

ADRIAN;  
OR THE  
CLOUDS OF THE MIND.

A Romance.

BY  
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AND  
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"—— an unceasing strife  
Of shadows, like the restless clouds that haunt  
The gap of some cleft mountain ——."

SHELLEY.

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## P R E F A C E.

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Two friends, an American and an Englishman, the one a citizen of New-York, the other a resident in Massachusetts, met after a separation of some months, to spend the bright season of the year in one of the loveliest valleys of New England. They diversified their rambles and their rides amongst grand mountains and by beautiful streams, with conversations upon subjects congenial to the tastes of both. One day the topic became the curious copartnery in literary labors of Beaumont and Fletcher, and the one friend proposed to the other to attempt the composition of a prose work of fiction in the same manner. This was readily agreed to, and the result is here laid before the public.

They neither of them pretend to the genius or the merits of a Beaumont or a Fletcher; but they do believe, that some interest, independent of any that may attach to the work itself, will be excited in the public by the unusual course which has been taken in this composition. The minute details of

their plan of joint authorship would probably not be very amusing or instructive to any one; but the public may be pleased to know, at least, thus much: that each has contributed, as nearly as possible, an equal portion with the other to the work that follows, and that there is not a chapter—not a page—in the whole book, on which each hand and each mind has not labored.

If, as possibly will be the case, the curiosity of some individuals may be stimulated to enquire which portions are to be attributed to the one author, which to the other, we fear we can afford them no farther indication than that which their own knowledge of either of the men, or their habits of thought may supply. And yet, we will venture to add that this clue may very frequently lead them wrong, as it is more than probable that the sentiments and opinions of the one, may, in many instances, be attributed by the reader to the other.

In regard to the work itself, very little need be said. The scene is laid in the United States. The characters, though not to be considered as portraits, are not without their prototypes: the events, though here and there assisted by fictitious accessories, are often related as they occurred; and of one a slight but faithful sketch has already appeared in print. The principal object was less, perhaps, to write a tale full of stirring incidents, than to develop a peculiar character, and to show the result of a conflict, in the same breast, between opposite opin-

ions, derived from different sources. In all lands there remains, unfortunately, a high degree of intolerance, in each man, for adverse opinions or prejudices in his neighbor. We are apt only to love our neighbor as ourself, upon the condition of his being exactly like ourself. The higher this intolerance is in any country, the greater is the misfortune; and when the celebrated Ancillon called the collection of his essays by a name which we may freely translate, "Something towards the mitigation of extreme opinions," he did much, by that very name, to promote a sane and benevolent philosophy—to point the way to a more Christian and charitable mode of judging the views of others, than the world has generally been willing to adopt.

If, however, it be a great misfortune to a nation to be vexed by opposite and intolerant opinions, it is a still greater misfortune to an individual to be torn by conflicting views, from whatever source they may come: and it is well, we think, for every man, as early as possible, to obtain definite and conclusive judgment between the contending parties. To do so, without any chance of reversal of judgment, it is necessary for him to reject, as worthless, all, that prejudice, however venerable from antiquity, or respectable by association, may put forth to sustain one view or another, and above all, to cast from him the minted falsehoods constantly current in society. Although to incite to such a course, is certainly one great object of the work, yet, as will be seen by those

who peruse the following pages, we do not presume to speak dogmatically, or to school the public upon any of the various questions which affected painfully the mind of one of the principal characters.

If the book have any moral, it may perhaps be comprised in these few words, "Try your opinions;" for we believe that in all cases it will be found that peace of mind can only be founded on firm and well-established convictions.

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS., *Sept. 1, 1851.*

## ADRIAN;

OR,

## THE CLOUDS OF THE MIND.

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### CHAPTER I.

Windows and doors in nameless sculpture drest,  
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest,  
Forms like some bedlam statuary's dream,  
The craz'd creation of misguided whim.

BURNS. "*The Brigs of Ayr.*"

THERE are odd-shaped old houses all over the world; and it is very extraordinary what different expressions they put on, although their general features may be very much the same. There is something in the face of an old house very much like the face of a human being. One cannot get it out of one's head, that the windows are eyes, and the door a mouth, and the overhanging eaves the beetle brows. Who has not looked at one in the dim of the evening—especially in school-boy days—till he almost fancied it the head of the giant Blunderbore, looking out of the pit which Jack, the giant-killer, dug for him. Not only is this similarity in what we must call the features, but the aspect, the expression has something human in it. How many a venerable old house do we see, quite decrepit with age—sometimes even upon crutches—but smiling upon us still,



with a pleasant face from underneath its wig of house-leek. Then again there is the grimly house—the dark, foreboding, melancholy mansion, with trees of sombre hue generally coming close up to it, and the long-bladed, bluish-green grass concealing the meeting place between its walls and the earth. How its heavy brows frown upon us. How its cold, staring eyes seem to look gloom and dissatisfaction. How little welcome does it give. How stiff and repulsive does it seem! One could almost fancy it a Prime Minister, putting his hands behind his back, and bowing negation to some poor petitioner.

Of the latter kind, there was a very fair specimen, seated in a deep hollow of some hills, two or three miles from the seashore; but in addition to the general frowning aspect which it wore, there was, moreover, an air of melancholy about it, as it stood in its solitude, with little to see and nobody to talk to. It had a bereaved and disconsolate air; and there was as little hope for it in the future, as there was joy in the present; for it bore about it evident signs of old age, and four large figures of hammered iron plastered on its front, were probably intended as a sort of register of its birth, which was somewhat more than a century before the period at which our tale commences. These figures were, 1—6—8—7. Between the six and the eight, indeed, there was a great gap, nobody could tell why or wherefore. Some people said there had once been a window there, which had been blocked up when the house was repaired some fifty years before; but we cannot think it; for the figures were high up on the house, where no other window dwelt; and the story of the window, at all, rested only on tradition, a foundation on which we are not at all inclined to rely in any case, and more especially, when it is offered

to us in the shape of an old woman's tale, involving circumstances repugnant to humanity. Such was the legend told to any one who delighted in cup and saucer eloquence, by two ancient ladies of virgin fame and exceedingly sharp chins, who resided near the hill, by the side of a small lake. They declared they had it from their grandfather; but we think they must have been mistaken; for we do believe they manufactured it themselves; and, though each looked very much as if she were her own grandfather, we do not suspect that either of them intended to allude to herself.

They said, that some sixty years before, a young and beautiful girl had precipitated herself out of the solitary window, which stood between the two figures six and eight, impelled to what the newspapers call "the rash act," by the cruelty and tyranny of her own father, who wished to force her into a marriage with a man whom she abhorred. Now, we are no believers in Blue-beard fathers. We have never seen them in a normal, or fossil state; and though, very likely, Methuselah was very despotic when he got old and crusty, yet such fathers, depend upon it, were all before the flood. Daughter and father, however, the old ladies both averred, had walked the house ever since, and from time to time a shriek was heard, just such as the poor girl gave when she was taking the fatal leap. They did not, of course, relate that leap from their personal knowledge; for the event occurred sixty years before, and the two sisters, though not twins, were each exactly thirty-five—whatever the family Bible might say to the contrary, as some persons suspected it would do, if ever let out of the dark closet in which they kept it locked up—to punish it for telling such lies about people's ages, we suppose.

But to return to the old house, with its registered front. It was a curious old building, of three stories high, with a roof, unlike most other roofs in the country, describing at all its various angles a wavy line, somewhat like Hogarth's celebrated line of beauty. It was, in short, like the dome of some Turkish mosque cut square ; and the chimneys, made tall and slender in order to carry the smoke above the hills, might well in the evening light have passed for minarets. Over the principal entrance of the mansion, gracefully reclined upon cornucopias of fruit and flowers, what had once been intended for two female figures, carved in oak,—an ornament which both its form and execution suggested, had once belonged to, or had at least been intended for, the stern of some antediluvian ship. Mischievous accident, however, had cut down the relief of noses, and chins, and fruit, to an uniform level with the less prominent parts ; so that the general effect was neither particularly lively nor agreeable.

There were two stories above, and one below ; and the separation of the aristocratical up-stairs floors from the plebeian ground floor, was marked distinctly enough by the protrusion of the former over the latter, some two feet on every side. The upper floors, indeed, were considerably more spacious than the under, and to prevent them from falling down upon their inferior member, like an extinguisher upon a candle, or a night-cap on a head, the large joists of the flooring projected considerably beyond the wall of the ground floor, as if the people of those days had found it more economical to build in the air, than on the ground. The learned, however, assigned another motive for this peculiar style of construction. They said that, at the time this house was built, it was by no means an unusual occurrence

to see two or three hundred personages, nearly naked, with brown skins, beautifully painted and feathered, approach a dwelling, and rush under the eaves, with the design of "bruising the hairy scalp of their enemies," and that, unless prevented by a sharp fire of musketry from above, they would hew down the doors with their hatchets, or break in at the windows in an incredibly short space of time. As a proof of the truth of that which they advanced, the persons who gave this account of the matter used to point out a number of round holes, between the rafters under the superincumbent protuberance, through which they declared, the early settlers poured a deadly fire upon the savages.

All this might be so, or it might not, and it is not worth while to stop here for the purpose of investigating the question. Thank heaven, we are far enough from Indians now-a-days, and those who do still exist—except upon the extreme frontier—if not civilized, are at least tamed. However, the very idea of the dusky savages coming down from their deep forests, with the war-whoop, and the tomahawk, and the scalping-knife, and rushing fiercely, in the dead of the night, upon the dwellings of the invaders of their hunting grounds,—of the shout and the scream, and the pealing shot, and the torture, and the massacre, the fiendish dance, and the revel in blood, added other grim associations to those with which the place was already invested, and which its mournful, stern, and desolate aspect seemed well to warrant.

The inside of the house was not much more cheerful than the exterior. Timber was in plenty on the lands round about at the time when it was built, and it had not been spared. Large beams, time-worn and wormeaten, protruded themselves in every direction, and the death-watch kept up

his measured tickings in every room. The staircase was broad and solemn, with low steps eighteen inches wide, ascending from a good-sized, stone-paved hall, and running back, though not completely, to the farther side of the building. The banisters consisted of thick round columns of wood, with a broad rail at top; and both in balustrade and railing, the ravages of the worm—tracing a somewhat quaint and fanciful pattern of deep holes and superficial channels, for the tiny destroyer to do the bidding of his master, Time—were not only apparent but obtrusive to the eye.

At the top of the staircase which, with a portion of the hall in which it stood, was somewhat more than twenty feet in width, was what, we suppose, must be called a landing, though being thirty feet deep, from the top step to a window of three lights with a fan-light above, in the back of the house, it might deserve the name of a room, or a corridor. From this landing ran away two passages, one to the right and the other to the left, which deviated into a number of other passages leading to different rooms, and smaller staircases without number, some going up and some going down, some straight, and some crooked, and some which seemed inclined to betake themselves altogether to the lower story of the house, as if tired of standing there so long without any one taking advantage of the assistance they proffered.

The rooms were all low in the ceiling, though some of them were both wide and long, and everywhere were seen the great beams crossing from side to side, and forbidding any one, above six feet high, to walk without stooping. Opening out of the hall, on the right and left—before, passing the staircase, you reached a sort of vestibule at the back of the house—were two large rooms: evidently the state rooms of a time of dignity passed away. The ceilings of

these were nearly as low as in the other apartments; but the extent gave them a gloomy sort of grandeur, heightened in gloom, if not in majesty, by the dingy panelling with which one of them was lined, and the enormous gaping fire-place, which looked like the jaws of some monster, ready to devour any one who entered. The other room was not panelled, and had, to say sooth, a somewhat gayer aspect; for some long forgotten hand had, in a day when the arts were not at their climax, covered the walls with stucco, and ornamented them all round with one grand historical fresco. This effort of genius was evidently not coeval with the building of the house, if the date in front was to be relied on; for the dresses of the various persons represented were of a somewhat later period—that of king William, of immortal memory, rather trenching upon that of Anne. Had it not been for this circumstance, some points about the picture might have induced one to believe that it was of very remote antiquity. It represented a hunt, beginning at the eastern corner of the room and going on till the end met the commencement. There was a party of gentlemen, in great wigs, broad-tailed coats, and large jack-ed boots, mounted on some sort of extinct animal which bore a shadowy resemblance to a horse, but differing in a neck, much resembling that of a swan, and a head hardly large enough to become a colt of two months old. There were innumerable French horns also hanging under the left arms of all and sundry. Then came a forest, the trees of which were apparently palm-trees and were so close together, that how the poor men were ever to get through them, heaven only knows. Then was seen a pack of Italian greyhounds with pigs' snouts, and long hanging ears—very ugly-looking people indeed—numerous as the

sands of the sea, and each bearing a strong family resemblance to the other. Then came another impervious forest, so filled with birds and beasts, of indescribable proportions as to give one the idea that a child's Noah's ark had been shaken out into it, anyhow; and lastly, appeared what was probably the object of the chase—a beast which no one would think of hunting in the present day, except a geologist; for he seemed to be of a mixed breed between a mastodon and a giraffe. We say, he was probably the object of the chase; for, as there was but about the distance of six inches, with due deference to perspective, between his snout and the tail of the horse of the principal huntsman, it was difficult to say which was hunting the other.

We have declared that this room had a somewhat gayer aspect than the other; but after all it was a sombre sort of gayety, like the laugh of a discontented spirit. There was an echo of the past about it—a voice from the dead, as it were—speaking from the faded figures on the walls, and breathing ruin, and desolation, and decay.

In the grand masterpieces of art, we find none of this gloomy emanation. Genius communicates to them a portion of its own immortality. They are not dead, nor of the dead. They live and are for ever living. The soul of Raphael, or of Michael Angelo, or of Correggio, still breathes forth, all animate, from their works, and holds commune with all who behold them. But take away the spirit of genius from a painting—reduce it to a mere clumsy decoration—and it is but a tablet on a monument, the record of death, and desolation and corruption. One of those old, rudely painted rooms, however gaudy be the coloring, is, to us, more melancholy than one of the tombs of Thebes. But here the coloring was not gaudy—it was not even

bright—it was dim—somewhat mouldy—withering away—and the effect of the whole after the very first view was sombre, and dreary enough.

But let us quit the inside of the house, and cast our eyes around us. We fear, the prospect is not very cheering. There is no great relief in the circumadjacent objects.

The spot in which the house was situated, was, as we have said, a hollow, or valley in the midst of the hills; but these hills themselves were by no means picturesque, though somewhat high. They were round granite knobs, covered with short, and by no means luxuriant turf. Here and there were seen, cold, round, polished pieces of rock breaking through, and ever and anon, a great boulder appeared hanging upon the edge of the steep sides of the hollow, as if with the full intention of falling upon the head of some unwary traveller, as he passed beneath. North, south, and west, such was the unvaried aspect of the country around, and the wind played strange gambols over those bare hills, hooting, and howling, and whistling as it went. Towards the east, the valley had its outlet in the direction of the distant sea-coast, and here the scene was a little varied; for the ancient proprietors, in order to shelter themselves from the blast which came screaming in the winter up the gorge, had encouraged the growth of sturdy pines, which had risen up, protected by and emulating each other, to a vast height, completely overshadowing the dell, through the bottom of which, between deep rocky banks, flowed a cold, dark-colored stream, so that the little road which passed out in that direction, was not the most cheerful one in the world; for the dell and the stream looked like the valley of Death and the waters of Oblivion.

There was but a very scanty space between the old,

gray, time-worn house, and the first trees of the wood. Immediately at the back of the building was a small court, paved with round white stones inlaid with dark colored ones in divers quaint figures; but many of the stones had disappeared, rendering the original design hardly traceable, and between the rest the grass and weeds were growing in unmolested luxuriance. The remainder of the open space was occupied, partly by an ancient flower and kitchen garden, surrounded by a loose, stone wall, tumbled down in many places, partly by some cattle sheds, and one or two fields which had once been cultivated, though the only trace of cultivation now remaining, was an abundant crop of hardhack and other noxious weeds, arising from the long untended soil.

Were these the only objects within view? No, there was another—an old well, at the corner of the court-yard and the garden, rudely surrounded with stones, and surmounted with a tall pole and a long beam, according to the primeval fashion of wells; but, alas! the cord and bucket had long departed, and for many years, it is probable, no one had dipped into the waters below, or drawn up the fresh stream to assuage his thirst. The beam was now worm-eaten; some of the stones had fallen in: and this trace of a former habitation by man only served to add deeper melancholy to the whole.

Such was the state and aspect of the place, when, one autumn afternoon, a stranger visited it, with a companion from a town not far distant. The stranger came back again after a day or two,—went away—returned—went away again; and then the news spread through the neighboring farm-houses, that the old place had been bought and sold. Of its purchaser, and his previous history, it may now be necessary to say a word or two.

## CHAPTER II.

Pride has ennobled some, and some disgraced;  
It hurts not in itself, but as 'tis placed;  
When right, its views know none but virtue's bound;  
When wrong, it scarcely looks one inch around.

STILLINGFLEET.

ALTHOUGH it may be all very well, according to the ancient maxim of the great poet, to plunge into the middle of things—which, after all, with due reverence be it spoken, is only making the epic pilfer from the dramatic—we cannot help thinking that to render the recapitulation of past events—the long yarn, if we may so call it, which must necessarily be spun in some part or another of the story—a very lengthy one, is to inflict a great tax upon the reader's patience, especially if those past events are very far past indeed. Nevertheless, it is occasionally needful to go back to a hero's father—nay more, to a hero's grandfather—in order, sometimes, to show family idiosyncrasies, sometimes, to trace acquired peculiarities to their original sources—just as a man unravels the threads at the end of a piece of cloth, in order to ascertain distinctly, what are the materials of which it is really composed. The more briefly, however, this is done, the better; for, as the patience of the merchant would certainly be exhausted if his customer went on to unravel the whole threads of his piece of cloth, so, probably, would the patience of the reader be worn out, if authors were to tell all they knew about people's grandfathers.

In this book, we will not inflict the grandfather upon any one; but will merely dwell a little upon the father of one of our principal characters, as absolutely necessary to a right understanding of the son's nature, and, with all due moderation, will make the dose of even that innocent medicine as homœopathically infinitesimal as possible.

Adrian Brewerton—for such was the name of the person who had bought the house described in the preceding chapter—had been at all times a riddle to the world and not unfrequently a mystery to himself. His character was full of seeming inconsistencies, difficult to be reconciled, and brought into one congruous whole by any effort of friendship or enmity. Those who loved him could not pretend to believe him all perfection; those who hated him, could not deny him many strangely contrasted virtues. Neither, probably, understood him; and his strange character could only have been rightly comprehended and appreciated, if at all, by that long, patient, and impartial scrutiny, not unenlightened by great experience in moral anatomy, which this giddy world is but little inclined to bestow upon any of its passing denizens.

Adrian's father, the younger son of a younger son, of a noble race, although no Puritan by either inheritance or principle, had found himself in New England, at a somewhat late period of its colonial history. Originally in the British army, he had left the service, after attaining the rank of major, and had first emigrated to Virginia, from which State or Province, as it was then called—not succeeding, after residing there ten or twelve years, in acquiring that fortune, the prospect of which had lured him from England—he removed to one of the more advanced settlements, founded by a race with whom all his traditionary sympathies were

at variance. There Major Brewerton, no longer a young man, had married a clergyman's daughter—one of those sensitive, refined, and inefficient persons, so often found in the by-ways of the world; and of this union, Adrian was the only fruit.

By the time when the war of Independence commenced, Major Brewerton had so far prospered in his worldly affairs, as to be in possession of a landed property which afforded him a reasonable competence. But, as was to be expected, all his feelings and prejudices were with the loyalists; and, although he took no active part in the struggle, he determined at once to emigrate, on the first indication of the probable success of the revolution. This time he directed his course to Nova Scotia, but returned some years after the peace, to resume the possession of his property, secured to him by the provisions of the treaty of 1794. The little Adrian, from his childhood, gave evidences of a peculiar organization, physical and moral. His beauty, which was remarkable, was, to the unobserving eye, of too feminine a cast; and yet, when examined more closely, it seemed to grow upon you with a power you could not resist. You became aware of a strange earnestness in his blue eye, which at times gave, even to his features as a child, an expression of thoughtfulness and concentration, indicating unusual latent vigor. He was strong in body, though apparently delicately formed, and beneath a timid manner, had a world of resolution and endurance. He was not a merry child; and yet he was subject, at rare intervals, to fits of what we may be allowed to call a morbid mirth, as grotesque as it was painful. Taking no pleasure in the society of children, he would sit hour after hour upon the stairs of his father's house, playing with a favorite spaniel,

and often singing himself to sleep. Indeed, his ear for music was remarkable. Every air that he heard impressed itself indelibly upon his memory, and his discrimination of sounds, and nicety of taste, were as delicate as his ear was retentive. This gift—which often, as in his case, displays itself very early—was in after years united to a kindred talent: the power of acquiring languages. It was, in fact, with him, probably but a double manifestation of one gift, the subtlest perception of harmony; and yet all sounds of music, whether cheerful or sad, martial or religious, produced the same sort of melancholy undertone in his mind—an echo, as it were, of deep and solemn feelings in his heart—not exactly a perpetual gloom; for, as we have said, he was sometimes strangely gay; but yet there seemed for him an ever-present shadowy background, even to the sunniest landscape.

At a very early period, another very strange propensity seemed to develop itself, though perhaps in this point his character was influenced by the circumstances of his situation as an only child, living with persons much older than himself. A boy of but six summers, he already dwelt more in the past, than in the present or the future. Separated from other children, those faculties were turned inwardly upon himself, which at his age are usually occupied with the outer world. Not alone his own past, but the past of the land in which he lived seemed to engross him entirely; and fancy aided to give reality—identity, as it were—to all that he heard. The tales of witchcraft and sorcery of a preceding generation—often narrated, and not seldom believed by the narrators themselves—and the whole traditional store of child-wonders, had been so worked into his every-day feelings, that the recollection of them had become,

as it were, an experience of his own. That *ignis-fatuus* of the mind, which has awed so many men of sensitive temperament, who rather cling to it as a sacred mystery of their own individuality, than treat it as a moral phenomenon of very general occurrence—that sudden consciousness of a previous existence, which, on occasions perhaps the most trivial, flashes across us as if we were rehearsing a familiar scene, and then, as we endeavor to apply to the impression the test of memory, fades away altogether, was so constantly present to this child, that the greater part of his existence, if not a fiction, was at least a dream.

Adrian's physical conformation was, as we have stated, delicate and *fine*, to make use of a Spanish expression. But he was in reality strong, and had no particular tendency to disease. Nevertheless, there was a propensity to inactivity about him, which made people often think him more delicate than he really was. It might be that his mind was too constantly busy to allow his bodily powers due exercise; but often he would sit for hours by an open window, with his chestnut curls floating in the breeze, and his eyes, apparently, gazing upon vacancy, until some sudden noise startled him from a golden reverie. And yet, when thoroughly aroused, he was capable of the most active and sustained exertion. When the motive was withdrawn, however, he would again relapse, without any gradual transition, into a perfectly passive and, as it were, indolent state. In him it seemed equally difficult to overcome the inertia of rest or of motion.

Adrian's first great sorrow—and it came upon him early—was his mother's death. She had lingered long under a slow chronic disease—now at ease, now suffering terribly; but she only kept her bed about four weeks. Dur-



ing that time, the little Adrian was the constant companion of her sick-chamber. Day after day would he sit in his small chair by her bedside, watching as she slept, with more than childish thoughtfulness, the spasms of pain that passed over her pale countenance, even sweeter in its suffering than in its bloom—watching with hushed breath, and no tear in his eye, but overwhelmed by a prophetic instinct of some great impending evil.

At such moments, strange, wild fancies would possess his brain. Spirit whispers would be audible to his imagination; phantom forms would float before his watching-wearied eyes; and his isolation from the material world would seem more complete than it ever can appear to the grown man. Every office of attention and duty he performed quickly and tenderly; but the words of affection he never spoke. He could not be persuaded to leave the room; and yet it is probable that it cost him a great effort to conceal the motives of his desire to remain; loving his poor mother with all the intensity of his nature, and yet self-compelled, by some strange shyness, to hide his love for her in his own heart. Every source of emotion in him seemed, as it were, stopped and driven backwards by obstacles in its course, so that the mazy current, which flowed on the exterior, gave no fair indication of the depth and force of the restrained waters.

At length, his mother died; but even at that last moment Adrian was tearless. Indeed, so cold and strange did he seem, that his demeanor was a subject of remark to the neighbors. As the funeral procession slowly moved from the door, and Adrian accompanied it, walking hand in hand with his father to the grave, a convulsed smile passed over his lips, which the by-standers variously attributed to

insensibility or madness. Nevertheless, he felt the keenest agony under this strange mask. His grief was too intense for tears or consolation; and even towards his father, he was moved, by a power beyond his own control, to hide the intensity of his emotions.

For many days afterwards, Adrian wandered about the house and neighborhood, either meditating in silence, or singing an old song, which seemed to haunt him, and was associated with the earliest recollections of his lost parent,—speaking to no one—rarely replying to any questions—seeking no sympathy. But when night came, and sleep had removed those obstacles which dammed up, as it were, the current of his grief, he would, in his dreams, give unrestrained utterance to all that was in his heart; and his sobbing would often call his father to his bedside to learn there the strange secrets of that young, shy, sensitive spirit. Not only for weeks, but for months, did this occur nightly. Gradually these paroxysms lessened in frequency; but for years afterwards, one particular dream would return at intervals; and he would fancy that his mother, after having been long supposed dead, had come back suddenly from a journey, while some sort of dim and indistinct explanation of her fancied death, and actual existence, would be given in the vague language of dreams. At the same time suffering would show itself in her face, as in days of old, and Adrian's joy at her recovery would be mingled with grief at her worn and faded aspect—so like that which he remembered just before she disappeared and was counted among the gone. Then gradually would the loved form fade away, until a new and more real death came, his anguish for which would be doubled by the illusion of a quickly passing hope. Sometimes, in the confusion of such visions,



this second death would appear but as a confirmation of the first—would glide back into it, and resolve itself into a mere after-reflection of what had passed. But at other times, it was a new, a distinct misfortune, as vivid as the real bereavement. So precisely did this dream reproduce itself from time to time, that Adrian was occasionally half-disposed to think it, in truth, no dream, but a visit in the spirit, from her who might have learned, he thought, in another state, all the intensity of that affection which had been but partially revealed to her on earth.

