpable or not. It was then too late, I know, but still I determined to tell him all, and endeavored, too, to excuse myself for not advising him, in the first instance, of my former life, by pleading the ardor of my affection, and a sentiment from the pen of the distinguished Boerhaave, who believed that 'the best of mankind are not exempt from detraction, and that the sparks of calumny will be presently extinct unless blown by ourselves.'

"I tried also to persuade my husband that he ought not to aid in rekindling a flame that I knew would soon burn out; but his conscience, and the consciences of his father, mother, and sister were the strongest arguments his irritated brain would urge. Said I, 'There lies Emily Manville in the lower chamber, who still has sufficient strength to assure you that I have told you the truth. In a few days her last sigh will be breathed upon this injured bosom of mine! Go to her, I entreat you; she will respond to any question you may wish to be satisfied upon. Father Eventius is with her, and he is preparing her to receive the Host upon her withering tongue. In her dying moments, Clifford, it is impossible for Emily to tell a story. I have told you the truth; the world has deceived you, your parents, and your sister, with slanders and falsehood. You know something of the heavenly mind which poor dying Emily possesses, and for my sake go with me and hear the truth about that ghost story, the fortune-teller, and the distressing and tragical death of Uncle Louis.' Clifford reseated himself by me upon the sofa, kindly took my hand and said, 'I have not said I do not believe all you say; no doubt but that every word is true; but the world believes you are guilty of a great misde-

meanor; and when this is the case, a woman is sorrowfully injured; and in the eyes of the public she is just as culpable, and as much scorned and censured as if she were guilty. Her conscience may be as easy as your own, Ivanora; still this thing called public sentiment crows me, and makes me hang my head, for I am ashamed to look up when I know that the world is secretly sneering at me because of my wife. How can I obtain my own consent to be the husband of a woman when there is another individual living who claims the same relationship with her that I claim? Ivanora, I have been severely wounded since I left you. I travelled in company with Mr. Wordings; so soon as I heard who he was, I left the stage-coach. As I got out of it, he shook his cane violently, and in an angry tone I heard him say, 'That man has married my wife.' I cannot bear such expressions as this. I never felt so much lowered in my life. I may meet him again on the broad arena of life, and I do not wish to be insulted by him any more. I would not disgrace and distress my family by committing murder, nor send my immortal soul to endless perdition by such an act. I am passionate, however, and should I ever see Mr. Wordings again, and he become excited, I know not what might be the result to both of us. Another such tragedy as you once witnessed between your uncle and Pitkins might occur. I believe Wordings to be an unprincipled old wretch; but 'tis too true that he once married you. I am also satisfied that he has been instrumental in distressing my old parents and my sister; for upon an investigation of the marriage publications, I discovered that he had bribed the editors of the different papers to print them, or have them announced as he wrote them; he then forwarded them to my father, together with a pamphlet, purporting to have emanated from the friends of Pitkins, declaring you guilty of every imprudence, and detailing matters relative to Mr. Wordings and yourself; also an intrigue with Pitkins, his death, and the death of Louis, and Miss Lavinia. I never read such a book

of horrors as old Wordings has had published against you. You are, no doubt, innocent, notwithstanding his charges, and I determined to remain until you gave me your explanation. I knew that if I left without hearing you, that you would not be satisfied, because you had not had an opportunity to make your defence to me. It is useless for me to go to Emily, as I do not wish to distress the family by my woe-gone looks. I am happy to think that you are innocent of the charges in the pamphlet; but "what signifies right against might?" I wish the world could think of you as I do, but public sentiment is against you.' Then he handed me the marriage announcements and old Wordings' pamphlet, the only one written by himself, that ever saw the light paid for from his opulent purse, and forwarded to the father of my husband, to ruin me in his estimation.—'Well,' said I, 'Mr. Dunmore, you pretend to argue, that a person who is charged with a crime is sunk as low in society as if that person is actually guilty; that because the world may believe one guilty, the unfortunate individual deserves as little respect, and should be scorned on account of slanderous report, in the same way, as if really guilty?'—'Just the same,' said he.—'Very well,' replied I; 'thank God, I have the right to differ from you and the whole world too. I thank God that in this hour of trial, He has sent me strength to regain my composure. You have disgusted me, Clifford; you have almost loosed that strong band of love which bound my heart to you. You have acted towards me unfeelingly and unmanfully. You acknowledge my innocence, but you cannot brook the opinion of the world, nor set aside the conscientious scruples of your family or yourself, even for the sake of your wife and unborn child.'

"He shook his head, and then rising, with tears gathering in his eyes, said, 'Farewell for ever, Ivanora!' and hurried from the Hall. I was so wounded, and my heart so grievously crushed at the course of my husband, that I knew not what to do then, I so much disliked to distress grandpa, for at that

time Manville Hall was again truly a place of woe. Emily was dying, and my aged grandfather was ill, and we believed he was also fast wearing out with the cares and sorrows of life. I had several spells of fainting during the afternoon, and when grandpa sent for me to come to him, I was too weak to go. He had learned from the servants that Mr. Dunmore had come home, remained but a short time, and had gone away, and that I was ill, too ill, to go to dear Emily, who was every moment calling for me. Grandpa was satisfied that if Emily called for me, and I did not go to her, something more than usual was the matter; and he thought it looked very curious in Mr. Dunmore to come home and leave so abruptly, as he did not even call at his chamber to say, 'How d'ye do?' nor to inquire about his health. Sick and feeble as he was, however, with the assistance of the servants, he came trembling into my chamber,—and O, what a tale had I to relate! He laid his pale and emaciated form on the sofa, while I narrated to him what had passed between Mr. Dunmore and myself during the forenoon. Many a time, when I am now alone, and I think of that trying day, I imagine that I hear the sad groans grandpa uttered while I related my troubles of that morning to himself. He consoled me, however; and ill as he was, he begged me, with a kind of preternatural strength, to summon my fortitude, to be calm, to trust in God, and to remember that He would never forsake me; that He was my father and my friend; and no matter what calamity befell me in life, that the arms of my grandfather would receive me and protect me as long as he lived. I was greatly strengthened by his words, and when the servants again carried him to his chamber, I took a medicine that revived me a little, and laid down to try and sleep. I could not, however; for every now and then Emily's low moan came to my ear. Aunt Matilda came to my chamber, late in the night, and told me to get up, that she was dying. I arose and went to her, and as I kissed the cold mist of death from her brow, I wished that the same

sad night could also be my last on earth. I wished that one winding-sheet might enshroud both of us; and I thought that as we had loved each other so fondly in life, and had so often rioted at the banquet of friendship, it would not only be a happy, but a pretty closing scene for us to die in each other's arms, and also for the same spirit of the grave to mount with us upon its often-tried pinions, and thus waft us linked together to celestial bowers. I stood over her, and saw her die. She was calm and happy, and as the last silver rays of the morning-star faded on the distant greenwood, I left her lifeless form on the couch where you have enjoyed so many healthful slumbers. After the interment of Emily, it was not long before I heard of the death of Julia. I was, however, then prepared for any change in life, and I compared my wretched self to the sea-boy, who is worn out with piloting amongst the islands of an Arctic ocean—to one, also, who has striven to escape the sharp, gigantic rocks, which every moment threaten to crush his little bark, but who, at last, regains a shore, which alas! wears the garb of desolation and barbarism. He gathers an old firelock, a case of books, and a few other articles that the foamy tide has washed on shore. He wanders over burning sands, and through barren wilds, in hope that he will find a safe retreat from the savages and beasts of prey, that often cross his path. Still he rambles onward, while the shades of gloom and misery are over him. If he look back towards the sea, there still float the shattered fragments of his bark, and before him the arid waste of earth, with all its horrors, meets his tear-washed eyes. How miserable must a person like this one be, Louise! but not more so than I have been. I began, after a time, to look for a place of refuge. I knew very well that I could not outface the calumny of the world. I would not attempt it; and as all the loved ones of my youth were gone, and I was forsaken by one whom I had so ardently loved. I said to myself one day, whilst I was leaning against the tree that spreads its shade over the graves of my father, my mother,

and Louis, that I hoped I might never see the face of another stranger while I lived. The front doors of Manville Hall were then closed and locked. They seemed, too, to be emblems of the doors of the world. I saw no portal open but the door of the back staircase that leads to grandpa's chamber. I one day came down those steps, and out, I said, at the back door of the world, and I found the road to this cottage. It was then in ruins; the walls were slimy, and the little court in front was overgrown with tall weeds. I returned to the Hall, told grandpa what I designed doing, and he did not oppose me. The cottage and its environs were soon improved, and hither I repaired. I bade adieu to the last gleams of that golden-sunlight which sinks upon life's tumultuous ocean, and sat myself down here in this rustic seclusion. Here I have become familiar with contentment. I hate the strife of the idle world, for its pleasures have never afforded me any abiding substance. Uncle and Aunt Falkirk are kind to me; they protect me; and I see grandpa, my aunts, Lizette, and Ada, very often, and Carrie Ashmore visits me occasionally; but Moss Cottage is too lowly a spot for Carrie.

"I have also been more secluded than I perhaps otherwise should have been, because, I heard that the sister of my husband declares that she intends to send men here and wrest Louis from me, and that she has directions from her brother to that effect. Old Uncle Falkirk is a dangerous man, when his temper is aroused, and he has sworn, that if any one should attempt to rob me of my child, he will kill, or be killed, rather than it shall be done. These are the shades of silence and seclusion, Louise, and I trust that I have acted my last part in the drama of life, and that the curtain of death may fall when I am tranquil upon my solitary couch. I desire no more scenes, for I have had enough. It is truly painful, however, to reflect on what has befallen me, and even now my heart loses sight of the injury that has been practised against me; for, many a time, old shadows flit away, and

then, in the pale gleams of sunshine that light my heart, I begin to think of Mr. Dunmore and love him again. I believe I could forget the wound he has given me, as I have long ago forgiven him, and I often roam back to the days when I loved to live for him. I love my darling Louis, and while away many an hour in caressing him, and often when I drink his morning breathings, as sweet as the dew on the white jasmine flower, and pillow my lips upon the beds of fresh roses that bloom upon his round cheeks, I forget that I have been so miserable and so unfortunate.—And now, my dear Louise, my story is closed. I ask you not to express your opinion of my conduct in life. Regard me as a friend who has retired from the world, and who has found in religious seclusion, and in the study of books, that fountain of happiness which bursts perpetually from the green hills of consolation, which affords the wanderer a cooling draught, though he shall have travelled all day over burning sands; hungry, and perhaps thirsting for a drop of water to cool his fevered lips!"

---

## CHAPTER LV.

AFTER the conclusion of the sad and awful story of Mrs. Dunmore, there was a load of anguish, that had drifted against my heart, which was not cleared away, till a flood of tears came flowing down my cheeks. Many indeed, and solemn, were the reflections that crowded my mind! Many, yes, many the sympathies that rushed into my heart! "Here," said I, "is one endowed with all the accomplishments of nature and science. She, too, had unshrouded her mysterious life to me, and I was bound to conclude that she had done so with all openheartedness and sincerity, for she demonstrated clearly to me a heart, that had been regenerated and purified in the waters of truth.

I was strongly moved when she warbled her sorrowful lays; and pleased when I was convinced that she had not been the author of her grievous misadventures in life. Her heart and mind were too delicately nerved to digest such coarse and vulgar food as the varied and unjust opinion of the world. Here, at Moss Cottage then, she lived a solitary recluse, chastened and subdued by misfortune; the victim too, of opinion and prejudice, but with a mind which I considered an intellectual green-house, wherein flowers of every clime were collected, and which blossomed in showy dyes during the most inclement winter, exhaling, at the same time, the most delicious fragrance! Here, she seemed to be happy, for she loved to view the empyrean vault, with the silvery stars that glittered above the lowly cottage, where she had made many pilgrimages over the thorny road of life, in her retrospective views; and although the world was so fascinating and beautiful, she could draw a veil betwixt herself and its vanity, and be soothed with resignation; while she would often bless and commune with Him, at whose instance the heavenly dome was formed, whose hand wreathed the sparkling stars in the azure arch, who gilded the shining moon, and whose mystic pencil tinged the dazzling sun with beams of crimson and gold!

---

## CHAPTER LVI.

I BENT my steps slowly and mournfully to Manville Hall, after I had heard the story of Mrs. Dunmore. I told Miss Matilda and Mrs. Newland what sad feelings had come over me, while I listened to the story of their secluded niece. They expressed much pity for her, and assured me she was a truthful woman, and that I might believe every word she had uttered.

Miss Matilda then informed me that Captain Mays had obtained the consent of her brother Charles, Mrs. Newland, and

herself, to marry Carrie Ashmore. That as Carrie was naturally of a gay disposition, and fond of company she had teased her uncle until he consented for her to invite a large number of persons to her wedding; and they were making preparation accordingly. What a reaction would be created upon the corporeal system, if the genial days of spring were to burst forth; and the face of nature, which so lately had been chilled and deformed by the sleets and snows of the hibernal season, should suddenly appear in the green and flowery habiliments of the vernal months? I felt almost as curious as a person would feel, to experience the quick metamorphosis of winter to spring, after I left the mournful woman of Moss Cottage, and heard that a gay crowd was soon to glitter within the antique rooms of Manville Hall. Miss Matilda also informed me, that invitations had been written and sent to all the members of the family, and that Carrie had made many purchases of finery for the occasion. Miss Matilda, Mrs. Newland, old Mrs. Peebles, the servants, and frequently Mrs. Falkirk, were all busy preparing for the wedding. One day when Miss Ashmore was in my chamber, I asked her how many persons she supposed would come to the wedding.—“All, I hope,” said she; “I want a tremendous crowd; and I have sent off two hundred tickets.” After a while Ada came to me and said, “Miss Louise, Uncle Charles says, come to his chamber, for he wants you.” I followed Ada into Mr. Manville’s room, where I found Miss Matilda with a long narrow box upon her lap. Mr. Manville said, “My daughter, they are making great preparation for a wedding company here; and as you have stayed so closely at home, and this Hall is so retired from the fashions of the world, I was afraid that you had not made any party dresses so long, that I bought a pattern, the other day, which I will present to you, if you will accept it. It is a delicate rose-color; I thought that, as your complexion is rather auburn, a handsome pink would become you very much.” Miss Matilda then opened the box, and displayed to me a splendid pink crape

dress-pattern, embroidered beautifully with white and green vines. I thanked my kind old friend; and went to town the ensuing day with Miss Matilda, to have it made up for the approaching festival. I also assisted Mrs. Newland and Miss Matilda in their preparation for the wedding; and Carrie Ashmore kept the carriage and horses at the door by the hour, and every now and then she would fly off to town after some article of dress that she believed she must have. Mr. Manville allowed her to do pretty much as she chose about what she was to purchase for her wardrobe. One evening, however, after she had come from town, she sent for Mrs. Peebles to come to her chamber, and cut a splendid roll of carpeting; and then Miss Matilda went directly to see what she was again doing. Carrie told her aunt that the old chamber which she had occupied was not fit for Captain Mays to go into, and that she had purchased a fine Brussels carpet, and had ordered an upholsterer to come to Manville Hall the next day, with a furniture-wagon full of articles, that corresponded with the fine carpet; and that she intended to furnish one of the chambers on the opposite side of the passage, and have it for her own use, after she married Captain Mays. “But, Carrie,” said Miss Matilda, “those rooms have been arranged for other persons; your Cousin Arthur will occupy one; and as Iona is going to bring every one of her children, they will occupy one; then your Cousin Kate and Llewellyn must have a room; and Dr. Finlay and others are expected to fill the remaining two.”—“Well, Aunt, the carpet is bought, and the furniture engaged,” said Carrie, “and I must have a better room for Captain Mays than this old smoked place.”—“You can settle that matter with Brother Charles,” said Miss Matilda, leaving Carrie and old Mrs. Peebles unrolling the carpet. In a moment Mr. Manville appeared at the door, and said, “Carrie, as you have brought that carpet here, and ordered new furniture, you may put it in your own chamber; that suite of rooms on the opposite side of the Hall, is arranged for other people. This is my house, and if it is not fine

enough for Captain Mays, give him my compliments, and tell him he'd better build one to his liking." The old gentleman went off; and Carrie sat down to pout and cry. She, however, had the carpet cut and made, and then stretched over the floor of her chamber; and the fine furniture was brought on the next day, and placed there also.

