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List of Works by the Author of the Colville Family.

SILVER AND PEWTER:

A TALE OF

HIGH LIFE AND LOW LIFE

IN

NEW YORK.

BY M. M. HUET,

AUTHOR OF "LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ALEXANDER TARDY," "SEVEN BROTHERS OF WYOMING," ETC. ETC.

NEW YORK:

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SILVER AND PEWTER.

CHAPTER I.

THE TWO BIRTHS—THE TWO DOCTORS—THE TWO CHRISTENINGS.

At the period our narrative commences, some forty years since, Beekman-street, Franklin Square, and the foot of Broadway, at the Battery, were the seats of the opulent and fashionable life of New York. The region of what is now called Canal-street was considered quite up town, and with its bridges and patches of green fields, exhibited something of the appearance of the country. The foot of Broadway boasted of the largest collection of elegant houses, and although none of them could vie with the magnificent palaces since built on the Fifth Avenue, Union Square, and the other present localities of the *bon ton* of New York, yet they were on the outside good specimens of spacious, plain, solid architecture, while within they were furnished and appointed on what was then considered the height of luxurious grandeur. The most prominent of these mansions were double, built of brick, two stories high, and gave evidence by their spaciousness on the ground, rather than by any outward ornament of architecture, that they were the abodes of the millionaires of the city. To one of these mansions, whose windows commanded a fine view of the beautiful bay of New York, we ask the reader to follow us.

It was about six o'clock in the afternoon of a warm summer's day, and the evening breeze swept up cool and refreshing from the waters of the Bay, and floated through the open windows of the Broadway mansion. Two persons alone occupied the apartment. Both were men of middle age, portly in their appearance, and betokening, in their round and rubicund faces, the fact that they loved the good things of this life, and had employed them to the full for many years.

They were seated at the dinner table, the cloth of which had been removed, leaving the shining mahogany to give back the reflection of the glittering cut glass decanters filled with the ruby and amber colored wine. Fruit in luscious profusion was piled up on a silver salver in the center of the table, and a richly carved sideboard in an alcove at the end of the room, gleamed in the blaze of gold and silver goblets, pitchers and other precious plate.

"Doctor," said the one at the head of the table, and evidently the master of the house, "why don't you drink? try that old Brahmin Madeira. It is mellow, take my word for it, and a capital thing for men of our age. Come, drink to the health of the expected new comer and heir (for I hope, doctor, it will be a boy) to the house of John Carter," and the portly rotundity of John Carter swelled to more ample dimensions as he pronounced the last words of his address to the physician, and pushed towards him the bottle.

The doctor's face, although round and well conditioned, was by no means what would be called a jolly-looking face of a good natured man, at peace with his stomach and the world. The physician's features were, on the contrary, of the hard and iron order, and wore constantly an unpleasant and cynical expression. Such was their expression when he now took the decanter, filled his glass to the brim, and taking a sip, set it down again, saying:

"D—! take your wine, Carter, it is passable, but nothing to what I've tasted in Dublin. The fact is, Carter, this climate is not worth a d—n to mellow either Port or Madeira—it destroys their flavor; but here's to your expected heir, if it does not turn out to be a girl, and I wish the job was over," and the doctor coolly drained his glass to the bottom.

This rough and insulting speech, coming

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from a well dressed man, at the table of one of the wealthiest nabobs of the city, and coming also from a physician who, from the fact of his being at that table, was undoubtedly a man of mark in his profession, caused no surprise to the host, John Carter, Esq. On the contrary, he laughed, took it apparently as a good joke, and with a half patronizing, half fawning manner, answered:

"Why, doctor, you are quite facetious, I declare, but never mind, you great men are privileged."

For an hour longer the two gentlemen sat over their wine, interrupted only now and then by some telegraphic dispatches, brought to the doctor by an attendant, and to which the only answer he made was, "Hum." At length, an elegant carriage, with liveried driver and footman, drew up to the door, and the doctor taking out his watch abruptly rose from the table and left the apartment. Mr. Carter cracked a nut, sipped his wine, and took no notice of his departure. The doctor was absent but a few minutes, and returned only to put his head half way into the room and exclaim:

"Good bye, Carter, I shall not be wanted until midnight, and in the meantime there is a rich old d--l like yourself up in Beekman street, who is waiting for me to cut his leg off," and with this salutation the doctor left the house, jumped into his carriage at the door, and was driven off in a style equal to the grand appointments of his equipage.

Midnight came down on the city in the light of a moon, which fell almost as bright as day upon the deserted pavements, glanced far and wide in silver radiance over the broad waters of the Bay, and piercing through the thick leaves of the trees of the Battery, left its long lines of light and shade on the green sward. Silence, like a pall, covered street and dwelling, and naught was heard save the echoing tread of some belated citizen, or now and then the rumbling of a carriage. The city watchmen slept cozily in their boxes, and the loafers, stretched at full length, snoozed undisturbed on the benches of the Battery. Before Mr. Carter's mansion the doctor's carriage was again standing, but every blind of the house was closely drawn, giving no token of the anxious scenes going on within.

"Arrah thin, now, Jim," said the driver of the carriage, tapping his shining boots with his whip, "arrah thin, Jim, what would ye give to be borned over agin with a silver spoon in yer mouth, as that little one the doctor is after bringing into the world in the house there?"

"Not the smallest piece of tin you ever handled, Mr. Patrick Maloney, seeing all the go here is for Hinglish footmen, and priggings of silver spoons is plenty," answered the worthy at the back of the carriage.

Leaving the Irish and English servants of the doctor to moralize and philosophize on the subject they had started to kill the moments of their waiting, the design of our story leads us to invade the sanctity of a lady's bed-chamber on that most sacred of all occasions, the birth of a child. It was a magnificently furnished apartment. The massive mahogany bedstead, carved with elaborate art, the rosewood dressing-table, the large mirrors reaching to the floor, and waxen lights burning in their exquisitely wrought silver candelabras, all spoke of the unsparing hand with which wealth had heaped together the articles of luxury. A woman, apparently about thirty years of age, with features regular and beautiful, but white as the snowy lace-fringed pillow where her head rested, was recumbent on the bed, at the head of which stood Mr. Carter, holding in his arms a fine bouncing boy, whose attempts at crying were evidently the first he had made in this breathing world, and which seemed like a series of experiments on his part to test the strength of his lungs. Several richly dressed ladies also surrounded the bed, evidently the intimate friends of her who lay in state, as it were, after her sore trial. Our friend the doctor stood apart from the rest, giving in a rough voice some directions to the nurse.

"Well, he is a fine fellow at any rate," exclaimed the delighted father, surveying the burden he held in his arms with the concentration of parental fondness and pride.

"Oh, beautiful, lovely," chimed in chorus the lady friends of Mrs. Carter, and then there followed a great rustling of silk dresses around the long train of lace that commenced at the throat of the infant Carter, and swept the floor with its fringed border. The mother cast a languid and gratified smile first on the infant, then on those around, and then closed her eyes as if she needed repose.

"Come, Mr. Carter," exclaimed the doctor, "it is time that you left. Give the little brat to the nurse, and when I have taken another glass of wine with you I am off."

At this second rude speech of the physician Mr. Carter took no exception, but followed the physician to another apartment. In the meantime, the infant Carter was laid in a rosewood cradle, curiously wrought in the shape of a shell, similar to that in which the old masters of painting were wont to represent sea nymphs as riding. And cradled in lace and luxury, the infant Carter slept, his mother slumbered by his side, the very faithful nurse dozed in sympathy, and deep silence reigned in the midst of the pomp of wealth, in the bed-chamber where but a few hours before a male child had been born into the world, with, according to the old adage, "a silver spoon in his mouth."

"Bah," muttered the doctor, as he threw

himself back in his carriage, and felt the heavy fee in his pocket, that had just been transferred there by Mr. Carter, "bah! what a fuss these upstarts of wealth make about a brat of a baby, as if the world depended on them for the salt of its population, and they love to be humbugged with style and foreign fashions, even to the equipage of their doctor. Well, I am their man to do it."

The John Carter, whom we have introduced to our readers, belonged to the mushroom aristocracy of New York. We say mushroom, for his certainly was not what the world calls the aristocracy of blood. He was an honest, but ignorant man of wealth, who worshipped wealth as a god, and despised poverty with all the more bitterness, inasmuch as he himself had once been miserably poor, and he hated both the remembrance of the fact and any person or circumstances that recalled it to his recollection. He had emigrated from England, where his father had lived and died a half-starved farm laborer; and his first occupation, on landing in this country, was to engage as a porter in a ship-chandler's store, on one of the wharves not far from the spot where his lordly mansion now stood. By dint of saving, he managed to get some money together, and then set up for himself in the same line of business, but in a small way. Good fortune, and a peculiar keenness in never losing a debt, although it ground the poor debtor to the dust, attended him, and he soon was the owner of a large and well stocked warehouse. Suddenly, John Carter, Esq., failed, compromised for fifty cents on the dollar, and started on a larger business and on a more grand scale than before. Wealth now poured in upon him with a flood, his desk was covered with mortgages which he foreclosed, bought in the property himself, and generally doubled his investment at the cost and expense of the mortgagee. In short, John Carter was a keen man in certain matters, notwithstanding his ignorance in others, and the consequence was, that he became enormously wealthy. He built the mansion in which we have introduced him to our readers, and furnished it, as we have seen, in the most magnificent manner, not forgetting even a splendid library, which the bookseller selected for him, but which was used chiefly by the maid servant, for the purpose of giving employment to her dusting brush, when the gilded covers required her care. As for Mr. Carter, the extent of his reading was confined to the price current and the stock list in the daily newspaper, varied now and then with a slight glance at the chapter of accidents, and notices of the death of rich men. When wealth had fallen to the lot of Mr. Carter, he had looked about him for a wife, and was not long in finding one in the daughter of a broken

down merchant. Her attractions to him were youth and beauty, and a tolerated entrance to fashionable society, which she possessed in right of the former position of her father. They were married, and installed in their mansion in Broadway; they lived a life of show, fawning on those above them, haughty to those poorer than themselves, and having only one object in view, namely, to be considered among the aristocracy of New York. To a certain extent they were successful, for wealth has always plenty of worshippers. To have a son and heir had long been the wish of Mr. Carter's heart, but the boon, which seems to fall in a shower on the poor man, was long withheld from the rich John Carter, Esq. It came, however at last, and great, as we have seen, was the joy and parade on the occasion.

It may seem strange, that the family physician of Mr. Carter should have been a person of such rough manners and language, as the doctor whom we have described as officiating on the occasion of the birth of the heir to the Carters, but such was the fact, and the simple reason was, that he was the fashionable doctor of the city. Dr. Comb was unquestionably a man of science, and a justly celebrated surgeon, but his experience in the general practice of medicine was, as he himself was often heard to declare to his confidential friends, extremely limited. Coming from Dublin with the prestige of fame as a surgeon, and being a foreigner, was enough for the aristocratic wealth of New York. Driving a splendid equipage, after the manner of the physicians to the nobility in the Old World, he became the idol of the mushrooms of the New. The rudeness of his manner, and the habitual profanity of his speech, even when life or death were the issue under his hands, detracted nothing from his popularity. They were considered the eccentricities of a great genius, and added to rather than diminished his fame. Mr. and Mrs. Carter thought there was no one like him, but had a plain physician with a one horse gig, and not much money, addressed them as Dr. Comb often did, a ped application from John Carter, Esq., would have sent the offender spinning from the steps of the insulted aristocracy of wealth. But Dr. Comb was the fashion, and fashion led the day.

On the same afternoon, and at the same hour when Mr. Carter and Dr. Comb were enjoying their dinner in the Broadway mansion, and anticipating the birth of young Carter, a man, whose tattered and filthy dress gave evidence of the deepest poverty, was leaning on the railing on the Battery and looking down into the water with an expression of despair on his features.

"Great God of Heaven," he muttered to himself, "four starving children now in my miserable hovel, and my poor wife in the

agony of giving me this night another. Which way shall I turn? No money, no friends—I would steal, aye murder, but no, God forgive me, I will try once more for a doctor."

With rapid steps the man hastened up Broadway, and paused not until he reached a house, whose basement window bore over the top a tin sign with the inscription "Doctor Frank." Plunging down into the area, the man rung the bell violently, the door was opened at once, and the impatient applicant found himself suddenly in the office and presence of Dr. Frank himself. The office was plainly furnished, and the doctor, seated in a large leather covered arm chair, was a pleasant man to look at. He was apparently about 35 years of age, his figure short and thick set, with black bushy hair, brushed upright from a high intellectual forehead that crowned a fair complexioned face, whose prevailing expression was good nature and benevolence. Dr. Frank surveyed the man before him attentively for a few moments, but there was no stern repulsion to poverty in his looks, and the eye of the man brightened up with a gleam of hope.

"My dear doctor," said the physician pleasantly, (he had a curious habit of calling every one doctor.) "My dear doctor, you look in pretty hard trim; the world has knocked you pretty roughly, eh! Come, tell me what is the matter—don't be bashful. Out with it man, let's hear your story."

"It is short," answered the man, huskily. "My name is John Poore. I am poor, miserably poor. Nothing has prospered with me; nothing prospered with my father before me, and I was born to the inheritance of poverty and sickness; the loss, by the villany of my employer, even of some scanty wages I have lately earned, has left me destitute, with my four children on my hands, and my wife, at this moment, about to give me another. Doctor, in the name of God, come to my house, No.—Broad street."

"To be sure I will, my dear doctor," answered the physician in a lively tone. "There, go long, cheer up, I'll be after you soon; and, in the meantime, there is something to get your wife some little necessities," and he placed a piece of silver in Poore's hand as he spoke.

John Poore endeavored to speak, but the effort seemed to choke in his throat. Grasping the doctor's hand for an instant with a quick, nervous movement, he darted out of the house.

Concerning the two persons introduced in the above scene, we need add but a word. John Poore's story speaks for itself. He was a poor man, and in these few words is comprised his history. As for Dr. Frank, he was a physician of standing, although of no show. He was fast rising into notice

among the sensible part of his neighbors, among whom were not a few of the old genuine Knickerbockers, who alone were entitled to be called the aristocrats of New York. Being very sensible people, however, they made no fuss about their title to this distinction, and they liked the doctor because he was himself a Knickerbocker, a skilful man, and had a kind heart and a merry tongue.

It was the same midnight hour, when the infant Carter at the Broadway mansion first saw the light, that an heir was born to John Poore, in Broad-street. It was in a small garret-room in an old and half decayed wooden building. The apartment was bare of furniture, with the exception of a rickety pine table, three rush-bottom chairs almost broke to pieces, and two beds, if a few blankets and a bunch of straw could be dignified with those names. On one of these, four children, all girls, lay huddled in a corner, while on the other was stretched the emaciated form of Poore's wife. Poore himself was seated at the foot of the bed, with his face buried in his hands, the hand of Dr. Frank was on the latch of the door, while a withered old woman, bent almost double with age, was seated by the fireplace holding in her lap the form of a male infant, scantily covered with a slip of muslin.

"Fine baby as ever was born," muttered the old woman, as she bent over the child, and with a battered spoon poured some liquid down its throat.

The mother's quick ear heard the words of praise, and she cast a gratified smile towards the old crone.

"Good bye, all," said Dr. Frank opening the door. "Granny, take good care of the baby; keep up a good heart, Poore. I'll call again soon," and the doctor departed.

The tallow candle in the garret home of John Poore sunk in its socket; Poore himself slumbered heavily at the foot of the bed where his wife reposed with her new born infant by her side; the old crone nodded in her rush-bottomed chair; the children slept quietly on their straw in the corner, and silence reigned in that wretched apartment, where, a short time before, a male child was born into the world, with, according to the old adage, "a pewter spoon in his mouth."

A few weeks after the above occurrences, there was a splendid christening party at the mansion of John Carter, Esq., in honor of his heir. Wax lights, glittering plate, silk, lace, and satin, were in their glory, and luxury held the guests of John Carter in her soft embrace.

The clergyman came to the child, inasmuch as the child was rich, and could not be brought to the church to him, and young Carter was duly christened with the name of Frederick. Among many other inau-

merable presents given to Frederick, there were of course no lack of silver spoons with his name engraved on them.

On the same day, in a small missionary church, the child of John Poore was christened with the name of Job, and his old crone of a nurse gave him a pewter spoon, valued at two for a penny.

The symbol of the silver and pewter spoon will be found in the lives of Frederick Carter and Job Poore.

CHAPTER II.

THE BURNISHING OF SILVER AND PEWTER.

FREDERICK Carter at the age of ten years was as fine a specimen of boyish beauty as ever filled the eye of a parent's pride. Well formed and graceful in every limb, with a complexion clear white and red, with features regularly and classically chiselled, large blue eyes, beaming with intelligence, a forehead broad and open, and auburn hair falling in glossy curls upon his shoulders, he stood a model that the sculptor would not have hesitated to have taken for an infant Apollo. Despite all the pampering of luxury, notwithstanding all the shield that the ill-judged care that wealth had taken that the winds of Heaven should hardly ever blow on him, the bloom of robust health was on his cheek, and his strong constitution had triumphed over all the costly furs and wrappers, the children's bitters, cough drops and opiates that had been put on him and down him, according to the true standard invented by physicians to bring up the children of the rich, and which, when it works right, generally results in the benefit of the inventors.

A fine sight was it to look at young Carter with his gold embroidered cap and velvet jacket and tall stately looking nurse, taking their afternoon walk on the Battery, for although ten years old, Mrs. Carter would not suffer him to go out alone. Mrs. Carter's eye, however, could not reach over the whole extent of the Battery, and the tall nurse often sat down on the benches to rest herself and enjoy the cool breeze of the Bay, and it would happen that while she was seated a prim looking little man with white top boots and a gold band around his hat would take his place beside her, and then would the tall nurse say:

"There, Master Carter, take your hoop and play up and down the walk, but mind don't go near those vulgar boys with the ragged clothes, remember Master Carter, you're a gentleman."

"So Ma and Pa tells me every day, and never to speak to beggars; how nasty they do look," and with a disdainful toss of the

head and a curl of his little nose, young Carter ran off with his hoop.

"A precocious youth is that young Carter, Miss Simpkins," said the man with the gold hat band as he crossed his white top boots over each other, and halfway put his arm around his companion.

"Very precocious," answered the fair Miss Simpkins, "but have the goodness to keep your hands a leetle further off, Mr. James Flunk. We are not married yet, and people that is genteel must behave as such in public places."

"A very jocose remark that of yours, as your master, Miss Simpkins, says to my master, Dr. Combs, when my master snubs up your master," returned James Flunk.

"Don't say master, Mr. James Flunk," answered the tall nurse with a toss of her head "it was all very well to say so when we lived in England, but since I've come out here I've learnt a thing or two. This is independent America as they call it, and they aint no masters here; employer is the word, Mr. James Flunk, if you please."

"Well, then, employer it is, Miss Simpkins, but I'm blowed if old Carter is't the hardest kind of a master, but I can call you mistress of my heart, as the great poet Don Juan says, Miss Simpkins, and name, oh, name the happy day when I can call you mine," and Mr. James Flunk placed his hand over the region of his heart and looked up languishingly into Miss Simpkins' eyes.

Miss Simpkins blushed, that is, the red of her face deepened a trifle in its shade, and she said, "oh, don't ask me." What more she would have said was interrupted just at that moment by the cries of a child in a distant part of the park.

"Good gracious, that's young Master Carter's voice," exclaimed the alarmed nurse, and she rushed from her seat, followed by James Flunk.

While the above courting scene in low life had been progressing on the bench of the Battery, young Carter had rolled his hoop to the end of the Battery towards Whitehall, where a party of small boys, with bare feet and ragged clothing were pitching pennies on the gravel walk. They were all about Carter's age, and but one alone of the number was conspicuous in dirt and poverty among his companions. He was of the same height with Carter, but in everything else presented a strong contrast. His hair was black, naturally fine and glossy but uncombed and uncut, it was matted around his forehead in a wild mass, where filth and the natural beauty of its texture seemed on strife as to which should have the mastery. Matted and gnarled as it was over the forehead, it did not completely hide the strikingly broad and arched outline of the latter, or obscure the fair white skin on its surface that here

and there stood out in bold relief from the crust of dirt. Beneath hair and dirt, a pair of eyes, black as coal, shone and sparkled with the fire of mind and energy, and the aquiline nose and thin compressed mouth, which made up the contour of his face, were faultless in their proportion. His dress was such as to create a smile, even while the gazer turned from it with a certain degree of loathing. It consisted of a man's cloth coat, full of holes and rents, covered with grease and filth, and its skirts long and made after the fashion of what was called "swallow tail." A ragged shirt, black with dirt, and a pair of men's pantaloons cut off at the bottom, and held up by a piece of tow string passing over his shoulder and breast completed his costume with the exception of a straw hat with its rim half torn off. Notwithstanding all this disguise with which poverty had clothed him, the form and attribute of manly beauty in its bud were plainly apparent, and no passers by could fail to notice it.

"Heads I win, tails you lose, Tom Brown," said our hero with the swallow tail coat, as he tossed a very black copper into the air.

"No you don't, you can't come that ere no how, Job Poore, by jingo," answered Tom, "but, oh, crackie, look there at that young covey with the velvet cap and hoop, how he stares; wonder if he wants to pitch?"

"I say, there, velvet cap, 'spose you take a go with us; your mother has giv you plenty of pennies, has'nt she?" said our hero with the swallow tail, who was no other than Job Poore whom we have before introduced to our readers.

"I don't play with beggar boys. Ma tells me not to," answered young Carter, and he raised his hoople stick as if to strike Job Poore, who now approached him.

"Beggar boys, hey!" exclaimed Job, "well, take that, and give the beggar boy's love to yer mother," and as he spoke he planted a blow with his little fist in the eye of young Carter which felled him to the ground. Screaming with pain, Carter jumped to his feet, and would have returned the blow, for he was by no means a coward, but the intervention of the nurse Simpkins and James Flunk put an end to the contest. Old Davy the keeper of the Battery grounds, made his appearance and whipped Job Poore and his companions into the street, while young Carter was carried home by his nurse. James Flunk thought it prudent to take his way home.

Great was the sensation produced at the Broadway mansion by the appearance of young Carter with his dress disordered and his eye pretty well blackened. Mrs. Carter fainted away, exclaiming—

"Oh, my darling, his eye is out; send for the doctor, send for the doctor."

Mr. Carter said nothing, but he looked ferociously at the nurse. Having dispatched a servant for Dr. Comb, Mr. Carter turned to the nurse, and said with a voice of thunder:

"Well, what have you to say for yourself; how did it happen, and what were you doing when it did happen?"

The tall nurse told all the story, only varying the truth by stating that the beggar boys, as she called them, had assaulted her young charge right before her eyes before she could prevent it. She made no mention of the presence of James Flunk.

"I see how it is," suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Carter jumping up from her fainting fit, "Jane Simpkins, you've had some followers after you on the Battery, and you have suffered my darling to be made blind, while you were engaged in everything else but looking after him. I discharge you this instant, tramp," and with a stamp of the foot which bespoke anything but the dignity of a lady, the enraged mother took her boy in her lap, and began to bathe his forehead.

"Oh, I'll go, and not sorry, either, I can get plenty of places with *real* ladies," and with an indignant toss of her head, the insulted Miss Simpkins sailed out of the room.

In the meantime, young Carter indulged himself in a succession of screams and kicks in his mother's lap, which all her soothing was ineffectual to silence.

"What the d—l is the matter here, Carter?" exclaimed Dr. Comb, bursting abruptly into the room. "Any limbs broken; if so, cut them off in half a minute."

Mrs. Carter shrieked at the idea of any surgical operation, Mr. Carter looked very grave, and the doctor looked ominously at the boy.

"D—l of a black eye," he muttered, as he pressed his hand over the part, causing young Carter to give another scream and kick—"shouldn't wonder, unless I take great care, if he should become stone blind in that eye."

Here Mrs. Carter gave another shriek, which the doctor did not interrupt, but waited coolly for its conclusion, when he added—"However, here's a prescription, make haste, get it, and rub it very carefully over his eye five or six times a day," and the doctor wrote a very formidable-looking line of hieroglyphics on a small piece of paper which he handed to Mrs. Carter. He then took a glass of wine, pocketed his fee, and departed in his carriage. A few days afterwards, the eye of young Carter was well, a new nurse was engaged, and there was calm once more in the Broadway mansion, interrupted only by the gayeties of fashionable life.

At the age of ten years the education of

young Carter was not very far advanced. It was true he could read, and had made some slight advances in geography, and knew something of the multiplication table, but had he been placed among the boys of some of the primary schools of the city, his reading and his knowledge would have been put to shame by boys not six years old. The fact was that parental indulgence had vitiated all the benefits of the instruction which had been given. A worthy, but poor young man, a graduate of Columbia College, who was endeavoring to work his way into the ministry, had been engaged by Mr. Carter, at a very cheap rate, to give his son a certain number of lessons every day. They were given as by contract, but they were not received, except at such particular times as little Carter felt in the humor, which it may be presumed, was not very often. All remonstrance on the part of the tutor was met by the parents, that he must not be too exacting in his discipline towards his young pupil, that he must give him short lessons, and be careful not to cross him. Even harsh remarks were often made by the parents to the tutor, when he complained that his pupil was refractory, and it was intimated that he, the tutor, did not manage his pupil rightly. It was humiliating for the tutor to bear all this from the purse-proud parents, but he had a high end in view, and he bore the unpleasantness of his situation with a patient shrug, and did the best he could do under the circumstances. That best did not amount to much.

The result of all this was, that Frederick Carter was an ignorant, self-willed, spirited child, not without many good qualities of heart, and fine natural abilities, but the first were smothered, and the latter rendered of no avail by a regular system of indulgence. It was not young Carter's fault; it was the fault of the silver spoon in the hands of those who worshipped silver as a god, and were bringing up their child in the same worship.

"Don't you think, my dear," said Mr. Carter to his wife one day, as he was sipping his wine after dinner, "that we had better do something more with reference to Frederick's education, he is awfully backward of his age, and I think, too, that he is getting rather wild and ungovernable."

"Mr. Carter, you are a fool to talk so about Frederick's temper, he is as sweet-tempered a child as ever lived, and as for his education, it is all Mr. Wilson, the tutor's fault. I don't believe that he knows how to teach children, and besides, he is always so solemn, that it is no wonder Frederick is glad to get away from him."

"Well, my dear, what do you propose to do—discharge Mr. Wilson, and send the boy to one of the fashionable schools?"

"Why, Mr. Carter, how can you talk so;

do you suppose I will permit my child to go to a public school, where he will be liable to be mixed up with the children of retail merchants, and mechanics who happen to have a little money. No, no, Mr. Carter, he might get hurt there, too, or get some disease. We must have an accomplished private tutor here at home, who will fit him for college, and make him a gentleman."

There was a slight twinge about Mr. Carter's mouth as his wife spoke of the retail merchants, but he only answered, "As you please, my dear," as they both rose from the table.

The next morning appeared in the daily papers the following advertisement:—

WANTED—A tutor for a gentleman's son. He must understand the Latin, Greek, French and German languages, must have been accustomed to the most refined society, and capable of taking the entire charge of his pupil and of forming his manners according to the station of society in which he is to be brought up. A graduate from one of the English universities, preferred. Apply to J. C., No.—Broadway.

There was no want of applications during the day, but only one graduate from Oxford presented himself, and he was accepted at once, as his testimonials to the fact of his being from that distinguished University were indisputable. He had, too, the airs and manners of a gentleman, and talked much of his having taught the sons of Lord such and such an one. This clinched the nail on the head, and Mr. Fitzgerald Bloomer was duly installed at the Broadway mansion, as the private tutor of Frederick Carter.

Mr. Fitzgerald Bloomer was a young man, fond of ease and good living, and having been for some time deprived of both, he entered with great zest on his duties at the house of Mr. Carter. The fact was, that Mr. Fitzgerald Bloomer was the youngest son of a once wealthy manufacturer, who brought his children up in luxury, then failed, leaving them with high ideas and penury as their inheritance. Fitzgerald determined to try his fortune in America, and he had not long been in the country when Mr. Carter's advertisement met his eyes. It promised ease, luxury, and no very great labor, and he made application accordingly. 'Tis true that what little he did remember of his college studies, was rather rusty, but he believed that with the address he felt he possessed, he should be able to get along. He did get along. Mrs. Carter was never tired of hearing him tell of the great people with whom he had mingled. Mr. Carter listened complacently and offered him wine, and as for young Frederick Carter, he took a great liking at once to his tutor. The reason of this latter fact was that the tutor suffered the

pupil to do pretty much as he pleased with respect to study, and confined his instructions principally in impressing on his pupil the importance of wealth and station.

For five years Frederick Carter thrived under the care of Fitzgerald Bloomer, and at fifteen he was a perfect model of a self-conceited coxcomb. The bud of dissipation, too, was on the sprout in his character. He could puff a cigar, and punish a bottle of wine, as well as many with older heads on their shoulders, and he was by no means ignorant, young as he was, of many other of the mysteries of gay life about the town.

Arrived at his sixteenth year, Frederick Carter was presented for admission into Columbia College. He passed the examination, and it must be presumed that, in his case, the examination was extremely light, for his classical knowledge was not of such weight as to stand much pressure. We leave him for the present, within the halls of learning, and turn to his cotemporary, Job Poore, in the abodes of poverty.

Strange contrast of human destinies! The carpet, velvet to the tread, the carved rosewood, the silver plate, the pampered child of wealth in the midst of his nurses, tutors and doting parents—all pass away, and in their place rises the garret room in Broad Street with its cracked dormant window, its trusses of straw, rickety chairs, and the half naked little Job Poore playing on the floor with his pewter spoon and his ragged sisters; while his thin pale mother labors at the wash-tub, the old crone smokes a black pipe in the corner, and John Poore the father, on one of the trusses, snores in the insensibility of a drunken sleep. It is poverty in its worst state of misery and shiftlessness. The kind hearted charity of Dr. Frank, which from the innumerable calls on him, could be but comparatively little in one place, was but a drop in the bucket to relieve the wretchedness of John Poore and his family; charity from other quarters had become weary, and despair settled on the soul of John Poore. He rushed, as thousands have rushed before him to the oblivion of rum, and his wife weak in body and health, barely gained a subsistence for the family by washing.

And so young Poore passed the days of his infancy, amid hunger, the curses of a drunken father, the sickness and complainings of an overtasked mother, uncared for, except in the deep love of a mother's heart, which had nothing but love to shield her darling from evil, and early taught by everything around him to hate his fellow-men, and vow in manhood to prey upon them. And thus, young Job Poore, the symbol of the pewter spoon, went out, as soon as his legs would carry him, into the street. School to him was not denied, for there was free education in the city of New York, although not to the wide extent that there is now:

The street became the school of Job Poore, and vice seen daily round him, and breathed into his ear, became his tutor. He received its teachings, and when at the age of ten years, he made young Frederick Carter bite the dust of the Battery, there was scarcely any kind of youthful vice with which he was not familiar. Years rolled on, and as he grew older, the natural impulses of his intelligent, inquiring mind, drove him to learn to read and write, which he accomplished by his perseverance, together with a little assistance from one of his companions who had been to school. Job would not enter a school, the discipline warred against the wild and reckless nature within him. And onward the mother of Job Poore toiled at the wash-tub, the old crone grew still more double as she smoked in the corner, the father sunk lower and lower into sottishness, and Job Poore studied life and vice, and misery in the lowest haunts of the streets, where, at the age of fifteen years, and at the same time that Frederick Carter is standing on the threshold of college, he is standing on the threshold of manhood, a bold, bad youth, ready to enter into the higher classes of evil—the pewter is burnishing in the open thoroughfare, the silver is burnishing in the halls of classical learning. What shall be the end?

CHAPTER III.

THE BAR-ROOM AND THE HALL-ROOM.

COLLEGE days have passed. Frederick Carter has received his classical education, or rather he has passed through that education according to college rule, and been duly clothed with the honors of the degree of Bachelor of Arts. How one, who troubled his books so little as he had done during the prescribed four years of his college life, managed to pass the examination necessary to obtain a degree, was one of those mysteries which are yearly seen at college commencements, but which have never, up to this period of the world's history, been satisfactorily explained. What, however, he lacked in true claim to the honors of a classical degree, he made up in a perfect title to a high degree in the first rudiments of dissipation. His college days over, and supplied by his parents with plenty of money, he determined to advance to the highest degrees of gay life, and fully carried out his determination. Old John Carter would occasionally wince at his son's extravagance, and close his purse strings, but the hopeful heir had only to change his attack to the purse of his mother, and a supply was immediately forthcoming.

"Mrs. Carter," said Mr. John Carter, "I

must try and persuade Frederick to enter one of our wealthy merchants' counting houses. It would be a good plan to give him business habits, at least it would keep him out of mischief, and I could then stand a better chance of carrying out my plan of marrying him into some of our first families: believe me, Mrs. Carter, the old families in this country are very particular, and would rather see their sons-in-law in some ostensible business, no matter how much money they may have."

"You talk like a fool, Mr. Carter, I am not going to have Frederick brought up to business; give him a profession, make him a lawyer if you please, Mr. Carter, not that he need practice, but the name of the thing is much more respectable. As for marrying, I flatter myself that there is no girl in New York, no matter how high she may hold her head, but would jump at the chance of having Mr. Frederick Carter for her husband."

But neither a merchant or a lawyer would young Mr. Carter become. He would go to Europe, make the grand tour; this was his choice. The grand tour was therefore made. Accompanied by his old tutor, Mr. Fitzgerald Bloomer, Mr. Frederick Carter, surveyed Europe according to the guide book, and returned with a vivid recollection of the wine and women of Paris, and with an incipient mustache. At the age of twenty-three, when he returned, he had taken his full degree as master in all arts of fashionable dissipation.

In Broadway, near the corner of Chamber Street, there stood at the period of which we are now writing, a large brick building, faced around the doors and windows with brown free stone, and known by the name of Washington Hall. It was one of the most celebrated hotels in the city, and the peculiarity of its fame was, that it was the resort of all the bloods, young and old, about New York. It was in fact the college of the male gourmand, sporting and fancy life of New York, and he who graduated from it had very little to learn in those accomplishments which go towards the making up of a perfect *roue*. It is to Washington Hall that the scene of our narrative now changes.

It was the commencement of winter. The night was clear, but piercing cold, and the large sea coal fire in the bar-room of Washington Hall sent a ruddy glow over the faces and forms of those who crowded the apartment and were raising a perfect Babel of sounds with their voices and the jingling of their glasses. We need single out only three of the group. One was Frederick Carter, dressed in the latest style of Parisian fashion, and holding a segar in one hand, and winking with his eye at the clear amber of a glass of wine which he held up to the light in the other. His two companions like himself were fashionably dressed, and both were

provided with the wine glass and the Havana. One was tall and thin, pale in complexion, and with a large hook nose, that seemed to have monopolized all the flesh of the face in order to swell its own proportions. The other was a stout, dark complexioned man, short in figure, and with nothing in particular to distinguish him, but the broadness of his face, and a constant merry twinkle of his black eye.

"I wonder, Jack Pupperty, if old Moriarty is on hand yet?" said Carter, addressing his thin companion with the hook nose.

"Yes, there he is in the reading-room, dispensing his charity to that beggar girl. Come, let's go in and see him," answered the other, in a queaking voice, which in the dark would have been taken for a very bad imitation of a female treble. Jack Pupperty's voice was quite celebrated in Washington Hall.

The trio accordingly adjourned to the reading-room, which joined on to that of the bar. A very unique scene here presented itself. Besides several gentlemen, who were busily engaged in perusing the papers, there were three elderly ones seated and amusing themselves in questioning a girl about fifteen years of age, beautiful in form and feature, and her beauty triumphing over the shade of dirt and rags in which it was en-cased. The elder of the three questioners was apparently about sixty years of age. A little head, with a forehead receding so far back that it seemed in danger of falling over his shoulders had it not been for a broad piece of table land that stood boldly out at the back of his neck, surmounted a figure, the main part of whose flesh and blood seemed to be in the stomach, which frowningly overhung two taper extremities that claimed to be its supporters. Such was Henry Moriarty, to whom Carter had referred, and who now sat with two companions of the same age, amusing themselves with the beggar girl.

"Please give me something. Father's dead, and mother's sick with three small children," said the girl.

"Where do you live, my little dear?" said old Moriarty, and as he looked upon the girl, there was a watery leer in his dim eyes, as if passion was struggling to kindle the fires of youth.

"Oh, give her some of your charity, Harry; say about the same amount you dispensed the other night about 11 o'clock, when I saw you on the corner of Chamber street, engaged in a very interesting conversation with a nymph of the street," said one of the elderly gentlemen by Moriarty's side.

One would have supposed that an old man with gray hairs on his head would have resented such a remark, but he only laughed, and took it as if it was a standing joke, and hold-

ing out a shilling, said to the girl, who had already answered that she lived at No. — Elizabeth street—

"There, my poor girl, go along. I will send up some one to see if your tale of distress is true," and the watery leer in old Moriarty's face followed the beggar girl as she retreated from the room.

"Ha! ha! ha!" burst out in chorus from the two elderly gentlemen, and from our trio of young bucks as they looked upon the scene.

"What a generous man you are, Harry," said one of the old gentlemen, whose complexion was bordering on mahogany, and whose gray hair rose perpendicularly from his forehead.

"Oh, yes, Judge Triller," exclaimed the short, broad faced companion of Fred Carter, "Harry is a very charitable man. He's got a pew in Grace Church, and when he is in it, and the warden hands around the plate, he always looks astonished at the magnitude of Harry's contribution."

The Henry Moriarty, whose peculiar charity was thus made the jest of his young and old acquaintances, was worth only half a million of dollars, on which he had retired from a successful, and equally as peculiar a mercantile career, as far as it related to mercantile honor. He had a peculiar knack, it was said, of getting all the money a country customer might happen to have about him, and then of turning him off on some of the other Pearl street jobbers for the credit part of the business.

"You've got a thousand dollars in cash," he would say to his customer, and he said it with the most bland and winning manner. "Trade this out with me, and what else you want you can get on credit by referring to me." So it was done; and when the reference was made, old Moriarty's invariable answer was, "Yes, he has traded with me to such an amount, and always paid me like a man." The consequence was, that some merchants often suffered, but old Moriarty never. Thus he grew rich, lived in style, was now, when we introduce him, at Washington Hall, an old, worn-out libertine and sensualist, and on the corners of the streets, and at Washington Hall, he was always to be found at night. In the one place he picked up subjects to reanimate the fires of youth, in the other, he sunk the respect due to gray hairs, by associating with those whose jests and conversation spoke only of that libertinism which wrapped his soul as with a mantle. It was no anomaly, therefore, that he should take in good part whatever his associates of Washington Hall, young or old, might say to him, no matter how gross or even satirical it might be.

"Why, boys, how are you?" he answered to the last remark of Frederick Carter's

dark complexioned companion. "Why, Carter, I've not seen you since you returned from Europe. How well you look—nice place that Paris—much charity in my line, eh?" and the old man chuckled at his own wit.

"Oh, plenty of it—grisettes, &c., in abundance," returned the young exquisite, as he gave his moustache a quirk.

"By the by, Fred, you have raised an elegant moustache since you have been gone," continued old Moriarty, in a jocular manner.

"Yes," said the dark complexioned companion of Carter, who answered to the name of Bill Crane. "It's a beautiful moustache; but as I told my friend, Jack Pufferty, here, when he asked my opinion of his, that like the city of Washington, his moustache was extensively laid out, but thinly populated."

A general laugh of course followed this remark.

"By the way, Jack," continued Crane, "you have been to Europe, too. How did you like Rome, for instance, as an historical city?" and there was a twinkle in Crane's eye as he spoke.

"Oh, very well. The ruins of the Colosseum and all that are very well; they would look better, however, if they were improved a little; but, Bill, the horses and dogs ain't a circumstance to ours," and the treble of Jack Pufferty's voice was ended also by an application of his digits to his moustache.

Jack Pufferty was the son of a rich father, who unlike the father of Frederick Carter, was a plain, unostentatious man, but young Pufferty was very much like young Carter in his knowledge of Europe and all other knowledge, except what related to wine, women, horses, and dogs.

"Ha! ha! the horses and dogs will stick out," exclaimed Bill Crane, "and this is all we have to say of the grand tour of Europe."

"Boys," chimed in old Moriarty, "who's going to the grand masquerade ball at the Park Theatre next week? It's going to be a grand affair, although some of our sober folks are rather squeamish about it."

"Are you going, yourself, Harry?" asked Judge Triller. "It is hardly the place, Harry, for an old boy that owns a pew in Grace Church, and dispenses charity."

"Yes," answered Moriarty, "I shall be on hand—if nothing else, to see how the dashing Mrs. Harvey gets along."

"And who is the dashing Mrs. Harvey, I should like to know?" inquired Frederick Carter.

"Oh, she's something in the female line that's started up since you went to Europe. You'll get acquainted with her all in good time, Fred," answered the treble of Jack

Pufferty: "but come, let's have a bottle of champagne, and then we'll make a night of it."

The champagne was duly brought and disposed of, and while the old bucks of Washington Hall went to their homes, the young ones emigrated to certain localities which we may have occasion hereafter to describe in our narrative.

It was a richly, but not gaudily furnished apartment, in a large three-story brick house in Beekman street. The prevailing feature of the room was comfort, combined with every appearance of great wealth. The chairs, tables, and mirrors were of the antique order, the former of massive mahogany, the latter with gilt frames curiously and elaborately carved. On one side of the cheerful fire-place sat an aged man, whose thin white locks fell back from a face hardly wrinkled with the trace of years, and beaming with dignity and benevolence; opposite to him on the other side, in a capacious arm chair, similar to his own, sat his wife, a matron, far advanced in life, whose white locks were parted over a polished brow, beneath which two mild blue eyes, even in the dimness of age, seemed to glow with a gentle, cheerful expression, as if the soul of which they were the windows, was pure, and at peace with itself and the world. Years had left on her cheek also but slight marks of their progress. The wife was knitting, and the looks of both husband and wife were turned with fond affection on the figure of a young and blooming girl; who was seated on a low stool between them, at as it were the feet of both, busily engaged at a frame of embroidery. It was a beautiful picture of domestic felicity in the midst of wealth and luxury.

Francis Meek, whom, with his family, we have above introduced to our readers, was rich in this world's goods, and what was far better, rich in all the rare qualities that constitute the perfect gentleman and the good man. Descended from one of the oldest Knickerbocker families, he had by honorable and successful merchandize added to the large sum that he had acquired by inheritance, and he now ranked among the wealthiest and most respectable citizens of New York. His wife was of the same mould of human goodness with himself, and the daughter, educated sensibly and with reference to her own happiness, to a correct position as a woman, and not with a view to the fashion of the world, was growing up after the pattern of her parents. Mary Meek was beautiful in form and feature, beautiful in mind and heart, a flower of rare loveliness, unwithered in the hot-bed of wealth and luxury. Francis Meek was proud of his position as an honorable and respectable citizen, but beyond that his pride passed not into the region of silly ostenta-

tion and conceited claim to be considered better than his neighbor who might happen to be poor. Wealth he looked upon only as the means to scatter blessings around his own hearthstone, and all who had just claims to aid from his hands on the score of their suffering the adversity of honest poverty. He belonged to the true aristocracy of human nature, and strange to say, even the aristocracy of New York mushroom wealth acknowledged him and his family as the aristocracy superior to them, and whose society they always took pains to court. Francis Meek and his family mingled often with the fashionable life of New York, for their position rendered it unavoidable, but they were not of it, they shrunk from its vices, and made even their acquaintance with it an improving lesson by which to regulate their own lives.

"Father," said Mary Meek, raising her large lustrous blue eyes from her embroidery, "Frederick Carter, at Mrs. Livingston's party last night, asked me if I was going to the masquerade ball at the Park Theatre next week. It was rather singular that he should ask me such a question."

"Not at all, my child," answered the father. "His ideas are all centered in gaiety and dissipation, and he has no conception of the pleasure of wealth, independent of sensual enjoyment and giddy pleasure. Treat him politely, my child, but shun his intimacy as you would that of a serpent. What answer did you make to him?"

"That when I could forget maidenly modesty I would go to the masquerade ball, and besides, I was invited to go with Edward Masterson to Professor Silliman's lecture."

"And what answer did he make to that?" said the father.

"He looked perfectly astonished, said Edward Masterson was a poor young lawyer, wondered how I could associate with him, and why I did not like masquerade balls, which were all the rage in Paris."

Francis Meek and his wife both smiled, the conversation afterwards became general, and at an early hour deep sleep—the sleep of innocence and virtue—encircled in its arms the household of Francis Meek.

The night, so anxiously expected by the fashion of New York, at length arrived. The masquerade ball at the Park Theatre had been a long-talked-of event, and anticipation at last was gratified in the reality.

The pit of the Park Theatre was floored over, and its area, including all that of the stage, was the platform of the dancers, where music and festoons of flowers, and the dazzling bevy of sylph-like forms, with their faces enshrouded in the mystery of the mask, lent a wild intoxication to the scene. Old Moriarty was there, and so were Jack Pufferty, William Crane and Judge Triller. All New York, in its gaiety and fashion,

was there. Tall and majestic among all the throng, clothed in flowing robes of white, wavy as the fleecy outlines of a transparent blond, there moved one figure, with the envious mask to conceal her features, that attracted the notice and admiration of all the gazers.

"Mrs. Harvey, by all that's holy," exclaimed old Moriarty, as he hobbled off to address her.

"I'm after you," muttered Frederick Carter to himself, as he followed on the heels of the old rouse.

"You are mistaken in the person—I have not the honor of knowing you," was the exclamation of the nymph in white, that Carter heard addressed to old Moriarty, as he himself advanced. Old Moriarty slunk away, and Frederick Carter took his place by the side of the divinity of the evening.

"May I have the pleasure of dancing with you?" was Frederick Carter's address as he bowed low, and took the place of Moriarty. There was in answer, a graceful bend of the swanlike neck, and Carter had an opportunity of seeing on the bowed head the full luxuriance of its rich burden of black and silken tresses.

On went the giddy dance, and, intoxicated with his mysterious but fascinating partner, Carter led her through its winding mazes.

"Oh that I could look behind that mask, to see the beauty that is concealed," whispered Carter, as he pressed his partner's hand. Frederick Carter was a handsome man, and the pressure was returned.

"I am very faint," suddenly whispered the mask by Carter's side, "let us seek some place where I can breathe the air;" and Carter and his companion were in a few moments afterwards in a temporarily constructed retiring room behind the scenes of the theatre.

The lady sank fainting on a couch, the mask fell from her face, revealing her features pale as alabaster, and beautiful as those of an houri. Her eyes were closed, and their long lashes lay like lines of glossy black fringe on the marble of her face. Frederick Carter stood entranced before the beauteous form which lay still and motionless as death. His gaze wandered over the rounded cheek and the faultlessly chiselled lips just parted so as to disclose a line of pearl, and the gaze rested not until it took in the whole rounded bust to the place where its swelling outline rose like two hills of snow with their tops half enveloped by the thin and almost transparent gauze of the dress.

Frederick Carter bent over the prostrate form, reached forth his hand—but the lady opened her eyes and started up in alarm, for a slight cough was at that moment heard

behind the scene which formed one side of the little room.

"My eye is upon you, Mr. Frederick Carter, and I'll make something by keeping it there."

The speaker was Job Poore.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BURGLAR, THE LAWYER, AND THE SHYSTER

How came Job Poore in the little retiring room of the Park Theatre on the night of the masquerade ball?

While Frederick Carter had been performing the grand tour of Europe, and perfecting himself in all the high arts of fashionable vice and dissipation, Job Poore had been performing the tour of the dens, the streets and alleys of New York, and perfecting himself in all the low arts of vicious poverty. When we now bring him again on the scene, his father and mother were dead, buried with the old nurse in Potter's Field. Whether even in that place, the only freehold of poverty, their bodies rested in peace is a matter of great doubt. The probability is that they were soon transferred to some lecture-room of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, where, subjected to the knife and the galvanic battery, they were made to illustrate some of the great mysteries of human anatomy. The sisters of Job Poore had not followed their parents to the Potter's Field, but they had passed forward to a living charnel house, far more fearful—the charnel house of prostitution. And with a scowling brow, and a heart rankling with the hate of the world and all mankind, Job Poore had looked upon all this, and sworn to be revenged. The means to accomplish such revenge ever present themselves in one shape before poverty, unrestrained by right education, and that shape is, theft. "Steal the wealth, the iron heel of whose possessors is crushing you to the earth," is the fiery handwriting on the wall, which meets licentious poverty at every turn, rivets its gaze, and becomes burnt as with a brand into its very heart.

Thus it was with Job Poore. He was now verging on to twenty-one years of age, and his life had been one of evil. He had not, however, as yet plunged madly into crime as a profession, but the hour, the temptation and the tempter were at hand.

It was a cheerless night, the wind howled through the streets, and the cold, driving rain dashed madly against the rickety windows of a low groggery or crib in the upper part of Cherry-street, which was the resort of the most desperate characters in the city. But the wood fire burnt brightly on the

hearth, and between the green rails that, according to an old fashion, fenced in the bar from the other part of the room, the decanters, filled with various colored liquids, glittered in the light. Peter Flint, the landlord, stood behind the bar, filling up with his broad shoulders and flaming face, the little square opening through which he dealt out his potations to the numerous applicants that crowded up to his high altar of rum and poison. Peter Flint, or Old Pete, as he was called by his customers, was a perfect specimen of a priest fitted to minister at such an altar. His frame was short, thick-set, and cast in a mould of iron muscle, and his face, as we said before, was flaming. No other word can better express our meaning. His own bad rum, that had for so many years gone down his throat with a ceaseless stream, had sent up its fumes with such a concentrated heat to his brain, that the fire engendered thereby, burnt out in a steady, red, and fiery blaze, covering his face, even to where his double chin was lost in the folds of a dirty white cravat, and presenting, at the end of his hooked nose, the apex of the flame in a curve of blue light. Such was old Pete Flint, the landlord of the "Cross Keys," in Cherry-street.