Thus passed several years. There were no schools in the immediate neighborhood of Major Brewerton's house; and in his desolation and loneliness, he preferred to keep his son with him. He felt himself quite competent to undertake Adrian's earlier education; and with a sagacity, wiser than the wisdom of these days, he determined not to force the boy's already precocious mind. He had what was unusual at the time: a very well selected, and tolerably ample library, comprising not alone books brought with him from England, but a great number sent for after the birth of his son, with a special view to his instruction. There was not a work among them which had not been canonized as a classic; and they were so arranged as to be most accessible to the boy in the order in which their perusal was likely to be of the greatest service to his developing intelligence. The facilities of reading which Adrian enjoyed were not lost upon the young lad. The possession of books seemed to open a new fountain of enjoyment. He read any thing—every thing—read rapidly, and yet thoroughly. But strange to say, of one so acute in perception, and so peculiar in tastes and disposition, he manifested no decided preference for any particular branch of study. Poetry, the languages, and the

abstract sciences, equally interested and occupied him. He seemed pursued by the mania of universal knowledge; and that not at all from an exercise of the will, but from a mere necessity—a necessity too, which was not altogether a source of happiness. Whatever for the moment occupied his attention excluded every other subject of thought. He had not the power, common to many, of alternately taking up various pursuits, leaving each incomplete, and resuming it easily in its turn. The one subject, for the time dominant, was, for the time, every thing to him; and each became the favorite one, as in turn it engrossed his thoughts. This tendency, however, speedily began to develop a general vacillation of purpose.

Besides these peculiarities, more special to himself, Adrian inherited many points of character from both his parents. His father had always clung to aristocratical associations, with a tenacity, frequently more fixed and resolute in the disappointed than in the fortunate. Although he cared little for politics, and had married out of his class, yet in a thousand opinions, and a thousand social observances, the blood of the Cavalier in his veins never belied its origin. We say that he had married out of his class; but his wife had been one—and he could have married no other—whose instinctive refinement not only controlled every feeling and aspiration, but influenced every thought and every opinion. Still she had notions of government and of popular rights, very different from those of her husband. They were vague, it is true, and not arrived at, we fear, by any process of logic; but they were as much a matter of faith to her as her religion—perhaps because she had as seldom heard them disputed. If there was any subject on which she was eager, it was this; and often, long before her child

could fully comprehend half that he heard, she would take pains to instil into him, as a sentiment rather than a conviction, her own somewhat crude ideas of political equality. It was not surprising, then, that as he advanced in years, surrounded almost entirely by persons who thought like herself, and were ready to furnish arguments in support of the doctrines which she had inculcated, the sentiment should grow into a conviction.

On the other hand, he received much from his father of a very different character, and by a very different process. Major Brewerton, from reasons strongly affecting his son's future welfare, did not attempt to influence Adrian's opinions on the subject of government, and liberty, and independence ; but the tone of his mind, the tone of his character, his habitual thoughts and expressions, his prejudices, if you will, the frequent allusions which he made to aristocratical distinctions, and to the blood and station of his family in the mother country, all tended to impress his son with high ideas of those social relations which had been banished from the land. All this was involuntary on the part of Major Brewerton ; and when he did speak plainly and purposely on such subjects to Adrian, he endeavored so to direct his conversation, as to lead the young man's mind to regard gentle birth, and noble blood, merely as bonds to the honorable performance of every duty, and to the avoidance of every thing that was base and wrong. Unwittingly, however, by this course he taught his son to estimate highly privileges which could have such results, and institutions which had such a tendency. Thus Adrian, in all that pertained to social sensitiveness, was like his father, though he showed neither pride, nor pretension, nor conceit ; and there was something in the very manner and

demeanor of the boy, that made even the rude treat him with involuntary civility, and feel a superiority which they would not acknowledge, but could not deny.

Adrian's life at home was a happy one ; but there comes to every one a period of aspiration for things beyond the sphere of early life ; and at his importunity, when about fifteen years of age, Major Brewerton determined to send him to one of the principal universities of the country. Another year passed in necessary preparation for admission ; for although his information was great and general, it was extremely desultory ; and at the end of that time, the old officer parted from his son, with words which often recurred to Adrian in his after life, and had no slight influence on his future fate.

"If I have ever, my dear boy, alluded to the station occupied by your family in my native country, England," he said, in concluding the admonitions he thought fit to give him, "it has not been with the design of depreciating the institutions of the land in which our lot is cast. Let the remembrance of the blood that is in your veins serve only to keep you from low society, to restrain you from any thing that is base or dishonorable, and to lead you to every high thought and worthy aspiration. A man may be noble, even here, Adrian, with a nobility such as kings themselves cannot confer, and neither states nor people can take away. The blood of a real gentleman must, somehow, have become corrupted and debased, if it do not speak out in his acts."

## CHAPTER III.

O, it comes o'er my memory,  
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,  
Boding to all.

SHAKESPEARE. "*Othello*."

A WORD or two must be said regarding the new scene which Adrian Brewerton was just about to enter. College life in those days was, in most of its essentials, very like what it now is. Indeed there are no communities more tenacious of old forms, or more steadfast in their resistance to innovation, than Universities. This is particularly the case with those scholastic institutions situated in small places, where the student-life and the town-life are as distinct as that of a camp in a foreign land, from that of the inhabitants of the country. Conservatism is, in fact, the principle of College existence; usages are still observed which have long been abandoned in the outer world; traditions are scrupulously followed, and forms preserved, which are elsewhere confined to the church, or the kingly court.

At the same time, let it be remarked that the period from which many of our first Universities date, was far anterior to the great changes which have rendered the United States what they are. Our good ancestors, although sturdy foes to tyranny, either of act or speech, only became republicans upon the settlement of the government, after in-

dependence had been achieved. It is we, their descendants, who have invented democracy; and what may be reserved for our children to discover in the same course, heaven only knows. The worthy Puritans, although they hated Kings, Popes, and Prelates, did not altogether despise social distinctions; and we are not very sure that it was not the niggardly hand with which this soothing unction was bestowed, that produced one of the rancorous galls which first set the colonial horses kicking. Before they had broken the traces, however, many of the Universities of which we speak had been established; and the recognized grades in society at the time found due representation in the institutions. The student at college took precedence according to the station of his father, and degradation from this precedence was the severest penalty, short of expulsion, known to the laws of the University. The prescribed etiquette to be observed by inferiors towards superiors, by students to President, Professors, and Tutors, and by juniors towards seniors, was established with a precision that might have puzzled an Austrian chamberlain. Thus, in what may be called the very outset of active life, Adrian Brewerton was surrounded by all those associations and circumstances which were calculated to foster in his mind whatever aristocratical prejudices he had received from his father, while the world around him displayed to the opening eyes of his intellect, the rapid progress, and the stern assertion of those social principles which had been as a faith to his mother.

With regard to none of those under whose immediate rule and tuition he was placed, is it needful to say any thing, except perhaps the reverend and learned head of the University of that time. He was one of those individuals who conceal under a cast-iron exterior, the gentlest of natures,

and the kindest of hearts. To use the expression of a clever Frenchman, he looked as if he had been "taillé en bois, et coulé en bronze;" but he was, in reality, composed of the softest materials of humanity. To him, and to several of the Professors, Adrian brought particular letters of introduction; but to say truth, such passports were very ineffectual in a New England College of that day, except in obtaining for the bearer any little acts of kindness or courtesy that could be shown irrespective of the routine of scholastic life.

So circumstanced, the first two years of Adrian's studies glided quietly by, chequered only by the various little hopes and disappointments, which, when looking back through the vista of years, appear so trifling, but which are often felt at the time, as matters of overwhelming magnitude. The eagerness which he had displayed as a boy in the pursuit, not only of each, but of every object of knowledge placed within his reach, now developed itself in a sort of grasping ambition to attain excellence in all things. In scholarship, in dexterity, in bodily activity, in popularity with his fellow-students, he was eager to excel—but to excel without the appearance of effort. It is a common vanity, not unfrequently the companion of talent, or even of genius; but it soon meets its natural check in the world. Adrian's old fitfulness—feverishness, we might almost call it—still clung to him; and he was taught that it was not by desultory efforts, irregularly, though energetically made, that he could obtain greatness or eminence. He was disappointed at his own progress. He found—as all others have found, in the same circumstances—when he, for the first time, came to measure his powers with those of others, that he had overrated the facility of victory; or perhaps—as is sometimes, if not so commonly the case—disheartened with unexpected difficul-

ties, he now overrated the performances of others, and underrated his own.

The effect was salutary, however. It gave better, and more persevering direction to his energies, though it diminished his hopes and depressed his spirits for the time. Nor was it until a prize, for which all the students were compelled to contend, and which he had no expectation of obtaining—although he had labored night and day to win it, with the utmost determination—was adjudged to him, that he began to regain his self-confidence. For twelve months after this, he continued at the head of his class; but at the expiration of that time, his powers began to falter. In truth his health was giving way under too constant and assiduous application. The nervous impressibility of organization which had so strangely characterized his boyhood, rendered doubly acute by unintermitting mental efforts, became a source of exquisite suffering, although his will strengthened with his years. A sort of visionary moodiness seized upon him; and he fell into the same sort of dreamy state in which he had existed for some years after his mother's death. As he sat, of an evening, in the old, unpainted, brick college—even then to native eyes a venerable specimen of architecture—with the cold, New England moon shining in at the window, phantoms would rise before him—thought-phantoms, we may call them; for they had no reality for him, and he knew they were thin air, even when he almost saw them visibly with the corporeal eye. At other times, a different class of waking dreams would come, mingling the past and future and blending memory and imagination, as he wandered at night, after even student revelry was hushed, among the mighty elms that still, under a wintry sky, seem like the ghosts of a giant race, departed

from the land. A footstep—any unusual sound—would startle him, and make his heart beat strangely. But his will never faltered, and it was powerful, even over the body. He never lost his moral control, when even a moment was allowed him for thought. Though keenly alive to all impressions arising from the idea of death, it was no fear of danger which made him start at every sudden sound. He would have faced a battery, or led a forlorn hope without the quivering of a muscle; and it seemed that any painful motive only enabled him to concentrate his energies more powerfully and rapidly.

Amongst the young men of the college, Adrian had, of course, innumerable acquaintances, the even tenor of whose lives, very little different from his own, rendered but more conspicuous the broad distinction between their dull sensations, and his more acute and irritable feelings. Of intimate friends, he had very few—perhaps we might say but one—but that friend was, as is so often the case, the very opposite of himself in every respect. How he came to select him for his companion, was a marvel to many who saw them together, and who did not know that there was a distant relationship between them. But in truth, it must be allowed, that relationship had very little to do with their intimacy. Nay, more, we have said that he selected him; but we imagine that there was very little choice exercised on Adrian's part. He never went in quest of sympathy, or sought out a congenial mind; but in his peculiar reserve, he seemed only to warm to those who first warmed to him. This was another of his weaknesses; but we have never pretended that he was in any way perfect, and in this instance he was influenced, probably, by the same sensitive shyness which was one of his most marked peculiarities.

This friend, named Roger Ashmore, was the son of a wealthy South Carolina lady; and it was not till he and Adrian Brewerton had been in the same class for several months together, that they discovered that Roger's mother was a second or third cousin of Major Brewerton, and that her father had many years before emigrated from that country, which, naturally enough, occupies so much of the thoughts of the American people, though—not at all naturally—they are unwilling to admit the fact. Roger was a merry, dashing young man, fonder of a frolic than a book; high-spirited, warm-hearted, generous to a fault; but thoughtless, impetuous, and not very rigid in principle, often wounding without intention, and sometimes injuring where strong passion was to be gratified, without a thought of all the evils that he might bring upon others. Small in stature, and, to use the only term sufficiently expressive, uncommonly *neat* in person, he was a little vain of his personal appearance, and not a little careful to display it to the best advantage. Yet he had his peculiarities of taste, which strongly affected his dress. His habitual costume was a complete suit of white broadcloth—ever without a speck—the materials for which had been imported from England, for his especial use, and though many wondered at this piece of foppery, no one ventured to ridicule it; for Roger Ashmore was somewhat fiery in his nature, and his anger was occasionally dangerous.

We need not dwell much farther upon the course of two young men at College, nor put upon record, the sayings and doings of lads of eighteen or nineteen years of age, who had hardly commenced that active life which formed the first chapter of either in the world's history. We will therefore turn to an incident which peculiarly affected the course

of Adrian Brewerton, merely premising that though companions and friends, as we have said, there were not a few of Roger Ashmore's pursuits in which, from many motives, and some principles, Adrian took no part.

It was an afternoon, in the latter part of March. Small patches of snow still whitened here and there the bold summits of the surrounding hills. A warm, mid-day sun had softened the frozen ruts in the unpaved streets, and relieved the branches of the trees of a long accumulated mass of ice and sleet. A few pioneer birds had ventured northward upon the high south-wind, lured to colder regions by the deceitful promise of returning spring.

These days, so common to the climate of the northern parts of America, come from time to time, in the youth of every year, like the gleams of hope to a sanguine mind struggling against the early ills of life, as bright and cheering as if the heavy winter were over, though they are but too frequently succeeded by a season of greater rigor than has gone before.

Talk of the beauties of the spring to the inhabitants of the eastern world. Here we hardly know it, except by these oases of sunshine—false harbingers of a summer, still far behind, which comes in its July intensity without any gentle transition or preparation. It is upon the autumn that all the loveliness of the year is lavished in New England. The balmy air, the changing leaf, the brilliant sky, all come then, giving a charm to the aged and declining year unknown to its stormy and struggling boyhood.

It was a Wednesday—then, as now, a half holiday to the students. The frugal commons dinner at one o'clock was just over; and Adrian was alone in his melancholy room, on the fourth story of the ancient hall. The creak

of a boot on the crazy staircase was succeeded by a rap at his door; and the moment after, without waiting for an answer, Roger Ashmore entered.

"What a nuisance new boots are, to be sure," was the young visitor's first exclamation; "these make as much noise as if my prime object were to disturb some professor's evening doze. Upon the plantation I have a negro whose peculiar function is, to break in my new boots, and an uncommon privilege he considers it, too. Here it might be difficult to find such a living, deputy boot-tree."

Adrian smiled at the oddness of the conceit, not feeling quite certain that the main object of his companion might not be to call attention, both to a most perfectly adjusted piece of calf-skin, and to a remarkably small foot, the possession of which was as coquettishly prized by Roger, as it could have been by the daintiest lady. He perceived, however, that Roger Ashmore this day was not clad in his customary white costume; but had on a rough sort of shooting jacket, and glazed hat, as if bound upon some unusual adventure.

"Well, Roger," said Adrian, as soon as the other had thrown, or rather dropped himself into one of those wooden-backed and wooden-seated chairs, which were veritable stools of repentance in those days, "pray what project have you on foot this afternoon. I see you are dressed out for an excursion."

"I have engaged a boat for a sail in the bay," replied Roger; "the weather is charming; there is just breeze enough; old John, the French deserter, has every thing in readiness, and you must positively go along with me, instead of moping here, like a sentimental owl."

"No, no, Roger," replied Adrian, with a grave laugh—



if such a thing be possible, or whether it be possible or not—I have but little faith in your boat ; still less in the weather ; and least of all in your seamanship. Dull as my own companionship is to myself, I prefer enduring it to joining you in any fool-hardy freaks. Do be persuaded, Roger ; send word to old John, that you will not want his boat to-day ; and we will find some other means of passing the afternoon pleasantly.”

To say the truth, the eagerness of Adrian Brewerton to persuade his light-spirited companion to remain at home, proceeded, in some degree, from a doubt as to the objects and probable ends of his now frequent expeditions. He knew, too, that Roger was rash in all his pursuits ; and there was something sad and foreboding in the fitful sobbing of the wind, which depressed the overwrought mind of the young student, and indisposed him for those active pleasures which, in his brighter hours, he might have sought as eagerly as even his friend.

“Pooh, nonsense, nonsense !” cried Roger ; “come along with me, hermit, and I will give you a glimpse of the loveliest face you ever saw in your days—only one glimpse, however, remember ; for as yet I have only had one glimpse myself—though I intend to have many more. But that glimpse will be worth a fortnight’s sunshine to you, Adrian,—come along, come along !”

The inducement was not only lost upon Adrian, but led him to press his companion still more earnestly to remain at the College. But Roger Ashmore was not to be dissuaded from his purposes. He had set his heart upon going, and go he would. After having exhausted all his eloquence in vain upon Adrian, to persuade him to be one of the party, he ventured a parting jest at his friend’s dulness, and dashed down the well-worn, and time-shaken stairs, which creaked

and groaned under his light weight, as if a whole regiment had been descending at full charge.

His friend watched him as long as his eye could follow, while he hurried across the College green, and down a street which passed between the opposite houses. Having been disturbed at the commencement in his hours of study, another train of thoughts had got possession of Adrian’s mind: he could not shake them off ; and taking his hat, he prepared for a long ramble beyond the limits of the town. He felt very gloomy, and for a moment he almost reproached himself for having suffered Roger to go alone. “I might have checked him in any folly,” he said to himself, “or assisted him in any danger.”

As soon as he was outside the building, however, he found every thing so bright and fair, that shadowy apprehensions seemed to vanish in the warm sunshine, though still an under tone of solemn thought, like a deep bass to a sparkling treble, mingled, not inharmoniously, with the lighter and gayer feelings produced by the aspect of the scene around.

Some three miles from the town, stands an old mountain, famous in legendary annals of the Indian times. It is the last link of an extensive chain, which terminates here abruptly within sight of the ocean—the mighty earth-wave, halting, as it were, suddenly, as if the grandest development of the one element had been awed by the majesty of the other. Thither Adrian bent his steps, and climbed upwards by an ascent, which lying, for some distance, over the slippery surface of the worn granite, was both painful and difficult. There was no particular road ; but about half-way up was a flat surface (*plateau*, the French would call it) of considerable extent, cleared by fire of all vegetation, except

an occasional stunted cedar on the outskirts, growing up from between the crevices of the rock. To the left, as you ascended, were the remains of an Indian camp, occupied from time to time by a tribe long banished from the spot by the advance of civilized man, but who still made an annual pilgrimage to their ancient hunting-ground. The site of this camp dominated the whole surrounding country, and overlooked the sea for a considerable distance beyond a lighthouse which stood upon a sandy shoal at the entrance of the bay. Here Adrian paused for a while, surveying the scene around him. Below, to the right, stretched forth a broad plain, encircled by hills on two sides, and extending seaward on a third in a long stretch of salt marsh, upon which the rank grass waved in luxuriant contrast to the bare and sombre surface of the surrounding country. Along the base of the mountain, flowed a rapid stream—virgin in those days of dams and factories—a narrow channel in which, only, was as yet free from ice, the sides being still frozen and motionless. The current looked green and deep, as it tumbled onwards in its mad haste, overflowing, from time to time, with an even surge, the smooth plates of ice still adhering to the banks.

Adrian let his eye run along its course, tracking it with a curious sort of interest as it wended onward towards the bay. Then taking a small telescope from his pocket, he turned his view seaward. As far as his eye could reach, extended the ocean, until the waves met the horizon. The whole expanse of the sea, stirred by the wind, was sparkling under the bright sun, as if lightning were playing over its surface. Far out, hardly visible to the naked eye, two or three schooner-rigged Eastern traders were beating down for some Southern port. The bay itself

was almost clear of sails; but a single vessel of five or six tons, with all that grace and neatness of form and rig, so characteristic of the small craft of the American waters, was standing out under full canvas. Adrian, still gazing through his telescope, fancied that he could perceive and recognize a light and graceful form at the helm.

Every object that he beheld was strongly suggestive to his imaginative mind, and the sight of that boat, and the real or fancied recognition of his friend, plunged him into a deep and somewhat strange reverie. "Here, starting from the same point, brought up in the same school, going forth with the same companions, how different may be—must be, his path and mine," thought the young man. "How different already! I take the mountain: he the sea. Whither will each path lead? To the same bourne, at last."

He went on long in the same train of meditation, still watching the little boat as it cut its way through the sparkling waves, until four strokes on the bell of the distant town-clock warned him that it was time to make his way homeward.

In about another hour he was again seated near his window in the old building, awaiting the summons to evening prayer. An hour more passed, and then the cracked voice of the college bell—the victim of many a gun-powder plot, in its crazy old tower—began its rattling appeal. For five minutes, leaping in a sort of measureless canter, it dinned its call upon the ears; and then, after five minutes silence, for five minutes more, it tolled as solemnly as its paralytic efforts would permit.

Responsive to the call, the long file of gloomily dressed students wended their way to the open chapel, with a gravi-



ty in most of their faces characteristic of the people, and of the times. Occasionally a jacket and light trowsers relieved the monotony of the almost stereotyped uniform of black. The faces of the greater number were full of character and meaning—not very cheerful, it must be confessed ; but indicative of resolution and of thought. Here walked, side by side, the youth just emancipated from the nursery, and the matured man, who, feeling a call to labor among the heathen, had left the plough for theology, at a time of life when most people's stock of divinity is required for their own occasions upon the edge of the grave. Here were the dark-eyed, delicate-featured child of the Maryland Catholic, and the heavy browed, stern-looking descendant of the Massachusetts puritan : here, the gay, and pushing New-Yorker, not without his own peculiar share of cuteness, and the steady-going, persevering, self-denying lad of Connecticut. And yet there was a bond of sympathy which united all these incongruous natures—the bond of common interests, and common pursuits.

The last vibration of the bell had died away upon the ear ; the shuffling of feet, hurrying up the uncarpeted aisles, had ceased ; and all were quietly seated in the unpainted, and uncushioned slips, into which the chapel was divided. Slowly, the venerable president ascended the pulpit ; the only ornament on which was a scarlet cushion for the word of God to rest upon. He went through the customary prayers, and thank-offerings, with a grave and steady voice ; but as the congregation was about to separate, the president demanded a moment's attention.

Many smiled, thinking they were about to hear an admonition in regard to some breach of established discipline. But their smiles were frozen upon their faces, when, in falter-

ing tones, and simple language, and his hard features quivering with emotion, the stern-looking, soft-hearted old man announced that their young companion, Roger Ashmore had, that evening, been drowned in the bay, and that his body had not been rendered up by the sea !

For a moment a deep low murmur, like a groan, swelled through the room ; and then each rushed to the door, without order, and without respect for precedence. One strong, painful, sorrowful feeling swallowed up all others, and overcame even habit—often more powerful than nature herself. Once outside of the chapel, an informal meeting was immediately held, and it was determined that all the students should proceed, in a body, to the shore, as nearly opposite to the spot where the accident had occurred as could be ascertained. With that spirit of rapid organization, which seems inherent in the American people, the whole proceedings were very speedily arranged, and it was even resolved by the young men, to drag with them an old field-piece, which had long rested in peaceful inactivity upon the town square, for the purpose of firing over the water, in the hope, according to a very prevalent opinion, of bringing the corpse to the surface by that means.

One only stood aloof from this conference ; and he the one who was most deeply interested. Adrian took no part in the general movement, but acted for himself. The shock of the first announcement seemed almost to have stunned him ; but the re-action nerved him again to instant exertion. Exertion, indeed, might be vain, and the bringing of a lifeless body from the waves to the shore, might seem to the cold eye of reason, no object worthy of any very rapid effort ; but he was not one to argue such questions with himself in such an hour. After pausing for a few moments,

as if stupified, he rushed to the only place in the town where a carriage was to be procured, and ordered the horses to be put to, instantly. There was but little time lost; for as he sprang into the carriage and drove off, the procession of the students was just forming for their gloomy pilgrimage. The driver seemed to comprehend, and sympathize with his motives, and the horses flew on with him towards the sea. Then was the time for bitter reveries. His brain seemed to whirl with the intensity of thought. One dark picture, always the same in substance, but varying in form, as with the changes of a kaleidoscope, shut out all the rest of the Universe. His friend was lost—lost in an expedition which he had refused to share—lost, when he, perhaps, might have saved him!

Onward the horses went, as fast as they could go, now keeping the road, now diverging upon the sandy beach, as they followed the southern side of the bay. But Adrian's impatience flew in advance of them; and it was only when at last they drew up at the mouth of a small creek, near which the accident was rumored to have occurred, and the young man sprang out upon the shingle, that he felt how impotent was that impatience, and regretted that he had not remained with his companions.

For a weary hour, he wandered about upon the shore, before the great body of the students came up. There was no human being near, no house in sight, save a few fisherman's huts, dimly seen on the other shore of the bay, and one building amongst them of a somewhat more pretentious character.

In vain Adrian stretched his eyes over the deep, rolling expanse of waters. Occasionally, indeed, a darker shadow on the side of one wave would seem to his excited imagina-

tion, a floating body; but the next instant the billow rolled away, and the fancy was dispelled. He felt at that moment, perhaps, the agony of eagerness to do something without the power of doing aught, more strongly than it is ever felt—except in sleep.

At length the procession, of which a faint glimpse had been caught from time to time, as it painfully followed the windings of the shore, arrived at the spot where he stood. The young men had dragged the cannon, which was mounted upon wooden wheels, the entire distance by their own exertions, all working in turns by relays. Little was said after their arrival. The gun was charged and fired: the echo died away in the distant hills, and the smoke, looking like a blueish, white mist upon the dark surface of the waters, was wafted away by the wind. But nothing followed. As far as they could see, in the darkness, the body did not rise. Nevertheless, they persevered; thinking that, perhaps, it might float at length, and be drifted to the shore. Again, and again, was the gun fired, each time with as little apparent effect as at first.

It was not until mid-night, that any thing like a consultation was held; and then, not yet convinced of the fruitlessness of their efforts, it was determined that the firing should be continued at intervals, while the whole party watched throughout the rest of the night. The young men decided, too, that if nothing were found by day-break, some of their number should be despatched to the town for provisions, while the rest crossed over to the other side of the bay to search the shore in that direction.