So great was the confusion and hurry to have everything in style, that Miss Matilda and Mrs. Newland scarcely were prepared for the company to begin to come in, when the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Manville, with three servants and six children, was announced. The next day, Llewellyn Percy, Kate, two children, and two servants came; also old Mrs. Percy, the mother of Llewellyn, and her daughter, Adel, and two Misses Macdonald, nieces of Parson Macdonald, came with Dr. Finlay. All Manville Hall was alive, and the old walls reverberated the merry laugh and noise of the children, who were delighted to be at grandpa's. Mrs. Arthur Manville was the greater portion of her time in Miss Ashmore's apartment, assisting her to pack her finery in her trunks; assorting over flowers, jewelry, and laces; and advising Carrie how to dress to be married, and how to put on her travelling dress of a morning, and which silks and velvets to wear in Philadelphia, and how she must dress in New York and Boston. Mrs. Arthur Manville was as gay in her disposition as Carrie Ashmore, but she had such a family of children she could not give vent to her feelings. She, however, dressed in great style, and was exceedingly stiff, pompous, and aristocratic in her manner. Still there was an uncommon degree of grace and style about her, that made every one observe her with interest, notwithstanding she possessed but a limited education. She had not the vanity of Miss Ashmore, but seemed to be exceedingly proud. She was very precise in her manners, and looked as if she had practised her actions before a looking-glass. I was passing her once upon the gallery, and when I spoke to her in my usual manner, she took so much time to

step back to make one of her studied graceful bows, that I actually thought she was going to hand me something. She called old Mr. Manville, father, but pronounced the word so short and stiff, that it sounded as if she said fother. She, too, was going to the North, and had engaged old Mrs. Peebles to go along as her nurse. The abolitionists had stolen so many servants from the people of the Southern States, that they determined to carry white servants with them. Kate had an elderly white woman to go with her, and Carrie Ashmore ran down to inform her uncle that she had packed Rosalinda's trunk, and intended to carry her to the North to wait upon Captain Mays and herself.—"You cannot take Rosetta with you, Carrie," drily said her Uncle Charles.—"Why, uncle, what is the reason I cannot? I have packed her trunk, and Rosalinda is crazy to go, and if I do not take her, what on earth am I to do for a waiting-maid? or what will Captain Mays do for a valet-de-chambre?" said Carrie.—"I cannot inform you," replied Mr. Manville.—"Well, what is your objection to her going?" again persisted she.—"Because," said Mr. Manville, "the abolitionists at the North will steal her; and as I have some regard for the character and comfort of my slaves, I have no idea of placing one of them in a situation to be allured from the path of duty and right by any such lawless, irreligious scamps, as the abolitionists are."—"But, uncle," continued she, "how can they take Rosa away from me, when she would be unwilling to go? Rosa would not leave me to go to heaven."—"That's highly probable," said her uncle, "but where people have so much conscience as some of the Northernites boast of, I can have nothing to do with them. Many of them place their conscience above the laws of their country, and where that is the case, this class of individuals form what I call an isthmus between infidelity and Christianity, or an intermedial ground-plot between men and brutes."—"Well, uncle," said she, again, "if they are conscientious, they are right. I have always had a high regard for



everybody who is conscientious."—"I have not," said Mr. Manville; "I regard the established laws of my country above any man's conscience. The Illuminées before the French Revolution, called themselves men of conscience. They secretly associated themselves in every part of Europe, with a view to destroying religion, and engrossing to themselves the government of mankind. Whenever people, like the Atheists of France, and the abolitionists of the North, begin to usurp the civil government of their country, they run into the same absurdities. The Illuminists taught that 'government is a curse, and authority a usurpation; that civil society is only the apostacy of man; that the possession of property is robbery; that chastity and natural affection are mere prejudices; and that adultery, assassination, poisoning, and other crimes of a similar nature are lawful and even virtuous.' Whenever a set of people go on as the abolitionists of the North do, calling themselves conscientious men, and disregarding the laws of their country, crime is the result, and its perpetrators become insurrectionists against legalized authority. Rosetta has a neatly-furnished room here, has plenty to eat, and dresses remarkably well. If she should get sick, I will have her attended to, and when she shall die, I will have her decently buried, and a funeral sermon after she is laid away; and I have some doubts upon my mind whether the abolitionists of the North are so well prepared to accommodate her."—Carrie instantly took another violent spell of pouting, and left her uncle putting on his hat to go out on his farm about his agricultural business.

On the morning of Carrie's wedding, Kate came into my room, with Lizette and Ada hanging fondly about her. They loved Sister Kate affectionately, and as Mrs. Percy sat down, she expressed herself highly gratified at the course I had pursued with Lizette and Ada. She seemed delighted that Ada's health had improved, and said she had no doubt but that their removal from Green Haven was the saving of Ada's life.

That as she was constitutionally delicate, the course of her stepmother was calculated to prostrate the system of any delicate child like Ada; that she had seen the time when the children were so starved that she herself had stolen tallow for them to eat, and had paid the servants to bring them salt to season it, to their back window. Lizette and Ada had grown so that Kate scarcely recognised them. She examined them, in several of the sciences, and was moved to tears to hear them respond so correctly, and with so much intelligence. After satisfying herself with them, she said to me, "Miss Elton, I have a message from pa, for you. I spent a week with him at Green Haven as I came here. Lizette is growing to be a young woman, and Ada is almost as tall as Lizette; they have been under your supervision nearly four years, and pa now wishes them to go to Philadelphia, and remain two years in a boarding-school, in order to accomplish them in music, drawing, painting, embroidery, and shell-work. As Mr. Percy and I go along with Cousin Carrie and Uncle Arthur's family, pa thinks it best for Lizette and Ada to go now, as I shall be with them, and will attend and see them comfortably and suitably established at Madam ——'s, in Philadelphia." I replied to little Kate, that it was an excellent arrangement, and that I was aware they were to be sent to Philadelphia, after my four years closed at Manville Hall. I then began to reflect upon what I should do, or where I should go. I knew that I could have a home at Manville Hall until I could get a situation elsewhere, but the thoughts of leaving a place to which I was so much attached actually cast such a gloom over me, that neither the bustle of the gay crowd about the Hall, nor the anticipation of a livelier throng the coming evening, could dispel. Mr. Manville had been a father to me, and every time I beheld his snowy locks, a tear dimmed my eyes at the thought of leaving his home. I looked mournfully at the mountains, the old rustic bridge, the impenetrable green and flowery glades, and at the hills, over which I so often had

looked at the sun, as it rose, and at the highest mountain of the distant range, where I gazed upon its red globe as it seemed to drop behind its lofty spire. I took my bonnet and ran about the garden, thinking of the old moss-covered rocks at the spring, the cliffs, and river banks, the deep ravines, near Rocky Chapel, my school-room, Ivanora, and the amiable inmates of the antique Hall. I was happily disappointed, however, that I did not meet Dr. Finlay when I went to dinner. He had gone with Kate to see Ivanora, and did not return. I intended if he sent for me to come down during the afternoon, to be excused, for I felt so gloomy about leaving such a dear home, that, I at one time concluded I would not leave my chamber at all. Then, again, I knew that Mr. Manville would expect me to go down stairs to the wedding, and as he had given me such an elegant dress, and Miss Matilda had paid for making it, I determined to go. I knew too, that above all things Mr. Manville despised what I had often heard him call a "sullen, pouting woman," and for fear of displeasing my patriarchal friend, I threw off my gloomy meditations and commenced dressing. When my toilet was, perhaps, three-fourths completed, old Aunt Dorcas came into my chamber and handed me the following card. "Doctor Finlay's compliments to Miss Elton, with the request from him to conduct her to the parlor at half after seven o'clock this evening." I replied, in the affirmative, and at precisely, half after seven, the Doctor was at my door. I was also ready to go below stairs, and I then walked into the passage and shook hands with him. He immediately offered me his arm, and escorted me into the parlor. A gay, laughing, dancing, waltzing crowd had collected, and still were coming in. Doctor Finlay introduced a number of gentlemen and ladies to me, and at eight o'clock it was rumored that Captain Mays had arrived. Miss Ashmore was too fashionable to be married before nine o'clock, and intended putting it off until eleven, or twelve, but some of the guests had come many miles, and they had to get supper and

be off by twelve o'clock. About nine, however, the crowd gave way for the bridal procession to come in. First, came Mr. Lollington, leading Miss Ida Macdonald; second Mr. Johnson and Miss Goodman; third Mr. Gibson and Miss Eudora Macdonald; fourth Mr. Howard and Miss Calista Porter; fifth Captain Mays and Miss Ashmore. They formed a splendid group, for all were tastily and magnificently dressed. I never saw so many silvery spangles, so many glossy ringlets, nor so many fragrant bouquets. I thought the Captain and his bride were the tallest pair I ever saw married. Captain Mays was six feet four inches in stature, and the bride stood five feet nine inches in her shoes. I could, however, think of nothing but Venus when she sprung from the foam of the sea, and sat her feet upon the land of flowers, as I gazed upon this lovely group, for Carrie's attendants reminded me of the "rosy Houries," and I repeated to myself,

"Bright rose the goddess, like the star of morn,  
With rosy fingers, as uncurled they hung  
Round her fair brow, her golden locks she wrung;  
O'er the smooth surge in silver sandals stood,  
And looked enchantment on the dazzled flood."

Carrie was soon Mrs. Mays; and as she often passed little Kate, who was attired in a modest blue silk, with the beautiful pearl ornaments in which she became the wife of Llewellyn Percy, I was led to draw this comparison between the two women; There is a tree, called the Golden Proteus, which grows upon the islands of the southern seas; when unagitated it presents nothing in its appearance that is striking to the beholder, but whenever the gales blow briskly against it, its leaves wave to and fro; and as they rise and fall in the breeze, they are said to resemble waves of fire, and present to the astonished spectator an appearance singularly grand and beautiful; but so soon as the wind dies away the tree looks uninteresting, and can

no more exhibit its ruddy golden appearance till again agitated by the trade winds. Mrs. Mays made me think of the Golden Proteus; for as long as she was gorgeously dressed, and whirled about by the gales of fashion, she shone most brilliantly, and was really an object that no person could pass without stopping to admire her showy appearance. But Kate Percy reminded me of the fragrant white violet, that seems to seek the shades of some sequestered bower, there to bloom and diffuse its odor, for Kate cared for no homage but that which emanated from the heart of her devoted husband; and as she showed me her two lovely children, she declared that she would not exchange the felicities of the "ingle side" for the ladder to fame, ambition, or opulence, nor for that which leads to the throne of a monarch. Whilst the marriage party were in the height of their enjoyment, Dr. Finlay invited me to promenade with him, and I accepted the invitation. As we were traversing the long passage, he told me that he loved me; that he loved me the first time he ever saw me; that a warm and susceptible heart had ever vibrated within his bosom, but that many a time when he was upon the eve of asking my hand in marriage I had repulsed him by my coldness and indifference. That he had ever believed that my heart was a casket wherein some priceless gems were locked, and that he greatly desired to possess those treasures; and that I must tell him whether I would or would not become his wife.—Said I, "Doctor, I will tell you."—"When may I be favored with a reply?" said he.—"Directly," said I; "but let me consider a little;" and thus I soliloquised. "My mother is married to Mr. Lampton, and although he is my stepfather, and I believe he is a gentleman, yet he has never invited me to come to his house and make my home there. He also has many children and grandchildren too, who have claims there, that I do not wish to ask, and notwithstanding that my mother is his wife, still his home might not be an agreeable one to me. My eldest brother has a wife and family of children, and I will not go to him for pro-

tection. My good brother Alva has long since married Miss Woodman, and resides with her relations, of course I cannot go there, and Lizette and Ada are to start to Philadelphia in a week or ten days. I have made no arrangement to be governess to any one after I leave here, and I was still too poor to purchase a home and fix myself like Miss Nancy Parsons. As Dr. Finlay has declared that he loves me, and wishes to marry me, I therefore will comply. I had always known that I admired him and esteemed him, and could have loved him, but he had not declared his passion to me, and I determined that I never would cherish an affection for any man living, unless I had some assurance from him that he loved me in return. I never could see how any woman could sustain what I denominate one-sided affection. I cannot keep a singleness of friendship alive. If I have no one to respond to the outpourings of my heart, I should forget almost that there is such a thing as friendship. I would become selfish and lose that natural tenderness of my nature. I cannot sustain a one-sided correspondence either, and often exclaim how unreasonable in such and such friends, to declare that I ought to address them four letters to their one, but as I never had studied the poetry of love, consequently I knew nothing of it but philosophically.

"If I were going to marry a gentleman to whom I was very devotedly attached, and he should come to me and inform me that his mind upon the subject had changed, I know I could dismiss him without either a sigh, a regret, or a tear; simply because my philosophic code would rise before me, and I could read this golden oration, 'Thou art a fool to love him who responds not to the affections of thy heart; and thou art an unreasonable being to desire a man to marry thee, when he is indifferent to thy wishes. If there is any philosophy in thy organization, surely thou wilt say, "Sir, adieu! we can be friendly and polite to each other, but I no longer love you."' I reflected, perhaps, for half an hour, before I spoke to Dr. Finlay. When through my meditations, said I, "Doctor, I be-

lieve there are no negative adjectives in my vocabulary this evening?"—"Then you will marry me, will you, Louise?" said he.—"I will!" was my reply. I answered him quickly, too, for I loved him; the tender chords of my heart were awakened, so soon as he declared his love for me. My feelings burst forth like the warm blood that spouts when the surgeon pierces a vein of some plethoric person. I said "I will," quickly, because I believed he was anxious to hear me say so, and I determined then not to play the coquet, or prude, and wait for him to persuade me. I thought, too, that I would not act like the silly, indecisive girl, who stood so long deliberating about what she deemed a flower of great price, that before she was aware of what delays and undetermination will do, the morning's hot sun drank the dewy fragrance of the flower, and faded its rosy tinge to a sickly cream-color; then the purchaser, who was so eager to buy it at first, for his lady-love, left her in disgust, while she was dashing the once delicate blossom in anger upon the side-walk. In one week from the day on which Miss Ashmore and Captain Mays were married, all the gay crowd had left Manville Hall, and were on the road to Philadelphia. Lizette and Ada cried bitterly when they bade me good-bye, and I wept over them. I communicated to Mr. Manville, Miss Matilda, and Mrs. Newland, that I designed marrying Dr. Finlay. They were happy and delighted to hear it, and on the same evening the Doctor and I walked to Moss Cottage to see Ivanora. He there informed her that we were shortly to be married, and she expressed herself gratified to learn that such a worthy gentleman and Christian as Dr. Finlay should have been so fortunate as to win Miss Elton. The following day, Dr. Finlay went with Mr. Manville to the town of — to get license to marry me, and during his absence, Parson Macdonald gave me a serious lecture upon the duties of a wife; one, too, that I could not easily forget. And the next Sabbath morning's sun shone on us as we were on our way to Rocky Chapel to be married. I preferred going to the church,

as there always seemed a something of holiness and solemnity in taking the hymeneal vow at church, and more particularly at Rocky Chapel. "A dim religious light" shone through the antique panes of glass, and a sublime stillness pervaded the chapel. Our thoughts were lifted from the vain shows of life, to the throne of the Great Architect. The trees that shaded this holy edifice, were now heavily draped with leaves; the flowers grew wantonly and beautifully amongst the gray stones on the mountains, and the clear river came murmuring along in sight of the Chapel, and its waves were gilded with the beams of the bright sun, and the gay birds were flying hither and thither, through the dark chestnut and cedar groves. The dawn of creation, thought I, "when the morning stars sang together," could not have looked more beautiful than this sunny morning. We were married in Rocky Chapel by the Rev. Mr. Wisdom, an Episcopal clergyman. As we rode to Manville Hall, Dr. Finlay remarked, "Well, Cousin Matilda, now that I have married Louise, I feel as if I had reached the top of the mountain of the Talisman." I was, indeed, "Mrs. Finlay," in years afterwards, when I met my old friend Mrs. Anna Kipton. At the time of my marriage to Dr. Finlay, Green Haven was one of the gayest of places. The Haddingtons, the Danetsons, and a number of Mrs. Col. Manville's relations spent months there.