On the night in question the bar-room was unusually crowded, owing doubtless to the inclemency of the weather without. It was, for the most part, a startling assemblage to look at. Ragged clothing and haggard countenances, tinged in their expression with desperation, predominated. There were, however, many present who were well clothed, whose appearance betrayed no want, but the restlessness and sinister expression of whose deep set eyes gave evidence of evil minds busily at work on some scheme of wrong. At one corner of the fire-place, his soiled and tattered garments wet with the rain to which they had been exposed, and the water dropping from his black and matted hair, sat Job Poore. His eyes were fixed on the fire, and the whole expression of his features was downcast. The moments rolled on, and still Job Poore remained seated and gazing into the fire, although many around him addressed him with some low jest as if to rouse him from his reverie. At length, seemingly bracing himself up to some unpleasant task, he rose and advanced to the bar.

"Pete, I'll take a glass of whisky today, mix it strong," he said, and his voice trembled as he spoke.

"Tip the tin, Job," returned the landlord, "and here's the whisky; till then, no go. Job, there's a considerable quantity of chalks agin you already," and Pete Flint held out one hand towards Job, while with the other he grasped the decanter of whisky.

"You be d——d, you old thief," an-

swered Job, "you'll change your mind in one minute," and Job Poore returned doggedly to his seat.

The landlord laughed sneeringly, but made no reply, and there was a comparative silence for a few moments in the room, in the midst of which the door was flung widely open, and a tall man enveloped in a cloak entered into the room.

"Silk Ned, by all that's holy," exclaimed the landlord, "why, Ned, how are you?"

"None of your impertinent familiarity, Mr. Peter Flint, if you please; is Job Poore here?" said the stranger, throwing off his cloak, and looking around the room.

"Well, here's a flash cove any how," exclaimed again Pete Flint with a scornful laugh. "Doesn't remember his old friends, the cross game must have turned up devilish lucky of late, eh Mr. Silk Ned?"

The new comer took no further notice of the landlord's remark, except to mutter "pah," for his eye at that moment fell upon the object of his search.

"Landlord, a room, and send up a steaming bowl of punch, quick, do you hear?" said the individual addressed as Silk Ned, after a few moments conversation with Poore, and the tone and air with which he gave the order were as grand and lordly as if he were one of the magnates of the land.

"In course whatever you want you can have in this ere house, Ned, and I am proud to serve you," and old Pete made a mock bow as he continued, "and Job, you'll excuse my imperitiveness a moment ago; I didn't know you had any friends."

"I am his friend, Mr. Peter Flint, and that's enough," said Silk Ned with another wave of his hand, as he and Job Poore followed the landlord to an upper apartment.

The steaming punch bowl was soon placed between Silk Ned and Job Poore, and while the latter is in the first heat of quenching his thirst and bracing his spirits with the beverage, we will take a look at the former.

Silk Ned was a person apparently about thirty years of age, delicate in person, with a pale face, regular in its features, and highly intellectual in its expression. He was dressed with great care, and the taper fingers of his white hands which displayed several rings of value, gave evidence that he did not live by labor. Silk Ned was, in fact, as our readers have doubtless surmised, a professed pickpocket and burglar. He was, however, of the accomplished kind of that order, and the dandyism of his dress, and his genteel delicate form and his whole appearance had gained for him among his associates the name of Silk Ned. Silk Ned was well educated, worked with his head, and left for his "pal" or companion the rougher and more dangerous part of the labor, except the important cases of pocket-

picking, which required great dexterity and agility, in which cases his taper fingers were all that was required to ensure success. To accomplish the burglaries which he planned, he always provided himself with a pal, who was chosen with a view to strength as well as shrewdness and desperate courage. At the time we now introduce him to our readers, he had lost a pal by the embrace of the State Prison, and in casting about for his successor he had a few weeks previously encountered Job Poore. Silk Ned was a good reader of character by the face, and he knew instinctively that Poore was the man for him. The result of his interviews with Poore may be learned from their conversation over the punch bowl in the upper apartment of the crib of the Cross Keys.

"Well, Job, are you ready," said Silk Ned, sipping his glass of punch, "to undertake the job to-night, and have you reconnoitered John Carter's house on the Battery, so that you know which way to go?"

"Yes—all right; the plate is kept in the sideboard in the parlor, and his money in a desk in his sleeping room. His watch is always under his pillow when he sleeps, and, by G-d, we'll have 'em all."

"Better let the watch go if we can get the rest; perhaps he might wake up, under the fingering of your hands."

"Then I'll put him and his wife to sleep again."

"No Job, no murder, that's blackguard; I never murder, unless my heels fail. But come, the storm is clearing up, leaving enough darkness for our purpose. French Bill is by the house, waiting with his go-cart and the tools."

A few moments afterwards, Silk Ned had discharged his reckoning, and departed with Job Poore from the Cross Keys.

The rain had ceased to fall, but black clouds still continued to drive across the face of the heavens, revealing only now and then a small cluster of stars. Thick darkness was over the city, enshrouding in its folds the doomed mansion of John Carter, Esq., and the little round boxes on the corners of the streets where the city watchmen slept profoundly, lulled to slumber by the wail of the blast. Three figures stood in front of John Carter's house, around a little hand-cart. They were Job Poore, Silk Ned, and French Bill.

"Hist, now, Bill," whispered Silk Ned; "wheel your cart around the corner, more into the shade; keep a bright look-out—and, now, Poore, for the trial," and he took from the cart a lantern, a crowbar, called by burglars a jimmy, a screw, or bit, and a large sack.

While Bill, according to orders, wheeled the cart away, Ned and Poore advanced to the basement door. The jimmy, the bit,

and the knife, did the work scientifically, and the two burglars soon stood within the hall. With stealthy steps they advanced to the dining room door, which was locked. Noiselessly this also was opened, and the sideboard lock yielding in its turn to the science of Silk Ned, soon disclosed its treasures.

"Now, Poore, while I pack the plate, you cut up stairs and attend to old Carter's strong box—but be careful."

With his dark-lantern in his hand, Poore crept up to the sleeping apartment of John Carter. The master of the mansion snored sonorously, and his deep base was answered in perfect time by the treble of his spouse. Poore passed the light over their features, but they stirred not, and the music of sleep continued loud and regular.

"Good!" he muttered to himself. "Let's see if his keys are in his breeches pocket." He felt, and found them, and the next moment the desk was opened, and rifled of a roll of bank bills and some gold coin.

The music of sleep continued uninterrupted, and again the burglar advanced to the bedside. He stretched forth his hand, inserted it gently under the pillow, when the snore of Mrs. Carter resolved itself into a short, chopped off snort, and she half-started up from the bed. Before, however, she could open her mouth, a blow from Job Poore's fist caused her to fall back again, but with such violence as to cause Mr. Carter himself to spring from the bed in alarm. His half-uttered cry of "Thieves!" was smothered by the grasp of Poore upon his throat, but too late. Sounds, as of persons in the next room, were heard; and Poore, dealing Carter a blow on the side of the head, took to his heels. By the time he reached the dining-rooms, cries of alarm were heard all over the house, and the burglars knew they had no time to lose. The plate was left behind, and, swift as the wind, Poore and Silk Ned fled through the door by which they had entered. As they reached the cart and French Bill, a solitary watchman came running up, but a blow from the jimmy laid him calmly on the sidewalk, and the burglars made good their escape. Fifteen minutes afterwards, the mansion of John Carter was full of watchmen, who rubbed their eyes and listened like philosophers to his story, which he told as composedly as his own agitation and the hysterics of his wife would let him.

The next morning, John Carter, Esq., stood in the office of Jacob Hays, Esq., High Constable of New York, and familiarly known by the name of "Old Hays." He was a man of about the medium size in stature, rather corpulent, with heavy features, hair of silver gray, mild expression of countenance, but with a keen, piercing eye that seemed to look at every thing about him,

and to know all that it took into the compass of its vision.

"This is a way for New York to be watched," exclaimed John Carter, Esq., with an angry flush upon his brow. "A respectable citizen's house to be entered without hindrance, his money stolen, and the life of himself and family endangered, and not a sign of a watchman until it is all over and too late, and —"

"Be calm, Mr. Carter," interrupted the High Constable, "watchmen are mortal, robberies frequently occur in all large cities, and the respectable, or rather the rich part of the community are generally the victims; but can you describe any of the burglars, perhaps we may aid you in getting your property, or at least in catching the thief."

Mr. Carter here entered with great volubility into a description of Job Poore's face and form, which he said he distinctly saw by the light of the lamp which had fallen on the floor, but which had not been extinguished before he had a fair view of the villain who had grasped him by the throat. The High Constable gave a nod as if he recognized the description, and after offering fifty dollars reward, John Carter, Esq., departed.

A week afterwards, Old Hays laid his hand on a decently dressed and genteel looking man, who was walking in Broad street, saying "Job Poore, you're wanted."

"Mr. Hays, you're mistaken in the person," said Poore, and he indignantly turned to the crowd which began to collect around.

"Never mistaken," answered Hays "so come along and we will be still better acquainted," and notwithstanding the remonstrance of the crowd and an attempt at a rescue, Old Hays bore his captive off.

In the old jail which at that period stood at the side of the Park towards Broadway, Job Poore awaited his trial, while Silk Ned and French Bill had escaped all suspicion of the burglary, for no one had seen them but the watchman whom they had knocked down, and the darkness of the night and his own half sleepy state had formed an effectual bar to his ever recognizing them again by what he saw of their persons. The police of New York did not know of any connection between them and Poore, the mouth of Poore was closed on the subject, and they were therefore safe.

Silk Ned, in all his operations, had never been caught, although he was known to the police, and he had never needed a lawyer except in the case of his former pal now in prison. That lawyer had been recommended to him, but he had not liked him, and he now determined to judge for himself. Being in court one day, and having heard young Edward Masterton (whom we introduced to our readers in our last chapter) eloquently

defend and cause to be acquitted, a young lad charged with theft, he resolved at once to employ him.

Edward Masterton sat alone in his office in Cherry-street, which was, at the period at which we are writing, as full of legal offices as Nassau-street is at the present day. It was a cheerless apartment; the floor was bare of carpet, almost of furniture. A pine table covered with a much-worn green baize cloth, and supporting a few law books and bundles of papers tied with red tape, was, with the exception of two or three chairs, all the furniture in the room. A few coals burnt dull in the grate, and Edward Masterton sat with his head bowed on the table. His dress was scrupulously neat, but very seedy, and the expression of his fine, intellectual countenance was melancholy and despairing. There was a knock at the door, and to the answer "come in," Silk Ned, with an ample black cloth cloak enveloping his form, entered. The appearance of the stranger was prepossessing, and the countenance of Masterton brightened.

"I have come to ask you to defend a friend of mine, who is unfortunately charged with burglary," said Silk Ned with one of his grand and most impressive airs, and as he spoke he laid a \$20 note on the table.

"Is your friend innocent or guilty?" asked Masterton, turning his face away from the proffered fee, "and be assured there must be the most unlimited confidence between us, or I can do nothing."

"He is guilty," at once answered Silky Ned, "but of course that's all the same to a lawyer."

"Stop, my friend," returned the other, "it may be to some lawyers, but not to me; there is such a thing as honesty and regard for the public good even among lawyers, and I decline your fee and case—would decline them both if the former were twice as large as it is; that the latter is a bad one is sufficient for me."

"Oh, very well, as you please," answered Silk Ned, putting his note back in his purse; "but hang me if I don't think the millennium is coming, for I've found a lawyer to refuse a fee. Of course, however, you are a man of honor, and any admission of my friend's guilt will not by you be used to his prejudice," and Silky Ned gathered his cloak about him, with dignity as he rose to depart.

"Never fear, I know all the just requirements of my profession," was the parting salutation of Masterton as the door closed on his would-be client.

That same night Edward Masterton, as he was sitting with his mother and sister, Lucy Masterton, in his humble home, which bespoke of the hard bitings of poverty, said—

"Mother, I have this day refused a fee

which would have added greatly to your comfort, but my conscience would not let me accept it."

"You did right, my son, and may Heaven bless you," was the answer of the mother whose head, white with the frost of years, shook with the tremulous motion of palsy.

There was a tear in Masterton's eye as his mother spoke, but it was dried in its falling by the sweet face of hope which his sister Lucy at that moment turned towards him, as she said—

"And Heaven will bless you, or there is no truth in its promises for the good and upright."

"Pshaw," said Pete Flint, to whom Silk Ned related the refusal of Masterton to defend Poore. "Pshaw, he's a green fool, try young Slipper Vampire, over the way there. He's a rising man, sir, in our way, a rising man, depend upon it," and by way of enforcing his opinion, Peter Flint, the landlord of the Cross Keys, took a deep draught of his own brandy, and asked Silk Ned to join him in a nip.

Silk Ned took the nip, made a wry face as he swallowed it, and adjourned to the office of Slipper Vampire.

Slipper Vampire sat in his office, which was well furnished with tables, desks and a good show of law papers, a tolerable library, and with a cadaverous looking clerk, whose long ungainly legs were wound around the corresponding legs of his chair like the folds of a serpent around the branches of a tree. Slipper Vampire himself was a hard looking man, and his looks did not belie his character, his form and face were thin, his complexion that of parchment, and his features seemed all tied up in a knot.

"What can we do for you to-day sir," he said as Silk Ned entered; "some friend in a bad scrape, eh?" and he rubbed his long bony hands as he spoke.

Silk Ned repeated the same address he had made to Masterton, offering the same fee, but very different was the answer.

"By all means," said Slipper Vampire, pocketing the bill with the most bland smile imaginable. "The lawyer always identifies himself with his client, guilty or innocent, depend on me, Mr. —. What shall I call your name?"

"Edward Silk, at your service," said Silk Ned, and gathering his cloak about him, he again issued from a lawyer's office.

The day of trial came. The prisoner, Job Poore, was placed at the bar of the Court of Sessions, in the City Hall, and the Hon. Richard Riker, a mild, benevolent-looking, little old gentleman, presided. Slipper Vampire appeared as counsel for the prisoner, and the case proceeded. Slipper Vampire, Esq., was a regular criminal pettifogger, ready always to take up the most

desperate cases, and ready always to make capital for his client, before the jury, by insulting witnesses and throwing out the most base innuendoes against their characters—no matter how honest or respectable those witnesses might be. He would have been called in those days a shyster. At the period of which we speak, there was no other name for him, but that of an unprincipled lawyer, of the lowest order.

John Carter, Esq., was of course, the principal witness to identify the person of Job Poore. He did so clearly, although somewhat pompously.

"Sir," said Slipper Vampire on the cross-examination, "where were you born?" With indignant dignity Mr. Carter answered the question.

"Now tell me, sir," continued Slipper Vampire, Esq., fixing his cold grey eye upon him as he spoke, "were you never a bankrupt, and were you never taken up for false pretences?"

The District Attorney objected to the question, but the counsel for the prisoner insisted that he could show such to be the fact, intimating with a wink to the jury, that John Carter's testimony was not very greatly to be relied on. John Carter turned red in the face, and the Court decided that the question was irrelevant. The case came to a conclusion, speeches were made, and the case given to the jury. They retired, but although the guilt of Poore was as plain as day, there were many among the jurymen who were inclined to doubt the testimony of even the rich and respectable John Carter, from the simple unproved insinuation of Slipper Vampire, Esq. A verdict, however, of "guilty" was at length rendered, and Recorder Riker proceeded to sentence the prisoner.

"It is lamentable," said the benevolent Recorder "to see so intelligent looking a young man as you convicted of such a grave crime, but burglary has become too prevalent in this community to be passed over, we must therefore punish you, but we will give you the shortest term of the law in order that you may take heed to your ways and reform. We sentence you to the State Prison for two years, but mind young man, do not be brought up here again."

And to prison Job Poore went, and served out his time, which brings him to about the period, that, as we seen, Frederick Carter returned from his tour in Europe. The latter had graduated from a college of fashionable dissipation, the other from the walls of a prison. Edward Masterton the high minded but poor young lawyer, as we saw in our last chapter, had so far commenced to rise in his profession as to make the acquaintance of Francis Meek, in Beekman-street, and become the favorite of his daughter Mary, to whom it seems Fre-

derick Carter had, from motives of policy, been paying court. Frederick Carter was, however, in the progress of carrying out the results of his education in fashionable vice, mingling in all the gayeties of New York life, and among other things seeking out the dashing Mrs. Harvey at the masquerade at the Park Theatre. Job Poore, in carrying out the results of his prison education, which taught him revenge on all the world in general, and the Carter family in particular, was watching Frederick Carter. He clandestinely obtained an entrance behind the scenes and witnessed, as we have seen, the interview between Frederick and Mrs. Harvey in the little retiring room. But what was that interview to Job Poore, and who was Mrs. Harvey?

We shall see.

CHAPTER V.

THE BROTHER, SISTER AND MISTRESS.

THE night was very dark and the lamps of New York gave forth no light to relieve the city darkness. The corporation of New York, from time immemorial, has had a contract with the moon, the terms of which are, that the said moon shall on certain nights, specified in the almanac, illuminate the city and save the corporation the expense and trouble. Owing to the habit the clouds have of now and then veiling the face of the moon, the contract is often violated by that luminary, but the corporation consider that this is not their affair—they hold to the bond, and if the moon fails, the citizens must look to the moon for damages in consequence of the failure. So it was on the night in question, the clouds had a brush with the moon, the city in consequence was very dark, and the corporation, holding to the bond, also held on to their light until their turn came according to agreement. Darkness, however, is a welcome companion for the spirits of evil, and Job Poore as he walked up Chapel-street, thought the night was pleasant; darkness and blackness were in his own soul, and the gloom of the heavens was to him most grateful.

Job Poore paused before a neat two story brick building, and muttering to himself that "this must be the house," ascended the steps and pulled the bell.

"Does Mrs. Harvey live here?" he asked of the servant girl who opened the door half way, and held tightly on the knob as she surveyed with a frowning look the questioner.

"Yes, Mrs. Harvey lives here, and what do you want; if you are a beggar, you might as well tramp; we've got nothing for beggars," was the answer of the servant girl,

after she had measured Job with her eye from head to foot. Job's appearance was certainly not very prepossessing, and was very suggestive of poverty.

"I am no beggar," he answered with a scowl on his brow. "I wish to see your mistress; is she in?"

"Yes, but you can't see her," and the girl made a motion to shut the door forcibly in Job's face.

"Stop a minute, my brave petticoat," said Job, pushing back the door, and handing the girl a card, on which a few words were traced in pencil. "Give your mistress that, and then, perhaps, we'll find out whether I can see her or not."

The girl took the card, gave a look of wonder, and went to her mistress. Her look of wonder was not at all diminished, when her mistress said—"Let him come in, and let no one—not even Mr. Lanningston himself—enter until he is gone." A moment afterwards Job Poore stood in the parlor, face to face, with the mistress of the house.

It was a curious contrast that the two presented. Boldly, and without the least constraint of manner, Job Poore, his dress soiled with dirt and presenting many a rent, his hair still short from the shaving it had undergone in prison, stood in the middle of the room, looking down with a cold, sarcastic look, on a beautiful woman, dressed in the richest style, and sitting on a crimson-covered arm-chair, within an apartment furnished in every part in the most gorgeous and expensive manner. The beauty of the woman was of the majestic and commanding order. The hair was black, and parted in two broad plaits over a high and finely arched forehead, white and clear as Parian marble. The eye was large, full, and lustrous, but there was no softness of expression; on the contrary, even now in its repose, it seemed to gleam with fire. The features of the face were after the model of a Grecian priestess at the altar of the Gods, while the rounded bust swelled to the eye with a beauty of voluptuousness akin to that, we may imagine, possessed by Danaë, which called down from Jupiter his shower of gold. Such was Mrs. Harvey, on whom Job Poore looked, and who returned his gaze steadily, although she trotted her little foot impatiently on the floor, as if she did not feel quite at ease.

"Well, sir," she at length said, "I have granted this interview, what is the reason of it, and what may be the important business relating to my interests that you have to communicate?"

"I should rather think, Mrs. Harvey," answered Poore, and he laid particular stress on the words Mrs. Harvey, "I should rather think it would be something like politeness if you asked me to take a chair, but since you have not done so, I'll help myself," and Poore threw himself coolly into another

crimson-covered chair opposite Mrs. Harvey.

"And now, Mrs. Harvey," he continued, "for my business, and that is all summed up in a few words. I want money."

"Well, that's cool, anyhow; who are you?" exclaimed Mrs. Harvey, with a scornful laugh and with a coarse tone of voice that sounded strange, coming as it did from the lips of such a beautiful woman.

Poore, not at all disconcerted, answered: "Cool or not, I want money, and you will give it to me before I leave this house, Mrs. Harvey. My name is Job Poore, your brother, at your service."

The lady gave a slight start.

"Yes, your brother," continued Poore. "The prison barber has, to be sure, rather changed my appearance, and it is some years since I saw you, not since you sold yourself to the old sea captain; but I should think you might have recognized me notwithstanding. I knew you the minute I clapped my eyes on you at the masquerade ball. Nance Poore—I beg pardon—Mrs. Harvey, how are you?" and Job held out his hand.

The hand was taken, not as if the sister was glad to see the brother, but as if she made a merit of necessity, and concluded to get along with the matter as easy as possible.

"I swear, Job Poore," she said, and the expression came glibly and naturally out of her pretty mouth. "I swear, come to look at you, I believe you are my brother; you have the Poore look in more ways than one. I acknowledge you, brother Job, and what a pretty pair of the spawn of poverty we are, Job—are we not? You a cropped prison bird, and I a—well, no matter about the word. But Job, I've brought my eggs to a better market than you, and now I suppose you want to share; but suppose, Job, I won't let you, what then?"

"Oh, nothing, only I'll put a stop on that Frederick Carter business, that's all," was Job's answer.

"Oh, don't be frightened, Job, I'll give you money, and you needn't interfere while I ruin Mr. Frederick Carter, he's doomed, how I love to ruin a man," and there was a fierce gleam in her eye as she spoke.

"Nance Poore, give me your hand on that; ruin Frederick Carter, and I'll be revenged on his old father for putting me in prison, chain him, Nance; body and soul, and I'll help to put a spoke in the wheel that will make his old father howl again."

"Well, you go your way, and I'll go mine, but Job, don't do any thing to Frederick Carter, that will interfere with my getting all the money I can out of him."

"Never fear, I'll only help you to have him all to yourself—have you caught him yet?"

"I should think I had. He comes here

to-morrow night by appointment, and if I can bring him up to the proper state of feeling, to take me under his protection, I'll have a row with old Lanningston, and Carter shall take his place. Old Lanningston is getting older and stingier every day."

The interview between Job and his sister, lasted until the clock warned the two that Mr. Lanningston would soon present himself. They therefore parted, after Job's pocket had been replenished by his sister, who cautioned him to keep their relationship and connection a profound secret.

A strange development in this our history is the above scene—the beautiful Mrs. Harvey, no other than the sister of Job Poore. About the time her parents died, she had attracted the attention of an old retired sea captain, who had plenty of money, and no desire but to spend it in the gratification of his passions. She became his mistress, and in a few months no one would have recognized in the magnificent-looking woman that walked Broadway with a stately air, the dark-eyed girl that once roamed the streets, and strolled on the Battery in tawdry apparel, and gave back in like kind the rude jest and profane oath, to the rough and ragged boys with whom she associated. Endowed with a mind quick and intelligent, and gifted by nature with a stately grace of manner, she improved the one in her new situation until it fitted in some degree the other, and at the time we introduce her to the reader, Nancy Poore, who had assumed the name of Mrs. Harvey, was able, when she saw proper, to appear the perfect lady. When she did not see proper, when she chose to unbend herself, she could return to the Nancy Poore of Broad-street, as we have seen in her conversation with her brother, and when her passionate nature was aroused by opposition, she could become a perfect fury. She could charm, repel, and disgust; equally alike, and without any virtue in her nature, when money was suddenly placed in her power, she seemed to let herself loose to follow the bent of her inclinations in every way.

Mrs. Harvey did not long remain under the protection of the old sea captain. Another elderly gentleman by the name of Lanningston, who had a longer purse than the captain, took the place of the latter, and provided her with the handsomely furnished house in Chapel-street, where she now resided. Up to the time of the masquerade ball at the Park Theatre, Mr. Lanningston's connection with Mrs. Harvey had not been altogether "love among the roses." It had, on the contrary, often been as far as he was concerned, love among the briars and in a tempest. If the dalliance of passion in the arms of his mistress had brought him licentious pleasure, the ceaseless drain of her extravagance on his purse, and the frequent

CHAPTER VI.

THE SYREN AND THE VAMPIRE.

outbursts of her imperious will and temper had levied a large contribution of annoyance on his enjoyment, which it almost beggared that enjoyment to pay. Licentious passion, however, is but a child, to be led by the nose by the object of its desire, and when that passion rules in the breast of age, the leading of the child becomes less difficult. Thus it was with Lanningston, his mistress was his master, and the dotard libertine of age paid the penalty of passion, by becoming the slave of an abandoned woman.

"Mr. Lanningston," said Mrs. Harvey, a few evenings before the ball at the Park Theatre, "I am going to the masquerade on Tuesday. I want a hundred dollars. You'll put your hand into your pocket and give it to me, won't you, my dear?" and she threw her white arm lovingly around his neck, and kissed his wrinkled cheek.

"I'll give you the one hundred dollars, but you're crazy to think of going to the masquerade. If it should be found out you were there, they would turn you out of the room. No, I won't let you go to the ball; it won't do, Nancy, and if you insist upon it, I won't give you a cent," and the old man turned rather coldly from the blandishments of his mistress.

Mrs. Harvey withdrew her arm. The smile that a moment before had illumined her face, gave place to an ominous frown, as she sprung from her seat and exclaimed: "Mr. Lanningston, I will go to that ball; you shall escort me; you shall give me a hundred dollars for a dress, and I would like to see the man that will turn me out of the room, and —"

"No, no, Mrs. Harvey," said Lanningston, breaking in upon the words of his mistress, "no, I am determined this time," and he braced himself as if he meant to enforce what he said.

"No is the word, eh, Mr. Lanningston," answered Mrs. Harvey; "well, do you see that mirror, it only cost you two hundred dollars, and smash it now goes if you don't change your no to yes," and she seized a little porcelain vase on the table and raised her hand as if to send the vase at the glass.

"Yes, yes," hurriedly exclaimed Lanningston, for he knew from past experience, that she always kept her word on such occasions.

To the ball, as we have before seen, she went, Lanningston himself escorted her, her presence was winked at to save a row, and she made the acquaintance of Frederick Carter. From that moment she resolved to bring him if possible within her influence, and then break with Lanningston. She found as we have seen an ally in her brother, and the symbolical silver and pewter of this narrative is about to undergo a strange commingling. The fire is blazing and the metals are in the furnace.

From the first moment that Frederick Carter gazed on the beautiful form and features of Mrs. Harvey, infatuation took complete hold upon him, and every thought and feeling became centered in the one great object of gaining possession of her charms. That she was as frail as she was fair, increased, rather than damped, the ardor of his passion; and although she was the notorious mistress of one who held a high position in society, and one in whose family, Carter himself was intimate, yet his code of morals did not prevent him from trespassing on the manor of his friend. It is said there is honor among thieves, but among the votaries of licentious passions, we believe there is no code of honor, and everything is fair in the race of libertinism. Frederick Carter, at least, acted on this principle, and laid regular siege for the favors of Mrs. Harvey. For a long time she was chary of these favors. She was a keen, shrewd woman, knew that the game of "hide and seek" with passion, carried on for a reasonable time, only increased its ardor in the chase, and might be turned to good account in more ways than one. She determined to turn it to this good account. Her object was to make Frederick Carter become her protector in the place of old Lanningston, of whom she was tired; and Carter, once caught in that way, the strong box of his father would be good prey for her hands.

But Frederick Carter had no idea of taking Mrs. Harvey for his mistress, and incurring the heavy expense which such a course would entail. It was no easy matter to get from his close-fisted father even the amount of pocket money necessary for the daily routine of dissipation; and the prospect to obtain the enormous sum which the extravagance of Mrs. Harvey would require, was, therefore, very dark. Besides, Frederick Carter, like the majority of men in such circumstances, was essentially mean in the gratification of his licentiousness. He was very willing, rich as he was presumed to be, to enjoy the luxury of libertinism, and let some one else, bear the burden of the expense, while he would content himself with making occasional presents to the object of his desire. Such were Frederick Carter's views and feelings when he first started in the race for the favors of Mrs. Harvey, and such is the moral degradation to which such a race, in a majority of instances, reduces the integrity of manhood.

Mrs. Harvey saw all this, but her passion for young Carter was not quite strong enough to make her lose sight of the main chance, and not endeavor to bring her admirer more

firmly into her power than the position of a mere stray lover would render him. She therefore played him off and led him on by turns until she could work him up to the right pitch of ardor, when she designed to make her grand *coup d'état*. We shall see how she did it.

Mrs. Harvey reclined alone on a sofa couch in her parlor, at the house in Chapel Street. She was in dishabille—a beautiful dishabille of white gauze-like material trimmed with lace. It was half the dress of day combined with half the dress of night, the night predominating—such a dress as we may suppose Venus would have chosen to robe herself in, just previous to stepping from the silken couch to the more ample and downy embraces of the bed. It was loose and flowing, and opened its snowy folds on the breast, just enough to exhibit a line of heaving and alabaster flesh, that fixed the gaze in a feverish desire to wander farther beneath the light and bewitching covering of concealment. The face of Mrs. Harvey wore an anxious expression, for the hands of the gilt clock on the mantel piece pointed to the hour of eleven. She touched the bell, and Job Poore, dressed neatly in black, presented himself in the room a moment afterwards.

"It is strange he does not come," said Mrs. Harvey; "he was to have been here at half past ten. Are you all ready, Job, to play your part; has Slipper Vampire given you the papers all fixed according to law?" and she gave a peculiar smile as she uttered the word law.

"All right, Nance, never fear, Slipper is a trump, he knows how to do it."

"Well, then, retire, and mind and be ready at the right time," and as Job retired, Mrs. Harvey again threw herself back on the sofa and looked anxiously up at the clock as she muttered, "this night must settle this business."

There was a ring at the bell, and Mrs. Harvey spread herself in the most languishing manner on the sofa, awaiting with the sweetest of smiles on her face the coming of the ringer of the bell. The door opened, and Frederick Carter entered.

"By Jove, Mrs. Harvey, you look like a divinity," exclaimed Carter, his eyes flashing with excitement and his whole frame quivering with passion. "At last I am with you alone, and shall I not be made happy?" and the young man bowed his knee by the side of the sofa, and covered the white hand which hung negligently over the arm of the sofa with kisses.

Oh, human nature, to what low depths may passion degrade thee—the man of wealth, of station—the man born with a silver spoon in his mouth, bowed in worship before a degraded votary of vice, whose birth was that of the pewter spoon.

"I love you, Frederick Carter," said Mrs.

Harvey, and something like a tear glittered in her eye as she spoke. "Degraded as I am, courtesan, and lost to virtue, as I am, I still can love devotedly, and so I love you; but will you take me all to yourself, save me from the embraces of the old dafard whom I hate, and make me all your own, for thus alone can I be yours?"

The senses of Carter were in the whirl and fever of passion—his hand, as she spoke, had wandered over the half-concealed charms of the voluptuous bust of Mrs. Harvey—his eyes were drinking in the wanton glances of hers, and his lips had approached so near to the ruby curve of hers, that their perfumed breath fanned his face and kindled the flames of unholy desire into a fiery blaze. But the last words of Mrs. Harvey caused him to hesitate. His hand trembled in uncertainty, even on the heaving and voluptuous breast, and his lips paused in their approach to the pouting twins of ruby that invited their advance. Frederick Carter was not quite prepared, even in the intoxication of passion, to take Mrs. Harvey, wholly and solely to himself. Mrs. Harvey saw it. She changed her tactics. Rising upright on the sofa, she seized the hand of Carter, and while the tears rolled down her cheeks, she exclaimed, frantically,

"Oh, Frederick, if you have any affection for me, save me—I am ruined. For your sake I've broken with old Lanningston; he has left me in anger, and unless you assist me, I am ruined," and she let her head fall upon his shoulder.

The heart of Frederick Carter was melted—passion and sympathy both combined, were too powerful, and Mrs. Harvey was in a fair way of being victor.

"Tell me, in the name of Heaven," he said, "what has happened—how are you ruined? be assured, I will do all I can," and his arms encircled her waist in a convulsive embrace.

"Listen!" she answered, as she raised her face up to his, and her eyes, beaming with love and confidence, looked into his. "Last night, old Lanningston was here—I wished to break with him for your sake—I did it. I placed a man's boots in my bedroom; he saw it, and was furious. He rushed to the closet, exclaiming that a man—that it was you, Frederick Carter—who was concealed there. While I acted with just enough agitation of manner to make him know you were there, I repelled his insinuations with scorn, but at the same time prevented him from entering the closet. He at once said he would have nothing more to do with me. I told him that it was just what I wished, and he left the house in a rage. But the worst of it is yet to come. I have been rather imprudent in my money matters, and the furniture of this house, that old Lanningston long since gave me, I have

mortgaged to Slipper Vampire, Esq., who loaned me money on it. No sooner did he hear that old Lanningston had left me, than he put an execution in the house, and the sheriff's officer is at this moment here, harassing me for a settlement. Oh, Frederick, save me! A word from you will be sufficient, and ever after I will be yours, body and soul," and the tears of Mrs. Harvey flowed in a still more copious stream.

The net of the Siren was fairly around Frederick Carter, and he yielded.

"Let me see the sheriff's officer, and I will settle with him and protect you," was his answer as he glued his lips to those of the siren and pressed her to his breast.

Job Poore, a moment afterwards, with a long, demure-looking face, and formidable-looking paper in his hand, stood in the apartment.

"Well, man, what is your demand against this lady?" said Carter, with great dignity.

"Only one thousand dollars for execution in favor of Slipper Vampire, Esq., a mere trifle, which such a gentleman as you can easily settle for so beautiful a lady," was the answer of Job.

"Well, tell your master, Slipper Vampire, Esq., that I will see him to-morrow and arrange the affair. My name is Frederick Carter, he will know my connections and that will be sufficient guarantee for my words. You can go now, but let me be the word, you understand," and Job Poore, with an "all right" on his tongue, vanished.

"Oh, how can I thank you for this noble generosity, dear, dear Frederick, how I love you," and again her head was buried in his breast, and the heart of Frederick Carter was very soft.

"Polly," said Job Poore in the basement, to the black servant of Mrs. Harvey, "Nance has done him brown, give us a bottle of champagne, I feel just like it." The champagne was brought, together with a cold roast duck, and Job Poore did both duck and champagne justice.

In the meantime, Venus was the presiding goddess in the upper part of the house, where, when the fire of passion had yielded to the exhaustion of nature, Frederick Carter sunk into deep repose in the arms of the Siren Mrs. Harvey.

Mrs. Harvey, as will be seen by the above, had managed her cards well, and by collusion with Job Poore and Slipper Vampire, aided by the powers of her own charms, had fairly caught her victim, Carter. Turn we now from the Siren to the Vampire.

It was late in the morning after the night of the scene at Mrs. Harvey's house, and Slipper Vampire, Esq., was seated in his office, in Cherry-street. His thin, gaunt clerk, Caleb Squirm, had his legs, as usual, wrapped in a serpent-like coil around the legs of a stool on which he was perched,

busily engaged in writing. There was a knock at the door, and Frederick Carter entered, accompanied by Job Poore in the character of a Sheriff's officer.

"Mr. Vampire, Mr. Carter: Mr. Carter, Mr. Vampire," said Job with great gravity, introducing the gentlemen to each other, at the same time casting a furtive wink over in the direction of Caleb, the clerk. The wink was returned with interest.

"Ah, Mr. Carter, son of John Carter, Esq.," said Vampire, rubbing his hands, bowing, and at the same time placing a chair for his visitor. "Happy, sir, proud to make the acquaintance of so respectable a gentleman; called I suppose to see about that little affair of Mrs. Harvey, easily settled, sir, when one has to deal with gentlemen, the execution is for one thousand dollars, but as you have generously stepped forward in behalf of the lady, and it is rather a hard case, I'll take five hundred, and cancel the judgment, and keep as silent as the grave, what say you?" and again Slipper Vampire rubbed his hands, again Job winked at the clerk, and the clerk returned the wink.

"Yes," answered Carter; "but to tell the truth, Mr. Vampire, I have not the funds at the present moment to pay even the five hundred; in a few weeks I have no doubt I shall be able to meet it."

"Say no more, it is sufficient, *quantum sufficit*, as the lawyers say, give your note at ninety days or six months, it is all I ask from a gentleman."

The note was drawn and delivered, and pocketed by Slipper Vampire with the greatest satisfaction, although his hard and knotty face betrayed no feeling of any kind with reference to it. But there was another exchange of winks between Job and Caleb Squirm.

"And now, Mr. Carter," continued Vampire, after expressing his thanks for the note, "and now whenever you want any funds, young gentlemen in your position are often short, call on me; I think I can put you in the way of getting anything in reason that you may want." And Slipper Vampire, Esq., bowed his victim with great politeness out of his office.

Frederick Carter crossed from Cherry-street to Chapel, to seek the embraces of his mistress. He had traveled through Europe, but was still, in the vocabulary of human philosophy, very verdant, and the gripe of the Vampire had alighted with the fury of hunger upon the soft and velvet surface of his greenness.

Mary Meek sat alone in the parlor of her father's mansion in Beekman-street. There was a shade of pensive sadness on her fair brow, on which the rays of the setting sun, streaming through the window, rested with soft and almost hallowing light.

"Will he come?" she murmured to herself, "and if he should come, what is it to me? he is poor but proud, oh! love, into what labyrinths, now dark, and now light, do you lead us!" and the maiden leaned her cheek, red with the flush of the rose, on her hand, white with the tint of the lily.

There was a soft tread on the carpet beside her, and the maiden started from her seat, but she was too late. A manly form knelt before her, and her hand which had dropped by her side as she arose, was a captive in the hand of Edward Masterton.

"Lady," he said, in a deep voice of emotion, "forgive my presumption, but I have looked upon but to love you, with a deep and pure love that has become a part of my being. Turn not from me, cast not my love away, I am, poor and my family obscure, but virtue and honor have been its guiding star in all its poverty and obscurity; they are mine now, and I have faith to believe that they will lead me to a position where I can claim you before all the world as my bride. Will you be mine? give me hope that at some future day when fortune shall smile upon my efforts, I may lead you to the altar. I will work and strive that the day may come; a love like that which I lay at your feet is strong as a giant, in faith and hope. I ask you not now to wed yourself to my poverty, but give me hope when my own right arm has conquered the obstacles of fortune, that you will unite your destiny to mine. Before that time I ask you not to link yourself to my lowly estate."

The bosom of Mary Meek heaved tumultuously, but soft and radiant was the smile which through her tears she cast down on her lover.

"Thine forever, Edward Masterton, in poverty or in wealth, all, all thine," and she sank into the arms uplifted to receive her. Let the veil be drawn over the further holy communion of this interview—virtuous love was happy in its mutual declaration, and the mild star of hope shone down upon the wealthy maiden and the poor lawyer.

"Governor," said Frederick Carter, addressing his father a few days after he had undertaken the office of protector of Mrs. Harvey, "Governor, I want five hundred dollars, and I must have it, I am cursed short."

"My son," said the older Carter, giving his huge gold seal a twirl, "it strikes me you are getting very extravagant. I am cursed short too, but I'll tell you what and all I'll do. I'll set you up in business, give you a capital, and all I ask of you is to be a little steady, court and marry Mary Meek, and I'll give you as much money as you want; what say you to that?"

"I'll think of it," was Frederick Carter's answer as he started to pay a visit to his mother's room.

CHAPTER VII.

PEARL STREET AND THE SPRINGS.

THE visit of Frederick Carter to the room of his mother, produced different results from what he himself anticipated. Mrs. Carter, with maternal affection, promised her son that he should have the money he wanted, but she also, following the example of Mr. Carter, now advised him to go into business.

"The fact is, Frederick, I have set my heart on your marrying Mary Meek, and you can never do that as long as you are a man about town," as they say. Mr. Meek has peculiar notions, if he does belong to one of the first families of New York, and you must accommodate yourself to them, if you expect to win a bride that will not only add to your own wealth, but also to your position in society; therefore you must have some business, and as it is too late now for you to study a profession, there is nothing of respectability remaining for you but to become a wholesale merchant, and so a wholesale merchant you must be, my dear."

"Oh, well, anything you say, mother, only stump up the cash is all I care for."

"You must care for more, Frederick, you must become more steady, and give all that set at Washington Hall the go-by, or else you can't win Mary Meek."

"I suppose not: she is half saint, and I suppose I must put on a little of the saint, also."

"Don't talk so, Frederick, but go to your father and have the arrangements made for your business."

At the period of which we are writing, the lower end of Pearl-street was one of the great business marts of New York, and was built up with large stores, occupied principally by what was then called jobbers, which was only another name for wholesale drygoods' merchants. John Carter owned several of these stores, and into one of them he duly installed his son with a capital of fifty thousand dollars. The glitter of the cash reconciled Frederick to become a merchant, and he promised to pay strict attention to his business. As he was a novice in the matter, an experienced man, in the person of one Jacob Plausilman, was selected by old Carter to be a sort of partner with a small interest in the concern, for which he was to look after the business and also to instruct Frederick.

The store of F. Carter & Co. was a beautiful one, that is, it was spacious in its length, breadth and depth, and had a counting-room which might have been mistaken for a parlor. It was richly carpeted, furnished with mahogany desks and large arm-chairs, and exhibited a striking contrast to

the little dingy-looking room at the end of the ship-chandler's store in Broad-street, where the elder Carter once pored over his ledger and laid the foundation of his fortune.

"Not the right way to commence," said the old man, shaking his head as he surveyed the rich appointments of the apartment. "It was not the way in my day, but Frederick will have it, and Mrs. Carter says it is all right; two against one—must submit, but it's wrong," and old Carter thrust his hands into his capacious breeches pocket and walked out of the store.

"Plausilman," said Frederick Carter, lighting a cigar and throwing himself back in the arm chair, "the old governor is a fool; he thinks business a hundred years hence should be done exactly as it was when he was a merchant, and a hundred years before that; but, Plausilman, we Pearl-street merchants belong to the progressive order, eh, Plausilman, and we'll show 'em a new dashing way of doing business, won't we, my most respected partner?"

The partner bowed and answered "we will." The tone was deep, and there was more in it than Frederick either noticed or had the penetration to discover.

Days, weeks and months passed on. The store in Pearl-street did a good business, and Frederick Carter was always in the counting-room until three o'clock in the afternoon. His father saw him there and was satisfied, and imbued Mrs. Carter with the like satisfaction. Frederick Carter, however, although he was regularly in the counting-room in the morning, knew as little about his business as a child unborn. He left it all to Jacob Plausilman, and Jacob Plausilman knew it all and managed it all. He took good care to let young Carter have what cash he wanted, and that was all young Carter cared for. If young Carter's mornings apparently told a good story as to business habits, the afternoon and evening told another. There were intervals when he paid his court to Mary Meek, but the majority of his time was spent with Mrs. Harvey in Chapel-street. He had dropped in a measure, for her society, the companionship of the frequenters of Washington Hall, and the report about town was that Frederick Carter had become quite steady. He had paid Slipper Vampire the \$1,000 for Mrs. Harvey, and his intimacy with her was in a measure dormant, if we may use the expression, as far as the outside world, independent of Washington Hall, was concerned. Washington Hall, or rather the frequenters who knew of the intimacy, were too deeply engaged in the pursuit of their own pleasures, to blow upon Carter for seeking his at Chapel-street.

Thus matters went on, the days of winter passed, the hot months of summer came

round, and the fashion of New York was on the move to the watering places. Frederick Carter had risen in the estimation of Mr. Francis Meek, for he had heard the general rumor that Carter was attending strictly to business, had sown his wild oats and become a steady man. Old Carter had taken particular pains that the report should reach his ears. As for Mary Meek herself, she too had heard the story of his reform, but while she received him politely when he visited her, she gave him no encouragement to make the advances of love. Her heart was with the young lawyer, Masterton, and she waited the time when she might tell her father of his love for her, and when the circumstances of her lover should be such that her father would have no objections to receive him as her betrothed. Such was the understanding between her and young Masterton. "I will not ask your hand of your father until the promise of the future rests on a sure foundation," was Edward Masterton's language, and Mary Meek acquiesced.

The world of wealth and fashion were, as we said before, on the move to the watering places. Mr. Meek and his daughter sought the Springs of Saratoga, which were then fast rising into that great fame which they have since achieved. The Carters, of course, decided to go the same way, and both parties left on the same day in the steamboat De Witt Clinton, for Albany. It was not the day of railroads, but the beginning of the days of steamboats. Ten miles an hour was good sailing then, even by steam, and the De Witt Clinton crept comparatively at a slow rate up the course of the Hudson River. There was ample time to behold the beauty of the scenery, and to become in some measure acquainted with the passengers on board. The fare was high, and taking a passage in the steamboat was almost a warrant of respectability.

Onward the boat passed, by the Palisades where nature lifts her solid wall of rock upright from the water's edge, and with a smooth precision, rivaling that of the mason's chisel—and onward through the Highlands, where the rocky nose of St. Anthony is relieved with bold prominence against the sky, and where nature seems, by some volcanic effort, to have forced a way for her waters through the very bowels of the rock-ribbed mountains.

"Beautiful, sublime, is it not, dear father?" said Mary Meek, looking up into her father's eyes, and her whole soul drinking in the influence of the scenery around her. "Can there be anything more enchanting than this noble river of our dear country?"

"No, my child," answered the parent. "I have traveled through Europe, seen all its grandeur and beauty of water scenery, and it is much, but I have seen nothing to

surpass the Hudson. The finger of the Great Architect has traced it out in sublimity and beauty."

"Oh, yes, it's all very pretty," chimed in Mrs. Carter. "But I am horribly tired, and wish we were at Saratoga, where something beside this still life of rocks and green fields is to be seen."

"I think," said Jack Pufferty, who was also on board of the boat, "that if there were a few castles scattered along the Palisades and among the Highlands, it would be a vast improvement. Here, Rake, come here, and leave off troubling the ladies," and as he spoke, he whistled to a spotted dog, with long, hanging ears, which he addressed by the name of Rake, and which had been amusing itself with running about the deck, to the great annoyance of the female portion of the passengers particularly.

"It is a vera foine river, indeed, but nothing to the majestic Rhine—nothing at all, 'pon mine honor," exclaimed a tall, whiskered and moustached personage, dressed in a very long frock coat, the most prominent objects on which were straps of silk braid, frog buttons, and an eye-glass suspended around his neck. The man with the frog buttons and the eye-glass applied the latter to his eye as he spoke, and took a deliberate survey of the banks of the river.

"Ah, Count Gullodino, are you here, too? glad to see you. Allow me to introduce you to my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Meek, Miss Meek, Mr. and Mrs. Carter, and my particular friend, Frederick Carter," said Jack Pufferty, advancing to the man with the whiskers and frog buttons, who was leaning over the rails of the boat.

Count Gullodino raised himself from the rails with great dignity, stroked his moustache affectionately with his white hand, on which glittered several rings of great brilliance, and bowing very low, went through the ceremony of introduction after the most fashionable style of automaton machinery.

"'Pon mine honor," said he, "I am vera much honor to make this very distinguished acquaintance," and he looked particularly at Mrs. Carter, as if he was overwhelmed with a sense of her dignity and his own inferiority.

Count Gullodino hit the right nail on the head. Mrs. Carter too was overwhelmed. She had heard him addressed as a Count by Pufferty, and that sent the nail half way into her favor; the profundity of his reverential politeness drove it up to the head, and putting on her most winning smile, she answered,

"Then you think, Count, that our Hudson cannot compare with the Rhine?"

"No, Madame, it want vera much, as mine friend, Mr. Pufferty, say, some grand castle on de bank, where de nobility shall have some vera magnifique tower to look

down on all de peasant. Ah, ha, Madame," and the Count, by elevating his shoulders, made a bowl for his head to rest in, as he spoke, "Ah! ha! Madame, de river is nothing without de grand castle and de nobility," and again his white and jeweled hand stroked his moustache.

Mrs. Carter stroked her bodice with her hand, which was also white and jeweled, looked up into the Count's face and simpered. Mr. Jack Pufferty stroked his dog's head, and appeared neither to have heard or to care what had been said; Mr. Frederick Carter stroked his moustache as far as it would bear stroking, and sidled up to the Count, as if he was desirous of cultivating his acquaintance: the elder Mr. Carter stroked the rotundity of his corporation and muttered to himself, "What a whiskered ass;" while Mr. Meek laid his hand gently on his daughter's shoulder, and gave her a meaning smile as much as to say, "such a specimen of humanity is beneath contempt." The daughter returned the smile in its true meaning.

The hotels at the springs were crowded. The east, west, north, and south contributed then, as it has ever since done, to fill them with all kinds of people who congregated there from every imaginable cause. There was the hypochondriac, who came to drink the waters and be cured of some imaginary disease; the old debauchee, who came to recruit his wasted powers; the victims of real disease, who sought in the mineral draught a cure for the ills of their bodies; people of fashion, who came to see and be seen, to dance and seek pleasure in whatever form it might be found, and who made wry faces at the water, but drank it because it was the fashion; fortune-hunters, who came to pick up a speculation in the way of a husband or a wife; gamblers, who came to turn the tide of credulous wealth in their favor; and bucks of the town, who came to gaze and stare, to admire themselves, to spend their money, and to do every thing, any thing, or nothing, as the chase of their own selfish pleasures might lead them.

Our party put up at Congress Hall, which was then in the first flush of its celebrity, and was deemed the principal hotel of the place.