So passed that sad, and solemn night, with nothing to be heard but the monotonous washing of the waves, the whistling of the wind, and the heavy booming of the can-

non. All, too, was dark, and objectless across the waters, except when, at regular intervals, the revolving light at the mouth of the harbor, threw its glare upon the waves, or the flash of the gun illuminated, for an instant, the long, low line of coast, that stretched out on the opposite side of the bay.

At length the morning dawned ; but the body of Roger Ashmore was not to be seen ; and haggard were the countenances, and sad the looks, which the early sun-shine made visible, as the student-band again took up its line of march. Few words were spoken ; but there was determination, as well as sadness, in every face.

Fatigue, however, is a strange tamer of strong hearts ; and, when, after nearly four hours of painful journeying, the opposite shore was reached, many threw themselves upon the sand of the beach, utterly exhausted, to obtain a few hours sleep. Shortly after noon, when some refreshments had arrived and had been partaken of, the search and the firing of the gun were resumed. Nothing, however, resulted ; the corpse was not found. The students kept no longer any regular order, and as evening approached, discouraged and worn out in body and in mind, they dropped away, in bands of two or three at a time, leaving the old cannon imbedded nearly up to the nave of the wheels in the loose sand of the sea shore. At length, when the sun was setting, only one of all the number remained behind.

## CHAPTER IV.

She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew,  
As seeking not to know it ; silent, lone  
As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,  
And kept her heart serene within its zone.  
There was awe in the homage which she drew,  
The spirit seemed as seated on a throne  
Apart from the surrounding world, and strong  
In its own strength—most strange in one so young.  
BYRON. "*Don Juan*."

ADRIAN stood upon the low sandy beach, and watched the slow heaving of the ocean. It was a dark and solemn scene around him—grand from its very vast monotony. To the eye of the beholder, the rise of the sandy banks, which formed the bay, was hardly perceptible—so slight, indeed, that it might very well have passed, in the gray twilight, for a somewhat higher roll of the ocean, as the billows flowed heavily in upon the coast. The opposite side of the bay could not be distinguished at all from the sea, except by a rippling line of white, probably caused by the curl of the wave dashing upon the shore. Between, lay the wide expanse of water, in long lines marked out by different depths of shadow, with here and there a gleam of brighter light finding its way through the clouds above, and falling on the surface of the troublous ocean ; for the wind, as it hurried on, with a long, quiet, equable, rushing sound, seemed to drive the vapors above into the

same wide billows, as those into which it forced the sea below.

A few shells, some thin and scattered blades of grass, a boat here and there drawn up upon the sand, and the top of a fisherman's cottage, rising up from beyond the first row of sand hills, were the only other objects present; while the setting sun, now nearly, if not actually below the horizon, tinted the edges of the dark sweeping clouds with a heavy red, mingling with the gray, and making the aspect of the heavens, not more, but rather less gay than that of the sea and land below. Here and there, occasionally, it seemed as if an eye were opened in the clouds; and a bright beam would pour forth, down upon the glassy waves below, and gild them with a momentary splendor. Nothing else was to be seen—nothing gave the prospect any variety, or any cheerfulness, except the contrasts of coloring—green, and red, and yellow, and deep blue—produced alone by the light and shade of the hour.

That evening coloring is always solemn, associating itself naturally with "the death of each day's life;" but, in this instance, the association was more solemn, more gloomy still. Another life was extinguished than that of day—a life for which there was no earthly resurrection. For him who was gone, no rosy morn would break: in his brightness and his strength he had gone down, after a brief course, never to rise again upon the eyes which had beheld him. There had been clouds and shadows; but there had been much splendor also: there had been genial warmth, though sometimes too fierce a heat; and all that was remembered by Adrian at that moment was the good and the admirable, while every flaw and fault were forgotten. But, mingling with the sorrowful memories and deep regrets in his meditative

and susceptible mind, were other feelings and thoughts, strange, new, and awful. When he thought of the gay and brilliant being, full of animal life and daring courage, and ceaseless activity, who had perished in those dark melancholy waters—when he pictured him in memory, as he had appeared when they last met, with the flush of health upon his face, and reckless daring in his aspect, and the fire of what seemed unextinguishable life in his eyes, and thought that he lay there beneath those solemn waves, silent, and cold, and still—a fair shaped mass of clay—hurrying to corruption—he asked himself, where had passed that ethereal essence which had been the lamp of the temple, and given living light to the whole?—what had become of the keen eager intellect?—whither had gone the bold, reckless spirit, with all its faults and all its excellences?—where had fled the bright soul with its warm-hearted sympathies, its thrilling emotions, its lightness, its caprices, its varieties? Was it overwhelmed beneath those long shadowy billows, or had it burst forth with the last gurgling breath to find a purer and a higher dwelling than the earth?

Religion, Faith, Hope said yea! But there is something terribly mortal in death to the young mind. It is the body—the mere frail, mortal body, with which our nearest and closest communion is held. We know, and see, and feel, and touch the outward form—we only divine the spirit. When the body lies in the dust, there our communion ends; for the long lapse of human life at least. Certainty is exhausted. Mystery and darkness lie beyond; and though the lamp of Faith may be bright, and sufficient to lead us safely on our own narrow path, its rays, in the mists and shadows of the unseen world, have but a narrow sphere,

and are insufficient to light distinctly the objects before or around us. In the impenetrable gloom, mighty phantasms may flit across, and angel forms obtain a momentary radiance, but dim, dim, and faint, is the outline of all we desery, and we can but clasp our hands and cry, "I come on the appointed road, oh Father of all Spirits! Be thou my staff and my guide in this valley of the shadow of death!"

He stood and meditated on such awful themes with a sad heart and a troubled spirit, till the rosiest streaks faded away from the clouds above, and the last gleam departed from the bosom of the waters. A light mist sprang up, and hung along the edges of the bay, while a long train of ducks took their flight westward, their wings clanging over his head with a melancholy sound. It startled him from his reverie; and looking once more upon the waters, he said, "No, no! I will not leave you, so long as he lies beneath;" and turning round, he walked slowly over the sand hills, along a track, cut by some cart wheels, and furrowed also by the keels of several boats, which were occasionally pushed down it from the higher ground to the sea. It led him straight over the first ridge to the door of the house which he had seen, without remarking, from the other side of the bay. It was a small, neat, wooden dwelling, painted white, around which two or three shade trees, as they are called, had been induced to grow with great difficulty. They rose up barely to the eaves, which were not very high; but at all events they served to shelter the windows from the glare of the sun, while the cool breath of the ocean found its way easily through the thin leaves and straggling branches.

Without ceremony, Adrian knocked at the door, to ask

a lodging for the night; and a marvellously sweet-toned woman's voice answered from within, bidding him enter. On going in, he found himself at the door of a little room on his right hand, in which he saw, by the faint gleam of a small fire, a shadowy figure seated by it knitting. The eyes were apparently turned towards him, and probably, more accustomed to the darkness of the room than his own, they distinguished easily enough that the visitor was a stranger.

"My father is not in," said the same sweet voice; "but I expect him back from sea every minute, if you want him."

Adrian briefly explained his object; and the young girl, for so his companion apparently was, seemed, at first, a little puzzled. "I must not take upon me to answer you," she said, after hesitating for a moment. "I do not think my father is a man to send a traveller away at night-fall. He will be back soon—at least, I hope so, for he has been longer away than usual—since yesterday morning at two o'clock. If you will wait for him, I don't think you need go farther. Stay, I will light a candle; for it is growing very dark, and I am beginning to be a little alarmed: there has been such rough weather, and a poor young man was drowned yesterday. Whenever that happens, it makes us who stay at home think sadly of those who are out at sea."

She had continued talking, while she quietly lighted a candle; and Adrian was about to answer; but the sudden blaze, lighting up a face of extraordinary beauty, and displaying a form of wonderful delicacy and symmetry, rendered him dumb for a moment with surprise and admiration. The young girl before him was probably not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age, not very tall, but

yet in perfect womanhood. The graceful flowing of the lines over her whole form, especially when she moved to and fro in the little parlor, had something which might be called almost luxurious in it. The rich rounding of all the limbs, and yet the great delicacy of all their proportions, were such as are seldom seen, even in the sheltered hothouse plants of the higher or the wealthier circles. The small, delicate foot and hand, the tapering fingers, the bosom heaving beneath its modest covering, the length from the hip to the knee, the smallness of the waist, and yet the perfect ease, which showed that no movement was hampered by dress, and no point of symmetry produced by art,—all seemed to belong to another sphere than the small cottage, and the life of labor.

The face, too, was in harmony with the whole, exquisitely chiselled, delicate in complexion, clear as a bright summer evening, with the eyes as blue as heaven, the eyelashes long and dark like the fringes of the night, and the eyebrow clearly but gently traced beneath the ivory palace of the soul. All the features, to the eyes of Adrian at least, seemed perfection—almost too bright and beautiful for earth indeed, had it not been for the warm, rosy, somewhat pouting lips, and the rich gleamy, brown hair, which in the glossy tangle of its curls seemed to link the angel to the human nature.

While all this beauty had been pouring in upon his sight, his fair companion had not failed to examine, with some care, the intruder upon her solitude. There was nothing inquisitive or obtrusive in her gaze; though it could not be called exactly shy; for there was a tranquillity in it which shyness does not tolerate. She seemed speedily satisfied with her guest's appearance however, placed the can-

dle on the table, took her seat again, and resumed her work. She did not speak again for a minute or two; and Adrian, although his mind was full of her and her beauty, had time to give a hurried glance round the room, with that instinctive feeling which teaches us that the character of every one, but more especially a woman, is generally more or less displayed by the objects with which she habitually surrounds herself. In the present case all was in good keeping. The room was homely enough, the furniture plain; but every thing was scrupulously neat, and in one corner was a small piano, then an article of considerable cost, while a little book-case hung above, bearing on its shelves a much more extensive assortment of books than is usually to be found in a cottage, even in a land where education is universal, and reading a passion.

As we have endeavored to show, there was a certain degree of shyness about Adrian Brewerton—that sort and degree which is almost always the share of susceptible and imaginative people. He felt that to sit there in silence was awkward; and yet, as his fair companion was silent, he hesitated to renew the conversation. He forced himself at length, however, to inquire whether her father was frequently at sea.

"Oh yes," replied the girl, with a smile. "Do you not know my father is Israel Keelson, the fisherman, who supplies almost the whole town? He has four boats, and people in them; but still he will go to sea himself. It has been his custom from his boyhood; and though an old man now, he cannot forbear it."

"Are you not sometimes fearful for his safety?" asked Adrian, wondering at her calmness, when his own thoughts were all full of the doings of that terrible element on which this man's way of life was cast.

There was something very peculiar in his tone, and the girl looked up, gazing at him enquiringly. "Yes," she answered, "I am often anxious, and very much alarmed when he is longer absent than usual. But yet, perhaps, I do not feel it so much as you would do. It was my lot to be born a fisherman's daughter; and I have seen him go out two or three times every week, ever since I can remember any thing. I have thus become accustomed to it, and probably, from habit, should forget the danger altogether, if every now and then, some terrible event did not happen, to show how real the perils are. There was one the other day; and I saw it all with my own eyes. It is that which makes me rather more timid and anxious to-night; for I expected my father back some hours ago."

"Then you witnessed the whole scene," said Adrian, thinking she spoke of the unhappy fate of his friend. "Tell me, I beseech you, how did it happen?"

"I do not like to think of it," replied the beautiful girl, "and yet the sight comes back upon my mind very often, like a frightful picture—or a dream. The boats had all gone out before daylight, as they usually do—just three weeks ago on Monday. Two of them came home very soon; and my father's own boat was the second. The wind had freshened a good deal, and blew right into the bay; but yet I have known the wind much higher, and the sea seeming to run much more roughly. My father was anxious, however, for his men; and went down to the shore and looked out with his glass. It was raining a little, and the spray dashing; but I went down after him, and stood beside him, till we saw two boats come scudding in over the dark line where the bay opens to the ocean. My father then said, 'There they are: it's all safe now.—Go in, my

child; but he still stayed on the beach himself, and though I did as he told me, I went to the upper window to watch. One boat was about half a mile before the other; and the first came dashing along, tipping over the waves, as if they were its playfellows. It did not seem to me more than a quarter of a mile from the landing-place, and I could see John Lincoln standing up to furl the sail. Poor fellow, he was a good young man, and had not been married above five or six months. I thought they were quite safe; but all in a moment the boat reeled terribly, came with her broadside to the waves, and went over. There were five men in the boat, and all of them had wives or children, or sisters round about. It seemed as if every one of their friends knew of the accident in a moment; for I hardly saw what had happened when there was a terrible scream from the different houses round, and the beach was covered with people. I screamed and ran out too; and the sight was so terrible I hardly knew what I did. I saw two or three of the men, whom I knew well, struggling in the water, sometimes rising over the waves, sometimes hidden beneath them; and I could have rushed in myself to give them help. Poor John Lincoln, who could not swim, was clinging to the boat, and his wife stood close by me shrieking terribly. All the women, indeed, were shrieking and wringing their hands. My father and the other men, however, ran a boat down in a minute; and half my thoughts were for them; for the waves were breaking sharply on the shore, and I thought the boat would be swamped. But when they got beyond the surf, and I looked out beyond them to see again, I could only descry two men upon the water, and one still clinging to the boat. Two had gone down for ever. A third suddenly disappeared



before my father could reach them; but they got hold of the fourth, and drew him in amongst them. That caused a little delay, and oh, how poor John Lincoln's young wife shrieked during that moment! Well might she shriek, poor thing; for, just when my father's boat was within a hundred yards of him, a higher wave than the rest shook him from his hold, and he, too, disappeared."

The girl put her hand before her eyes, as if she would shut the sight out from memory; and Adrian bent his head, and remained silent for several moments, saying to himself, "There are greater misfortunes in this world, than such a death as that of Roger Ashmore."

"It must have been a frightful scene, indeed," he said at length, "and your father's next parting from you must have been very painful. I came down here, with a number of others, to seek for the body of a young companion who was drowned in the bay yesterday. He parted from us, full of life, and health, and hope, without ever dreaming of danger; and now he lies beneath those waters, cold, and still enough. Where is his spirit gone?" he continued, recurring to the train of thought in which he had indulged upon the beach. "Where is now the home of that bright, ardent soul?"

"As has been his life," replied the girl, in a tone almost solemn, "so will be his resting-place. I heartily believe, that here, upon this earth, we work out an after-destiny. We are building for the future, and must inhabit where we have built—Do you not think so?"

"I do," answered Adrian; "but yet there are strange thoughts cross my brain at times. I suppose they trouble the minds of all, more or less, these longings to pierce the dim, shadowy curtain which hangs between life and life,—

to look beyond this present which walls us in—to know something tangible, real, of that wild interminable future—that ocean of endless waters which lies beyond the sandy shore of this existence, flowing whither we know not. I often feel, as I look forward, as Columbus must have felt, when standing on the verge of the Atlantic, he looked out upon the mysterious immensity before him, and asked himself, What beyond?"

"Oh, no!" answered the beautiful girl; "Oh, no! he never felt so."

"Why not?" asked Adrian suddenly, and almost sharply. "Why should he not feel so?"

"Because," she replied, in a low, timid, but very grave tone, "because he had the certainty of science, and had you true faith, you would have the certainty of revelation."

Adrian almost started; for the idea of a want of faith had never been so palpably presented to his mind before. He looked gloomily down, for a moment, questioning his own heart; but his beautiful young companion seemed to think that she must have offended him, and she added, in a quiet, soothing tone, "It is bold of me, I know, to say such things; but I did not mean to pain you, sir; and it is well for us, sometimes, to think seriously how much we believe, and how much we doubt."

Adrian's impulsive nature carried him away, and crossing over the room, at once, he took her hand, repeating several times, "I thank you! I thank you! You have given me a light—a light into the mysterious darkness of my own heart. Yes, I will search the cavern to the deepest nook—I will no longer have doubts. I will believe, or not believe. Nay, nay! I do believe. But still it would be some satisfaction could we, even for a moment, overstep



the great gulph ; or could one of those who have changed their habitation from a mortal to an immortal state, recross the bridge of death, and give us some assurance of what is beyond. Methinks, then, a man would believe more fully. It would be conviction, rather than belief."

"Rather than faith," replied his lovely companion. "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither would they believe if one went to them from the dead." "But would you not be frightened?" she asked, in a lighter tone, as if she found such grave subjects somewhat inappropriate to her age and her sex; "Would you not be frightened, if some spectre were to take you at your word, and coming to you in the darkness of the night, tell you the awful secrets which you now so earnestly desire?"

"Not in the least," replied Adrian, boldly. "To see one of these spirits—spectres, as you call them—if such things be allowed to appear—and taking for granted man's immortality, and a world of sentient beings beyond the grave, it is hardly possible to suppose it otherwise—to see one of these spirits, and to question him as to the state of his being, and the mysterious immortality before us, has always been a strong desire with me. I seek for the definite and true, in all things, and I do not think that the appearance of any disembodied soul would give me the least alarm."

He went on for some time farther in the same strain, and his fair companion replied, sometimes in a grave, and sometimes in a more lively tone; but with a degree of talent and information such as Adrian had seldom met with before, and never in a woman. For nearly an hour, their conversation was thus prolonged, wandering over a thousand subjects, differing very much from each other; for each fol-

lowed where the conversation led, and each spoke his thoughts plainly, pausing not to keep up any very definite line of argument, but reasoning on each separate topic, with a light, fanciful, and wandering course, till, at length, a well-known shout upon the beach gave the girl intimation that her father had arrived in safety, and, starting joyfully up, she hurried to the door.

## CHAPTER V.

How pale appear  
 Those clay-cold cheeks where grace and vigor glow'd!  
 O dismal spectacle! How humbly now  
 Lies that ambition which was late so proud!  
 SMOLLETT. "*The Regicide.*"

"You are very welcome, sir;" said a tall, fine-looking old man, with white hair, following Adrian's fair companion into the room, and shaking hands with him frankly. "You are very welcome, sir; and we'll do our best to make you comfortable, though the house is a very small one, and you will have but small room. I don't exactly know your name, but I think I've seen your face up at the town, amongst the lads at College."

"Most probably," replied his young visitor. "My name is Adrian Brewerton, and I am, as you say, a student."

"Ay! you used to lodge at Madame Copland's," said the fisherman, drawing off an enormous pair of heavy boots. "I know now. But what is this they tell me?—that one of your young gentlemen was drowned yesterday, here in the bay?"

"It is too true, indeed," replied his young guest. "He was my companion and friend, and I cannot make up my mind to quit the spot so long as his body remains beneath the waters."

"Sit down, sir—pray, sit down," said the fisherman; "we'll have some supper in a minute; for I'm hungry enough, the wind having chopped round off the point, so that we were kept out till we had nothing to eat. Pray, what was the name of your friend who was drowned?"

Adrian told him, and the fisherman's countenance changed a good deal. It grew grave, and even stern; but Israel Keelson was not a man to keep back his thoughts whatever they were, and after a momentary pause he said, "I am sorry he *was* your friend and companion—I don't think you could have had a much worse. We ought not to speak ill of the dead, they say; and certainly he did no harm to me or mine, but many a one here he did wrong in several ways, and I may say, at least, that I am sorry he was your friend."

Adrian heard him with very strange and mingled emotions. An hour or two before, if any one had spoken ill of Roger Ashmore, he would have answered sharply—even angrily; and his cheek did flush a little, and his brow contracted; but yet there was some new feeling in his heart which kept that hot response back as it was springing to his lips. He knew not well, why or wherefore; but there was something exceedingly painful to him in being called the friend and companion of one whose character and acts he could not defend, in the presence of the beautiful girl who stood hard by. Had he been able to justify the dead, to show that his conduct had been misrepresented, his character mistaken, he would have defended him before any one, or in any circumstances; but he felt that he could not do so, and the faults which before had seemed slight, had now, by some strange influence, become aggravated in his eyes, and he feared that even the old fisherman and his

daughter should attribute to him a participation in his comrade's offences. There was a momentary struggle in his mind between two impulses, and it was not till after he had thought for a time in silence, that he replied : "Poor fellow ! He had his faults, Mr. Keelson ; but he has gone to give his account of them ; and he had his virtues and good qualities also. The latter were less apparent to the world in general than the former. God sees all ! But this I will say, though his friend and his companion, I had no share in any of the acts to which, doubtless, you object. There might be many ties between us of old friendship, boyish companionship, family regard, and connection, without our being linked together in any thing that is evil ; and now he is dead, I would fain think only of that which was noble, and generous, and good in his nature, and forget all that was wrong, or foolish, or light. The companions of his gayer or brighter hours have soon dropped away, and given up the search for his body ; but I remain, and will remain, till I find it."

"That's right ! that's right !" said the old fisherman heartily ; "Vicious friendships are never lasting ; and, although they say, 'Tell me a man's companions, and I will tell you the man,' it is a rule I have known fail very often—— Now, my dear, tell Kitty to bring the supper ; for she is long enough about it, and I am half starving."

Adrian wondered who this same Kitty could be ; but it turned out that she was only an old negro woman, a servant in the family, and as soon as she had placed the simple meal upon the table, the old man invited his guest to be seated, and took his own place at the board, putting his hands together, and saying reverently, "Lord, bless and sanctify thy mercies to our use, for Christ's sake."

Adrian was exhausted and faint with watching, wandering, and want of food ; for he had tasted nothing since the preceding day at an early hour, except a small portion of the scanty viands which had been brought down from the town at noon. Nevertheless, he had no appetite. A sick, oppressive feeling, whenever he thought of poor Roger Ashmore, lying there beneath the waters of the bay, made him loathe the thought of food, and after having forced himself to swallow a few mouthfuls, he laid down his knife and fork. The old fisherman had been talking of indifferent subjects in a quiet tone ; but his eye—a clear, bright, hazel eye, which seemed to have kept its youth in despite of time—turned to his young guest every now and then, with a grave and marking look.

"You don't eat," he said at length. "What is the matter, young man?"

"I have not yet got over the shock of my friend's death," replied Adrian. "I know well that if griefs and regrets do not themselves pass away with time, their effects upon the body do, and that men go about the world, in a few months after the bitterest losses, to all appearances as if they had lost nothing. But this occurred very lately—was very sudden—and there were also many painful circumstances attending it. Besides, I have been wandering about here since last night at nine o'clock, seeking for my poor friend's body, which we have not been able to find."

"I should think that mattered little," replied the old fisherman, in a homely manner, but in no ill chosen language. "Did you find the corpse, you could but put it in the earth. The ocean affords as wide a grave, the waters as calm a sepulchre. But people have different notions of these things. For my part, I would rather lie beneath the

glittering waves on a sunshiny day, than in the quietest nook of a country churchyard. Yet, I do not mean to say you are wrong. Every one feels according to his habits, and you, I dare say, have been brought up on the land."

"I have very rarely been upon the water at all," replied Adrian, "and I shall ever, after to-day, hate the sea, on account of my friend's fate."

"The land takes its number, and the waters their own," replied the fisherman. "Had he lived to be as old as Abraham, he must have died at last: though it is a pity, too, to see a young lad taken away so early, and that before he has had time either to repent or to atone."

Adrian was silent; and the beautiful girl looked at him earnestly and compassionately, as if she thought her father's somewhat stern words might be too hard for him.

But the old man was softer at heart than his exterior betrayed; and as soon as the simple supper was over, he rose and took his hat, saying, "I am going out for a bit, my child, I want to speak a word with Davie."

"What, Davie the fool?" asked his daughter, with a look of some surprise.

Keelson merely nodded his head; and as soon as he was gone, Adrian enquired who was the person he had gone to visit, with such an unenviable epithet attached to his name.

"He is a poor, simple man," replied the girl in a mild tone, "perfectly harmless, and not without some curious shrewdness. He is always prowling about in this neighborhood, and every body is very kind to him; for he does no wrong to any one, but often serves, when he knows how."

She then, with woman's sweetest art, labored hard for nearly half an hour, to win the thoughts of Adrian away from the painful subject which she believed engrossed them.

She little knew how much she herself shared in the young man's thoughts at that moment; nor how often the reply which struck her as strangely interesting and touching, when he answered any thing she said, had been influenced by feelings which she herself had created. Of course, no words of tenderness—no expression of admiration—no lover-like speech, or suitor's flattery, passed the lips of Adrian Brewerton at that moment; but yet there was something in his tone, in his looks, in his words even, which, every now and then, made the young girl's heart thrill with new and pleasant emotions—nay, once or twice brought the warm blood for an instant into her cheek—not at any strangeness in his language, but at the strangeness of her own sensations.

They were thus talking quietly across the table, when the old man, her father, opened the door suddenly, and put in his head, saying, "Now, young gentleman, I see you won't be happy till you have found the body of your poor friend; so, if you like to come along with me, I will go and drag a bit. I think I have got a notion of where he went down."

"Nobody saw where he sank," replied Adrian, rising; "but I am ready to try any thing—with or without hope."

"There was one person saw him go down," said old Keelson; "and though his account of any thing is not the clearest, poor creature, yet I think I can hit the place."

"Oh! father, do not go to-night," said the girl earnestly. "This gentleman knows nothing about boats, he says; and if you two go alone, you may both be lost likewise."

"Pooh! nonsense, girl," said the old man with a laugh; "besides, James is going with us, and Ben Herring, who can swim as well as his namesake, and I dare say the gentleman can swim, too."

"I can, indeed," replied Adrian, somewhat bitterly: "and that makes what I feel the more painful; for poor Ashmore asked me to go with him, and I refused. Perhaps, if I had gone, I might have saved him."

"More likely you would have been drowned yourself," replied the old fisherman; "for it was a very long swim to the shore from where he went down, and the sea was running very high at that time. It is getting quite still now, so don't you be frightened, my child. No harm will happen. Get me the lantern, my dear. The lads have run down the boat by this time."