After two years, however, Lizette and Ada left Philadelphia for "Sister Kate's." Her house was their home. They came there two beautiful and highly accomplished young ladies. Dr. Finlay, being tired of the practice of his profession, united with his uncle, Parson Macdonald, and they purchased a Southern farm, adjoining Arthur Manville and Llewellyn Percy. Mr. Wordings, by this time, was an aged and infirm man. The sickle of death had been busily employed in the Dunmore family; for the father, mother, and sister, who had occasioned poor Ivanora so many hours of torture, were dead. Remorse, however, and self-reproach, had been the only com-

panions of Clifford, as he ranged over the wide earth and angry seas. Letters, however, sometimes reminded him that his son was said to be an intelligent, blooming boy; and that his deserted wife was what she had always been,—a lovely, intellectual, and virtuous woman. He had often been heard to declare that he would take the boy away from Ivanora; but his heart was not quite so brutalized as to cause him to put his cruel threat into execution; and one day the astonished Ivanora saw her husband enter Moss Cottage. She screamed, and pressed Louis close to her heart; for as she had been called upon to separate from so many who were dear to her, she concluded at once that Clifford had come to tear Louis from her heart. Dunmore, in an instant, was on his knees, and full, round tears came rolling down his cheeks, as he begged the forgiveness of his amiable and beautiful wife. Ivanora returned to him, for she loved him; and when she saw him penitent before her, she forgave him, and they were reunited. The sirocco passed away; and the elongated and softened strings of her lute were tuned once more, and peace again came back to Manville Hall. In about two years after the return of Mr. Dunmore, Ivanora's aged grandfather was buried in the old garden at Manville Hall, beneath the grand and ancient *Salix Babylonica* tree, by the side of his darling Louis. Miss Matilda and Mrs. Newland continued to reside with Ivanora and Clifford, and Captain Mays became a merchant in a large city. It appears that Clifford Dunmore possessed a good heart, but had been improperly influenced. His nature was of such a tender and forgiving character, however, that he overcame those morbid scruples of conscience which he once boasted of. During his last journey, and in his more sober hours, he learned also that there is a great deal of corruption in the opinion of the world, and that, perhaps, he was committing a greater sin to persist in crushing the heart of one who loved him devotedly, and who was his legal wife, and in the abandonment of his child, than

if he were to return and cherish them. He, therefore, laid aside his conscientious scruples, came home to Manville Hall with his wife and child from the cottage, and, as "circumstances alter cases," he became reconciled to matters, although the first husband of Ivanora was yet living. There seems, really, to be a natural species of goodness within the heart, implanted there by the hand of Omnipotence; and sometimes does not this native purity overcome the heart's stubbornness, as well as its morbid sensibility? If so, a person, then, will retrace his or her steps over their once wanton and cruel track, and restore the little floweret their rudeness or rashness has crushed. Yes, they will search for it, even if it is languishing and withering in the vales or bowers of seclusion, and when they find its tender fibres suffering perhaps for the want of culture and due attention, they will raise the drooping plant, for humanity then pervades the heart, and place it in a moist and fertile soil, where it shortly takes root, and flourishes, and presently it buds and blossoms in perennial sweetness, and freshness, and beauty!

THE END.

CATALOGUE  
OF  
VALUABLE BOOKS,

PUBLISHED BY  
LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & CO.,  
(SUCCESSORS TO GRIGG, ELLIOT & CO.)  
NO. 14 NORTH FOURTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA;

CONSISTING OF A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF  
Bibles, Prayer-Books, Commentaries, Standard Poets,  
MEDICAL, THEOLOGICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS WORKS, ETC.,  
PARTICULARLY SUITABLE FOR  
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIBRARIES.  
FOR SALE BY BOOKSELLERS AND COUNTRY MERCHANTS GENERALLY THROUGH-  
OUT THE UNITED STATES.

---

THE BEST & MOST COMPLETE FAMILY COMMENTARY.

The Comprehensive Commentary on the Holy Bible;

CONTAINING

THE TEXT ACCORDING TO THE AUTHORIZED VERSION,  
SCOTT'S MARGINAL REFERENCES; MATTHEW HENRY'S COMMENTARY,  
CONDENSED, BUT RETAINING EVERY USEFUL THOUGHT; THE  
PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS OF REV. THOMAS SCOTT, D. D.;

WITH EXTENSIVE

EXPLANATORY, CRITICAL AND PHILOLOGICAL NOTES,

Selected from Scott, Doddridge, Gill, Adam Clarke, Patrick, Poole, Lowth,  
Burder, Harmer, Calmet, Rosenmueller, Bloomfield, Stuart, Bush, Dwight,  
and many other writers on the Scriptures.

The whole designed to be a digest and combination of the advantages of  
the best Bible Commentaries, and embracing nearly all that is valuable in

HENRY, SCOTT, AND DODDRIDGE.

Conveniently arranged for family and private reading, and, at the same time,  
particularly adapted to the wants of Sabbath-School Teachers and Bible  
Classes; with numerous useful tables, and a neatly engraved Family Record.

Edited by Rev. WILLIAM JENKS, D. D.,

PASTOR OF GREEN STREET CHURCH, BOSTON.

Embellished with five portraits, and other elegant engravings, from steel  
plates; with several maps and many wood-cuts, illustrative of Scripture  
Manners, Customs, Antiquities, &c. In 6 vols. super-royal 8vo.

Including Supplement, bound in cloth, sheep, calf, &c., varying in

Price from \$10 to \$15.

The whole forming the most valuable as well as the cheapest Commentary  
published in the world.



## NOTICES AND RECOMMENDATIONS OF THE COMPREHENSIVE COMMENTARY.

The Publishers select the following from the testimonials they have received  
as to the value of the work :

We, the subscribers, having examined the *Comprehensive Commentary*, issued from the press of Messrs. L., G. & Co., and highly approving its character, would cheerfully and confidently recommend it as containing more matter and more advantages than any other with which we are acquainted; and considering the expense incurred, and the excellent manner of its mechanical execution, we believe it to be one of the *cheapest* works ever issued from the press. We hope the publishers will be sustained by a liberal patronage, in their expensive and useful undertaking. We should be pleased to learn that every family in the United States had procured a copy.

B. B. WISNER, D. D., Secretary of Am. Board of Com. for For. Missions.  
WM. COGSWELL, D. D., " " Education Society.  
JOHN CODMAN, D. D., Pastor of Congregational Church, Dorchester.  
Rev. HUBBARD WINSLOW, " " Bowdoin street, Dorchester.  
Rev. SEWALL HARDING, Pastor of T. C. Church, Waltham.  
Rev. J. H. FAIRCHILD, Pastor of Congregational Church, South Boston.  
GARDINER SPRING, D. D., Pastor of Presbyterian Church, New York city.  
CYRUS MASON, D. D., " " " " "  
THOS. MAULEY, D. D., " " " " "  
JOHN WOODBRIDGE, D. D., " " " " "  
THOS. DEWITT, D. D., " " Dutch Ref. " " "  
E. W. BALDWIN, D. D., " " " " "  
Rev. J. M. McKREBS, " " Presbyterian " " "  
Rev. ERSKINE MASON, " " " " "  
Rev. J. S. SPENCER, " " " " Brooklyn.  
EZRA STILES ELY, D. D., Stated Clerk of Gen. Assem. of Presbyterian Church.  
JOHN McDOWELL, D. D., Permanent " " " "  
JOHN BRECKENRIDGE, Corresponding Secretary of Assembly's Board of Education.  
SAMUEL B. WYLIE, D. D., Pastor of the Reformed Presbyterian Church.  
N. LORD, D. D., President of Dartmouth College.  
JOSHUA BATES, D. D., President of Middlebury College.  
H. HUMPHREY, D. D., " " Amherst College.  
E. D. GRIFFIN, D. D., " " Williamstown College.  
J. WHEELER, D. D., " " University of Vermont, at Burlington.  
J. M. MATTHEWS, D. D., " " New York City University.  
GEORGE E. PIERCE, D. D., " " Western Reserve College, Ohio.  
Rev. Dr. BROWN, " " Jefferson College, Penn.  
LEONARD WOODS, D. D., Professor of Theology, Andover Seminary.  
THOS. H. SKINNER, D. D., " " Sac. Rhet. " "  
Rev. RALPH EMERSON, " " Eccl. Hist. " "  
Rev. JOEL PARKER, Pastor of Presbyterian Church, New Orleans.  
JOEL HAWES, D. D., " " Congregational Church, Hartford, Conn.  
N. S. S. BEAMAN, D. D., " " Presbyterian Church, Troy, N. Y.  
MARK TUCKER, D. D., " " " " "  
Rev. E. N. KIRK, " " " " Albany, N. Y.  
Rev. E. B. EDWARDS, Editor of Quarterly Observer.  
Rev. STEPHEN MASON, Pastor First Congregational Church, Nantucket.  
Rev. ORIN FOWLER, " " " " Fall River.  
GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D. D., Pastor of the First Reformed Dutch Church, Philadelphia.  
Rev. LYMAN BEECHER, D. D., Cincinnati, Ohio.  
Rev. C. D. MALLORY, Pastor Baptist Church, Augusta, Ga.  
Rev. S. M. NOEL, " " " " Frankfort, Ky.

*From the Professors at Princeton Theological Seminary.*

The *Comprehensive Commentary* contains the whole of Henry's Exposition in a condensed form, Scott's Practical Observations and Marginal References, and a large number of very valuable philological and critical notes, selected from various authors. The work appears to be executed with judgment, fidelity, and care; and will furnish a rich treasure of scriptural knowledge to the Biblical student, and to the teachers of Sabbath-Schools and Bible Classes.

A. ALEXANDER, D. D.  
SAMUEL MILLER, D. D.  
CHARLES HODGE, D. D.

## The Companion to the Bible. In one super-royal volume.

DESIGNED TO ACCOMPANY

### THE FAMILY BIBLE, OR HENRY'S, SCOTT'S, CLARKE'S, GILL'S, OR OTHER COMMENTARIES:

CONTAINING

#### 1. A new, full, and complete Concordance;

Illustrated with monumental, traditional, and oriental engravings, founded on Butterworth's, with Cruden's definitions; forming, it is believed, on many accounts, a more valuable work than either Butterworth, Cruden, or any other similar book in the language.

The value of a Concordance is now generally understood; and those who have used one, consider it indispensable in connection with the Bible.

#### 2. A Guide to the Reading and Study of the Bible;

being Carpenter's valuable Biblical Companion, lately published in London, containing a complete history of the Bible, and forming a most excellent introduction to its study. It embraces the evidences of Christianity, Jewish antiquities, manners, customs, arts, natural history, &c., of the Bible, with notes and engravings added.

#### 3. Complete Biographies of Henry, by Williams; Scott, by his son; Doddridge, by Orton;

with sketches of the lives and characters, and notices of the works, of the writers on the Scriptures who are quoted in the Commentary, living and dead, American and foreign.

This part of the volume not only affords a large quantity of interesting and useful reading for pious families, but will also be a source of gratification to all those who are in the habit of consulting the Commentary; every one naturally feeling a desire to know some particulars of the lives and characters of those whose opinions he seeks. Appended to this part, will be a

### BIBLIOTHECA BIBLICA,

or list of the best works on the Bible, of all kinds, arranged under their appropriate heads.

#### 4. A complete Index of the Matter contained in the Bible Text.

#### 5. A Symbolical Dictionary.

A very comprehensive and valuable Dictionary of Scripture Symbols, (occupying about *fifty-six* closely printed pages,) by Thomas Wemyss, (author of "Biblical Gleanings," &c.) Comprising Daubuz, Lancaster, Hutcheson, &c.

#### 6. The Work contains several other Articles,

Indexes, Tables, &c. &c., and is,

#### 7. Illustrated by a large Plan of Jerusalem,

identifying, as far as tradition, &c., go, the original sites, drawn on the spot by F. Catherwood, of London, architect. Also, two steel engravings of portraits of seven foreign and eight American theological writers, and numerous wood engravings.

The whole forms a desirable and necessary fund of instruction for the use not only of clergymen and Sabbath-school teachers, but also for families. When the great amount of matter it must contain is considered, it will be deemed exceedingly cheap.

"I have examined 'The Companion to the Bible,' and have been surprised to find so much information introduced into a volume of so moderate a size. It contains a library of sacred knowledge and criticism. It will be useful to ministers who own large libraries, and cannot fail to be an invaluable help to every reader of the Bible."

HENRY MORRIS,  
Pastor of Congregational Church, Vermont.

The above work can be had in several styles of binding. Price varying  
from \$1 75 to \$5 00.

**ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES,**

In one super-royal volume.

DERIVED PRINCIPALLY FROM THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS, ANTIQUITIES, TRADITIONS, AND FORMS OF SPEECH, RITES, CLIMATE, WORKS OF ART, AND LITERATURE OF THE EASTERN NATIONS:

EMBODYING ALL THAT IS VALUABLE IN THE WORKS OF

**ROBERTS, HARMER, BURDER, PAXTON, CHANDLER,**

And the most celebrated oriental travellers. Embracing also the subject of the Fulfilment of Prophecy, as exhibited by Keith and others; with descriptions of the present state of countries and places mentioned in the Sacred Writings.

**ILLUSTRATED BY NUMEROUS LANDSCAPE ENGRAVINGS,**  
FROM SKETCHES TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

Edited by Rev. GEORGE BUSH,

Professor of Hebrew and Oriental Literature in the New York City University.

The importance of this work must be obvious, and, being altogether *illustrative*, without reference to doctrines, or other points in which Christians differ, it is hoped it will meet with favour from all who love the sacred volume, and that it will be sufficiently interesting and attractive to recommend itself, not only to professed Christians of all denominations, but also to the general reader. The arrangement of the texts illustrated with the notes, in the order of the chapters and verses of the authorized version of the Bible, will render it convenient for reference to particular passages; while the *copious Index* at the end will at once enable the reader to turn to every subject discussed in the volume.

*This volume is not designed to take the place of Commentaries, but is a distinct department of biblical instruction, and may be used as a companion to the Comprehensive or any other Commentary, or the Holy Bible.*

**THE ENGRAVINGS**

In this volume, it is believed, will form no small part of its attractions. No pains have been spared to procure such as should embellish the work, and, at the same time, illustrate the text. Objections that have been made to the pictures commonly introduced into the Bible, as being mere creations of fancy and the imagination, often unlike nature, and frequently conveying false impressions, cannot be urged against the pictorial illustrations of this volume. Here the fine arts are made subservient to utility, the landscape views being, without an exception, *matter-of-fact views of places mentioned in Scripture, as they appear at the present day*; thus in many instances exhibiting, in the most forcible manner, to the eye, the strict and literal fulfilment of the remarkable prophecies; "the present ruined and desolate condition of the cities of Babylon, Nineveh, Selah, &c., and the countries of Edom and Egypt, are astonishing examples, and so completely exemplify, in the most minute particulars, every thing which was foretold of them in the height of their prosperity, that no better description can now be given of them than a simple quotation from a chapter and verse of the Bible written nearly two or three thousand years ago." The publishers are enabled to select from several collections lately published in London, the proprietor of one of which says that "several distinguished travellers have afforded him the use of nearly *Three Hundred Original Sketches*" of Scripture places, made upon the spot. "The land of Palestine, it is well known, abounds in scenes of the most picturesque beauty. Syria comprehends the snowy heights of Lebanon, and the majestic runs of Tadmor and Baalbec."

The above work can be had in various styles of binding.

Price from \$1 50 to \$5 00.

**THE ILLUSTRATED CONCORDANCE,**

In one volume, royal 8vo.

A new, full, and complete Concordance; illustrated with monumental, traditional, and oriental engravings, founded on Butterworth's, with Cruden's definitions; forming, it is believed, on many accounts, a more valuable work than either Butterworth, Cruden, or any other similar book in the language.

The value of a Concordance is now generally understood; and those who have used one, consider it indispensable in connection with the Bible. Some of the many advantages the Illustrated Concordance has over all the others, are, that it contains near two hundred appropriate engravings: it is printed on fine white paper, with beautiful large type.

Price One Dollar.

LIPPINCOTT'S EDITION OF  
**BAGSTER'S COMPREHENSIVE BIBLE.**

In order to develop the peculiar nature of the Comprehensive Bible, it will only be necessary to embrace its more prominent features.

1st. The SACRED TEXT is that of the Authorized Version, and is printed from the edition corrected and improved by Dr. Blaney, which, from its accuracy, is considered the standard edition.

2d. The VARIOUS READINGS are faithfully printed from the edition of Dr. Blaney, inclusive of the translation of the proper names, without the addition or diminution of one.