"Jack," said young Carter to Pufferty, the day after their arrival at Saratoga, "who the devil is this Count Gullodino you introduced to me on board of the boat? He appears a devilish clever fellow, and I have struck up quite an intimacy with him. As for mother, she thinks he is the pink of perfection."

"Oh, Gullodino is a d—d fine fellow," was the answer. "He was introduced to me at Washington Hall a few days before I left the city. They say he is rich. He comes from Germany, somewhere near the

Rhine, about which he talks so much. I like him, too, and as he is a person of rank, I shall cultivate his acquaintance. But come—what say you to a fish this morning in the lake? I am going."

"No, I am engaged with the Count," and Frederick Carter turned from the long piazza of Congress Hall, where they had been standing, into the hotel.

The engagement of Frederick Carter with the Count Gullodino was nothing more or less than to play a quiet rubber of whist in the room of the former. Two other gentlemanly men were on hand to make the game complete, and after the usual introductions the party were soon deeply engaged in the fascinations of play. Hours rolled on, and still they sat and drank and played, until the hour of dinner arrived, when Frederick Carter rose some thousand dollars the loser.

"By Jove, Count," he said as he rose from the table, "I have only a couple of hundred dollars about me, but here is my check on the bank in New York, which I suppose will answer just as well."

"It ish all the same, my vera good fellow, vera much obliged. I beg your great pardon that I have de grand luck against you, but no mind, you shall have one grand revenge on me some other time," and the quartet adjourned to dinner.

Onward flowed the stream of life and gayety at Saratoga, and in its whirl Frederick Carter forgot not to pay his court to Mary Meek. How will he prosper?

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TWO SURPRISES.

It was long after midnight—the still deathlike period of the small hours of the morning, when life in great cities and places where fashion holds her revels, is at last hushed in the embrace of sleep. There was no sound throughout the corridors and apartments of Congress Hall, Saratoga, and the watchman at his post in the bar-room dozed in sympathy with the universal stillness around him. There was one, however, in the spacious building whose eye was open, and whose mind and fingers were busily at work. In a small room in the upper story of the hotel—a room which had only space enough for a bed and small table—sat the personage whom we have introduced to our readers as Count Gullodino. On the table before him were several vials, filled with different colored liquids, and a small slip of paper, on which the figures \$1,000 were prominent. One hand of the Count rested on the slip, the other supported his head, as leaning on his elbow he gazed down on the

paper with a fixed look. The light in the candlestick by his side fell full on his face, and showed his features working nervously and in a state of excitement as if the mind within was in a fever of thought.

"Well, what shall I change it to?" he at last muttered to himself, after a long survey of the paper under his hand. "If I make it ten thousand instead of one, as it now stands, I fear it will be too large, and yet, d—n it, Frederick Carter's check will not look d—n strange if it is for ten thousand, and I suppose he often draws ten thousand dollar checks as well as one. Well, here goes for ten thousand," and he took up one of the vials and raised his hand as if in the act to pour the liquid on the paper.

"But no," he continued, suddenly pausing; "ten thousand is coming it too strong, I'm afraid. I guess, I'll make it five," and he turned the vial up.

"Not one d—d red cent, by —," exclaimed a voice suddenly behind him, while a hand stronger than his own arrested the uplifted vial. "You shall not deface that pretty check, I'll take it myself for one thousand just as it is," and another strong hand snatched the check from under the grasp of Count Gullodino, who, astonished and terrified, sprang from his chair, and confronting the intruder, exclaimed in a voice quivering with fear and anger—

"And who the devil are you? where did you come from? for God sake what do you mean?"

"Job Poore, at your service—come from under the bed, where I've been watching your operations, Mr. Silk Ned, alias Count Gullodino—perhaps you don't remember me. I went to the State Prison on your account, and be d—d to you, and now you are poaching on my ground, but it won't do, Mr. Silk Ned, it won't do. Mr. Frederick Carter at this particular time is under my care and that of a few others; when we want you, we'll let you know. Do you understand, Mr. Silk Ned?"

The Count Gullodino, or rather Silk Ned, for it was no other than he, sunk back on his chair, utterly overcome, and unhinged by astonishment.

"For God sake, Job, don't blow on me here," he at length uttered when he had somewhat recovered himself.

"Don't intend to, if you behave yourself, but you musn't come such a big game over Frederick Carter at present. Here, I'll give you back the check for one thousand, if you'll give me five hundred cash; but mind, there must be no altering it. It will be better for you not to alter it. The time may come when we may want your help for a bigger game; in the meantime be content with five hundred, and clear out from the Springs. Now, fork over the five hundred, and here's the check, and I am gone."

Silk Ned felt that he was in the power of Job Poore, and therefore paid over the five hundred dollars with as good grace as possible. Job pocketed it with a grace and ease far more resplendent than that which it had been given, and left the apartment with a profound bow and salutation of "Good night." Silk Ned laid aside the wig and whiskers, which he had worn as Count Gullodino, and crept into his bed with an impression by no means pleasant, that he had not gained as much by his plans on Frederick Carter as he expected.

Not far from Saratoga, there is a beautiful lake, to which the visitors at the Springs often resort on fishing and boating excursions, in order to vary the amusement of the day. On the morning after the scene, which we have above described, occurred in the chamber of Count Gullodino alias Silk Ned, the Carters made up a pic nic party to go to the Lake. Mrs. John Carter was the originator, and her object was to bring Miss Meek and Frederick Carter together. Count Gullodino was of course invited, and the party, consisting of him, the whole of the Carter and Meek family, set out on their pleasure expedition.

The morning was bright and beautiful, and the Carters and Count Gullodino were in high glee. As for Mr. Meek and his daughter, they were quiet and reserved. The fact was, Mary Meek especially had not been inclined, when first invited, to accept the invitation, but her father, not wishing to offend John Carter, had advised that they should go.

"They have had the politeness," he said to his daughter, "to ask us, and it is no more than proper that we should accept; besides, I think Frederick Carter has greatly improved, and I hear that he has sown all his wild oats. I think, therefore, we had better go."

"Well, father, just as you say," answered the maiden, and they went accordingly; but Mary Meek was thinking of Edward Masterton.

The morning passed off pleasantly enough. In the boat and in the grove Frederick Carter paid the greatest attention to Mary Meek, while Count Gullodino (by which name alone he was known to the party) took the sole charge of Mrs. Carter. That lady seemed delighted with her chevalier, and while the two couples were thus dispersed, Mr. Meek and Carter talked of stocks and real estate under the shadows of the trees, and seemed to forget all else that was going on around them.

The lunch in the grove was over, and old Carter and Mr. Meek were cozily seated on opposite sides of a smooth rock, which answered remarkably well for a table, and on which a bottle of wine was doing good service between them. A far out on the sur-

face of the lake, a small sail boat containing Frederick Carter and Mary Meek, Count Gullodino, Mrs. Carter, and the boatman, was ploughing the water before a stiff breeze, which already ruffled the bosom of the lake into a succession of miniature waves, on which the little bark rose and fell with a motion by no means gentle.

"Oh, Count, I am terribly afraid," exclaimed Mrs. Carter, as she clung to the side of the boat, and the paleness and workings of her face as she spoke gave evidence of a more powerful feeling than fear. "O, do Count, let us return to the shore as quick as possible."

"The water is vera much rough," answered the Count, "but my dear lady, there shall be no danger. I have sailed on the Rhine when the wave was vera much higher."

"I think there is danger," said Mary Meek, quietly but firmly, "and I must request, Mr. Carter, that we return instantly; look how black the cloud is rising behind the hill."

It was as Mary Meek had said. Even while they were talking, the clouds, whose outskirts of darkness had been but a few moments before scarcely perceptible above the summit of the hills which bordered one shore of the lake, suddenly assumed a pall of blackness, on the face of which the lightning played in vivid flashes, accompanied by sharp claps of thunder.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall we do?" screamed Mrs. Carter in a terrible voice, "we shall all be drowned, I know we shall," and she flung herself into the arms of the Count in a violent fit of hysterics.

Calm and self-possessed, Mary Meek sat in the stern of the boat, and spoke not a word while the boatman turned the helm towards the shore, from which they were now at a considerable distance. Frederick Carter also was self-possessed and made no motion, contenting himself with endeavoring to calm Mrs. Carter, assuring her that the more quiet she kept the better it would be for all. And thus the frail boat drove towards the shore. She had nearly reached it when the storm burst in fury upon her, and a heavy gust of wind striking her sails, capsize her within a hundred yards of the rock, where Mr. Carter and Mr. Meek were awaiting her approach with the greatest anxiety. There was a splash in the water, and through the thick curtain of the rain which at that moment fell in torrents on the lake, naught for a moment was to be discovered. The next instant, however, five dripping figures reached the shore.

"Whew! d—n it, but this is more than I bargained for," exclaimed one of them, who was no other than our friend Gullodino, who threw Mrs. Carter with no gentle hand on the beach, and rose up himself on the ground

considerably damaged in the appearance of his outward man.

Mr. Carter, who rushed forward to pick up the burden that the Count had thus unceremoniously thrown from him, took no notice of the unusually good English that came from the Count's lips—his wife was senseless before him, and this alarming fact claimed all his attention.

In the meantime, Frederick Carter, supporting the insensible form of Mary Meek, staggered towards the rock where Mr. Carter and Mr. Meek had been seated, and had just strength enough to give his burden into the hands of the latter, when he sank down on the ground and fainted away from exhaustion. Dissipation had taken away the strength of Frederick Carter, and it required but little to overcome him. As for the boatman, who formed the last of the five figures that emerged from the water, he rose up, gave himself a shake pretty much after the fashion of a Newfoundland dog, and seemed to think that the affair did not amount to much.

Mrs. Carter and Mary Meek soon recovered.

"Where am I?" exclaimed the former, "and where is the Count, my deliverer? O, Count, how can I express my gratitude?" The count had bent over her when she made the first exclamation, and at the last she had recognized him.

"Oh! it is vera small trifle; I would vera much like to die to save the life of so beautiful a lady."

Mrs. Carter smiled on the Count, as John Carter, her husband, held a smelling bottle to her nose.

"I thank you sincerely, Mr. Carter," said Mary Meek to Frederick Carter, as she recovered her consciousness, and leaned on the arm of her father, "you have saved me, and I thank you."

"And I," said Mr. Meek, "add my thanks to hers," and Mr. Meek looked upon Frederick Carter with an approving smile, which escaped neither his nor his mother's observation.

The thunder shower abated as quick as it had sprung up, and in the rosy light of a clear setting sun the party returned to Saratoga.

It was a brilliant moonlight evening, and the light of the ball room at Congress Hall rivalled that of the queen of night. Through the mazes of the dance Frederick Carter led Mary Meek, and while the mother and father looked on with gratified feelings, Frederick himself was in high spirits. For a moment, the syren, Mrs. Harvey, who had held him in the chains of sensual fascination, was forgotten, and he remembered only the beautiful, modest maiden by his side, and something like a throb of virtuous love was awakening the pulses of his heart.

But Mary Meek! Had she forgotten Edward Masterton, the poor, but high-minded lawyer, who had given to her his whole heart, and to whom she had given her's in return? No, she had not, but Frederick Carter had risen in her estimation: he had saved her life, and gratitude compelled her to be kind and gentle to him, although she meant not to give any encouragement to that suit for her hand which she could not as a woman fail to perceive he was bent on pressing. Frederick Carter, however, took her kindness and gentleness for encouragement, and while that night he led her through the dance he determined to offer his hand.

"The room is oppressively warm, Miss Meek. Shall we not seek the more grateful shade of the grove in the rear of the house? A walk will refresh us and then we can enter with new zest on the dance."

Mary Meek could not refuse, and yet she dreaded to grant the request. She had a presentiment that he intended to make an offer of marriage. But it could not be avoided, and she took his arm for a walk in the grove.

The rays of the moonlight streamed between the quivering leaves of the trees, which were stirred gently by the evening air. Onward they walked, and for a few moments there was a dead silence between Frederick Carter and the maiden on his arm.

"Lady," said Frederick Carter at length, and his voice slightly trembled as he spoke, "lady I love you, I am rich, I offer you my heart and hand; will you become my wife?"

Mary Meek dropped the arm she held, stepped back a few paces and her lips parted for her voice to make an answer. The answer, however, she did not make, for at that moment the figure of a youth with long curling hair, hanging in ringlets down his neck, emerged from among the trees and stood directly in the path before the pair, and where the moonlight fell full upon his face.

"Accept him, Mary Meek," exclaimed the youth, "and you except a viper; he is false to his vows of love to another, he is the associate of the vilest of men; take him at your peril," and with a scornful laugh the youth darted back among the trees.

Frederick Carter dashed after him, and caught the skirts of his coat on the very border of the grove.

"Damnation and hell, who are you?" exclaimed Carter, as he grasped the fugitive whose back was towards him.

"Nancy Harvey, your mistress at your service," said the other, turning full upon him. "And I advise you to drop the pursuit of Mary Meek, or I will expose you before all Congress Hall."

Frederick Carter staggered back, the

apparition of a ghost would not have more astonished him.

And Nancy Harvey laughed until her laugh echoed far over the grounds of Congress Hall.

CHAPTER IX.

JACOB PLAUSILMAN.

MARY Meek heard the ringing laugh which swept through the grove immediately after Frederick Carter left her side to pursue the intruder who had interrupted him in his declaration of love to her. Mary Meek was astonished and somewhat alarmed. Who was the intruder, and what connection had he with Carter? That he had some, the laugh which was ringing in her ears, fully proclaimed. With a quick step she therefore returned to the ball-room, and although her face betrayed no emotion, the little incident produced an inward feeling of uneasiness and agitation which it required all her efforts to conceal.

In the meantime, Frederick Carter somewhat recovered his composure, and from the shock he had received by finding that the youth was no other than Nancy Harvey, his mistress. The laugh with which she followed the communication of her identity galled Carter, and as soon as the power of speech came to his aid he exclaimed—

"Nance, for God's sake stop that laugh; they'll hear it in the ball-room, and you'll bring down a whole crowd upon me."

"Well, I'd like no better fun; who cares and who's afraid? not I by— Look here, Mr. Frederick Carter, I've a great mind to walk into that ball-room and get you to introduce me to Miss Mary Meek. I should like amazingly to dance one set with her. See, am I not a handsome man? Look at that leg, Carter," and she raised it up and tapped it with a little walking stick she held in her hand. "Look at that leg, you have no such well moulded understanding as that, and it is my impression that I can take the shine off everything in that room. By heavens, the more I think of it the more I like the idea. I'll go, Carter. Come, give us your arm now, buckish fashion, and we'll enter together."

"Good God, Nance, you're crazy, now go away and I'll give you a hundred dollars to-morrow if you'll extend your travels to New York—I'll be there soon. You know I love you, and why come here and interfere with a mere business matter of my marrying Mary Meek. It will make no difference with my connection with you—now go and for God's sake don't expose me."

A curl of contempt, which she did not

strive to conceal, arched the lip of the beautiful but abandoned woman, as she listened to the abject words of her lover, and the expression of contempt was not unmingled with a shade of triumph that lighted up her eyes.

"Well, I'll go this time," she answered, "but, Frederick Carter, no more nonsense with Mary Meek, I put my veto on it. I shall expect you back to New York day after to-morrow, and mind you come or I'll be up here after you again," and she darted away.

Frederick Carter drew a long breath, and somewhat relieved, retraced his steps to the ball-room. He asked Mary Meek again to join him in a dance, but she declined, and was very reserved to him in her manners during the rest of the evening.

The next day Carter endeavored in vain to obtain an interview with her in order to get from her an answer to the offer of his hand that he made the evening before, but the issue of which had been so inopportunistically prevented by his mistress. Had her answer not been interrupted it would have been a firm but kind refusal, and Mary Meek, although she was still curious to know who the intruder was, and what was his object, yet with the morning came the reflection that the affair was better as it now stood. She would be distant, give him to understand that his suit was hopeless, save himself the trouble of explaining the incident and the mortification of a direct denial to his suit, and herself the pain of inflicting the mortification. Her plan of action appeared to her to have the desired effect, for Carter left the Springs for New York the second day after the incident of the grove. But Mrs. Harvey had, as we have seen, more to do with his leaving than Mary Meek.

In the meantime, Jacob Plausilman managed the firm of Frederick Carter & Co., in Pearl-street, uncontrolled and unlooked after by any one. Old Mr. Carter had implicit confidence in him, and as long as he supplied Frederick Carter with what money he wanted, that young gentleman was satisfied and asked no further questions.

A pleasant personage was Jacob Plausilman to look at, as he sat in his counting-room, reading the price current, poring over his ledger, or waiting on a customer. A smile as bland as the rosy glow of a sunny evening was ever on his countenance, and that countenance was smooth, sleek, well looking in feature, and surmounted by a high unwrinkled forehead, on which there seemed to be not the least trace of care. An enormous white cravat received into its folds a double and a dimpled chin, always well shaven and not disgracing by its cleanliness the spotless white which encompassed it. His dress was always of the finest black cloth, except in summer, when he varied its



TRIAL OF JOB POORE.

monotony by substituting a white vest. His outward man, as far as it regarded features and the appointments of his toilet, was one which challenged admiration even in Pearl-street, and on change, where neither looks or dress are allowed to be compared with a well-filled pocket, in the production of what is considered in those localities as a perfect man. But Jacob Plausilman was filling his pockets, and this clinched the nail of admiration for him as a model man. Frederick Carter, in the eyes of the commercial world, was a nonentity in the firm of Carter & Co. Old John Carter was only thought of as an indisputable, first class endorser on the notes of the firm, but Jacob Plausilman was the man—the prince of rising merchants in the city. That was just what Jacob Plausilman strove for from the first moment he put his foot in the store.

But there were other qualities, besides his every day suit of business habits, suavity of manner, and neatness of dress, that helped to fashion Jacob Plausilman in that model of a perfect man, which those who looked not into his inner man, believed him to be. Jacob Plausilman was a saint, that is, he looked and talked like a saint one day in seven, and as often during the week as he came in contact with those who gazed at and admired him on Sunday. Jacob Plausilman had a pew in the Wall-street brick church as it was then called, and which then stood nearly at the head of the street, and almost within the shadow of old Trinity. Jacob Plausilman was always in his pew on the Sabbath, and whenever the church was opened; he was also always to be found at the various prayer meetings which the brethren held, and he was a liberal subscriber to the female Dorcas Society; often taking tea with the sisters when the business of the meetings was over, and the ply of the needle gave place to the plying of the tea cup intermingled with that of the tongue. Jacob was a professor in the art of small talk, and an adept in listening meekly to such little saintly scandals as the sisters on these occasions often indulged in. The fact was, that he was one of the young pillars of the church, in the market for matrimony, and there were often more eyes turned to his pew, where he stood like a statue of devotion, than on the pulpit where the venerable clergyman faithfully preached the word of God. Jacob Plausilman seemed booked for a rich man. The church was in favor of him, all Pearl-street and Wall-street, was in favor of him, and against these two combined powers of elevation what could stand as an opposing force? Whether he was booked for heaven, the reader will doubtless hereafter form his opinion.

Such outwardly was Jacob Plausilman. Another illustration by birth, of the pewter

spoon, he was striving in his way to get the silver one. While some of our characters in this narrative, who were born with pewter spoons in their mouths, are seeking the silver ones through palpable fraud or through the power of lust, while others are agonizing to win them by honest exertion, and while some with silver spoons as their birth-right, are adding lustre to them by their correct conduct, and others through vice bartering them away for the pewter—while thus the various characters which we have as yet introduced are playing their parts, Jacob Plausilman is playing his and striving to win the silver, by means of hypocrisy—a mighty lever, if nicely handled, to move obstruction from the road to wealth and social position, and Jacob Plausilman knew how to handle it.

"Mr. Plausilman," said Frederick Carter, a few days after his return from Saratoga, "I shall have to draw another thousand from the firm, my own private account at the Bank of New York is pretty well drawn, this Saratoga business is pretty expensive, but I suppose our business will bear it," and Frederick Carter threw himself back in his chair, and looked up carelessly towards the ceiling.

"Certainly, with a great deal of pleasure, here's the check, men in your position must spend money, and the concern can stand it," and with a smile and a bow the check was handed over. Frederick Carter left the store, and as Jacob Plausilman made an entry in his check book, he muttered to himself. "Good, there is one more coil in the rope I am fastening around him."

At this moment old Carter entered the store.

"Well, Mr. Plausilman, has Frederick returned to business? he has had a gay time at Saratoga, and now he should work a little."

"Your son, Mr. Carter," was the answer, "I am happy to say, has returned to his post, and seems to enter with zest into some operations which I suggested for the welfare of the concern. I expect to make a merchant of him yet."

"I hope so, Mr. Plausilman, and you will win my everlasting gratitude."

Days and weeks, and months rolled on, and winter came with its chilling winds and snows. The sleigh bells rung merrily in the streets, and the fires blazed high and warm in Washington Hall. The glasses glittered on the shining mahogany table, around one of which were seated Frederick Carter, Jack Pufferty, and a few other familiar spirits of the place.

"What say you to a ride out to Cato's, Jack?" said Carter, "there'll be a crowd of the fellows there to-night, and I feel just like a sleighing spree."

"I am agreed," was the answer, and a sleigh was ordered.

Off they dashed. Two spanking bays whirled the light sleigh over the glittering sheet of snow, on which the rays of the setting sun shone with a brilliant but cold radiance. The Third Avenue was alive with the gayety of New York, and the bells and merry voices filled the air with a strange but inspiring sound.

Onward they dashed through the throng of sleighs, and finally, turning a little aside from the road, they swept up in front of a low wooden house, that, as far as outward appearance went, gave no evidence that it could be a favorite resort of the bucks of New York.

Yet so it was, and no hotel on the Third Avenue was so extensively patronised as Cato's.

And who was Cato? A small built man, black as ebony, with his face deeply pitted with marks of the small pox, advances to meet Carter and Pufferty. He does so easily and familiarly, and not without much of the air of a gentleman.

"Ah, Cato, how d'ye do?—d—d cold, isn't it?—make us a couple of glasses of stiff whisky punch," said Pufferty, throwing off his coat, and seating himself by the fire.

It was Cato, the landlord of the house, that Pufferty addressed.

CHAPTER X.

CATO AND PETE.

A SUPPER of game laid before his guests, in a style for which old Cato was famous, followed the whisky punch ordered by Jack Pufferty. Full justice was done to the supper by Carter and Pufferty, and Carter footed the bill. Before, however, the pair left, Pufferty managed to borrow fifty dollars from old Cato, and the worthy pair then started back to New York. The moon was shining bright, and the road was as full of returning sleighing parties as it had been of starting ones when Pufferty and Carter left Washington Hall. Pufferty was the driver, and put the mettlesome bays to their full speed in the way of trotting. They were trotters of the three minute per mile order, which at that day was considered the maximum of trotting speed. Two-twenty-five horses had not yet arisen to astonish the natives. On they sped, and the steam arose from the smoking sides of the steeds as Pufferty with the professional "heigh!" urged them on their course. There were, however, other sounds on the road besides those of Pufferty. There was the voice of drunken revelry by the whole sleigh-load as it

whirled past our two heroes, and the trot of their steeds was often broken up into a gallop by screeches and yells which, to judge by their volume and startling power, seemed to come from the infernal world. But safely and soundly, but not without many hair-breadth escapes, Pufferty and Carter arrived back at Washington Hall about 12 o'clock, considerably exhilarated by the wine and punch which they had drunk at Cato's, and the excitement of the ride afterwards.

"Well, I guess we must make a night of it, Carter," said Pufferty, as the pair took another hot punch at Washington Hall. "We have been to one nigger's, suppose we try another's; hurrah for Pete Williams." "Agreed," said Carter, and wrapping themselves up in their thick coats, they started off to the proposed destination.

The point to which Carter and Pufferty directed their steps was in Orange-street, opposite Leonard. A black man by the name of Peter Williams, or Pete Williams, as he was familiarly called, had in that part of the city which is in the neighborhood of the famous locality called the Five Points, just opened a place, the celebrity of which was then in its bud. Carter and Pufferty stopped at a low door which formed the entrance to the premises in question, and after a slight pause to recover, as it were, their equilibrium, they pushed it open and followed a narrow entry until they came to another door where, after they had paid the tax of a shilling which was levied on them, they emerged into an open apartment that was well lighted, and around the sides of which there run benches for the convenience of those who wished to rest from or look upon the dance, to the purposes of which the room was devoted. It was in fact the grand ball-room of Pete Williams' establishment. On one side was a rude orchestra, which was graced with the presence of three negroes, who severally held in their hands a tambourine, a fiddle and a banjo. At another angle of the room was a bar, and a door at another side opened to the eye of the stranger a curious arrangement which was unique in itself. It was no more or less than a barrel, on the head of which dice were arranged in tempting order for those who wished to take the hazard of the die. On the night in question, Pete Williams himself, a jet black negro in the prime of his life, presided at the barrel, and as our two worthies entered, held the dice-box up in his hand, in that inviting attitude which seemed to say, "Now, gentlemen, here's your chance; take a go; will you have it on the ace or the ten? anything; here's your chance."

"Go a half a dollar on the ace, for fun, Carter," whispered Pufferty, and Carter took the ace and Pete Williams took the half dollar.

"I guess we'll adjourn to the ball-room," said Carter, and to the ball-room they adjourned accordingly.

The room was full, and such a contrast of colors as it exhibited could not have been exceeded by the variety of tongues at the tower of Babel. There was the negro female, whose dark beauty was of the blackness of ebony, combined with its shining polish; the mulatto, whose complexion was the shade of the olive, with a faint bloom of the peach struggling through the dark tints of the cheek; and there was the pale lily of the white maiden, who in the depths of her degradation mingled with the black courtizan of Africa and her half-breed sister of a lighter hue. As for the men who thronged the apartment, it is only necessary to say that they were from the lowest denizens of the Five Points, who came there to carouse and gamble, up to the highest circles of New York society, who came there, as did Pufferty and Carter, to have a lark, for the sake of variety, among the vilest of the vile.

"Will you dance with me?" said Pufferty, reeling up to an Amazon of a mulatto, whose black eyes flashed with a glassy fire, whose features were cast in a mould of beauty that many a high-born maiden might have envied, and whose form was graceful and well rounded.

"Guess I will, and no mistake; Roaring Sall is always on hand; but, first, mister, 'spose we take a drink," and Roaring Sall pointed towards the bar.

"Well, I'm agreed," said Pufferty, with a slight inclination to hiccup in his throat, "but I'm busted, and my friend there will have to stand the shot," and he in his turn pointed to Carter, who was already in deep communion with a negress, the intensity of whose woolly curls was only equaled by the midnight blackness of her face.

"All right," answered Roaring Sall, "your friend has got Crow Bet in tow, so we'll all stand up and take a drink."

To the bar they went, and Carter was just on the point of calling for drinks for four, when Roaring Sall, introducing a diminutive wench, said—

"Hellow, mister, this is my aunt, she's in; step up, Poll, and take a drink;" and Poll stepped up accordingly. Poll, however, was not the only one who stepped up. Roaring Sall introduced several others, who she said were nearly related to her, and Crow Bet, on her part, had no lack of those who crowded around the bar, and who were introduced as being connected with her by various ties of consanguinity. Carter had the pleasure of paying for some ten or a dozen drinks, and then the dance began.

We shall not attempt to describe the evolutions of the black and white disciples of Terpsichore on that night in the ball-room

of Pete Williams. The modern Polka would come far short of it in mazy whirl, and the cracovienne would have nothing to compare with it in the shape of dancing on a crack. Roaring Sall and Crow Bet performed their parts to admiration with their partners, and apparently exhausted at the close, renewed an application for drinks, that could not, according to the rules of gallantry as interpreted by Carter and Pufferty in the sublime state of politeness in which they were in, be refused.

The drinks over, there was a pause of some moments in the amusement, when suddenly a burly negro presented himself in the middle of the floor and proposed, or rather it was proposed for him, to dance a break-down in consideration of a small collection that was to be deposited in his beaver. His beaver, that is to say, an old sugar-loaf shaped wool hat, minus the brim, was placed in the middle of the room, and the negro took his place beside it and commenced his break-down. Round and round his hat, his iron shod brogans fell in a lightening succession of scrapes and heel-and-toe knockings that called forth yells of delight from the spectators on Pete Williams' benches. With the yells came a shower of pennies into the old hat, mingled with some silver coin that Pufferty and Carter, in the height of their enthusiasm, threw in to add to the contribution.

"Go it, old Sam," resounded from every part of the room, and the fiddle and the tambourine played as if in an agony of excitement, and black Sam danced on as if life and death were the issue between his heels and toes.

But the break-down came to an end, and there was a new beginning of drinks and the dance.

This time there danced, opposite Carter, a tall individual, with a black moustache ornamenting his upper lip, who had for his partner a short pock-marked negro wench, and who seemed to watch Carter's motions with more than ordinary interest. As more and more Carter became intoxicated (for the liquor of Pete Williams began to work with him and Pufferty,) the eyes of this personage glittered, as if with some secret pleasure. But there was another dancer in the set, whose eyes were on the watcher of Carter, and his gaze was as fixed and unwavering as was that of him whom he watched. Both of these personages were evidently disguised, and any one but those who had imbibed bad liquor to the extent that Carter and Pufferty had done, would have noticed their actions. Carter and Pufferty did not; they were too far gone; and when, at the conclusion of the dance, they rebelled out of the establishment of Pete Williams, they thanked the stranger with the mous-

tache, who offered to call a carriage and see them safely home.

They reached Broadway arm and arm with the stranger with the moustache, but the other individual whom we have alluded to, and who was dressed in a white great coat with a multiplicity of capes upon it, followed close behind. A carriage was procured, and the foot of Carter, steadied by him of the moustache, was on the step of the coach, when he of the white coat thrust the man with the moustache aside, pitched Carter head foremost into the carriage, and sent Pufferty after him with the same summary movement. He then slammed the door to its fastenings, caught the astonished man with the moustache by the collar, pulled him, and whispered "You can't come it to night, Silk Ned," and jumped upon the box with the driver, saying, "To Chapel-street, as quick as you can, and you shall be well paid."

Off the coach dashed, and a few moments afterwards it stood before the door of Nancy Harvey.

The man with the white caped coat rung the bell violently, but it was some moments before there was an answer to the summons. The answer came, in the shape of a voice behind the door, demanding in no gentle tones who it was that demanded admittance.

"O, you be d—d, Nance," was the response of the white coat. "It's me, Job Poore, and here's your man, Carter, dead drunk; open the door and take him in, for I've got another to attend to to-night."

The door flew open at once, and Carter, in a state of insensibility, was lifted into the hall and conveyed to the care of his mistress.

"Now, coachee, for Chambers-street, No. —; drive like the devil, for it's most morning, and I guess I'll get inside, for it's d—d cold." And Job Poore entered the coach where Pufferty was in a state of insensibility fully equal to that in which Carter had been left in the hands of Nancy Harvey.

Job Poore sat very close to Pufferty, he took his head in his lap and sent his hands on an exploring expedition over his person. The result seemed to be a smile on Job's countenance as he thrust his hands into his own pocket, and called upon the driver to stop.

This time Job did not ring the bell of the spacious brick house in Chambers-street, before which the carriage stopped. On the contrary, with the assistance of the driver, he carried Pufferty up to the door of the house, inserted the night key into the lock, opened the door, put the key into the pocket of Pufferty and laid the body of that gentleman carefully on the floor of the hall and with a wink to the driver said, "His mother will find him here all safe and sound in the

morning; in the meantime, old fellow, here's a ten spot."

The driver pocketed the ten and drove off, while Job Poore adjourned to his lodging in Cherry-street, and turned himself into his bed with the comfortable reflection that he had made some forty dollars in cash, and one diamond breast-pin and gold watch by his ride with Jack Pufferty.

CHAPTER XI.

A FINANCIAL EXODUS.

It was midnight, and Jacob Plausilman still remained seated at his desk in the counting-room of the store in Pearl-street. There was silence deep and profound through the whole building. The clerks had all departed to their homes, leaving Plausilman and the porter alone behind. They had done this often before, and it was therefore to them a matter of no such singular occurrence as to create suspicion, or to form on their part a subject of comment. The porter slept soundly on a bale of goods in the open part of the store, waiting for his master to awaken him when it should be his pleasure to have the store closed. So deep was the silence that a pin might have been heard to drop, and the occasional running of a stray mouse over the floor echoed almost as if it had been the tread of a man. Jacob Plausilman seemed lost both to time and the scene around him. He was leaning with his elbow on the desk, and the expression of his face was peculiar. It was not that of care or anxiety, but by the glitter of his eye it seemed rather as if he was pursuing in his mind some train of thought which was rather pleasing than otherwise, but the main element of which was caution. Moments rolled on and he sat immovable as a statue, with his gaze bent on a ledger before him, while the porter slept soundly on his bed of goods. At last Jacob Plausilman raised his head, closed his ledger, and said in a low tone to himself:

"Yes, I'll do it; why should I plod here forever and make none of that gold which the world worships as its God. The whole of New York thinks this concern is making money, but it is bankrupt. Old Carter's capital is long since sunk in the sums advanced to that hopeful son of his, and bad debts, beautiful on paper, but in reality worth not a straw, accumulating at a fearful rate. But I have managed well, my credit is undoubted and my honor unquestioned. So much for a long face and keeping a stiff upper lip. I have made both the old and young Carter believe that we are going on swimmingly, and while the old one has blown the soundness of the house all over

the city, the young one has spent a mint of money to prove it. They have left me to manage, and I have managed, and will still show a stroke of management that will make Wall-street fairly jump. Now's the time; I have brought everything up to the right pitch, and to-morrow I'll make the grand stroke." And as he spoke Jacob Plausilman filled out a blank check which he tore from a book of forms printed for that purpose, and placed the paper in his pocket.

"Come, wake up John, and close the store," said Jacob Plausilman in a loud voice, as he descended from his seat at the desk and advancing into the store shook the porter roughly by the shoulder.

And Jacob Plausilman walked with a stealthy step along the deserted streets until he reached his own lodgings, when he threw himself without undressing on his bed and tried to compose himself to sleep. But until daylight streaked the east, the eye of Jacob Plausilman would not close, and his mind was in a fever of thought. With daylight he rose from his uneasy couch and paced the room with rapid strides. When the hour of ten arrived he was as usual at his desk in the counting-room, with a face calm and unruffled, and at half past ten handed with a bland smile to Frederick Carter five hundred dollars in small bills, with which that gentleman immediately left the store and hastened up to Chapel-street. At eleven Jacob Plausilman walked with a self-possessed step down to Wall-street.

On the day that Jacob Plausilman proceeded to Wall-street, money was, as it had been for some time previous, what the financial world calls "tight," that is to say, it was at a premium of two per cent a month on the best of commercial paper, and at all kinds of a premium on miscellaneous paper called "weak."

Jacob Plausilman entered the bank where he kept his account, and passed behind the desk of the cashier. The cashier was very comfortably situated. It was a cold morning, and a large fire of sea coal blazed cheerfully in the grate. The cashier was seated in a capacious arm chair, well cushioned and extremely suggestive of ease. His legs were elevated on another chair, and he was leisurely reading the morning paper, which had been well dried on a large screen that stood on one side of the fire-place.

"Ah, Plausilman, glad to see you," said the cashier, looking over the top of the paper, "could only do two of the three notes you offered yesterday; ten thousand out of fifteen is pretty good these hard times, wouldn't do it only on such first rate paper as yours—you can draw for the ten thousand as soon as you like."

"Thank you," said Plausilman with a most courteous bow, as if he felt the full force of the cashier's compliment, "but I

had hoped you would discount the whole, as it would have saved me further trouble."

"Could'n't possibly do it if it had been John Jacob Astor's note with Stephen Girard's endorsement—have'n't got the money—but there's my friend Jacob Harker, the broker, he's got the money, and will discount the other five thousand for you for a slight shave; money is awful tight, Plausilman."

"Oh, no matter," answered Plausilman in a careless tone of voice; "Good morning," and turning to the paying teller's desk, he drew out the ten thousand which had been passed to his credit on the strength of the discount, and then left the bank.

He next directed his steps to the office of Jacob Harker. Jacob Harker was a broker and private banker combined, and his name was famous in Wall-street. Jacob Harker knew Jacob Plausilman, and Jacob Plausilman knew Jacob Harker.

"The cashier of my bank says you have some extra money on hand, and I have to ask you, if you will discount five thousand dollars worth of these notes of our country customers, with our endorsement on them, they have six months to run, but they are all good," and Jacob Plausilman, as he spoke, handed a thick bundle of notes to Harker.

"Say no more, Mr. Plausilman, I'll do them all with great pleasure at two per cent a month, rather a stiff shave, but can't be helped, can't do any better," was the response of Harker as he tumbled the notes over carelessly in his hand.

"Well, draw the check, as I have a great deal of business to do to-day, and am in a hurry."

The check was drawn, and five minutes afterwards the money for it was in Jacob Plausilman's pocket, who muttered to himself as he placed it there. "It's a very good game, the bank has not got the money for me at seven per cent, but it lends it to Jacob Harker to lend to me at two per cent a month, and the bank and the broker divide the profit—capital game, but I'll show them a game worth two of it. The notes I gave them, I'll take my oath, are not altogether worth one thousand dollars, but they lent me the money, on our endorsement; well, we'll see what our endorsement comes to," and he gave a low chuckle as he strode onwards and turned down Broad-street.

Jacob Plausilman entered one of the largest stores in Broad-street, filled from the top to the bottom with goods from all parts of the world. The owners of that store were among the merchant princes of New York, and were friendly to the house of Carter & Co.

"Anything over to-day?" said Plausilman, addressing one of the principals of the house.

"Oh, yes," was the answer, "how much do you wish?"

"Ten thousand for a few days," said Plausilman with as easy a manner as if he was asking for ten cents.

"Certainly, you shall have it," returned the merchant, and with a polite bow, Plausilman pocketed another check and took his leave.

Jacob Plausilman paid several visits of a similar kind with a like result to other stores in Broad-street, and then returned to Wall. He was not yet satisfied. He had collected now some fifty thousand dollars by the discounts at the banks and these loans together, and in order for better security, he resolved to vary the performance and get some more in another way. He had borrowed enough openly in the regular way of a merchant in good standing—full as much as he thought would do without its being talked about—he determined now to make the last haul in a way that the very extent of the shave would keep it a secret until such time when he himself would not care whether it was a secret or not.

Turning down into the basement of a spacious building in Wall-street, the successive stories of which were but ranges of offices occupied principally by lawyers and brokers, Jacob Plausilman entered a suite of two rooms that looked as if they were the last places in the world where money could be obtained, or where persons having any money could possibly condescend to do business. Uncarpetted, and with the exception of a few chairs and two old pine desks, painted red, and covered on the top with tattered green baise, the rooms were perfectly bare of furniture. On one of the desks were a few old rusty looking ledgers and a bank check book, while on the other there was nothing but an inkstand and a few pens. Over the top, however, of the last, in a sort of rack there were ranged in order loose bank checks on all the banks in the city, put there apparently for the convenience of the frequenters of the establishment.

The presiding genius of the place, who stood behind the first of the desks, we have mentioned, was about fifty years of age, portly in figure, of a florid complexion, and with hair in the transition state between grey and black. There was nothing in the expression of his face that would lead a person to believe that he was a Shylock, nothing but what would, on the contrary, produce the impression that he was a kind-hearted, amiable man, fond of good living, and of a jovial disposition. And yet, he was a Shylock, while his countenance did not at the same time belie him. His character was double. In his uncarpeted and unfurnished office, in Wall-street, he was the hard and griping money lender, loaning

his money, of which he had an unlimited supply, at a usurious interest, and holding to the letter of the bond for repayment—no mercy, where mercy would in the least endanger his security. Outside of that dark and gloomy hole of an office, he was kind, hospitable, and oftentimes generous. In his office, he coiled himself, as in a coat of iron mail, in the shell of Mammon. Out of it, in the walks of social life, he expanded, and presented in his person a very fair sample of a man. His name was Charles Selden, and he belonged to a race of money lenders unique in itself. Strange as it may seem, he numbered among his customers men, whose financial standing was of the first order; in fact, most of those with whom he did business were of this class. Selden's loans were those of the short order as it regards time, ranging scarcely in any instance over three or four days. When a mercantile or other business house was troubled with what is called in the language of Wall-street, the "shorts," Selden's dingy office was the place of resort. There, although the hand of the clock pointed almost to the stroke of three (the time when bank business closes), the borrower was sure to get the money, if he was "all right," that is to say if his security was such as to meet the views of Charles Selden, and what he did not know about the standing of every important house in New York, was scarcely worth the trouble of inquiring after. His terms were twenty cents per day on every hundred dollars, but he only charged seven per cent interest; that was understood between him and the borrower. The borrower gave his check, payable on the day when the money was to be returned, depositing, except in some extraordinary cases, notes of hand or stock to double the amount, as collateral security. When the day of payment came, the check drawn for the amount of the loan was taken up, and the twenty cents per hundred dollars paid. If the latter was not the case, if there was any haggling about the bonus, seven per cent only was taken, and the gate at once shut down on all future loans to the murmuring party.

Jacob Plausilman advanced to address Mr. Selden with some slight diffidence in his manner, but the latter soon put him at his ease by a warm greeting, and Plausilman, with the preface that he had some heavy payment to make, and had been disappointed in the receipt of some money, requested the loan of ten thousand dollars until the next day. Mr. Selden did not hesitate a moment. Apparently glad to secure such a customer, he drew a check for the amount at once, and received Plausilman's check in return, without any additional security, and this closed Jacob Plausilman's financial operations for the day. On returning to the

store, he found Miss Arabella Green, a maiden lady on the shady side of thirty, and one of the female pillars of the church in Wall-street, of which Mr. Jacob Plausilman was a member.

"My dear Mr. Plausilman," she said, "one of our missionaries in India has just adopted several little Hindoos, to bring them up and educate them in the Christian faith. One of them is named after me, another after Deacon Smith, and a third after you. The idea is that we shall each send a contribution for our namesakes, and so I have called on you."

Jacob Plausilman bit his lip slightly, but the bland smile which he had schooled his face to wear on every occasion, came in time to his aid, and placing a fifty dollar bill into sister Green's hands, he said he hoped the "Lord would prosper the good work," and then he politely bowed his visitor to the door.

"Well, I never," said Miss Arabella Green to herself, as she hurried home; "what an extraordinary fit of generosity has come over Jack Plausilman. I wonder if he would give fifty dollars to a white little Plausilman. No matter, he expects me of course to tell of it, and I must of course spread the news. Keen man, that Jack Plausilman; wonder if he ever thinks of getting married."

That night Jacob Plausilman walked down to the Battery with a valise, which appeared to be very heavy, under his arm, and stepping into a boat was rowed out in the stream to a low black-looking Dutch galliot, on board of which he embarked. He had no sooner done so, than the sails were set, and Jacob Plausilman left the shores of New York far behind him.

Morning came. As it progressed towards the middle of the day, there was a great commotion in the store of Carter & Co., Pearl-street, and the commotion extended to Wall. Jack Plausilman was not on hand at the store, and John Carter and his hopeful son, Frederick, soon discovered the cause. The former was staggered, and knew not at the moment how to act. Mortification and anger combined to throw him into a high state of excitement, and he was taken home almost delirious with fever. As for Frederick, he took it coolly, and adjourned to Chapel-street to forget it in the arms of his mistress. In the meantime in Wall-street, Mr. Charles Selden presented his check at the bank, and was answered by the paying teller with the expressive words, "No funds," and Mr. Charles Selden returned to his office with the comforting reflection that for once, when he thought he was sure, he found that he was shaved closer than even he himself had ever performed that operation. "Have you heard the news?" was the pass-word that day in

Wall-street from one end of the street to the other. "Who would have thought it," was the oft repeated exclamation; "Jacob Plausilman absconded with one hundred thousand dollars, clear borrowed money in one day!"

"A d—d scoundrel," said Jacob Harker, "but a d—d smart one."

"Oh, the villain!" said Miss Arabella Green. "Hindoos indeed! why he's worse than a heathen. Well, I've had a lucky escape, for I think the wretch had some idea of proposing to me—and if he had, there's no telling what the susceptibility of my nature would have induced me to do. Heighho! the wickedness of this world is awful."

And while such was the commotion and the talk, and while the pockets of those whom he had fleeced were in the first agony of groaning, Jacob Plausilman, the model man of the house of Carter & Co., made in safety his exodus from the city of New York.

CHAPTER XII.

A MAN OF HONOR.

THE elder Carter recovered in a few days from the fever of his excitement consequent on the sudden exit of Jacob Plausilman, and began to reflect soberly how he should act under the circumstances of the case. The way which honor pointed out was plain, and John Carter was rich enough to follow the path of honor on whose directing post was written in letters of light "Pay the debts of the House of Carter & Co., and pocket the loss occasioned by the financial operations of Jacob Plausilman." John Carter, however, had educated himself in a different school—a school where his text book had taught him to pay only just what he was compelled to pay by law, and even less than that, if he could by any possibility employ that method, so convenient in many cases, and which is called compromise. In the present case, the law compelled him to pay only just the amount he had put in as special partner of the house of Carter & Co., and the question was now with him whether he should pay any more. On examining the books of the firm, it was found that, exclusive of the money fraudulently borrowed by Plausilman, the firm was owing some fifty thousand dollars, and that the assets of the concern were comparatively worthless, and it further appeared that the business had been very disgracefully managed. Thirty years ago John Carter, on looking over such a state of things, would have buttoned up his pockets and said to himself, "The creditors of this concern may get out of me just as much as they can, but I'll hold on to all

I can gather out of the wreck as long as I can." Times, however, were now changed. John Carter had now "a position," as his wife called it, in society; he aspired to be among the aristocracy of New York, and he must be careful how he did anything to risk his position, which he himself felt to be somewhat doubtful, owing to former slippery tricks in this same way of money matters.

"What shall I do?" he muttered to himself, as he walked up and down his richly-carpeted library, and gazed with a vacant stare on the mahogany cases filled with books, which reposed quietly in all the state of gorgeous binding on the carved shelves.

"What shall I do; shall I pay like a man, come a little gammon, stump up for the rascality of Plausilman, and make all New York say, what an honorable fellow that old Carter is, after all—though he was an old screw, but he turns up trump, and pays what he is not obliged to?"

"That is just what I would advise you to do, my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Carter, gliding into the room, and throwing herself into an arm-chair directly in front of Carter. "I don't care anything about the honor of the thing, but the appearance of the thing is what I look at; and remember our dear son Frederick's prospects are at stake; Carter, it will be a tremendous lift for him in the Mary Meek matter."

"That's all very well, Mrs. Carter; but one hundred and fifty thousand dollars is an awful heap of money—what a d—d fool I was to put such a scape-grace in business, and a d—d sight bigger fool to trust such a smooth-tongued villain as Plausilman." And Mr. John Carter, as he spoke, brought his hand down on a table beside which he had paused in his walk, with such force as to overturn a massive and beautiful china inkstand, the center of which represented Venus coming out of the bath. The consequence was that, in the fall, Venus broke her head, and her spotless, white body enjoyed a bath of the blackest ink.

"There, Mr. Carter," exclaimed Mrs. Carter angrily, "see what you have done by getting into a passion and swearing; it is very vulgar to swear; it is astonishing you can't get over that horrid practise which smells so much of the shop. I broke you of chewing tobacco, but you will continue to swear when you are mad. As for that inkstand, our son Frederick brought it all the way from Paris; it was his taste, and he made it a present to me, and now you've spoilt it. John Carter, you're a bear."

"Am I? well then, d—n Frederick, and d—n your Venus inkstand. I wish Frederick had never seen Paris, and as for Venuses, the one he's got on hand now has ruined him, and played h—l with my pocket. Mrs.

Carter, you're a fool, and your son is a bigger one," and Mr. John Carter's walk up and down the room became a small imitation of a locomotive.

"Carter, you're a brute," was the mild response of the lady, and there was a pause of some moments, while the lady looked daggers, and the gentleman continued his walk with compressed mouth and eyes flashing fury.

"Well, Mr. Carter," at length said the lady, resting her foot from a convulsive trot in which it had been indulging, "what do you propose to do? My advice is to pay everything outstanding against the firm of Carter & Co., give Frederick one more chance; perhaps he'll do better. Come, now, unbutton your pockets and do something to make people talk about us."

Mr. Carter turned straight around in his walk, looked at Mrs. Carter, and had opened his mouth to make answer, when the door opened, and Frederick Carter, dressed in the most fashionable style, walked leisurely into the room, threw himself with an air of *ennui* into a chair beside his mother, and reached out to his father a note which he held between his thumb and finger.

"Here, Governor," said young Carter (Frederick frequently called his father Governor, in imitation of a slang phrase he had heard when he was in England). "Here's something for you to look at."

Mr. Carter took the note which Frederick extended towards him, and as his eye ran over its contents, a slight pallor suffused itself over his cheek. The note which produced such an effect was in these words.

TO FREDERICK CARTER, ESQ.

Sir—Unless you settle *instantly*, the sum borrowed by your partner, Jacob Plausilman, of Mr. Charles Selden, I shall proceed against you criminally under the Stillwell act. The case is evidently one of the worst kind of false pretences, and the law presumes you equally guilty with your late partner, as you must have known the financial condition of your firm, and been privy to the fraud. I shall wait twenty-four hours for an answer, *instantly* in the law meaning exactly that amount of time. Perhaps it would be as well to consult with your father on this matter.

Yours respectfully,
SLIPPER VAMPIRE,
Attorney at Law.

John Carter convulsively crumpled the note in his hand and muttered to himself, as he strode more angrily than ever up and down the room,

"D—n you, Slipper Vampire, for a keen scoundrel; I am in for it, and no mistake."

"What's that, my dear?" said Mrs.