But Ella was frightened; for the mind, though it may, by habit, become so much accustomed to perils, as almost to lose a consciousness of their existence, is soon reawakened when their magnitude and proximity have been brought tangibly home to the heart. Anxiously, apprehensively she sat for more than one hour after her father and Adrian Brewerton had departed. She could not work, she could not read. The first occupation left thought too free; the second could not chain it down strongly enough to resist the impulse in another direction. From time to time, she tried both, however; but still the mind wandered, with a feeling of awe and dread, towards the bosom of the waters, and she listened eagerly for the sighing of the wind, asking herself, what fate that breeze might be bringing to those upon the ocean.

Suddenly, at the end of the second hour, she heard the outer door of the house open, and then a hand was laid upon the latch of the room where she was sitting. The next instant, a stout, broad-set young man, with a frank countenance, but a somewhat sensitive and impetuous gleam in the eye, put his head in, saying abruptly, "They have found

him, Ella. They have found him, at length, and are bringing him up to the house. You had better go into some other room; for they must carry him straight in here, 'till Davie brings down a carriage to take him home. Hark! they are coming—go away, go away!"

"No, James, I would rather not," replied the beautiful girl. "Why should I fear the sight of a dead man? It is well to look upon such things at times."

He urged her strongly to go; but she persisted in her resolution; and with a look of some mortification, he turned away towards the door, just as old Israel Keelson and Adrian Brewerton approached, bearing in their arms the corpse of poor Roger Ashmore.

When she heard their step, Ella Keelson, with a blanched cheek, but a firm hand and a calm eye, took up the light, and held back the door to give them admission. The sight of death is almost always more or less terrible to the mortal creature; but there is something more terrible than usual when the dead was young. There seems something unnatural in it—something repugnant to our instinctive notions of the duration of life, to behold the marks of the clammy grave upon a youthful form. Death seems to belong to age; and youth has no harmony with it. It is a harsh discord in the midst of life's music.

Painful was the sight, as the yellow light of the candle fell upon the pale, calm features of the corpse, while they bore him in, with the long, black hair, wet with the waters in which he had yielded his breath, streaming over his friend's arm, and showering salt drops upon the floor. There was no agony upon the countenance—no trace of that fearful struggle for breath, which we picture with such terrors. The face was as calm as that of a sleeping child—the body

falling easily and uncontorted; but yet to the eyes of Ella it was an awful sight. She knew not from what motive; but, after the first glance at the countenance of the corpse, she raised her eyes suddenly to that of Adrian Brewerton, which was pale, but much more tranquil than in the preceding part of the evening. From some sort of vague impulse, her look glanced on towards the passage seen through the open door, and there her eyes met those of the young man, called James, fixed earnestly upon her. There was nothing, sullen, or harsh, or angry in them, but something very sad. She withdrew her glance instantly, and retired a step or two, while old Keelson exclaimed, "Open that door, my child. We must lay him on the bed."

Ella hastened to obey, and slowly carrying the corpse to a small bed-room behind the parlor, they removed the sheets, and placed it on the mattress.

"Pull off the boots at once," said old Keelson, "or we shall never get the feet out. Bodies swell when they have been long in the water."

It was already impossible to draw the boots off; and Adrian, with a shudder, as he remembered the incidents of the preceding morning, and the little traits of vanity he had remarked, now cut the boots from the small and delicate feet of the unhappy young man, and cast them from him somewhat vehemently.

Ella held the light while this was done, and the group of her father and herself, Adrian, and two or three of the boatmen, stood round about the bed, for several minutes, in profound silence, gazing at the face of the corpse. A slight murmur then rose, as some of the spectators began to ask a question, or make some observation to a neighbor; but the old fisherman, who had great rule and

authority in the place, speedily interfered, saying, "There, my friends—there! You have looked at him enough, I think. This young gentleman is his friend and relation; and he must feel a good deal differently from what you do. It is heavy rowing when all hands don't pull together; so you had better go, and leave him with us. We have sent for a carriage to take the body back to the College, which the poor lad left yesterday afternoon, as blythe and lifesome as any of us. There will be many a heavy heart for this young man's loss; and, as there is one here present, it will be better that he should be left alone till the first sad business is quite over."

The old man's little speech had its full effect. The two or three fishermen who had entered took their departure, and nobody remained with Adrian but Ella and her father, and the young man called James, who seemed a privileged guest.

Little was said for the next hour and a quarter; but then the grating sound of wheels was heard in the sand, and then a loud, and even a gay shout; after which a voice exclaimed, "Here are the horses! Here are the horses! We have driven like mad to carry the dead; and if he goes back at the same rate, they may shake him alive again."

While these sounds were being uttered, the door of the outer room once more opened, and a man, somewhat below the middle height, thin, but well-formed enough, but with a countenance having that queer, sly expression, which often seems to indicate, in the faces of what are called half-witted people, the extinction of the higher, and the accumulation of some of the inferior qualities of the mind, entered with a light and jaunty step, almost as if he came on some occasion of merry-making. When he beheld the sad and

solemn group, however, still standing round the bed, and the cold, marble face of the dead, his transient gayety seemed reproved, and he walked onward upon tiptoes, as if afraid of waking Roger Ashmore from his sleep."

"The carriage is here, Master Keelson," he said, "and the horses all ready; but who is to ride with the dead? There won't be much talk by the way, I guess;—who is going to take the silent drive?"

As he spoke, he fixed his eyes keenly upon the young boatman, James; but the other answered somewhat sharply, "Not I, Davie; be sure of that. I wouldn't for a hundred dollars!"

"Strange—strange!" said Davie, with a look of intense thought—marvellously intense for one of his condition: "Strange that people should be afraid of the dead who were never afraid of the living. He could do nobody any harm if they were shut up in the same grave with him. Very odd, James—isn't it? Yet I shouldn't like to go either."

"I will go," said Adrian Brewerton, calmly. "Nobody else will be needed."

"Come, lend a hand at least, James!" said old Mr. Keelson, somewhat sternly. "Lend a hand to bear in the corpse. Some one may have to do you the same good turn some day."

The young man complied with apparent reluctance, while Adrian took up his hat, and buttoned his coat, and Ella followed with a light, though Davie, the fool, as they called him, was already holding the lantern at the outer door.

The corpse was carried to the side of the carriage, placed in it, and disposed as decently as might be; and then turning to Adrian, Mr. Keelson said, "I think you

had better take a glass of brandy, sir. You look pale. You are very wet, and you will have a long, sad ride."

"Nothing whatever," replied Adrian. "I thank you a thousand times, Mr. Keelson—much—very much more than I can express: and you too, my dear young lady," he added, taking Ella's hand, and pressing it gently in his own. "I thank you with all my heart for the kindness you have shown me. But we shall meet again, when I can speak my gratitude more fully."

Thus saying, he turned towards the carriage; but when he approached the door, and saw the corpse lying across the other side, partly supported by the seat, he stopped involuntarily, and paused for a moment, as if it required an effort of resolution to enter. The next instant he put his foot upon the step, and took his seat beside the dead body.

At that moment Ella's eyes were fixed upon him with a look of strange sweetness—full of sympathy, and admiration, and compassion.

While she gazed at him, another was gazing at her; and when the carriage drove away into the darkness, old Keelson turned back towards the house, saying, "He is a noble, brave fellow!" But the young man, James, folded his arms upon his chest, and bent his steps towards his own home, murmuring but two words, "Ah, Ella!"

It was the breaking of a dream.



## CHAPTER VI.

Veramente la, legge con che Amore  
 Il suo imperio governa eternamente,  
 Non è dura né obliqua; e l'opre sue,  
 Piene di provvidenza, e di mistero  
 Altri a torto condanna. O con quant'arte  
 E per che ignote strade egli conduce  
 L'huom ad esser beato.

TASSO. "*Aminta*."

THE funeral was over, all the sad rites performed, and Adrian Brewerton, clad in deep mourning, sat, a few weeks after, in his lonely room, laboring hard, by intense study, to withdraw his mind from more than one subject, which he did not wish to contemplate. The loss of his friend, the weary search for the body, the dragging for more than an hour in the deep and solemn bay, by night, the long and terrible drive back to the city, with the corpse for his only companion, had left a strong and fearful impression on his mind which he could not shake off. But yet, strange to say, these dark and gloomy memories were chequered by thoughts and recollections exquisitely sweet and delightful, upon which, nevertheless, he was unwilling to allow his mind to dwell. There was a fair face, a graceful form, a sweet and beaming smile ever present to his eye, and a musical voice swelling gently on his ear, in despite of all his efforts to banish them from his memory.

There be some things, like the flash of the lightning,

too bright ever to leave the sight—some so sweet as to linger in the ear for ever.

Yet he struggled hard to forget, and resolved steadily and sturdily never to return to that cottage, where he had passed but a few hours, indeed, but had found matter more dangerous to his peace than he knew even yet.

These memories and these struggles, however, had shaken his nerves greatly; and though he combated his feelings with more manly energy, he was again in exactly the same state of thrilling excitement in which his mother's death had left him when a boy. He heard a step upon the stairs: he felt agitated. The door opened suddenly, and he almost started from his seat. It was a stranger who entered—a coarse-featured, heavy-browed man, short and square in form, and bearing that sort of seaman's air, which no land-foppery can conceal. He stared for a moment at the young student with a sort of bold, supercilious look; and then inquired if his name was Mr. Brewerton.

"The same," replied Adrian, now roused, and returning his gaze steadfastly, "What do you want with me?"

"There's a packet for you," replied the stranger, throwing down what looked like a large thick letter on the table, and adding, "I had it from Madam Ashmore, of Charleston; and to oblige her—I have often obliged her before—I promised to deliver it myself."

"I thank you," replied Adrian, gravely; and without farther words, the unprepossessing stranger turned upon his heel, and whistling a light air, descended the stairs.

Adrian tore open the packet eagerly. He had written, at once, to the mother of poor Roger Ashmore after the recovery of the body, and had dwelt much upon the efforts of others, especially those of old Keelson, but little upon his own.

The president, however, had, in another letter, done ample justice to the exertions of the young student, touching the mother's heart by an account of the profound grief into which Adrian Brewerton had been cast by the loss of his friend. To mark her sense of his kindness, Mrs. Ashmore now requested Adrian to accept, as a memento, some valuable trinkets formerly belonging to her son, which were in the hands of the president, and to present, with his own hands, to the old fisherman, Roger's gold watch and seals, as a token of her gratitude.

Strange human nature! Adrian had been vigorously resolving, as we have said, not to go back to the cottage—had blamed himself severely for the struggling of his heart against his determination; but now, a fair excuse for violating his resolution was an absolute relief to him; and he hastened, at once, to do all that he had determined not to do.

It was again a half holiday, and the young man walked to the president's house, showed the letter he had received, obtained the watch, chain, and seals, and hiring a carriage, drove himself out to the bay. The weather had become milder, and a soft sort of languid haziness, mingling with the sun-shine, had rendered far distant objects somewhat indistinct; but as Adrian drove toward's the fisherman's house, he could see plainly enough, at some distance, the fair form of Ella, seated under the little verandah, and busily engaged with some sort of woman's work. The sound of the wheels first made her raise her eyes; and the bright look of joy and satisfaction which beamed suddenly up in them, when she recognized the young student, was very perilous to poor Adrian's heart. Her hand was in his in a moment; and, with a frank simplicity, which might have spoken ill for his suit, if he had come with a suitor's purposes, she told him how glad she was to see him, how anxious she had been

about him, and how often she had asked her father to call and enquire for him, whenever he went up to the town.

For a few moments, Adrian too gave way to his feelings, sat down by her, conversed with her in tones almost too tender, and with words too full of fancy, and fire, and enthusiasm, though they had no direct reference to herself. But he recovered himself speedily. We know not what it was that checked him in full career—perhaps it was a glow that came upon Ella's cheek, which taught him to ask himself, "Can I be such a scoundrel as to be making love to this young girl, without any probability—any possibility of our union?"

He changed the conversation instantly, to subjects of a graver and a colder kind; and here Ella, who for some time had spoken but little, answered more freely, conversing sweetly and calmly, with a pleasant, even, yet sparkling train of thought, and weaving round Adrian's heart a network of fine links, from which it could never break free.

She had told him at the first, that her father was out, but not at sea, and that she expected him back immediately; and thus Adrian remained by her side nearly an hour, under the verandah, waiting for the old man's return.

As they thus sat, the young fisherman, James, passed before them at a little distance. Whether he had seen them sitting together, or not, before they observed him, we cannot say; but he never raised his eyes when he was near, walking slowly on, as if he did not perceive them.

About twenty minutes after, as their eyes ran along the beach, they saw old Israel Keelson coming slowly along the sand-hills, at some distance. He walked with his hands behind his back, his head somewhat bent, and his eyes turned towards the ground. He was not alone; and as he

came nearer, Adrian recognized, in the stout flashily-dressed man who accompanied him, the same rough personage who had brought him Mrs. Ashmore's letter. In approaching his own house, Mr. Keelson twice raised his eyes towards the verandah; and when opposite to it, and quite near, he turned towards the stranger, saying, in a stern and decided tone, "I will have nothing to do with it, I tell you; and it shan't be done here!"

"Shan't!" said the stranger, with a sort of sneering smile; and turning round, he walked away, whistling the same light air he had whistled when leaving Adrian.

The old man greeted the young student kindly, nay, warmly, sat down with his daughter and Adrian before the house, and talked a little of the past; but yet it was clear that something had, in a degree, disturbed him, for he fell every now and then into a reverie.

At the end of about a quarter of an hour,—for he was glad to protract the pleasant moments,—Adrian Brewerton proceeded to speak of his mission, and presented the old man with the watch and seals. Mr. Keelson took them in his hand, examined them carefully, with a slight smile, and then returned them to Adrian, saying; "'Tis a pretty toy; and those figures on the back are beautifully chased enough. I used to know something about such things in my young days. Tell Mrs. Ashmore, that I am very much obliged to her, but I cannot accept any thing so valuable. It would look like being paid, my young friend, for seeking the body of her son; and that can't be."

Adrian, however, pressed him strongly to take at least some little memorial, assuring him that Mrs. Ashmore would feel mortified if he had refused to do so.

"Well, then," said the old man, "I will take this little

seal;" and detaching one from the ring, he handed it to his daughter, saying, "What is on it, my child? Your eyes are clearer than mine at this time of day."

Ella took it, and replied, after looking at it a moment, "There is a bird, dropping down into its nest upon a bough, and underneath is engraved '*ad ogni ucello suo nido e bello.*'"

She read the Italian with a pure soft accent, that made it seem as if the sweet tongue were native to her lips; and, to Adrian's great surprise, even the old man, her father, asked for no translation.

"It is a pretty conceit," he said; but whether he referred to the bird and the nest, or to the words which accompanied them, Adrian did not know. He soon found, however, that if he stayed much longer he was lost. He resolved to go, hesitated, lingered, entered into conversation again. Then he took his leave: then was led to speak of some fresh subject, and the whole system of resolving, hesitating, lingering, and leave-taking, had to come over again.

He reproached himself for his folly; but it had given him half an hour more of enjoyment—as many another folly does, to be reckoned for hereafter, on Fate's dark tally behind the door—and at length he went away with a heart beating, and a brain whirling. But Adrian Brewerton was by this time in love; and he knew it.

## CHAPTER VII.

The night grows wond'rous dark : deep swelling gusts  
And sultry stillness take the rule by turn,  
Whilst o'er our heads the black and heavy clouds  
Roll slowly on.

JOANNA BAILLIE. "*Rayner*."

Six months had passed, and Roger Ashmore's sad fate was all but forgotten at his College, so rapid do the ever-varying incidents and impressions of youth, like the footsteps of a hurrying crowd, successively efface one another. Of all his companions, Adrian Brewerton alone retained the memories of that fatal day, and those solemn scenes, with any thing like their first distinctness. Before his eyes they continued, day and night, as if he were haunted by an ever-present picture. Even at the end of those six months, there was nothing dreamy in his recollections—nothing vague and intangible, as is so apt to be the case with past horrors, which the mind in its weakness recoils from contemplating as realities. Every particular was still awfully palpable to him, as if the past were a part of his actual being—probably it is so always, and we shall know that it is so, in an after state, though with our obscured intellects in this mortal coil, we forget what we are, and what Fate and our own acts have made us. Man's immortality is of his own making. So tells us the Bible, and so do we believe. But Adrian's mortal life was more affected by the past than that of most

men. He felt even the current of his existence swayed, if not diverted from its channel, by the influence of those short hours which seemed to have concentrated in themselves the emotions of a life-time.

Nevertheless, he appeared in a certain way to have gained strength, either by the shock of Roger Ashmore's death, or by the energy of newly awakened passion: at least, so one might judge by several changes in his habits. He exhibited more unity of purpose, and more continuity of effort than before. His enthusiasms remained as great as ever; but they had become somewhat more practical. Determination seemed to be steadily supplanting vague aspirations. Still, all this was so obscurely shadowed forth as to be rather a matter of consciousness to himself, than a change observable by others. To the over-sensitive, the over-hopeful, if we may be allowed the expression, the exhaustion of strong emotions in youth is often the redemption of later years. It is like the tempering of iron in the fire. If it be worthless, it breaks; if it be true steel, it becomes the harder and the finer.

Whether from a morbid tendency to the investigation of man's physical and moral structure, stimulated, if not produced, by the various events connected with his friend's fate, and the sharp contrast between his life and death—life in its wildest exuberance, death in its gloomiest desolation—or whether from motives purely intellectual, Adrian was, at this time, devoting all his energies to the study of Anatomy. It is probable that the first conjecture is the correct one. Certain it is, that people of a nervous organization are exceedingly liable to engage in pursuits, and enter upon investigations, apparently the most foreign to their disposition. They appear drawn by a force, not to

be resisted, towards what is uncongenial, if not absolutely antipathetic to their own nature, like the fascinated bird, which is said, not merely to be powerless in the serpent's gaze, but to fly towards the reptile about to devour it. We have seen the youth who fainted at the sight of blood choose arms for his profession, and prove himself, in the turmoil of the battle, the bravest of the brave; and there are a thousand instances of the same propensity in history. Probably Adrian was now only acting in obedience to a law of his being, even while he seemed to be violating all its impulses.

However all this may be, Adrian's passion for what some may consider his strange, and somewhat repugnant pursuit, grew upon him daily; but he did not allow it to interfere with his ordinary College duties. Every spare moment, indeed, devoted by other students to recreation or pleasure, he employed in studying the mysteries of man's material nature.

Such were his pursuits, then, about six months after the drowning of Roger Ashmore. Summer was just dying into autumn: the mornings and evenings belonged to the latter season: the middle of the day to the former; and an occasional storm of great severity indicated that it was one of the transition periods of the year.

One afternoon, towards night-fall, while Adrian was musing by the tomb of Roger Ashmore, in that corner of the town grave-yard appropriated to the University, a young man, somewhat older than himself, approached, and accosted him familiarly. In spite of the rough camlet cloak in which he was wrapped, and the rather threadbare garments that it covered, the new comer was not to be mistaken for an inferior man. There was something in his

easy and frank address that indicated a wider acquaintance with the world than was to be acquired in the cloister-like retirement of a New England University. His language, too, had less than usual of that formal monotony of intonation, adopted in those days on all occasions, and on all subjects—whether horseracing or theology, angry disputation or friendly discussion. His face, which wore an habitual expression of dignity when in repose, lighted up in conversation with such a merry, careless, good-natured look, that he seemed the embodiment of fun and jollity.

Charles Selden had, indeed, a double nature. He was the careful, patient, ardent devotee of science, and not unfrequently the deep and philosophic thinker; but he could also be the frank and hearty boon companion, throwing off in hours of relaxation the load of thought, with a facility that few studious men possess. At the time when we now introduce him to the reader, he was attached to the medical department of the College, in the capacity of Exhibitor of Anatomy, and had thus formed an intimacy with Adrian Brewerton. But not long before, he had made a short tour in Europe, and had obtained the advantage of a two years' residence in Edinburgh, at that time a great resort of those American students in medicine who could afford to carry on their professional education in the hospitals of foreign countries.

"Well, Adrian," he said, as he came up, "what can induce you to mope here alone amongst the tombstones? Are you thinking of playing the part of resurrectionist, that you wander about, in broad daylight, in the churchyard, like a greedy ghoul? Or are you indulging in a little sentiment over the grave of some rustic Phillis, prematurely snatched from her churn and her poultry-yard?"

Adrian felt half offended at the unseasonable levity,

which jarred with all the feelings then busy in his bosom." "You know as well as I do, Selden," he said, "that poor Roger Ashmore is buried here. Pray do not make me doubt what I never yet have doubted, your goodness of heart, by joking in such a place, and at such a moment." Perhaps," he added, after a pause, "I may be treating a light jest too seriously ; but indeed, Selden, my thoughts, just then, were not very much in harmony with merriment."

"You do not yet understand me, my dear Adrian," answered his friend, taking his arm, and leading him away from the spot. "In play hours, I am as full of nonsense as a school-boy. But in time you will know me better, I hope, than to imagine me capable, even for a moment, of wilfully trifling with feelings which I respect. I was thoughtless—forgive it—and now let me tell you what brought me in search of you ; for I have tracked you from your chambers. We have obtained a prize at last. Five subjects have been sent to us from New-York ; and I have just had them carried to the dissecting-room as secretly as possible. You know the feeling of the townspeople upon this subject ; and should the bodies be discovered in our possession, I fear the result might be serious to all of us."

"But if you are sure of your men," answered Adrian, "there can be no danger."

"I do not know," replied the other, thoughtfully. "New England men will talk occasionally. At all events, to-night the bodies must be watched, for many reasons ; and the disagreeable duty of course devolves upon me."

He paused, and meditated for a moment, and then added :

"This is particularly unfortunate, for I have accepted an invitation to the Governor's grand election ball—if the word ball be not a misnomer for so grave an entertainment as it is likely to prove. I had, however, set my heart upon going, if it were only to enjoy a little quiet quiz at some of his Excellency's solemn co-officials. It is very provoking," he continued, the last thought carrying him back into a lighter tone. "If I could but find a discreet substitute, I might manage the matter. To say the truth, I had made up my mind to ask you to take my place, Adrian ; but I fear it would be impossible for such a nervous piece of mechanism as yourself to survive so ghastly a vigil."

"Not at all," replied Adrian, without hesitation, partly impelled by that morbid tendency to which we have already alluded, and partly by the doubt of his firmness which his companion's words seemed to imply : "I will cheerfully sit up in your place, Charles : the more so as you seem to think me incapable of it ;" and the next moment he went on to say, with a smile, "although, perhaps, it was only to accomplish your object that you pretended to think so. At any rate, the companionship of the dead has no terrors for me now : nothing likely to happen from the living ever had. At what hour does your ball commence ?"

"At the frightfully dissipated hour of nine," replied Charles Selden. "But I will come to your rooms for you at eight, Adrian. We will then go together to the College ; and I will see what can be done to make you comfortable for the night. You are really doing me a service, which I hope some time to reciprocate, if not in kind, at least to an equal degree."

They then parted ; and Adrian slowly returned to his chambers. We cannot say that he felt altogether at ease

in reference to the task which he had taken upon himself. He had no special incentive to burden himself with so disagreeable a charge, except his desire to oblige his friend ; and a vague sense of discomfort—which, after all, was not fear—took possession of him, and grew upon him as the minutes passed. Nevertheless, there was that restless feverishness within him—that sort of morbid desire for this peculiar species of excitement—which would have made him eager to fulfil his promise, even if his friend had come and offered to release him.

In the mean time the weather had singularly changed. When the friends met, the sky had been quite clear—with that damp chill in the atmosphere, however, which often follows the setting of the sun in Autumn. Gradually the heavens had blackened as evening closed in. One by one, huge masses of cloud had rolled up from different points of the horizon, as if there had been many winds in the sky at once ; and overlapping each other in dingy folds, they speedily united in one general and mysterious gloom. The breeze, which seemed to follow in a circular course the direction of the hills, was at first low and fitful ; but with the close of day it increased both in force and steadiness ; and the air, at the same time, became more and more raw. At length, the rain began to fall—not in the large drops of a summer shower, but in the small, fine, even tricklings of an easterly storm. Occasionally a broad but pale sheet of lightning would, for a moment, cast its glare along the distant horizon, making visible even the leaves of the few isolated oaks that stood out in relief upon the neighboring mountain tops. As the hours went by, the canopy of clouds became as one huge black pall, unlike the grayish, slaty aspect of a wintry storm sky ; and then the atmosphere became so dense, that you

could almost taste it, and the taste was of a mouldy kind, suggesting the idea of fresh turned up earth in damp places. Men began to grope their way through the unlighted streets, with lanterns in their hands ; and through each window in that part of the College buildings inhabited by the students, issued forth, from dim oil lamps, upon the foggy air, a stream of light surrounded by a sort of hazy glare, which produced a strange effect when seen from the opposite side of the Green, as if great eyes were looking at one through the mist.

Adrian had not noticed these successive changes in the weather as minutely as we have described them. He had been sitting alone in the dark, thinking of other subjects ; but still they had made their impression, and had not tended to raise his spirits, or to cheer his mind. He heard the rain fall in its melancholy monotony. He felt the oppressive denseness of the atmosphere. He saw the sheet of lightning as it flickered through the gloom ; but it was not till he heard his friend's step upon the stairs, and Charles Selden at length entered the room, muffled to the throat, and with a dark-lantern in his hand, that Adrian began to realize distinctly, how dismal a night vigil was about to follow.



## CHAPTER VIII.

'Tis only the obscure is terrible,  
Imagination frames events unknown,  
In wild, fantastic shades of hideous mien;  
And what it fears creates!

HANNAH MORE. "*Belshazzar*."

CHARLES SELDEN was in high spirits, and full of that eager and impatient activity which is exceedingly irritating to the calm, thoughtful, and unexcited. "Come, Adrian, my boy," he exclaimed; "on with your things; for we are a good deal behind time. It must be at least twenty minutes past eight—don't forget your stick; and you may as well take a pillow along with you. The floor, you know, is a hard bed. I tried to get a cot for you, but could not succeed without exciting suspicion. There is a carriage below. The owner did not like the idea of his horses being out in such a night; but even in this incorruptible country, the all-powerful extra dollar had its usual effect. Come now, do hurry, that's a good fellow," he added, as the other seemed to be going about his preparations more deliberately than he liked. "I want to sit with you for at least half an hour, before leaving you with your stiff and silent companions."