3d. In the CHRONOLOGY, great care has been taken to fix the date of the particular transactions, which has seldom been done with any degree of exactness in any former edition of the Bible.

4th. The NOTES are exclusively philological and explanatory, and are not tinctured with sentiments of any sect or party. They are selected from the most eminent Biblical critics and commentators.

It is hoped that this edition of the Holy Bible will be found to contain the essence of Biblical research and criticism, that lies dispersed through an immense number of volumes.

Such is the nature and design of this edition of the Sacred Volume, which, from the various objects it embraces, the freedom of its pages from all sectarian peculiarities, and the beauty, plainness, and correctness of the typography, that it cannot fail of proving acceptable and useful to Christians of every denomination.

In addition to the usual references to parallel passages, which are quite full and numerous, the student has all the marginal readings, together with a rich selection of *Philological, Critical, Historical, Geographical*, and other valuable notes and remarks, which explain and illustrate the sacred text. Besides the general introduction, containing valuable essays on the genuineness, authenticity, and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, and other topics of interest, there are introductory and concluding remarks to each book—a table of the contents of the Bible, by which the different portions are so arranged as to read in an historical order.

Arranged at the top of each page is the period in which the prominent events of sacred history took place. The calculations are made for the year of the world before and after Christ, Julian Period, the year of the Olympiad, the year of the building of Rome, and other notations of time. At the close is inserted a Chronological Index of the Bible, according to the computation of Archbishop Usher. Also, a full and valuable index of the subjects contained in the Old and New Testaments, with a careful analysis and arrangement of texts under their appropriate subjects.

Mr. Greenfield, the editor of this work, and for some time previous to his death the superintendent of the editorial department of the British and Foreign Bible Society, was a most extraordinary man. In editing the Comprehensive Bible, his varied and extensive learning was called into successful exercise, and appears in happy combination with sincere piety and a sound judgment. The Editor of the Christian Observer, alluding to this work, in an obituary notice of its author, speaks of it as a work of "prodigious labour and research, at once exhibiting his varied talents and profound erudition."

LIPPINCOTT'S EDITION OF  
**THE OXFORD QUARTO BIBLE.**

The Publishers have spared neither care nor expense in their edition of the Bible; it is printed on the finest white vellum paper, with large and beautiful type, and bound in the most substantial and splendid manner, in the following styles: Velvet, with richly gilt ornaments; Turkey super extra, with gilt clasps; and in numerous others, to suit the taste of the most fastidious.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"In our opinion, the Christian public generally will feel under great obligations to the publishers of this work for the beautiful taste, arrangement, and delicate neatness with which they have got it out. The intrinsic merit of the Bible recommends itself; it needs no tinsel ornament to adorn its sacred pages. In this edition every superfluous ornament has been avoided, and we have presented us a perfectly chaste specimen of the Bible, without note or comment. It appears to be just what is needed in every family—the unsophisticated word of God."

"The size is quarto, printed with beautiful type, on white, sized vellum paper, of the finest texture and most beautiful surface. The publishers seem to have been solicitous to make a perfectly unique book, and they have accomplished the object very successfully. We trust that a liberal community will afford them ample remuneration for all the expense and outlay they have necessarily incurred in its publication. It is a standard Bible."

"The publishers are Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., No. 14 North Fourth street, Philadelphia."—*Baptist Record*.

"A beautiful quarto edition of the Bible, by L. G. & Co. Nothing can exceed the type in clearness and beauty: the paper is of the finest texture, and the whole execution is exceedingly neat. No illustrations or ornamental type are used. Those who prefer a Bible executed in perfect simplicity, yet elegance of style, without adornment, will probably never find one more to their taste."—*M. Magazine*.

## LIPPINCOTT'S EDITIONS OF THE HOLY BIBLE. SIX DIFFERENT SIZES.

Printed in the best manner, with beautiful type, on the finest sized paper, and bound in the most splendid and substantial styles. Warranted to be correct, and equal to the best English editions, at much less price. To be had with or without plates; the publishers having supplied themselves with over fifty steel engravings, by the first artists.

### Baxter's Comprehensive Bible,

Royal quarto, containing the various readings and marginal notes; disquisitions on the genuineness, authenticity, and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures; introductory and concluding remarks to each book; philological and explanatory notes; table of contents, arranged in historical order; a chronological index, and various other matter; forming a suitable book for the study of clergymen, Sabbath-school teachers, and students.

In neat plain binding, from \$4 00 to \$5 00. — In Turkey morocco, extra, gilt edges, from \$8 00 to \$12 00. — In do., with splendid plates, \$10 00 to \$15 00. — In do., bevelled side, gilt clasps and illuminations, \$15 00 to \$25 00.

### The Oxford Quarto Bible,

Without note or comment, universally admitted to be the most beautiful Bible extant.

In neat plain binding, from \$4 00 to \$5 00. — In Turkey morocco, extra, gilt edges, \$8 00 to \$12 00. — In do., with steel engravings, \$10 00 to \$15 00. — In do., clasps, &c., with plates and illuminations, \$15 00 to \$25 00. — In rich velvet, with gilt ornaments, \$25 00 to \$50 00.

### Crown Octavo Bible,

Printed with large clear type, making a most convenient hand Bible for family use.

In neat plain binding, from 75 cents to \$1 50. — In English Turkey morocco, gilt edges, \$1 00 to \$2 00. — In do., imitation, &c., \$1 50 to \$3 00. — In do., clasps, &c., \$2 50 to \$5 00. — In rich velvet, with gilt ornaments, \$5 00 to \$10 00.

### The Sunday-School Teacher's Polyglot Bible, with Maps, &c.,

In neat plain binding, from 60 cents to \$1 00. — In imitation gilt edge, \$1 00 to \$1 50. — In Turkey, super extra, \$1 75 to \$2 25. — In do. do., with clasps, \$2 50 to \$3 75. — In velvet, rich gilt ornaments, \$3 50 to \$8 00.

### The Oxford 18mo., or Pew Bible,

In neat plain binding, from 50 cents to \$1 00. — In imitation gilt edge, \$1 00 to \$1 50. — In Turkey super extra, \$1 75 to \$2 25. — In do. do., with clasps, \$2 50 to \$3 75. — In velvet, rich gilt ornaments, \$3 50 to \$8 00.

### Agate 32mo. Bible,

Printed with larger type than any other small or pocket edition extant.

In neat plain binding, from 50 cents to \$1 00. — In tucks, or pocket-book style, 75 cents to \$1 00. — In roan, imitation gilt edge, \$1 00 to \$1 50. — In Turkey, super extra, \$1 00 to \$2 00. — In do. do. gilt clasps, \$2 50 to \$3 50. — In velvet, with rich gilt ornaments, \$3 00 to \$7 00.

### 32mo. Diamond Pocket Bible;

The neatest, smallest, and cheapest edition of the Bible published

In neat plain binding, from 30 to 50 cents. — In tucks, or pocket-book style, 60 cents to \$1 00. — In roan, imitation gilt edge, 75 cents to \$1 25. — In Turkey, super extra, \$1 00 to \$1 50. — In do. do. gilt clasps, \$1 50 to \$2 00. — In velvet, with richly gilt ornaments, \$2 50 to \$6 00.

### CONSTANTLY ON HAND,

A large assortment of BIBLES, bound in the most splendid and costly styles, with gold and silver ornaments, suitable for presentation; ranging in price from \$10 00 to \$100 00.

A liberal discount made to Booksellers and Agents by the Publishers.

## ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE;

OR, DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE, THEOLOGY, RELIGIOUS BIOGRAPHY, ALL RELIGIONS, ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY, AND MISSIONS.

Designed as a complete Book of Reference on all Religious Subjects, and Companion to the Bible; forming a cheap and compact Library of Religious Knowledge. Edited by Rev. J. Newton Brown. Illustrated by wood-cuts, maps, and engravings on copper and steel. In one volume, royal 8vo. Price, \$4 00.

## Lippincott's Standard Editions of THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER. IN SIX DIFFERENT SIZES.

ILLUSTRATED WITH A NUMBER OF STEEL PLATES AND ILLUMINATIONS.  
COMPREHENDING THE MOST VARIED AND SPLENDID ASSORTMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

### THE ILLUMINATED OCTAVO PRAYER-BOOK,

Printed in seventeen different colours of ink, and illustrated with a number of Steel Plates and Illuminations; making one of the most splendid books published. To be had in any variety of the most superb binding, ranging in prices.

In Turkey, super extra, from \$5 00 to \$8 00. — In do. do., with clasps, \$6 00 to \$10 00. — In do. do., bevelled and panelled edges, \$8 00 to \$15 00. — In velvet, richly ornamented, \$12 00 to \$20 00.

### 8vo.

In neat plain binding, from \$1 50 to \$2 00. — In imitation gilt edge, \$2 00 to \$3 00. — In Turkey, super extra, \$2 50 to \$4 50. — In do. do., with clasps, \$3 00 to \$5 00. — In velvet, richly gilt ornaments, \$5 00 to \$12 00.

### 16mo.

Printed throughout with large and elegant type.

In neat plain binding, from 75 cents to \$1 50. — In Turkey morocco, extra, with plates, \$1 75 to \$3 00. — In do. do., with plates, clasps, &c., \$2 50 to \$5 00. — In velvet, with richly gilt ornaments, \$4 00 to \$9 00.

### 18mo.

In neat plain binding, from 25 to 75 cents. — In Turkey morocco, with plates, \$1 25 to \$2 00. — In velvet, with richly gilt ornaments, \$3 00 to \$8 00.

### 32mo.

A beautiful Pocket Edition, with large type.

In neat plain binding, from 50 cents to \$1 00. — In roan, imitation gilt edge, 75 cents to \$1 50. — In Turkey, super extra, \$1 25 to \$2 00. — In do. do., gilt clasps, \$2 00 to \$3 00. — In velvet, with richly gilt ornaments, \$3 00 to \$7 00.

### 32mo., Pearl type.

In plain binding, from 25 to 37 1-2 cents. — Roan, 37 1-2 to 50 cents. — Imitation Turkey, 50 cents to \$1 00. — Turkey, super extra, with gilt edge, \$1 00 to \$1 50. — Pocket-book style, 60 to 75 cents.

## PROPER LESSONS.

### 18mo.

A BEAUTIFUL EDITION, WITH LARGE TYPE.

In neat plain binding, from 50 cents to \$1 00. — In roan, imitation gilt edge, 75 cents to \$1 50. — In Turkey, super extra, \$1 50 to \$2 00. — In do. do., gilt clasps, \$2 50 to \$3 00. — In velvet, with richly gilt ornaments, \$3 00 to \$7 00.

## THE BIBLE AND PRAYER-BOOK.

In one neat and portable volume.

32mo., in neat plain binding, from 75 cents to \$1 00. — In imitation Turkey, \$1 00 to \$1 50. — In Turkey, super extra, \$1 50 to \$2 50.

18mo., in large type, plain, \$1 75 to \$2 50. — In imitation, \$1 00 to \$1 75. — In Turkey, super extra, \$1 75 to \$3 00. Also, with clasps, velvet, &c. &c.

## The Errors of Modern Infidelity Illustrated and Refuted.

BY S. M. SCHMUCKER, A. M.

In one volume, 12mo.; cloth. Just published.

We cannot but regard this work, in whatever light we view it in reference to its design, as one of the most masterly productions of the age, and fitted to uproot one of the most fondly cherished and dangerous of all ancient or modern errors. God must bless such a work, armed with his own truth, and doing fierce and successful battle against black infidelity, which would bring His Majesty and Word down to the tribunal of human reason, for condemnation and annihilation. — *Alb. Spectator*

## The Clergy of America:

CONSISTING OF

ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE CHARACTER OF MINISTERS OF RELIGION IN THE UNITED STATES,

BY JOSEPH BELCHER, D. D.,

Editor of "The Complete Works of Andrew Fuller," "Robert Hall," &c.

"This very interesting and instructive collection of pleasing and solemn remembrances of many pious men, illustrates the character of the day in which they lived, and defines the men more clearly than very elaborate essays." — *Baltimore American*.

"We regard the collection as highly interesting, and judiciously made." — *Presbyterian*.

## JOSEPHUS'S (FLAVIUS) WORKS,

FAMILY EDITION.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM WHISTON, A. M.

FROM THE LAST LONDON EDITION, COMPLETE.

One volume, beautifully illustrated with Steel Plates, and the only readable edition published in this country.

As a matter of course, every family in our country has a copy of the Holy Bible; and as the presumption is that the greater portion often consult its pages, we take the liberty of saying to all those that do, that the perusal of the writings of Josephus will be found very interesting and instructive.

All those who wish to possess a beautiful and correct copy of this valuable work, would do well to purchase this edition. It is for sale at all the principal bookstores in the United States, and by country merchants generally in the Southern and Western States.

Also, the above work in two volumes.

## BURDER'S VILLAGE SERMONS;

Or, 101 Plain and Short Discourses on the Principal Doctrines of the Gospel.

INTENDED FOR THE USE OF FAMILIES, SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, OR COMPANIES ASSEMBLED FOR RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN COUNTRY VILLAGES.

BY GEORGE BURDER.

To which is added to each Sermon, a Short Prayer, with some General Prayers for Families, Schools, &c., at the end of the work.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME, OCTAVO.

These sermons, which are characterized by a beautiful simplicity, the entire absence of controversy, and a true evangelical spirit, have gone through many and large editions, and been translated into several of the continental languages. "They have also been the honoured means not only of converting many individuals, but also of introducing the Gospel into districts, and even into parish churches, where before it was comparatively unknown."

"This work fully deserves the immortality it has attained."

This is a fine library edition of this invaluable work; and when we say that it should be found in the possession of every family, we only reiterate the sentiments and sincere wishes of all who take a deep interest in the eternal welfare of mankind.

## FAMILY PRAYERS AND HYMNS,

ADAPTED TO FAMILY WORSHIP,

AND

TABLES FOR THE REGULAR READING OF THE SCRIPTURES.

By Rev. S. C. WINCHESTER, A. M.,

Late Pastor of the Sixth Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia; and the Presbyterian Church at Natchez, Miss.

One volume, 12mo.

## SPLENDID LIBRARY EDITIONS.

## ILLUSTRATED STANDARD POETS.

ELEGANTLY PRINTED, ON FINE PAPER, AND UNIFORM IN SIZE AND STYLE.

The following Editions of Standard British Poets are illustrated with numerous Steel Engravings, and may be had in all varieties of binding.

## BYRON'S WORKS.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME, OCTAVO.

INCLUDING ALL HIS SUPPRESSED AND ATTRIBUTED POEMS; WITH SIX BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

This edition has been carefully compared with the recent London edition of Mr. Murray, and made complete by the addition of more than fifty pages of poems heretofore unpublished in England. Among these there are a number that have never appeared in any American edition; and the publishers believe they are warranted in saying that this is the most complete edition of Lord Byron's Poetical Works ever published in the United States.

## The Poetical Works of Mrs. Hemans.

Complete in one volume, octavo; with seven beautiful Engravings.

This is a new and complete edition, with a splendid engraved likeness of Mrs. Hemans, on steel, and contains all the Poems in the last London and American editions. With a Critical Preface by Mr. Thatcher, of Boston.

"As no work in the English language can be commended with more confidence, it will argue bad taste in a female in this country to be without a complete edition of the writings of one who was an honour to her sex and to humanity, and whose productions, from first to last, contain no syllable calculated to call a blush to the cheek of modesty and virtue. There is, moreover, in Mrs. Hemans's poetry, a moral purity and a religious feeling which commend it, in an especial manner, to the discriminating reader. No parent or guardian will be under the necessity of imposing restrictions with regard to the free perusal of every production emanating from this gifted woman. There breathes throughout the whole a most eminent exemption from impropriety of thought or diction; and there is at times a pensiveness of tone, a winning sadness in her more serious compositions, which tells of a soul which has been lifted from the contemplation of terrestrial things, to divine communings with beings of a purer world."

## MILTON, YOUNG, GRAY, BEATTIE, AND COLLINS'S POETICAL WORKS.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME, OCTAVO.

WITH SIX BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

## Cowper and Thomson's Prose and Poetical Works.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME, OCTAVO.

including two hundred and fifty Letters, and sundry Poems of Cowper, never before published in this country; and of Thomson a new and interesting Memoir, and upwards of twenty new Poems, for the first time printed from his own Manuscripts, taken from a late Edition of the Aldine Poets, now publishing in London.