Carter, "let me look at the letter," and Frederick Carter in the meantime threw himself further back in his chair, appearing to regard the matter with the most sublime indifference.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! John Carter, will you suffer us all to be disgraced in this manner? Oh, the horrid lawyer, pay him off at once, Mr. John Carter, and preserve the credit of your name," half shrieked Mrs. Carter as she sank back with strong premonitory symptoms of hysterics.

Mr. Carter looked calmly at his spouse, and then transferred his gaze with a slight concentrated expression towards his son.

"Of course you'll settle it, Governor; it would never do for the son of John Carter, Esq., to be taken up for false pretences, or taken up before a magistrate in any criminal way," said the hopeful son, as he gave his mustache a twirl with his jeweled finger.

"You will! you will!" again shrieked Mrs. Carter, "or I shall die; I never can stand the talk it will make of Frederick's being a bankrupt, and having him arrested by a constable for fraud."

"You can stand a great many things, Mrs. Carter, better than a stranger would imagine," answered her husband, "and not because I think you'll die, or anything of that sort, but because I think it policy, I will for the last time put my hand in my pocket and settle the debts of Carter & Co., in order to save the credit of that scape-goat there, my son; but mind, Mr. Frederick Carter, it is the last time, and the sooner you drop your mistresses, Washington Hall, and fast horses, the better, for I swear by G—d I'll stop here; behave yourself as a gentleman, and my heart and purse are open to you, but continue to make a blackguard of yourself, and spend money as you do now, and I'll have no more to do with you," and Mr. John Carter set his teeth, and rammed his hands to the extreme depths of his breeches pockets.

"Why, Governor, you're excited, it is very vulgar to get in such a fever about a little money. Good-bye, the air of this room is extremely oppressive," and Frederick Carter rose from his chair and prepared to leave the apartment.

The hysterics of Mrs. Carter seemed to have suddenly come to an end, for she also rose, and laying her hand on Frederick's shoulder, she said with a most persuasive voice—

"Now Frederick, do mind what your father says, he's been very good, the debts of the concern will all be paid and you'll stand before the world as well as ever; now do become more steady, settle down and marry Mary Meek if possible, and then you will have as proud a position as any young man in New York."

"Yes, mother, I'll see about it, don't

bother me any more just now; like the Governor, there, I feel as if I was a little excited," and whatever was the nature of Frederick Carter's excitement, he hastened out to cool it. A drink at Washington Hall was the first remedy he took, and the arms of Nancy Harvey, in Chapel-street, were the second.

John Carter settled all the debts of the firm of Carter & Co.; he paid all the money borrowed by Jacob Plausilman, and with the exception of a few small liabilities due to some minor tradesmen who were not able to contest the matter with him, he paid the outstanding accounts and notes in full. The debts owing to the tradesmen referred to, he compromised by paying half. And the praise of John Carter was in every mouth.

"A trump of a fellow is John Carter, but a d—d fool," said Jacob Harker, as he pocketed the amount of his debt."

"Honorable man that John Carter is, when he has a Slipper Vampire to deal with," said Charles Selden, as he marked "paid" opposite a charge on his book of money borrowed by Jacob Plausilman.

"What a very honorable man Mr. John Carter is, if every one was like to him, the merchants would have no trouble," said the merchants in Broad-street as they also marked the loan of Jacob Plausilman as paid.

"I think that John Carter should be made one of our directors—such a high-minded man would be a credit to us," said the cashier of the bank where the firm of Carter & Co. had kept their account, and where Jacob Plausilman had had ten thousand dollars worth of notes discounted.

"A remarkably honorable man is John Carter, when he is frightened into it by a man of science. Ha! ha! it would have sounded rather bad to have Frederick Carter, Esq., taken on a warrant under the Stillwell act," and Mr. Slipper Vampire rubbed his hands and chuckled to himself as he thought of the nice operation he had made in the way of costs, by driving John Carter, through his fears, to a settlement of the debts of the firm of Carter & Co.; "but, d—n him," continted Vampire to himself, "there is no more honor in him than there is in me, and my honor you could blow through a humming bird's quill into a mosquito's eye and he wouldnt wink. I touched the old fellow right; I knew he was trying to hold his head up. I showed him something that would pull it down if he didnt do as I said, and he did exactly as I told him. I knew he would, or I wouldnt have tried it on; I had no more hold over him than I have over John Jacob Astor, but he thought I had and it is all the same." What a d—d set of fools there are in this world, and that accounts for the number of lawyers, ha! ha!" and Slipper Vampire laughed so loud

that even his drudge of a clerk looked up in amazement. Slipper Vampire, however, had sounded the true depths of the honor of John Carter.

CHAPTER XIII.

A LAWYER OF HONOR.

THE thread of our narrative now leads us to retrace our steps, in order to follow the fortunes of Edward Masterton, and bring them even, in point of time, with those of our other characters who have recently occupied our attention. It is hard for poverty and obscurity, even when combined with great virtue and talent, to mount the steep which leads to fame and fortune. But the rough eminence can be scaled by the patient and determined will, and the bold heart and upright soul. To bring into vigorous action such will and heart and soul, to try them to their utmost tension and make them stand out in bold relief for the admiration and example of all men, seems to have been the design of God himself when he ordained, as he plainly has, that the right path to all true success, shall wind up the rocky sides of a precipitous mountain, around whose base dark clouds are ever rolling, but on whose summit eternal sunlight is ever resting. Edward Masterton has followed that path. He has risen above the clouds of poverty and obscurity, which enveloped him at the foot of the hill; he has walked with a firm and unshrinking tread the narrow pass of integrity, hewn out on the edge of a beetling precipice, where the chasm of dishonor and crime yawns to receive the victims of a misstep, and he is now, when we again renew our acquaintance with him, fast reaching the summit of sunshine. Clients, and wealth, and honor, are pouring in upon him, and the crowning point of his fortune is at hand. How he accomplished this?

When we first introduced Edward Masterton to the reader, he was struggling with bitter poverty and with a love to which that poverty seemed an almost insuperable bar. We introduced him as bearing that poverty with a brave spirit and a hopeful heart, and when, as our readers will recollect, Silk Ned offered him a large fee to defend Job Poore, he refused it, because the guilt of that individual was plain as daylight. It was a high stand for young Masterton, poor and unknown as he was, to take. Hundreds of lawyers would have acted differently, and would not have thought that they belonged to the Slipper Vampire school of practice, if they had pocketed the fee and defended the criminal. They would have justified the act to themselves and the world by pleading the time-honored and dusty privilege of

lawyers, which is to take any side of a case, on the principle that as lawyers they speak not for themselves, are not expected to speak for themselves but for their clients, are expected to speak for right or wrong indiscriminately, and to bring all the wires and batteries of the law to bear either way according as they are hired.

Such, however, was not Edward Masterton's principle of action. He started his legal race in life with the determination to preserve his integrity untouched, although he was a lawyer; with a determination never to sacrifice that integrity to a fiction of the law which would make him sacrifice his character as a man. And for this reason he refused Silk Ned's fee, and refused others of a like character that were afterwards offered to him. He also invariably refused all kinds of legal business in which he saw the least trick or subterfuge. Edward Masterton would not draw a fraudulent assignment, and make it tight with all the forms of the law by which villainy would be secured in its evil purposes. He would not encourage litigation where litigation was wrong, but used his best endeavors to bring those at variance to an agreement of peace and friendship, where that agreement could be made without the compromise of right. But for the right, when the right was denied and violated, Edward Masterton was ever ready to bring all his legal acumen and talents into action, and to contend manfully as a lawyer and a man. It was then he felt the dignity of his profession—felt that it was indeed an "honorable profession," and when the opportunity came, he shadowed forth to the gaze of all how well he could carry that dignity and honor out to its fullest extent. The opportunity did come. There were at first long days of waiting and of hope sickened by disappointment—no clients to darken his door—no fees to gladden his heart in the comfort he could have carried with them to his aged mother and his gentle sister Lucy—his office was dark, and the young lawyer communed alone with his books, and laid up in the storehouse of his mind legal wisdom, if he did not gather money for the storehouse of his pocket.

The lawyers of the "sharp practice" school laughed at Edward Masterton for his scruples, and predicted that he would starve; and the men of the world, who always place their feet across the line that divides honesty from dishonesty, in such a manner that it is impossible to tell on which side they cover the most ground, drew down the corners of their mouths when they heard of Edward Masterton, as if to convey silently their ideas of the utter absurdity of an honest lawyer. His character, did, however, reach the ears of some of the right stamp of men among the heterogeneous mass of New York life, and the tide began to turn in his favor.

By degrees he acquired a considerable practice—light streamed into the gloomy and cheerless office, and comfort into the straitened home; and with the light and comfort came fresh energy and a more fixed resolve to adhere to the principles with which he had started.

A will case in which a large amount of property was involved, and in which villany had for years been successful, had been put into the hands of Edward Masterton. He unraveled the web which legal technicality had ingeniously spun around it; he unlocked the dark vault in which chancery had buried it, and brought the whole case, in all its repulsive features, clearly to the light. He paused not an instant in the work, for he was not one to keep a suit by nursing it. He pressed the case onward to the end as fast as he could drive the wheels of the law, and he gained the victory before his opponents had fairly awakened from the surprise which his first vigorous onslaught had occasioned them. The issue of this suit placed the keystone to the fortune of Edward Masterton. The business, which had before commenced to come in on him by slow degrees, now rushed in upon him in a flood, and his advantage was, that this business was of the first and most important character, and his clients of the high-minded and truly honorable portion of the community. He conquered by the force of the principles with which he at first set out; he was recognized by all as the successful personification of a principle mighty in its power, and the fame of the "honorable" lawyer was in every mouth.

This was not all. Legal practice, as much as he desired, did not bound the triumph of Edward Masterton. Political honors were offered to, and thrust upon him. It was a day in the history of New York, when everything was not quite sacrificed to partisan warfare. Ability and honesty were recognized as something requisite for a legislator, and rowdies at the polls, paid to bully through a candidate of their own order, were comparatively unknown. Men of integrity and real fitness for the offices to which they aspired, did not then, as they have done since, shrink from being candidates, because the ordeal through which they must pass, was a foul atmosphere of lies and corruption, sickening and repulsive to the soul of honor. Edward Masterton accepted the honors offered to him, and the vote of good citizens elected him, at first to the State Legislature, and afterwards to Congress. It was at that period an elevation of a man, to make him either a member of the State Legislature or Congress.

The same principles, the same zeal and talent, which had marked the career of Masterton as a lawyer, characterized it as a

legislator. It is this point of time, when his reputation as a legislator as well as a lawyer is established on a sure foundation, and when wealth is within his grasp, that brings his history up to the period when the events relating to the Carters, as narrated in our last chapter, took place.

But where is Mary Meek? the beautiful, the gentle, the virtuous Mary Meek, the heiress born to the inheritance of whole coffers of silver, but with all the allurements to overbearing pride and the heartlessness of gay and fashionable life, still the bright and untarnished symbol of a moral metal more precious than silver, and far more enduring. Where is she? We have for some time lost sight of her. And where is the love of Edward Masterton for her, which he pledged in his poverty, and vowed to claim at the altar when he had won fortune and fame by his own exertions? Has she forgotten him, tired of the long waiting for success to crown his efforts? Has she turned a cold eye upon him during all the long and weary days that success delayed its coming to him, and thus driven him from her side? Or has he, in his prosperity and ambition, forgotten her, and made silver and ambition the God of his devotion? None of these things have happened. The love of the once poor lawyer, whose soul was the seat of honor, has never for a moment paled in the glare of the worldly triumphs he has won, and the love of the rich maiden has always been his with unchanging truth, and inciting him to the victory which he has achieved.

It is in the interval, when the love of Masterton and Mary Meek awaited calmly its consummation, that the peculiar point of the character of Masterton strongly exhibits itself. Masterton shrank at the idea of being a fortune-hunter through marriage, and jealously guarded against every appearance of it. Not all his mighty love for Mary Meek, had she thrown herself into his arms, would have induced him in his first estate of poverty and obscurity, when his heart owned her power, to ask her to unite her fortunes with his, or to seek her father's consent to the marriage. No; not until he had a name and position in the world equal in some measure to hers, and rendering him, as he reasoned with himself, in some degree worthy of one so beautiful and good as she was, would he ask her to be his wife. Perhaps he carried the point too far. Mary Meek thought he did, and would have married him, when he had not a brief to bless himself with, if he had pressed his suit. And her father and mother would not have opposed her happiness, for in the character of Masterton they had penetration enough to discover that was the foundation of a bright future. But Masterton had made up his mind and adhered to his principles. And

while he was winning his way in the world, the love between him and Mary became a silent little cupid in the breast of each, very much petted by each in the depths of the heart, but seldom allowed to jump out and fly backwards and forwards with its shining wings from one to the other. Masterton's visits to Mr. Meek's house were no more than any other respected friend of the family. As such he was ever received by the father and mother, and the love of Mary Meek for Masterton seemed rather to be shown through an ardent affection for his sister Lucy than by any manner directly to him.

And thus matters went on. Mary Meek fondled Lucy Masterton, but talked not of love to Edward, and he squared himself to the battle of life, hushing his love beneath his breastplate of honor. But the battle, as we have seen, has been won far enough; and now behold the picture on the afternoon of the day when old Carter settled the debts of Carter & Co., and Mrs. Carter told Frederick to go and marry Mary Meek. Mrs. Carter had no idea how matters stood between Edward Masterton and Mary Meek. Frederick Carter is in the arms of his mistress, Nance Harvey, and here is the Masterton and Meek picture.

The soft light of a beautiful sunset was streaming into the parlor windows of the mansion in Beekman-street, at which Mary Meek, intently reading a newspaper, was seated. Darker and darker grew the shadows, but she heeded them not. She only bent her face closer to the paper, and strained her eyes more intensely on what she was perusing. She heard not a loud ring at the door—she heard not the step that approached her; and only when a hand was laid lightly on her shoulder, and the name of "Mary" breathed into her ear in a tone which love alone can use, did she start from her seat and drop the paper in confusion.

"Why, Mary, what have you here that has so absorbed your interest that you take no notice of any one?" said Edward Masterton, for it was he, and he stooped down and picked up the paper as he spoke.

His face flushed as his eye glanced over the part which the fair maiden had evidently been reading, for it was one of his own speeches that he had recently made in Congress.

"Mary," he said, taking her willing hand in his, and looking down upon her with all his intense love beaming in his eyes, as her head sunk on his shoulder, "Mary, I have come to claim you—come with the sanction of your parents and the approval of my own sense of right, to ask you to go with me to the altar; the joy of this moment is unutterable, for I know that your love has long been mine, as mine has been yours. Look up, dearest, and bless heaven for the coming of this hour."

A pair of tearful eyes, radiant through the dew drops not of grief, but of excess of joy gushing up from the deep wells of maiden purity, were raised to his, and bending his lips to hers, the strong man and the clinging maiden whom his arm encircled, were silent.

"Heaven bless you both," said a deep, solemn voice at their side, a moment afterwards, "bless you both, my children, with its choicest blessings," and the father of Mary Meek laid his hands, as might a patriarch of old, on the heads of Mary and her affianced husband, while Mrs. Meek brushed aside the disordered tresses of her daughter, and kissing her brow, repeated the blessing.

The next morning, while Mary Meek was sitting alone in the parlor, she received a different visitor in the person of Frederick Carter. Not dreaming of his errand, and presuming it was only a call of politeness, she admitted him; but the usual compliments were hardly passed, before, to her embarrassment, he launched forth into a declaration of admiration, and solicited her hand in due form. At the conclusion of his address, and before she had recovered from her surprise at his offer, there was a ring at the street door bell, which she recognized and was glad to hear.

"Mr. Carter," she said, turning to that individual, kindly but with great dignity, "I can only say that Edward Masterton, my affianced husband, is at the door and will soon enter this room."

Frederick Carter squeezed his hat very tightly under his arm, for he had held it there all the time he had been making his proposal of marriage, and with a convulsive movement and a half-audible "good morning," he left the room and house, almost knocking Edward Masterton down as he passed out. He went to Chapel-street.

CHAPTER XIV.

TWO KINDS OF PUGILISM.

JOHN CARTER, Esq., and his wife were seated together in the parlor of the mansion at the foot of Broadway, a few days after the occurrences narrated in our last chapter. The foot of Mrs. Carter was trotting at a rapid rate, and the ominous frown on her brow, and the gleam of her eye beneath, betokened the approach of a small domestic storm. As for Mr. Carter, his face wore the expression of a martyr—resigned, passive, impenetrable as a rock, presenting not, however, a rough front to the enemy, but one perfectly smooth, and from which all blows would be likely to glance off without doing any damage. His hands were thrust far

down into his breeches' pocket with the rigidity of two stakes, and his legs were stretched out before him, in the form of an inclined plane, to the floor, with the same stiff posture of determination. Thus seated, he looked over to Mrs. Carter, silently and with a fixed gaze, as much as to say—"Mrs. Carter, bring your tongue battery to bear at once; John Carter is ready; fire away." The lady understood the look, and opened.

"Carter, you're enough to make a saint mad; why don't you get mad yourself, instead of sitting there like a spooner, and suffering yourself to be so insulted? To think of that milk and water faced Mary Meek refusing our son, to marry a beggar, or one who was a beggar a few years ago, and born in the gutter. Oh dear! I could tear my hair out of my head for vexation."

"Better leave your hair in, my dear," interrupted Mr. Carter. "It is getting rather thin, now, and you can't spare it. As for being insulted, I don't exactly see that I or you have been insulted. The girl liked the young lawyer better than she did Fred, and as for being born in a gutter and having once been poor, why, perhaps your husband, John Carter himself, would not have to look very far back to see the same thing in his own case. I should have liked to have seen our son Fred married to the girl, for she might possibly have made him steady, while the match would undoubtedly have strengthened our position in the tip-top society of New York; but it can't be helped, and so let it go."

"Carter, how often have I told you that you talk like a fool on such matters. Is this the way you're going to talk about this affair out in the world? why you'll be a general laughing stock. Oh, if I was a man I know what I would do!"

"What would you do, my dear? challenge Mary Meek or Masterton. I'll tell you what we had both better do—send our hopeful son on a whaling voyage. I think a three years' cruise would bring him to his senses, and make him behave himself. The fact is, Mrs. Carter, I begin to think that we have brought him up wrong, and that if he had been more like Edward Masterton, we should have been more honored in himself than by any matrimonial connection he could have made. We have been wrong—d—d wrong, Mrs. Carter, take my word for it," and John Carter as he spoke rose up and strode vigorously up and down the apartment, digging his hands still deeper in his pockets.

Mrs. Carter made no reply to her husband's last speech; she merely gave him a glance in which she meant to express the concentration of contempt, and then sailed out of the room.

"And this is the result of a life of toil to heap up money—a profligate son, for whom

all his father's riches cannot buy a wife in that station of society which his parents wish, and a wife who thinks of nothing but being connected with what she calls the aristocracy. Well, money is not the God that can do everything after all—but pshaw, John Carter, you are moralizing in the high virtuous strain. Money is the great God, you began with that motto, stuck to it while getting the money, and stuck at nothing to get it—you are a pretty fellow to moralize, but I wish I had a son who was a man," and John Carter put on his hat and walked down to Wall-street, to see what was the state of the stock market.

In the meantime Mrs. Carter received two lady visitors in her splendidly furnished parlor.

"Why, how do you do, my dear Mrs. Dart, and you, my dear Miss Dart, it is an age since I've seen you," and Mrs. Carter shook Mrs. Dart warmly by the hand, and kissed Miss Dart affectionately.

The two ladies thus received are entitled to some description. Mrs. Dart was a tall thin woman, apparently about fifty years of age. She was richly dressed in a lemon colored brocade silk, which contrasted rather strangely with the inclination of her complexion towards a muddy brown, which not even a large allowance of rouge and other cosmetics could conceal. The face was very thin, the nose pointed, eyebrows, originally none, but their place supplied by a line of black pencilling, while a double row of small pipe stem curls flanked each side of a low forehead, which receded flatly back to the largest bulk of the head behind the ear. The eyes were small, restless, and catlike in their expression. And yet Mrs. Dart, when made up to order, as she was that day, was a showy fashionable looking woman. Her husband was a rich, good natured old fellow, that loved to drink his wine at dinner and take a nap afterwards, and Mrs. Dart was a lively, fly-about woman, knowing every one's business in the fashionable world, and spreading her account of it wherever she went, with a very long tongue. And Mrs. Dart went to all places, and visited every family where it was fashionable to go on a visit. Her daughter, Miss Clementina Dart, was only Mrs. Dart in the bud, and not yet arrived to the full flower.

"Have you heard the news, my dear Mrs. Carter," said Mrs. Dart, "so strange, how odd things do turn out, to be sure. Why, Mary Meek is going to be married, and she is going to marry the Congressman, Edward Masterton; what a fine looking man he is, to be sure; I didn't use to think so some years ago, but now, I declare, he's so improved that you wouldn't know him. By-the-by, Mary Meek was an old flame of your son Frederick, was she not; everybody said that would be a match, but la me,

folks don't know what they are talking about," and the little eyes of Mrs. Dart darted at Mrs. Carter as if they would have looked right through her.

"Folks do not know what they are talking about, my dear Mrs. Dart," answered Mrs. Carter, bristling up with dignity. "Mary Meek would have liked very much to have had an offer from Frederick Carter, and I may say that she courted him to obtain it; but Frederick could never endure her. The fact is, Mrs. Dart, Mary Meek looks like a modest little saint, but it is only skin deep; she is very artful, depend upon it; why she refused Masterton a dozen times, as long as she thought Frederick was to be had. It is a fact, Mrs. Dart; but I tell it to you in confidence, and do not wish it to go any farther."

"By no means, Mrs. Carter, you can depend on me, but I never thought that what you tell me is the true state of the case, for I have heard right the other way, that Frederick had offered to her and been rejected," and the little eyes of Mrs. Dart were on Mrs. Carter again.

"Slander, shameful slander, Mrs. Dart. I flatter myself that my son would not have to ask but once for the hand of any lady in New York."

"Oh, dear, no, I should think not," said Miss Dart, joining in the conversation, "the connection would be an honor to any one."

Mrs. Carter smiled approvingly on Miss Clementina Dart, but whether in approbation of the last sentiment she had uttered, or in approbation of Miss Dart herself, as a prospective daughter-in-law, Miss Dart could not determine.

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Dart, "I only reported what I heard, not that I believed it, my dear Mrs. Carter, and now that you tell me the true state of the case, I am delighted that I shall be able to contradict the slanderous report."

After having exhausted a long budget of other fashionable gossip of the day, Mrs. Dart and Miss Dart took their leave.

"Impudent woman," said Mrs. Carter to herself, when her guests had retired. "Come on purpose to see if she could not annoy me, but I am not the woman to be put down or triumphed over by any such malicious gossip as she is."

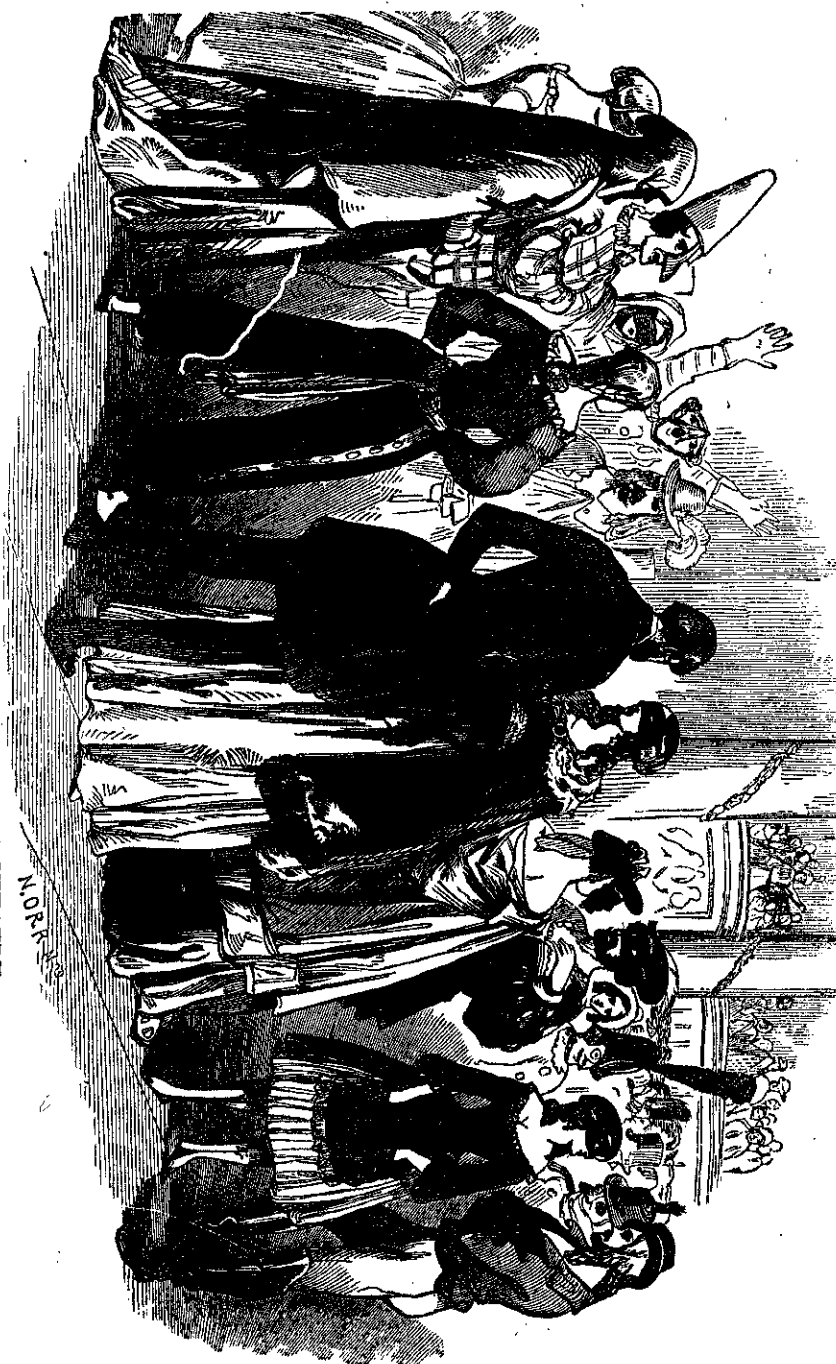
"Clementina," said Mrs. Dart to her daughter as they issued into the street, "Mrs. Carter takes me for a bigger fool than I think I am, if she expects me to swallow for truth all she told me. I guess we will call on Mrs. Drinker, Clementina, as we go home, and tell her Mrs. Carter's story. She will be delighted to hear it," and the two Darts hastened to Mrs. Drinker's to serve up their dish of gossip.

We left Frederick Carter in the arms of

his mistress, Nance Harvey, deriving therefrom what consolation he might for the mortification he had suffered in his rejection by Mary Meek. Frederick Carter was mortified and chagrined. Not that he loved Mary Meek, or suffered on that account, but he was wounded in his pride, and angry that a rich heiress should have slipped through his grasp. And days passed on, and he yielded himself to greater dissipation than he ever yet had done. And as another incentive to this course, his father absolutely refused to supply him with money to anything like the amount he needed for the pursuit of his sensual pleasures. Various debts began to be too troublesome to him, duns were frequent, and Nance Harvey was insatiable in her demands. Deeper he drained the wine cup, and gambling at Washington Hall heaped up against him a fearful array of debts of honor, which he knew not how he should meet. Hitherto his dissipation had been of the genteel order, or rather what is called so, that is, he kept himself select in the choice of his companions, and made intimates of none but dissipated gentlemen, but now he descended in the scale, and seemed to take pleasure in often associating with low men of the town, and was ready and willing to be on hand in a row for the fun of the thing, and frequent any place where licentiousness or revelry could give a new edge to a sensual appetite already palled by indulgence in almost every imaginable form. In all this vortex of dissipation, however, into which he threw himself, he still entertained a deep hatred of Masterton, who had crossed his path in the Mary Meek affair, and he thirsted for some sort of revenge. The form of that revenge was indefinite to his mind, but revenge he would have some day, was his determination. And thus for the present we leave him.

The bar-room of the "Cross Keys," in Cherry-street, shone in all the glory of its decanters, its crowd of thieves, burglars and counterfeiters, and its cloud of tobacco smoke. Peter Flint, the landlord, was as usual behind his bar attending on his guests, while from an upper room there came the loud sound of music and dancing. There was a ball, or rather dance as it was called, that night at Peter Flint's. We will enter the room and look around. The apartment was long and narrow, and benches run round the sides of the room, leaving the floor entirely clear. The benches were fastened firmly to the wall, and were bare either of paint or cushions, while the floor of bare boards was well sanded for the feet of the dancers. One fiddle scraped with energy, if not with skill, by a little hump-backed dwarf, repulsive in his features, formed the whole orchestra. But if there was no variety in the orchestra, it was fully

FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE PARK THEATRE.



remedied by the group of dancers on the floor, and by the spectators on the benches by the wall. There, in her gay and flaunting dress was the courtesan, whose charms were yet so fresh as to bring her a harvest of gain, and by her side was her faded sister in vice, with the haggard countenance and the slattern dress, which betokened that her foot was on the last steps of that dark abyss of prostitution into which the victim must fall when health and charms shall fall. And there, too, was the successful criminal, with his shining coat and his long glossy locks, whose career the law had not yet checked, and by his side was his brother in crime, with the matted hair and ragged coat betokening that he was, in the language of his class, "dead broke."

Seated on the benches were two of our old acquaintances—Job Poore and Silk Ned, and each had a burden on his lap in the shape of a female. On the knee of Poore, with her arm around his neck, sat a blue-eyed, auburn-haired girl, and on that of Silk Ned there rested another, whose ringlets, falling in a shower of silken gloss on her neck and shoulders, were only exceeded in their raven blackness by the eyes that shone out from among them with a wanton fire. The necks of both were bare to a line of lowness in the cut of their dresses, that disclosed all the rounded beauties of their busts and left but little for the imagination to play with.

"Why Jule, you look like a second Juno to-night, give us a kiss, and drink to me with your eyes," said Silk Ned, kissing her as he spoke, and handing her a glass of wine which had just been brought in by a boy.

"Flatterer," answered Julia, tapping him on the face, "how many girls have you said that to in a week," and she drank the wine and gave him another kiss. The next moment, however, a man brushed rudely by her, and looking fiercely after him, she exclaimed in a voice very different from its former softness, "D—n you, Leather Joe, don't try that again, or I'll pitch into you."

"No matter, Jule, I'll fix Leather Joe, if he tries it again," said Silk Ned, and Julia was pacified.

Julia, and Ned, and Poore, and his mistress now joined the dance, and Leather Joe danced opposite the former. Leather Joe had derived his name from the color of his complexion, which was near that of tanned leather. Otherwise he was not remarkable in his appearance. He was tall and thin like Silk Ned, and like him was a thief and pickpocket. Julia had been his mistress, but had forsaken him, and he now saw her for the first time in many weeks.

The dance went on, but was destined to come to a speedy termination. At the first "forward two," Leather Joe trod purposely

on Julia's foot. She gave a scream, and rushed at him with her hands in an attitude very suggestive of tearing out his eyes. But Silk Ned interposed and gave Leather Joe a blow on the side of the head which sent him reeling against Job Poore and his partner. Not relishing this, Job planted on the other side of his head another blow which returned him to Silk Ned, with whom he was soon engaged in a regular fight. No one attempted to interfere, but on the contrary all looked on and appeared to enjoy the scene. In the midst of the disturbance, Pete Flint, the landlord, presented himself, and exclaimed at the top of his voice—

"Pretty pair of covies you are, to be fighting here for nothing but a gal, when there's fighting on hand down at the Park Theatre, for which you can get paid, and where there's pickings to be had in the crowd which you can help yourself to without much trouble. Come here and I'll tell you something worth hearing."

The fighting immediately ceased, and all pressed around Pete Flint.

"One is enough to hear the orders," continued the landlord. "Here, Job Poore, guess I'll take you—a word with you."

The landlord took Job aside, whispered a few moments in his ear and then came forward again.

"Boys," he said, holding out a roll of bills in his hand, "here's the stuff—five dollars apiece for twenty of you, and that takes all but one of you in the room. You are to go down to the Park Theatre and do just as Job Poore tells you, that's all, mind him; when he says fight then fight; will you go and do as I say?"

"Yes! yes!" was the answer on all sides.

"Pete, I'll go on my own hook," said Silk Ned.

"I thought you would," answered Pete. "Here, boys, is your money. You understand, Job, what you are to do?"

"I do."

And the dance room was soon deserted.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RIOT AND THE PRISON.

OUR scene changes to that quarter circle of brick buildings which sweeps around the lower end of the Park, and is known by the name of Park Row. At the period referred to, the buildings which composed the Row were not quite so grand or stately as they are in this year 1852. Most of them were simple two story brick structures, of unpretending appearance, and the Old Park Theatre, that stood in the center, was about the only edifice that could claim more than

ordinary notice from the stranger. And even the "Old Park," or the Drury Lane of America, as it was sometimes called, was very plain in its outward features. A row of arch doors in front, and a niche over them adorned with a figure of Shakspeare, carved in wood and leaning majestically on a pillar from which depended a scroll, formed the principal claims to architectural grandeur that the Old Park Theater possessed, and all that Park Row could boast of. It was, however, the substantial attractions which Park Row possessed which rendered it a famous and a favorite locality for the pleasure seeking and "fast men" portion of the citizens of New York. The Park Theater was the oldest and most popular one in the city, and obtained its popularity from the fact that the most brilliant "stars" of the histrionic art were always there to be seen, and the drama better and more legitimately carried out in all its parts, than in any other theater, in New York. Independent of this attractive theater, Park Row teemed with temples of amusement and enjoyment of another order. For those whose passions or desire for gain in the shortest time possible, led them to gaming, the upper stories of almost every house in Park Row furnished ample accommodations where cards were shuffled and dice boxes rattled at pleasure, while many of the cellars below were glittering halls of light, where the votaries of the table and the bottle could at any time, and at the shortest notice, obtain a feast, of which even Epicurus and Bacchus themselves would have delighted to have been partakers.

Among the cellars referred to, there was one which stood prominent among all the rest in fame and popularity. Over the door was written in gilt letters, "The Shakspeare," and underneath "E. Windust," and the Latin motto "Nunquam non paratus," which meant to say in English that the said E. Windust was "never unprepared" to give the luxurious stomach all that its most extreme luxury could desire. On Mr. Windust's sign there was a painted representation of Shakspeare in the same attitude as the figure in the niche on the front of the Park Theatre. The fact was that the Shakspeare by E. Windust, was the favorite resort of all the theatrical profession in New York, who looked upon their host as one identified with the advancement of the stage, as well as a prince of caterers to their appetites. A bustling and exciting scene did the "Shakspeare" present every night—managers and actors, white haired epicures, and dashing dark-haired young ones, talking, laughing, sipping their sparkling glasses, some in the open part of the room in front of the bar, and some snugly ensconced behind the red curtains of the boxes where their feasts were spread, while

the host seemed at every moment here and there, and every where, now stopping to drop a word among a little knot of drinkers at a table, and now bowing and greeting the groups of new comers, as with a stream they seemed to pour in rapid succession down into the saloon. Park Row, as we said before, has changed into more stately piles of brown freestone; the theatre has been razed to the ground, and stores, fit for palaces, stand in its place; the high seats of cards and dice have disappeared, but the "Nunquam non paratus" of E. Windust, renovated in exterior and interior appointments, according to the progress of the age, still remains, the sole reminiscence of the locality, still maintaining its popularity and respectability, and still presided over by the same worthy host. To it, however, in its first state of glory, on the night when Job Poore and his companions left the "Cross Keys," to go to the Park Theatre, we now introduce the reader.

Beside the row of boxes with their red curtains which lined one side of the room of the "Shakspeare," and where the suppers were served, there was a large square apartment on the other side, where tables were set out for a like purpose. This apartment had a home or domestic look—looked like eating and drinking in a social way, and was not so suggestive of cattle feeding as were the stalls or boxes. All the regular frequenters of the "Shakspeare" seemed to appreciate the comfortable appearance of this apartment, and invariably chose it when they determined to have a feast. On the night in question, four persons were seated in this room around one of the small tables, on which were the remains of what appeared to have been a most luxurious meal, and on which the champagne bottle and its accompanying glasses still maintained their ground, as if they were still in the act of doing good service. Two of these persons were our old acquaintances, Frederick Carter and Jack Pufferty. Of the other two, one was a fine-looking man, portly and tall in figure, with a bushy head of black hair, which he was continually brushing with a majestic sweep of his hand, while the other was a thick-set individual, almost as broad as he was long, with a countenance flaming red in its color, but honest and open in its expression.

"Well, Hovey," said Pufferty in the sharp treble peculiar to his voice, "what do you think of the state of the drama at present; you are one of the old school in the profession—played with all the great actors—know everything about the stage—what's your opinion?"

"That the legitimate drama, sir, is dead—dead, sir, as a door nail—no appreciation of the classic school of acting—clap a ranter here, and think him greater than a Kemble,"

and Hovey fortified, or rather packed down his opinion with a bumper of champagne.

"Must have something now, sir," said the individual with the bushy black hair, clearing his throat with a sonorous "ahem," "must have something, sir, to please the boys and tickle national pride—something in the star spangled and white and red stripe banner line, well mixed up with blood and thunder—then you can draw a house. D—n the legitimate or illegitimate—take the one you can make the most by—that's my motto, and I have had enough to do with theatres, to know that I'm right," and with another sonorous clearing of his throat, he with the bushy hair followed Hovey's example, and sprinkled his opinion internally with a glass of the generous wine before him.

"Well, I must say, Shamlin," answered Pufferty, "that you practice your motto to perfection, to my certain knowledge. However, I believe you're right; but talking of the theatre, I heard there was going to be a muss at the Park Theatre to-night, and by Jove, it's time for it to begin, if it is to come off; think there will be any, Hovey?"

"Shouldn't wonder," was the answer; "these Americans are so touchy. Since I came over to this country, there have been half a dozen rows from the same cause that has stirred up this Sanderson affair to-night."

"Why, what is the matter? I'm hanged if I can make it out," said Frederick Carter, with a slight inclination to thickness in his speech.

"Why," Carter, exclaimed Pufferty, "one would think you never read the papers; don't you know that an English actor named Sanderson, is to make his first appearance to-night, and that he took occasion when he was coming over in the ship, to d—n the whole race of Yankees in some offensive way, and that the Yankees are going to take him to account for it to-night?"

"Ah! yes; seems to me I do recollect something about it," drawled out Carter. "Come, I for one am going to see the fun, if there is to be any," and he rose from the table as he spoke.

At that moment there was heard the sound of tumult in the street, and the whole party abruptly left the table and hastened out. The street was crowded, and Carter soon became separated from his companions. He managed, however, to push himself through the shouting and riotous multitude, whom the watchmen were endeavoring to disperse, and he finally obtained with much difficulty an entrance to the theater.

The inside of the theater presented an exciting scene. It was crowded from pit to dome, and what the imagination might conceive of the yells of Pandemonium, was fully equalled by the shouts and cries which rose from the sea of heads in the pit, and were

re-echoed back from the third tier, the gallery, and from various parts even of the first and second tier of boxes. "Down with the d—d Englishman," "Turn him out," "Tar and feather him," "Hi, hi," were the exclamations which were heard, mingled with shrill whistles and the stamping of feet.

"Gentlemen," screamed a man, portly in figure and rosy in complexion, with hair slightly turning to gray, and whom every one in the house knew to be one of the most celebrated restaurant keepers in Water-street, "gentlemen," he screamed, springing up on his seat and making his voice heard above all the din, "What is the matter; what will you have?"

"Roast beef rare and potatoes for two," roared a voice at his elbow, which caused all the house to screech with laughter.

The man with the rosy complexion took his seat, with the rose on his cheeks deepened to a brighter tinge, although he joined in the laugh in a manner which might be said to partake slightly of the hysteric.

Amid the laugh of the audience and the discomfiture of the restaurant keeper, the curtain rose, and Mr. Sanderson, with his hand on his heart, bowed to the excited multitude before him. The laugh that a moment before had rent the house, was changed back again to mingled hisses and curses of disapprobation and clappings and shoutings of applause. "Down with the d—d Englishman," "Hustle him off, he has insulted the Americans," were the exclamations of one party, while "Shame! shame!" "Go on, go on," were those of the other party who arranged themselves as friends of the offending actor.

Words, however, were not the only weapons used. From pit, gallery, and box, there came a shower of rotten eggs and a variety of other missiles, some of them being of the hardest kinds of substances, which it required all the address of actors on the stage and the prime offender to dodge successfully. After vain efforts to make himself heard, Sanderson retired, driven completely from the stage, and the manager who also appeared, fared no better. And now the row, between the friends and enemies of the English actor commenced in earnest.

"Pitch into them," yelled Job Poore, "knock down and drag out, tear up the benches and break the lights, down with the d—d Englishmen and Hurrah for the Yankees," and well did his followers obey his bidding.—The benches of the pit, on which Poore and his party were stationed, were ripped up from their places, the footlights of the stage were smashed into atoms, and bloody noses and heads every where attested the earnestness of the fight which was now the order of the night. In vain the city watchmen, with Jacob Hays at their head, en-

deavored to quell the riot or stay the destruction. On it went, inside and outside the theater, until its fury seemed to be spent, and the Park Theater was almost gutted. Then and only then did Hays with his men, succeed in capturing Poore and several of his companions.

While the row was going on in the pit, Frederick Carter had wandered into the third tier. Before the curtain rose, he strolled into the saloon of the tier, and mingled with the few courtizans there assembled, for the prospect of a disturbance had thinned the numbers of that class of the frequenters of the theatre, and caused them to return home almost as soon as they entered the building. Carter, already excited with wine, and in that state which renders a man ready to degrade himself in any way, regardless of consequences, stepped up to the bar, and called upon a pretty girl with auburn ringlets, to come up and take a drink.

"Come, my dear," said he, "no matter for the row down stairs, let Venus sip the glass, and let Mars go to the devil," and as the girl came up by his side, he clasped her around the waist, and held a glass to her lips.

"Hallo, Carter! what are you about there?" exclaimed in a sharp angry voice, a buckish looking young fellow, dressed in the extreme of the fashion, who at that moment advanced to the bar, swinging a small cane in his hand.

"What's that to you, sir, and who the devil are you, any how?" returned Carter, frowning on the stranger with the greatest expression of contempt that he could concentrate in his features.

"Oh, who am I? eh! look again, Mr. Frederick Carter, and as for you, Miss, travel off, you are not wanted," and the stranger gave the girl a rude push as he spoke.

The girl, who seemed to be timid and somewhat new to the scene of vice in which she was mingling, ran off affrighted into the lobby of the third tier, while Carter looking earnestly at the stranger, at length grasped him by the arm and led him on one side, exclaiming in a whisper, "Why, what in the devil's name, Nance Harvey, has put it into your head to disguise yourself thus, and come here to-night? go home, or I will take you home; anything, only go."

"Shan't stir a step till I am ready, Frederick Carter. I am out on a spree the same as you are; so here goes, hurrah for the Yankees, and d—d the Englishmen," and out into the boxes she flew, with Carter after her.

By this time the riot in the pit, which we have before noticed, was fast reaching its highest point, and Job Poore was in the act of urging his followers on.

"That's right," screamed the buckish

young man, who had addressed Carter, and who as the reader has seen, was no other than his mistress, Nance Harvey, dressed in male apparel, "that's right, give it to 'em right and left; d—n the Englishmen."

"That's what you say, is it, you d—n milk face spooney? then take that," shouted a brawny man at her side, as he dealt her a blow which threw her senseless amidst the crowd around her.

"Have at you," yelled Carter, as he threw himself upon the antagonist of his mistress, and dealt him several blows, which had the same effect as if he had aimed them at a rock.

"Oh, let me get at him," screeched Nance Harvey, recovering herself and springing upon her assailant, "and I'll tear his d—n eyes out," and suiting the action to the word, she made a scrape at the brawny man's face, which left a line of blood where her nails had made a furrow. But the police now interfered, and while one of the posse, which had come to the rescue, held Carter in his grasp, another tore Nance Harvey from her enemy, whom she regarded with the glare of a tigress. The brawny man was also secured, and the trio of police, who had succeeded in making the triple capture, proceeded to bear their captives off.

"Well, my eyes," exclaimed the officer who had Nance Harvey in charge, who struggled in his grasp until her bosom was laid bare in the tussle, "My eyes, I'll be d—d if it isn't a woman; but come along, my dear, perhaps it will be all the better for you when you get before the magistrate; ha! ha! ha!" and the officer laughed loudly as he drew his prisoner along.

The row was over, and, together with numerous others who had been participants in it, Carter, Job Poore, and Nance Harvey were safely locked up in the City Prison. By some strange coincidence, Poore and Carter were the occupants of the same cell. A feeble light glimmered through the grating of the door, and showed to each the countenance of the other. The fumes of the wine he had drank and the excitement of the scene had left Carter, and he shuddered as he found himself in a felon's cell. Instinctively he shrank up in the corner and buried his face in his hands. For sometime there was deep silence in the cell, broken only by the heavy breathing of its occupants. At length, Carter raised his head and shouted through the gratings of his cell. A keeper approached.

"What the devil is the matter here?" he said as he looked into Carter's cell, "can't you be quiet and behave like gentlemen?"

"Hush," answered Carter; "will you take or send a letter for me down to the Battery, and I'll pay you well, but first give me a pencil and a slip of paper."

"First stamp up the stuff, and then I'll see about it," was the reply.

Carter felt in his breeches pockets and found that his purse was missing, and on further search discovered only a few shillings of change remaining in one of the pockets of his vest. These he gave to the keeper, together with his name and residence, promising more ample remuneration the next day. The keeper acquiesced, and the paper and pencil having been brought, he wrote a note to his father, and delivered it to the keeper, who promised that it should reach its destination by daylight. It was now near four o'clock in the morning. Again Carter shrank into the corner of the cell, but Poore now approached and slapped him familiarly on the shoulder.

"Frederick Carter," said Poore, "cheer up; what's the use of a man like you getting in the dumps, because he happens to be in jail for a spree—bah! it's nothing—shake hands, and I'll tell you something that will please you."

"And who are you that dares to address me thus, and how do you know me? Keep your distance, sir."

"Pshaw," answered Poore, "don't try to come the grand here—here we are equal; a prison is the d—est of all levellers. I know you, Carter, and if you want to be revenged on Masterton, who robbed you of Mary Meek, I am the man that will do it, if you will help to get me out of this scrape to-morrow."

Carter started at first, when Poore thus described to him how well he was acquainted with all his affairs, but he soon sat down by Poore's side and a long conversation, held in a whisper, ensued between the two.

"Will you do it?" at length said Carter.

"I will," was the answer, "and you shall have revenge."

And silence again reigned in the cell.

CHAPTER XVI.

A GENERAL JAIL DELIVERY.

It was that hour in the morning when darkness seems to fall upon the earth with a deeper blackness and more solemn silence, as if Time stood still for a moment by the death-bed of Night ere he lifted the curtain from the skies to herald in the Morning. The messenger from the prison, with the note from Frederick Carter to his father, rung the bell of the Broadway mansion so furiously, that Mrs. Carter jumped from her bed in affright, and John Carter himself, with a start, brought the upper part of his body to a horizontal position in the bed, and exclaimed with staring eyes,

"Why, what in the name of Heaven, Mrs. Carter, can be the matter?"

"Oh, Frederick! I know something has happened to Frederick, there was a riot at the Park Theater last night, and he may have been there; oh dear!" screamed Mrs. Carter, throwing herself trembling into a chair and going off into a violent fit of hysterics.

"Shouldn't wonder," was the cool response of her husband Mr. John Carter, who, by this time, was wide awake, and had also leaped from the bed and began deliberately to dress himself without paying any great attention to his spouse. He had often seen her in the same state before, and was sure she would come safely out of it.

Mr. Carter had proceeded as far in his toilet as to get one leg in his drawers, when a half-dressed servant knocked violently at the door. Mr. Carter opened it and received a note very dirty in its appearance and most peculiarly folded as if to answer to the small extent of paper employed. Mr. Carter read the note by the light of his night lamp, and his cheek blanched and his hands trembled as he did so. Mrs. Carter had now somewhat recovered from her hysterics, and rushed up anxiously to her husband to know the contents of the note.

"There, read it yourself, Mrs. Carter, but take it coolly, there is no use screeching, we must make the best of it."

Mrs. Carter read only the two first lines and fell insensible on the floor. John Carter was this time alarmed, and hastily half-clothing himself, rung for the maid, to whom he consigned Mrs. Carter, while he proceeded down stairs to see the messenger who had brought the note.

"My friend," said he, addressing the messenger, who stood in the hall with a drab wool hat slouched over his face, and his body enveloped in a long skirted, short waisted drab overcoat, the peculiarity of which consisted in an indefinite number of capes increasing in size as they descended from the neck to the circle of the waist, "my friend," said Carter, "this is a bad business, what shall I do?"

"Oh, nothing easier; get a lawyer, and have him discharged, but you must get a sartain kind of a lawyer, one that is up to such dodges, none of your civil lawyers, but a sharp 'un, one who knows what's what," and the man with the slouched hat and the drab coat, gave a very sagacious wink at Carter, which thoroughly disgusted that gentleman, but which he thought it good policy under the circumstances, not to seem to notice.

"Well, my friend, where can I get such a lawyer?" answered Mr. John Carter, putting a piece of gold into the hands of the man with the caped coat.

"Easy as wink, and not far off; come—

along with me," and the man with the slouched hat opened the street door as he spoke.

"I had better get dressed first, I presume," answered Mr. Carter, and while he proceeded up stairs for that purpose, the man with the slouched hat and the caped coat held on to the handle of the door, and as he turned it to and fro in his hand, he indulged himself in a low chuckle that seemed to give him much inward satisfaction.