Adrian was soon ready. Taking his pillow under his arm, and in his hand a stout cudgel, which he was accustomed to carry with him in his frequent ramblings outside of the town, he descended with his companion to the car-

riage which was waiting for him at the side of the street that skirted the College grounds. The direction of his thoughts was shown by a few words which he spoke while his foot was upon the step. "This is a fearful time, Charles," he said, "for those who are at sea; and the watching for friends upon the deep, a sadder vigil than mine."

Then seating himself in the carriage, he mused in silence until they reached the entrance of the medical school, at the other end of the town, though his friend rattled away throughout the drive with surprising volubility. Both jumped out together, and while Adrian sprang up stairs out of the rain, Charles Selden directed the carriage to wait in order to convey him to the governor's entertainment.

The Medical College was a white stuccoed building, of no particular architecture, and displaying in no part any indication of the purpose for which it was designed. It might have been a state house, or an hospital, or a private residence, in so far as there was any positive inconsistency in its outward looks with the purposes of either. Still, there was something particularly cheerless in the uniform white surface, as the lantern which Charles Selden carried, threw its gleam upon the tall ghost-like façade. Within, every thing was of the same color—whitewashed ceilings, whitewashed walls, and white uncarpeted floors. There was something in the universality of this color, or rather want of color, which affected Adrian, as he passed along, very disagreeably at that moment. The amphitheatre to which they hurried, was situated, as is usually the case, in the highest story of the building. It was a room of an elliptical shape, with no lateral windows, every precaution being taken to prevent the possibility of any prying eyes from without satisfying their cu-

riosity; and the only light the room ever received came from a glass sky-light, of a rectangular form in the roof. You descended to the floor by a series of broad steps, corresponding with the lines of benches for students which encircled the room; and on the side opposite to the door, was a fire-place. In front of this, was the large dissecting table, the surface of which was covered with zinc, or some other metal, for reasons which we will not attempt to explain. Immediately over this table, was suspended from the ceiling, by a long iron chain, a sort of glass chandelier, furnished with three lamps of a very antiquated pattern.

The other objects that were prominent in the room were a large black board at one side of the fire-place, covered with anatomical figures sketched in white chalk, a small table at the opposite side, displaying some preparations for supper, and a couple of rush-bottomed chairs. There was something more, however—not so distinct, but which in its very vagueness made Adrian start when he entered, although he had expected some such sight. Upon the dissecting table, on which one body only was usually placed at a time, were now piled up the five corpses—two forming the lower stratum, two on the top of these, and the fifth making the apex of the pyramid. A sheet had been thrown over all; but the outlines of the ghastly burden beneath were visible enough, and the fingers of a pale hand protruded from under the edge of the covering.

Charles Selden noticed the varying color in his companion's face as he closed the door after him, and rallied him a little for being nervous; but Adrian made no reply, and turned the conversation to other subjects.

Throwing his pillow upon the floor, in front of the fire-place, in which was burning a huge pile of wood, evidently

kindled several hours before, Adrian joined his friend at supper, who, with a forecast not at all necessary, was anticipating upon the good governor's hospitality. For half an hour the conversation flowed from subject to subject, until Adrian almost forgot where he was, and what was the object of his coming; but then his friend looked at his watch, rose hastily from the table, and laughingly wishing Adrian pleasant dreams, and promising to rejoin him as soon as the ball was over, ran up the steps to the door, and rushed out of the room. He had partly descended the staircase which led to the street, when Adrian heard him suddenly returning, and looked up to see what he wanted; but without re-entering, Selden closed the door which he had left ajar, and the key was heard to turn in the lock outside. Whether it was a mere freak, or whether Selden intended only to amuse himself with the fancied fears of his friend, or whether he was really apprehensive that Adrian would not remain long after his departure, the latter could not tell. Indignant, however, at either motive, Adrian called loudly to him to return and unlock the door; but the only response was the sound of Selden's feet running down the stairs, the closing of the carriage door, and the tramp of the horses' hoofs in the silent streets as the vehicle drove away. A moment or two after, the roll of the wheels subsided, all was silent again, and Adrian found himself once more in his life alone with the dead.

For a time, anger swallowed up all other feelings; but, at length, Adrian drew his chair to the front of the fire, and sat gazing upon the glowing embers that crackled in the strong draught of the chimney and threw an irregular and fitful glare upon the bare walls and scanty furniture of the amphitheatre. He tried to force his thoughts away from the present scene, and, as one can so easily do in the calm un-

troubled moments of existence—few though they be in this eager world—to build castles, and lay out gardens of fancy amongst the ever-changing fragments of the fire. But still the presence of the dead made itself felt. He would not think of them; but he knew that they were there. Their proximity seemed to load the air with sad and solemn thoughts, with vague, superstitious fears, with an impulsive loathing of the neighborhood of death. He could not banish the sensation—it grew upon him, it swallowed up all thoughts, and his mind became excited in a painful manner. Every unusually strong gust of wind: the unexpected falling of a burnt log from the andirons: the flaring of the ill-trimmed lamps, would cause him to throw a hasty and uneasy glance at the dissecting table, until he almost fancied that some of the bodies moved when the sheet was slightly stirred by the current of air from the door.

Adrian felt angry at and ashamed of his sensations, and, by a strong effort, in some degree mastered them. Weary with a long day of study and overwrought emotions, as night wore on, he fell into a sort of dreamy state—something between sleeping and waking—almost losing himself in the confused pictures, which followed each other before the mind's eye without form and without connection. After a time, he roused himself sufficiently to remember that he might as well lie down, and endeavor to pass the hours in more complete and tranquil repose. He blew out the lamps in the chandelier, removed the chairs from the fire-place, wrapped himself in his cloak, and stretched himself upon the floor, in front of the fire, to sleep. But slumber was as fickle as usual: for some reason the sleepy fit which he had felt overpowering him while he sat in the chair, now passed away, and he lay for hours unable to close

his eyes, staring upwards at the sky-light, upon which the rain was pattering fast. Thinking that the light of the fire might be the cause of his wakefulness, he at length rose, and raked the ashes over the smouldering heap. Then resuming his hard bed on the floor, and burying his head in the pillow, he fell speedily into a slumber, which any living person, had there been one present to watch him, might have seen, by the muscular twitchings of his frame, was neither altogether pleasant nor refreshing.

How long he had slept, in this uneasy way, he knew not, when he was suddenly awakened by a severe blow upon the forehead. An indistinct consciousness of where he was flashed across his mind; but his thoughts were all in confusion between past dreams, and present realities, and he sprang upon his feet, with a feeling of terror which he had never experienced in his life before. Instinctively, he raised his hand to his face, and the warm blood, trickling upon his fingers, convinced him of the actual truth of what he felt. His first impulse was to rush to the door of the apartment, and he had reached it, and tried to open it, before he recollected that it was locked upon him. There was no other means of egress from the amphitheatre. What could he do? To cry for help was useless; for there was no living person in the building except himself and whoever else might be in that room. It was impossible for him to make his voice heard outside, even if there had been any one awake to hear it.

As soon as he could collect his thoughts at all, though they were still indistinct and confused, his first impressions were, that one of the bodies, which he had undertaken to watch, had been in a trance and had revived, or else that some one had been secreted in the room, and that, in either

case, the intention was to murder him. By degrees, however, the mistiness left by sleep passed away, and his mind somewhat resumed its power. Every thing was now perfectly quiet, and Adrian began to think that his hasty interpretation of the mystery must be erroneous: else why had not the first murderous blow been followed by others? Why, at least, was it succeeded by such a profound and continuous silence? Still, however, he stood with his back against the door, and his heart beating violently, but prepared to repel any fresh attack. Dangers which could be seen and comprehended, he could have met without quailing; but there was something in the circumstances of his present position—something so lonely, so strange, and so terrible, that it seemed perfectly to unnerve him.

He had been standing in this way some ten minutes—though the time seemed to him an eternity—when a sudden flash of lightning blazed across the sky-light of the amphitheatre. It illuminated the room for one single moment; but that moment was sufficient to show Adrian that the sheet had disappeared from the dissecting table, upon which were now lying exposed four ghastly corpses.

He knew there had been five!

How he longed for another flash to enable him to see more! But none came; and, stepping quietly to one of the nearest benches, Adrian endeavored to ascertain if he were really much hurt. He found that the bleeding had already stopped, and that it had proceeded from a wound above his left eye, of no great magnitude. Still his suspense continued; and it was a long time before he could summon the resolution necessary to do any thing for the purpose of arriving at some certainty.

At length he bethought him that possibly the embers under the ashes might not be altogether extinguished: and, moving cautiously around the walls of the room, he approached the fire-place. Nothing occurred to interrupt him—all was still and silent as the grave; and raking away the ashes, he found, to his unspeakable satisfaction, a thick bed of living fire beneath, the glow from which lighted up, at once, the nearest part of the amphitheatre.

What he saw before him, although for a moment it made his blood curdle, at once explained all that had occurred.

Lying partly upon the floor, and but a short distance from the position which Adrian had himself occupied, was the body of a huge negro—the trunk and shoulders alone touching the boards, while the legs and feet were raised at a considerable angle against the dissecting table. Either a sudden gust of wind, more violent than ordinary, or some harsh clap of thunder, had shaken the building, and the table being much too small for its burden, a slight thing had been sufficient to disturb the equilibrium, and cast the uppermost corpse upon the ground. The uppermost happened to be that of a gigantic negro, and in its heavy fall from the table, dragging the sheet with it, the arm had struck Adrian with great violence, occasioning the wound over his eye. Still, although this explanation was perfectly satisfactory to his reason, Adrian did not recover his composure as rapidly or completely as might have been expected, even by those who understood all the peculiarities of his character. He relighted the lamps, however, and looking at his watch, found that the hour had already passed at which his companion had promised to return.

“He must be soon here,” he thought, “and I will not try to sleep again. But I must restore some order.”

Dragging the body of the negro under the table, and covering the other corpses again with the sheet, he once more drew his chair in front of the fire-place, and sat down. But still he remained uneasy and discomposed. Yet his uneasiness seemed rather an after reflection of the terror which, for the time, had so completely mastered him, than any present apprehension. Indeed all possible alarm from the same source was exhausted in his mind; but, nevertheless, though there was nothing definite in his sensations, he longed for his companion's return, as he had rarely longed for any thing before. No sound, however, broke the silence of the night—no rolling carriage wheels—no step upon the stairs. Hour by hour passed away without Selden's return, and Adrian's dreary watch seemed interminable, when the first gray of dawn at length appeared, mingling strangely with the sickly and yellow light of the half extinguished lamps. But the storm had subsided in a degree—the rain, at least, had ceased to patter upon the sky-light, and the lightning no longer blazed across the sky.

Anxiously and impatiently did Adrian await the arrival of his friend, whose mad freak in locking him in, he felt himself hardly able to pardon. Still the time ran on, the sounds of life began to be heard from the streets, the day grew broad and strong, and a nervous impatience seized upon Adrian Brewerton, which kept him in a sort of eager agitation not to be described. For more than an hour before Selden's return, he had stationed himself at the door, awaiting his coming, and longing to get out into the fresh air at once.

When Selden, at length, did come, his manner was strangely altered from what it had been the night before. He looked grave, anxious, sad; and before noticing the

ghastly appearance of Adrian's face, or any change which had taken place on the dissecting table, he begged his friend, over and over again, to forgive him for what he had looked upon at the time as merely a harmless jest, but now felt to have been an inconsiderate and unkind act.

Adrian made no reply; and after an instant's pause, as if for an answer, Charles Selden went on to say, "I have a letter for you, Adrian, brought by a special messenger, whom I met just as I was coming out of my rooms. I have hastened to bring it to you, thinking—thinking that it might be of importance."

His manner was strange, abrupt, and absent, as if there was more on his mind than he was willing or able to communicate.

Adrian took the letter, which was in an unknown hand. He opened it mechanically; but read only two lines. They told him that his father was dead—had died suddenly.

After all he had passed through, the shock was too much for him; the letter dropped from his hands, and he fell fainting into the arms of Charles Selden.

## CHAPTER IX.

I had much rather see  
A crested dragon, or a basilisk ;  
Both are less poison to my eyes and nature.

DRYDEN. "*Don Sebastian.*"

WE are certain that the Cato Major was written in the early autumn : that clear, delicious season of the year which comes as a sort of repose after the heat and the labors of the summer. There is a sort of harmony between it and the decline of man's life—a sympathy, as it were, with the departure of the more fiery things of the human year, which has something very consolatory in it to those who see the allotted grains of sand, dropping away through the hour-glass, one by one, and the end of the apportioned time approaching. It has not the merriment, the soft-glowing gayety of the spring of those lands, where spring is, indeed, the gentle season. It has not the prolific fire, and genial power, of summer ; but it has a freshness, a clearness, and an elasticity, all its own—as if it, like man, had lost the sultry blood of passion, and the tender weakness of early years, and, with hardly impaired energies, went unburdened on the way, with the toils of harvest over, the fruits of earth well garnered, and the winter's coming viewed without a dread.

It was one of those bright, clear, autumn days, when all hazy softness is gone from the atmosphere, when a light, pure, cool breeze hurries the clouds over the sky, and the shadows over the earth, and all seems sparkling, and changing, and rejoicing in the scene. Old Israel Keelson, with his telescope beneath his arm, walked to and fro upon the sand hills, and his eye ran over the sea, on whose bosom the gleams were floating amongst the shadows, like heaven-born boats of light ; but he thought not, it would seem, of the varying face of the ocean : he thought not of the brilliant blue of the sky above, or the white clouds that hurried through it : he thought not of—perhaps felt not—the rapid air that waved his white locks to and fro, and brought a pinker color into his cheek. His eyes were bent far forward beyond the line where the bay opened out upon the ocean, and seemed fixed upon a vessel which, now half-hull down, and at other times more distinctly seen, seemed standing off and on, with some purpose which puzzled more than one who watched her.

Ever and anon, the old man would stand upon the highest of the sand hills, and raising his glass, would gaze long and earnestly at the schooner. At length, however, he seemed satisfied, replaced the telescope beneath his arm, and walked deliberately back towards his own house, at the door of which his daughter was standing, gazing forth, as he had been, upon the waters.

"What is that vessel, father?" asked Ella, as he approached.

"I cannot tell you, my child," replied the old man, somewhat gloomily. "I can tell you what she has been, not what she is. Why do you ask, Ella?"

"Because I have seen her often lately," replied his

daughter; "and she is unlike any other of the vessels of these waters."

"Ay, narrow in the beam, long in the run, rakish in the masts, black in the hull, sitting on the water like a duck, and going through it like a dolphin," replied the old man. "She looks like a phantom, even by the broad daylight, and at night you might pass within pistol shot of her without seeing her at all. She has been a slaver, Ella—what she is now, God knows and the bad men aboard of her. I suspect, but do not know; and I only guess who commands her, too.—If I knew that, I should know all."

"Who do you suppose him to be, father?" asked Ella.

Old Keelson mused for a moment, took his daughter's hand, and led her into the little parlor, replying to her as they went.

"Do you recollect, Ella," he said, "seeing a man walking along with me one day upon the beach—a stout, broad set, ill-looking man—a Captain Sparhawk?"

"I did not hear his name," replied Ella, "but I remember him well. There are some faces, father, one can never forget; whether the token by which they are remembered be disgust or admiration. His countenance seemed to me the most fearful I ever beheld—one of those faces on which Providence seems to write, as a warning to all who behold, every vicious and terrible act, one by one, as they are committed—a record of a bad life, written by the hand of Fate. I recollect it quite well. The sight of that face as he turned away from you made me stop suddenly in my conversation with young Mr. Brewerton. Who is that Captain Sparhawk, father?"

"A bad man, in the way to wealth or the gallows."

answered her father. "I saw him twice at Charleston, some sixteen or seventeen years ago. He was then a young man, of twenty-two or twenty-three years of age; but if the tales he used to tell of himself, in his moments of thoughtless revelry, were true, he had crowded into that short life crimes enough to bring down upon his head, even then, the vengeance of man, and the condemnation of God. What he has done since, my child, I do not know; for he has become more careful of his tongue with years, and boasts only of his wealth, not of his wickedness; for he is wealthy now—heaven help us—at least so he says, and mixes with the first society of the South, he declares. But I believe not all these tales of himself, any more than all those he told before; and one thing I could see clearly from his conversation—wealthy, or not, he is as eager for gain now as he was some twenty years ago; and he will have it, cost what it will—his own blood, his fellow-creatures',—his wretchedness, or theirs."

While thus speaking, they had entered the room; the old man had taken his accustomed seat in a large chair, and Ella, with her work in her hand, had placed herself beside him. Her eyes were bent down, as she listened to her father; the long, black lashes, resting upon the soft cheek, now somewhat paler than it had been a few months before. Old Keelson gazed at her, with a look not easily to be translated. There was love in it; there was admiration—joyful passions both; but yet, from time to time, came across his countenance a sort of shade—it might be from memory—it might be from forethought—it was like the long shadow cast athwart the landscape by a cloud near the setting sun.

He sat silent for a moment or two after the last words



were uttered, and then laid his hand upon his daughter's arm gently, saying, "Ella, listen to me, my child!"

She instantly dropped her work upon her knee, and raised her beautiful speaking eyes towards her father's face; and the old man went on.

"If ever that man should fall in your way again, Ella," he said, "avoid him—shut the doors against him—seek refuge with any friend, with any one near. I am not apt to dread the face of any thing living or dead; but I do not love that man, Ella; and if what I feel towards him be dread, it is for you, not for myself. I know him to be a bad, a wicked man. I know that he brought over from the coast of Africa a cargo of three hundred miserable beings for Mr. Volney,—a man who once greatly wronged me. They were crammed into a little schooner, not fitted for half the number. A hundred and seventy died upon the passage; and he laughed when he told how he had pitched the niggers into the sea, calculating how much the value of the rest was enhanced, by the miserable death of so many human beings. I abhor that man, Ella; and I love not to see a vessel which I believe to be his, hovering about upon this coast."

"It surely cannot affect us," replied Ella, gazing in the old man's face with a questioning look.

"I see not how it can, indeed," replied Keelson; "but yet, my child, there are strange turns in fate; and a notion has taken possession of me, that I shall not be long with you, my child."

Ella threw her arms round her father's neck, and had she given way to the first impulse, would have burst into tears; but, though full of thrilling emotions, with a heart vibrating, like a finely strung instrument, to every tender and every kindly feeling, and as susceptible of grief as joy,

that young girl had a wonderful fund of strong resolution, and quick self-command. Consideration—a long process with many—was with her, as with all bright minds, rapid as lightning; and before the tears could spring from their secret fountains to her eyes, she had said to herself, "My father is sad—depressed—I ought to strive to cheer him, not add to his gloom by tears;" and they were repressed.

It is a common expression, to say, that people act from a *sense of duty*. There are two ways of doing this, and two classes of people who do it. One class—containing in itself all the most disagreeable very good people we know—slowly and deliberately grind down every feeling upon the grindstone of long, and—perhaps—conscientious, consideration, depriving their good acts of half their spiritual merit, by transferring them from soul to mind, from heart to intellect, and attributing to themselves glorification for their hardness, and their harshness, and their want of Christian charities and human sympathies, on the ground of doing their duty rigidly;—as if a man deserved great credit for not setting a house on fire, when he had got neither a candle nor a match-box.

There is another class, however, who feel what is their duty before they think it,—who act it before they consider it,—who have the kingdom of God within them, and the sweet voice of Deity ever speaking within their hearts. To our own mind, a *sense of duty*, to be worth very much, must be instinctive; and so it was with Ella.

The next moment, she relaxed her embrace of her father's neck, and with a tender, gentle smile she said, "You are sad, my dear father. Something has occurred to vex or trouble you, and like a thunder storm, has left the sky overcast even when it is gone."

"And have you not been sad, too, lately, my child?" asked old Keelson.

"No—no—not that I know of," replied Ella.

"You have been very thoughtful, my love, ever since the drowning of that young man," said her father.

"Was the scene not enough to make me so?" asked his daughter; but at the same time, a slight and transient blush fluttered over her face, and she paused for an instant. She then added, however—feeling, perhaps, that her first words had some tinge of insincerity in them, yet not knowing where it lay, in her ignorance of her own deeper motives, "I had never seen the young man, that I know of, before I saw his corpse brought in here; but the sight, and the whole occurrence, did give my mind a greater shock than even more terrible scenes have given. He was very young, my dear father; and I think that these things, every day, affect me more and more. Perhaps I have been more sad, now I think of it. But I will be gay again, and try to cheer you."

"No need, my dear," said her father. "To one accustomed to look upon death, as I am, its only terror lies in the thought of the fate of those we love, after we are gone; and I would fain clear my mind, Ella, of all reflection and consideration on that subject. Then I can be as cheerful, and as gay again as ever.—You can stay, Kitty. I do not mind your hearing what I say."

The last words were drawn forth by the entrance of a negro woman, somewhat stout in person, but with that sort of gay, good-humored countenance, which one frequently sees in persons of her complexion, whether they have lived a happy, or even an unhappy life. She had come in with a plate of fruit; but seeing earnestness in the faces of her mas-

ter, and her young mistress, she was retreating hastily but quietly, when the voice of Mr. Keelson stopped her.

"You can stay, Kitty," he repeated. "Indeed I would rather that you did remain; because I wish to beg my daughter, in your presence, whenever it shall please God to call me from the world, not to part with you on any account; but to retain you always with her, and near her. She nursed your infancy, Ella," said the old man, turning to his daughter. "She has been faithful and true to us in many perils and difficulties; and I should wish her to remain with you to the end of her days."

"Thank you, massa, thank you," replied the good woman, with a well satisfied grin. "Missy Ella never send me away, and I never go away, whether she send me or not."

The old man smiled upon her kindly. "I do not think you would, Kitty," he said, "and if I should die——"

"Pooh, pooh. You not die," said the negress. "You live long time yet, Massa Keelson. You not fifty-seven yet—quite young man. I remember when I was quite a little girl, your birthday, when you comed of age—oh, I know, I know—fifty-seven next month, and not much older than you was then."

"High time to think of changing one's abode, when one has dwelt in it so long, Kitty," said Mr. Keelson; "but just let us suppose it possible that I should die, and that I should die suddenly, the first thing to be thought of should be the taking care of my papers——"

"Oh, ay. De little bundle which you put by so carefully at top of de chest," said Kitty. "I see you, I see you—I see you many times when you tink Kitty don't see. Oh yes, Missy Ella must take care of dose."

"But in her grief," replied Mr. Keelson, "she might

not think of them, Kitty—strangers might come in. I have seen a whole house ransacked from top to bottom ; and if she should forget them, you must secure them for her, my good Kitty ; for upon them depends much of our little property, besides memorials that are dear to us all, though they may have to do with the vanities of this world."

"Oh, vanity !—Vanity very good ting," said Kitty ; "I never saw any one widout vanity, who had any ting to be vain of. And as to property, Massa Keelson, you got enough for all you want, or Missy Ella eider—I don't see why you go any more to sea. What de use of haulin up fish, dat you never eat yourself, when you got quite enough for all you want, and to spare too ; for dere be poor old Davie, the fool man, you feed and clote him too. You too young to die, but too old to go to sea."

"I begin to think so, too," said Mr. Keelson ; "for the old muscles are growing stiff, Kitty, and it takes two days' rest to recover from one day's fishing."

"Ay, ay. You stay at home, and I go cook de dinner," said Kitty, moving towards the door ; but when she had actually passed it, she put in her head again, saying, "I not forget de papers. Any body shall pull my heart out before dey get dem away. You stay at home, and don't go no more to sea, and me make you all very comfortable. When a man begin to tink of going to oder world, he better not go to sea. It is a bad sign for de next voyage. Billy Harris made his will, and was drown four days after."

Thus saying, Kitty retired from the room, leaving Mr. Keelson with his daughter. Between the two who remained, the conversation gradually took a lighter tone. The dark impressions which had evidently affected him for some days previous, passed away from the mind of the old man ; and

for the next month his time was principally occupied in writing and receiving letters, which had been a rare occurrence during the years that preceded. Go to sea again he did, once or twice ; but Ella's entreaties did more with him than Kitty's remonstrance. He was well to do in the world, had accumulated a sufficient property for all his moderate desires ; and he felt, daily, that he was becoming less fitted for long-continued exertion and exposure to weather. Gradually, he thus weaned himself from his favorite occupations, and, in the end, gave three of his boats away to those who had been the companions of his earlier toils.

In the mean while, Ella did all that she could to cheer and to soothe him. In his presence she appeared always gay, and blithe, and happy. But, in truth, it was with an effort. What was in Ella's heart ?

## CHAPTER X.

Un'altra cosa ti bisogna dire,  
Ch'io son da un pensier tutto smarrito  
E non posso la mente mia chiarire.

PULCI. "*Morgante Maggiore*."

TIME wore on. Adrian Brewerton's College course was drawing to a close. Incidental distinction of every sort he had won, long ere the final contest for University honors presented itself. His ambition, which, from time to time, had slumbered, or wavered, seemed now to rekindle with wonderful energy; and, what in his case was more extraordinary, with wonderful concentration also. Whether this ambition was in itself a fixed and steady principle of his nature, independent of any immediate incentives to exertion, or whether it was only a temporary flame kindled by the excitement of competition, we will not pretend to say; and yet the reader may have remarked, in the account we have previously given of his character, many traits of that desultory eagerness of pursuit which is generally the result of natural, but ill-directed ambition.

However it may have been, his dazzling course astonished himself, as well as others. There seemed something of inspiration in it, not for creation, but for acquisition. His knowledge of much which came to others by long study, appeared intuitive. He knew not himself, in truth,

where, or how he had gained all that he knew—whether it had been acquired or divined.