WITH SEVEN BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

The distinguished Professor Silliman, speaking of this edition, observes: "I am as much gratified by the elegance and fine taste of your edition, as by the noble tribute of genius and moral excellence which these delightful authors have left for all future generations; and Cowper, especially, is not less conspicuous as a true Christian, moralist and teacher, than as a poet of great power and exquisite taste."

## THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROGERS, CAMPBELL, MONTGOMERY, LAMB, AND KIRKE WHITE.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME, OCTAVO.  
WITH SIX BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

The beauty, correctness, and convenience of this favourite edition of these standard authors are so well known, that it is scarcely necessary to add a word in its favour. It is only necessary to say, that the publishers have now issued an illustrated edition, which greatly enhances its former value. The engravings are excellent and well selected. It is the best library edition extant.

## CRABBE, HEBER, AND POLLOK'S POETICAL WORKS.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME, OCTAVO.  
WITH SIX BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

A writer in the Boston Traveller holds the following language with reference to these valuable editions:—

"Mr. Editor:—I wish, without any idea of puffing, to say a word or two upon the 'Library of English Poets' that is now published at Philadelphia, by Lippincott, Grambo & Co. It is certainly, taking into consideration the elegant manner in which it is printed, and the reasonable price at which it is afforded to purchasers, the best edition of the modern British Poets that has ever been published in this country. Each volume is an octavo of about 500 pages, double columns, stereotyped, and accompanied with fine engravings and biographical sketches; and most of them are reprinted from Galignani's French edition. As to its value, we need only mention that it contains the entire works of Montgomery, Gray, Beattie, Collins, Byron, Cowper, Thomson, Milton, Young, Rogers, Campbell, Lamb, Hemans, Heber, Kirke White, Crabbe, the Miscellaneous Works of Goldsmith, and other masters of the lyre. The publishers are doing a great service by their publication, and their volumes are almost in as great demand as the fashionable novels of the day; and they deserve to be so: for they are certainly printed in a style superior to that in which we have before had the works of the English Poets."

No library can be considered complete without a copy of the above beautiful and cheap editions of the English Poets; and persons ordering all or any of them, will please say Lippincott, Grambo & Co.'s illustrated editions.

## A COMPLETE Dictionary of Poetical Quotations:

COMPRISING THE MOST EXCELLENT AND APPROPRIATE PASSAGES IN  
THE OLD BRITISH POETS; WITH CHOICE AND COPIOUS SELEC-  
TIONS FROM THE BEST MODERN BRITISH AND  
AMERICAN POETS.

EDITED BY SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

As nightingales do upon glow-worms feed,  
So poets live upon the living light  
Of Nature and of Beauty.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Beautifully illustrated with Engravings. In one super-royal octavo volume, in various bindings.

The publishers extract, from the many highly complimentary notices of the above valuable and beautiful work, the following:

"We have at last a volume of Poetical Quotations worthy of the name. It contains nearly six hundred octavo pages, carefully and tastefully selected from all the home and foreign authors of celebrity. It is invaluable to a writer, while to the ordinary reader it presents every subject at a glance."—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

"The plan or idea of Mrs. Hale's work is felicitous. It is one for which her fine taste, her orderly habits of mind, and her long occupation with literature, has given her peculiar facilities; and thoroughly has she accomplished her task in the work before us."—*Sartain's Magazine.*

"It is a choice collection of poetical extracts from every English and American author worth perusing, from the days of Chaucer to the present time."—*Washington Union.*

"There is nothing negative about this work; it is positively good."—*Evening Bulletin.*

## THE DIAMOND EDITION OF BYRON. THE POETICAL WORKS OF LORD BYRON, WITH A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

COMPLETE IN ONE NEAT DUODECIMO VOLUME, WITH STEEL PLATES.

The type of this edition is so perfect, and it is printed with so much care, on fine white paper, that it can be read with as much ease as most of the larger editions. This work is to be had in plain and superb binding, making a beautiful volume for a gift.

"The Poetical Works of Lord Byron, complete in one volume; published by L. G. & Co., Philadelphia. We hazard nothing in saying that, take it altogether, this is the most elegant work ever issued from the American press.

"In a single volume, not larger than an ordinary duodecimo, the publishers have embraced the whole of Lord Byron's Poems, usually printed in ten or twelve volumes; and, what is more remarkable, have done it with a type so clear and distinct, that, notwithstanding its necessarily small size, it may be read with the utmost facility, even by failing eyes. The book is stereotyped; and never have we seen a finer specimen of that art. Everything about it is perfect—the paper, the printing, the binding, all correspond with each other; and it is embellished with two fine engravings, well worthy the companionship in which they are placed.

"This will make a beautiful Christmas present."

"We extract the above from Godey's Lady's Book. The notice itself, we are given to understand, is written by Mrs. Hale.

"We have to add our commendation in favour of this beautiful volume, a copy of which has been sent us by the publishers. The admirers of the noble bard will feel obliged to the enterprise which has prompted the publishers to dare a competition with the numerous editions of his works already in circulation; and we shall be surprised if this convenient travelling edition does not in a great degree supersede the use of the large octavo works, which have little advantage in size and openness of type, and are much inferior in the qualities of portability and lightness."—*Intelligencer.*

## THE DIAMOND EDITION OF MOORE.

(CORRESPONDING WITH BYRON.)

## THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS MOORE, COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

This work is published uniform with Byron, from the last London edition, and is the most complete printed in the country.

## THE DIAMOND EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE,

(COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.)

## INCLUDING A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

UNIFORM WITH BYRON AND MOORE.

THE ABOVE WORKS CAN BE HAD IN SEVERAL VARIETIES OF BINDING.

## GOLDSMITH'S ANIMATED NATURE.

IN TWO VOLUMES, OCTAVO.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED WITH 385 PLATES.

CONTAINING A HISTORY OF THE EARTH, ANIMALS, BIRDS, AND FISHES; FORMING  
THE MOST COMPLETE NATURAL HISTORY EVER PUBLISHED.

This is a work that should be in the library of every family, having been written by one of the most talented authors in the English language.

"Goldsmith can never be made obsolete while delicate genius, exquisite feeling, fine invention, the most harmonious metre, and the happiest diction, are at all valued."

## BIGLAND'S NATURAL HISTORY

OF Animals, Birds, Fishes, Reptiles, and Insects. Illustrated with numerous and beautiful Engravings. By JOHN BIGLAND, author of a "View of the World," "Letters on Universal History," &c. Complete in 1 vol., 12mo.



**THE POWER AND PROGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.**

**THE UNITED STATES; Its Power and Progress.**

BY GUILLAUME TELL POUSSIN,

LATE MINISTER OF THE REPUBLIC OF FRANCE TO THE UNITED STATES.

FIRST AMERICAN, FROM THE THIRD PARIS EDITION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY EDMOND L. DU BARRY, M. D.,

SURGEON U. S. NAVY.

In one large octavo volume.

**SCHOOLCRAFT'S GREAT NATIONAL WORK ON THE INDIAN TRIBES OF THE UNITED STATES.**

WITH BEAUTIFUL AND ACCURATE COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS.

**HISTORICAL AND STATISTICAL INFORMATION**

RESPECTING THE

**HISTORY, CONDITION AND PROSPECTS**

OF THE

**Indian Tribes of the United States.**

COLLECTED AND PREPARED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, PER ACT OF MARCH 3, 1847,

BY HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT, LL.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY S. EASTMAN, CAPT. U. S. A.

PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF CONGRESS.

**THE AMERICAN GARDENER'S CALENDAR,**

ADAPTED TO THE CLIMATE AND SEASONS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Containing a complete account of all the work necessary to be done in the Kitchen Garden, Fruit Garden, Orchard, Vineyard, Nursery, Pleasure-Ground, Flower Garden, Green-house, Hot-house, and Forcing Frames, for every month in the year; with ample Practical Directions for performing the same.

Also, general as well as minute instructions for laying out or erecting each and every of the above departments, according to modern taste and the most approved plans; the Ornamental Planting of Pleasure Grounds, in the ancient and modern style; the cultivation of Thorn Quicks, and other plants suitable for Live Hedges, with the best methods of making them, &c. To which are annexed catalogues of Kitchen Garden Plants and Herbs; Aromatic, Pot, and Sweet Herbs; Medicinal Plants, and the most important Grapes, &c., used in rural economy; with the soil best adapted to their cultivation. Together with a copious Index to the body of the work.

BY BERNARD M'MAHON.

Tenth Edition, greatly improved. In one volume, octavo.

**THE USEFUL AND THE BEAUTIFUL;  
OR, DOMESTIC AND MORAL DUTIES NECESSARY TO SOCIAL HAPPINESS.**

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

16mo. square cloth. Price 50 and 75 cents.

**THE FARMER'S AND PLANTER'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.**

*The Farmer's and Planter's Encyclopædia of Rural Affairs.*

BY CUTHBERT W. JOHNSON.

ADAPTED TO THE UNITED STATES BY GOUVERNEUR EMERSON.

Illustrated by seventeen beautiful Engravings of Cattle, Horses, Sheep, the varieties of Wheat, Barley, Oats, Grasses, the Weeds of Agriculture, &c.; besides numerous Engravings on wood of the most important implements of Agriculture, &c.

This standard work contains the latest and best information upon all subjects connected with farming, and appertaining to the country; treating of the great crops of grain, hay, cotton, hemp, tobacco, rice, sugar, &c. &c.; of horses and mules; of cattle, with minute particulars relating to cheese and butter-making; of fowls, including a description of capon-making, with drawings of the instruments employed; of bees, and the Russian and other systems of managing bees and constructing hives. Long articles on the uses and preparation of bones, lime, guano, and all sorts of animal, mineral, and vegetable substances employed as manures. Descriptions of the most approved ploughs, harrows, threshers, and every other agricultural machine and implement; of fruit and shade trees, forest trees, and shrubs; of weeds, and all kinds of flies, and destructive worms and insects, and the best means of getting rid of them; together with a thousand other matters relating to rural life, about which information is so constantly desired by all residents of the country.

IN ONE LARGE OCTAVO VOLUME.

**MASON'S FARRIER—FARMERS' EDITION.**

Price, 62 cents.

**THE PRACTICAL FARRIER, FOR FARMERS:**

COMPRISING A GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE NOBLE AND USEFUL ANIMAL,

**THE HORSE;**

WITH MODES OF MANAGEMENT IN ALL CASES, AND TREATMENT IN DISEASE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A PRIZE ESSAY ON MULES; AND AN APPENDIX,

Containing Recipes for Diseases of Horses, Oxen, Cows, Calves, Sheep, Dogs, Swine, &c. &c.

BY RICHARD MASON, M.D.,

Formerly of Surry County, Virginia.

In one volume, 12mo.; bound in cloth, gilt.

**MASON'S FARRIER AND STUD-BOOK—NEW EDITION.**

**THE GENTLEMAN'S NEW POCKET FARRIER:**

COMPRISING A GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE NOBLE AND USEFUL ANIMAL,

**THE HORSE;**

WITH MODES OF MANAGEMENT IN ALL CASES, AND TREATMENT IN DISEASE.

BY RICHARD MASON, M.D.,

Formerly of Surry County, Virginia.

To which is added, A PRIZE ESSAY ON MULES; and AN APPENDIX, containing Recipes for Diseases of Horses, Oxen, Cows, Calves, Sheep, Dogs, Swine, &c. &c.; with Annals of the Turf, American Stud-Book, Rules for Training, Racing, &c.

WITH A SUPPLEMENT,

Comprising an Essay on Domestic Animals, especially the Horse; with Remarks on Treatment and Breeding; together with Trotting and Racing Tables, showing the best time on record at one, two, three and four mile heats; Pedigrees of Winning Horses, since 1839, and of the most celebrated Stallions and Mares; with useful Calving and Lambing Tables. By J. S. SKINNER, Editor now of the Farmer's Library, New York, &c. &c.



## HINDS'S FARRIERY AND STUD-BOOK—NEW EDITION.

# FARRIERY, TAUGHT ON A NEW AND EASY PLAN:

BEING

## A Treatise on the Diseases and Accidents of the Horse;

With Instructions to the Shoeing Smith, Farrier, and Groom; preceded by a Popular Description of the Animal Functions in Health, and how these are to be restored when disordered.

BY JOHN HINDS, VETERINARY SURGEON.

With considerable Additions and Improvements, particularly adapted to this country,

BY THOMAS M. SMITH,

Veterinary Surgeon, and Member of the London Veterinary Medical Society.

WITH A SUPPLEMENT, BY J. S. SKINNER.

The publishers have received numerous flattering notices of the great practical value of these works. The distinguished editor of the American Farmer, speaking of them, observes:—"We cannot too highly recommend these books, and therefore advise every owner of a horse to obtain them."

"There are receipts in those books that show how *Founder* may be cured, and the traveller pursue his journey the next day, by giving a *tablespoonful of alum*. This was got from Dr. P. Thornton, of Montpelier, Rappahannock county, Virginia, as founded on his own observation in several cases."

"The constant demand for Mason's and Hinds's Farrier has induced the publishers, Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., to put forth new editions, with a 'Supplement' of 100 pages, by J. S. Skinner, Esq. We should have sought to render an acceptable service to our agricultural readers, by giving a chapter from the Supplement, 'On the Relations between Man and the Domestic Animals, especially the Horse, and the Obligations they impose;' or the one on 'The Form of Animals;' but that either one of them would overrun the space here allotted to such subjects."

"Lists of Medicines, and other articles which ought to be at hand about every training and livery stable, and every Farmer's and Breeder's establishment, will be found in these valuable works."

## TO CARPENTERS AND MECHANICS.

Just Published.

A NEW AND IMPROVED EDITION OF

# THE CARPENTER'S NEW GUIDE,

BEING A COMPLETE BOOK OF LINES FOR

## CARPENTRY AND JOINERY;

Treating fully on Practical Geometry, Saffit's Brick and Plaster Groins, Niches of every description, Sky-lights, Lines for Roofs and Domes; with a great variety of Designs for Roofs, Trussed Girders, Floors, Domes, Bridges, &c., Angle Bars for Shop Fronts, &c., and Raking Mouldings.

ALSO,

Additional Plans for various Stair-Cases, with the Lines for producing the Face and Falling Moulds never before published, and greatly superior to those given in a former edition of this work.

BY WILLIAM JOHNSON, ARCHITECT.

OF PHILADELPHIA.

The whole founded on true Geometrical Principles; the Theory and Practice well explained and fully exemplified, on eighty-three copper plates, including some Observations and Calculations on the Strength of Timber.

BY PETER NICHOLSON.

Author of "The Carpenter and Joiner's Assistant," "The Student's Instructor to the Five Orders," &c.

Thirteenth Edition. One volume, 4to., well bound.

# A DICTIONARY OF SELECT AND POPULAR QUOTATIONS, WHICH ARE IN DAILY USE.

TAKEN FROM THE LATIN, FRENCH, GREEK, SPANISH AND ITALIAN LANGUAGES. Together with a copious Collection of Law Maxims and Law Terms, translated into English, with Illustrations, Historical and Idiomatic.

NEW AMERICAN EDITION, CORRECTED, WITH ADDITIONS.

One volume, 12mo.

This volume comprises a copious collection of legal and other terms which are in common use, with English translations and historical illustrations; and we should judge its author had surely seen to a great "Feast of Languages," and stole all the scraps. A work of this character should have an extensive sale, as it entirely obviates a serious difficulty in which most readers are involved by the frequent occurrence of Latin, Greek, and French passages, which we suppose are introduced by authors for a mere show of learning—a difficulty very perplexing to readers in general. This "Dictionary of Quotations," concerning which too much cannot be said in its favour, effectually removes the difficulty, and gives the reader an advantage over the author; for we believe a majority are themselves ignorant of the meaning of the terms they employ. Very few truly learned authors will insult their readers by introducing Latin or French quotations in their writings, when "plain English" will do as well; but we will not enlarge on this point.

If the book is useful to those unacquainted with other languages, it is no less valuable to the classically educated as a book of reference, and answers all the purposes of a Lexicon—indeed, on many accounts, it is better. It saves the trouble of tumbling over the larger volumes, to which every one, and especially those engaged in the legal profession, are very often subjected. It should have a place in every library in the country.