Mr. John Carter soon finished his toilet up stairs, soothed his wife, who had recovered from her fainting fit, promised he would bring Frederick back with him, and then hastened back again to join his guide. The two then emerged into the street, and took their way up Pearl and so onwards until they reached Cherry-street, along which they continued their course.

"My friend," said John Carter, as he and his companion hastened forward with quick steps, "my friend, you seem to know all about these matters; how shall I avoid the scandal of this affair; the paper will have my son's name in, in the morning, and it will be an awful disgrace; what shall I do, can you think of any plan, can anything be done?"

"Easy as wink," answered the man with the slouched hat; "leave it all to Squire Vampire; he's the darndest man to manage such business that you ever heard tell of; leave it to him and pay him, and he'll put your son clean through like a book."

"Vampire! Vampire!" said Carter, "is it Slipper Vampire you mean?"

"The very man and no mistake, do you know him? ain't he a keen one?" was the answer.

Carter made no reply. He thought to himself that Slipper Vampire was a keen one, and the recollection of how keenly he had managed the Plausilman matter with him, came over him with such force that he shrunk from having anything more to do with Slipper Vampire. But how now could he avoid it? The moments were slipping rapidly away, and second thoughts told John Carter that the said Slipper Vampire was just the man he wanted in such an affair.

By this time they had reached the office of Vampire, who lived in the upper story of the house where his office was located.

Vampire never slept very soundly. Men of his temperament, disposition and propensities, seldom do. They may be said to sleep with one eye open as if in readiness for anything that may turn up, and the other only partially closed from the utter want of that quiet sedative of a good conscience, which is necessary to perfect repose. It was not much trouble, therefore, to rouse Vampire, and bring him to a conference. Nevertheless, he seemed only half awake

when he entered his office to greet his unseasonable client, and complained bitterly of being disturbed, with a voice anything but complaisant. The sight, however, of John Carter, whom he knew, and the glitter of some yellow coin which Mr. Carter immediately put into his hand, brought him in an instant to a wide awake state of the eyes and the most obsequious politeness of manner and softness of words.

"Ah, Mr. Carter, your humble servant, this is an unexpected honor," said Vampire, rubbing his hands and bending his thin form low as he spoke; then with an expression of the greatest concern on his countenance he continued: "I hope no very unpleasant business has brought you thus early to my office."

Mr. Carter's story was soon told, and the lawyer with a laugh exclaimed—

"Make yourself easy, Mr. Carter; go home and I'll send your son Frederick to you in four hours from this time, but I shall want some three hundred dollars more, you see, to arrange a little matter of bail that will be necessary. There, don't look frightened, nothing will ever be heard more of the case or the bail after I have once fixed it."

"Well, I shall have to depend entirely on you, Mr. Vampire; give me a blank check and I'll fill it up, but mind you keep the matter still, Vampire, and you may command my purse," and Carter drew the check and departed to his home. The man with the slouched hat and Slipper Vampire, Esq., immediately hurried off towards the city prison.

It is unnecessary for us to enter into the details of the interview between Vampire and Carter, or of the surprise of the former at finding Job Poore a room-mate of the latter in his prison cell. Matters were soon arranged between lawyer and client, and when the hour of the examination of the prisoners who had been arrested during the night arrived, and the magistrate had opened his morning court for that purpose, Carter, Poore, Nance Harvey, and the brawny man, with numerous others, were duly arraigned.

"What is the charge against that young man?" said the magistrate, in a husky voice, and with an inclination to yawn, which he did not in the least endeavor to restrain, and pointing towards Carter as he spoke.

"Slightly drunk and disorderly," was the response of the officer who had arrested him.

"Nothing to do with the riot last night?" continued the magistrate.

"Oh no, not as I know on," and it was singular what a mild account of the whole affair between Carter, Nance Harvey, and the brawny man, the officer then proceeded to make. The fact was, that Mr. Slipper Vampire had conversed with the officer,

before the prisoners were arraigned. What he said, and how he enforced his remarks with the officer, may not be exactly known, but certain it is the worthy guardian of the night gave such a favorable view of Carter's case, as caused the magistrate snappishly to ask why he took the trouble to arrest the prisoner at all.

"And what's your name, young man—the name you have disgraced by your midnight brawls, for you appear to belong to a respectable station in society?" exclaimed the magistrate, looking at Carter with a glance of his eye, which he meant to be one of great severity.

"James Smith," answered Carter with a blush on his cheek, and his gaze bent on the floor.

"Suffer me to speak for him," said Slipper Vampire, and stepping forward he dressed the affair up in still more mitigating colors than the officer before him had done, said he knew the prisoner well, and offered to put in bail for any amount for his appearance to answer any charge of riot that might be brought against him.

The magistrate seemed puzzled for a moment, as if the whole matter was not quite clear to him, but he finally decided to take the bail offered by Vampire, and let Carter go free.

The case of Nance Harvey was next called on.

"Does any one know this woman in man's apparel?" said the magistrate, knitting his brows with an ominous frown, on Nance Harvey, as he made the inquiry.

"There is no need to ask any further," answered Nance Harvey herself, as she returned with a bold and unquailing look the gaze of the magistrate. "My name is Mrs. Nancy Harvey, at your service."

"Well, Mrs. Nancy Harvey, we shall commit you," said the magistrate, crustily.

"Beg pardon," again interrupted Slipper Vampire; and again that gentleman addressed the court, this time in behalf of Mrs. Nancy Harvey, and offering for her, in conclusion, unexceptionable bail, if strong swearing as to the extent of property could be any proof of the soundness of the party offered.

Again the magistrate seemed to be in doubt. He could not exactly understand. He was a lineal descendant of one of the old Dutch Knickerbockers, had been recently appointed to office, and while meaning to do right, the solidity of his skull obscured anything like transparency of ideas. Slipper Vampire was too much for him, and the volubility and plausibility of that legal gentleman's tongue completely overpowered him in the case of Nancy Harvey, as it had done in that of Frederick Carter, and Nancy was permitted to depart under slight bail. The brawny man followed suit, for Slipper

Vampire never did his business by halves, and the brawny man was so mixed up in the affair, that he too had to be taken care of.

As for Job Poore, his case was rather of more serious consequence. He had been caught in the very act of rioting, and the magistrate committed him at once. A wink, however, passed between him and Slipper Vampire, as he was taken back to his cell, and the countenance of Poore was by no means melancholy as he accompanied the officer, who had him in charge, to his old quarters.

Nance Harvey returned in high spirits to Chapel-street; Carter bent his steps to his home with some fear and trembling; the brawny man took his way to the Cross Keys of Pete Flint, in Cherry-street; the magistrate went to his breakfast; and Slipper Vampire, with the utmost satisfaction, directed his steps to his office, to think over what he should do in the case of Job Poore.

Whatever was the nature of Vampire's reflections, certain it was that Job Poore turned his back on the City Prison before night, and nothing was ever heard of the connection which he or Carter, Nance Harvey or the brawny man, had with the Park Theatre riot. There was at that period, as there has been ever since, and we presume ever will be, a certain method of quieting justice in some cases, which cannot be very lucidly explained. It is only such men as Slipper Vampire, Esq., backed by money, who can accomplish such a result, and they are always ready when the money is ready for them. In Carter's case the money and the Vampire were ready, and the general jail delivery which we have described took place.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SNARE.

THERE is no depth of infamy to which man's passions will not lead him, when once he begins to take the down-hill road, and there are no deeds of darkness that he will not commit, when his moral nature has been seared and hardened by the fire and the forge of sensual indulgence. This is the case, no matter what may have been the education or social position of the slave of sensuality. Strange anomaly as it may seem, the better the education and the higher the social position, the worse the man becomes, and more full of the refinement of villany seem his actions and his schemes, when he casts aside all restraint and yields himself up body and soul to the spirit of evil.

We have followed Frederick Carter from his youth up to manhood, and have shown

him in his career of fashionable dissipation, up to the point when that dissipation has palled upon his appetite, and he has sought to give it a new edge by rowdiness. This in its turn has led him into a prison, and there he, the well-educated man, as far as all the best opportunities for becoming so could make him, and the member of the first circles of New York, as far as money could endorse him, has formed a league of friendship with the vilest of the offscourings of society, born in misery and poverty, educated in crime, and breathing only the spirit of crime to work his Cain-like way through the world—his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him—even Job Poore, the man born with a pewter spoon in his mouth, at the same time that Frederick Carter was born with a silver one. In the prison, as we have seen in our fifteenth chapter, the silver and the pewter have been melted in the forge of evil, and run into and co-mingled with each other—Carter has clasped the hand of Poore, and Poore has returned the grasp, and both have sworn to cross the path of Edward Masterton.

And why should they thus cross the path of Edward Masterton? The answer in the case of Carter is, that he hated Masterton for having taken from him Mary Meek, for having thwarted him in a scheme of matrimony, by which he would have added to his wealth and raised even himself in the scale of New York society. He determined to be revenged, and in that revenge, a new feeling gradually infused itself. The passing fancy for Mary Meek, into which he had been in a measure forced by the ambitious views of his father and mother, assumed a warmer shade when he found he could not obtain her by merely asking her hand in marriage. This new warmth of feeling towards Mary Meek had nothing in it akin to love; it was, on the contrary, the burning fire of licentious desire. At first when he meditated revenge against Masterton, his plan of vengeance did not embrace any definite scheme to possess Mary Meek by violence, and thus gratify his new passion for her. Even when in the City Prison, Job Poore promised to become the instrument of his revenge, Carter shrank from the idea of basely endeavoring to ruin Mary Meek, and kept his feelings with regard to her secret in his own breast. But when he was, as we have seen in the last chapter, liberated from prison, his thoughts dwelt more strongly on the subject, and gradually the desire of revenge on Masterton, and the desire to possess Mary Meek by foul means, blended themselves into one common picture, to which his mind's eye became accustomed, and which he at length determined to turn into a reality. Such were the reasons why Carter resolved to cross the path of Edward Masterton. As

for Job Poore, he cared nothing about Masterton himself; he only desired to become Carter's instrument of vengeance on Masterton, in order to mend his own desperate fortunes, and to get Carter in his power; for he hated the race of Carter with a hatred which the recollection of his prison chains and stripes had burnt deeply into his soul. Had Carter known who Job Poore was, how he was connected with Nancy Harvey, it is not probable he would have leagued with or employed him, but Carter knew not Job Poore; he knew him only as a rowdy whom a prison had thrown into his company, and who seemed to be fit to do what he wanted him to accomplish. How would he have been surprised into suspicion to have recognized in Job Poore the officer who, in the first part of our narrative, as the reader will recollect, presented himself before him at Nancy Harvey's, and introduced him to Slipper Vampire, to be swindled out of some hundreds of dollars. He did not, however, recognize him, for Job Poore was a chameleon in his changes of identity. But they are now together, hand and glove, and bent on a plan of hurt to Edward Masterton. We shall see which proposed the most diabolical plan to accomplish it—the man born with the silver, or the one with the pewter spoon in his mouth.

It was in one of the small, private parlors of Washington Hall that two men were seated by a shining mahogany table, on which there were, a bottle of champagne, a bottle of brandy, glasses, and several bundles of segars. One of these persons was Frederick Carter, and the other Job Poore. Carter presented his usual appearance in dress, but his face was flushed, and his features already beginning to show that blotched and bloated appearance, always the consequence of a long career of dissipation. Poore was completely metamorphosed. He was dressed in a neat suit of black, his face was bordered by a glossy pair of black whiskers, and his hair was disposed, with the highest skill of the barber, after the fashion of the day. He sat at his ease in a large arm-chair, and puffed the smoke of his segar from his mouth and nose, in as graceful curls as the greatest dandy in New York could have achieved. His arm rested negligently on the table, and the hand appended to his arm clasped lovingly a glass of brandy and water, which made frequent visits to his mouth, in order probably to relieve the segar on duty.

"Why don't you drink this glorious champagne, Van—Van—d—n it, I've forgot your name, excuse me," said Carter, pushing the bottle towards Poore.

"Van Horn, at your service; that's my name, Mr. Carter, when I'm home," answered Poore, for he did not fancy giving his own name, for fear it might call up in Carter's mind some recollection of the robbery of his

father's house. "But, Carter," continued Poore, growing familiar as he raised his brandy and water to his lips, "Carter, d—n the champagne and give me this, it has strength and body in it and I like its fire," and Poore emptied his glass.

"Every one to his own taste," returned Carter, "but now to business. I have been thinking over the proposition you made me the other night in that cursed prison. If I recollect right, you said you would engage for fifty dollars, in addition to the new suit of clothes in which I was to rig you out, and which I have already given you, that you would beat Masterton to a jelly and send him with some broken limbs to the arms of his expectant bride. Van Horn, I thought at first that would be enough for my revenge, but on second thought I think it rather too rowdyish, and not productive of any great benefit in the end. I have a better plan. I'll reverse the order of arrangements, and send his lady love to his arms in a damaged condition—you understand. I cannot do this without your aid; you must manage to bring Mary Meek to my hands and place her in my power—you understand; abduct her, Van Horn—that's the word I think they use in such cases."

"Kidnap her, that's the word in plain English," answered Poore, elevating his eyebrows and looking with wonder and astonishment at Carter; "yes, kidnap her; why, Carter, you're a bigger devil than I thought you were; you beat me all holler. But do you know it is rather a dangerous piece of business! I'm bluffed if I like it;," and even Job Poore was so staggered by Carter's proposition that he was forced to fortify himself with another glass of brandy, in which he took the precaution to drop but the smallest quantity of water.

"Oh, it is easy enough managed without any danger; and when once my purpose is accomplished, I'll take measures to stop her mouth and ensure my own and your safety. Your reward shall be one hundred dollars if you will place her in my hands. You know the Bower Cottage, back of the Bloomingdale road, kept by Mother Ghoulle; bring her there this day week at ten o'clock at night and the money shall be yours."

"I'll do it," was the answer of Poore; "but, Carter," he continued, holding out his hand as he spoke, "I'll take fifty of that hundred in advance."

Carter paid the demand without a demur.

"And now," said Poore, rising and taking up his glass, "here's to the Bower Cottage, Mother Ghoulle and Mary Meek, and success to Frederick Carter, and his man Van Horn," and Poore drained his glass, and the light of his eye was strange as he looked on Frederick Carter.

Carter did not respond to the toast or

notice the look of Poore; he seemed for moment lost in his own thoughts, and did not raise his head until Poore stood on the threshold of the door and bid him "good evening." Even then he only faintly returned the salutation.

Job Poore emerged into the street, and Carter, rousing himself up from the reverie into which he had fallen, took his way into the bar-room of Washington Hall.

"Hurrah! if here isn't Carter at last," exclaimed the treble voice of Jack Pufferty as Carter entered the room; "why, Fred, I haven't seen you since the row at the theater; I understand you took board with the city and at the city's expense that night; but never mind, it is a common thing for the bloods of London to be shut up over night in the watch-house; Fred, what will you drink? Come, Moriarty, join me in a drink to our friend Carter's safe deliverance."

"Certainly, my son, I'll drink friend Carter's health with a great deal of pleasure; these little larks are nothing—nothing but the mounting up of young blood; I was young once, myself."

"Your remarks, gentlemen, are unpleasant. I am not in the mood to drink, good evening," and Carter with a frown on his brow as he spoke, passed out of the bar-room into the street.

"Well, upon my word," said Pufferty, looking after the retreating form of his old associate, "Carter is d—d touchy to-night—what can be the matter with him?"

"Oh, nothing; little out of sorts perhaps; poor fellow, he has had a good deal to vex him lately—that Mary Meek affair, &c., you remember," answered old Moriarty; "but, by-the-by, Pufferty, have you heard of that awful rape case committed at the Broadway Cottage last night?"

"Yes, something, but not all the particulars—what are they? I suppose you know all about it; come, let us have the whole story."

The glasses were deposited on a round little table, and while others beside Pufferty took seats to listen, Old Moriarty squared himself back in his chair and entered into the details of a revolting case of the violation of a young girl, which had just taken place in the upper part of Broadway, and which was then creating a considerable excitement in the city. It was a story which exactly suited the taste of Old Moriarty and his hearers, and while the one told it with great zest, the others listened with intense eagerness. Libations, during the recital, were plentiful, and to the libations and the recital we now leave the worthies of Washington Hall.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ABDUCTION.

THE course of our narrative now carries us some few miles out of New York, on the Bloomingdale-road. It was a quiet and sequestered spot, although within sight of the steeples of the city, and almost within hearing of its ceaseless noise and bustle. But the Bloomingdale-road was not then, so much as it is now, the great riding ground of the pleasure-seeking portion of the New Yorkers. The Third Avenue then took the lead for fast-trotting horses, dashing vehicles, and an innumerable quantity of taverns on either side of the way to accommodate both horses and their drivers, while the Bloomingdale-road was the resort of the more sober citizens, who rode slowly to their country seats on the banks of the Hudson river, and had an inward horror of being run against by the fast men of the day. The spot to which we refer was situated at some distance back from the road, and was approached by a lane completely shadowed by the arching branches of a double row of elm trees. At the end of the lane, and at the foot of a small hill, there nestled a cottage of moderate size, built of wood, painted white, and its windows adorned with Venetian blinds. The honeysuckle and the sweet pea in flowery profusion trailed their vines around the windows and up the pillars of the low piazza, while a thick grove of elms embowered the whole house in its shady arms, and seemed to shut it out, in a grateful silence and retirement, from the tumult and prying curiosity of the world.

Such was the dwelling of Mother Ghoulle at Bloomingdale. It seemed a fit retreat for some newly-wedded pair to people alone with their loves, and there beneath the grove and woodbine pass away undisturbed the hours of a blissful honeymoon. But the Bower Cottage at Bloomingdale was not what it seemed. It was no seat where virtue or good ever came to seek pure enjoyment; but it was a pest house, beautiful without but foul within, where lust and passion held their high revels and committed fiendish deeds, in the face of the very smile and sacred repose of nature. Let us take a glance at the interior.

Beside a small kitchen at the back of the house, the dwelling contained eight rooms of moderate size—four on the first floor, and four on the second, with a wide hall on each story running the whole length of the building. The rooms up stairs were all bed rooms, neatly furnished, while of the rooms below two were used as parlors, one as the bed room of Mother Ghoulle herself, and the other as a sort of bar-room. It is to

this apartment that we now introduce the reader.

It was a curious room, part bar and part parlor, with a little of both commingled. The floor was covered with a neat oilcloth, and the walls were hung round with paintings and engravings in richly gilded frames. The subjects of the paintings and engravings were all of the same character—women in various lascivious attitudes, and in a state of nudity, except in one or two cases where the artist had made a sort of protested draft on modesty, and traced a light covering of transparent gauze. Cane-seat chairs and sofas were scattered about the apartment, and at one end of the room there was a mahogany bar erected with closed cases of a like material behind, which were evidently not designed for books. Such was the bar-parlor of Mother Ghoulle's Bower Cottage. But who was Mother Ghoulle?

Mother Ghoulle was a woman about fifty years of age, as broad as she was long, with coal-black glittering eyes, as yet undimmed by age, and ever restlessly glancing around her from beneath an enormous black wig, with immense puff curls coming half way down her cheeks. Her face was a harvest ground of blotches, with the full riches of the crop on the end of her nose. Her chin, which was small, and undoubtedly had once been handsome with its pretty dimple, had now the ornament of a second chin depending from it; and her neck, however swan-like it may once have been, was now not very gracefully imbedded in the mass of flesh which swelled up around it from her very comprehensive bust. Her dress was always a gay rustling silk, with what was at that day called mutton leg sleeves; her pulpy ears and short fat fingers, always glittered with jewels, while around her neck a massive gold chain encircled itself in various folds, until it was lost in the obscurity of the ribbon belt at her capacious waist, but from which it again soon peeped out below with the appendage of a number of small seals.

Thirty years previous to the time when we introduce Mother Ghoulle to our readers, she was, strange as it may seem from the description we have above given of her, a handsome girl with a fresh and rosy complexion, regular and pleasing features, and a form well moulded in the lines of beauty. But her eye was her distinguishing feature. It was black and glittering, without one shade of softness in it, but on the contrary full of the burning fire of passion. And her eye did not belie Polly Ghoulle. She was all passion—ungovernable in temper, impure in her desires, in a degree almost monomaniac, and inordinately fond of dress. She had no conscience, was cruel and vindictive in her nature, and hesitated not at any means to gratify either her passions,

her vanity, or her avarice. Hers was no tale of outraged virtue. She threw herself willingly into the arms of the spoiler when she was yet but a child, and disowned by her parents, who were in the humble walks of life, she went out to bid defiance to the world in a career of shameless vice. It is unnecessary to follow her footsteps minutely. Suffice it to say, that from the rank of a dashing courtesan on the town, she rose, as years faded her charms and added to the wealth which she hoarded, to the rank of keeper of one of the most fashionable houses of infamy in the city of New York, from whence she retired to the cottage at Bloomingdale, where she pandered, in a private way, exclusively to the passions of the gay and wealthy rakes who favored her with their patronage. Her house was the constant resort of such personages, when they brought their mistresses out on a ride, or when they wanted a *recherche* entertainment in a quiet way, out of the city. She was also ready in any scheme of villany that was necessary to be carried out, in order that the passions of her customers might be gratified. For this latter business Mother Ghoulle's cottage was peculiarly adapted on account of its secluded situation, and its distance from the city.

Mother Ghoulle had only two persons to complete with herself, her household. One was a young girl, just commencing the career of infamy, and who owed her ruin to the snares laid for her by her protectress, and the other was a monster of a man in the shape of a mulatto, at least six feet tall, and with massive limbs of perfect proportion. His features were heavy and repulsive, and his eyes dull and sleepy, except when he was roused into passion, when they glared like those of a fiend. The occasions when he was thus roused were by no means rare. He occupied in the household the position of half hostler, waiter, and bull dog to guard the premises. He bore the euphonious name of Hannibal, and if he did not possess the higher qualities of that distinguished general, he certainly had in him much of that principle of fight which is said to have characterized his illustrious namesake.

Such was Mother Ghoulle, her house and household; and thus she and they presented themselves some few nights after the interview between Frederick Carter and Job Poore, an account of which we gave in our last chapter.

It was verging towards twelve o'clock at night, Mother Ghoulle was seated in her bar-room, talking with a fashionably dressed young man, while the young girl of whom we have before spoken, was behind the bar, mixing with her delicate hands a cooling drink for another male sprig of fashion who was leaning on the polished slab before him, and looking very impudently into the face

of her who was waiting upon him. The girl seemingly did not much fancy his attentions, for as she pushed the drink before him, she told him very plainly that she did not like him, and wished he would "take himself off." At this moment the sound of wheels was heard at the door, and an instant afterwards Frederick Carter entered the room. He greeted the two young men as old acquaintances, and Mother Ghoulle herself exclaimed as soon as she laid her eyes upon him—

"Why, Fred! where have you been? It is an age since I have seen you; where have you kept yourself, my buck, and how is your friend Nance?" and Mother Ghoulle put on her best smile as she rose and bustled about to receive her new guest.

Frederick Carter answered very carelessly that he had been otherwise engaged, or else he should have been oftener at the cottage during the last few weeks, and then turning to the girl, he said, "Mix me a brandy punch, my dear, and make it strong."

The punch was made and drank, Mother Ghoulle and the rest of the occupants of the room also indulging in the same beverage at Carter's expense, in order to keep him company.

The punch, however, did not seem to rouse Carter's spirits. He continued silent and seemed to be uneasy. Mother Ghoulle noticed his mood but said nothing, while the two young men finding that Carter was so dull, and the hour so late, rose and took their departure.

"Mother Ghoulle," said Carter, after they had departed and the sound of their vehicle died away on the road, "Mother Ghoulle I have something particular to say to you alone, and I guess we had better adjourn to your room, where we will be uninterrupted."

The adjournment took place, and Mother Ghoulle seated herself on a couch by the side of Carter, and looked inquiringly into his face.

"Well, Fred, what in the name of all that's wonderful, is the great secret you have to consult me about—something about a woman I suppose, eh?" and the old bedizened hag gave a hideous leer as she spoke.

"You've hit it exactly, Mother Ghoulle. I want to ruin a woman in this house; it's the best place I know, and you're the best person I am acquainted with to help a fellow to do it. There, it's out, what have you got to say; are you ready to help me if the money is plenty?"

"Money is good, Frederick Carter; I acknowledge, I love it, and will do almost anything to obtain it, but first who is the girl, and is there any danger in the business?"

"Oh, what makes the difference about the name of the girl, and as for the danger;

there is always more or less in all such scrapes. Here is three hundred dollars; take it and get ready the room up above there—you know the one I mean—let Hannibal be ready to accompany a man by the name of Van Horn, and on Wednesday night next the girl will be here, and I also."

"Not a step, Frederick Carter, until I know the name of the girl," was the answer of Mother Ghoulle, as she turned her eyes from the bank bills which Carter displayed in his hand, and fixed her gaze full in his face. "When I know her name I can better understand the danger, and count the risk and cost for myself."

Mother Ghoulle was a woman of business.

"Well, then, her name is Mary Meek," and Carter looked back uncertainly on Mother Ghoulle.

"Mary Meek, Mary Meek," repeated Mother Ghoulle to herself. "Yes, I remember the name; why her father is one of the most respectable and wealthiest men in the city; don't you feel afraid, Frederick Carter?"

"No; I'm afraid of nothing, just now, and I am bent on doing, in some way or other, what I now propose."

"Well, then, if you hand me over five hundred dollars, I'll help you, and not for one cent less," and Mother Ghoulle fixed her lips as if she had made up her mind.

"Well, take the three hundred, and I'll pay the rest when the job is over."

Thus was the bargain settled, and Carter a short time afterwards left the house.

It was early in the evening. Mary Meek sat alone with her mother in the drawing-room of the mansion in Beekman-street. The maiden's looks were anxious, but those of her mother were calm and placid. The maiden was in love, and waiting for the coming of her lover. The mother was at peace with herself and the world, and musing on the days of her youth, when she was, like her daughter, about to wed herself to the man of her choice, who, rich in his own integrity and love, had offered her a hand and heart in every way worthy of a virtuous woman's acceptance. She was comparing her own case with that of her daughter, and satisfied with the comparison which her knowledge of the character of Edward Masterton enabled her to make, she was perfectly happy and serene in her mind. She knew that Masterton would pay his accustomed evening visit as soon as he could, and she was not impatient although her daughter was. Such was the difference between the mother and daughter as regarded their feelings, as they sat together in the drawing-room. Mr. Meek was absent, having to attend a public meeting; and as it turned out, everything was favorable for the scheme which was at that moment in progress to bring anguish into this happy home.

A carriage drove up to the door, and a moment afterwards Job Poore, dressed like a gentleman, entered the room, and, after introducing himself, handed Mary Meek a note. It ran in these words:

DEAR MARY:—I am unexpectedly engaged out this evening in an important suit, and shall not be able to see you. My mother is quite unwell, and my sister in low spirits in consequence. Will you not go to them and cheer them up. My clerk will be in attendance with a carriage, and I pray you to go.

Yours, fondly and faithfully,
MASTERTON.

Mary Meek, with no guile or deception in her own heart, looked but a moment at the messenger, and then at the note. The one appeared like a gentleman, and the other was such an exact imitation of her lover's hand-writing, that she hesitated not a moment. Kissing her mother, and explaining to her in a breath where and for what she was going, she hurried to her room, and putting on her hat and shawl, accompanied Poore to the carriage. Hannibal, the mulatto, whom we have before described, was seated on the box of the carriage, which drove off at a quick pace as soon as Mary Meek and her companion were seated within.

The night was dark, the lamps were badly lighted, and a drizzly rain added to the gloom of the streets. Mary Meek resigned herself to her own thoughts and was silent, and Poore followed her example. As Masterton lived almost on the outskirts of the city, in a commodious house which he had built in a quarter where lots were large enough for an ample flower-garden, Mary Meek did not for some time take notice of the distance to which they were going. When, however, the lights of the street seemed totally to fail, and the carriage not to make so much noise as if rolling over the pavement, she started up from her reverie and reached her head forward to look out of the window. This was the moment for Poore to act. Silently he pinned her in his iron embrace with one hand, while with the other he applied a gag to her mouth, which stifled the half-uttered shriek of the maiden and placed her completely in the power of the villain who had ensnared her.

Onward the carriage rolled. The stillness of death was within it, broken only by the sound of the heavings of Mary Meek's bosom as she struggled for her impeded breath.

The Bower Cottage was reached, Mother Ghoulle stood in the doorway, and Mary Meek was borne almost senseless by Hannibal and Poore to one of the upper rooms of the house. Within that room stood Frederick Carter, somewhat pale, but nerved up to

carry out to the end what he had undertaken. Mary Meek was laid on a bed covered with the richest drapery, the gag was removed from her mouth, Poore, Hannibal and Mother Ghoulle departed, and Frederick Carter was left alone with his victim.

Carter gazed on the beautiful young girl who lay before him, white as alabaster and almost lifeless, and as he looked, passion, nor pity stirred within him, and he gloated over his prize. Soon, however, a faint tinge of the rose appeared on her cheek, her breast heaved convulsively, and she started with a shriek from the bed, and looked wildly around her.

"Where am I!" she frantically exclaimed, as consciousness once more dawned upon her; "what place is this, Masterton! Father, mother! where are you, and who are you, sir! Frederick Carter, my God! my God!" and she covered her face with her hands and sunk upon the floor.

"Yes; Frederick Carter, and you are in his power," was the answer given in a hissing voice; "yes, Frederick Carter, whose love and hand you despised for that low-bred Masterton. But now you are mine; your voice cannot penetrate beyond these walls—they are deadened to sound; and look, there is no window to break their seal of silence."

With a fearful glance Mary Meek looked around her, and found it was as Carter said. There was not a sign of a window in the apartment—nothing but an uninterrupted wall on every side, and that wall heavily paneled with oak. She uttered no more cries, but rising up, she confronted Carter with all the dignity of an insulted and courageous woman.

"And what mean revenge would you take of me now, sir? It cannot be possible that you are base enough and so reckless of consequences as to attempt violence towards me; think better of it, Frederick Carter, and open that door and let me go free. My absence will surely be discovered, and the consequences will in the end be awful for you. Let me pass, sir."

"Never; I have taken too much trouble already; yield quietly to my desires and I will do everything in my power to render you happy, ay, I will marry you; but if not, then I shall be base enough, as you say, to use force."

"Are you a man or a fiend?" asked Mary Meek, and she trembled.

"A man, and therefore determined to possess so much beauty as yours," and he advanced towards her.

She gave one wild long shriek, and threw herself towards the wall as if she meant to dash her head against it; but Carter grasped her and was in the act of throwing her on the bed, when the door was burst open and Edward Masterton rushed in. Carter fled

before the blow which was aimed at him descended, and Mary Meek the next moment fainted in the arms of her lover.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TRAITOR.

How came Edward Masterton at Mother Ghoulle's Bower Cottage near Bloomingdale, in time to save Mary Meek, his betrothed, from the violence of Frederick Carter? We must take a glance backward in our narrative, in order to discover. The reader will recollect, that previous to the abduction of Mary Meek, described in our last chapter, Job Poore, and Frederick Carter had an interview at Washington Hall, in which that abduction was planned, and Job Poore agreed to be the agent to deliver Mary Meek into the hands of Carter at Bower Cottage. From that interview at Washington Hall, Job Poore went direct to Chapel-street, and held another interview, but of a far different nature, with Nance Harvey, Carter's mistress.

"Nance," said Poore, as soon as he and his worthy sister were alone together, "Nance, the d—l is out, and your man Carter is getting into a d—l of a scrape, and has paid me a pile of money to help him. Nance, it strikes me he is getting tired of you, I beg your pardon, but he is after Mary Meek, and he is after her foul, and has done no more nor less than hire me to abduct her, carry her away and deliver her to him at old Mother Ghoulle's Bower Cottage, so that he may—you know what. What do you think of it, Nance?"

Job Poore spoke the above in a cool, tantalizing tone, and kept his eyes fixed on Nance Harvey with a half malicious, half quizzical look, marvelously well calculated to put that lady's nerves into a handsome state of excitement. And the calculation did not miss its mark. At the close of Job's information, Nance Harvey fairly jumped from her seat, and her eyes flashed with rage. "What!" she exclaimed, "Frederick Carter dare to abduct Mary Meek, and leave me! Well, we'll see; Nance Harvey will show him a figure worth two of that," and she compressed her lips, threw herself down again on the sofa, and trotted her foot convulsively. Job Poore for a moment made no answer, her excitement passed away as suddenly as it came, and looking calmly at Job, she said:

"No, Job Poore; neither you nor Carter can be two such fools as to attempt anything of the kind. Why, it will take you to the State prison to a certainty. Do you suppose that you can abduct Mary Meek without being found out and caught? Why

the whole city would be in an uproar about it."

"Why, Nance," answered Job Poore, "if you had only waited a minute, and not started off half-cocked, you would have found that you think just as I do about it; and the reason I came here to tell you all about it, was to keep myself safe in the scrape, prevent Carter from doing any damage to Mary Meek, keep my faith with you by telling you everything I knew about his movements, and yet make him think I was doing everything to keep my faith with him."

Nance Harvey laughed aloud, and giving her hand to Job Poore, said, "Job, you're a trump after all, but what's your plan, out with it; how are we to floor Carter in this affair and save Mary Meek; for Job, bad as I am, I would not wish to see that girl injured; she's an angel."

"Well, I'm blowed, Nance, if you aint getting sentimental; but no matter, this is my plan. Dress yourself up as a man; you've dressed yourself as a man before, and know d--n well how to act like one. Then go to Edward Masterton, who you know is Mary Meek's lover, and husband that is to be, and you tell him, Mary Meek is to be carried off at night to Mother Ghoulle's; you need not say by whom, but tell him only the fact, and offer to take him with you to the rescue, on one condition, mind you, that if he is there in time to save the girl's honor, the whole affair shall be kept secret, and no effort made to punish any one connected with the affair. You see the advantage of this plan. The girl is saved, I and black Hannibal, old Mother Ghoulle's man, and Mother Ghoulle herself, and Carter, too, are all safe, while Carter at the same time will think that we have helped him all that we could, and it has only been an accident that he failed. And what's more, Nance, don't you see he will be more in our power than ever."

"Glorious! Job, your plan would do credit to a general," exclaimed Nance Harvey. "Leave it to me, Job, I'll do my part; I'll fetch Masterton to the Bower Cottage, and I'll give Carter a lesson that he'll not forget very soon."

The pair then separated, and while Poore sought the retreat of the Cross Keys in Cherry-street, Nance Harvey received Frederick Carter, who entered soon after Poore left, with her most fascinating smiles. Frederick Carter, however, was out of humor, and not even the smile of Nance Harvey had power to enliven him to any degree of amiability. With a gloom on his brow he retired to bed that night, or rather morning, at Mrs. Harvey's, not caring to seek his father's house at so unseasonable an hour. Sleep, however, was a stranger to his eyelids, for thoughts—thoughts of evil

with reference to Mary Meek—were busy with his brain and his soul. As for Nance Harvey, she fell asleep with a smile on her face, for she was complacently thinking how nicely she had everything arranged to circumvent the plans of Carter and bring him more completely in her power.

Edward Masterton was sitting in his office on the same evening that Mary Meek was decoyed to Mother Ghoulle's. He had just put aside his papers, and was making a few memorandums for the next day's business, which was always the last thing he did previous to leaving his office for the night. Masterton had the bump of order largely developed, and he had method in everything he did. The reader has already seen that he had method even in making love—the method of honor, without which he considered true love would be bankrupt. As he dotted down on the slip of paper before him the few notes he was making, there was a tranquil smile on his face, for his thoughts were very pleasant. He was thinking of Mary Meek, his betrothed—that he should soon be at her side in her father's house, and with the business of the day all concluded and off his mind, he would again listen to her soft, sweet voice as she spoke to him of love, or as at the piano she sung to him in such strains of harmony as would cause him to sit entranced and drink in every note with rapture. These pleasant thoughts of Masterton were interrupted by the voice of his clerk, who, with his head thrust through the half opened door of the private office, where Masterton was seated, said:

"A gentleman would like to see you on very important business, if you are not too much engaged."

Masterton wished in his heart that the gentleman in question had postponed his visit until next morning, but the claims of business were paramount, although they would keep him some moments longer away from her whom he loved. The client, therefore, for such he presumed the stranger to be, was admitted.

There was nothing peculiar in the appearance of the stranger who now entered except a certain fairness of complexion and a slight effeminacy of feature. He was dressed plainly in black, and the cut of his clothes was by no means of the fashionable order. He seemed to be a staid sober gentleman of the middle class of society, and Masterton, prepossessed in his favor, politely requested him to sit down and state his business. The stranger, however, remained standing and said abruptly—

"Edward Masterton, Mary Meek is at this moment in great peril and danger."

"What mean you?" exclaimed Masterton, turning pale, and every fibre of his frame trembling with emotion.

"I mean simply," answered the stranger,



MARY MEEK.

"that Mary Meek is at this moment in the power of a villain, who by means of a forged letter in your name has decoyed her from her home, and is now taking her as fast as horses can carry her to a secret place, where, if it is not prevented, he will accomplish her ruin."

"Sir," returned Masterton, recovering in some degree his composure, "you are trifling with me; how dare you come to me with such an improbable tale? What is your motive, and if I may be permitted the question, what is your name?"

"My name is a matter of no importance; I came here to do you a service, and not to tell you a lying tale. If you would save Mary Meek, you must follow me at once, for while you are talking, the vile deed may be accomplished; and before I stir to guide you, you must promise, if you reach her in time to save her honor, you will keep the affair secret and not endeavor to bring to punishment either him or them you may discover to have had a hand in the affair."

"You talk bold, sir," answered Masterton, "but in order to discover whether your tale is true or false, I will detain you here, send to the house of Mr. Meek, and if Mary Meek has been decoyed away as you say, I will have the police here and compel you to aid me in the rescue, without my making any compromise with you on the subject."

"You had better not do any of these things, Mr. Edward Masterton," was the cool answer of the stranger, "for that which I tell you is true; I swear solemnly before God, and you may judge of its truth yourself by the fact that I ask no reward for giving you the information or for offering to aid you to rescue the girl. You had better not call in the aid of the police, for I swear also before God, that the moment you do so, my tongue shall be sealed, and not all the terrors of a prison shall make me open it again, and if I do not open it, you will recollect you will not be able to find out which way Mary Meek has been taken, and you therefore cannot rescue her until her person has been violated, for violated it will be, unless you immediately give me the promise I ask, and suffer me to guide you to the spot."

A host of contending thoughts rushed through the brain of Masterton as the stranger thus spoke. He looked at the man before him, and saw firm resolve written legibly on his features, and he felt convinced, why he knew not, that the story was true. Should he compromise and make conditions?—the thought was repulsive to a soul like his, but then Mary Meek was in danger, and might suffer the last degree of indignity, if he delayed a moment. If he did delay, what would be the consequence—no clue by which he could rush to her rescue.

"I'll promise and attend you," said Mas-

terton at length making up his mind, "but if you are false, the consequence will be terrible to you."

"Enough, I'll take your word and abide the consequences if I am false," was the answer, "but come, I have a carriage at the door, and there is no time to be lost."

Masterton leaped into the carriage and the stranger after him, and they dashed off at a rapid rate on the Bloomingdale-road. They were not far behind the other carriage which was bearing Mary Meek and Job Poore to Mother Ghoulle's cottage.

It was at the moment when Mary Meek had been left alone with Frederick Carter in the pannelled chamber at the Bower Cottage, and Hannibal, Poore and Mother Ghoulle had retired, that the carriage which contained Masterton and the stranger dashed up to the cottage door, and its occupants leaped out.

The person whom we have introduced as the stranger, and who rode in the carriage with Masterton, the reader will doubtless recognize as Nancy Harvey, and as the whole affair had been previously arranged by Poore with Mother Ghoulle and the inmates of her house, it will not therefore be surprising that when Nancy Harvey, followed by Masterton, entered without ceremony the door of the cottage, there was not a single person to be seen. This fact struck Masterton himself as very strange, but in the state of excitement which he was in, he heeded it not, but followed madly after his guide until she reached the door of the room where Mary Meek was struggling in the arms of Carter.

"She is there, and the villain with her; enter and save her, but remember your promise. You may knock him down, Edward Masterton, if you have a mind to; but make any attempt to get other assistance, and by Heaven, there are those around you that will murder you and her," and the stranger, or rather Nancy Harvey, looked, as she spoke, as if she meant what she said.

Masterton waited no second bidding, but dashing in the door with almost superhuman strength, he caught Mary Meek in his arms, and dealt a blow to Carter, which that individual dodged and fled. It was at this point we left both him and Masterton at the end of our last chapter, and the above is the explanation of the mystery how Edward Masterton was at Bower Cottage in time to rescue Mary Meek.

"Away! away! Edward Masterton," exclaimed the stranger at his elbow, as Masterton paused a moment uncertain what to do. "Your way, with the burden you hold, is to the carriage in which you came; the driver is faithful and will drive you safely home; go, and remember your promise. The girl has only fainted and will soon revive. I have not, as you see, played

you false, and have aided you to save your future wife from violation. Again I say go, and remember your pledged word."

Masterton obeyed, and as the eyes of Mary Meek began to open slowly in returning animation, he bore her to the carriage, lifted her quickly in, the door was closed and the horses' heads being turned, the vehicle dashed off again in the direction of the city.

In the meantime Job Poore, black Hannibal and Mother Ghoulie were collected together in the bar-room, and as the step of the flying Carter was heard on the stairs, Poore cried out to Hannibal—"Hit me a devil of a blow in the nose, and I'll fix the rest." Hannibal dealt the blow desired in such good earnest that a copious stream of claret followed the application, and flowed from Poore's nose in such a deluge as to completely color his dress and give him the appearance of having been engaged in a desperate fight. He then rushed out into the hall and threw himself headlong down, as if he had been thrown there by some strong antagonist. On came the flying Carter and the stranger at his heels. In his flight, Carter heeded not the prostrate body of Poore, but stumbled over it, and at that moment the hand of the stranger was laid roughly on him, and a voice exclaimed—

"No, you don't, my covey; I've got you, so come along, and no words, or I'll split your skull."

Carter, trembling in every limb, looked down at Poore, recognized him, and believing that he had no chance for a rescue, made no resistance, but suffered himself to be dragged along by the stranger, whom he took of course for an officer of justice. Into the same carriage that had brought Mary Meek to Bower Cottage, the stranger thrust his prisoner, and jumped in himself. Again Hannibal was on the box, and away that carriage, like its predecessor, was driven towards New York.

"For God's sake, officer," exclaimed Carter in a trembling voice, "let me go; this will be the ruin of me; I will heap money on you if you will only wink at my escape; here, take my watch and purse, and it is not half what I will give you."

"I scorn your bribe, Mr. Carter, I'm not to be bought, sir," said the stranger in a solemn tone.

But Carter renewed his entreaties in the most abject manner, clung to the knees of the supposed officer, and used every inducement, until the stranger, or rather Nancy Harvey, thought he had begged enough, when she burst into a loud laugh, and resuming her natural voice, exclaimed:

"Hurrah for Frederick Carter; who would have thought that such a coward would have undertaken such a dangerous piece of business as to abduct the daughter

of one of the first men in New York, and attempt to violate her? Ha! ha! ha!"

"Great G—d! is that you, Nancy Harvey? and what is the meaning of this?" and Carter knew not whether to get angry or make the best of the position in which he found himself.

"Yes, Nancy Harvey at your service, Mr. Frederick Carter, and the meaning of all this is that I found out what you were about, no matter how, and that I brought up Masterton here, that we two put your harpies to the rout, and that I have you now, Mr. Frederick Carter, under my thumb. You need not fear Masterton without I say the word; he will not trouble you, but look out how you make such a fool of yourself again, and look out how you incur my displeasure."

Frederick Carter had no words to answer her. He felt that he was indeed in her power, and he trembled and was silent. And thus they returned to the city.

"Where am I?" said Mary Meek, as she recovered her senses in the carriage by the side of Masterton.

"In the arms of your Edward, safe from all harm," was the answer, as Masterton impressed a kiss on her pale forehead, "but hush, do not exert yourself, I will explain all when we reach home."

At the head of Beekman-street, the carriage stopped, and the driver dismounting from his box, and opening the door, said:

"My orders are to take you no farther; your home is near, and you must get out."

Masterton supported Mary Meek as she alighted and walked with trembling steps to her home, where he delivered her to the arms of her father and mother.

CHAPTER XX.

PHILOSOPHY OF JUSTICE AND CARDS.

For many weeks after her restoration to her parents, Mary Meek was confined to her bed by a severe fit of illness, and her delicate frame trembled on the brink of death. The terrible scene through which she had passed, had been too much for her sensitive soul, and for many days she was either almost senseless, or raving in the fever of delirium. She knew not the kind and loved faces which watched by her side, and at intervals, while her frame would shudder as if with some violent affright, she would call on her father or lover in the most piteous accents to save her from dishonor. It was a painful scene for those who loved her to witness, and the souls of her parents and her lover, Masterton, were bowed to the earth with grief. But the most tender nursing, the best of medical attendance, and a

naturally strong constitution triumphed at last, and Mary Meek recovered her reason and health.

Edward Masterton had of course immediately on delivering Mary Meek to the arms of her parents on the eventful night of her abduction, informed them of all the circumstances. Shocked beyond measure at the startling state in which they that night received their daughter, and at the recital of Masterton, it was hard to tell what feelings predominated for a time in the breasts of Mr. and Mrs. Meek—whether indignation at the conduct of Carter, and a determination to expose and punish him at once, or a shrinking horror at the effect which such exposure would be likely to produce on the sensitive nature of Mary. The alarming state of her health, however, and the counsels of Masterton settled the matter, and it was decided to bury the affair for the present at least, in oblivion, and with this determination they addressed themselves solely to the task of watching over the sufferer, and endeavoring to raise again to life the flower of their love, which had been so cruelly stricken in its bloom. The flower, as we have seen, revived, the counsels of Masterton again prevailed, the affair was hushed, and the wicked spirit that would have spoiled so much innocence and loveliness was permitted to remain unpunished, and without even a hint from the Meek family that he had wronged or injured them.

Perhaps some reader may indignantly exclaim that this course of action was wrong on the part of the Meeks and of Masterton, that it was a compromise of justice to suffer such a villain as Carter proved himself to be, to escape. It was in a certain sense a compromise which, under certain circumstances arising from a certain state of the courts of justice, those, situated as Masterton and the Meeks were, would be very likely to make and would have a good foundation of justification for making. These certain circumstances were that Carter was the son of a wealthy nabob of the city, who would spare no means to defend that son, no matter what might be the evidence of his guilt, and the certain state of the courts of justice was, that a Slipper Vampire would be ready, for money, to take up a case like that of Carter's, and with a bold front, an unlicensed tongue, and in the full armor of legal technicality, stand before judge and jury, insult the witnesses for the prosecution, no matter how respectable they might be, and by hints and open assertion, go even to the length of calling in question the virtue even of Mary Meek, in order to defend his client. And the further state of the courts of justice was that a Slipper Vampire would be tolerated in such a course, and there would be no check on his tongue until, like a serpent, he had emitted the drop

of poison which always lay in the black reservoir of his mouth. And what an ordeal would this be for the sensitive Mary Meek, her parents and her lover to go through. Although pure as the stainless snow, she would shrink, and her lover and parents would for her and themselves shrink from bringing her in contact with the filth and slime she would have to meet from a shameless lawyer, paid by guilt to defame virtue in order that guilt might triumph. Doubtless, in such a case as that of Mary Meek, the right would have triumphed in the end, but through a loathsome ordeal she would be compelled to pass in order to reach that right and punish the offender, and she and her friends decided that she should not pass it. She had been saved from actual violation; for this Masterton and her parents were thankful, and they so far compromised justice, as to leave the punishment of the offender to the future judgment of Heaven, because in pursuing human retribution, the courts of justice would have allowed the shameless and revolting scene of law endeavoring to compromise virgin purity in order to shield the basest guilt of man. And thus, for the present, Frederick Carter went unwhipped of justice.

Lower and lower Frederick Carter descended in the scale of moral degradation. Completely now in the power of his mistress, Nancy Harvey, and his associate Job Poore, whom he knew only by the name of Van Horn, he gave way to dissipation of all kinds with a greater recklessness than had ever characterized him. Poore and Mrs. Harvey, like two insatiate harpies, now levied larger contributions than ever on his purse, and lived in the extreme of luxury at his expense. To meet that expense was becoming every day more difficult, and the money he failed by entreaty and threats to draw from his father and mother, he endeavored to obtain by gambling. And Job Poore was his shadow, following him with untiring step by day and by night. It was in vain he tried to shake him off. The magic words of "Bower Cottage" and "Mary Meek" palsied the tongue of Frederick Carter when he would have bid Poore leave his presence forever, and palsied his arm when he would willingly have driven away his evil genius even by blows. At times, too, he would have attempted to break the chains by which Nancy Harvey held him, but Bower Cottage and Mary Meek met him at that turn also, and he was powerless. He did not dream of any collusion between Poore and Mrs. Harvey in the rescue of Mary Meek; he believed Poore had been faithful, and that Mrs. Harvey had by some unaccountable mystery informed herself of his movements, and the very mystery by which he was thus in her power, and the dread plain fact by which he was in that of Poore, conspired

together to rivet a double chain upon him that he could not break. And the world of New York went on as usual, the abduction of Mary Meek was never heard of, and the fashionable part of society still received Frederick Carter within its circle as ever, looked at him as a fashionable rone, and thought no worse of him for it. But old John Carter groaned in his stately mansion at the Battery, for his graceless son was making sad havoc in his pocket, and his weak-minded wife was securing his disposition more and more, by the excuses which she was continually making for her darling Frederick.

"I wonder who that whiskered individual is that is so continually with Frederick Carter?" exclaimed Jack Pufferty with his usual squeak of voice, as he stood in the bar-room of Washington Hall, surrounded by Old Henry Moriarty, Bill Crane, and a few other kindred spirits, one evening not many weeks after the occurrences narrated in our last chapter.