At the same time, his mental condition, at this particular moment, harmonized so completely with the course he was called upon to pursue, that entire processes of thought and argumentation were revealed to his understanding by the feeblest glimpse of suggestion. While the contest was going on, the state of his feelings, likewise, seemed to facilitate, or rather to stimulate his efforts. In his ignorance of all that the world can pour forth of grief and agony, he seemed, in his own eyes, to have suffered much—to have suffered every thing: he hardly believed that there was any thing in reserve for him to suffer. An interval of calm—of dead, heavy tranquillity, feelingless though pangless, succeeded the storm of emotions, before a reaction came. The very calm itself was prolonged by the intensity of his present studies; but the calm was likewise an incentive to those studies. It was a weight upon him from which he sought relief; and although we have said that his tranquillity was without feeling, we do not mean to imply that it was without thought.

Adrian felt that he had been speculative—that he had been desultory. He regretted the inequality of his previous efforts, and what we may call the mental dissipation, in which he had indulged. He reproached himself that he had so often neglected the positive for the visionary—that he had not rather stored his mind with knowledge, than endeavoured to develop its capacities prematurely by the investigation of truths which often remain mysteries to the maturest intelligence; and he persuaded himself that could he only live the last four years of his life over again, he would live them very differently. Who, in this weary

and stormy course of life, has not, from time to time, in moments of repose and shade, looked back, like Adrian Brewerton, upon the rough road behind him, and seeing to the right or left a smoother, or a straighter path, wondered that he had not taken it—forgetting, alas! that it is by now standing on vantage ground, he is enabled to distinguish objects from which his sight was cut off; when below, by innumerable obstacles and impediments? Who is there who has not done this; and then stumbled on again, in the same blindness and ignorance of the way before him?

Adrian's self-reproach was undeserved. With the lights that he possessed, and the current of his nature urging him on, he had trimmed his boat for the best. His judgment had never left the helm, and if he had been occasionally driven from a straight course, by elements beyond his control, the general direction of the vessel remained unchanged. He was steering for a harbor still, obscured though it was in the dim distance, and the chances were that he would reach it, notwithstanding his distrust of himself.

Such impressions of his past life, however—the sort of review which he stood still to take, in the dull lapse of emotions which succeeded shortly after his father's death—impelled him strongly to pursuits in which he fancied there would be occupation without feeling, the exercise of thought without that of imagination. He was not without competitors, however, in his efforts for distinction. There were two classes of young men in College then—the thoroughly studious and the thoroughly idle. The tendency of the time and the country was to extremes—and, after all, is not this, in many respects, the tendency of all countries, and all times? Fanaticism, and infidelity; the severest

morals, and the most reckless dissipation; the most refined manners, and the grossest brutality; the most profound learning, and the most surprising ignorance, are frequently contrasted in the smallest communities. Human nature seems to abhor consistency. The highest development of virtue in one man would appear to provoke, in an evil-minded neighbor, an equally extreme development of vice; and in degenerate times, or degenerate countries, instances of merit, not only, from contrast, appear the brighter, but, actually become so, both from a certain antagonism in our moral nature, and also from the fact that man finds higher models both in books, and in abstract conceptions, than he is likely to meet with in actual examples. No where could strong virtues provoke their opposite strong vices more decidedly than they did in the New England University.

As we have said, Adrian had competitors, and they were neither few nor contemptible. If he won some honor in the race, he thought, he could not hope to distance all. There were several, who with much less natural ability than he possessed, had pursued an undeviating, persevering course for many years, and possessed an iron power of endurance, which enabled them to contend for every inch of ground, while it protected them from discouragement by defeat, or over-elation in consequence of success. The knowledge, however, that he had such rivals stimulated him to exertion; and day by day, the eagerness increased till it became an enthusiasm, a thirst, a fever.

At last the day came that was to decide. Many a steady heart beat with unaccustomed emotions: many an eye was full of anxiety. But Adrian, strange as it may appear, was as calm, so far as any external signs were manifested, as the most indifferent spectator. Many wondered at

his composure, for few except men of strong passions understand, what a volcano of excited feelings may slumber under the calmest exterior. When, however, it was at length announced that the first honor was awarded to Adrian Brewerton, although his features and expression underwent no change, what he felt was not so much rejoicing as satiety—it was as if a cool tide were suddenly poured upon consuming fires.

The precise nature of his feelings would be difficult to describe: it seemed to him as if years had rolled by in the passing of a moment. So far from overrating his victory, he did not fully appreciate it. The contest from which he had just emerged fell suddenly in value, until it seemed to him but as the strife of pigmies. Clouds vanished which had obscured his view—mists were swept away from the past which had magnified the objects; and the sunshine that broke forth upon the future, dimly revealed to him the magnitude of the struggles that await the earnest man in life. The very victory seemed to humble him: not that his self-reliance was not increased, as there was just reason that it should be; but it was hard for him to understand how he had expended so much ambition upon so small an end. Adrian Brewerton had not yet learned that his feelings were only in harmony with a general law, in obedience to which the truly great mind, at each successive attainment in this limited sphere of action, is led to look back upon all the triumphs of the past, however great, and however legitimate, if not with contempt, at least with a thorough appreciation of their insignificance, when contrasted with the mighty and unlimited future.

With all this, the effect of his success, during the first few days that succeeded, was to restore him to a more peaceful

calm, which he somehow knew could not last. He had come to a resting-place in the struggle of life. He fancied that, like the lotus-eater, he could lie down for a while by the road-side, and with half-closed lids contemplate, in luxurious dreaminess, the past and the coming time. But it could not be. There was that in both which admitted no such dalliance with memory or hope, even for a day. A flood of recollections, and a flood of anxieties, vague, because he hardly dared to fathom them, rushed upon him with an impetuosity proportioned to the restraint which his temporary devotion to a single purpose had imposed upon his mind.

It is impossible to make any one who did not know him, fully comprehend the effect of his first great struggle: the collapse into which he was plunged by success, and the reawakening of a crowd of previous impressions upon Adrian Brewerton. Day by day, and week by week it increased, varying often, but still leaving him depressed, and though he suffered not without a strong and vehement struggle, the result was evil to his health and spirits.

The disease was more of the mind than the body, however. His frame remained powerful and robust, though the color had faded from his cheek, and his eye lost its expression of sympathy with the surroundings of every-day life; but a sort of morbid, causeless anxiety seized upon him, from which he could not escape. Neither had he that command over his thoughts, which he rightly looked upon as one of the greatest qualities of a strong intellect. Often would they wander, in a sort of mazy dance, amongst vague and indefinite objects of terror. Often would they fix pertinaciously upon some painful fact which it was useless to contemplate, but from which he found it impossible to withdraw them. The fate of Roger Ashmore; his father's death;

his terrible watch by the dead bodies; all forced themselves upon memory when he would not—rose up as distinctly as they had appeared at the moment of occurrence; and were even aggravated in all their darkest features by the power of an over-excited imagination. This was especially the case with his father's death. The tall, venerable figure of Major Brewerton, with his snowy-white hair, his dignified and stately carriage, and all that habitual grace of manner which had distinguished the old British officer, presented itself continually to his view, clear and definite, as an object almost tangible. Adrian seemed to hear his father speaking the memorable words, "Let the remembrance of the blood that is in your veins serve only to keep you from low society."

They appeared to have a deeper meaning—a more pointed, a more special application, than when they were first spoken; and if his mind rested in a sweet dream on the beautiful girl by the shores of the bay, the revered shade would rise up to his sight, and the words of warning sound again in his ear.

One day, he had been thus indulging, and had been thus checked, and the bitter struggle between love and prejudice had been going on fiercely, when, at length, he started up, exclaiming, "I will leave this place! I am without object here—but not without temptation. I will leave it, and forget."

He had taken his hat and gloves, and had opened the door to go out, without any very definite object, when he saw, just mounting the stairs towards him, his friend Charles Selden.

The good heart of the young physician had wrought a great change in his demeanor towards Adrian, since

that night when he had played off so painful a practical joke upon him, at a moment when nerve and resolution were most necessary to meet the fatal intelligence of the following day. Adrian himself bore no rancor; and his memory of injuries was short; but Charles Selden seemed neither to forget his own act, nor to forgive himself; and though with a frank generosity of nature, he did not avoid Adrian, but sought him more than ever, yet there was always a grave tenderness in his manner when he first addressed him, as if the very sight of his friend at once awakened self-reproach. To others, he was as gay and dashing as ever, and even with Adrian, the first sort of reserve quickly wore off.

"Ah, going out, Brewerton?" he said, shaking him by the hand, "I am glad to see it. You sit too much alone, my dear fellow, 'of melancholy musings your companions making.' Besides, you have taxed your mind too much. There is nothing on earth like bright skies, and open fields, rocky hills, and rushing streams, trees, and birds, and flowers, and waving corn, for reconciling us with the world, and life, and fate."

"All mysteries," answered Adrian, gravely.

"Ay, but beautiful and consoling mysteries, too, when rightly seen," answered the other. "I am not given to preach—how should I be?—nor to moralize, nor to philosophize overmuch; and yet, even in my own butcherly trade, I cannot help, every now and then, discovering things which give a confidence to faith, and fill the heart with high hopes, instead of cold, unsubstantial dreams. When under my scalpel I detect the most wonderful contrivances, such as the mind of man could never conceive, for giving powers, and pleasures, and faculties to this mortal frame in health,



and for providing it with curative means in sickness, I say to myself, there must be a great mind to devise, and to produce all this—there must be a great spirit somewhere in the Universe—not a dumb moving power, but an intellectual, thoughtful, loving being, as full of beneficence as mightiness. I say, that if there be such a being, it proves that there is such a thing as spirit—as soul ; for he himself must be all soul ; and I say again, that unless there be an anomaly in Nature—a gap in creation, which no analogy will admit—there must be some point in which matter and spirit are united ; and that point man. Instead of a dull, leaden, material universe, hard, and cold, and heavy, springing from dust, and unto dust returning, all around me becomes animate with energy, and happiness, and hope. I stand, as it were, at the entrance of a garden of delight, and neither fear the time when the door will be opened for me to go in, nor mourn without comfort for those who have passed before me. But I keep you standing here, and, doubtless, you have heard sermons enough before now, from wiser lips than mine.”

“I rejoice to hear you talk so, Charles,” replied his friend. “Sit down, and go on in that strain for as long as you will. Your words have given me comfort already ; and such thoughts, when I can but grapple with them, always do.”

“They are better than the bottle,” replied his companion, with a smile ; “for they are of a finer flavor, a more persisting influence, and they leave neither head-ache, nor heart-ache behind them. But come, let me be the companion of your ramble. We can talk as we go, and extract some amusement from every thing we see.”

“And, perhaps, some instruction too,” replied Adrian.

“Do you know, Charles, in what my dreaminess has ended ? In a conviction that there is no object so worthy of philosophical desire as *the definite*. Cloudy imaginations, ever quivering doubts, hanging on a diamond-axised balance, the pursuit of shadows that elude the grasp—the butterflies of boy-philosophy—have no longer charms for me. Unsatisfactory, delusive, vain, mocking one like wandering lights in a morass, they leave nothing stable to rest upon. I want the substantial and the true. I am resolved, Charles, to seek *the definite*.”

“Where will you find it ?” asked his companion, with a laugh. “*Sogno della mia vita e il corso intero*.”

“I shall find it, I trust, in my own heart,” replied Adrian, gravely. “I will question it of all things. I will know of it what it is, what it contains, what it requires. I will sit me down, and let mind speak to spirit, under an inquisition from which it shall not escape. All my life, hitherto, has been passed in seeking, if not finding, just notions of external things. It is time I should know something of myself.”

“A personage who always slips from us, when we think we have got him by the shoulder,” replied Charles Selden. “Nevertheless, I applaud your resolution, Adrian. It is always well to hunt the devil, even if we do not run him down. We learn all his tricks and turnings, if we cannot catch him at last. But you will have to look yourself out a hermitage ; for self is a gentleman who can only be dealt with in single combat. A number of seconds spoils the fencing.”

“I have determined so to do,” answered Adrian Brewerton. “Nay, more ; I think I have heard of one, where I can be as solitary as I desire. I found a place advertised in last week’s journal, of which, the utmost efforts of the pro-

prietor, to make his description cheerful and sociable, only served to give a picture full of silent retirement, such as I wish for. I spoke about it to the person to whom applicants were referred, and asked if he had seen it. He shrugged his shoulders, and said it would never do for me; which made me think it would do exactly. There is one farm-house, over the hill, at three miles' distance; two old maids, living half a mile beyond that, and another farm-house, not more than five miles to the westward. It has the benefit of the easterly winds, with some spasmodic gusts from the north, to set the windows rattling—a grove of red pine, and some fields that have not been exhausted by over-tillage. I shall go out and see it soon; and if I find that it answers its description, and that all the marvelous beauties and conveniences I have described are not the flourish of a rhetorical auctioneer, I will buy it."

"Buy it!" exclaimed his friend.

"Why not?" said Adrian. "My father left a considerable sum in ready money, and this place costs but a few thousand dollars."

"Well, let us go together, this very day, and see it," said Charles Selden. "But be sure you will get sick of it and *the definite* in six months."

"I think not," replied Adrian Brewerton. "But even if I do, I can sell it."

"Not always possible," answered his friend. "Markets for such commodities may be difficult to find."

"Then it can stand vacant," replied Adrian.

"But the loss of interest, and the taxes," said Charles.

"Never mind the taxes," replied Adrian Brewerton.

## CHAPTER XI.

But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,  
Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,  
Black melancholy sits, and round her throws  
A death-like silence, and a dread repose.

POPE. "*Eloisa and Abelard.*"

THE morning was as bright, as if summer had been in its prime, when Adrian Brewerton and Charles Selden, leaving the carriage which had brought them to the top of the hill, walked down the slope towards the dilapidated columns of brick-work which had once formed a gateway to the strange old house which has been described in our first chapter. Adrian Brewerton carried a large key in his hand; for the person to whom the selling of the house was entrusted, although he undoubtedly expected to be paid for his pains, had declared—with that cool indifference which many persons mistakenly imagine to be independence—that "He guessed he could not take the trouble of going out; but that Mister might have the key and look at it himself. Then, if he liked it, he did; and if he didn't like it, he did not. That was all."

As they had turned away from his house, Adrian had merely noticed his behavior by nodding to Charles Selden and saying, "Independence!"

"Pooh, nonsense, Adrian," replied his friend, "a man may be independent and civil—free as the air, and yet

obliging—a Republican, a democrat if you will, and yet honest. Now I do not call this honest. This man has undertaken to sell this house, is to be paid for it, and will take care that he is paid for it; but yet he will not go a few miles to perform the very duty he undertakes, and covers his neglect to his own eyes, under the plea of independence. There is something of fanaticism in it too; for the fanaticism of liberty has in a great degree, in these States, superseded the fanaticism of religion, and one is not much better than the other. They call a Frenchman insincere; but how much more pleasure, and profit, too, does one get out of a Frenchman's insincerity, than out of the brutality of such a fellow as this."

He went on endeavoring to prove three very remarkable positions: First, that a Frenchman was not naturally insincere, but that his large promises notwithstanding small performances, proceeded altogether from the same good-humor which induced him always to do any thing to serve another, when he could do so without great personal inconvenience: Secondly, that the Frenchman's good-humor, and the courteous manners even of the peasantry, did not proceed from education or custom, or even the long training of generations, but from race: and thirdly, that there was at least as much (if not more) real vanity latent in the rough incivility of several branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, as in all the gay and dashing boasting of the Frank.

We do not mean to say that he proved these propositions; and it would not very much interest the reader, perhaps, to hear how he supported them. There he stood before the gates with Adrian Brewerton, and a smile upon his countenance as he marked the melancholy aspect of the place.

The morning was as bright as summer, we have said.

The sun was doing his best to make every thing look gay, as if he had been hired by an auctioneer for the purpose. The sky was clear and blue, without even a haze upon it, or a vapor in the atmosphere. The light breezes waved about the branches of the trees, and sported round the old walls, like children playing at hide and seek, and seemed lyingly to give out that they were the habitual denizens of the valley, when, in truth, it was more frequently the meeting-place of the grown-up sons of Æolus. Still it looked desolate, solemn, cold, and gloomy, in spite of all that sun, and sky, and breeze could do. There was a sadness about it—a stern, repulsive gravity, like the aspect of a man whose heart is withered in hard and selfish toils.

Adrian Brewerton did not seem to notice this dull aspect at all. He was in a reverie of some kind, whether brown or blue, we know not; and he looked as grave as the house, while pacing along the little pebbled path, from the gateway to the door, he trod down remorselessly the tufts of grass which had taken so long to grow up between the stones. He put the key in the door, and had his not been a very strong arm, and his grasp an iron one, when he chose to exert his powers, the key would have staid there for a very long time without turning; for rust was in all the wards, and the bolt was growing to the staple.

His first effort to open the door was unsuccessful; and Charles Selden exclaimed with a laugh, "Depend upon it, Adrian, this door is like that especial one in great Dutch houses of the old school, which is only opened thrice during the earthly sojourn of any man—when he goes to be christened, to be married, and to be buried. I will run round and see if there is not some more practicable entrance."

He returned in a minute after, exclaiming, "Here is a door, Adrian, that requires no key at all; for there is no lock upon it. Depend upon it, that is the family entrance; for the grass is not half as stiff and independent as here, and there is actually an old hen in the yard, who informs me that she laid the first egg after the flood."

This was said as he came round the house; but before the last joke was discharged, Adrian, who was not easily turned from his purposes, had forced the key round in the lock, and they entered by the front door.

There were great wooden window-shutters against the windows, fastened by a beam, rather than a bar; but these were removed, with some trouble, and the light was let into the rooms on the right and left of the entrance-hall. The daylight certainly seemed to find itself in a strange place; for the taking down of the shutters had stirred a quantity of venerable dust, which began gamboling with the one ray of sunshine which found its way in, in a very improper manner, considering the age of the parties. It must have been a great relief to the dust, but somewhat oppressive to the sunshine. Adrian looked around the large, panelled room; and even, with the aspect of that, he did not seem displeased; and when he went into the opposite room, ornamented with the hunting scene, he seemed better pleased still.

"I will sit there, Charles," he said, pointing with a smile from the one chamber to the other. "I will sit there, when I want to think; here, when I want to dream."

"And where when you want to go to bed?" asked Charles Selden.

"That we will see presently," answered Adrian; and going up the great staircase, he entered four of the rooms

upon the first floor, which afforded a favorable specimen, being the last occupied and the best preserved in the house. He visited no more. "These will do," he said, dryly. "I will have this room for myself; that for you, Charles, when you come to visit me; that for a gardener; and that for an old woman to cook our dinner."

"Very old!" said Charles Selden, in a monitory tone, "and I don't know that even that will do; for, if a man were to live here six months, I think he would marry his great-grandmother—up to which degree I believe the canon reacheth not."

"No fear," replied Adrian Brewerton; and descending to the great panelled room again, he stood for a moment in the middle of the floor, looking across the ray of sunshine, in which were still dancing the busy motes, so like the thoughts, and hopes, and purposes of life. At length, he said suddenly, "Do you know, Charles, this is my birthday? I am one-and-twenty years of age to-day—a new starting-place—a starting-place for any goal I please—a thousand courses around me—a thousand careers to choose from; and yet but one that is right, and worthy, and noble. Is it not worth while to pause a little, and enquire which, of all the many, that one is?"

"Well worth the while, indeed," replied Charles Selden, in a graver tone; "but still more worth the while to take the course, and pursue it steadily, when you have found it, if ever you do. Men's lot in life—men's conduct in their career, even, depends not on themselves. Accident—circumstance, affects them from the beginning of life to the end. It is well to say, I will examine and I will choose; for examination and choice may do something; but still, my dear Adrian, never dream that you will be able to fix

upon any *direct* line that you can follow *directly*. That depends upon the will of God, upon the acts of men, upon the thousand chances and changes of the world. Man is a race-horse, running his course between two walls, within which he may deviate, to a certain degree, but beyond which he cannot go; while all the time the whip and spur of the hard rider, Fate, is forcing him onwards.—But who have we here? You seem threatened with visitors already. What will become of your solitude, if all the old gentlemen in the township come to call upon you?”

“There are doors,” replied Adrian, drily.

“Some of them without locks,” said Charles Selden.

“But who is this grave and reverend signor, I wonder?”

The person who had attracted his attention, and upon whom Adrian Brewerton’s eyes were now also fixed, was a respectable-looking old man, of about sixty years of age. He was dressed in a suit of brown broadcloth, and wore a peculiarly low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat. One of his legs was somewhat bowed, as if from an accident of ancient date; but yet he limped a little still, as he walked across the pebbles towards the house. He seemed in a meditative mood; his eyes, which were small and gray, being turned upon the ground, and his hands held behind his back, so that Adrian and his companion had ample opportunity of examining him.

The result was not altogether agreeable to Charles Selden. There was a look about the man difficult to describe by any other term than “not natural;” and yet it was impossible to say, what was the fine shade which marked out this sort of doubtfulness of expression. It was natural for an old man to walk slowly—natural for a lame man to limp—natural for a thoughtful man to look down—natural

for a serious man to wear a grave and steady countenance. But yet, all these naturals, to the eyes of Charles Selden—and sharp eyes they were—seemed a little overdone. Whether it was his habit of dissecting the body and laying bare the muscles, and tendons, and filaments, and nerves, that had engendered in him the custom of anatomizing the mind, and laying bare those emotions, and principles, and motives, and secret sources of action, which are, in fact, the muscles, and sinews, and nerves of the spirit, down to their finest threads; or whether it was that intuitive perception of the workings of the minds of others, which some men possess; certain it is, that Charles Selden often detected, by very slight indications, that which was passing in the breast of the most covert, and the most cautious.

The effect upon the mind of Adrian Brewerton was different. He thought the old gentleman a very respectable-looking old gentleman, and that was all; and, although he was not one of those who pin their faith upon respectable persons, yet, he was not inclined to enquire further without necessity.

A necessity for enquiring further soon came; but Adrian Brewerton did not yield to it. The old man passed the windows of the room in which they were, without seeming to notice whether they were open or not; but when he came to the great door, he gave a little start, as if with surprise, to see that it was not closed; and then mounting the green and mouldy steps, he looked in, and gave a tap upon the wood-work.

“Come in,” said Adrian Brewerton, aloud; and in walked the old gentleman accordingly.

He looked up benignantly; first in the face of Charles Selden; but that did not seem to suit him, and he turned

his eyes to Adrian, whose deep mourning, and handsome person, certainly gave him a more interesting appearance.

"Pray, is either of you the gentleman," he said, "who, I am told, has bought this place?"

"I certainly have not bought it yet," replied Adrian Brewerton. "But what if I had, my good friend?"

"Why the people did say there was somebody had purchased it, or was going to purchase it," said the old man, in a somewhat maudlin tone—telling a great falsehood, by the way; for nobody had said any thing of the kind, or even dreamt that any one was ever likely to purchase it to the end of history. "I only thought, that if it was sold, I might as well put in a good word for myself; for you see, sir, I was gardener here a long while ago—well nigh twenty years, I calculate—and I do love the old place, notwithstanding. You can't think how often I come down here—ay, and many a half day's work I do, trying to keep things clear at the back of the house; but the weeds get ahead of me, do what I will. It's curious to see how they do grow when there's nobody to look after them. Well, there is an old hen, and there was an old cock, too, till this time last year, hanging about the place, just as I do. They were the last of the breed that they used to have here, and a fine breed it was; but having no one to care for them, they had grown most savage creatures like. I used to think there were three of us; but last year the old cock died; and so, I thought, when I heard the place was sold, and seeing you two gentlemen here, I would just say a good word for myself, and ask if you wanted a gardener; for I ben about the place more or less, forty years, man and boy, and I can do a good day's work yet."

"I do want a gardener, and you shall be the man,"

said Adrian Brewerton, laying his hand kindly on the old man's shoulder.

"But what are your wages?" asked Charles Selden.

It was a difficult thing to get him to say. He guessed he had so much, and he calculated that he could make so much in the year by journey-work; and he was more desperately indefinite than is customary in any other part of the world. But the matter was at length settled by the offer of a distinct sum by Adrian, and a demand of three dollars a month more by the gardener. Adrian then made some enquiries respecting the best plan of getting the place put in order, gave a few directions of no great consequence, and walked away towards the carriage on the hill, with the full determination of concluding his purchase at once, and installing himself in the place as soon as possible.

Charles Selden walked by his side in solemn silence.

"Well, Charles?" said Adrian, better pleased with the day's work than he had been with many a one before.

"Well, Adrian?" replied Charles, in a grave tone.

"What are you thinking of?" asked Adrian.

"Of how mad a man may be without knowing it," answered his friend.

## CHAPTER XII.

Patience! preach it to the winds,  
 To roaring seas, or raging fires! the knaves  
 That teach it, laugh at you when you believe 'em.  
 OTWAY. "*The Orphan*."

As the variety of human noses is infinite, so is the variety of human tastes. That, we think, is a good broad proposition, which would require a very stout critic to deny it. Some men love moving into new houses. Some men love packing and unpacking. To some there can be nothing more abhorrent than the one, except the other. With Adrian Brewerton, however, mixed feelings were at work. He was not very fond of migration. He was not at all like a friend of ours, of whom it was said by a caustic acquaintance, that if he were in Heaven, he would not be satisfied without seeing the other place. To explain the matter phrenologically, and in due order, we may state that every organ of the brain may be considered as having three separate qualities or faculties: a propensity or affection, a capability, and a retentiveness or memory. Adrian had the organ of locality strongly developed: he had the capability of rapidly discovering all the bearings or relations of a place: he had a memory of places which never failed him, and he could have gone into every nook and corner which he had known in childhood, without forgetting one step of the way thither: he had, moreover, the propensity or affection for a place

which he inhabited, in sufficient strength to make him adhere to it, unless some powerful reason existed for quitting it, and to cause him to view any other place with less affection.