# RUSCHENBERGER'S NATURAL HISTORY,

COMPLETE, WITH NEW GLOSSARY.

## The Elements of Natural History,

EMBRACING ZOOLOGY, BOTANY AND GEOLOGY;

FOR SCHOOLS, COLLEGES AND FAMILIES.

BY W. S. W. RUSCHENBERGER, M. D.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH NEARLY ONE THOUSAND ILLUSTRATIONS, AND A COPIOUS GLOSSARY. Vol. I. contains *Vertebrate Animals*. Vol. II. contains *Intervertebrate Animals, Botany, and Geology*.

## A Beautiful and Valuable Presentation Book.

# THE POET'S OFFERING.

EDITED BY MRS. HALE.

With a Portrait of the Editress, a Splendid Illuminated Title-Page, and Twelve Beautiful Engravings by Sartain. Bound in rich Turkey Morocco, and Extra Cloth, Gilt Edge.

To those who wish to make a present that will never lose its value, this will be found the most desirable Gift-Book ever published.

"We commend it to all who desire to present a friend with a volume not only very beautiful, but of solid intrinsic value."—*Washington Union*.

"A perfect treasury of the thoughts and fancies of the best English and American Poets. The paper and printing are beautiful, and the binding rich, elegant, and substantial; the most sensible and attractive of all the elegant gift-books we have seen."—*Evening Bulletin*.

"The publishers deserve the thanks of the public for so happy a thought, so well executed. The engravings are by the best artists, and the other portions of the work correspond in elegance."—*Public Ledger*.

"There is no book of selections so diversified and appropriate within our knowledge."—*Pennsylvania Lady's Book*.

"It is one of the most valuable as well as elegant books ever published in this country."—*Godey's Lady's Book*.

"It is the most beautiful and the most useful offering ever bestowed on the public. No individual of literary taste will venture to be without it."—*The City Item*.

**THE YOUNG DOMINICAN;  
OR, THE MYSTERIES OF THE INQUISITION,  
AND OTHER SECRET SOCIETIES OF SPAIN.**

BY M. V. DE FERREAL.

WITH HISTORICAL NOTES, BY M. MANUEL DE CUENDIAS  
TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

ILLUSTRATED WITH TWENTY SPLENDID ENGRAVINGS BY FRENCH ARTISTS

One volume, octavo.

**SAY'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.**

**A TREATISE ON POLITICAL ECONOMY;  
Or, The Production, Distribution and Consumption of Wealth.**

BY JEAN BAPTISTE SAY.

FIFTH AMERICAN EDITION, WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES,  
BY C. C. BIDDLE, Esq.

In one volume, octavo.

It would be beneficial to our country if all those who are aspiring to office, were required by their constituents to be familiar with the pages of Say.

The distinguished biographer of the author, in noticing this work, observes: "Happily for science he commenced that study which forms the basis of his admirable Treatise on *Political Economy*; a work which not only improved under his hand with every successive edition, but has been translated into most of the European languages."

The Editor of the North American Review, speaking of Say, observes, that "he is the most popular, and perhaps the most able writer on Political Economy, since the time of Smith."

**LAURENCE STERNE'S WORKS,  
WITH A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR:**

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

WITH SEVEN BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS, ENGRAVED BY GILBERT AND GIHON,  
FROM DESIGNS BY DARLEY.

One volume, octavo; cloth, gilt.

To commend or to criticise Sterne's Works, in this age of the world, would be all "wasteful and extravagant excess." Uncle Toby—Corporal Trim—the Widow—Le Fevre—Poor Maria—the Captive—even the Dead Ass,—this is all we have to say of Sterne; and in the memory of these characters, histories, and sketches, a thousand follies and worse than follies are forgotten. The volume is a very handsome one.

**THE MEXICAN WAR AND ITS HEROES,**

BEING

**A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE MEXICAN WAR,**

EMBRACING ALL THE OPERATIONS UNDER GENERALS TAYLOR AND SCOTT.

WITH A BIOGRAPHY OF THE OFFICERS.

ALSO,

**AN ACCOUNT OF THE CONQUEST OF CALIFORNIA AND NEW MEXICO,**

Under Gen. Kearny, Cols. Doniphan and Fremont. Together with Numerous Anecdotes of the War, and Personal Adventures of the Officers. Illustrated with Accurate Portraits, and other Beautiful Engravings.

In one volume, 12mo.

**NEW AND COMPLETE COOK-BOOK.  
THE PRACTICAL COOK-BOOK,**

CONTAINING UPWARDS OF

**ONE THOUSAND RECEIPTS,**

Consisting of Directions for Selecting, Preparing, and Cooking all kinds of Meats, Fish, Poultry, and Game; Soups, Broths, Vegetables, and Salads. Also, for making all kinds of Plain and Fancy Breads, Pastes, Puddings, Cakes, Creams, Ices, Jellies, Preserves, Marmalades, &c. &c. &c. Together with various Miscellaneous Recipes, and numerous Preparations for Invalids.

BY MRS. BLISS.

In one volume, 12mo.

**The City Merchant; or, The Mysterious Failure.**

BY J. B. JONES,

AUTHOR OF "WILD WESTERN SCENES," "THE WESTERN MERCHANT," &c.

ILLUSTRATED WITH TEN ENGRAVINGS.

In one volume, 12mo.

**CALIFORNIA AND OREGON;  
OR, SIGHTS IN THE GOLD REGION, AND SCENES BY THE WAY,**

BY THEODORE T. JOHNSON.

WITH NOTES, BY HON. SAMUEL R. THURSTON,

Delegate to Congress from that Territory.

With numerous Plates and Maps.

**AUNT PHILLIS'S CABIN;  
OR, SOUTHERN LIFE AS IT IS.**

BY MRS. MARY H. EASTMAN.

PRICE, 50 AND 75 CENTS.

This volume presents a picture of Southern Life, taken at different points of view from the one occupied by the authoress of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*." The writer, being a native of the South, is familiar with the many varied aspects assumed by domestic servitude in that sunny region, and therefore feels competent to give pictures of "Southern Life, as it is."

Pledged to no clique or party, and free from the pressure of any and all extraneous influences, she has written her book with a view to its truthfulness; and the public at the North, as well as at the South, will find in "*Aunt Phillis's Cabin*" not the distorted picture of an interested painter, but the faithful transcript of a Daguerreotypist.

**WHAT IS CHURCH HISTORY?  
A VINDICATION OF THE IDEA OF HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENTS**

BY PHILIP SCHAF.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

In one volume, 12mo.

**DODD'S LECTURES.**

**DISCOURSES TO YOUNG MEN.**

ILLUSTRATED BY NUMEROUS HIGHLY INTERESTING ANECDOTES.

BY WILLIAM DODD, LL. D.,

CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO HIS MAJESTY GEORGE THE THIRD.

FIRST AMERICAN EDITION, WITH ENGRAVINGS.

One volume, 18mo.

**THE IRIS:**

**AN ORIGINAL SOUVENIR.**

With Contributions from the First Writers in the Country.

EDITED BY PROF. JOHN S. HART.

With Splendid Illuminations and Steel Engravings. . . Bound in Turkey Morocco and rich Paper Mache Binding.

IN ONE VOLUME, OCTAVO.

Its contents are entirely original. Among the contributors are names well known in the republic of letters; such as Mr. Boker, Mr. Stoddard, Prof. Moffat, Edith May, Mrs. Sigourney, Caroline May, Mrs. Kinney, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Pease, Mrs. Swift, Mr. Van Bibber, Rev. Charles T. Brooks, Mrs. Dorr, Erastus W. Ellsworth, Miss E. W. Barnes, Mrs. Williams, Mary Young, Dr. Gardette, Alice Carey, Phebe Carey, Augusta Browne, Hamilton Browne, Caroline Eustis, Margaret Junkin, Maria J. B. Browne, Miss Starr, Mrs. Brotherson, Kate Campbell, &c.

**Gems from the Sacred Mine;**

**OR, HOLY THOUGHTS UPON SACRED SUBJECTS.**

BY CLERGYMEN OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

EDITED BY THOMAS WYATT, A. M.

In one volume, 12mo.

WITH SEVEN BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The contents of this work are chiefly by clergymen of the Episcopal Church. Among the contributors will be found the names of the Right Rev. Bishop Potter, Bishop Hopkins, Bishop Smith, Bishop Johns, and Bishop Doane; and the Rev. Drs. H. V. D. Johns, Coleman, and Butler; Rev. G. T. Bedell, McCabe, Ogilby, &c. The illustrations are rich and exquisitely wrought engravings upon the following subjects:—"Samuel before Eli," "Peter and John healing the Lame Man," "The Resurrection of Christ," "Joseph sold by his Brethren," "The Tables of the Law," "Christ's Agony in the Garden," and "The Flight into Egypt." These subjects, with many others in prose and verse, are ably treated throughout the work.

**ANCIENT CHRISTIANITY EXEMPLIFIED,**

In the Private, Domestic, Social, and Civil Life of the Primitive Christians, and in the Original Institutions, Offices,

Ordinances, and Rites of the Church.

BY REV. LYMAN COLEMAN, D.D.

In one volume 8vo. Price \$2 50.

**LONZ POWERS; Or, The Regulators.**

**A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY.**

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY JAMES WEIR, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

The scenes, characters, and incidents in these volumes have been copied from nature, and from real life. They are represented as taking place at that period in the history of Kentucky, when the Indian, driven, after many a hard-fought field, from his favourite hunting-ground, was succeeded by a rude and unlettered population, interspersed with organized bands of desperadoes, scarcely less savage than the red men they had displaced. The author possesses a vigorous and graphic pen, and has produced a very interesting romance, which gives us a striking portrait of the times he describes.

**A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON BUSINESS;**

OR, HOW TO GET, SAVE, SPEND, GIVE, LEND, AND BEQUEATH MONEY:

WITH AN INQUIRY INTO THE CHANCES OF SUCCESS AND CAUSES OF FAILURE IN BUSINESS.

BY EDWIN T. FREEDLY.

Also, Prize Essays, Statistics, Miscellanies, and numerous private letters from successful and distinguished business men.

12mo., cloth. Price One Dollar.

The object of this treatise is fourfold. First, the elevation of the business character, and to define clearly the limits within which it is not only proper but obligatory to get money. Secondly, to lay down the principles which must be observed to insure success, and what must be avoided to escape failure. Thirdly, to give the mode of management in certain prominent pursuits adopted by the most successful, from which men in all kinds of business may derive profitable hints. Fourthly, to afford a work of solid interest to those who read without expectation of pecuniary benefit.

**A MANUAL OF POLITENESS,**

COMPRISING THE

**PRINCIPLES OF ETIQUETTE AND RULES OF BEHAVIOUR**

IN GENTEEL SOCIETY, FOR PERSONS OF BOTH SEXES.

18mo., with Plates.

**Book of Politeness.**

**THE GENTLEMAN AND LADY'S**

**BOOK OF POLITENESS AND PROPRIETY OF DEPORTMENT**

DEDICATED TO THE YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES.

BY MADAME CELNART.

Translated from the Sixth Paris Edition, Enlarged and Improved

Fifth American Edition.

One volume, 18mo.

**THE ANTEDILUVIANS; Or, The World Destroyed.**

A NARRATIVE POEM, IN TEN BOOKS.

BY JAMES M'HENRY, M. D.

One volume, 18mo

**Bennett's (Rev. John) Letters to a Young Lady,**

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS CALCULATED TO IMPROVE THE HEART,  
TO FORM THE MANNERS, AND ENLIGHTEN THE UNDERSTANDING.

"That our daughters may be as polished corners of the temple."

The publishers sincerely hope (for the happiness of mankind) that a copy of this valuable little work will be found the companion of every young lady, as much of the happiness of every family depends on the proper cultivation of the female mind.

**THE DAUGHTER'S OWN BOOK:**

OR, PRACTICAL HINTS FROM A FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

One volume, 18mo.

This is one of the most practical and truly valuable treatises on the culture and discipline of the female mind, which has hitherto been published in this country; and the publishers are very confident, from the great demand for this invaluable little work, that ere long it will be found in the library of every young lady.

**THE AMERICAN CHESTERFIELD:**

Or, "Youth's Guide to the Way to Wealth, Honour, and Distinction," &c. 18mo.

CONTAINING ALSO A COMPLETE TREATISE ON THE ART OF CARVING.

"We most cordially recommend the American Chesterfield to general attention; but to young persons particularly, as one of the best works of the kind that has ever been published in this country. It cannot be too highly appreciated, nor its perusal be unproductive of satisfaction and usefulness."

**SENECA'S MORALS.**

BY WAY OF ABSTRACT TO WHICH IS ADDED, A DISCOURSE UNDER  
THE TITLE OF AN AFTER-THOUGHT.

BY SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE, KNT.

A new, fine edition; one volume, 18mo.

A copy of this valuable little work should be found in every family library.

**NEW SONG-BOOK.**

**Grigg's Southern and Western Songster;**

BEING A CHOICE COLLECTION OF THE MOST FASHIONABLE SONGS, MANY OF WHICH  
ARE ORIGINAL.

In one volume, 18mo.

Great care was taken, in the selection, to admit no song that contained, in the slightest degree, any indelicate or improper allusions; and with great propriety it may claim the title of "The Par-  
lour Song-Book, or Songster." The immortal Shakspeare observes—

"The man that hath not music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

**ROBOTHAM'S POCKET FRENCH DICTIONARY,**

CAREFULLY REVISED,

AND THE PRONUNCIATION OF ALL THE DIFFICULT WORDS ADDED.

**THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENTLEMAN.**

COMPRISING THE HUMOROUS ADVENTURES OF

**UNCLE TOBY AND CORPORAL TRIM.**

BY L. STERNE.

Beautifully Illustrated by Darley. Stitched.

**A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.**

BY L. STERNE.

Illustrated as above by Darley. Stitched.

The beauties of this author are so well known, and his errors in style and expression so few and far between, that one reads with renewed delight his delicate turns, &c.

**THE LIFE OF GENERAL JACKSON,**

WITH A LIKENESS OF THE OLD HERO.

One volume, 18mo.

**LIFE OF PAUL JONES.**

In one volume, 12mo.

WITH ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS

BY JAMES HAMILTON.

The work is compiled from his original journals and correspondence, and includes an account of his services in the American Revolution, and in the war between the Russians and Turks in the Black Sea. There is scarcely any Naval Hero, of any age, who combined in his character so much of the adventurous, skilful and daring, as Paul Jones. The incidents of his life are almost as start-  
ling and absorbing as those of romance. His achievements during the American Revolution—the fight between the Bon Homme Richard and Serapis, the most desperate naval action on record—and the alarm into which, with so small a force, he threw the coasts of England and Scotland—are matters comparatively well known to Americans; but the incidents of his subsequent career have been veiled in obscurity, which is dissipated by this biography. A book like this, narrating the actions of such a man, ought to meet with an extensive sale, and become as popular as Robinson Crusoe in fiction, or Weems's Life of Marion and Washington, and similar books, in fact. It contains 400 pages, has a handsome portrait and medallion likeness of Jones, and is illustrated with numerous original wood engravings of naval scenes and distinguished men with whom he was familiar.

**THE GREEK EXILE;**

Or, A Narrative of the Captivity and Escape of Christophorus Plato Castanis,

DURING THE MASSACRE ON THE ISLAND OF SCIO BY THE TURKS

TOGETHER WITH VARIOUS ADVENTURES IN GREECE AND AMERICA.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF,

Author of an Essay on the Ancient and Modern Greek Languages; Interpretation of the Attributes of the Principal Fabulous Deities; The Jewish Maiden of Scio's Citadel; and the Greek Boy in the Sunday-School.

One volume, 12mo.

**THE YOUNG CHORISTER;**

A Collection of New and Beautiful Tunes, adapted to the use of Sabbath-Schools, from some of the most distinguished composers; together with many of the author's compositions.

EDITED BY MINARD W. WILSON.

## CAMP LIFE OF A VOLUNTEER.

A Campaign in Mexico; Or, A Glimpse at Life in Camp.

BY "ONE WHO HAS SEEN THE ELEPHANT."

## Life of General Zachary Taylor,

COMPRISING A NARRATIVE OF EVENTS CONNECTED WITH HIS PROFESSIONAL CAREER, AND AUTHENTIC INCIDENTS OF HIS EARLY YEARS.

BY J. REESE FRY AND R. T. CONRAD.