"Oh, some foreign Count, I suppose, whom he has got acquainted with in Europe, and who has come over to see his Yankee friend," answered Bill Crane with an indifferent air, as he puffed the smoke of his segar, partly out of his nose, and partly out of his mouth.

"Well, if he is a foreign gentleman of distinction," said Pufferty, "I don't see why the deuce he don't introduce him to the set. I for one should like to make his acquaintance."

"Not the least doubt of that," was the answer of Crane, in a tone of voice that was slightly satirical.

"By-the-bye," chimed in Old Moriarty, "it seems to me that Carter has been very offish of late; havn't seen him for some time; I am afraid he is getting rather low in his associations, instead of being in company with Counts. That Mary Meek affair, I understand, has been a sore thing with him, and by-the-bye again, I understand, there were some very mysterious doings at Mr. Meek's, the other night—something about Mary, and she has been sick ever since, it is all a mystery; shouldn't wonder if Carter had something to do with it—should like egregiously to know all about it."

"Not the least doubt of that either," again said Bill Crane in the same satirical tone; "you are on hand, old fellow, to know all you can find out whenever a woman is in the case."

While this conversation was going on at Washington Hall, there was another of different character passing between Carter and Poore in the little box of a fashionable oyster saloon in Broadway. Poore was thoroughly disguised as far as enormous whiskers and mustache, and a dress in the extreme of the fashion could disguise him,

which was so completely that not even old Jacob Hays would have recognized him, had he that moment looked upon him. Carter was also fashionably dressed, but while the countenance of his companion was bright and radiant with satisfaction, that of Carter was downcast and dispirited.

"Come, Carter, cheer up; we had bad luck at the gambling house in — street, last night, but introduce me to some of your fashionable friends, where we can have a quiet game of 'bluff,' and I think I can help you to make it up. By-the-bye, Carter, I think it about time you introduced me to your set, for I have walked about with you as a dummy long enough, except when you were with my set, where I am somebody."

Carter looked up in astonishment a moment, as if he wondered at the audacity of the proposal; but the eye of Poore was on him with an unquailing and determined glance, beneath which Carter cowered, as he answered in a forced tone of acquiescence.

"Well, Van Horn, I will introduce you to-night, if you say so; but what do you propose to do to insure success; I am a very unlucky player."

"Simply to cheat," was the cool response of Poore, alias Van Horn. "Look here, Carter," and he took out of his pocket, as he spoke, a handful of small ivory spots answering to the spots on cards, "look at these little jokers; I've found them once upon a time very handy in the neighborhood of Cherry-street; but they're up to that snuff now in that quarter, and I think it will be profitable to change the scene to the high-binders of the fashionable stamp at Washington Hall. They will be something new there, and therefore all the safer. See! just delicately and scientifically stick one of them on the card, thus, when you want another spot, and the thing is done," and Job Poore, to illustrate his meaning, took a card out of his pocket—the seven of diamonds, and by means of his little ivory imitation, turned it into an eight spot, with a dexterity of touch that would have done credit to the most expert professor of the legerdemain art.

Carter shrunk at first instinctively from engaging in such a transaction, for though he could have outraged female innocence, yet strange anomaly as it may seem, he hesitated to cheat his boon companions of the fashionable world. But Poore soon overcame his scruples, and after a few lessons, Carter was ready to undertake the hazardous game. The lowness of his purse, the unceasing demands of Poore and Mrs. Harvey upon it, and the difficulty of his getting it replenished from his father, were among the powerful incentives that urged him desperately onward.

Pufferty, Crane, Old Moriarty, and their

companions whom we left in the bar-room of Washington Hall, were still there when Poore and Carter entered.

"Why, my buck, Carter, how are you? very glad to see you; come, join us, we are just going to take another drink," was the greeting which Carter received from Pufferty, and which was followed by others of a like character from the rest of the party.

"Allow me first to introduce my friend, Count Van Horn, from Germany. I had the honor to make his acquaintance when abroad, and he is now here on a tour of pleasure among us Yankees," and Count Van Horn was duly introduced to the company.

The conversation now became general and lively, savoring wholly, of course, of the odor of the bar-room—wine, horses, dogs, women, the theatres, &c. Count Van Horn did not open his mouth often, and when he did it was in broken disconnected sentences, in which he pleaded his inability to speak good English, owing to his very recent arrival in the country. A splendid supper followed; and as a natural consequence, without any one knowing who first proposed it, cards were afterwards produced, and the party, with the exception of Old Moriarty, were soon deeply engaged in the mysteries of a game of bluff, on which high bets were made by all around. Old Moriarty had plenty of money, but he was old enough to know how to keep it, and he therefore contented himself with looking on. Higher and higher ran the bets, all became greatly excited, and particularly Carter and Pufferty. We said all, but we meant with the exception of Count Van Horn, who coolly swept pile after pile away with a polite bow, and request that his antagonists would pardon him the liberty.

A fresh hand being dealt, Carter raised his cards and said—"I bet fifty" and he laid down the money.

"I see that fifty," answered Pufferty, "and I go a hundred better."

"I see your hundred," exclaimed Carter, "and I go five hundred more."

"I call that," was the answer of Pufferty, "what have you, Carter?"

"Four fives," said Carter, laying down his hand.

"You cheat, sir," said Pufferty, rising angrily, "I have a five myself," and he snatched at the cards which Carter had laid down.

Carter, however, was too quick for him, and with a fierce "you lie, sir," he succeeded in gaining possession of the cards.

Pufferty deliberately raised his hand, and reaching across the table, struck Carter a violent blow in the face, saying as he did so, "I repeat it, sir, you cheat."

A clinch and a struggle between Carter and Pufferty followed, the gamblers rose in

confusion, and amid the cries of Old Moriarty "Don't fight, gentlemen, for G—d's sake don't fight," the combatants were finally separated.

"It vill pe vera much petter as goot, if ve shall leave dese shentlemen," said Count Van Horn, taking Carter's arm.

"You shall hear from me," said Carter, as he retired with a swaggering air, "I never brook an insult, come it from friend or foe."

"Whenever and wherever you please," answered the treble voice of Pufferty, and his treble this time was characterized by an extra quaver at the top of the vocal gamut. And thus ended the quiet game of bluff at Washington Hall, with the little ivory spots furnished by Poore, alias Count Van Horn.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DUEL.

NEW JERSEY, at the period of which we are writing, seemed to have formed the grand duelling ground of the belligerent spirits of New York, who measured their honor by the standard of a pistol, and were ambitious to prove their manliness, and guard their characters by running the risk of getting shot, in order to have a chance to shoot an adversary from whom they had received some real or fancied injury. To New Jersey then we transfer our reader.

It was a green field surrounded on all sides by a luxuriant wood, and not far from the village of Hoboken. One solitary tree, a gigantic oak, spreading its branches far and wide, stood in the middle of the field, and against its trunk, with a face very pale, leaned Frederick Carter, looking anxiously towards a path in the woods, which was evidently the only regular entrance into the field. Not far from Carter, and under the shadow of the tree, Job Poore was very composedly seated on the grass, inspecting the contents of a small mahogany case which he held in his hand. The morning was bright and beautiful, and no sound broke the stillness of the air, but the merry chorus of the birds as they hopped among the branches of the adjacent grove. For some moments Carter was silent, and Poore followed his example. The latter, however, varied his performances of inspecting the small case before him, by looking up at intervals at Carter, and quietly smiling to himself as he watched the various convulsive twitchings that were plainly perceptible about his friend Carter's mouth.

"Van Horn," said Carter, at length breaking the silence, "I don't think they are coming; I believe Pufferty is a coward, after all. It is now past the time, and I think it

is in accordance with the laws of dueling, if we depart and post the fellow for a coward," and a little blood returned to the cheek of Carter as he spoke.

"Not by any means, Mr. Carter," answered Job. "We must wait here until they come; never fear, they will be along; just help yourself to a swallow of this inspiring article, called brandy," and Job handed a small pocket flask towards Carter.

The cheek of Carter was again pale, as he took the flask, and his hand trembled as he applied it to his lips.

"Come, come, Carter," said Job, slapping his companion on the shoulder, "come, come, this won't do; you must screw your courage better than that, or you will never hit your man; why, with a hand shaking like yours, your bullet will either go up into the sky or go into the woods, without coming within a mile of its mark."

"Oh, never fear, Van Horn, I'll be all right; I am not afraid, although you may think so; I am only a little nervous, having indulged rather too freely of late. I will be firm enough when the time comes."

"Then be firm now," returned Poore, "for here they are."

As Poore spoke, Jack Pufferty and two other gentlemen were seen issuing from the wood, and making their way across the field to the oak tree. A moment afterwards all the parties stood face to face.

The paleness of Carter's cheeks seemed to have a perfect parallel in those of Pufferty, and that individual's voice was extraordinarily thin and squeaky even for him, when he saluted Carter and Poore alias Van Horn, and proceeded to introduce his companions.

"Mr. Carter," said he, "allow me to introduce you to my friend, Count Gullodino. I believe you have had the pleasure of his acquaintance before at Saratoga. He most opportunely returned to the city a few days since from a jaunt to the south, and was just in time to assist me in this unpleasant affair. Also allow me to introduce you to Dr. Shaw," and a series of bows and shaking of hands followed between all the parties.

As Poore, alias Count Van Horn, shook hands with Count Gullodino, a sly wink passed between them, and the corners of their mouths were slightly drawn down with a very equivocal expression.

"Vell, shentlemen," said Count Gullodino, "we shall prosheed right away to pisseness; are te shentlemen ready?"

The two white faces which, by their rickety motion, seemed to hold a very uncertain tenure on the shoulders of Pufferty and Carter, bowed in acquiescence, and the seconds proceeded to measure off the distance. This being accomplished, the parties took their places; the weapons were handed

to them, and at the usual signal words of "one, two, three, fire!" the reports of two pistols followed almost simultaneously, and both Carter and Pufferty fell flat upon the grass.

"Good heavens, how extraordinary," exclaimed Dr. Shaw, "both shot at once," and he rushed up to examine Pufferty first.

In the meantime, Poore had very composedly raised up Carter, and Count Gullodino as composedly performed the same office for Pufferty.

As the two were thus raised, their faces confronted each other, and their eyes opened slowly at the same moment.

"Where am I hit, Van Horn?" said Carter feebly, as he gazed wildly at Pufferty; and "Where am I shot, Doctor?" said Pufferty with an equally feeble voice, as he gazed wildly at Carter.

"In the head, I should judge by the black spot on your forehead," answered the Doctor; "but it is very extraordinary, there is no blood, and I can find no wound; why, it is a perfect miracle."

"And I see neither spot, nor wound, nor blood about you, Carter," said Poore, looking at his principal in the duel, with a very solemn expression of countenance.

"I certainly felt something hit me, Van Horn," answered Carter in an under tone, as he slowly recovered his feet and stood upright by the side of his second.

By this time Pufferty was also on his feet by the side of his second, and as the two parties thus stood face to face, alive and unhurt, the Doctor looked from one to the other in puzzled amazement. The two Counts, however, expressed no amazement or emotion of any kind, but regarded the whole scene quietly and coolly, after the most approved fashion laid down in the rules of duelling, for all scientific seconds to follow.

"Well, this is the most extraordinary shooting I ever heard of; knocked over and neither wounded—I don't understand it," said the Doctor, still lost in wonder.

"Oh, it ish all clear as te sun, shentlemen; te grand concussion of te bullet ash it come right away near te head of Mr. Carter, has make one grand shock and he fall, and it ish te same with mine frien Mr. Pufferty; but come, are te shentlemen all satisfied, or shall we make one more good fire?"

"I am perfectly satisfied," said Carter, "and have no disposition to repeat the fire."

Pufferty with great alacrity expressed himself to the same effect, and before the Doctor had quite recovered from his amazement, the parties had all shaken hands and voted that they should return to the city, and take dinner at Washington Hall.

The dinner at Washington Hall had been duly discussed; Carter and Pufferty had sworn friendship again over their wine, and

Count Van Horn and Count Gullodino took leave of the party at a late hour in the evening. As these two latter worthies walked up towards Canal-street, Van Horn alias Poore, said, with a laugh, to Count Gullodino alias Silk Ned:

"Well, Silk Ned, we managed that affair nicely, didn't we? What miserable craven hearted devils these bucks of fashion are—both to fall senseless out of pure fear. Their honor, however," and Poore gave to the word honor a peculiar emphasis, "is now satisfied, and we have had some fun and a glorious dinner. I couldn't afford to lose Carter, and Pufferty was useful to you, so we gave them pistols and powder, but no bullets, and all hands are satisfied."

"Neatly done, neatly done, Poore, good night," said Silk Ned, turning into Canal-street, while Poore pursued his way onward.

The next morning after the above events, the elder Carter was seated at the breakfast table with his wife. The lady was languidly sipping a cup of coffee and flirting with, not eating a tiny piece of toast, and the gentleman was leisurely reading the morning paper.

"Heavens and earth!" suddenly exclaimed Mr. Carter, "what is the meaning of this? A duel—Frederick Carter and John Pufferty," and Mr. Carter with flushed face, mumbled over the contents of the paragraph in the paper which had caught his eye, until he gained the substance of the whole, when throwing it towards Mrs. Carter, he continued in a loud and angry voice, "there, Mrs. Carter, read that—some more of the doings of that scape-goat of a son of yours; read it, Mrs. Carter, and see what you think of it," and Mr. Carter swallowed a whole cup of coffee at a single draught.

"You needn't be a bear, Mr. Carter, whatever the papers may say, besides he is your son as much as he is mine, Mr. Carter," and the lady picked up the paper and with a toss of her head, addressed herself to find and read the paragraph which had so excited the ire of her husband. She was not long in finding it, for it was prominently displayed in the columns, and read thus:—

A BLOODLESS DUEL.—A most extraordinary affair between two of our most fashionable young citizens came off near Hoboken yesterday morning. The parties were Frederick Carter, son of the wealthy John Carter, Esq., and John Pufferty, also a son of an opulent citizen. Owing to some dispute which occurred at Washington Hall a few evenings since, but the particulars of which we have not exactly learned, Mr. Carter challenged Mr. Pufferty, and the meeting was appointed to take place near

Hoboken yesterday morning. Both parties appeared punctually, accompanied by two foreign Counts as seconds, and a surgeon. At the first fire, both parties fell dead—that is to say, not exactly dead, for after lying senseless a moment or two, both came to life again and rose to their feet, shook hands, declared themselves perfectly satisfied, and left for Washington Hall, where a splendid dinner was partaken of, which closed the performances of the day. We are happy to learn that both parties came off entirely un wounded. There was a slight black spot on Mr. Pufferty's forehead, but whether it was only the mark of the wad, the ball having glanced off, or whether it was the powder and not the ball that hit him, remains a mystery. Both gentlemen were very pale during all the scene, but otherwise behaved with great courage. As far as we can learn the authorities do not intend to notice the matter.

"Well, Mr. Carter," said Mrs. Carter, after she had read the paragraph through, "I see nothing so awful in this; fashionable young men often have disputes and duels, and so long as they do not get shot, why it is no great matter. He might do a great many things worse, Mr. Carter, I can tell you."

"Yes, Mrs. Carter, he might and has," was the consoling answer of the husband, "and what is more, he'll keep doing something worse until he gets perhaps in the State prison. Mrs. Carter, I'll send him on a whaling voyage," and Mr. Carter rose from the breakfast table and buttoned up his coat with an air of determination as if he meant to do what he said.

"You will do no such thing," answered Mrs. Carter. "He must be married, and when he is settled he'll get over his wild freaks and be a steady man."

"Yes, when the millennium comes—married indeed! I have heard enough of that. Who will marry him? that's the question, my dear. I pity the woman who would be his wife."

"Mr. Carter, as I have told you a hundred times, you are a fool. There are thousands of girls that would snap at Frederick Carter, if Mary Meek did refuse him."

"Well, then, there are thousands of fools in the world that would snap at a very bad baste, that is all I can say. I begin to think, Mrs. Carter, that money is not everything—good morning," and the gentleman left the room.

Mrs. Carter trotted her foot a few moments, read the paragraph over again, and then retired to her private room.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE MISTRESS.

NANCY Harvey was alone in the parlor of her house in Chapel-street. The shades of night, which were fast falling on the city, had already cast their darkness into the room, and yet she gave no orders for the lighting of the richly gilded lamp that adorned her center table. Stretched at full length upon the sofa, she seemed lost in a deep fit of musing, and totally unconscious of the passing hour. What were her reflections? Did they form a whirlwind of remorse, rushing through her soul with a mighty and overpowering force, sweeping up around her in one wild storm, the black dust and ashes of the sin of her life until it enveloped, blinded and stifled her with agony? Her placid brow, her lips half parted with a smile, as she lay languidly on her luxurious couch answered, that no such moral simoon was at work in the breast of Nancy Harvey. On what then was she musing? However strange it may seem, considering her life and character, she was actually enjoying a most pleasant reverie of happiness which the twilight hour often brings with its darkening shadows, and which it appears to bring in many instances alike to the innocent and guilty—to the innocent, as if in the still moments when day is melting into night, some guardian angel descended unseen, and folding the body in its snowy pinions, spread out before the mind a sunny landscape, where, through groves on which the Past sleeps like a soft shadow, the Present glides onward like a sparkling and gently murmuring stream, while far beyond in the distant horizon, rise the piled up mountains of the Future, enveloped at their base in an azure mist, and their summits lost in the glittering haze of golden clouds—to the guilty, as if a demon of darkness clothed himself in light, and standing beside the dreamer, lulled the senses to a sweet repose, and wafting from the soul, with the wand of Lethe, all visions of the Past, unrolled before it a dazzling and glorious panorama of the Future, to mock it by the intensity of a brightness which, when the demon chose to reveal himself in his true colors, would be turned into a pall of hideous blackness. It was this demon of darkness, who like an angel of light, now stood beside Nancy Harvey, and thus in his mockery, was she happy in her hour of twilight reverie.

Twilight passed, and still she stirred not, until in the darkness a hand touched hers, and a voice exclaimed:

"Why, Nance, what is the matter with you? fast asleep before it is hardly night, and the room as dark as Egypt."

Mrs. Harvey started from the sofa as if

she had been shot, but soon recovering herself and recognizing the voice of the speaker, she said, as she rung the bell for a light—

"Frederick Carter. I would thank you not to frighten a person in that manner, and if I had my wish I would have been very much obliged to you if you had staid at home, for you have broken a beautiful dream I was having, and the like of which it is not probable I shall soon enjoy again."

She had scarcely finished speaking, when the light was brought in, and as it shone full upon her fine form and features, the eye of Carter kindled with all the fire of his first passion for her when he first beheld her in all her beauty. So strong was the power she still possessed over him. No sooner had the servant withdrawn, than he seized her hand, and looking passionately into her face, he exclaimed—

"Nance, if you were dreaming of me, I am glad I have come to awaken you to my reality; if you were not, still I am glad, for I don't want you to dream of anything else; there, kiss me and make me happy, for, Nance, I love you," and the young man twined his arms around her and took the kiss which was given to him with a bewitching manner, that his mistress knew well how to adopt when she chose to do so.

"I was not dreaming of you, Fred," she answered with a merry laugh, "but, however, I will try to think of you now, and that will be all the same, you know. And, by-the-bye, Fred, so you have been brave enough to fight a duel, eh; well, I should have loved you better if you had fought for a woman—for me for instance, instead of about those nasty cards—you see I know all about it, Fred."

"Yes, Nance," returned Carter, and a slight shade passed over his brow as he spoke, "and I wonder what in the d—d's name concerning me is there that you don't know."

"Nothing of any consequence, I believe, dear Fred, I generally keep myself posted up on your movements, and I will now thank you, dear Fred, to hand over a small share of the proceeds of the Count Van Horn game of bluff at Washington Hall. I am awful short, dear Fred, and must have some money."

"There is all I have got left, Nance," and Carter, as he spoke, took from his pocket with a very blank countenance some twenty dollars, which he gave to his mistress.

"Small enough in all conscience, Fred," answered Mrs. Harvey, taking the bills, "and, dear Fred, I'll thank you to make that twenty at least a hundred to-morrow, for I want, and must have a new silk dress this week."

Frederick Carter bowed his head in acquiescence, because he dared not do other-

wise, although just at that moment it was an enigma he could not solve, where the hundred dollars were to come from.

Just at this moment there was a ring at the street door, and Carter very naturally inquired who it could possibly be.

"Oh, some storekeeper's clerk, I suppose, with goods I bought to-day," answered Nance Harvey carelessly, but when the servant entered and said that it was a very respectable looking old gentleman, who desired to see Mrs. Harvey on particular business, the surprise of that lady was very great.

"Tell him," she said to the servant, "that when I know his name, I'll decide whether I will see him or not."

The servant returned to the street door, from whence, after the lapse of a few moments, she came back again into the parlor, and informed her mistress that Mr. John Carter wished to see her, and that nothing improper was meant by his visit, but on the contrary something that nearly concerned her, Mrs. Harvey.

Nance Harvey looking at Carter, said, "your dear, honored father, Fred," and then she laughed aloud.

Frederick Carter, himself, was thunder-struck. What his father could want there, was to him a puzzle, which caused his brain to reel in the vain endeavor to unravel it, and his heart to sink within him at the thought of some coming evil.

"Tell Mr. John Carter, we will see him in a moment," said Mrs. Harvey to the servant, and she seemed to enjoy the blank look of wonder and fear which seemed to deepen on the countenance of Frederick Carter, as she gave the order.

"Good G—d, Nance! you are not going to bring him here face to face with me, are you?" he exclaimed in a voice trembling with emotion.

"No, Fred; you are a fool," was the answer. "Here, get in here, in this china-closet, and perhaps you'll hear your honored father make love to his son's mistress; get in, get in," and as she spoke she forced him into a small pantry at the side of the room, laughing as she did so, until the door closed upon him. Then the laugh vanished, a curl of scorn was on her lips, and there was a flashing light in her gleaming eye. What was the character of that light it was hard to determine. It was the mingled expression of a snake-like gleam and a look of joy, as if she was on the eve of some great triumph. Whatever was its real nature, it disappeared as soon as it came, and settling her features into their usual proud but captivating appearance, she prepared to receive her new and unexpected visitor.

John Carter entered with an embarrassed air. He was entering what was to him a strange presence, and he was on, to him, an

altogether new and difficult business. He could face Mrs. Carter, as we have often seen during the progress of this narrative, with the most perfect self-possession, but to face the mistress of his son, about whose independent and bold character he had heard so much, was altogether a different matter. And when he did stand, as now, before her, and the full form and feature of her beauty, far beyond what he had expected, burst upon him, an involuntary admiration of that beauty (for old John Carter was mortal) added to the embarrassment which he before felt owing to her character and her connection with his son. He blushed as he commenced to stammer out a salutation to Mrs. Harvey, and while one hand nervously caught the huge seals that depended from his gold watch chain, the other appeared to be, without rudder or compass, on a voyage of discovery about different parts of his body. Whatever John Carter had to say, he was evidently put to the route before he commenced.

Nancy Harvey was a woman of keen perception, and she read John Carter at a glance. She knew that what he wished to say had some relation to her connection with his son, and at the same time she discovered the power her own beauty and commanding presence were exercising over him, and actually abashing him, even old and experienced in the world as he was, from standing up like a man and speaking out his mind. She therefore made the first advance herself, and with one of her most winning smiles, invited her visitor to a seat by her side on the sofa. John Carter recovered himself, took the seat and grew slightly bolder. For a moment, something like passion lighted up his eyes, around the corners of which age had already deeply carved many not very ornamental wrinkles. He appeared for an instant, by his leaning forward with a half eager motion, as if he was about to seize Mrs. Harvey's white hand which reposed temptingly on her lap, and to address to her some words of compliment. The look and the action, however, were but momentary. With a sudden effort, as if he thought he was looking and acting not exactly as the staid citizen and sound man on 'change, John Carter, should look and act, he drew back his own half outstretched hand, and assumed a stern and dignified expression far different from that which had a moment before beamed in his eyes.

Through the key hole of the closet, Frederick Carter saw the whole scene, and he laughed in spite of himself. Nancy Harvey, as she sat on the sofa and contemplated Mr. John Carter in these the first steps of his interview with her, also wished to laugh, but she did not. She compressed her lips slightly, and when Mr. John Carter assumed the dignified, she also put it on with

an extra measure, and before he could speak the words that were evidently coming out of his mouth in no strain of compliment, she drew herself proudly up and said—

"Well, Mr. Carter, after all this preliminary action, I shall now be obliged to you, if you will favor me with the object of the visit with which you have honored me. I am engaged this evening, sir."

This speech of Mrs. Harvey's was enough. John Carter was himself again, and in a voice of far less ceremony than that in which he was accustomed to address Mrs. Carter, he said—

"Madame, are you a she devil or a woman? I am the father of Frederick Carter, whose shameless mistress you are, whom you have ruined, and are daily sinking lower and lower in vice. Will you, or will you not abandon him, and cease to weave your hellish snares about him?"

"John Carter, Esq.," exclaimed Nance Harvey, and her eyes flashed fire as she spoke, "I am the mistress of Frederick Carter, I know that he is your son, and that he has an old fool for a father. I will not abandon him, and I shall still spread my snares as you call them around him, and old gentleman, you can put that in your pipe and smoke it."

John Carter looked at her, while she was speaking, as if he did not know whether to credit his senses or not. A moment before, she was the beautiful woman addressing him with the ease and grace of an accomplished lady, and now, although still beautiful, she was talking to him in the brazen and vulgar language of the most abandoned courtesan. The exhibition of these two characters, in such close proximity to each other, again nearly put John Carter to the route, but he summoned all his courage, and answered:

"Mrs. Harvey, once for all, will you break off your connection with Frederick Carter? If you do not I will call in the aid of the law, and we will see then whether or not you will defy that power."

"A fig for your law; try that game on, Mr. John Carter, I'm ready for you. Perhaps, you had better go now and get old Hays to take me up. Try it, Mr. Carter; Hays doesn't live far from here, try it now, that's a dear good old man that loves his darling of a son."

Frederick Carter in the closet, felt at one moment as if he could sink into the floor, and the next as if he could rush out, knock Nancy Harvey down, and protect his father from insult. But the floor was solid and he could not sink, and Nancy Harvey was his master as well as mistress, and he dared not rush out. In what an awful situation, for a son who had one spark of feeling left, had dissipation, licentiousness and crime now placed him.

At the last defiant words of Mrs. Harvey,

the elder Carter was again almost silenced, but the ire which was boiling within him kept his courage up, and he answered in a voice of thunder:

"Well, Madame, I will go for old Hays," and he started towards the door.

But John Carter did not go. He turned back. He had suddenly recollected what he had forgotten in his anger, that old Hays could do him no good, for he had no power. If he had forgotten this fact, Mrs. Harvey had not, and she laughed derisively as John Carter turned back.

"Mrs. Harvey," said Mr. Carter, moderating his former angry tone to one which assumed somewhat the form of entreaty, "you cannot be deaf to the voice of interest in this matter; I therefore ask you, if I pay you a consideration, will you not break off this connection?"

"I am always open to reason, Mr. Carter; what will you give," and Mrs. Harvey wreathed her face with smiles, and resumed the seat which she had left in the excitement of the interview.

John Carter also sat down and took out his pocket-book.

Frederick Carter, in the closet, held his breath and looked through the key-hole.

"Mrs. Harvey," said Mr. Carter, "I'll give you five hundred dollars."

"Mr. Carter, I'll take it and give you my solemn word of honor never to look upon your son again."

"I'll try it—try your honor," said Carter, and with a groan that seemed to come from the lowest depths of his breast, he paid the money and rose to go.

"Remember, Mrs. Harvey, in order to keep the matter still, I consent to buy you off. If you keep your word well and good; if not, I'll move all New York but I'll make you rue it. I have tried the last peaceable method, good night."

"Good night, my most respected friend," said Nancy Harvey, as the door closed upon her visitor.

"Frederick Carter, son of John Carter, Esq., come forth," continued Mrs. Harvey, as the slam of the street door announced the entire exit of Mr. John Carter from the house. "Come forth and look upon the splendid generosity of your respectable sire," and she laughed long and loud as Frederick Carter burst from his hiding place, exclaiming—

"Nance, beautiful as you are, you are a devil, and love you as much as I may I will leave you."

"Really, now: you will, will you? well, I dare you to do it. No, Mr. Frederick Carter, you dare not if you would, and if you did you would come whining back in three days. You are mine."

"Why, do you not intend to keep faith with my father and break off the connection

of your own accord," answered Carter in a more subdued voice.

"Keep faith, indeed! with whom should a courtesan, aye, a shameless courtesan—that's the word—keep faith? Who keeps faith with her? Oh! you men are beautiful reasoners! Keep faith, indeed! I will when I will, and when I chose otherwise I will not. Although I defy you and your father and all the world, yet you are mine, body and soul; and if you dared, you could not leave me, for you love me, even me, a courtesan; so ring the bell for supper, and tomorrow I'll make a hole in this five hundred dollars."

Frederick Carter rung the bell.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PICTORIAL, MATRIMONIAL AND PARENTAL.

SOME few days after the visit of the elder Carter to the house of Mrs. Harvey, there was quite a sensation among both the high and low circles of New York society, with reference to two pictures which had recently been imported from Paris, and were just opened for public exhibition in Broadway. These pictures were the productions of Dubufe, one of the most celebrated artists in France, and their subjects were the temptation and fall of Adam and Eve, in the Garden of Eden. In depicting Adam and Eve, the artist adhered faithfully to nature, so faithfully indeed, that the strict letter of the sacred account, so far as the nakedness of the human form was concerned, had hardly a shadow of complaint. It was this strict adherence to nature in the way of nakedness, that caused the sensation among the Knickerbockers of high and low degree. Among the former, some said it was vile and demoralizing to exhibit such pictures, while others said it was classic, that high art in Italy and France never hesitated so to represent the human form divine, that the most refined people in those countries never thought of blushing when they saw it thus represented, and that it was only false modesty and unformed taste that would blush. Amid the warfare of the above two phases of opinion among the fashionable circles, a third view of the question was brought forward, which seemed in a great measure to settle the controversy. Where this view originally came from is not exactly known. It was said to have proceeded from no less places than the pulpits of several of the fashionable churches, and perhaps that may account for the favor with which it was received. This third light, in which it was contended that the pictures of Adam and Eve should be regarded, was, that they contained a great moral truth which it behoved all men

to contemplate, that inasmuch as the pencil of the artist brought the truth vividly before the eye and the mind, the adherence of the painter to the scripture account of the manner in which our first parents dressed, was a minor consideration and entirely lost in the grand moral lesson which the painter's art had taught. This last opinion, as we said before, clinched the nail in favor of the pictures; and the main stream of New York high life flowed with a perfect rush into the exhibition room in Broadway, where the canvas was radiant with an Adam and an Eve, painted in a state of nature and with all the perfections of face and form that painter's art could give to the human figure. It is true, that there were some ladies of New York, such for instance as Mary Meek and her mother, who utterly refused to gaze upon such pictures; but notwithstanding the exceptions which true modesty made, the exhibition of Adam and Eve was daily crowded with fashionable people of both sexes. As for the low circles of New York, the sensation among them with reference to the pictures, was not the character of the paintings or any great desire to contemplate them, but was the fun they enjoyed in seeing those above them come down to their own standard of taste, and endeavor to make black white in the way of chaste feeling.

To the exhibition room of the paintings of Adam and Eve, we now introduce the reader.

It was morning, and although the hour was quite early, the room was well filled with visitors gazing on the pictures. There was the lounging dandy libertine, surveying at one moment the pictures with an indifferent glance, and at the next ogling impudently with his eye glass some young lady whose heightened blush told the story that her modesty had received a shock. And there also was the young lady of fashion leaning on the arm of some devoted coxcomb, and with him looking with as unblushing countenance on the canvas, as if it contained the figures of some beautiful angels, fit only to call forth exclamations of the highest admiration. And there also stood the matron, the sober divine, the deacons and vestrymen of churches—all contemplating the great moral lesson, and supposed not to be thinking of anything else, or they would not have come there.

Among the crowd, three persons, whom we have before introduced to the reader in this narrative, stood prominently forward. They were Mr. and Mrs. Dart, and their daughter, Miss Clementina Dart. Mrs. Dart appeared, from the intense gaze which she fixed upon Adam, in the picture which represented the temptation, to be drinking in with her eyes his whole form. Mr. Dart, with a half sheepish glance, was busy with Eve, while Clementina Dart followed the

example of her mother, and gave to Adam the whole of her attention. Whether the cheeks of either lady gave even the premonitory symptoms of a blush, was a question in natural philosophy, which the philosophy of rouge decided promptly in the negative, by intimating pretty broadly and graphically on the said cheeks, that the fresh color there apparent was purely a standing one.

"My dear, what a magnificent pair of whiskers Adam has," said Mrs. Dart, turning to her husband, and speaking in a low voice.

"What a handsome man he is altogether, Ma; we never see such handsome men in Broadway," said Miss Clementina Dart.

"Nor such Eves either," said Mr. Dart, raising his eyes from the figure of the mother of all mankind, and looking first at his wife, and then at his daughter.

"For my part," said a thin wiry-faced lady, who just at that moment pressed through the crowd to the side of the Darts, "for my part I don't know how you can look at such indecent pictures; I am perfectly shocked, and my cheek tingles. It may be a great moral lesson—I thought it was or I wouldn't have come to see it—but I declare it is awful, and I am going."

"Take another look before you go, Miss Green," answered Mr. Dart, with a slight touch of irony in his voice.

Miss Green had been gazing steadily at the figure of Adam during all the time she was speaking, but when Mr. Dart's answer fell upon her ear, she gave her head a toss and disappeared towards the door.

This Miss Green who was so shocked, was the same Miss Arabella Green whom we have before introduced to our readers as belonging to the same church with Jacob Plausilman, and who obtained fifty dollars from him for the support of a little converted Hindoo that was to be adopted by the Missionary Society, and named after the said worthy Jacob Plausilman.

While this scene was progressing directly in front of the paintings, there was another going on, further back in the room, between two young men who stood leaning idly against the wall. The young men were Frederick Carter and his shadow Job Poore, alias Van Horn.

"Carter," said Poore, pointing towards Miss Clementina Dart as he spoke, "who is that flash looking girl there, standing by that old gentleman in the blue coat and brass buttons?"

"That girl? Oh, that's Clementina Dart, painted up to the eyes, and as old as the hills."

"What! the daughter of the rich old Dart?"

"The same; but come, I'm getting tired of this—let us go."

But a sudden idea seemed to have struck Poore, and he answered—

"No, Carter, not quite yet, I want you to introduce me to Miss Clementina Dart. I'm going to make a strike to marry her. Introduce me as the Count Van Horn, nothing like a foreign Count you know to take the fancy of New York women. Come, let us proceed to business at once."

Carter looked at his companion as if he doubted for a moment whether or not that companion had taken leave of his senses, so audacious in its impudence did his proposal seem. But there was determination in Poore's face, and Carter read it there in characters too plain to be mistaken. He therefore yielded, for he knew he must, and beckoning for Poore to follow, he pressed to the spot where the Darts were standing. He was received by Mr. Dart with a polite bow, but the welcome which Mrs. Dart and Miss Dart gave him, might be said to border on the enthusiastic.

"Why, Frederick, it is an age since we have seen you; my daughter, Clementina, was wondering the other day what could possibly have become of you. It is a fact, she has made the remark several times," and Mrs. Dart looked on her daughter as if she thought there were few such daughters in the world.

The daughter simpered and said—"La! ma! how can you talk so. I'm sure I cannot recollect of mentioning Mr. Carter's name."

"Allow me to introduce my friend, Count Van Horn, from Germany," said Carter, and the introduction was duly made.

It was not long afterwards that Miss Clementina Dart and Job Poore, alias Count Van Horn, became very agreeable to each other, and exchanged notes of admiration for the pictures, the latter vehemently disclaiming in just enough broken English to charm the former with his foreign accent, against the Vandalism that would, through a false modesty, prohibit the exhibition of such works of genius. The Count vehemently protested that such a thing was unknown in Europe, where art was better appreciated; and Miss Clementina was convinced.

In the meantime, Mr. and Mrs. Dart and Frederick Carter, had held a desultory conversation on general topics of fashionable occurrence, interspersed with a few remarks on the pictures. At length the whole party left, and while Carter proceeded to Washington Hall, Poore saw Miss Clementina Dart to her father's house, where he received a polite invitation from both the mother and daughter to make them an early visit.

Days and weeks passed on, and many were the visits which Poore made to Miss Clementina Dart. The young lady seemed

to be perfectly infatuated with her Count, as she called him, and while the mother smiled her approval, the father attended to his dinner and his wine, and did not trouble himself much about the matter. The Count Van Horn and Miss Dart were daily seen in Broadway together, and Miss Dart had introduced the Count, with somewhat of a triumphant air, to all her acquaintances. It was considered among all the fashionable world that it was a decided match, and there was a great curiosity to know more minute particulars about the Count than had yet been developed. Nobody, however, doubted but that he was a Count, for he had whiskers and mustache of the most approved pattern, and his accent was unexceptionable. Least of all did Clementina Dart and her mother doubt his Countship, and as for the father it was hard to tell what he thought on the subject, for he had never expressed his opinion.

It was evening, and the blaze of the candelabra lighted up the richly furnished parlor, where sat reclining, in a languishing attitude, Miss Clementina Dart. By her side was Job Poore, alias Count Van Horn.

"I can schain no longer de grand passion which burn avay my heart like von vera hot fire, and eat me up vera much. Mademoiselle Dart, I shall love you. Oh! give von leetle smile, say you vill pe mine, and I shall pe vera much happy; I shall fly into de sky. I have von estate in Shermany, and ve shall pe so happy ash de day ish long," and Count Van Horn dropped upon his knee, seized the hand of Miss Dart and pressed it to his lips.

The hand was not withdrawn, and the answer which came from the lips which belonged to the hand was,

"Oh! Count, you confuse me; I really do not know what to say; you must ask my father."

"Oh, Mademoiselle, you transport me, way up into de vera heaven; I shall speak mit your father," and the Count covered the hand which he held with kisses, extending the performance with a relish which seemed to increase as he progressed, to the lips and cheeks of Miss Clementina Dart.

And thus prospered, so far, the matrimonial speculation of Job Poore with Clementina Dart.

In the meantime, an event of signal importance happened to Frederick Carter.

Mrs. John Carter was seated in state in her parlor, ready to receive morning calls. A few had already been made, but the room was now vacant of visitors.

"Heigho!" exclaimed Mrs. Carter, as the door closed upon Mrs. and Miss Dart, her last guests, "what a bore those Darts are—always harping on Count Van Horn. I wonder if Frederick knows him. I'll ask him the next time I see him."

At this moment the servant announced

Mrs. Harvey, and Mrs. Carter cut short the yarn in which she had been indulging, and wondered who Mrs. Harvey could be. She had no time, however, to indulge in conjecture, for with the announcement, a fashionably dressed lady, with a confident air, advanced into the room and saluted Mrs. Carter, as if she had been an intimate acquaintance.

"Madame," said Mrs. Carter, drawing herself up with great dignity, "you have the advantage of me—whom have I the honor of addressing, and what is the object of your visit?"

"Well, I do believe I have a little the advantage of you, Mrs. Carter," was the answer, accompanied by a laugh which did not fall very pleasantly on Mrs. Carter's ears, "for my name is Nancy Harvey. I am the mistress of your son Frederick, and I come to see you with a double purpose.

In the first place, I wanted to see what kind of a mother he has, what kind of a house she lives in, and in the second place, I wished to return the visit his father made me, and if he is not in, to request you to hand him this note," and Nancy Harvey, seating herself beside Mrs. Carter, with perfect nonchalance, handed to her a note sealed and directed to "John Carter, Esq."

Mrs. Carter could not restrain her anger.

"Woman," she exclaimed, rushing towards the bell, "what means this insolence? I'll summon my servants, and turn you out of the house."

"Not so fast, Mrs. Carter," said Nancy Harvey, restraining her hands ere she touched the bell-rope, "I do not mean to harm you, and I'll go without being turned out; I have accomplished my purpose; I have seen face to face, the mother of Frederick Carter in her own house; I swore to do so; it was a freak I took into my head, and now if you will deliver that note, you will oblige your humble servant," and throwing the note down on the carpet, Nancy Harvey departed, leaving Mrs. Carter stupefied with astonishment at her audacity.

Ere Mrs. Carter recovered from her astonishment, and while the note was yet lying on the carpet, Mr. Carter entered.

"Well, Mr. Carter, things have come to a pretty pass indeed," screamed Mrs. Carter, springing up and her eyes flashing fire as she spoke. "So Frederick has a mistress; she has had the impudence to thrust herself into this very room; says that you have been to see her too, and she has left that note, lying there on the carpet, for you," and Mrs. Carter gave indications of going off into a violent fit of hysterics. Seeing, however, that Mr. Carter paid no attention to her, but quietly picked up the note, she postponed the hysterics to another period.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Carter after

he had coolly perused the note, "it is true, as you say, and only goes to prove what a hopeful son we have. As for my going to see Mrs. Harvey, please to read that note." Mrs. Carter took the epistle and read as follows:

TO JOHN CARTER, Esq.,

Sir—It is impossible! Frederick Carter will visit me, and I have not the cruelty to forbid him. I have bought a beautiful dress and shawl with the money you *bought me off with*, and really this is the only reason why I cannot return the money, now that I cannot keep my agreement. Good-bye, old gentleman, and I hope you are in good health.

Yours, to command,

NANCY HARVEY.

The note fell from the hands of Mr. Carter, and he bowed his head on his breast, while his frame shook with strong emotion. Even Mrs. Carter was now really overcome, and wept hysterically. The full degradation of their son, and the awful insult to which his course of life had now exposed them, entered like a knife into their souls, and both were silent in the great agony which overwhelmed their souls.

In the meantime Frederick Carter entered the room.

"Leave my sight forever," exclaimed Mr. Carter, rousing himself and looking angrily at his son. "I disown and discard you; you are no son of mine from this time forward—leave the house."

Mrs. Carter fainted, and Frederick Carter, frightened at the tones and looks of his father, obeyed his mandate.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A GARRET AND A RUFFIAN'S FIST—A PARLOR AND A GENTLEMAN'S FOOT.

The light in the bar-room of the "Cross Keys" in Cherry-street had just begun to blaze and glitter upon the red, the dark brown, and the pale amber-colored liquids which filled decanters of all shapes and sizes, from which Pete Flint poured his decoctions of drinks to his eager customers. There were not many in the room, for evening had only just set in, and the human wolves and tigers of the city had hardly begun to crawl forth from their lairs. The few, however, who were there paid as brisk attention to the glasses as the state of their pockets would admit, and this attention was of such activity that Pete Flint, from the smile of satisfaction on his countenance, appeared to think that the evening was commencing well. While Pete Flint was in the act of mixing a "Tom and Jerry" for a

giant-framed man with a bullet-head and a purple face, where the snub nose was minus its bridge, a female entered the bar-room, and handing up a black bottle to the landlord, said—

"A pint of gin, and mind you give me good measure."

As she spoke, she deposited on the counter the necessary amount of silver coin to pay for the article called for.

The woman who gave this order was of a slender and emaciated frame, with large, black lustrous eyes, and with raven ringlets falling in profusion from a high forehead, and enclosing features which, although white as marble and marked by traces of care, were nevertheless full of beauty—beauty which the blast had swept over, and was fast changing into the sere and withered leaf. And yet age had not yet laid his heavy hand upon her, it was rather the frost nipping, with untimely cold, the bud of youth.

With perfect indifference Pete Flint filled the gin bottle, handed it to the woman, picked up the coin and deposited it in his drawer, while the woman herself, giving one furtive glance around the room, put the bottle under a cloak of red cloth which she wore, and departed without another word being said either on the part of landlord or his customer.

The man with the bullet-head and bridgeless nose had stared at the woman with a brutal, licentious gaze, during all the time she had stood at the bar, and he followed her with the same look until the door closed upon her. Then turning to the landlord he said—

"Pete Flint, who the devil is that 'ere woman? She's a little thin in flesh now, but the stuff is in her, and with a little high feed and a shorter allowance of gin, she would be a beauty."

"Jim Snub," answered Pete Flint, "I believe you; she has been a beauty and a rum 'one too, but you must be a new cove in these parts to ask who she is. That girl, Mr. Jim Snub, is Job Poore's woman, and d—n shabbily he treats her lately; perhaps you don't know Job Poore; I suppose not, for Job seems to have been on the high strike lately, and has quite deserted the "Cross Keys;" however, he's bound to come back here again some day or other. The "Cross Keys" always, some time or other, and in one way or another, fetches up the coves both high and low," and Pete Flint, apparently satisfied with the information he had imparted to the man with the bullet-head and the broken nose, took a glass of his own liquor, and proceeded to answer a new call from a dark-featured individual with a brimless hat and ragged coat, who, slapping down three cents on the counter, said simply, but with an emphatic voice, "Rum."

In the meantime, the woman with the



PETE FLINT'S, IN CHERRY-STREET.

gin bottle under her cloak, passed hurriedly along Cherry-street until she reached the vicinity of Franklin-square, when she turned down a narrow lane and darted through the door of a low wooden building, which being half way open, offered no opposition to her entrance. A moment afterwards she stood in a small attic room of the house, where from a rickety old mahogany table, a solitary candle shed a dim and desolate light over a mean and dirty-looking bed, a pine chest of drawers furnished on the top with a broken glass, a ragged and faded carpet, and four or five rush-bottomed chairs, which formed the only furniture of the apartment. For a moment the woman stood grasping the gin bottle in her hand, and casting a glance around her as gloomy and desolate as the cheerless light which only partially illuminated her miserable home. Then she slowly placed the bottle on the table, threw off her cloak, and procuring a glass from the chest of drawers, she sunk, rather than sat, down in a chair by the side of the bottle. Slowly she poured the glass half full of gin, held it up an instant to the light, and then drank it off without pausing until the last drop passed down her throat. Then the fire gleamed brighter in her eye, the color came to her cheeks, and her frame rose stiff and rigid on her chair, while a smile parted her thin lips. It was a strange smile—not the smile of happiness or content, nor yet of feverish pleasure, but rather the gall and wormwood of the heart swelling up, and with their concentrated bitterness causing the lips to curl in grim mockery of a smile.

"Ha! ha!" she exclaimed in her bitter laugh. "He has become grand lately; never comes but to beat and order me to perform some slave's work for him. Well, we'll see who will come out best, Mr. Job Poore. Ha! ha! ha!" and then the woman suddenly paused, and the expression of her face softened, as a moment afterward she continued, "but, Job Poore, beat and ill-treat me as you will, I love you, have loved and been faithful to you. And isn't it virtue to love and be faithful? I can't tell; there's a dark fog all round me. I have heard of virtue, dreamed of it as something bright and beautiful—sitting in a sweet little home, with a fine dress, and doing all manner of good things; but I have seen nothing all my life, but dark-looking men, thieves and murderers, and women like myself to keep them company—one day feasting, the next starving, and all day cursing and swearing. But I should like, I think, to be different, but where shall I go? what shall I do? I love Job Poore, and he is leaving me. God! what shall I do?" and again she drained the glass of gin which she had refilled, and her head sunk upon her breast.

"Why, Bess, what the d—l is the matter with you? Drunk, you hussy? Rouse up!

wake up, or I'll shake your head off," said Job Poore, as he entered the room and shook the woman roughly by the shoulder.

She started from her seat, and answered in a voice as loud as that of Poore, while her eyes flashed fire—

"No, Job Poore, I'm not drunk, and I feel as if I could kill you and kill myself. Where have you been this long time? I want some money."

"Don't get into a tantrum, old girl! No matter where I've been; there's some money, make the most of it. This is the last time you'll see anything of me, and I've come now only to show you that I wasn't mean enough to let you starve until you could get another man; so good-bye, Bess, and mark me if you come after me, or interfere with me in any way, I'll kill you. Good-bye!" and Job Poore, flinging a roll of bills on the table, and regarding the woman with a stern look of malignity as if he would fully keep his threat, turned towards the door. But the woman sprang after him, seized him by the collar, and hissed through her teeth—

"Job Poore, you shall not go, you shall—"

What more she would have said was cut short in its utterance by a blow from the fist of Poore, which struck her on the temple and laid her senseless on the floor.

Poore looked at her a moment with the utmost unconcern, but as she still lay motionless, a slight tremor crept over him, and taking the candle, he passed it before her face. Still she stirred not. He raised her up, placed her in the chair, dashed water into her face, and still she gave no signs of life. Job Poore reflected an instant, then he deliberately drew the chair from under the body, causing the latter to fall on the floor.

"Good," he muttered to himself; "if she comes to life again I don't care much. I guess I'll be able to manage her; if she's dead, so much the better; I'll be rid of what may give me some trouble, and those finding her dead will think she tumbled down in a drunken fit, struck her head, and killed herself; so dead or alive, Bess, good-bye," and Job Poore departed from the house.