In the present case, however, he was influenced by that theoretical view of realities which is so often like a rotten ladder, the rounds of which break down under us when we begin to climb them. He was not exactly a builder of castles in the air; for he always anxiously sought for more solid materials—at least to construct the foundations withal. But we are afraid the cement was somewhat given to crumbling. However, he was fond of building in this sort; and he had raised up an edifice of purposes and resolutions, which—however unfit for habitation in the eyes of his friend, Charles Selden—he was fiercely anxious to enter into; and as the vestibule thereof was the old house over the hills, he made extreme diligence to get there as soon as possible. A gnat will keep a man awake more surely than a thunder-storm; and though we grumble very much at the small things of life, and abuse destiny for bothering us with petty cares, we are not sure that any thing serves better to bring us to our senses. The innumerable annoyances of getting into a new house—especially in a country where every tradesman thinks he lays you under an obligation, who sells you a ball of twine for twelve and a half cents, and where you are obliged to court a carpenter to work at two dollars a day, with base prostrations and cajolery, which the meanest courtier would not condescend to offer to sovereign or prime minister—had nearly dispelled all Adrian's illusions with regard to quiet retreats, and thoughtful solitudes. All other sovereigns, an independent man may get rid of, by never going near them; but the sovereign people comes to him,



and bullies him in his bed-chamber. Satan Montgomery, when he wrote upon the omnipresence of the Deity, never thought of the omnipresence of the sovereign people, or we should have had a terrible Canto of it.

Adrian wanted but little here below ; but yet that little was not to be had without more plagues than ever infested Egypt. Half a dozen chairs, a table, a frying-pan, a fish-kettle, ditto for tea, a spit—in that golden age stoves were not invented, Allah Kerim !—a bed to lie upon, a plate to eat out of, a cup to drink from, a book-case, and a tight roof over his head, were all he wanted, with the exception of a cook.

His impatience met with many salutary checks. The American people are the most patient in the world, and they are quite right to be so ; for they will get no one to move a step faster, fret they ever so fretfully. But Adrian was of an impatient spirit, and now he was getting his drubbing—that drubbing which is so necessary to every young man in life, from the hard fat cudgel of the world, against which there is no shield—no striking again.

The upholsterer received his orders, and took them down in a book. He received his money also, and gave a receipt for it ; for Adrian thought that slippery metal, gold, would grease the go-cart of the upholsterer's upholstery. He was very much mistaken, however. The good man guessed that it was a long way to send the things : that his horses and carts had a great deal to do just then ; that if Adrian had been but three days sooner, he could have sent them more easily ; and when the young gentleman entreated him, as he had never entreated man before, and never entreated woman in his life, the only reply he got was, " Waall, I guess I can send them out the week after next."

The secret of all this, was, that at that time, there existed but one upholsterer in the place. Rushing away from the shop, he hurried to a man who let carts and horses, agreed to pay an enormous price for the carriage of his furniture, and got it all over to his proposed dwelling place—with two legs upon every table, and three upon most of the chairs. Some indeed, like the old soldier, "had but one leg, and that was a wooden one." It need hardly be mentioned that the crockery was a mash.

Next came the evils of the cabinet maker and joiner. We need not dwell upon them ; but what between guessing upon broken tables, and calculating upon rotten doors, they well nigh drove Adrian Brewerton mad.

His last trouble before entrance, was with the cook. He had a great many who came to see him in answer to his advertisement ; but with most of them, it was evidently a cook's choice of a master, not a master's choice of a cook. One did not like to go so far into the country, and declined at once. One actually accepted the situation, went out, saw the house, came back again, and brought her box with her. Another—an awful old mulatto woman—was affected by more human considerations. She inspected Adrian very closely, and then said she guessed she should not like to *help* so young a man.

"My good woman, you would not be in the slightest danger," replied Adrian, and civilly showed her to the door.

At length, however, came a good old creature who seemed to look upon the young man with a certain degree of compassion. She said she had no relations, and few friends, and the country was the same to her as the town. She was tired of seeing so many people's faces, she said. She did not add, that she was tired of seeing so many who

took no interest in her ; but we believe, that feeling was at the bottom of her heart. She called him, "my dear," too, as if he had been her own boy ; and Adrian liked her for it. A kindly word, however familiar, was so much better than the answers of all those cold, hard, independent incarnations of selfishness, which he had hitherto seen. He asked her very few questions. She might be a good cook, or no cook ; he did not care a jot. She might not know a rump of beef from a calf's ear ; it was all the same to him : she had spoken kindly, and civilly, and that was enough. He was resolved to have her, if she was to be had. He would not cheat her, however. He told her that it was a very melancholy place, to which he was going. He drew the most forlorn and deplorable picture of the house that it is possible to conceive ; but, she replied, that she did not care ; she was not accustomed to be melancholy, although she had had enough to make her so. She had lost a husband, and a son, and heaven knows how many daughters—all of them had been cooks but one, who couldn't, because she died an infant ; and the matter was then speedily settled. She was resolved to go and take care of the young man ; and he was resolved to be taken care of. So one morning they jogged out together in a neat wagon, drawn by one horse, both of which Adrian had lately purchased.

Then began the long catalogue of wants, which always present themselves when you imagine that you have provided for every thing. To hear the cook's enumeration, one would have supposed that Adrian had never been at the upholsterer's, or the chinaman's, or the hardwareman's, at all. There were no pillow-slips ; there were no sauce-pans ; there were no skewers ; there were no glasses ; there was no seive ; there was no—but why should we protract the cat-

alogue ? There was not anything in short, but broken chairs and tables, a battered pot, a bent spit, and a basket of cracked crockery.

"From the sublime to the ridiculous," said a very great little man, "there is but a step ;" and in the mind of Adrian Brewerton, there was a struggle, as to which step the course of events should take. It ended in a laugh, however, which was a relief to him ; for he had not laughed for many a day. The cook laughed too, which was a greater relief to him still ; for the doleful face with which she recapitulated all that she lacked, had made him almost fear that, in mere despair, she too would carry herself off to the town, and take her box with her.

"Now listen to me, my dear," she said, in a motherly kind of tone. "I guess the best thing for you to do, will be, to let me have the waggon and horse, and I will go over to the town and get what's wanted. All the heavy things are here, and amongst them all, we can make out something to sit upon, and eat upon, and sleep upon, and I can bring all the rest that's wanted back in the waggon."

"But can you drive ?" asked Adrian.

"I guess I can," she answered ; and so it was settled. The horse was put to the carriage, and money into her hand, and away she went to the town, while Adrian and the gardener set to work to put up the beds, and arrange the furniture. The bedsteads had been already mended as far as they had needed it, by a stray carpenter, who had consented with some difficulty to come and do what was required in the house, but who had taken himself off, after having repaired the bedsteads, saying he guessed it would take too much time and trouble to do the rest.

The gardener worked away with a right good will, however. He was slow and quiet, and marvellously sleek, but he seemed to understand all sorts of contrivances, and to possess a vast fund of resources.

In that early age of society, a number of those admirable inventions did not exist, which have since been introduced for the purpose of abridging man's comfort, and making him hardy and enduring. Amongst other things wanting to that epoch, were the peculiar knife-trays in which men now sleep, uncanopied, uncurtained, and very often uncovered, which are called French bedsteads—though we suspect the first inventor of them was Procrustes. The beds at that time in existence, consisted of four-posters, half-testers, tents, and truckles; and Adrian Brewerton, with a wide and liberal spirit, had purchased a four-post bedstead for himself, another for the one friend whom he proposed to admit, and two half-testers for the two servants. The room appropriated, in Adrian's imagination, to his friend Charles Selden, had two doors and two windows in it, and Adrian fixed in his mind upon one particular spot, as the place for the bed; but while his back was turned upon some other errand, the gardener began putting up the bed with the head right against one of the doors, which certainly did not appear to have been opened for some years. When the young gentleman returned, he remonstrated against this proceeding; but the gardener was supplied with sufficient reasons, representing to his new master that the door only opened upon the back passage, which, as he stated, sent up a quantity of wind, sufficient to make a line-of-battle ship go fourteen knots an hour, and showing that the head-board and fluted drapery of the bed would shelter its occupant from the unseasonable visitations of Boreas. This satisfied

Adrian, who only wanted a reason; and the bed was allowed to remain in the position the gardener had assigned to it. Thus the head was against the wall with a door in it, and the foot was turned towards the window on the right-hand side of the room, which commanded a view through the trees, and up the bare hill, and was precisely under that other window, mentioned in a former chapter, out of which an unfortunate young lady was said to have precipitated herself a good number of years before.

But poorly Adrian fared that day; for there was nothing to eat, and nobody to cook it. He did not mind that much, however. The beds were up, and that was something done; and just at nightfall the old woman, Mrs. Gaylor, returned with the wagon piled up so high, that Adrian almost fancied she intended to imitate the tower of Babel. An hour of semi-darkness was passed in unloading; and certainly an abundance of comforts which Adrian would never have thought of, soon surrounded him, and made his desert blossom like a garden. A good supper concluded the day; and Adrian, tired out in mind and body, lay down to rest, and for eight hours slept the sleep of labor. If all the spirits that ever came out of Tophet, or went into it, had danced Sir Roger de Coverly over his head, he would not have heard a foot-fall that night.

The next day, the old woman found out that it would be necessary to go to the town again. Oil, pepper, and mustard, were wanting, candlesticks, snuffers, and trays—they had been using lanterns the night before. Something to cover the worn-out floors of the house was also required. Basins, ewers, and et ceteras, to supply the place of the defunct crockery; a basting ladle, a dredger, a colander, a dripping pan, a chopper, and heaven only knows how many

things besides, were all lacking in the kitchen. Away she went, leaving some meat ready dressed for "those she left behind her;" and Adrian, to say the truth, was quite happy when she was gone; for her daily catalogues were beginning to grow tiresome. The beds were put up too: he had nothing to do; and as the main feature of his whole scheme was, that he should be saved all trouble but that of thinking, he fondly fancied that his felicity was beginning. Up and down the garden, and along the road that led to the pine-wood, he walked for two hours, with his hands behind him.

In the mean while the gardener found plenty of occupation. He bustled in the house, and out of the house, in the garden, and out of the garden, and three times came up to the young gentleman to tell him what he had done to put the place to rights. But Adrian was, by this time, in one of his fits of thought, and sent him away unceremoniously with a short answer. It is not at all an uncommon practice with old foxes, when taking new service, to delude their masters into conversation with them, not for the purpose of "entangling them in their talk," but just as a seaman throws a leaded line into the sea, to discover the depth of the waters, and the nature of the bottom. If such was the good man's intention, Adrian's taciturnity and thoughtfulness served him as well as any thing else; and once he limped away from him with a smile.

However that might be, the day wore away; the old woman returned; her purchases were distributed, and Adrian went to bed. He was sleepy from monotony, but not tired; and the result was, that about the middle of the night he started up suddenly, fully convinced that he heard a great noise. He listened, his head full of the fumes of

sleep, which sometimes are as bad as those of brandy. He could have sworn that he still heard the running of feet upon the upper floor, though the sound was not so violent as it had appeared magnified by slumber. Oh, lucifer matches! why were you not invented? The helpless housewife of those days had to hammer a flint and steel together for half an hour, and blow an any thing but odoriferous piece of tinder for the other half, before she could light the morning fire; so that there was no hope of Adrian getting a light to see what was going on. He was stout of heart, however; and he opened the door, and went out into the passage in the darkness. The sounds instantly ceased, when the door opened; but not satisfied, Adrian felt his way to the room of the gardener, and shook his door, which was locked. At first, there was no response; but after Adrian had thumped for a minute or two, a sleepy-toned voice from within asked, "What's the matter?—what's the matter?"

"What is that noise, Palham?" asked Adrian, sharply; "I hear people running about overhead."

"Only the rats, sir; only the rats," replied the gardener. "They do make an awful din, at times. I han't been able to sleep all night for them;" and a loud snore, which succeeded the moment after, testified his strong intention of making up for lost time.

Left without resource, Adrian returned to his own room, and though he lay awake for nearly an hour, suffered no farther disturbance that night.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Nam genus et proavos, et quae non fecimus ipsi  
Vix ea nostra voco.

OVID.

Stemmata quid faciunt? quid prodest, Pontice, longo  
Sanguine censeri.

JUVENAL.

THE principal medium of terrestrial locomotion in the days of Adrian Brewerton, was the stage-coach—called by popular abbreviation “the stage.” The American stage was—for it is a thing almost of the past—as unlike its English prototype as it is possible to conceive. In form it somewhat resembled those hereditary cradles which have been handed down from generation to generation in the families of some of the founders of the Republic: but with this difference, that the aforesaid stage-cradles were covered with a protecting roof. The springs were large, and limber, and the carriage was perched upon them at a formidable distance from the wheels—so that whenever any unusual obstacle (and in spite of the bull, such unusual obstacles were common) had to be passed, the passengers within experienced a sensation such as must be felt by a bird, when he perches on a slender bough, on a tree-top in a heavy gale. The only outside seat was the especial property of the driver—and as rich a specimen of originality was the Yankee stage-driver,

as any of his most famous British brethren could possibly be. This seat he occasionally allowed to be shared by some seductive traveller who had won upon his good graces by the well-timed offer of a cigar, or of another sort of refreshment, which (considering the existing legislation in some of the States) it were perhaps discreet not to particularize.

There was no stage that passed nearer than two miles from Adrian Brewerton's new residence; but upon such as there was, Charles Selden obtained a seat on the box one afternoon, and went down to visit his friend, whom he had not forewarned of his intention. He was compelled therefore to walk the two miles, with his luggage under his arm; which luggage consisted of one of those barrel-shaped black valises, which the country physician commonly carried strapped behind his saddle. It was night before his journey was accomplished; and on his arrival at the house, he found Adrian, whom he came upon by surprise, seated in the frescoed chamber, reading by the dim light of two dipped tallow candles, with a large black-letter volume open before him, which Charles did not remember to have seen in his friend's library before.

“Well, Adrian,” was his first exclamation, at the same time tossing his valise upon the floor at the other end of the room with the freedom of a privileged guest, “what in the name of the definite, and the exact, are you poring over now?”

Adrian colored slightly, but closed the book before him, and rose to welcome his friend, with a cordiality of manner which he showed to few. There was something, however, in the meaning smile which still remained upon Selden's face—one of those smiles, in the light of which the sensitive are more uneasy than in the shadow of a frown—that in-

duced Adrian, after the first words of welcome had passed, to answer the question which his first purpose had been to evade.

"It is only," he said abruptly, "an old book of marvels, descriptive of certain supernatural apparitions, more or less apocryphal, which are said to have kept the Court of Denmark in commotion for a long time, some two or three hundred years ago. It was evidently written with a full conviction of the truth of its contents, monstrous as they are. But it is none of my property, I can assure you, Charles. I found it the other day, in an odd corner of a closet attached to my bedroom. It is evidently an heirloom from some former proprietor of this enchanted castle."

"Why enchanted?" asked the young physician, quickly, fixing his eyes upon Adrian, as if he detected some peculiar significance in the tone, rather than in the words. "Are you the enchanter, or the captive damsel?"

"Neither, or both, as you please," was the answer of his friend. "But," he added after a moment, in a somewhat graver manner, "I do not understand you, Charles. You have such a magazine of profundity, both of look and speech, that I must confess you occasionally puzzle me."

His friend made no reply, but taking up the book from the table, hastily turned over the leaves, apparently for the purpose of averting his gaze from his friend's face, until he could control the curious, meaning expression which his own features, in spite of his efforts, continued for some time to wear. At length he said, addressing himself rather to the volume in his hands than to Adrian, "There are mysterious legends current nearer at home than Denmark, if my friend the stage-driver is to be believed."

Adrian looked enquiringly in his face; but Selden did

not seem disposed to pursue the conversation in that direction any farther; and some supper was called for by the master of the house, and discussed by himself and his guest, the latter showing that neither walk nor drive had diminished his appetite.

During the meal, however, both were evidently thinking of subjects of much interest; and after the supper-table had been cleared, and they were again left alone, a pause followed—one of those dull breaks, awkward enough to write about, but still more awkward to experience—a pause occasioned, not so much by want of matter for talk, as by a certain antipathy to encounter some impending topic. We all have secrets of opinion, as well as secrets of fact; some of them too subtle to be communicated through mere general sympathies, requiring in those to whom they are divulged, at least a harmony of sentiment in one particular direction. The mind has its instincts of self-defence and protection, as well as the body; as also, we are quite sure, it has its instincts of attack. Wary fencers, whether they be so through long practice, or from the necessity of the moment, will cross swords, and watch their adversaries, long before any thrusting or parrying commences.

There was little occasion for such a pause; but while it lasted, so far as the countenances of the two friends gave indication of their thoughts, their minds seemed to be somewhat differently occupied. Adrian appeared lost in inward reflection, while Charles Selden looked as if he were amusing himself with some problem beginning and ending with his host.

There was something in their mutual aspect, of the defence and the attack.

The silence was broken by the rushing into the room of

a huge, black Newfoundland dog, who, almost upsetting the small table in the eagerness of his approach, threw himself crouching, at Adrian's feet.

"What a magnificent beast!" Charles exclaimed.

"Yes, indeed," replied Adrian, "he is as fine and as pure a specimen of the race as I ever met with. Old Keelson, the fisherman, who has been to see me here, gave him to me as a companion for my solitude. He had him direct from the Banks: look at his feet; look at the jetty blackness of his hair; look at his eye. There is no mongrel blood in him, Charles; no crossing with the bull-dog, or the mastiff—decent fellows enough in their way, by the by. He shows race as much in his character, as he does in his appearance. How strange it is, Charles, that we all admit the importance of good blood in brutes, while many deny that it is of consequence in man."

"Is man then the king of brutes?" replied Charles, with something approaching a sneer in his tone. "Is he a creature that arrives at perfection by mere physical cultivation, and the improvement in instinct that accompanies it? Is he altogether the slave of his organization, and of certain outward circumstances; or has he, as his birthright,—be he rich or poor, high or low, Anglo-Saxon or Turk,—a soul which his own will, under the grace of God, may develop to equal perfection with any of his fellows? Has not man something so entirely distinctive from the rest of creation, as to stand at his birth, upon an elevation so lofty that the little accidents of extraneousness—the what has gone before, or the what may come after—whether, through inheritance, his nose be long or short, or his hair black, or auburn—whether his father was a mechanic, and his ancestor, in the fiftieth generation back, a prince; or that ancestor a me-

chanic, and his father a prince—whether all the honors of his race are numbered in the past, or are to be hoped for in the future: is not man, I say, raised upon such an elevation, as man, that all these petty accidents can only raise, or lower him, if at all, to an infinitesimal degree above or below his fellows?"

"I cannot altogether agree with you," Adrian replied, with more eagerness than the occasion seemed to require. "Man is such a compound creature; the combination of spirit and of matter is so infinite; the reflex action of each upon the other is so complex; the animal (and I use the word in its better sense) in so many ways, which we can neither follow nor disentangle, controls and dominates the spiritual; and that animal not only in its physical essence, but also in the feelings, sentiments, and affections which either belong to it, as of itself, or as dependencies of its organization, is so varied, influenced, and formed by circumstances, that the mind—the soul, I may even say—will unconsciously follow, and that to an infinite degree, impulses in which the animal has a vast share. Besides, we certainly inherit physical peculiarities from our parents, families, races; and why not the nobler faculties too?"

"You are mistaken, Adrian," replied Charles. "You are greatly mistaken. There is nothing moral which we inherit—not even those lower propensities which you would make part of our animal nature—that the soul of man cannot, should not, and the presumption is, will not control. Even our physical peculiarities are more of race than of family. The soul of man is an unity. God has so declared it, and so treats it in his providence. It can, and should, govern the whole mortal nature. Of education I admit the necessity;



but the little prejudices of birth I can neither appreciate myself, nor justify in others."

Adrian mused a moment, not seeming altogether satisfied with the reasoning of his friend. "At least, Charles, you will admit," he said, "that those born to an honorable name are influenced by an inducement not to sully it, which others do not feel."

"Influenced by pride," Charles answered. "But the pride of mean extraction, the pride of poverty, the pride of creating as well as of inheriting, the pride of a thousand things, may do as much. Stick to your presumptions as much as you please, Adrian; but do not let them influence your conduct. When you meet with an honest and cultivated man, or a virtuous and noble woman, never stop to ask whether the father was a tinker or a courtier."

Adrian was not yet convinced. He could not help thinking—and the reader must not accuse him of want of charity for so doing—that some people take a theory adapted to their own circumstances, and then reason up to it; just as some writers select a title for a book, and then write up to it.

Perhaps, had his friend, Charles Selden, been born a nobleman, instead of being a humble physician, and still reasoned precisely in the same way (and, good reader, we have heard precisely similar reasoning from men of the highest worldly rank), he might have been equally suspicious of his sincerity. He might have said to himself, "Here is a man who talks, by mere complaisance, in a way that he can afford to talk. Perhaps he fancies that he believes what he says; or perhaps he thinks that by the expression of such sentiments, he is acquiring a double title to our respect."

Poor, weak human nature! How often we are misled by our noblest impulses! How often does the very desire of truth lead us into error! As the too near consideration of an object blurs the sight, so does too earnest a desire to investigate a truth confuse our judgment. Particularly is this the case, when we have some motive for wishing to be convinced in opposition to our prejudices. The very desire to believe makes us suspect our own impartiality. There was, perhaps, at the present moment, something in the mind of Adrian Brewerton, unknown to himself, which disturbed his views. He was too conscious of an anxiety to have prejudices overturned, which he was not yet thoroughly convinced were prejudices. He asked to have them overthrown by such reasoning as only the exact sciences will admit. He felt too deep an interest in the result of his conclusions to weigh arguments. It was mathematical demonstration he desired; and he would have given the world to have had his preconceived impressions dispelled by a theorem.

"I have seen something of the world," Charles Selden went on to say, after a short pause; "nay, for one of my age, a good deal. As a stranger, and, I hope, a well-educated one, I have had opportunities, from time to time, of mingling in social circles abroad, to which one of my station, if a native, would not be admitted. I have tried not to be prejudiced; and I have seen so much to admire, respect, and venerate in the most privileged classes of other lands, that I very early learned to scorn the miserable cant, very common in this country, which would paint men of high station as wanting in culture and qualities, just in proportion as their opportunities and privileges are great. But I must say—and fact is stronger than all argumentation—that I have found as great merit, as great intelligence, as great refine-

ment—and you may give the word all the fastidious signification possible—in those of humble, as in those of higher origin. I know that you think, and many think with you, that acquired gentility is the gentility of pretension and vulgar parade, lacking the quiet, unconscious ease, graciousness, and simplicity of gentle birth. So it often is in foreign countries; and I fear so it must be in our own, to a great extent, if we ever have an aristocracy of wealth, the most vulgar of all aristocracies. But yet this is not always so anywhere. Peers are sometimes as essentially vulgar as parvenus; and parvenus of all kinds are sometimes as refined as any peers. What I demand is, that you test the individual, and let him pass for what he is, whether he be an exception to his class, or not. I have seen the truth of my impressions more decidedly exemplified in woman than in man—” and here again Charles Selden looked Adrian in the face, with one of his enquiring, half malicious glances; but the only effect he noticed was, that his friend slightly, and as it were mechanically, moved his chair.

“I have seen a girl at Madrid,” continued Charles, “who sold gloves behind the counter all day; and in the evening I have seen the same girl walking in the Paseo, side by side with the bluest blood of Castile; and in no respect—I speak in strong terms, but speak confidently—could the most supercilious accord the preference to the latter.”

“Pooh, pooh!” answered Adrian. “You had not sufficient opportunity of judging either the duchess or the glove-woman—at least, I hope not. A woman may walk well, and dress well, and look well, and yet not be a lady after all.”

“Well, then, for an instance where I had better opportunities, and where my judgment was confirmed by people very difficult to please,” Charles Selden continued. “I have

seen the daughter of an English serving-woman become the wife of a British peer, and equal, in all respects—in grace, and in refinement—the proudest descendant of the Howards or the Talbots; and to the credit of the great be it spoken, I have seen her cherished by them as one of themselves. I hardly need tell you, Adrian, that our own country is full of instances of the kind. A lady is created by God’s will and her own noble purposes—more than a lady, a queen cannot be.”

The last words—from what cause the reader must judge—seemed to produce a stronger impression on Adrian Brewerton than all that had gone before; but just as he was about to reply, a heavy, grating noise overhead interrupted him. It seemed as if something of unusual weight were dragged across the floor above. A metallic, ringing sound succeeded; and then all was quiet again.

Adrian sprang to his feet, and snatched up from the table one of the candles, which were already burning low, for the hour was somewhat late. Charles Selden did not move from his seat; but calmly asked his friend what was the matter. Adrian listened for a moment, without reply, and then, hearing nothing more, lit another pair of candles and reseated himself.

“I cannot tell you what it is, Charles,” he said; “I have several times been disturbed by similar sounds—generally after I had retired to rest; but I never could get any clue to their cause. Sailor, the dog, seemed to be annoyed by them, at first, but now he has apparently lost all sensitiveness upon the subject, and I suppose the same will be the case with myself in time.”

The dog indeed, who for a long time had been quietly asleep in the corner, merely raised his head a little from

his crossed paws, and lifted his ear in a listening attitude, without any appearance of irritation.

"People say," rejoined Charles Selden, with a shrewd smile, "that your house is haunted."

"Do they?" rejoined Adrian, drily, but with some appearance of annoyance.

"They do, indeed," answered his friend, with a laugh. "Now tell me, Adrian, have you any notion that such is the case yourself?"

"None at all," said Adrian; "pray why do you ask?"

"Only because I am ignorant of your opinions upon supernatural appearances," replied Charles Selden, "and from what I know of the constitution of your mind, I may have thought, that, although you have, perhaps, no very fixed belief in a great many things that other people believe, still your imagination—or your intellect, if you will—is not likely to be checked by the limits of what we matter-of-fact men call possibility."