With an original and accurate Portrait, and eleven elegant Illustrations, by Darley.  
In one handsome 12mo. volume.

"It is by far the fullest and most interesting biography of General Taylor that we have ever seen."  
—*Richmond (Whig) Chronicle*.

"On the whole, we are satisfied that this volume is the most correct and comprehensive one yet published." — *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*.

"The superiority of this edition over the ephemeral publications of the day consists in fuller and more authentic accounts of his family, his early life, and Indian wars. The narrative of his proceedings in Mexico is drawn partly from reliable private letters, but chiefly from his own official correspondence."

"It forms a cheap, substantial, and attractive volume, and one which should be read at the fireside of every family who desire a faithful and true life of the Old General."

## GENERAL TAYLOR AND HIS STAFF:

Comprising Memoirs of Generals Taylor, Worth, Wool, and Butler; Cols. May, Cross, Clay, Hardin, Yell, Hays, and other distinguished Officers attached to General Taylor's Army. Interspersed with

### NUMEROUS ANECDOTES OF THE MEXICAN WAR,

and Personal Adventures of the Officers. Compiled from Public Documents and Private Correspondence. With

### ACCURATE PORTRAITS, AND OTHER BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS.

In one volume, 12mo.

## GENERAL SCOTT AND HIS STAFF:

Comprising Memoirs of Generals Scott, Twiggs, Smith, Quitman, Shields, Pillow, Lane, Cadwalader, Patterson, and Pierce; Cols. Childs, Riley, Harney, and Butler; and other distinguished officers attached to General Scott's Army.

TOGETHER WITH

Notices of General Kearny, Col. Doniphan, Col. Fremont, and other officers distinguished in the Conquest of California and New Mexico; and Personal Adventures of the Officers. Compiled from Public Documents and Private Correspondence. With

### ACCURATE PORTRAITS, AND OTHER BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS.

In one volume, 12mo.

## THE FAMILY DENTIST,

INCLUDING THE SURGICAL, MEDICAL AND MECHANICAL TREATMENT OF THE TEETH.

Illustrated with thirty-one Engravings.

By CHARLES A. DU BOUCHET, M. D., Dental Surgeon.

In one volume, 18mo.

## MECHANICS FOR THE MILLWRIGHT, ENGINEER AND MACHINIST, CIVIL ENGINEER, AND ARCHITECT:

CONTAINING

### THE PRINCIPLES OF MECHANICS APPLIED TO MACHINERY

Of American models, Steam-Engines, Water-Works, Navigation, Bridge-building, &c. &c. By

FREDERICK OVERMAN,

Author of "The Manufacture of Iron," and other scientific treatises.

Illustrated by 150 Engravings. In one large 12mo. volume.

## WILLIAMS'S TRAVELLER'S AND TOURIST'S GUIDE

Through the United States, Canada, &c.

This book will be found replete with information, not only to the traveller, but likewise to the man of business. In its preparation, an entirely new plan has been adopted, which, we are convinced, needs only a trial to be fully appreciated.

Among its many valuable features, are tables showing at a glance the *distance, fare, and time* occupied in travelling from the principal cities to the most important places in the Union; so that the question frequently asked, without obtaining a satisfactory reply, is here answered in full. Other tables show the distances from New York, &c., to domestic and foreign ports, by sea; and also, by way of comparison, from New York and Liverpool to the principal ports beyond and around Cape Horn, &c., as well as *via* the Isthmus of Panama. Accompanied by a large and accurate Map of the United States, including a separate Map of California, Oregon, New Mexico and Utah. Also, a Map of the Island of Cuba, and Plan of the City and Harbor of Havana; and a Map of Niagara River and Falls.

## THE LEGISLATIVE GUIDE:

Containing directions for conducting business in the House of Representatives; the Senate of the United States; the Joint Rules of both Houses; a Synopsis of Jefferson's Manual, and copious Indices; together with a concise system of Rules of Order, based on the regulations of the U. S. Congress. Designed to economise time, secure uniformity and despatch in conducting business in all secular meetings, and also in all religious, political, and Legislative Assemblies.

BY JOSEPH BARTLETT BURLEIGH, LL. D.

In one volume, 12mo.

This is considered by our Judges and Congressmen as decidedly the best work of the kind extant. Every young man in the country should have a copy of this book.

## THE INITIALS; A Story of Modern Life.

THREE VOLUMES OF THE LONDON EDITION COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME 12MO.

A new novel, equal to "Jane Eyre."

## WILD WESTERN SCENES:

A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURES IN THE WESTERN WILDERNESS.

Wherein the Exploits of Daniel Boone, the Great American Pioneer, are particularly described. Also, Minute Accounts of Bear, Deer, and Buffalo Hunts — Desperate Conflicts with the Savages — Fishing and Fowling Adventures — Encounters with Serpents, &c.

By LUKE SHORTFIELD, Author of "The Western Merchant."

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED. One volume, 12mo.

## POEMS OF THE PLEASURES:

Consisting of the PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION, by Akenside; the PLEASURES OF MEMORY by Samuel Rogers; the PLEASURES OF HOPE, by Campbell; and the PLEASURES OF FRIENDSHIP, by M<sup>r</sup> Henry. With a Memoir of each Author, prepared expressly for this work. 18mo.

**BALDWIN'S PRONOUNCING GAZETTEER.****A PRONOUNCING GAZETTEER:**

CONTAINING

TOPOGRAPHICAL, STATISTICAL, AND OTHER INFORMATION, OF ALL THE MORE IMPORTANT PLACES IN THE KNOWN WORLD, FROM THE MOST RECENT AND AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

**BY THOMAS BALDWIN.***Assisted by several other Gentlemen.*

To which is added an APPENDIX, containing more than TEN THOUSAND ADDITIONAL NAMES chiefly of the small Towns and Villages, &amp;c., of the United States and of Mexico.

**NINTH EDITION, WITH A SUPPLEMENT,**

Giving the Pronunciation of near two thousand names, besides those pronounced in the Original Work: Forming in itself a Complete Vocabulary of Geographical Pronunciation.

ONE VOLUME 12MO.—PRICE, \$1.50.

**Arthur's Library for the Household.**

Complete in Twelve handsome 18mo. Volumes, bound in Scarlet Cloth.

1. WOMAN'S TRIALS; OR, TALES AND SKETCHES FROM THE LIFE AROUND US.
2. MARRIED LIFE; ITS SHADOWS AND SUNSHINE.
3. THE TWO WIVES; OR LOST AND WON.
4. THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE; OR, "HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL."
5. HOME SCENES AND HOME INFLUENCES.
6. STORIES FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.
7. LESSONS IN LIFE, FOR ALL WHO WILL READ THEM.
8. SEED-TIME AND HARVEST; OR, WHATSOEVER A MAN SOWETH THAT SHALL HE ALSO REAP.
9. STORIES FOR PARENTS.
10. OFF-HAND SKETCHES, A LITTLE DASHED WITH HUMOR.
11. WORDS FOR THE WISE.
12. THE TRIED AND THE TEMPTED.

The above Series are sold together or separate, as each work is complete in itself. No Family should be without a copy of this interesting and instructive Series. Price Thirty-seven and a Half Cents per Volume.

**FIELD'S SCRAP BOOK.—New Edition.****Literary and Miscellaneous Scrap Book.**

Consisting of Tales and Anecdotes—Biographical, Historical, Patriotic, Moral, Religious, and Sentimental Pieces, in Prose and Poetry.

COMPILED BY WILLIAM FIELDS.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND IMPROVED.

In one handsome 8vo. Volume. Price, \$2.00.

**POLITICS FOR AMERICAN CHRISTIANS;**

A WORD UPON OUR EXAMPLE AS A NATION, OUR LABOUR, &amp;c.

TOGETHER WITH

**THE POLITICS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.**

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEW THEMES FOR THE PROTESTANT CLERGY."

One vol. 8vo., half cloth. Price 50 cents. For sale by all the Trade.

**THE HUMAN BODY AND ITS CONNEXION WITH MAN.**

ILLUSTRATED BY THE PRINCIPAL ORGANS.

BY JAMES JOHN GARTH WILKINSON,

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England.

IN ONE VOLUME. 12MO.—PRICE \$1 25.

**BOARDMAN'S BIBLE IN THE FAMILY.***The Bible in the Family:*

OR,

**HINTS ON DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.**

BY H. A. BOARDMAN,

PASTOR OF THE TENTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

One Volume 12mo.—Price, One Dollar.

**WHEELER'S HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA.****Historical Sketches**

OF

**NORTH CAROLINA,**

From 1584 to 1851.

Compiled from Original Records, Official Documents, and Traditional Statements; with Biographical Sketches of her Distinguished Statesmen, Jurists, Lawyers, Soldiers, Divines, &amp;c.

BY JOHN H. WHEELER,

*Late Treasurer of the State.*

IN ONE VOLUME OCTAVO.—PRICE, \$2.00.

**THE NORTH CAROLINA READER:**

CONTAINING

A HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF NORTH CAROLINA, SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND VERSE, (MANY OF THEM BY EMINENT CITIZENS OF THE STATE), HISTORICAL AND CHRONOLOGICAL TABLES,

And a Variety of Miscellaneous Information and Statistics.

BY C. H. WILEY.

"My own green land for ever!  
Land of the beautiful and brave—  
The freeman's home—the martyr's grave."

Illustrated with Engravings, and designed for Families and Schools.

ONE VOLUME 12MO. PRICE \$1.00.

**THIRTY YEARS WITH THE INDIAN TRIBES.****PERSONAL MEMOIRS**

OF A

*Residence of Thirty Years with the Indian Tribes***ON THE AMERICAN FRONTIERS:***With brief Notices of passing Events, Facts, and Opinions,*

A. D. 1812 TO A. D. 1842.

BY HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

ONE LARGE OCTAVO VOLUME. PRICE THREE DOLLARS.

**THE SCALP HUNTERS:**

OR,

**ROMANTIC ADVENTURES IN NORTHERN MEXICO.**

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID,

AUTHOR OF THE "RIFLE RANGERS."

Complete in One Volume. Price Fifty Cents.



**THE CONFESSIONS OF A HOUSEKEEPER.**

BY MRS. JOHN SMITH.

WITH THIRTEEN HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

One Volume 12mo. Price 50 Cents.

Splendid Illustrated Books, suitable for Gifts for the Holidays

**THE IRIS: AN ORIGINAL SOUVENIR FOR ANY YARE**

EDITED BY PROF. JOHN S. HART.

WITH TWELVE SPLENDID ILLUMINATIONS, ALL FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS.

**THE DEW-DROP: A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION.**

WITH NINE STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

**GEMS FROM THE SACRED MINE.**

WITH TEN STEEL PLATES AND ILLUMINATIONS.

*The Port's Offering.*

WITH FOURTEEN STEEL PLATES AND ILLUMINATIONS.

**THE STANDARD EDITIONS OF THE POETS.**

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

**LORD AND LADY HARCOURT:**

OR, COUNTRY HOSPITALITIES.

BY CATHARINE SINCLAIR,

Author of 'Jane Bouverie,' 'The Business of Life,' 'Modern Accomplishments,' &c.

One Volume 12mo. Price 50 cents, paper; cloth, fine, 75 cents.

A Book for every Family.

**THE DICTIONARY OF DOMESTIC MEDICINE AND HOUSEHOLD SURGERY.**

BY SPENCER THOMPSON, M.D., F.R.C.S.,

Of Edinburgh.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS CUTS.

EDITED AND ADAPTED TO THE WANTS OF THIS COUNTRY, BY A WELL-KNOWN  
PRACTITIONER OF PHILADELPHIA.

In one volume, demi-octavo.

*The Regicide's Daughter:*  
**A TALE OF TWO WORLDS.**

BY W. H. CARPENTER,

AUTHOR OF "CLAIBORNE THE REBEL," "JOHN THE BOLD," &c., &c.

One Volume 18mo. Price Thirty-seven and a Half Cents.

**WILLIAMS'S NEW MAP OF THE UNITED STATES, ON ROLLERS  
SIZE TWO AND A HALF BY THREE FEET.**

A new Map of the United States, upon which are delineated its vast works of Internal Commu-  
cation, Routes across the Continent, &c., showing also Canada and the Island of Cuba,

BY W. WILLIAMS.

This Map is handsomely colored and mounted on rollers, and will be found a beautiful and useful  
ornament to the Counting-House and Parlor as well as the School-Room. Price Two

**VALUABLE STANDARD MEDICAL BOOKS.**

**DISPENSATORY OF THE UNITED STATES.**

BY DRS. WOOD AND BACHE.

New Edition, much enlarged and carefully revised. One volume, royal octavo.

**A TREATISE ON THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.**

BY GEORGE B. WOOD, M. D.,

One of the Authors of the "Dispensatory of the U. S.," &c. New edition, improved. 2 vols. 8vo.

**AN ILLUSTRATED SYSTEM OF HUMAN ANATOMY;  
SPECIAL, MICROSCOPIC, AND PHYSIOLOGICAL.**

BY SAMUEL GEORGE MORTON, M. D.

With 391 beautiful Illustrations. One volume, royal octavo.

**SMITH'S OPERATIVE SURGERY.**

**A SYSTEM OF OPERATIVE SURGERY,  
BASED UPON THE PRACTICE OF SURGEONS IN THE UNITED  
STATES; AND COMPRISING A**

Bibliographical Index and Historical Record of many of their Operations,  
FOR A PERIOD OF 200 YEARS.

BY HENRY H. SMITH, M.D.

Illustrated with nearly 1000 Engravings on Steel.

**MATERIA MEDICA AND THERAPEUTICS,**

With ample Illustrations of Practice in all the Departments of Medical Science, and copious No-  
tices of Toxicology.

BY THOMAS D. MITCHELL, A.M., M.D.,

Prof. of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in the Philadelphia College of Medicine, &c. 1 vol. 8vo.

**THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF SURGERY.**

By GEORGE M'CLELLAN, M. D. 1 vol. 8vo.

**EBERLE'S PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.**

New Edition. Improved by GEORGE M'CLELLAN, M. D. Two volumes in 1 vol. 8vo.

**EBERLE'S THERAPEUTICS.**

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

**A TREATISE ON THE DISEASES AND PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.**

By JOHN EBERLE, M. D., &c. Fourth Edition. With Notes and very large Additions,

By THOMAS D. MITCHELL, A. M., M. D., &c. 1 vol. 8vo.

**EBERLE'S NOTES FOR STUDENTS—NEW EDITION.**

\* These works are used as text-books in most of the Medical Schools in the United States.

**A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON POISONS:**

Their Symptoms, Antidotes, and Treatment. By O. H. Costill, M. D. 18mo.

**IDENTITIES OF LIGHT AND HEAT, OF CALORIC AND ELECTRICITY.**

BY C. CAMPBELL COOPER.

**UNITED STATES' PHARMACOPŒIA,**

Edition of 1851. Published by authority of the National Medical Convention. 1 vol. 8vo

# SCHOOLCRAFTS GREAT NATIONAL WORK ON THE Indian Tribes of the United States.

PART SECOND—QUARTO.

WITH EIGHTY BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS ON STEEL,  
Engraved in the first style of the art, from Drawings by Captain Eastman, U. S. A.  
PRICE, FIFTEEN DOLLARS.

## COCKBURN'S LIFE OF LORD JEFFREY.

### LIFE OF LORD JEFFREY, WITH A SELECTION FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE, BY LORD COCKBURN,

One of the Judges of the Court of Sessions in Scotland. Two volumes, demi-octavo.

"Those who know Lord Jeffrey only through the pages of the Edinburgh Review, get but a one-sided, and not the most pleasant view of his character."

"We advise our readers to obtain the book, and enjoy it to the full themselves. They will unite with us in saying that the self-drawn character portrayed in the letters of Lord Jeffrey, is one of the most delightful pictures that has ever been presented to them."—*Evening Bulletin*.

"Jeffrey was for a long period editor of the Review, and was admitted by all the other contributors to be the leading spirit in it. In addition to his political articles, he soon showed his wonderful powers of criticism in literature. He was equally at home whether censuring or applauding; in his onslaughts on the mediocrity of Southey, or the misused talents of Byron, or in his noble essays on Shakspeare, or Scott, or Burns."—*New York Express*.

PRICE, TWO DOLLARS AND A HALF.