The woman whom Poore thus left, and whom he called Bess, was one with whom he had lived a long time, and for whom he never neglected to provide regularly, as far as he was able, until his matrimonial speculation with Miss Clementina Dart commenced. The reader may be surprised that we have never before, in this narrative, brought her forward and shown her connection with Poore. There was no need for us to do so, until the incidents of our narrative required it. Until then it would have possessed no interest, and would only have been introducing a character who would have had

no part to play in any of the scenes which we have hitherto described. It is the custom of the class of men to which Job Poore belonged, always to select some female and live with her as his wife, and there is scarcely a thief, burglar, or a rowdy who now prowls through New York, but what has followed this custom. Job Poore early in life followed the footsteps of his predecessors, and selected Elizabeth McCord for his companion, gave her the familiar name of Bess, and installed her as his mistress. He found her in the dark haunts of poverty and vice, where his own boyhood was nurtured, and he only raised her to a higher degree of vice when as a man he undertook to be her protector. Had Elizabeth McCord been born under different auspices, had kind hands, with abundant means, guided her infant steps, and education developed her more mature years, she might have been a different woman, for the seeds of good were in her heart, and needed only cultivation to ripen them into a golden fruit. But the blackness of ignorance, poverty, and vice were thick around her when she was born, the same cloud was over her when Job Poore crossed her path, and, strange as it may seem, in a city like New York, she, Elizabeth McCord, when we introduce her to our readers, could neither write nor read, saw not the full blackness of the life which she lived, and had no definite idea of the sublime beauty of virtue and the hideous deformity of vice. Strange anomaly as it may be, it is strictly true, and in accordance with a reasonable philosophy. Elizabeth McCord had never crossed the threshold of a bright and happy home of virtue. She had always stood on the miry floor of the dark and dismal hovels of vice. What should she know, and is there any wonder that she should speak of virtue as we have represented her speaking in the beginning of this chapter? When Job Poore asked her to live with him, she did so as a matter of course. She liked him, and that was enough. There are many Elizabeth McCords in the city of New York at this present moment, whom philanthropy and well directed efforts might save from her fate. Elizabeth McCord became the willing drudge and slave of Job Poore. She worked for him, shared alike the hour when his means were ample and when starvation was at the door. He beat her and she bore it, he was unfaithful in his hours of revelry with common courtesans, she murmured not, for she expected it; but when she heard of his design (as hear she did) of marrying Clementina Dart, when she found she was fast being deserted for that reason, and felt that if he succeeded, her fate was sealed, then she became desperate, took to gin for consolation, and swore in her heart she would have revenge. We shall see how she obtained it.

Elizabeth McCord was not dead when Poore left her on the floor. His retreating steps had scarcely died away ere she slowly opened her eyes and gazed wildly around her.

"Where am I?" she exclaimed, as she raised herself up and pressed her hands to her head. "Yes, I remember, he struck me," and she sprang to her feet and rushed towards the door, as if she would have pursued him. But suddenly she again turned back, her limbs trembled, and with difficulty she reached the chair, into which she threw herself.

It was some half an hour before she entirely recovered herself, and then her glance fell upon the bank notes which Poore had flung upon the table. She took them up, and putting them in her bosom, said in a low tone to herself—

"Thank you, Job Poore, for these, they'll help me to my revenge," and then as if exhausted, she threw herself on her bed. The dim light sunk in its socket, and Bess McCord slept in darkness.

It was morning, and Mrs. Dart and Miss Clementina Dart were on the eve of issuing from the house in order to take their morning promenade in Broadway, when the servant entered the parlor and informed Mrs. Dart, that a young girl desired to see her on important business.

"What's her name, John?" said Mrs. Dart.

"Please, Ma'am, she said that was no matter, but that you would be glad to see her," answered John.

"What kind of looking person is she, John; does she look like a beggar?" again asked Mrs. Dart.

"Oh, no, ma'am, she looks very nice and tidy-like."

"Then let her come up-stairs."

And, as John had said, a young woman of very tidy appearance entered the room a few moments afterwards.

"What is your name, young girl, and what is your business with me?" inquired Mrs. Dart with great dignity, and looking sternly at the girl as she spoke.

"Elizabeth McCord," was the answer, in a firm tone, "and I've come to tell you something that concerns your daughter there, if she is, as I think, the person called Clementina Dart."

"What can you possibly have to say that concerns me?" inquired Miss Clementina Dart, looking at the girl as if she thought she was crazy.

"Only that your Count Van Horn is an impostor," was the answer, and the muscles of the girl's face were rigid as she spoke.

"An impostor!" shrieked Mrs. Dart, "get out of the house, you vile thing, I'll call the servants and turn you out," and Miss Clementina Dart followed her mo-

ther's suite and assailed the girl with language far from polite.

"But hear me first," was the girl's only answer, and there was a tone of entreaty in it which arrested the attention both of Mrs. and Miss Dart, and caused the latter, as much from curiosity as any other reason, to say to the girl—

"Well, go on with your story."

And she did go on—told her whole history, and informed them that Count Van Horn was no more nor less than Job Poore, a rowdy. She did not say he was a thief; she thought that a common rowdy was enough.

Mrs. Dart and her daughter knew not what to think; they were at once shocked, incredulous, and yet half believing, for the impress of truth was stamped on the girl's story.

Elizabeth McCord saw all this, and she said:

"Bring me face to face with him, and if you do not see, yourself, that what I say is true, then take me to the jail for an impostor. I am ready to stand the consequences of what I say."

Mrs. Dart thought a moment, then told the girl to come in the evening, and in the meantime she would consult her husband on the matter. And so Elizabeth McCord left the presence of Mrs. Dart and her daughter.

Mr. Dart had partaken of the good dinner which was always provided in his house, and while he was sipping his wine, Mrs. Dart laid before him in all its length and breadth the story she and her daughter had been told in the morning, and asked his advice as to the best course to pursue.

When Mrs. Dart had concluded, and she had by no means condensed her report, but on the contrary considerably embellished it, Mr. Dart struck his hand down on the table with a force that made the glasses jump, and exclaimed with an expletive that very much resembled an oath—

"I thought so; I never exactly liked the hang of the fellow's face; but you and Clem, there, appeared so fierce for him, that I thought I would let things take their own way. Let the girl be brought here to-night, by all means. We'll try Count Van Horn, at any rate."

Evening came, and with it, through the grand door of entrance, came Count Van Horn, all bows and smiles, as he paid his respects to the family in the parlor, and with it also came, through the basement door, Elizabeth McCord, her face rigid with firm resolve, and pale as marble, as she humbly took a seat in the kitchen, where the servants received her with as much haughtiness as if they had been masters of the house.

In the meantime everything had been arranged by the Darts as to when Elizabeth McCord should enter the room.

"Count," said Miss Clementina Dart, "I have just been practising a new song; it is charming—lead me to the piano and I will sing it for you."

"Mademoiselle, I shall be vera happy," and the Count escorted the lady to the piano, opened it, and half turned round to place himself in an attitude of listening. As he did so, his eye took in a sight which startled him out of all recollection of the place he was in and the character he had assumed.

"H—ll and fury, Bess, what imp of the d—l brought you here?"

The ladies shrieked and fainted, and Mr. Dart exclaimed in a voice of thunder—

"Enough! here John, help me to kick him out," and before Count Van Horn had recovered himself or knew exactly what was passing around, he found himself in the street, with a confused impression that he had been impelled there by sundry vigorous applications in his rear, the sting of which still remained, and reminded him forcibly that his matrimonial speculation had come to a somewhat ignominious end.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BRIDAL AND THE LEAGUE.

It was a few evenings after the dismissal of Frederick Carter from the presence of his father, and the summary ejection of Job Poore from the house of Mr. Dart. The mansion of Francis Meek was in a blaze of light, and the carriages, which one after the other in rapid succession were depositing their loads at its door, blocked up almost the whole line of Beekman-street. It was the wedding-night of Edward Masterton and Mary Meek, and her father had thrown open his house to celebrate the event with high festivity and rejoicing. No expense was spared, for the hearts of both father and mother were overflowing with happiness—happiness in the possession of such a lovely, virtuous, and accomplished daughter; and happiness, that her choice for a husband had fallen on one in every way so worthy of her. And so with unsparing and willing hands they spread the bridal feast in splendor, and bid to it the host of their friends whom they esteemed and loved, not forgetting those acquaintances of standing in society, who, although they were not intimates, could not, very well, according to the rules of etiquette, be passed by on such an occasion.

Some days before the night appointed for the wedding, it had been a matter of good-natured

dispute between Masterton and Mr. Meek, as to whether the church or the house was the most proper place for the marriage ceremony. Masterton, in quite an extended argument, contended that marriage partook of the nature of a sacrament, that it was at least among the holiest of all ceremonies, and for that reason he thought that the church was the most fit place for its celebration. Mary Meek looked up into her lover's face with a pair of the brightest and most bewitching eyes in the world, and said that she agreed with him in every particular.

"Oh, yes; you little rogue," laughingly exclaimed her father, "I have no doubt you would agree with him, if he had advocated being married in Court by a Justice of the Peace, but Edward, your notions smack a little of High Church doctrine. Now, although I consider with you, that marriage is a very holy ceremony and the church a very holy place, yet I like the old fashion way of having the marriage in the house, and having the house full to see it."

"But you forget," answered Masterton, "that marriage in the church is the true old fashion way, and has higher antiquity to sanction it than marriage in the house."

"It may be so," said Mr. Meek, "and perhaps my argument is none of the strongest, but my clergyman, good Dr. Milnor, of St. George's Church, says he has no objection to coming to the house, and so it can't, I think, be very far out of the way. We'll have it in the house, Edward, and I warrant you the knot will be tied strong enough."

And so for the house the marriage was settled, and into the house therefore on the night of the wedding let us take a glance.

The large mahogany folding-doors between the spacious, richly furnished and brilliantly lighted parlors of Mr. Meek's mansion, were closed. The guests were all assembled in the back parlor, and conspicuous among them, standing at the very knob of the folding-doors, and wearing the black silk gown and the bands of an episcopal clergyman, was a short stout man, with hair as white as snow, complexion clear, white and red, and a pair of blue eyes, from which the mildest of human nature seemed to be looking out with a radiant light of peace and good will to all mankind. It was Dr. Milnor, the rector of St. George's Church in Beekman-street, and one whom all New York delighted to love and honor. By his side stood another doctor, not of divinity, but of medicine. It was the Dr. Frank whom we introduced at the beginning of this narrative, and whose broad good-natured face and laughing eye now beamed with pleasure. Silently stood the two doctors, and silently sat and stood the crowd around them. All

eyes were fixed upon the folding-doors, and a pin might have been heard to drop, so deep was the pause of anxious expectation. Suddenly the doors parted noiselessly, and the bridal party stood revealed.

It was a beautiful sight. A semicircle of twelve persons swept the upper end of the room—on the one side five bridesmaids, fresh in the bloom of youth and beauty, arrayed in spotless white and holding bouquets of flowers in their hands, on the other side five manly-looking groomsmen, while in the center stood the bridegroom and the bride. Mary Meek appeared exquisitely lovely in her bridal attire and bearing. Her head was slightly bent, her eyes downcast, with their long silken lashes almost resting on her alabaster cheeks, and glittering with the dew-drops of blissful tears. From her clustering ringlets, a veil of the richest lace fell softly and transparently like a fleecy cloud, around her neck and shoulders, while the glossy folds of her satin robe seemed to flash back the gleams of lights which filled the room. If there had been the silence of expectation before the doors were opened, there was the silence of admiration now, and it was only broken by the clergyman advancing into the center of the room, and commencing in a solemn and impressive voice the beautiful marriage service of the Episcopal Church.

And now it is over. Edward Masterton and Mary Meek are man and wife, the father and mother have kissed and blessed them, and eager friends have pressed around to give them their congratulations.

"My dear doctor," exclaimed Dr. Frank to Masterton, as he came up and took the hand of the blushing bride, "I shall claim the privilege to kiss my young patient, and you must be patient under my presumption," and the doctor with a gay smile kissed the lips of Mary Meek.

The festivities at Mary Meek's wedding were prolonged to a late hour. The bridegroom and the bride seemed from the way in which they regarded each other, even amid all the gayety of the scene around them, to have reached the summit of happiness, while the guests, between talking, dancing, and feasting, appeared to be equally elevated among the regions of human felicity. But all things must have an end, even weddings. In the small hours of the morning the sound of music in Mr. Meek's mansion ceased, the guests had departed, the lights were extinguished, and there was silence in the house of the bridegroom and the bride.

On the same evening, while the lights were blazing and the music sounding at the bridal of Mary Meek, Frederick Carter, with darkness in his heart, was walking on the Battery, alone, cursing himself, cursing his fortune, and cursing his father.

"What a fool I have been," he muttered

to himself, as he leaned over the railing of the Battery, and gazed out upon the black waters, on which the gloom of night was resting. "Fool! fool! twice damned fool," and he struck the railing on which he leaned, as if it had been some enemy whom he was striving to annihilate with blows.

And well might, Frederick Carter curse himself as his present position rose up before him, like some black spectre. He had thought, when first dismissed from his father's presence, that his father's anger at his conduct would soon blow over, that at least the entreaties of his mother, which he felt assured would unsparingly be made, would have a tendency to accomplish that end, and that he would once more be received into favor, and be able to continue his career of dissipation. But Frederick Carter reasoned this time wrongfully. The blood of the elder Carter was up, and to all the notes which, for a day or two after the outbreak, he received from his son, and which promised amendment, he turned a deaf ear, threw them into the fire and poured out a stream of invective so violent as to completely silence all intercession on the part of Mrs. Carter, notwithstanding she accompanied that intercession with hysterical sobs and tears.

When we find Frederick Carter on the Battery on the evening of Mary Meek's wedding, he began to feel that he was indeed disowned by his father, and that the door of reconciliation was not only shut, but barred. Added to this, was the fact that his mistress had already obtained some inkling of the affair, and what with upbraiding him on the one hand, and constantly harassing him for money on the other, he was driven almost to desperation. At Washington Hall, also, some glimmering idea of how matters stood between him and his father had appeared, and Carter twice had the pleasure of having the cold shoulder turned towards him by his former boon companions. He had asked Jack Pufferty to lend him a hundred dollars, and received from that gentleman the following answer:

"Why, really, Fred, I've just bought two pointer dogs at fifty dollars a-piece, and by Jove it has taken all the money I have about me."

Frederick Carter turned from his friend Pufferty, and applied to his friend Old Moriarty, and Old Moriarty answered:

"You know, my young friend, the calls on my charity are very extensive, and besides I've lost considerable money lately by endorsing some notes, and the fact is, my dear young friend, I've not a cent to spare—but if a little advice would help you in your present difficulty, I would advise you—"

"Oh damn your advice and charity too! advice better than you can give I can get from anybody for nothing, and as for your

charity, that's on the corner of Chamber-street and in the Park, where you can pick up some girl for half a dollar," and Frederick Carter, with rage flashing in his eyes, left Old Moriarty to his reflections.

Of whatever nature these reflections may have been, they did not at least trouble the old gentleman much, for a few moments afterwards, it being in the evening when Carter's application had been made, he was seen standing on the corner of Chamber-street, with his cloak folded about him, and eagerly watching every female who, unprotected by a man, passed by him.

Thus disowned by father, upbraided and harassed by mistress, and coolly treated by friends, Frederick Carter stood on the Battery, and, as he looked upon the dark waters of the bay, cursed himself and his fortune.

"What shall I do?" he exclaimed, "and which way shall I turn?"

"Turn to me and do as I tell you," said a deep voice by his side, and at the same time he felt a rough hand laid upon his shoulder.

Carter started and raised his hand as if to strike in self-defence some one who he supposed had a design to rob him, when a loud laugh greeted his ears, and a voice which he recognized, immediately exclaimed—

"Why, Carter, is it possible you don't know your best friend, Van Horn, Count Van Horn, that was at Hoboken and in the gallery of Adam and Eve, ha! ha!" and Job Poore, alias Van Horn, laughed again.

"There, Van Horn," said Carter, "you have laughed enough; I don't feel in the mood for laughter, I must act."

"Ah, yes, I understand," was the answer; "old man shut the gate on the funds, kicked you out of the house, Washington Hall not so friendly as it used to be, and Nance as troublesome as the devil—you see I know it all. But never mind, Carter, I've been kicked out too, I didn't think old Dart could kick so hard, but I'm flummoxed in the Miss Clementina Dart affair, and am dead broke just like you. However, Carter, never say die, follow me and I'll show you; I've got a d—n fine plan to raise the wind. Will you come and join me?"

Without answering the question, Carter said—

"Van Horn, you astonish me; what do you mean when you say you have been kicked by old Dart?"

"True," responded the other. "Of course you couldn't guess what that meant, if you guessed a month—for the Darts for their sakes have kept the matter quiet. The fact, however, is, Carter, that my woman Bess Mc Cord blowed on me, and they found I was no Count, and very naturally, before I was quite prepared for the operation, took

the liberty of kicking me out of doors," and Poore here gave the details of the whole occurrence to Carter, concluding by again asking him if he would join him in his proposed plan for raising money.

Carter was just in the state of mind to be indifferent to what he did, and with a recklessness that has had many a parallel in the history of human nature, but which may seem unaccountable in one brought up and educated as Carter had been, he gave his hand to Poore, and swore that he would join him.

And from the Battery, where, in the early part of this narrative, Poore and Carter first met as boys, and the ragged and dirty Poore had struck to the earth the gaily dressed child of wealth, Carter, the same pair now went forth as men, leagued together in friendship—the friendship of vice.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE FORGERY.

As Frederick Carter and Job Poore, alias Count Van Horn, left the Battery, a woman enveloped in a cloak, the hood of which completely covered her face, followed them at a distance, but in such a manner that even had they noticed her presence they would not have suspected her purpose, but on the contrary, would have supposed that she was some courtesan of the lower order, to whom their movements could be of no possible interest. As it was, they did not see her at all, and as they walked up Broad-street, continuing their way through Nassau, she slowly followed their wake in all the security from observation by them that she could desire.

"Why, what in the name of thunder, Carter, is there going on down here?" exclaimed Poore, as he and his companion reached the corner of Nassau and Beekman-streets, and saw the throng of carriages, and the lights which gleamed from the mansion of Francis Meek.

Carter, who had for some time been walking in gloomy silence beside Poore, slightly started as the lights flashed across his face, and he was recalled by the question of Poore to the recollection of the locality which they had reached. With a forced effort at gayety, however, he answered—

"Why, don't you know, Van Horn, that Mary Meek is to be married to-night to that upstart Edward Masterton? I wish him joy, I'm sure; come, let us go down that way," and with a laugh he turned with Poore down Beekman-street.

They passed the house, and as they did so, Poore shouted out with all his might a verse of a bacchanalian song, but Carter

was silent. His laugh had departed, and a darkness blacker than that which had gathered on his soul some hours before when he stood on the Battery, now seemed to wrap his whole being as with a heavy pall of bitterness, despair and hate, as he now passed the house of her whom he had so grossly treated, and whose wealth and hand had escaped his grasp.

"Hallo! Carter, you haven't got the blue devils, because you happened to lose that girl, have you?" exclaimed Poore, suddenly breaking off his song, and noticing the gloomy silence of his companion. "Pshaw, man, cheer up, who the devil cares, women are as plenty as blackberries; only get the money—that's the stuff to make a fellow happy and bring to his hand all he wants, without so much as the trouble of asking for it. Cheer up, d—n the odds, I say, there's light ahead; so come along, and throw your black thoughts to the devil."

Onward they went, that pair so leagued in evil—down Beekman-street, up through Cherry, and hard upon their steps followed silently, like a dark shadow, the woman with the cloak and hood. Poore and Carter entered the "Cross Keys," and when the door closed upon them, the woman came up and peered through a rent in the red curtain which was drawn across the lower part of the window. It was no wonder that there was a rent through which she could peer, for that curtain had done many year's service on the window of the "Cross Keys," was old and rotten with age, and Pete Flint thought too much of his pocket to get a new one.

In the meantime Poore, as soon as he and Carter had entered the bar-room of the "Cross Keys," called Pete Flint aside and whispered a few words in his ear. The host of the "Cross Keys," gave a nod in answer to Poore's whispers, and beckoning to Carter, he left the bar-room, followed by the latter and Poore.

Through the rent of the red curtain, the woman with the hood and cloak saw all that had occurred, and still she stood patiently on the dark pavement and watched. A few moments elapsed, and she saw Pete Flint return to the bar-room unaccompanied by those with whom he had left it. A faint smile, as if she thought something which she expected had come to pass, might have been observed to flit over her features as she brushed back for an instant the hood from her face, in her eagerness to see all that was passing in the room. Hastily, however, she drew her face again within its covering, and walked boldly into the bar-room. Going up to the bar, she said in a low voice—

"Mr. Flint, may I speak a word to you in private?"

Had it been in any other place, than the "Cross Keys," or had the person addressed

been any other than Pete Flint himself, the circumstance would have attracted notice from those around, and the person addressed would have required to know something more before he trusted himself in private with a visitor of such strange appearance and manner. Nothing, however, the way of strangeness ever excited much curiosity either in the guests or the host of the "Cross Keys." Strange persons and actions were common in that locality, and the motto of each man was to mind his own business, while the golden rule of Pete Flint himself was to please and attend to every one, if he thought he could make money by the operation, and never to be astonished at anything. The woman with the hood and cloak was therefore unnoticed by all the occupants of the bar-room, while Pete Flint surmising that something was in the wind which might perhaps turn up profitably for him, expressed by a nod his willingness to grant to his visitor the interview required. A moment afterwards Pete Flint and the woman stood alone in a little room back of the bar, of which the only furniture seemed to be a few boxes and several kegs of liquor. It was Pete Flint's storeroom, and sitting his burly form on one of the kegs and still holding a candle in his hand, he said—

"Come, my good woman, uncover your mug, sit down on that box, and spit out your business."

The woman did not need a second summons. The hood fell from her face, and Bess McCord, Poore's abandoned mistress, stood revealed before the host of the "Cross Keys."

"Bess McCord, is that you; why how the devil did you make out to disguise your voice at the bar as to cheat me, who am up to all sorts of snuff?" exclaimed Pete Flint in astonishment, as he looked on the pale face of her whom he addressed. "Well, Bess," he continued, "since you are here, what the devil do you want with me?"

Bess calmly took from her pocket a purse, poured from it into her hand a number of gold pieces, and reaching them towards Pete Flint, said:

"I want you to put me into a room, or some other place next to the room, where you have put Job Poore and the man who just came in with him, and where I can hear every word they say, and, if I wish, look through some opening and see what they do. There is no use saying you can't, for I know you and this house too well, not to know to the contrary; so take this money and do as I ask you."

The landlord of the Cross Keys looked wistfully at the money, his brow grew troubled, and for a few moments he hesitated. At length, however, he waved the proffered money back, saying:

"No, Bess, put up your money. I'm afeared you and Job have had a quarrel, and you want to peach on him, and then I should be in a devil of a box between you both. No, put up your stuff; Pete Flint's motto is honor among thieves."

"Pete Flint, you're a fool. Why should I peach upon my man? To be sure he hasn't treated me very well lately, as you know; but he has not abandoned me. I only want to know what he is about, so that he shan't abandon me. Come now, Pete, take the money and fix the thing for me; no harm shall come either to him or you, through me."

"Swear it," said the landlord.

"I swear," answered Bess; and Pete Flint took the money and said, "come, I'll do it."

Up over the rickety stair-case, and through the narrow and dark entry, Pete Flint led his companion until he came to a door which he softly opened, and through which he gently pushed Bess, whispering as he did so, "There, be still as death, and you may see and hear what you wish." Then closing the door as noiselessly as he had opened it, he retraced his steps down stairs.

It was a narrow closet in which Bess McCord now found herself, and through the impenetrable darkness which surrounded her, she could perceive only one faint gleam of light, coming from a small hole, about the size of a shilling piece, directly in the wall or partition before her, and to which, by stretching her neck slightly, she was able to apply her eye. She did so, and Job Poore, seated at a table with the man she had seen enter the house with him, was before her. A bottle of wine and a bottle of brandy with their accompanying glasses were on the table, and both the occupants of the room, particularly Carter, appeared to have no idea that either glasses or bottles should be idle.

With her ears strained to the utmost tension of hearing, and her eye almost starting out of its socket in the eagerness of its gaze, Bess McCord looked and listened.

"Come, man, don't be a fool," said Poore, extending a slip of paper towards his companion as he spoke; "there, fill up that check on the bank for two thousand dollars, sign your father's name to it, and I'll get it cashed. There's no danger; when you've got the cash you can send him word, or I'll send him word for you, who committed the forgery, and the old cove won't be such a d—d fool as to blow upon his son. He'll think that it was desperation that drove you to it—you must tell him that it was—and then he'll forgive you, and all will be right again and no one the wiser. Come, man, fill the check up and sign your father's name to it, show him that it is a dangerous

thing to turn his own flesh and blood out of doors without a penny to bless himself with. Sign, sign, like a man."

There was just enough bitterness and recklessness in the heart, and just enough liquor working on the brain of Carter, as to cause him not to be startled at this deliberate proposal to commit forgery on his father, and not to knock down the villain who made it. He looked steadily a moment at his tempter, and then only said in an uncertain and hesitating voice,

"No, Van Horn, you ask too much; I dare not, I dare not; I won't."

"Then by all the powers of h—ll," said Poore, in a low determined voice, "I'll blow on you in that Bower Cottage and Mary Meek affair, even if I should go to prison myself. We must have money; but come, don't be a fool; there's no danger, not half so much as there will be if you drive me to extremities."

The face of Carter became pale at the threats of Poore, and taking the blank check which Poore extended towards him, he said:—

"Well, where's the pen and ink? I'll do it."

"Here, ready at hand," was the answer of Poore, "I always go armed in more ways than one," and as he spoke he pulled from his pocket a bottle of ink and a quill. "There, make the pen to suit yourself, for it is rather a delicate operation, this counterfeiting other men's names," and Job Poore laughed at his own joke.

Carter took both ink bottle and pen, set the one on the table, and pulling his knife from his pocket, made the pen. Then with an untrembling hand he filled up the check and signed it. He was a good penman, and the counterfeit of his father's handwriting, which he knew as well as the letters of the alphabet, was exact.

"There," said he, "that will pass muster at any place where my father's writing is known."

"Good," answered Poore, "and I'll pass muster when I go to get it cashed, never fear," and Poore put the check in his pocket. "And now," continued he, "our night's business is done; let us take a parting drink, and go. Meet me to-morrow on the corner of Broad and Wall-street, and we'll divide; that's the fair thing, I believe."

The parting drink was taken, and in the hour when the darkness of night was kissing in the east the grey light of morning, the two left the room and the house.

Bess McCord sunk exhausted on the floor of the closet where she was watching, and was only aroused by Pete Flint shaking her somewhat roughly by the shoulder, and exclaiming, "come, Bess, rouse up and be off, or you'll have daylight to go home by,

which, I take it, is what you don't exactly want."

The girl started up as from a dream, but soon recovered herself, and drawing her cloak around her, she, too, departed from the house.

"Now, Job Poore," she thought to herself, as she took her way to her desolate dwelling, "now, I have you; all is over between us, and by exposing you I may perhaps win some reward for myself; at any rate, I will have revenge. I heard the name of the bank, that's enough; I'll find it and watch by it till you enter, and then let the end come, whatever that end may be. I would warn that young man's father, but I did not hear the name; it was not mentioned, and so that cannot be done, and now for the bank."

On reaching her lodgings, Bess McCord partook of a meagre breakfast of some cold meat and bread, washed it down with a glass of gin, and then arraying herself in a neat dress, and otherwise disguising herself, so that Poore could not recognize her, she sallied out with a basket on her arm. The stores in Cherry-street were by this time open, and Bess, with the remains of the handsome sum of money which Old Dart had given to her, for exposing Poore to his family, purchased some small fancy articles, put them in her basket and hastened down to Wall-street. Here with her basket, she seated herself on the steps of the Bank, and there for the present we leave her busily engaged in arranging the little wares in her basket in the most captivating manner for sale.

On the same evening that Mary Meek was married, and when Poore and Carter committed the above forgery on the father of the latter, a third scene transpired at the house of that father which is of importance in this narrative.

It was in the early part of the evening, and John Carter and his wife were seated alone in their parlor, the former looking gloomily up at the ceiling, and the latter watching anxiously her husband in his upward contemplations.

Both were silent for some time. At length Mr. Carter, letting his eyes drop to a level with those of Mrs. Carter, said—

"Well, my love, such is the end of all our indulgence and education of our son. Mary Meek, whom he might have had for a wife if he had behaved himself like a man, married to-night, and he a graceless outcast from his father's door; well, God forgive me, but perhaps we have brought him up wrong after all. Money is not everything after all, Mrs. Carter," and John Carter passed his hands over his eyes. It was something very much like a tear which he wiped away.

"Husband!" exclaimed Mrs. Carter, as

she saw the tear, "send for him, send for our son again, we have been wrong, I have been wrong. Oh, send for him; perhaps he may be suffering, perhaps he may be desperate, perhaps—I have heard of such things—he may be driven to crime, send for him, dear husband," and Mrs. Carter, her whole frame trembling with real emotion and her eyes filled with tears, threw herself on her husband's breast. The voice of nature did not plead in vain. John Carter's heart was melted into forgiveness of his son, and throwing his arm around his wife and mingling his tears with hers, he said—

"There, dry your tears, I'll call him back to-morrow morning and try him once more."

Will not the father's recall come too late?

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE DISCOVERY.

BUSILY on the steps of the bank in Wall-street, Bess McCord arranged the little wares in her basket, as if she had been the most enterprising merchant in the world, and wished to show to the whole of Wall-street, that her claims to patronage were founded on the strictest attention to business, even if that business was of the most humble order. The attention of Bess McCord, however, was also fixed on other things besides her basket. She kept her eyes on a restless watch up and down the street, closely observing every one who approached the bank, and wondering why so few were abroad or entering it. Bess McCord did not know that the great life of Wall-street did not commence until after ten o'clock in the morning. But ten o'clock came, the street began to assume the bustle of activity, and to be crowded with the hurrying forms of the men of business, passing and repassing in a ceaseless stream; now nodding to, now jostling each other, now catching each other by the button hole, whispering a few words, and then darting off again; now rushing from one office to another, with bundles of papers in their hands, and now with tight grasp on various greasy-looking leather books, entering the doors of the banks; now collecting in small knots on the corners, talking to each other with an earnestness of feature and violence of gesture, as if life and death hung on their words, and were written on the various little slips of paper which they shook in each other's faces, and now pushing singly through the street; here the man with the sleek and portly figure, and the proud and self-satisfied look, and there the thin form, with the brow haggard with care, or else contracted into an intensity of calculation, sufficient, in

all outward appearance, to estimate the exact price the world would bring if put up at auction in the Exchange. A wonderful sight is Wall-street, the financial centre of the United States, in the full flow of its human tide in the hours of business. So thought Bess McCord as she attended to her basket, and watched for the coming of Job Poore.

Hours passed on, the passers-by had been liberal in their patronage of Bess McCord's basket, her wares were exhausted, and still Job Poore had not ascended the steps of the bank. What should the watcher now do? It would look singular for her to be standing with an empty basket, and might lead to her being requested to move off. A new idea seemed to strike her, and with her basket on her arm she boldly entered the bank. Her first intention of waiting for Poore, and then exposing him when he presented the check, she abandoned. She determined to expose him beforehand and leave the officers of the bank to deal with him when he came.

"I wish to see the head man of the bank," she said, addressing the paying-teller, who was busily employed in cashing a check. He looked up an instant as if somewhat surprised, then motioning to an elderly gentleman with a shiny bald head, who stood at a desk not far from him, he turned again to dealing out the bank bills, while the elderly gentleman with a stare of amazement, approaching the little mahogany gate that led behind the counter, asked Bess McCord in rather a rough voice what she wanted.

"I want to tell you something about a forgery," was the answer in a low tone of voice, and before the president of the bank could recover from the astonishment into which her answer had plunged him, Bess McCord had hurriedly described to him the appearance of Job Poore, and informed him of all she had seen and heard in the closet at Pete Flint's thieving crib. The president looked at her an instant, as if uncertain whether to believe her or not. Bess saw the doubt in his face and said—

"Try me; I am willing to stay here till he comes, for come he will, and then you can do with me as you please, if I speak not the truth."

The president was convinced, and answered:

"Come in here, my good woman; there, sit behind that screen and keep a good look out," and Bess McCord a moment afterwards was seated behind a fire-screen a little in the rear of the paying-teller's desk, and in such a position as enabled her to see distinctly all who approached the desk, and yet keep herself concealed. A series of whispers now followed between the president, cashier and paying-teller, and then each resumed his place, the president having

intimated to Bess to hold up her finger to him as soon as she saw Poore enter.

The entrance of Bess McCord into the bank and her whispering with the president, together with what followed, although it occupied but a few moments, did not escape the notice of those in the bank who were depositing or receiving money, or of the various clerks, who perched up on high stools at their desks, cast curious glances over the top of their ledgers in order to divine if possible what was going on. But the customers of the bank were too busily occupied with their own affairs to give much attention to the circumstance, and as for the clerks, however much they might wonder, they were chained by the rules of the bank to their ledgers, and could not of course leave them to gratify their curiosity. Thus it was, therefore, that the entrance and important communication of Bess McCord created no commotion in the bank, and things went on as quietly and as regularly as usual. The clerks indeed passed a whispered jest or two between their desks, on the fact of the old president having a lady visitor behind the screen, but the jests did not reach the ears of the party concerned; the scratching of pens, and the paying and receiving of money continued, Bess McCord waited behind the screen in silence for the coming of Job Poore, the president at his desk waited for the signal of Bess McCord, and the paying-teller at his counter waited the action of the president.

The heart of Bess McCord throbbed violently as from her hiding place she scrutinized each person who entered the bank. The strange scene around her, the very silence in which the crowd passing in and out of the bank transacted what seemed to her an enormous business in the way of money—all this combined with the thought of the part that she was acting conspired to work her feelings up to such a pitch of excitement as almost to overcome her. But the spirit of revenge—revenge for the cruel treatment and base abandonment which she had suffered at the hands of Job Poore, came to her aid; the slight trembling in her limbs, and the faintness at heart which she had for a moment experienced, passed away, and her soul became iron to carry out what she had begun.

In the meantime, Job Poore had arrayed himself in a neat suit of black cloth, disguised himself as far as he was able with a false wig and whiskers, and sought out Frederick Carter. They walked together as far as the corner of Wall and Broad-street, where, after taking a strong glass of brandy and water, they separated, Carter sauntering down Broad-street, while Poore with the air of a man of business, took his way in the direction of the bank. Arrived there, he gave a hasty glance around him,

for fear that there might possibly be some old officer of his acquaintance watching his movements, but seeing no one, he entered boldly and yet with the indifferent manner of one well accustomed to going in and out of a bank. When he entered, there were several gentlemen at the paying-teller's counter, standing, according to custom, in single file and waiting their turn to receive the money for their checks. Poore fell composedly into the line, and drew his check from his pocket-book in order to have it in readiness. But the keen eye of Bess McCord, behind the screen, had seen him enter, watched his movements, and penetrated through all his disguise. His turn came. With a confident and perfectly unembarrassed air, he laid the forged check of John Carter for two thousand dollars, before the teller, saying as he did so—

"In hundreds, all except two hundred, which I'll take in small bills."

At this moment Bess McCord, behind the screen, raised her finger to the president, who coming forward beside the teller, took up the check and said calmly to Poore—

"I'll thank you to walk into the back room with me, sir, and you had better do it quietly."

The face of Poore became deadly pale. This sudden and unexpected interruption in the payment of the check, the tone of the president and the suspicious glances of the teller swept away in an instant all the assurance of Poore. He knew intuitively that he was discovered, and regarding the discovery as little short of a miracle, a feeling of dread came over him which he could not combat, and which caused him to endeavor, desperate as the attempt might be, to escape. He turned to rush out of the bank, but was prevented, conveyed to the director's room in the bank, while one of the porters was dispatched for an officer, and another for Mr. John Carter.

Pale, but now sullen in his manner, Poore stood in the room with the president and cashier of the bank, and with Jacob Hayes, the High Constable, who happened to be the first person the porter met on going out of the bank in search of an officer.

"Miserable man," said the president, with somewhat of a pompous air, "your iniquity has been discovered, this check is a base forgery," and the president in order to see what effect it would have on his prisoner, detailed, as Bess McCord had told him, the whole particulars of the interview between him (Poore) and Carter, at the Cross Keys, when the forgery was committed.

"And now, Job Poore," said the president, in conclusion, "what have you to say for yourself?"

The words of the president of the bank fell like a thunderbolt on the ears of Poore. Starting, as if he had been stung by an adder,

he exclaimed in a savage voice and entirely off his guard—

"How, in the name of all the fiends in h—l came you to know all this and my name too? It's all up, by G—d! but if I am to suffer, it is some consolation to know that Carter's own son was the man who forged the signature, ha! ha! ha!"

The listeners, all except Old Hays, shrank back aghast at the words and manner of the hardened villain. Old Hays, however, had witnessed too much of crime to be startled at anything in that line. Even while Poore was speaking, he had, without apparently noticing what Poore was saying, divested that individual's head of its wig and false whiskers, and when Poore finished, he looked curiously at him and very quietly said—

"Well, it is my old acquaintance, Job Poore, and no mistake. Job, I'm thinking you're booked again for prison."

"You be d—d," was the only answer Poore vouchsafed to make to the High Constable.

"This business turns out more awful than I calculated. Who would have dreamed Carter's son would have had any hand in it; but justice must proceed," said the president.

"What! you didn't know then that Frederick Carter was the man who was in the room with me, and wrote the signature—hey?" yelled Poore, almost tearing himself from the grasp of old Hays. "Lost again, by G—d!" he continued, striking his hand furiously on his forehead. "What a d—d fool I've been to give in and own up; I might have frightened old Carter, if I had waited a little longer, and cheated you all. I guess he would have said the check was good in order to save his son; but it's all up, do your worst, but I'll have a little revenge shortly," and Poore laughed again like a fiend.

At this moment, the elder Carter entered the room. He started at seeing the scene around him, and when the president drew him aside, showed him the check, and informed him of all that occurred, he would have sunk on the floor overcome by his emotions, had he not been supported to a chair into which he dropped, palsied in every limb, and with his eyes almost bursting from their sockets in the gaze of horror which they fixed upon Poore.

"Aye, old fellow, look at me well," exclaimed Poore, "you've come too late, old gentleman; if you had come sooner I might have whispered something in your ear that would have put a stop to this, but it's all up; by some infernal means they've found out all; whoever it was that saw me in that room with your son will swear to him, so it's no go. But old fellow, if I'm caged I've my revenge at any rate; look at me well. I'm the same Job Poore, the little spawn of

poverty and vice that knocked your son down on the Battery; the same Poore who robbed you and whom you sent to prison, the same Poore who has been the shadow of your son ever since I came from prison; his shadow, his friend, Count Van Horn, his companion in revels, his second in duels, his brother in forgery, aye, forgery, that's the word, old fellow, and State prison is the next one which follows it, ha! ha! ha!"

Mr. Carter dropped senseless from the chair, and Poore, struggling and cursing, was borne off to the jail in the Park.

While the above scene was passing in the bank, Frederick Carter had waited impatiently for Poore on the corner of Broad and Wall-streets. He had followed Poore at a distance, saw him enter the bank, and he had then returned to the place appointed for the meeting. The moments, however, rolled on, Poore did not make his appearance, and Carter began to grow uneasy. He paced the pavement up and down and round the corner, until he felt that his movements were attracting attention, and if Poore did not come soon, he must leave and trust to some other opportunity of seeing him. But onward the time passed and Carter was still alone. His uneasiness now increased to a feeling of alarm, and with an oppressive dread over his mind that something had gone wrong, he turned his steps towards the house of Nancy Harvey, in Chapel-street.

Nancy Harvey met Carter at the door, and with a gay laugh she handed to him a letter, saying—

"Here, Carter, is a letter from the old man; I made bold to open it, he's come round. Now go and see him, come the repentant over him, get some money and then come back to me and we'll have a fine time."

Carter took the letter, read it through, thrust it into his pocket, knocked his hand on his forehead frantically, and rushed out of the house like a madman.

"Well, I wonder what's out now, the man acts as if he was crazy," said Nance, as she shut the door and retired into the parlor.

The letter which produced such an effect upon Carter, was the one of forgiveness from his parents, which our readers will recollect, at the close of our last chapter, the elder Carter promised his wife he would send early next morning. He had done so before he was summoned, as we have seen, to the bank.

As Frederick Carter hastened, or rather flew along the street towards his father's house, his brain seemed on fire. The kind words of his father's letter had touched him, and melted the nature already blunted by vice, and fast hardening into the adamant of crime. And now as he hastened, or rather flew along the street, remorse and fear, like

some fiery sirocco, seemed to fill the air around him, and to stifle him with its burning breath. Madly he rung the bell, and with wild and haggard looks, he rushed into the parlor where his mother was sitting.

"Mother!" he exclaimed, throwing himself at her feet, "forgive me; I am a wretch, I—"

What further he would have said was interrupted by the entrance of his father, followed by Jacob Hays, the High Constable.

"Too late! too late! officer, do your duty. Oh, God! oh, God!" and Mr. Carter as he spoke covered his face with his hands.

Mrs. Carter had fainted.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE VAMPIRE AND THE SPINSTER.

THE course of our narrative now leads us to the abode of Miss Arabella Green, spinster, and one of the ruling members of the Female Missionary and Dorcas Society. Our readers will recollect Miss Arabella Green, as the somewhat antiquated maiden who failed in her designs on the heart of Jacob Plausilman, just previous to his financial flight, but who collected the sum of fifty dollars from him in order to support and educate a little converted Hindoo who was to bear his name. The reader will also remember her on a visit to the pictures of Adam and Eve, when she expressed her horror of the taste in the fine arts which could tolerate such an exhibition, but which she, nevertheless, was among the foremost to patronize with her presence.

The dwelling of Miss Arabella Green, where she resided along with her mother, was a substantial, comfortable-looking brick house, and well, if not richly, furnished throughout. Miss Arabella Green, when we now, again, bring her before our readers, had recently lost her father, who had been a rich and penurious provision dealer, and who left to his daughter the whole bulk of his fortune, subject only to the maintenance of her mother, who was already far advanced in years and in a fair way, in consequence of much infirmity, of soon following her husband to the grave. Had the old man died before Jacob Plausilman made his financial exit, it is probable that the prospects of Miss Arabella Green would have touched the heart of Plausilman, converted the spinster into Mrs. Plausilman, saved the elder Mr. Carter some thousands of dollars, and Wall-street the unpleasant lesson in finance which it received at the hands of Jacob Plausilman. Affairs, however, did not take this turn, and up to the time of her father's

death, Miss Arabella Green, notwithstanding her zeal for the heathen, set her cap in vain for the unmarried deacons and other staid widower and bachelor members of the Wall-street church. There were doubtless plenty of the above-described persons who would have taken compassion on the maiden state of Miss Green, even before her father's death, had they known how rich old Green really was. But he lived meanly, did not trouble the church much with his presence, and even the members of his own household, much less the world at large, knew very little of his pecuniary circumstances. When, however, death claimed him, and the truth, which Miss Green herself was not backward in spreading, came out, that lady suddenly rose in importance, and began to be considered a matrimonial investment in the spinster line, much above par and likely to excite a brisk bidding.

Miss Green herself was by no means insensible of her new dignities, and even went so far, although her penuriousness almost equalled that of her deceased father, as to launch out into considerable expense in order that she might wear her honors becomingly. She bought new carpets and sailed into the church arrayed in a dashing silk gown and flaring bonnet, which commanded a large share of observance, if they did not challenge admiration. Miss Green also hired a waiting maid to aid her in the duties of the toilet, and the old parlors, which in the days of the deceased Mr. Green rarely received much company, now shone every night in the glory of a small complement of wax candles, lighting up to advantage the features and person of Miss Arabella Green, who nightly held a levee to receive the various aspirants to her hand who had so suddenly entered the lists to gain it. But it is time that we take a look more particularly at Miss Green in her new estate.

It was the evening of the day on which Poore and Carter had been arrested for forgery, and Miss Arabella Green was in her dressing-room, attended by her maid, Rosa. Miss Green stood before her dressing-glass, adjusting a variously colored turban over two immense puffs of black hair, which jutted out on either side of her low forehead like a pair of cushions. The hair was very black and glossy, and evidently had its original growth on a soil very different from that whereon it at present seemed to sprout. Miss Green smiled and simpered as she looked in the glass, and twisted and turned her turban. It is probable that she smiled with satisfaction at her own appearance as reflected in the glass, but her maid Rosa also saw the reflected smile and face, and seeing that the face was very long, sharp, and fallow, and that the smile which parted the mouth ran very abruptly against an infinite number of wrinkles in the cheeks, the

maid Rosa laughed to herself and thought that the vanity of some old people was very wonderful. But Rosa made no outward show of her thoughts; she only the more busily occupied herself in arranging some mysterious little saucers on the dressing-table, and directing the attention of her mistress toward them.

"Oh, you wicked thing," said Miss Arabella Green, but Miss Arabella Green at the same time put her finger into one of the saucers, and the next moment there was a glow of the rose on each of her withered cheeks.

"Now, a little touch of the white," said Rosa, and the next moment, with the combined efforts of the maid and the mistress, the yellow surface of Miss Green's complexion of antiquity had assumed somewhat the fair whiteness of youth. The wrinkles were filled up, something in the shape of a curve of ivory tipped with gold was introduced into the mouth, a last twist was given to the turban, and Miss Arabella Green, spinster, was made up for the evening.

"Now mind, Rosa," said Miss Green, with dignity and a slight frown on her brow, as she turned from her glass and prepared to descend into the parlor, "now mind, not a word of this to a living soul," and the lady pointed to the saucers as she spoke, "or I will discharge you at once without a character."

"Oh, never fear, Ma'am," answered Rosa, "I've lived with too many ladies; I'm as mum as the grave; but who, if I may be so bold, Ma'am, may you be expecting to-night; Deacon Smith or Elder Brown?"

"Pshaw, you little fool; do you think I would take so much pains for either of those wheezing old men? no, Rosa; I expect Slipper Vampire, Esq., the famous Slipper Vampire, the celebrated lawyer, who has just joined our church and promises to become one of its main pillars."

"Oh dear! oh dear! who would have thought it," exclaimed the waiting maid, with a lively voice, and clapping her hands as she spoke.

"What do you mean, insolent?" said Miss Green, turning sharply on the girl, "is there anything strange in it? I flatter myself that any one might be proud of an alliance with Miss Arabella Green," and that lady, as she spoke, gave to her figure an extra altitude of dignity, and descended to the parlor.

"There will be plenty that will jump to have a finger in your money bags, at any rate, you old, dried up, hypocritical old maid," said Rosa to herself as she followed her mistress, and went down to the kitchen to meet Jeremiah Savage, the young watchman on that beat, who promised that night to pop in a moment and see Rosa, and take a bite of supper with her.

"Mother," said Miss Arabella Green to her aged and palsied parent, who, in second childishness, was hobbling about the parlors, now taking hold of the candlesticks, and now endeavoring to re-arrange the chairs, and in fact, fingering everything that came in her way, "mother, you had better go up stairs and get into bed; it's high time for one of your years."

This was said in a tone of voice not very affectionate, and the old lady looked up at her daughter with an expression of countenance in which a stare of wonder struggled with a gaze of reproach. Her lips for a moment quivered, as if she would have addressed her daughter with severity, but the effort seemed beyond her powers, and with a hobbling gait, leaning on a crutch, and unassisted by her daughter, she left the room. While Miss Arabella Green is waiting in her parlor for the appearance of Slipper Vampire, Esq., we will take a retrospective glance at the career of that gentleman since we last introduced him to our readers.

Since Slipper Vampire last figured in the scenes of our narrative, his legal career has been onward. Although his legal tactics were founded on the tricks, the technicality, and all the underhand subterfuges of the law, prosperity has attended him, and money to a considerable amount has been his reward. And with the clients and the money, has come the wish or rather the intention to give himself a position in honorable society. The only means to do this was through hypocrisy, and therefore Slipper Vampire became a very devout attendant at church, and from a devout attendant became an outwardly punctilious member. He happened to select the Wall-street brick church for the theatre of his religious operations, and in doing so, he happened to cast his eyes on Miss Arabella Green, as she sat upright in the weeds of her mourning, just after her lamented father's death. Slipper Vampire had heard of old Mr. Green. Some deeds of property belonging to that old gentleman had in fact passed through his hands, and therefore when Slipper Vampire looked on Miss Arabella Green in church, he thought of the title deeds of her father which he had seen in his office, and the conjunction of Miss Green and the deeds seemed pleasant to his fancy. So very pleasant did it seem, that he determined to bring the conjunction of the deeds and Miss Green in strict conjunction with his own person by means of matrimony. By so doing, Slipper Vampire reasoned that he would not only gain wealth, but gain a most respectable position through his union with one who had so long been a female pillar of the church. It would cement also, on a strong foundation, the other pillar of the church which he was fast raising in his own person. Thus it was with Slipper Vampire when Miss

Arabella Green waited for him in her parlor. He had visited her but twice before, had grown each time more warm in his devotion, and this evening, hoping that the crisis would come, Miss Arabella Green had dressed her charms, as we have seen, with more art than the church allowed, in order to excite Mr. Slipper Vampire to the proper point of admiration. Miss Arabella Green had been much taken with Mr. Slipper Vampire, arising from the fact that her nature, like his, was of the order called sharp. She need not, however, have exerted herself to make her outward appearance charming to her suitor. He would have knelt at her feet if her skin had resembled parchment, and if the hair above it had been as grey as the dust of ages on the records of the Court of Chancery. But Miss Arabella Green was vain, and placed the admiration of Vampire to the account of her person and not to that of her money.

"Miss Green was not compelled to wait long for the appearance of her suitor. He came at an early hour of the evening, and his gracious salute having been responded to in the most impressive manner, Vampire took a seat close to Miss Green and commenced the small talk which he knew so well how to employ on such occasions.

"What an edifying discourse our clergyman gave us last Sunday, so full of scriptural truth, and withal so kind and loving in its tone to all the human race," said Slipper Vampire, and as he spoke, his hard features seemed to unroll their knots into a sort of indescribable bland solemnity, which appeared perfectly charming to his companion.

"Yes," sighed Miss Arabella Green, "and such a delightful text, 'Love ye one another,' oh, it was very edifying," and Miss Arabella Green sighed again.