## ROMANCE OF NATURAL HISTORY; OR, WILD SCENES AND WILD HUNTERS.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS, IN ONE VOLUME OCTAVO, CLOTH.  
BY C. W. WEBBER.

"We have rarely read a volume so full of life and enthusiasm, so capable of transporting the reader into an actor among the scenes and persons described. The volume can hardly be opened at any page without arresting the attention, and the reader is borne along with the movement of a style whose elastic spring and life knows no weariness."—*Boston Courier and Transcript*.

PRICE, TWO DOLLARS.

## THE LIFE OF WILLIAM PENN, WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY. BY SAMUEL M. JANNEY.

Second Edition, Revised.

"Our author has acquitted himself in a manner worthy of his subject. His style is easy, flowing, and yet sententious. Altogether, we consider it a highly valuable addition to the literature of our age, and a work that should find its way into the library of every Friend."—*Friends' Intelligencer, Philadelphia*.

"We regard this life of the great founder of Pennsylvania as a valuable addition to the literature of the country."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

"We have no hesitation in pronouncing Mr. Janney's life of Penn the best, because the most satisfactory, that has yet been written. The author's style is clear and uninvolved, and well suited to the purposes of biographical narrative."—*Louisville Journal*.

PRICE, TWO DOLLARS.

## LIPPINCOTT'S CABINET HISTORIES OF THE STATES, CONSISTING OF A SERIES OF Cabinet Histories of all the States of the Union, TO EMBRACE A VOLUME FOR EACH STATE.

We have so far completed all our arrangements, as to be able to issue the whole series in the shortest possible time consistent with its careful literary production. SEVERAL VOLUMES ARE NOW READY FOR SALE. The talented authors who have engaged to write these Histories, are no strangers in the literary world.

### NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

"These most tastefully printed and bound volumes form the first instalment of a series of State Histories, which, without superseding the bulkier and more expensive works of the same character, may enter household channels from which the others would be excluded by their cost and magnitude."

"In conciseness, clearness, skill of arrangement, and graphic interest, they are a most excellent earnest of those to come. They are eminently adapted both to interest and instruct, and should have a place in the family library of every American."—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer*.

"The importance of a series of State History like those now in preparation, can scarcely be estimated. Being condensed as carefully as accuracy and interest of narrative will permit, the size and price of the volumes will bring them within the reach of every family in the country, thus making them home-reading books for old and young. Each individual will, in consequence, become familiar, not only with the history of his own State, but with that of the other States; thus mutual interests will be re-awakened, and old bonds cemented in a firmer re-union."—*Home Gazette*.

## NEW THEMES FOR THE PROTESTANT CLERGY;

CREEDS WITHOUT CHARITY, THEOLOGY WITHOUT HUMANITY, AND PROTESTANT-ISM WITHOUT CHRISTIANITY:

With Notes by the Editor on the Literature of Charity, Population, Pauperism, Political Economy, and Protestantism.

"The great question which the book discusses is, whether the Church of this age is what the primitive Church was, and whether Christians—both pastors and people—are doing their duty. Our author believes not, and, to our mind, he has made out a strong case. He thinks there is abundant room for reform at the present time, and that it is needed almost as much as in the days of Luther. And why? Because, in his own words, 'While one portion of nominal Christians have busied themselves with forms and ceremonies and observances; with pictures, images, and processions; others have given to doctrines the supremacy, and have busied themselves in laying down the lines by which to enforce human belief—lines of interpretation by which to control human opinion—lines of discipline and restraint, by which to bring human minds to uniformity of faith and action. They have formed creeds and catechisms; they have spread themselves over the whole field of the sacred writings, and scratched up all the surface; they have gathered all the straws, and turned over all the pebbles, and detected the colour and determined the outline of every stone and tree and shrub; they have dwelt with rapture upon all that was beautiful and sublime; but they have trampled over mines of golden wisdom, of surpassing richness and depth, almost without a thought, and almost without an effort to fathom these priceless treasures, much less to take possession of them.'"

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR.

## SIMPSON'S MILITARY JOURNAL.

JOURNAL OF A MILITARY RECONNOISSANCE FROM SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, TO THE NAVAJO COUNTRY.

BY JAMES H. SIMPSON, A. M.,

FIRST LIEUTENANT CORPS OF TOPOGRAPHICAL ENGINEERS.

WITH SEVENTY-FIVE COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS.

One volume, octavo. Price, Three Dollars.

## TALES OF THE SOUTHERN BORDER.

BY C. W. WEBBER.

ONE VOLUME OCTAVO, HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED.

### The Hunter Naturalist, a Romance of Sporting; OR, WILD SCENES AND WILD HUNTERS.

BY C. W. WEBBER,

Author of "Shot in the Eye," "Old Hicks the Guide," "Gold Mines of the Gila," &c.

ONE VOLUME, ROYAL OCTAVO.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FORTY BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS, FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS,  
MANY OF WHICH ARE COLOURED.

Price, Five Dollars.

## NIGHTS IN A BLOCK-HOUSE;

OR, SKETCHES OF BORDER LIFE.

Embracing Adventures among the Indians, Feats of the Wild Hunters, and Exploits of Boone,  
Brady, Kenton, Whetzel, Fleehart, and other Border Heroes of the West.

BY HENRY C. WATSON,

Author of "Camp-Fires of the Revolution."

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

One volume, 8vo. Price, \$2 00.

## HAMILTON, THE YOUNG ARTIST.

BY AUGUSTA BROWNE.

WITH

AN ESSAY ON SCULPTURE AND PAINTING,

BY HAMILTON A. C. BROWNE.

1 vol. 18mo. Price, 37 1-2 cents.

## THE FISCAL HISTORY OF TEXAS:

EMBRACING AN ACCOUNT OF ITS REVENUES, DEBTS, AND CURRENCY, FROM  
THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE REVOLUTION IN 1834, TO 1861-2,  
WITH REMARKS ON AMERICAN DEBTS.

BY WM. M. GOUGE,

Author of "A Short History of Paper Money and Banking in the United States."

In one vol. 8vo., cloth. Price \$1 50.

## INGERSOLL'S HISTORY OF THE SECOND WAR:

A HISTORY OF THE SECOND WAR BETWEEN THE U. STATES AND GT. BRITAIN.

BY CHARLES J. INGERSOLL.

Second series. 2 volumes, 8vo. Price \$4 00.

These two volumes, which embrace the hostile transactions between the United States and Great Britain during the years 1814 and '15, complete Mr. Ingersoll's able work on the Second or "Late War," as it has usually been called. A great deal of new and valuable matter has been collected by the author from original sources, and is now first introduced to the public.

## FROST'S JUVENILE SERIES.

TWELVE VOLUMES, 16mo., WITH FIVE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS.

WALTER O'NEILL, OR THE PLEASURE OF DOING GOOD. 25 Engravings.  
JUNKER SCHOTT, and other Stories. 6 Engravings.  
THE LADY OF THE LURLEL, and other Stories. 12 Engravings.  
ELLEN'S BIRTHDAY, and other Stories. 20 Engravings.  
HERMAN, and other Stories. 9 Engravings.  
KING TREGEWALL'S DAUGHTER, and other Stories. 16 Engravings.  
THE DROWNED BOY, and other Stories. 6 Engravings.  
THE PICTORIAL RHYME-BOOK. 122 Engravings.  
THE PICTORIAL NURSERY BOOK. 117 Engravings.  
THE GOOD CHILD'S REWARD. 115 Engravings.  
ALPHABET OF QUADRUPEDS. 26 Engravings.  
ALPHABET OF BIRDS. 26 Engravings.

PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH.

The above popular and attractive series of New Juveniles for the Young, are sold together or separately.

## THE MILLINER AND THE MILLIONAIRE.

BY MRS. REBECCA HICKS,

(Of Virginia,) Author of "The Lady Killer," &c. One volume, 12mo.

Price, 37½ cents.

## STANSBURY'S EXPEDITION TO THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

### AN EXPLORATION OF THE VALLEY OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE OF UTAH,

CONTAINING ITS GEOGRAPHY, NATURAL HISTORY, MINERALOGICAL RE-  
SOURCE, ANALYSIS OF ITS WATERS, AND AN AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF

## THE MORMON SETTLEMENT.

ALSO,

### A RECONNOISSANCE OF A NEW ROUTE THROUGH THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

WITH SEVENTY BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS,

FROM DRAWINGS TAKEN ON THE SPOT,

AND TWO LARGE AND ACCURATE MAPS OF THAT REGION.

BY HOWARD STANSBURY,

CAPTAIN TOPOGRAPHICAL ENGINEERS.

One volume, royal octavo. Price Five Dollars.

## THE ABBOTSFORD EDITION

OF

*The Waverley Novels,*

PRINTED UPON FINE WHITE PAPER, WITH NEW AND BEAUTIFUL TYPE,

FROM THE LAST ENGLISH EDITION,

EMBRACING

THE AUTHOR'S LATEST CORRECTIONS, NOTES, ETC.,

COMPLETE IN TWELVE VOLUMES, DEMI-OCTAVO, AND NEATLY BOUND IN CLOTH,

With Illustrations,

FOR ONLY TWELVE DOLLARS,

CONTAINING

WAVERLEY, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since.....THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL.  
 GUY MANNERING.....PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.  
 THE ANTIQUARY.....QUENTIN DURWARD.  
 THE BLACK DWARF.....ST. RONAN'S WELL.  
 OLD MORTALITY.....REDGAUNTLET.  
 ROB ROY.....THE BETROTHED.  
 THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.....THE TALISMAN.  
 THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.....WOODSTOCK.  
 A LEGEND OF MONTROSE.....THE HIGHLAND WIDOW, &c.  
 IVANHOE.....THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH.  
 THE MONASTERY.....ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN.  
 THE ABBOT.....COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS.  
 KENILWORTH.....CASTLE DANGEROUS.  
 THE PIRATE.....THE SURGEON'S DAUGHTER, &c.

ANY OF THE ABOVE NOVELS SOLD, IN PAPER COVERS, AT FIFTY CENTS EACH.

ALSO,

AN ILLUSTRATED EDITION

OF

## THE WAVERLEY NOVELS,

In Twelve Volumes, Royal Octavo, on Superfine Paper, with

SEVERAL HUNDRED CHARACTERISTIC AND BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

ELEGANTLY BOUND IN CLOTH, GILT.

Price, Only Twenty-Four Dollars.

In Press,

A NEW AND COMPLETE

## GAZETTEER OF THE UNITED STATES.

It will furnish the fullest and most recent information respecting the Geography, Statistics, and present state of improvement, of every part of this great Republic, particularly of

TEXAS, CALIFORNIA, OREGON, NEW MEXICO,

&amp;c. The work will be issued as soon as the complete official returns of the present Census are received.

THE ABOVE WORK WILL BE FOLLOWED BY

## A UNIVERSAL GAZETTEER, OR GEOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY,

of the most complete and comprehensive character. It will be compiled from the best English, French, and German authorities, and will be published the moment that the returns of the present census of Europe can be obtained.

*History of the Mormons of Utah,*

THEIR DOMESTIC POLITY AND THEOLOGY.

BY J. W. GUNNISON,

U. S. Corps Topographical Engineers.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, IN ONE VOLUME DEMI-OCTAVO.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

## REPORT OF A GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

OF

WISCONSIN, IOWA, AND MINNESOTA,

AND INCIDENTALLY OF

A PORTION OF NEBRASKA TERRITORY,

MADE UNDER INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE U. S. TREASURY DEPARTMENT,

BY DAVID DALE OWEN,

United States' Geologist.

WITH OVER 150 ILLUSTRATIONS ON STEEL AND WOOD.

Two volumes, quarto. Price Ten Dollars.

## MERCHANTS' MEMORANDUM BOOK,

CONTAINING LISTS OF ALL GOODS PURCHASED BY COUNTRY MERCHANTS, &amp;c.

One volume, 18mo., Leather cover. Price, 50 cents.

# ARTHUR'S New Juvenile Library.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

1. WHO IS GREATEST? and other Stories.
2. WHO ARE HAPPIEST? and other Stories.
3. THE POOR WOOD-CUTTER, and other Stories.
4. MAGGY'S BABY, and other Stories.
5. MR. HAVEN'T-GOT-TIME AND MR. DON'T-BE-IN-A-HURRY.
6. THE PEACEMAKERS.
7. UNCLE BEN'S NEW-YEAR'S GIFT, and other Stories.
8. THE WOUNDED BOY, and other Stories.
9. THE LOST CHILDREN, and other Stories.
10. OUR HARRY, and other Poems and Stories.
11. THE LAST PENNY, and other Stories.
12. PIERRE, THE ORGAN BOY, and other Stories.

EACH VOLUME IS ILLUSTRATED WITH  
ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY CROOME,  
And are sold together or separately.

## TRUTHS ILLUSTRATED BY GREAT AUTHORS.

A DICTIONARY OF OVER FOUR THOUSAND AIDS TO REFLECTION—QUOTATIONS OF MAXIMS, METAPHORS, COUNSELS, CAUTIONS, APHORISMS, PROVERBS, &c. &c., IN PROSE AND VERSE;

COMPILED FROM SHAKSPEARE, AND OTHER GREAT WRITERS, FROM THE EARLIEST AGES TO THE PRESENT TIME.

A new edition, with American additions and revisions.

## LIBRARY EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE. (LARGE TYPE.)

## THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

WITH A LIFE OF THE POET,

AND NOTES ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, TOGETHER WITH A COPIOUS GLOSSARY.

4 VOLUMES OCTAVO.

### STYLES OF BINDING:

Cloth, extra.....	\$6 00
Library style.....	7 00
Half-Turkey morocco.....	9 00
Half-calf and Turkey, antique style.....	12 00
Full-calf and Turkey, antique style.....	15 00

# The Footpath and Highway;

OR,

WANDERINGS OF AN AMERICAN IN GREAT BRITAIN,

IN 1851 AND '52.

BY BENJAMIN MORAN.

This volume embodies the observations of the author, made during eight months' wanderings, as a correspondent for American Journals; and as he travelled much on foot, differs essentially from those on the same countries, by other writers. The habits, manners, customs, and condition of the people have been carefully noted, and his views of them are given in clear, bold language. His remarks take a wide range, and as he visited every county in England but three, there will be much in the work of a novel and instructive character.

One vol. 12mo. Price \$1 25.

## DAY DREAMS.

BY MISS MARTHA ALLEN.

ONE VOLUME 12mo.

Price, paper, 50 cents. Cloth, 75 cents.

## SIMON KENTON: OR, THE SCOUT'S REVENGE. AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY JAMES WEIR.

Illustrated, cloth, 75 cents. Paper, 50 cents.

## MARIE DE BERNIERE, THE MAROON, AND OTHER TALES.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

1 vol. 12mo., cloth. Price \$1 25.

## HISTORY OF THE NATIONAL FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES. WITH COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY SCHUYLER HAMILTON,

CAPTAIN BY BREVET, U. S. A.

One vol., crown 8vo. Price \$1 00.

## ANNA BISHOP'S TRAVELS.

## TRAVELS OF ANNA BISHOP IN MEXICO (1849)

WITH TWELVE BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS.

Price, paper, 50 cents. Cloth, 75 cents.

**A REVIEW**

OF

**"NEW THEMES FOR THE PROTESTANT CLERGY."**

ONE VOLUME 12mo.

Price, paper, 25 cents. Cloth, 50 cents.

**THE BIBLE IN THE COUNTING-HOUSE.**

**BY H. A. BOARDMAN, D.D.,**

AUTHOR OF "THE BIBLE IN THE FAMILY."

One vol. 12mo., cloth. Price One Dollar.

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A NEW CHURCHMAN.**

**BY JOHN A. LITTLE.**

ONE VOLUME 12mo. PRICE 75 CENTS.

**MILTON'S WORKS—NEW AND COMPLETE EDITION.**

*Milton's Poetical Works,*

WITH A LIFE, DISSERTATION, INDEX, AND NOTES.

BY PROF. C. D. CLEVELAND.

ONE VOLUME ROYAL 12mo., CLOTH. PRICE \$1 25.

**UNIFORM AND DRESS**

OF THE

**. ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.**

WITH COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS.

QUARTO, CLOTH. PRICE FIVE DOLLARS.

**UNIFORM AND DRESS**

OF THE

**NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES.**

WITH COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS.

QUARTO, CLOTH. PRICE FIVE DOLLARS.