"Love! love!" exclaimed Slipper Vampire, Esq., as he took into his the unresisting hand of Miss Arabella Green, and speaking in a deeply impressive voice, "love! but why should I hesitate? your charms, your virtues, Miss Green, Arabella, my dear Arabella, may I call you, have long been the conquerors of my heart, will you be mine, may I call you wife; you know me, know my position, will you make me the happiest of men?" and Slipper Vampire looked up with his keen, grey little eyes, into the equally as grey little eyes of Miss Green, as if his life depended on her answer.

"Yes," was the answer faintly but distinctly murmured, and as Vampire hastened to seal the compact with a kiss, the lady gently put him away, saying, "Not now, I am confused, embarrassed, agitated, spare my blushes."

Mr. Slipper Vampire was a considerate man, and he spared the blushes. The kiss was not given, or perhaps some of the blushes might have remained on Slipper

Vampire's lips. But Slipper Vampire cared not for the kiss, because he had made what he considered a good levy on the money. Slipper Vampire soon after went to his home, satisfied with himself and the fortune in view before him, and Miss Arabella Green retired to her bed-room.

"Going to be married at last," she said to herself as she laid aside her hair and turban, took from her mouth the curve of ivory tipped with gold, and washing her face, prepared to go to bed. "Thank God for all his mercies," were the last words she uttered as she sank upon her pillow.

When Slipper Vampire returned home, he found a visitor in the person of Mr. John Carter, who had sought him first at his office and then at his house, where he awaited his return. Mr. Carter was much agitated, and proceeded in a trembling voice to lay before Vampire the whole of the particulars of the arrest of his son and Job Poore for forgery, as we have already narrated them in our last chapter.

"Oh, don't be cast down, my dear sir," was the answer of Vampire, in a lively tone, "we'll endeavor to fix all that; I have seen many a worse case, sir, and yet Slipper Vampire has carried his client through; but it will take money, my dear sir—can do nothing without money."

"You may have thousands," responded Carter, "only clear my son; I was too late to prevent his exposure, the only thing that now remains to be done is to save him from a prison," and while he was speaking, Mr. Carter slipped a check for a large amount into the hands of Vampire.

Vampire took the check, slipped it into his pocket-book, as if he was not conscious that he was handling anything of importance, and then said:

"Mr. Carter, your son shall be saved from prison; take my word for it, and now go home and put your mind at rest."

Mr. Carter went home to dream of his son's awful situation, and Slipper Vampire, Esq., went to bed to dream of the money bags of Miss Arabella Green.

The next morning, the arrest of Frederick Carter and Job Poore, for forgery on John Carter, was the theme of all the newspapers, the subject of conversation in all circles of society. It was particularly so with a small knot of men, who about the middle of the day were taking a lunch and drink in an oyster saloon in Broad-street, just out of Wall. The individuals who composed this group were old Henry Moriarty, Jack Pufferty, Bill Crane, and a few others of kindred spirits and habits.

"Well, who would have thought it?" exclaimed Jack Pufferty, in the finest notes of his treble voice, "who would have thought that Frederick Carter would have committed forgery on his father, but I

CHAPTER XXIX.

A FEW SOCIAL TABLEUX.

thought it d—d strange when he pressed me so hard the other day to lend him some money."

"That woman Nance Harvey has ruined him, that's my opinion," said old Moriarty, as he turned off a brandy punch and affectionately stroked his ample stomach.

"If he had followed your example and not confined himself to one woman, he would not have been ruined; eh, Moriarty? that's your meaning I take it," said Bill Crane with a laugh, which was echoed by all around.

Moriarty's answer was interrupted by the loud ringing of the fire bells, and the entrance of a person into the saloon who brought the intelligence that Washington Hall was on fire. A general adjournment of the party to the scene of the fire was proposed and carried.

When they arrived on the corner of Chamber-street and Broadway, they found the way blocked up by an immense crowd, and Washington Hall, the scene of their former revels, almost burned to the ground. The building had burst into a flame in the middle of the day, from what cause it was not exactly known, and the destruction was very rapid. In a short space of time naught but the walls, which were very solid, remained.

While Pufferty, Crane and old Moriarty were mingled with the crowd, and intent on watching the progress of the fire, a well dressed individual came carelessly up behind Pufferty, and with a movement quick as lightning transferred the contents of Pufferty's pocket into his own, and was just about to perform the same operation on the pockets of old Moriarty, when a grasp was laid on his shoulder, and the voice of old Hays exclaimed—

"Not this time, Mr. Silk Ned, I've caught you in the act at last, come along."

Pufferty and Moriarty turned at the same time to see what was the matter, when Pufferty, recognizing the prisoner in the hands of the officer, exclaimed:

"Count Gullodino, by all that's holy!"

"Or alias Silk Ned, Mr. J. J. Pufferty, at your service," said the man, with the greatest nonchalance. "Count Horn, alias Job Poore," he continued, "the other second who was with us at the Hoboken duel, is now in prison with his friend Carter on a charge of forgery, ha! ha!" and Silk Ned, with a scornful laugh on his lips, was led off to prison.

THE arrest of Frederick Carter and Job Poore on the charge of forgery, created universal excitement throughout the city. The papers teemed with long and various accounts of the transaction, and on the part of the mass of the citizens, there was the greatest astonishment with reference to the connection of young Carter with the affair. They could not make out how one, the son of a wealthy and influential citizen, should be leagued with a ruffian like Poore, to defraud his own father. The mass of the citizens of New York did not know the depth of degradation to which Carter had descended; they had heard indeed that he was wild and dissipated, but they did not dream that there was any disposition on his part to plunge into crime, or that there was any temptation through want of money, to lead him to do so. When, therefore, the character of Poore was published to the world as an old offender and convict, and his connection with Carter stated in the same paragraph, the community generally were not only astounded, but puzzled. As for those who have been more or less mingled with his career in the pages of this narrative, a glance at some of them on the morning after the arrest, will best show in what light they viewed the affair.

In the new and richly furnished house to which Edward Masterton had taken his beautiful bride soon after their marriage, the young wife and husband sat at breakfast on the morning above referred to. Mary Masterton, as we must now call her, presented a perfect picture of female beauty, as attired in a loose but graceful morning dress, she presided at the head of her own table, and it was evident that her husband thought so, for his eyes at intervals sought hers with the most tender glances, as he received the cup from her hand, or paid to her himself those little attentions belonging to an unceremonious morning meal. The meal was unceremonious in every respect, as all household breakfasts where love reigns, should be. Masterton lived in a style becoming his fortune and position, and although himself and wife, his mother and his sister, composed all the members of his family, the house was full of servants, and on proper occasions the full etiquette of society was preserved. But at the breakfast table, the attendance of servants was dispensed with, and the four whom we have enumerated, together with what guests there might be in the house, met sociably around the morning board, helped themselves, while in the intervals of chat and the business of eating, Masterton read the morn-

ing papers. On the morning in question, the elder Mrs. Masterton and her daughter, Lucy, were absent on a short visit to the house of Francis Meek, in Beekman-street, and Masterton and his wife were consequently alone.

The cup of coffee at the elbow of Masterton, had remained untouched for a longer time than usual, so deeply was his attention excited by some article in the paper which he was perusing. He had not indeed for some moments spoken to his wife, who, with a slight curve playing about her lips, and fast forming itself into a pretty little pout, was intently regarding him.

"Why, Edward," she at length said, "you must find something wonderfully interesting in that paper? Your coffee is cold, and your wife has been waiting patiently for at least two minutes to hear the sound of your voice, or to see you indulge in a little eating. I don't object to your reading newspapers at breakfast, but you must only read a little at a time, eat a little, and talk a great deal to me; that's the way for a good husband, especially when he is just married."

Edward Masterton did not immediately reply, but read on a moment, as if to reach the end, and then with a grave voice, as pointing with his finger to a particular paragraph, he held the paper towards his wife, he said:

"Read that, my dear, it is terrible. I was prepared to hear most anything bad concerning him, but now that the end has at last come, I must confess I am shocked."

Mary Masterton took the paper and read the article which her husband had pointed out. It was the one containing an account of the scene of the arrest of Carter and Poore. The article preceded one which contained an account of the burning of Washington Hall and the arrest of Silk Ned, alias Count Gullodino, for picking the pocket of Jack Pufferty. The face of Mary Masterton became pale with emotion as she read, for the articles brought to painful recollection the passages of her own life with which Carter as well as Count Gullodino were connected. It was some moments before she could compose herself to speak, and when she did so, she said in a low tone:—

"It is, as you say, terrible, Edward, but the judgment of Heaven will come sooner or later; but, Edward, will they send him to prison, and will that terrible affair in which I was so near the victim, come out before the world on the trial?" and Mary Masterton shuddered as she spoke.

"Calm yourself, my dear," answered Masterton, as he rose from the table and approaching his wife, encircled her in his arms and bent down upon her a look full of the most tender love; "calm yourself, my dear,

and fear not. I will be at the trial if indeed the trial comes on, and will take care that nothing unconnected with the case itself shall be revealed. But, my wife, I do not believe that Carter or his accomplice will ever be brought to trial. Carter's father has too much money, and Slipper Vampire, the most subtle and unprincipled lawyer in New York, is ready to take his money, and bring all his legal batteries of trick, technicality and managing to bear in favor of his client. Have no fear, dearest, and although for the sake of justice, I hope he and Poore may be brought to trial and sent to prison, yet at the trial I will take care of the feelings of my beloved wife."

"But Count Gullodino is to be tried also," returned Mary, "and you know I have told you of my being thrown into his company at the Springs."

"Oh, never mind that," was the answer of the husband in a gay tone, "even if the whole tour to the Springs as far as Count Gullodino, alias Silk Ned, is concerned should come out, it will not be the first exposé where respectable people have been thrown into the society of scoundrels under the title of foreign Counts. It is a common thing in New York society at the present day, and those only have need to fear the exposure who have made lions of the Counts and fools of themselves, among which number I do not count my wife or her family."

The feelings of Mary Masterton were calmed by the words of her husband, and his kiss upon her brow as he departed to his business, brought a happiness to her heart which obliterated every other emotion that had recently agitated it.

On the same morning also, Mr. Dart read aloud to his wife and his daughter Clementina Dart, the account in the newspaper of the arrest of Carter, Poore and Count Gullodino, alias Silk Ned.

"Well, here's a pretty mess of business for old Carter—I pity him. Why the d—! didn't he send such a scape-goat of a son off, somewhere out of the way, before dissipation brought him to such an end? But I suppose he and him out of the way now. What a co. was that scoundrel that young Carter must have been; thank God I haven't got such a son."

"What a wretch he must have been, you mean, Mr. Dart," answered Mrs. Dart, and her eyes darted fire as she spoke, "to think of his introducing this Poore to us as Count Van Horn, when he knew he was a common thief and ruffian; for my part I could tear his eyes out. I hope they will send him to prison with his friend Van Horn, and keep them there the rest of their lives."

"Pa," said Miss Clementina Dart, with considerable flutter in her voice and manner, "if they have the trial in court, won't it

come out about Van Horn's paying his address to me? If it does, it will be awful to have it in the newspapers."

"And I shall faint or go into hysterics, or something worse; I know I shall. Mr. Dart, I think we had better take a trip to Europe until this business is over," was the exclamation of Mrs. Dart, when the words of her daughter first brought the probability that the affair of Van Horn with their family might be made public.

"Pooh! pooh!" answered Mr. Dart, "nonsense; what do I care if it does come to light. Didn't I kick him out of the house; that will have to be told too. Mrs. Dart, I shall not go to Europe. It's too much trouble and too much expense, and besides we might run against some more Counts there. No, no; we will stay at home, and let them tell the whole story in the court for all I care," and the family of the Darts separated until dinner-time—Mr. Dart to take a turn down town to hear the news, Mrs. Dart to read the last new novel, and Miss Clementina Dart to dress herself, preparatory to promenading Broadway.

Our next scene on the eventful morning in question is at a fashionable barber shop in Maiden Lane, where old Moriarty, Jack Pufferty, Bill Crane and old Judge Griller, whom we introduced in the commencement of this narrative, are waiting their turns to have their heads and chins operated on by a short, portly, good-natured French knight of the razor, whom all of his customers addressed by the name of Colonel. In what army he was colonel, or whether he bore the title only on account of his valiant assaults on the bristling beards of the human race, was not exactly known or very carefully inquired into. Certain it is, that the hardest beards on the chins of the great men of New York came there to be dealt with, and the fame of Col. Ganiort was abroad in all the city.

"What an extremely unpleasant business is that Carter forgery affair," said old Moriarty, as Col. Ganiort sponged off his face with Cologne water, applied a little black pomatum to his grey eyebrows, and adjusted his glossy black scratch on his bald head. "Very unpleasant indeed, pity the young man did not take some good advice which I gave him a few weeks since. I saw he was getting in a bad way, and gave him good advice which he ought to have followed, and then this unpleasant affair would not have happened; but young men will be young men, and I'm afraid that woman of his, as I have prophesied, has been the ruin of him."

"Harry! Harry!" exclaimed old Judge Griller, "if your advice to Carter was anything about women, it must have been excellent, your own business in that line is enough to make you an oracle. What did

you tell him, Harry? come, let us hear, for your advice must have been equal to your charity."

And every voice in the shop echoed, "yes, let us hear it by all means," and the voices were accompanied on all sides by a loud laugh.

At the bitter satire which was conveyed in this request, the cheek of the rich and hoary-headed old libertine did not betray the least symptom of a blush of shame or resentment. He only answered with a forced effort at a laugh:

"I gave him good advice, boys, good advice."

"Why, Pufferty," said Bill Crane, "they do say that Count Van Horn, alias Job Poore, introduced to you by Frederick Carter, got into you a few hundreds, and that was the reason of your duel with Carter, and that you had another Count—Count Gullodino, the same man now taken up as a pickpocket under the name of Silk Ned—with whom you traveled to Saratoga—for your second in the duel. Well, it is a funny business all round; one would have supposed that you could have told a sham Count from a false one, being such a traveled gentleman as you are."

"You are getting impertinent, Mr. Crane," exclaimed Mr. Jack Pufferty, in the highest treble of his voice, "and you had better drop the subject of conversation."

And the subject of conversation was dropped, after a few more general remarks to the effect that Carter had made a great fool of himself, and expressions of wonder what old Carter would do in the matter.

On the same morning also, but at rather a late hour, Nance Harvey, lounging on her sofa, also read the newspaper, and became aware of the situation of Poore and Carter. She did not, however, either faint or betray the least emotion of any kind. She simply let the paper fall upon the floor, and looking up at the ceiling in a listless, half-meditative manner, said to herself:

"Well, I have some comfort, whatever becomes of Mr. Frederick Carter. I of course can make no more out of him; but this house is mine, and there are plenty of old gulls, if not young ones, I can yet catch in my net; my charms are not gone by any means, and the only trouble is the exertion of entering on a new speculation, but there's no say 'die' to Nance Harvey, so Frederick Carter, good-bye, and now hurrah for a new lover," and Nance Harvey stretched herself and took a nap preparatory to the new designs that were running through her mind.

"Bless my soul," said Miss Arabella Green, when she read the paper and all that it contained about Carter and Poore. "Bless my soul! as I said when Jacob Plausilman, Carter's partner, went suddenly away with

other people's money, the wickedness of this world is great. What villains some men are. But I wonder Slipper Vampire did not tell me about this last night; he is a lawyer, and must have known all about it; but, innocent-hearted man that he is, perhaps he was too shocked himself with the enormity of the offence, to pain my ears concerning it," and Miss Arabella Green put on her bonnet, and went out to buy some flannel for the heathen. In crossing the street, she pushed aside a little bare-footed, poverty-stricken girl, who had been sweeping the crossings and held out her hand for a penny.

"Get out of the way, you dirty little beggar, or I'll call the police to take you up," said Miss Arabella Green, as she passed on her way.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE ESCAPE AND THE MURDER.

WHILE the news of the arrest of Poore and Carter created such an excitement, and was received by various personages of our narrative in the manner which we have described in our last chapter, the two culprits themselves remained in prison, awaiting examination. Our attention will be directed for the present towards Job Poore.

Job Poore sat in his prison cell, his elbows resting on his knees, and his face buried in his hands. Through the grated window of the cell, which opened on the yard of the Bridewell towards Broadway, a faint light streamed into the narrow apartment, and fell upon the bowed form of the felon. Poore seemed to feel the light as it streamed across him, for he raised his eyes towards the window, a smile passed over his haggard features, and he murmured to himself:

"The light of Heaven is sweet. Shall I never more behold it, free; or shall I die like a dog within the walls of a prison? Never! never! I'll make one more trial yet," and again he buried his face in his hands, and gave himself up to profound meditation.

There was deep silence in the cell for the space of at least half an hour, during which naught was heard, but the deep breathings of the prisoner, as motionless, like a statue, he sat, taxing his invention to discover how he could free himself from the bars of his prison.

The silence of the cell and the meditation of the prisoner were at length broken, by the door opening slowly on its hinges, and admitting a very demure-looking young man, with a basket on his arm.

"Hist," said, or rather intimated by a

motion of his finger, the young man as he entered, and Job Poore, who had lived too long a life of crime not to take a hint of the slightest nature, looked up with the most passive expression into the face of the new comer. But when the door had closed, and there seemed no chance of interruption, Job Poore said:

"Well, who the h—ll are you, sir, and what the d—l do you want with me?"

"Mr. Job Poore," was the answer, "you are not quite so smart as I thought you were. Look at me, look well; who am I?"

"Nancy Poore, my sister, by all that's holy; or rather Nancy Harvey, mistress of Frederick Carter, at your service," and Job Poore made a mock bow, after he had well scanned the features of his visitor.

"Yes, I am Nancy Harvey," returned the other, "and I have had something of a job to get admittance to you: but here I am. I told them I had a few little things for you to eat; but look here, I have a few other things beside," and Nancy Harvey, while she was speaking first, took out various little niceties to tempt the appetite, and then she placed a small package into the hands of Job Poore, which, without a word, he transferred to his bosom and fell to eating the luxuries, which had been brought to him, as if he had been famished for a month.

Nancy Harvey looked smilingly for a moment, and then said:

"Well, Job, I guess my time is up, and I might as well go. You have the means in your own hands, use them. Farewell," and the door again opened, and Nancy Harvey departed.

Job Poore, as soon as the door closed upon Nancy Harvey, scrutinized the package which she had left him, and he found it to contain a file and a bottle of aqua fortis. His face lighted up with joy as he looked upon it, and again he put it into his bosom with a self-satisfied smile, until the hour should arrive when he would deem it prudent to use the means put in his power to escape.

Night and darkness descended, and the soul of Poore was busy with the thoughts of his intended plan.

"Now for the trial," he said, as he roused himself up from the lethargy, in which he had for some hours been plunged, and unrolled the package which contained the file and aqua fortis, and several other articles, which the foresight of Nancy Harvey had supplied for his escape. "Now for the trial," and he commenced his work on the bars of the grating of his window.

Slowly the iron bars yielded to the influence of the file and the aqua fortis, and Poore had at length the satisfaction to see that every bar was severed, so as to allow

the free egress of his body through the window. A difficulty now presented itself which Poore had not thought of while he was busy with his file. On looking out of the window, which he was enabled to do by stretching his neck through the severed bars, Poore discovered that the window was too high to jump out of with safety, and that the walls beyond, over which he must pass to make good his escape, were as high as the window. Poore, however, was not discouraged. He tore his scanty bed clothes into strips, and by means of these he let himself down into the yard of the jail. He looked cautiously around, but no one seemed astir or on the watch in the yard, and therefore he took fresh courage. Looking up at the wall, he discovered that it was uneven, and that there were footholds on its surface, sufficient at least for the trial of a desperate man. Pulling off, therefore, his shoes and stockings, he attempted the scaling. After many and painful efforts he was successful, and he found himself on the top of the wall.

"Here goes," he said to himself, and made a spring as if for life or death on the other side.

Fortune, however, favored him, and he landed free and in safety in the Park.

"Now for Pete Flint's to find out the treachery," said Job, as drawing a long breath, he put on his shoes and stockings, which he had retained in his hand, and darted through Chambers-street into Chatham.

Pete Flint, landlord of the Cross Keys in Cherry-street, was alone in the little store-room back of his bar, which we have before described.

"Well, I ratherr think," said Pete Flint, "it is about time for me to vamose; that Carter and Poore business has done me up, and I'm going just about as fast as I can get off," and Pete Flint while he spoke, emptied sundry bags of money into a large and capacious carpet bag.

"Halloo! how are you?" exclaimed a rough voice, as Pete Flint emptied the last bag of his treasure, and the voice was followed by the entrance of Job Poore full in the face of the landlord of the Cross Keys.

"Good God," exclaimed Pete Flint, "how you scared me, Poore; dear Job Poore, what do you want?"

"Villain! wretch!" answered Poore. "You have betrayed me; disgorge, tell me all, or I'll strangle you," and as he spoke, Poore, as with a vice, grasped the throat of Pete Flint.

"Oh, let me up, for God's sake," gurgled the landlord of the Cross Keys, "and I'll tell you all."

The grasp of Poore was very tight on Pete Flint's throat, and his utterance was not very distinct.

"Well, I'll let you up. Speak out, and tell me all, or I'll kill you—I will, by G—d."

"Bess McCord—she came here—I didn't think any harm would come of it—I let her in behind the room where you were; she promised not to betray you. I thought it was only a lark of hers, or I wouldn't have done it, so help me God," and Pete Flint, as he thus delivered his justification, looked up imploringly into the face of Poore.

"Enough," answered Poore, and relaxing his bold grasp on the throat of the astonished landlord of the Cross Keys, he rushed out of the apartment and the house.

The room in the house, in the lane just out of Cherry-street, where we at first introduced Bess McCord to our readers, has since that time undergone many changes. Bess McCord had been amply rewarded by the family of the Darts for the exposure to them of Count Van Horn, alias Job Poore, and by the president and directors of the bank, to whom she exposed the forgery. Her room, which was when we first introduced our readers to it, squalid in appearance, now wore an air of comfort, and even of ease. Within it, seated on an arm chair, busily engaged in sewing, was Bess McCord, on the evening of the night when Poore made his escape from prison. There was a smile of content, and even of happiness, on her features, and her soul seemed satisfied with its first efforts of having endeavored to do right. Never in the whole course of her life, had she felt so much at peace with herself. She had come in contact with those who had applauded her for doing right, and the path of right had been opened to her vision with a strange and captivating coloring that she had never before dreamed of.

Let not the cynic smile at this with scorn and incredulity, for there are thousands in the world in the situation of Bess McCord, who, generated in vice, have but faint ideas of the beauty of virtue and right, and when the light of both dawns in upon their souls, look into a new world, and regard it as a fairy land of which they had never before dreamed.

Thus it was with Bess McCord, as she plied her needle. Never before had she felt so happy, and although the thought of the situation of Poore, whom she had once loved, was painful to her, yet she felt she was now in the path of right. The feeling of revenge, which had at first led her to thwart the evil designs of Poore, had passed away, the little seed of good instruction and counsel given to her by those who had already become interested in her welfare, had fallen on good soil, and was already growing in her soul.

The hour passed on and Bess McCord laid aside her needle, and retired to rest.

Midnight came, and through the window of her apartment, which could not boast of window blinds to shut out the light, the rays of a bright moon shone full on the face of the sleeping girl, as she lay motionless, with her lips half parted in a smile, as if dreamland in all its beauty was before her in the hour of her deep and profound slumber.

And while the moon was shining on the sleeping girl, Poore, with the spirit of a fiend raging in his breast, was rushing down Cherry-street. He paused a moment at the entrance of the lane, looked cautiously around, and then directed his steps to the house of Bess McCord. He did not attempt to enter the door. He knew the premises well, and he knew that even if he gained admittance into the hall, Bess McCord's door would be locked so that he could not open it without disturbing her. He wished also to reconnoiter before he entered. He entered, therefore, a small gate to a narrow alley, which ran along the side of the house, and which was divided from the back yard of the house only by a low board fence.

Stealthily Poore crept down the alley, climbed over the fence, gained the roof of the stoop of the house, and stood before the window of the room where Bess McCord was sleeping. Across the window, a small muslin curtain was drawn, but its proportions were not such as to shut out complete observation of the room within. A rent also in the center of the curtain favored Poore, and it required but very little straining of his eyes, to discover that Bess McCord was quietly sleeping on her bed, and that there was none else in the room. Poore was too experienced a burglar, and too well acquainted with the window, to be long in boring a hole through the sash and lifting the nail which held the window down. This he performed noiselessly, and then raising the window, jumped into the room like a cat. Approaching the bed he gazed a moment at the sleeping form before him, and even the fierce frown which had been on his features softened into a half repentant look of pity. But the fiend again stirred within him, and nerved his hand. Raising the bed clothes, he pressed them tight across the mouth of the wretched girl, and she awoke—awoke to struggle without noise in the death grip of her murderer. Remorselessly Poore pursued his work, gazing fiercely into the face of his victim, and pressing tighter his smothering engine of destruction. Fainter and fainter grew the struggles of poor Bess McCord, until at last they ceased, and the livid face and motionless form told the destroyer that the victim of his vengeance was dead.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE MAGISTRATE'S COURT AND MOTHER GHoulLE'S COTTAGE.

It was the morning appointed for the examination of Frederick Carter and Job Poore, the forgers. The court-room was crowded with an eager and excited multitude, and a sea of eyes was turned towards the prisoner's box. Frederick Carter was there alone, pale and haggard in feature, his arms folded on his breast, and his eyes bent on the floor before him. Not far from him, at the lawyer's table, was seated Slipper Vampire, Esq., his little grey eye twinkling with a bright, keen expression, as it glanced now around the court and then on the District Attorney and Edward Masterton, his assistant, who occupied places at the table opposite that of Vampire. The elder Mr. Carter was also seated at the table, his elbows resting upon it, and his face buried in his hands. As thus bowed with shame and sorrow, he sat in that crowded court, a marked object for all to look at, the tremor which shook his whole frame gave evidence to the most casual observer of the deep agony which he suffered.

Amid the crowd which looked upon the scene, and which was composed on this occasion of the highest and lowest of New York society, old Moriarty, Jack Pufferty, Bill Crane, and Judge Griller, were prominent personages. By some means or other, they had obtained admittance within the bar, and there they sat, their equanimity in no manner disturbed by the fact that they had once been intimate with the prisoner and his father, but on the contrary, they jested and laughed together in an under tone, and exhibited what is called in the dictionary of men of the world a well-bred indifference under circumstances which should have called forth their deepest sympathy.

Far back, on the rear benches of the court-room, other eyes also were gazing and other ears open in order not to lose neither by sight nor by hearing one jot of all that should transpire in the case. The eyes and the ears belonged to Nancy Harvey, and old Mother Ghoulle whom our readers will recollect as the mistress of the Bower Cottage, on the Bloomingdale road. These two personages maintained their ground valiantly in the throng of rough men who pressed around and squeezed them in, and who accompanied the pressing and squeezing with sundry jests not of the most refined order. But Nancy Harvey and Mother Ghoulle were not afraid either of the tongues or elbows of men, and returned the pushes of the one and the words of the other with a principal and interest of the same kind, which soon left them masters of the field.

The hammer of the magistrate sounded, Old Hays knocked his staff of office energetically on the floor, and there was silence in the court-room.

"May it please the Court," said the District Attorney, "I have to say that Poore, one of the prisoners charged with this forgery, has made his escape during the night, and that one of our witnesses was found murdered in her bed this morning. We shall have, therefore, to postpone examination for the present."

The announcement of the District Attorney produced a thrill of surprise and horror throughout the room. Even old Moriarty seemed shocked, and Nancy Harvey and Mother Ghoulle exchanged glances in which there was no slight appearance of terror. The most unmoved persons in the whole assembly were Slipper Vampire, Esq., and Frederick Carter. The eye of the former twinkled brighter than ever, while the latter retained the posture he had assumed, and moved no muscle, either of his face or his form.

"Of course," said Slipper Vampire, "of course, your honor, the case must be adjourned, we have not the slightest objection; but in the meantime I move that my client, Mr. Frederick Carter, be admitted to bail," and with a bland voice and gracious manner Slipper Vampire went on to state his reasons.

His motion was opposed by the District Attorney, but it was one of those cases in which wealth and respectability soften the law into its most amiable moods, and before the crowd could well gather all the conversation between the lawyers and the Court, Frederick Carter was bailed by unquestionable securities in a comparatively small sum, and the case was adjourned a week hence.

"Short work! short work, boys! they made of the examination; bad business that about the young woman; wonder who she was? the examination ought to have gone on and then perhaps we might have heard. Justice is lax, very lax," exclaimed Old Moriarty, rubbing his hands and looking much disappointed as he issued with his companions from the court-room.

"Yes, Harry," answered Judge Griller, "there is no mistake about the laxity of justice; but all you care about its laxity in this case is, that you cannot hear the story about the young woman; but keep up your spirits, Harry, it will all come out next time perhaps, and I have no doubt it will be rich. They say she was Job Poore's mistress, so of course the story must be rich."

"Why, you don't say so?" chimed in Jack Pufferty. "Well, it strikes me the trial altogether will be a rich one if it ever comes on. Carter had a mistress too, and I'll bet you, Crane, if you dare, she's mixed up in it too."

"Thank you," answered Crane, "guess I shan't bet to-day; lent us all go take a drink, I'm dry. The heat of that court-room was intolerable."

And with such remarks, the former boon companions of Frederick Carter adjourned to the nearest saloon, to discuss the matter further over a convivial glass.

"So far, all right," said Slipper Vampire, as soon as he, the elder Mr. Carter and his son, had reached the privacy of Vampire's office. "So far, all right; now draw me a check for the amount of bail which your securities have justified in, and as for the rest, is everything ready for the departure of this young man?" and Vampire, as he thus addressed the elder Mr. Carter, pointed with his finger towards Frederick, who had thrown himself moodily into a chair in one corner of the room.

"Here is the check," answered briefly the elder Mr. Carter, as he pulled one out for the required amount, and handing it to Vampire, he continued—"All is right, and he shall embark to-night."

"Good," returned Vampire, "give the law the slip, it is his only salvation; but excuse me, I'll trouble you for five hundred dollars more counsel fee in this business, which you must acknowledge is rather a delicate affair."

Again did Mr. Carter fill up a check and put it into the hands of Vampire, who smiled blandly as he grasped it and bowed his clients out of the office.

Night descended, and four persons with features closely muffled stepped into a small boat at one of the wharves near the Battery, and were rowed out to a ship lying at anchor in the middle of the stream. These persons were the elder Mr. Carter and his wife, their son Frederick, and a servant. All night the ship rested still and motionless on the water, but with the first light of day a fresh breeze sprung up, the sails were set, and Frederick Carter, a fugitive from justice, accompanied by his parents, left the shores of New York. To escape the grasp of justice, he followed in the footsteps of his old partner, Jacob Plausilman, and to escape the hearing of the scandal which the whole affair would bring upon them, his parents accompanied him. The elder Mr. Carter had made all the arrangements for the departure under the advice of that pillar and ornament to the legal profession, Slipper Vampire, Esq. Slipper Vampire, therefore, did not wonder or consider it anything extraordinary when intelligence was brought to him next day that the house of John Carter was closed and the family gone to Europe, neither did the whole community of New York when they obtained the same information, evince any greater wonder than Slipper Vampire had done.

"On the same night when Frederick Car-

ter and his parents embarked in the little boat at the Battery, and almost at the same time, another person, likewise closely muffled up, was just stepping in another boat within range of a low black schooner which laid at anchor not far behind the ship in which Carter and his parents had taken refuge. The solitary person referred to was not, however, successful in his meditated voyage. While one foot pressed the shore, and the other was in the act of touching the side of the boat, a rough hand was laid upon the shoulder of the voyager, and a deep voice at the same time exclaimed:

"Not quite yet, Mr. Peter Flint; you're wanted before you go on this little pleasure excursion which you have been planning," and the grasp which had been laid upon his shoulder was turned into a jerk, which brought Mr. Peter Flint (for the intended voyager was no other than the landlord of the Cross Keys) face to face with Jacob Hays, High Constable, and two assistants who were with him.

Pete Flint seemed at first inclined to resist, but when he recognized the person of his assailant, he cowered before him, and said submissively:

"Lead on, Old Pete Flint follows."

"Yes," answered Hays, "but Old Pete Flint will have to do something more than follow. Pete Flint, where is Job Poore?"

"Why, how should I know. Isn't he in prison for forgery?"

"Pete Flint," answered Hays, with a voice of decision, "there is no use trying to humbug me. Job Poore has escaped. You must have seen him. Now, you know I have sundry matters against you that will jerk you, therefore speak out; tell me all you know, and it will be better for you if we catch him, if not Mr. Pete Flint, the State Prison and you are not very far apart."

Thus beset, Pete Flint made a merit of necessity, and told all concerning the interview between Poore and himself, with the particulars of which the reader is already acquainted.

"And have you no idea where he is?" asked Hays.

"No, except he is concealed at Nance Harvey's or Mother Ghoulle's."

"He's not at Nance Harvey's, for we have searched the house; but I never thought of Mother Ghoulle's, indeed I did not know that Poore ever had any connection with that establishment," answered Hays.

"D—d singular too, when you pretend to know everything," was the muttered exclamation of Pete Flint as he was escorted by the officers towards the Park.

Leaving Pete Flint secured at the jail, Hays procured a posse of men, and taking two of the carriages from the stand at the end of the Park, the party proceeded rapidly

to the cottage of Mother Ghoulle on the Bloomingdale road.

While the High Constable is in pursuit of Poore, we will take a glance backward at what has befallen that person since we left him.

We left Poore, at the end of our last chapter, standing over the dead body of Bess McCord, whom he had murdered. The murderer did not pause to look at his work. The approach of day warned him to begone, and he therefore commenced hurriedly to examine the bureau of his victim in order to find whatever money she might have possessed. His search was rewarded by the discovery of a small purse containing some ten dollars in silver, which, with a grim smile of satisfaction, he transferred to his pocket. On looking over the drawers, he also found a pistol, which he recognized as one which he had long before given to his mistress to protect herself in his absence, if any emergency should require it. On examining the pistol Poore found that it was loaded, and he consigned it to his pocket by the side of his money, saying to himself as he did so:

"I have two fast friends with me now, and now for flight."

Cautiously and noiselessly as he had entered, he leaped from the window out on the roof of the stoop, and from thence down into the alley, and left the place without being seen by any one.

As soon as he was clear of the city, Poore struck out into the fields and took the most unfrequented way up to Bloomingdale that he was able. Daylight had already dawned when he reached Mother Ghoulle's cottage. He gave a signal knock which he knew she would understand, and after some delay, he found himself, to his great relief, within the house.

Mother Ghoulle was a woman of strong nerves, but she started back terrified at the appearance of her visitor. His dress disordered and stained with mud and dirt—his face haggard—his eyes glaring and desperate, Mother Ghoulle looked at him a moment as if she was stupefied. His voice, however, soon called her to herself.

"Come, old mother," said he, forcing a laugh, "don't look as if you were scared to death—there is nothing the matter, only I've broke jail, and here I am. You must hide me until to-morrow, and in the meantime you must get me some other clothes and things to make good my escape; there now, don't say you won't, for I'll be d—d but you shall. I know enough to fix your future lodgings in the State Prison; so lead the way to the oak panel chamber and get me some breakfast. Nobody will dream that I'm here." And to the oak panel chamber where Carter once attempted the ruin of

Mary Meek, was Job Poore escorted by Mother Ghoulle.

The day passed and night came—the night when the Carters left New York for Europe, when Pete Flint tried to follow their example, but was prevented by the officers who were now on their way to Mother Ghoulle's cottage. Poore dreamed not of danger; he thought that for a little while at least, until she should make arrangements for him to leave the country, he was safe with Mother Ghoulle.

It was after midnight, and on the bed in the old oak panel chamber, Job Poore, with his pistol under his pillow, was buried in a profound sleep. His sleep had a terrible awakening. There was a crash of doors below, the shriek of a woman's voice, and the next moment, by the time he had grasped his pistol and sprung from his bed, his own door was burst open, and Jacob Hays, followed by several other officers, entered the room.

"Better yield quietly, Job, if you don't I'll wing you," said Hays, leveling his pistol at Poore.

Poore, with his own pistol half-raised, glared an instant at Hays and the officers, and then before they could prevent him, turned his weapon to his own breast and pulled the trigger.

The words, "I have cheated you this time, Old Hays. No prison or gallows for me," mingled, in a startling and defiant cry, with the report of a pistol, and Job Poore fell dead on the floor.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE END.

The curtain is falling on the scenes and characters of our narrative. The suicide of Job Poore and the flight of Frederick Carter caused the wheels of justice to stop in their revolutions towards bringing to trial the great case of Poore and Carter charged with forgery, and the public, which had looked forward to that event with so much excitement and interest, was disappointed. When the day, to which the preliminary examination of Poore and Carter had been adjourned, arrived, there was nothing to be done, but to forfeit the bail of the fugitive Carter. The bail was therefore forfeited, according to the forms of the law, in such cases made and provided, by the father of Frederick Carter. The securities on the bail bond paid the money like honorable men, as they were. Slipper Vampire, Esq., having given to them the requisite sum to do so, out of the funds intrusted to his care by the elder Mr. Carter, and having also paid to them a handsome bonus for their

trouble in the affair. Slipper Vampire, Esq., then buttoned up his pockets on the large remnant of the funds handed to him by the elder Mr. Carter, and the case of Frederick Carter, the surviving accused in the case of Poore and Carter charged with forgery on John Carter, was thrown, as thousands of similar cases before it have been thrown, into the great Golgotha of criminal charges untried on account of the forfeiture of bail—a Golgotha which has existed for ages in the rear of all criminal courts, and the surface of which is covered with the bleached bones of unavenged justice.

After the law had thus dropped the case, the public prolonged its memory to the extent of at least nine days, during which time it was the theme of the newspapers, and the topic of conversation throughout the whole country. In the death of poor Bess McCord, the public saw plainly the hand of Job Poore, and while some, possessed of right feelings, dropped a tear of sympathy over her fate, execrated the memory of her murderer, and regretted that suicide had robbed the law of its retribution, others, the stoical, the impassive men and women of the world, said, "Really, it is a very bad affair; but it is not very surprising that such a kind of woman should meet such a kind of death at the hands of such a kind of man; but what a pity it is that Poore killed himself—if he had only kept alive, we should have a rare trial for murder and forgery." They say that there were strange developments both in high life and low, which would come out on that trial. It is a great pity that the public must now lose them all." Thus the affair was canvassed by the community as a nine days' wonder, and then thrown out of sight, among the uncared-for dead of thousands of similar startling events, into the great Golgotha of public forgetfulness—a Golgotha fully equal in extent to the Golgotha of the criminal courts, and used by the public with equal frequency and facility.

From this disposal, by the law and the public, of the Poore and Carter murder and forgery cases, we turn to follow the steps of the fugitive Carter, and to trace the final fortunes of some of the other characters introduced into this narrative. We will begin with Slipper Vampire, Esq.

It was evening, the evening after the day when Slipper Vampire, Esq., had settled the forfeited bail bond of his client, Frederick Carter. Slipper Vampire was seated in the parlor of Miss Arabella Green. Miss Arabella Green herself was seated by the side of Slipper Vampire. Slipper Vampire smiled on Miss Arabella Green, and Miss Arabella Green smiled on Slipper Vampire. A disinterested party would not have described either of the smiles as very captivating ones. But whatever any one else

would have thought of the smiles, the parties themselves seemed mutually pleased with the radiations of each other's faces. They seemed to court each other with the same intensity of devotion and admiration, as if they had been, the one a young Apollo, and the other a budding Venus, and not a wiry-featured and iron-hearted elderly lawyer, and a withered, bony-souled spinster of an uncertain age, as they were. Marriage was yet to come, and they exhibited to each other in their faces, an amount of amiability, sufficient to make up for a long dearth of the same article, should a scarcity occur after the marriage was consummated.

"My dear Mr. Vampire," said Miss Arabella Green, in a voice which she meant to be impressively soft, but which bore no ill resemblance to the subdued workings of a file, "my dear Mr. Vampire; I have just finished reading in the paper your little speech in the affair of that odious wretch, Frederick Carter. Your speech is beautiful, but how can you undertake such cases, my dear Mr. Vampire; does the world think it all right for a lawyer to do so?"

"Of course, my dear Miss Green, the world thinks it right, or I should not do it. The world calls the profession of the law honorable, and the principle of the law is, that the lawyer is made for the client, guilty or innocent, for every one is supposed to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty; the lawyer is, therefore, the lawyer of none but persons supposed to be innocent, and his business is to defend them to the last, and the world considers him honorable in doing so, no matter what legal means he uses, or how black or vile the case may be. I should not have thus spoken at length on such a subject, when my heart is wholly taken up with its love for you, had you not been a woman of great sense and intelligence, and able to appreciate the philosophy of this subject, which some silly, over-righteous people cannot comprehend," and Slipper Vampire looked admiringly at Miss Green, as he spoke.

"You flatter me," was the answer of Miss Green. "I am thoroughly convinced, my dear Mr. Vampire, although I have never doubted you did right as a lawyer; for no longer ago than this morning, I said to Clementina Dart, who called you a disreputable lawyer, merely out of envy of me, that you were a barrister (that's the word I used) of distinction, and at the head of the profession in New York."

"Really," responded Vampire, "you are turning a bewitching flatterer yourself, but let the law pass—will you name the day which will consummate my happiness in giving me the title to call you wife?"

Miss Arabella Green, with the requisite flutter of speech and violent attempts to

blush, did name the day, and Slipper Vampire, with visions of the spinster's gold uniting with his, before his imagination, left the house of his betrothed with a light step and a buoyant spirit. The day appointed came, and Slipper Vampire and Miss Arabella Green were made one with great pomp and parade. All the leading members of the church were invited, the Female Dorcas Society included. We are now done with Slipper Vampire, although the story of his career after his marriage would fill a volume. As years increased, he grew richer and richer, and more daring and unscrupulous in his legal ways and means of making money. A motion was at one time made to "throw him over the bar," as the lawyers say, but which means simply to turn him out of the profession. The motion did not succeed, and Vampire still prospered as a member of the bar, finding enough persons to respect him for his money, and even to hold him up as a pattern of morality and charity, pointing to his constant attendance at the church as the proof of the one, and to his large donations to various societies, duly published in the newspapers, as proof of the other. Slipper Vampire still lives and also his wife, with how much general domestic harmony we cannot pretend to say, but certain it is that they have a son and heir who resembles both his parents in feature and character, and that they find a united pleasure in endeavoring to form him into a future Slipper Vampire, greater and more acute than his father. We have no doubt that they will succeed, and that Slipper Vampires will be multiplied for ages yet to come.

"You are free, Pete Flint," said High Constable Hays, opening the jail door a few days after the settlement of the Carter case, "but mind, I have my eye on you; go," and Pete Flint went. For several years afterwards he flourished as formerly at the Cross Keys in Cherry-street, but venturing too far at last in the counterfeiting line, he was arrested, tried, and sentenced to the State prison for seven years. When Pete Flint entered the prison, Silk Ned was coming out, having served the term for which he was sentenced for picking the pockets of Jack Pufferty. Immediately on his liberation he renewed his old trade, and again became the inmate of the prison, where he was placed at the trade of making shoes by the side of his old friend Pete Flint. They both died in confinement.

As for Jack Pufferty, Bill Crane and old Moriarty, they are all still living, when we write this narrative, in the same way and with the same tastes as formerly, only that years have palled to a greater or less extent their appetites, and put a tax on their imaginations to invent new sources of pleasure.

Old Mr. and Mrs. Dart died in peace a few years after the flight of Carter, leaving their daughter Clementina an heiress, with a light head, a vain heart, and a heavy purse. She married at last a real German Count, somewhat advanced in years, very poor, and much addicted to sleeping, drinking beer, and smoking. Following these amusements without let or hindrance from his wife, who married him only because he was a Count, he suffered her to do as she pleased, and thus they lived happily together.

We now turn to Frederick Carter and his parents, whom we left on their way to Europe. The voyage was accomplished in safety, and landing at Liverpool, the fugitive and his parents hastened to London. The intention of Mr. Carter was not to stay long in that city, but after making some financial arrangements there, to seek some obscure provincial town on the Continent, where he might hide his son from the allurements of dissipation, and if possible work in him a reformation, and then, when the whole affair was in a measure forgotten, return to New York. Being detained in London longer than he expected, Mr. Carter and his wife had the sorrow to see Frederick return, notwithstanding all their efforts to the contrary, to his old courses.

At first, he had seemed weighed down with remorse at the position to which he had brought himself and his parents, and his promises of amendment were sincere, while his actions for a time corresponded with his promises. Cheered and encouraged, his father relaxed a little in the strict rules which he had laid down in money matters, and supplied Frederick with cash to considerable weekly allowances. Mrs. Carter had, in her weakness of character and fondness for her son, urged her husband to this course. The evil was soon apparent. A mistress in London supplied the place which Nance Harvey had in New York, and the ascendancy of the former was soon as great over Frederick Carter as that of the latter had ever been. Money to meet her extravagance, and to feed the dissipation of all kinds which now again seized on Frederick Carter must be had. The father did not supply it fast enough or in requisite amounts, and the gambling table became the resort.

It was at Crockford's, the most famous gambling house in all London, and indeed in the world, that Frederick Carter one evening met Jacob Plausilman. Plausilman looked as sanctimonious and as sleek as ever, and accosted Carter without a blush or the slightest appearance of embarrassment. Carter had just lost all the money he had, and being desperate, and hoping to borrow from Plausilman, he did not resent the impudent familiarity of the latter, but received his salutation graciously. A few moments afterwards he made known his

situation to Plausilman, and requested the loan of a hundred dollars. It was refused, on the ground that he, Plausilman, was also short of money, although Carter had seen him win a large amount during the evening. Carter's face turned red with indignation, and he reproached Plausilman. An altercation ensued, and Carter openly denounced Plausilman before the whole room as a villain who had robbed him in the United States and then fled to England. Plausilman replied by knocking Carter down with a loaded cane. The blow was severe, and blood flowed from the temples of the fallen man. In the confusion which ensued, Plausilman left the room and hastened to Dover, where he embarked the next morning for France. Years afterwards he died in destitution in a miserable lodging in Paris.

Frederick Carter was conveyed to the residence of his father, and for a long time he lingered between life and death. He, however, finally recovered, somewhat sobered in his ideas, and his parents then proceeded with him to a small provincial town of France. They remained there six years, and a change seemed to have come over Frederick Carter. The spirits of the father and mother revived, and longing anxiously to return to New York, they determined to risk the dangers of taking Frederick Carter back to the scenes of his former vices and crimes.

On arriving in the city, Mr. and Mrs. Carter again took up their residence in the old family mansion, but lived in the most retired manner, shunning the society of all their former associates. Their return as well as that of Frederick Carter, was well known, but the law took no notice of the fact, and as far as the old forgery case was concerned, the Carters lived in peace. For a time Frederick Carter behaved as well in New York as he did in the little town in France. Soon, however, he took a new course, and became a drunken sot, frequenting the third tier of the theatres in the early part of the evening, and the low grogeries at a later hour of the night. Here he would drink until he became senseless, when he would be sent home by the proprietor of the establishment which he visited. Neither the tears nor entreaties of his parents could turn him from this course, and when they tried to keep him at home by force he became a madman, and threatened the lives of those who gave him birth. It was now determined to send him to the Lunatic Asylum, but on the eve of the carrying out of the determination, an incident happened that saved the asylum a troublesome inmate, and gave to the grave a new occupant.

It was a cold wintry night, the streets were slippery with mingled snow and ice,

but the Park Theatre was crowded from pit to gallery. Among the degraded occupants of the third tier, was a courtesan with an obese form and a bloated face, who, between the acts, walked the lobbies with a swaggering air, hurling the most profane and vulgar language at every one who accosted her. It was Nance Harvey, the once proud and beautiful mistress of Frederick Carter, now the gross and inebriate prostitute, descending step by step to the end of her infamous career. On this night she was more than usually elevated with drink, and in her perambulations in the lobby and the saloon she met one who was equally under the influence of liquor with herself, even her old protector, Frederick Carter. He addressed to her some coarse and insulting language. She replied by spitting in his face, and then Carter struck her. The denunciations which then flowed from her tongue were terrible to hear, so terrible that even Carter himself, intoxicated as he was, shrunk under them, and while she was being conveyed to the watch-house, he rushed like a madman from the house. He heeded not how or where he went, but dashed heedlessly along. When on the corner of Beekman and Nassau-streets and within sight of the mansion of Francis Meek he fell. His head hit a projecting curb-stone, and Carter laid senseless on the pavement.

A man passing by stooped down and exclaimed with a thrill of horror, "My God, it is Frederick Carter," and then called for assistance. The good Samaritan was Edward Masterton, and he saw the senseless form of Carter conveyed to the residence of his father. Frederick Carter never spoke

again. He died and made no sign. His parents soon followed him to the grave, and their large property went to a distant relative.

It is sunset, the sunset of a summer's day, the western sky gorgeous with golden and purple tints, a soft breeze stirs gently the leaves and flowers, and in front of an elegant cottage on the banks of the Hudson, a family group is gathered—a young husband and wife, seated in the porch, and a fine boy of apparently about six years of age playing on the green lawn. They are Edward Masterton, his wife and child.

"How beautiful our little Edward looks, and the sound of his voice is music," exclaimed Mary Masterton to her husband, as with a glowing cheek she kept her eyes riveted on the movements of her child.

"Yes," was the husband's answer, "and God grant that he may also be good, that we may educate him aright, and that he may grow up to manhood in the just appreciation of the wealth which he will possess. May he know and act upon the knowledge, that wealth is not everything, that the right use of poverty and wealth is, that there are silver and pewter both in wealth and poverty, symbolizing the good and bad of each; that it is the work appointed by Heaven for man, whether he be rich or poor, to grasp with mighty effort the moral silver before him, and shun the pewter. The one will glitter in his hand with a brilliant and wide-spreading ray; the other, if it does not crush him beneath its deadening weight, will corrode his soul into a moral death.

Reader, our narrative is ended.

THE END.