"My intellect and my imagination," replied Adrian, "are very different things, and acted upon in very different ways. Through the one, I receive things as certainties; through the other, only as possibilities. Through the imagination, we apprehend things, of which the natural world furnishes no types—things of which we can only reason by that vast chain of analogies which binds all existence, spiritual and material. You possibility people—you believers in the infallibility of human judgment—you short-sighted observers of the phenomena of life—you scorners of the imagination—confine humanity to a very narrow sphere. Did not Newton discover the great principle of gravitation, by a just use of his imagination as a co-laborer of intellect, reasoning upon known analogies? And although I have

no idea that this house is haunted, as you express it, I will say, since you have forced me upon the subject, that all analogy, and all reasoning from analogy, are in favor of the *possibility*—mind the word, I say *possibility*—of spiritual communication. Every step in the material creation, that we know, from the lowest organization up to man, has its link of connection with that above. There is no soul below man: we believe that there is soul in him, and above him; for we have God's word for it, against which you will not dispute: and why may not the spiritual relationship, between God, at the summit of all things, and man, in whom occurs the junction between spirit and matter, have as many connecting links as present the mselves from man downwards? Or rather does not analogy show that it must be so? And if so, may we not infer, that the order in the spiritual world, next above man—probably that of disembodied spirits—has a means of communicating with man himself?"

Charles Selden was amused with his friend's eagerness; but he only shook his head, as if he detected some weakness in Adrian's logic, which, at the moment, he did not think it worth while to point out.

Adrian, however, went on warmly, "The world is full," he said, "of stories of supernatural events. The truth of but a few can be investigated by any one individual; but many of them are authenticated by evidence as strong and as copious as would suffice to convince us of any other fact. There is nothing, on the other hand, within our own actual knowledge to render such occurrences incredible by implying an impossibility or an inconsistency with recognized truths. You, on your part, rest alone upon what you consider probabilities, in opposition to direct evidence and analogy. One or two, or even many tales of supernatural

agency may be overthrown, or rendered doubtful; but a single instance substantiated to our full conviction, proves more than a book full of suspicious marvels can make one doubt. My father—I don't think you knew him, Charles, but he was any thing but a credulous man—frequently related to me a curious little incident. When quite young, he was travelling in the East, with a number of gentlemen, amongst whom was a young man from the Hague. The Dutchman was as cool and practical as his countrymen usually are. One night, at Constantinople, he dreamed that a friend, who had been recently married, was driving with his wife in the neighborhood of the Hague, that the horses took fright with them, that both of them were thrown from the carriage into a canal, and drowned. This dream he happened to relate accidentally. Nothing more was said about it, until the party reached Cairo, some months later, when a letter awaited the young Hollander, which confirmed his dream in all particulars, even to the day, with one exception. Neither of his friends was drowned. The coincidence became a matter of jest, and was soon forgotten. The party separated; but my father and the Dutch gentleman proceeded together to make a tour of Spain. After staying a week at Seville, they took mules for Madrid. The third or fourth day of their journey, my father noticed that his companion was unusually grave, and silent, and asked the reason. His friend answered, that while at Seville, he had dreamed, an aunt, whom he very much loved, a younger sister of his mother, was dead, though he had every reason to believe her in perfect health. This little incident, he said, he should never have thought of again, had it not been for the singular confirmation which his Turkish dream had received. My father

laughed; and they proceeded on their way. At Madrid, there were no letters for the Hollander; and nearly three months later, the two companions arrived at Paris, late in the evening. Their visits to their several bankers, they of course postponed until the next morning. My father returned with his letters, before his friend came back. When the latter entered the room, the expression of his face, my father assured me, he should never forget. There was an open letter, edged with black, in his hand. His aunt was dead. She had died during the week which the two friends passed at Seville—whether on the day of the dream or not, it was of course impossible to say. Now, Charles, tell me, Was there nothing supernatural in this?

"There might be, or there might not," answered Charles Selden. "It might be merely a case of coincidence; and to my mind, it is perhaps more extraordinary—considering the innumerable trains of cause and effect, which are continually crossing, and recrossing each other in every direction—that there are not more of such startling coincidences, than that some do occur, and are recorded. A man may eat under-done pork, have the nightmare, and dream that his aunt is dead, and his aunt may actually die on the same night, without there being any very logical connection between the pork, and the nightmare, and the old lady. If the young man who had the nightmare, had dreamed that he had died, and did actually die, I could see some sort of connection."

"You material philosophers," replied Adrian, "are always inclined to slip out through the loop-hole of a joke; but with me this is one of the serious questions of life, Charles. I would fain know, as far as possible, all the realities that

surround me, and, hearing every argument upon the subject, that is really an argument, bring my mind to some definite conclusion."

"Well, well, I will be definite," replied Charles Selden, with a laugh. "Now let us to it, Adrian, like two bull-dogs, Let us lay down our propositions: you on the one side, I on the other: and defend them stoutly, merely as a matter of argument. Perhaps between our two hard heads, we may knock out some spark of truth, at length."

The conversation continued in the same strain, for more than an hour longer, till Charles Selden began to yawn, and at length exclaimed, "Really, Adrian, you are getting beyond my depth. Recollect, I have been just rattled in a stage, and have walked over a hill with that ponderous valise in my hand. It is past midnight, and methinks the most conclusive argument would be bed—natural or supernatural, ghost or no ghost, I will—"

Even as he spoke, the same strange noises which had interrupted them earlier in the evening, were suddenly repeated; but this time, they were much louder, and more distinct. To Adrian they seemed to come from a spot precisely over where they sat, but Charles Selden exclaimed, "That's right before the door;" and darting to one of the windows, he drew back the thick moreen curtains which now shaded them. The moment he did so, both Adrian and he beheld, upon the trees opposite, not only the gleam of light which proceeded from the lower window, but a strange sort of reddish glare higher up, which seemed to come from a room in the upper story of the building.

Snatching up a lantern which was standing in a corner of the room, Adrian lighted it, and ran towards the door,

while Charles Selden, seizing a stout cudgel which lay upon the table, followed his friend; and in another moment they were standing on the grass, under the trees.

Each at once raised his eyes towards the upper windows; and each beheld distinctly a bright light streaming forth, and several dark figures passing across from one side to the other.

## CHAPTER XIV.

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,  
Give it an understanding, but no tongue.

SHAKESPEARE. "*Hamlet*."

THERE was a dead silence. The eyes of both were fixed upon that window, till the light began to fade away; and then Charles Selden laid his hand upon Adrian's arm, grasping it firmly, and whispering in his ear, "Have you arms in the house, Adrian?"

"None but my gun," replied his friend. "Why?"

"Because these are very substantial spirits indeed," answered Charles Selden; "and we must find out what all this means—Quick, get the gun, if you will go with me. I have got a stick and a knife, which will do well enough; and I will hunt them down, if I die for it.—Make haste, make haste; they are evidently going."

Adrian sprang to the door, and ran up to his bed-chamber, where the gun stood charged.

Charles Selden was after him in a moment, saying quietly, "Which is the way up?" and raising the lantern which his friend had set down on the floor.

"On my life, I don't know," replied Adrian. "Stay, here is a staircase at the end of this passage. It must lead somewhere."

"Assuredly," replied Charles Selden, dryly; and hurrying on together, they came to the foot of one of those rickety staircases, mentioned in the first chapter of this true history. Adrian sprang up first, cocking the gun as he went, and expecting undoubtedly to find a bright light, and a large party, either spiritual or temporal, assembled above.

No light was there, and nothing of any kind to be seen, though they were now close to the very window where the figures had been apparent a moment before. But, as Adrian was in the act of saying, "This is very strange," the sound of steps, seemingly running down a distant staircase, caught the ear of both.

"Hark!" cried Charles Selden, "after them, after them!" and on they ran together, guided by the noise.

At the end of the long, wide corridor, they came suddenly to the head of a small staircase, turning off to the left; and Selden instantly pushed past his companion, hurrying down, and carrying the lantern. A small landing-place was found at the bottom of the first twelve steps; and there, the voice of worthy Master Palham, the gardener, was heard exclaiming, in a dolorous and sleepy tone, "What's the matter? What's the matter?—It's only the rats, sir."

Charles Selden, who never swore when he was cool, gave the speaker a profane benediction, without turning to look where he was, but recognizing the voice and not liking it, and still hearing steps running on before. Down the continuation of the stairs he went, with Adrian close at his heels; and in a moment or two after, they were in the great, tall, well-smoked kitchen, with the wide-open jaws of the enormous fire-place gaping at them just opposite. A door, opening into the little court-yard behind, moved slowly to, as they en-

tered, leading them to believe that somebody who had just passed, had only paused to give it one pull after issuing forth. The two young men rushed at it together, and threw it wide open; but the court-yard was in deep shadow; the risen moon, somewhat cloudy and obscure, was casting all the light she gave on the other side of the house, and a low wall, on the top of a slight rise, ran along at the distance of some forty or fifty yards. Adrian and Charles Selden both paused, and looked hurriedly around; but nothing was to be seen.

"Put out the lantern, Charles! Put out the lantern!" said Adrian. "It only confuses us."

Selden, however, instead of putting it out, placed it behind the kitchen door, in doing which he was raised a couple of steps above his companion, and the moment he turned round again, he exclaimed, "There's a head. There's a head, beyond the wall—two men running down the slope, on my life!"

Away went Adrian again. Away went Charles Selden—up to the wall, and over it in a moment.

"Hang it, take care of the gun," said Charles, "it was right at my head—There they go—there they go. We are well matched, two to two. Now for a race. They have got a good start; but we know something of foot-work."

"And thanks to my rambles, I know every step of the wood," answered Adrian, still running on.

The two persons whom they were pursuing were now clearly enough to be seen by the half-shaded moonlight, directing their steps straight forward, and as fast as they could go, towards that spot in the bottom of the valley, where the little cart-road, by the side of the stream, entered the dark pine-wood of which mention has been made.

"We shall lose them amongst the trees," said Selden, with a sigh, keeping up close to Adrian.

"No, no," replied his friend. "The rocks are straight up, upon their left, and the river thirty foot down, on their right. If they jump, they will break their necks. If they climb, we shall catch them."

The words were hardly spoken, ere the men had reached the road, and plunged into the wood. Adrian and Charles followed like lightning; but in the wood all was darkness around. A momentary pause brought the sounds of rapid feet, beating the road, to their ears, and on they rushed, giving the same indications of pursuit to those they followed. For about three quarters of a mile, the chase continued in solemn darkness, and with no slight risk; for the road was not the best in the world, and there were occasional gaps and fissures extending from gulleys amongst the pines, across the path, near which, one false step might have precipitated either pursuers or pursued into the deep below.

At length the limit of the wood was reached; the gorge spread out wider; small scrubby trees and seedlings succeeded the tall gloomy trees; the stream took a leap over the rock; and the path was again clearly to be seen, descending the hill-side more rapidly than ever towards a wide extent of even ground, which lay between the foot of the acclivity, and the sandy shores of that remarkable bay, by which so many an event had occurred affecting the thoughts, and feelings, and destiny of Adrian Brewerton. The two figures were still before them, with the moon shining clear and bright, denuded of her vapory veil. They seemed no nearer than before, however, and Adrian and Charles Selden put forth all their speed. But the parties were very equally matched;



and for the next mile very little was gained by the pursuers. Then, indeed, the two other men seemed somewhat beaten. The distance diminished slightly; and Adrian said, in a panting voice, "We shall catch them, or drive them into the sea. The stream grows deep and wide near the mouth. I remember it well."

"They may take to the left, and along the sand," said Charles Selden, "or into the alder bushes amongst the swamps and ditches."

"We can cut them off," answered Adrian.

While this was spoken, both parties still continued running on at furious speed; and the race continued uninterrupted for more than half a mile further. At the end of that distance, however, two other men were seen to start up, as if from the edge of the sands, where a green, rushy ground bounded them on the left. Spreading out a little, they took direct steps towards the road, as if to join the two fugitives; and Charles Selden exclaimed, "Odds against us! Never mind, I'm good for two."

But to the surprise of both the pursuers, the two men whom they were chasing, instead of making for the others, or pausing for reinforcement, suddenly turned from the road, in a diagonal line to the right, towards some ozers which fringed the stream.

Without noticing farther the two new comers, who were now approaching rapidly, Adrian and Charles still followed their object, keeping an eager eye upon the ozers, which were somewhat thick, and calculating, without speaking, whether the men they were pursuing would attempt to swim the stream, or to slip from them under the cover of the trees. The other party of two, however, cutting across at a sharp angle, were now very near, and Adrian,

not liking to be taken between two fires, exclaimed, "Who are you?—Keep off;" and at the same time, he raised his gun towards his shoulder.

"Is that you, Mr. Brewerton?" said a voice which Adrian thought he had heard before. "Are you hunting those two fellows? James and I were on the look out for them too. We'll catch them soon, for we've cut them off from their boat.—This way, this way, sir,—they've crossed by the over-go, up there."

"They struck the river just here, Herring," replied Adrian.

"Ay, but they ran up under the trees, sir—I saw them," said the fisherman. "We'll have them. They can't escape."

Few words were enough for Adrian Brewerton. Herring, as he spoke, ran forward. The young man, James, came a little more slowly. The two fellow Collegians sprang forward together; and all four were in a moment by the side of the river, at a spot where a fallen willow tree formed across the stream a sort of natural bridge, which Adrian had never observed, although it had been already trodden by many feet.

"Spread out, spread out," cried Herring, who now took the lead, "and we shall turn them whichever way they take. Keep off the swamp, Mr. Brewerton—not so far to the left, not so far to the left, or you'll be up to the neck.—Hold fast by the firm ground.—James, don't let them get up the hill."

"These directions were uttered under the impression that the men would naturally attempt to double as they went, in order to avoid being driven straight up to the fishermen's cottages where their capture seemed certain.

To the surprise of all, however, they pursued their way straight forward, and after going somewhat more than a mile, slightly relaxed their speed, as if they felt themselves approaching a place of safety. It is true, some little diminution of exertion, as Adrian and Charles Selden felt, was absolutely necessary after so long a chase ; and they, too, slackened their course for a time, while Adrian called to Herring, saying, "They are taking straight for the houses !"

"Strange enough, sir," replied the good fisherman ; "but we shall net them there, whosoever they be. Do you know who they are ?"

"Not at all," shouted Adrian in reply. "I only know that they got into my house to-night—thinking I was asleep, I suppose."

"Lucky you wern't, or you'd have had your throat cut, most like," answered Herring. "They're after no good ; for they came off, at the darkest of the night, from that slaver-looking craft that's been upon the coast for the last fortnight.—'Pon my life they're making right for the houses, as if they were going to pay a visit. They are cool hands, but we'll have them, I calculate."

While this loud conversation was going on, the two fugitives had actually got upon the narrow, sandy neck of land, on which the fishermen's cottages were built, and the other party, now certain of being able to cut them off, proceeded more slowly—keeping a sharp eye upon them in the moonlight, however, lest they should get to the boats which were on the beach. They made no attempt to do so, but still running on in the clear moonlight, passed by Herring's own house, where they were lost for a moment in the shadow, and then emerging from the obscurity again, ran straight to-

wards the better dwelling of old Israel Keelson, where they altogether disappeared.

"Well, this is strange !" exclaimed Herring. What the deuce can they be going into old Keelson's for ? If they be what he takes them to be, he'll knock the heads off them."

The whole party paused and then walked on slowly ; for the two they were in pursuit of were evidently now fairly housed. A moment after, however, there was a sound which made Adrian start. Then came a loud, and terrible shriek ; and all four rushed forward at once towards Keelson's house.

## CHAPTER XV.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
 Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made;  
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,  
 As they draw near to their eternal home.  
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,  
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

WALLER.

LET us go back for an hour, and enter Keelson's cottage as it appeared in an earlier period of the night. All was quiet and still and peaceful. In the little front room sat the old man and his daughter: Ella's hands busily employed on an embroidery frame, in an occupation then waning into disuse, and which had generally been confined to the higher classes, even when in vogue: the old man reading a large lettered book, but every now and then raising his head, and looking towards the window, or turning his ear toward the door, through which, however, no sounds came, but the quiet, even rush of the sea along the shore in a calm night. From time to time, Ella would look up to her father's face, and say some cheerful words, with eyes full of affection; and old Keelson would answer gravely, but tenderly, and resume his reading again.

The door between the front and the back room was partly open, beyond which a light was seen; and when the father and daughter were silent, besides the sound of the sea, the buzzing whirl of a spinning-wheel made itself heard

from within, or occasionally, the voice of old Kitty, speaking a few broken sentences to herself, with a habit of soliloquizing, not at all infrequent in her race.

After a time, Keelson rose, and began to pace the room with a slow step, and in an attitude very usual with him: his hands behind his back, and his eyes cast thoughtfully downwards.

"Have you been reading any thing sad, my father?" asked Ella, putting down her work. "The book seems to have made you grave."

"Far from it, my dear child," said the old man. "It is an old book, full of high hopes—some comments upon passages of Scripture, which refer to all that God has thought fit to reveal to us of after life. Comments, perhaps, I should not have called them: they are but developments of the heavenly promises to him who faithfully serves his master."

"May I look at them?" asked Ella. "I would fain see what they teach."

"Another time, my child," said Keelson. "The book is called 'Consolations for the Old.' *You* have time enough, my Ella," he added, with a smile. But I will tell you what honey it extracts from the flowers of God's word. It tells us that we are the objects of his love, and says that love will be made perfect in heaven. It shows us that short partings here are followed by joyful re-unions hereafter. It shows us—Hark!—did you not hear a sound?"

"I heard something like a shot," replied Ella; "some of the lads from the town, shooting wild fowl by the moonlight, I dare say."

"Not that," answered Keelson, pausing and listening.

"The moon was cloudy some time ago. No one is out fowling so late."

"It is very late," replied Ella. "I did not like to disturb you in your reading; but I think, by the candles, it must be near midnight."

"Past midnight, my child," said Keelson, looking at his watch; "but I am somewhat uneasy to-night. There are things going on that I do not understand. Herring and James have gone over to watch on the other side of the bay; and if it be as I suspect, information must be sent up to the town. I do not hear any farther sounds. Do you?"

"No, none at all," answered Ella, quickly. "Had we not better lock all the doors and go to bed?"

"Go you, my love," said Keelson. "I will just walk out to the Point, and see what is going on. I shall be back before you are asleep."

"Oh, do not meddle with them, my dear father," exclaimed Ella, rising and throwing her arms around him. "Let them alone. If they be bad men, you have no authority to take them."

"Take whom?" said Keelson, with a smile. "Rest quiet, my love; rest quiet. I will not meddle with them at all; but if, as I suspect, they are running smuggled goods, I feel bound to send up information, as they thought fit to insult me, by giving me some hint of their intention—I will take no other part in the matter, however. The officers must settle all the rest. Go to bed, my child—I will be back directly."

"I would rather wait till you return," replied Ella, seating herself again, and taking up her work. "I could not sleep, if I were in bed at this moment."

"Well—well. I will not be long," answered Keelson;

and taking down his hat, he opened the door and went out.

"Ella remarked that he took no arms with him; and she was pleased. When he was gone, she plied the busy needle for a minute or two, in deep thought; but the sound of Kitty moving about in the next room attracted her attention, and she looked round.

"What are you doing, Kitty?" she asked, seeing the negro woman on her knees, bending down over an oaken coffer which stood in that chamber.

"Taking care of de papers, as de ole man told me," answered Kitty, stuffing something into her bosom. "All right, missy."

"Come hither, Kitty," said Ella, in a low and rather wavering voice. "What makes you so particularly careful of the papers to-night?"

"Don't know, my dear," answered Kitty; "but I often see tings oder people don't see, and read signs oder people don't read. I don't like tings to-night—better de ole man stay at home."

"What have you seen to-night?" asked Ella, not clearly comprehending whether the good woman spoke of some natural sight which she had beheld, and which had alarmed her, or whether she referred to an impression produced by supernatural powers of vision, to which Kitty, in common with many of her race, made some pretensions. "What have you seen to-night, Kitty, to alarm you?" she repeated, as the woman hesitated to reply to her first question.

"Missy Ella," said Kitty, taking her hand, and speaking in a sad and solemn tone, "de settin sun hab blood on his face to-night; but when he gone to roost, I heard de little birds chirping love, in de great elm tree ober de hill."

Superstition is a strange thing. Ella did not believe ; and yet the evil auguries of the Negroess made her feel cold and fearful.

She plied her needle again in silence, keeping her ear watchful for every sound. A minute or two after, there was a step ; but Ella knew that it was not her father's. She could not identify it with any that she had ever heard. The next moment, the outer door was opened, and a man, dressed in the clothing of a sailor of the better sort, looked into the room, saying, "Is master Keelson at home to-night ?—you sit up late, fair ladies ;" and he laughed coarsely, as his eye fell upon the black woman.

Ella trembled ; for her nerves were shaken, and she recognized the man against whom her father had warned her.

"He is not at home," she answered, quietly ; "but he is not far off, and will be back directly."

"Him only gone to neighbor's cottage," said Kitty, boldly telling the falsehood which even fear could not induce Ella to utter ; "he be back in a minute wid de oder man."

"Well, then, I will sit down and wait for him," said Captain Sparhawk, entering the room, and taking a chair uninvited. But he was no sooner down than he was up again, and advancing towards Ella's embroidery frame, he said, "That's d—d pretty. You seem a smart stitcher, Miss."

Ella rose instantly and drew back, with a look which had its effect even upon that coarse man.

"There, you need not be frightened," he said, "I am not going to hurt you, or it either ;" and walking back to his chair, he seated himself again.

Two or three minutes passed in painful silence ; and then

Captain Sparhawk rose, and began whistling some tune of the times, turning his steps, as he did so, towards the window, and making a considerable noise with his feet. Nevertheless, Ella thought she heard a confused sound of other steps ; she could not distinguish whether they were her father's or not ; but they seemed to her to be in the little passage which led from the house-door. She looked enquiringly to Kitty ; but Kitty was seated silent and motionless, with her eyes bent down ; and before Sparhawk had well looked out of the window, he exclaimed in an over-loud tone, "I wonder what sort of a night it is going to be. The moon seems as if she did not know what the devil to be about."

"Bad night for somebody," said Kitty, solemnly.

"Ha ! what makes you say that ?" cried Sparhawk. "I think I've seen you somewhere before, my beauty ; though you weighed half a ton less, and were somewhat younger."

"Very like," said Kitty, unconscious of the evil she was bringing on herself. "I see you in Charleston, long ago. I know you quite well, and all about you, Massa Sparhawk."

"The devil you do," cried he ; "well, I sha'n't forget you either."

But at that moment a rapid step, which Ella well knew to be her father's, was heard crossing the little piece of ground before the house. She did not know whether to be glad or sorry ; but while her feelings and her thoughts were all in confusion, old Keelson entered the room, with a look which plainly showed he had heard a strange voice in his house, and had hurried his pace.

The moment Keelson's eye fell upon Sparhawk, a

change came over his face. His forehead gathered into a heavy frown; his lip quivered evidently with anger; and the old man seemed to grow two or three inches taller. Without greeting or ceremony of any kind, he strode past the intruder at once, and placed himself beside his daughter. Then, wheeling suddenly round, he confronted Sparhawk, exclaiming, "Did I not tell you, never to come near this house again?"

"Perhaps you might," replied Sparhawk, in a cool tone. "But you know I was never famous for obeying any one's orders but my own;" and as he spoke, he advanced a step towards Keelson, getting between him and the mantel-piece, over which hung an old French musket, which Captain Sparhawk perhaps thought might prove dangerous in the hands of an angry man. When he had performed this evolution, he added, in a cajoling sort of tone, "Come, don't let us quarrel, my good sir; I only came because business brought me, and business which you have no right to find fault with."

"You have taken a strange hour, sir," said Keelson, fixing his eyes steadily upon him.

"I have taken the only hour I could," replied Sparhawk, "and if I had not found you waking, damn me, I should have knocked you up. However, Master Keelson, to come to business. A gentleman, whom you know, has told me to ask you civilly to come with me at once to Charleston, and to bring some papers you once boasted of having, along with you. Things have changed in that part of the world within the last few months."

"I know they have," answered Keelson, gravely.

"Well, it may be to your advantage to come," said Sparhawk.

"That I shall certainly not do," answered Keelson; "and now I must request you to go. I wish to close my house, and go to rest. You have my answer, I will not go to Charleston."

"Well, then, send the papers you talked of, by me," answered Sparhawk; "I tell you it may be for your own good."

Keelson laughed aloud, exclaiming, "Do you think I am a fool, or that I do not know you and your scoundrelly uncle too well?"

A dark, red glow came upon Sparhawk's forehead; and he answered, in a menacing tone, "I tell you, you had better do one or the other quietly; for the papers I am determined to have with me"—and he added after a momentary pause—"for proper examination."

"That you certainly shall not," said Keelson, "and if you do not go, at once, I will call the neighbors, and send you up to the town for proper examination."

"Your neighbors are all asleep," answered Sparhawk, with a laugh; but even as he spoke, his words were proved to be not literally true; for the door was pushed farther open, and a short, thin old man, poorly dressed, and walking with a sort of paralytic limp, entered the room.

"Do you know, Israel," he exclaimed, with an excited countenance, and yet with a lack of expression which had something painful in it, "Do you know there are three men up your passage quite in the dark corner at the end?"

"Villain!" cried Keelson, gazing at Sparhawk, "what are you going to do?"

"Run, Davie, run," cried the voice of Kitty, almost at the same moment. "Call up all de neighbors. Be quick, Massa Davie, be quick!"

Before the poor old man could obey, however, Sparhawk had caught him by the arm with a powerful grasp of his left hand, and seeing Keelson advancing towards the musket, he drew a pistol from his breast, levelled it at him, and exclaimed, "Back!" The next instant he raised his voice, shouting aloud, "Come in, lads; come in;" and three bad-looking fellows, in sailors' garb, rushed at once into the room.

"Keep that fool," cried Sparhawk, releasing Davy's arm. "Hark—who is coming? Oh, Jones and Petersen!" he added, as two other men, dressed much like the former, rushed breathless into the place.

Then advancing towards Keelson, with the pistol still in his hand, he said, in a bitter tone, "The papers, old idiot—the papers."

"Never," cried Keelson sternly.

"Then I will take them," cried Sparhawk in a voice of thunder, "and you, too, with them;" and he attempted to grasp Keelson's collar with his left hand.

Ella, who had remained trembling in silence, shrieked aloud, and old Keelson, dashing Sparhawk's hand aside, grappled him in his still powerful arms.

"Seize them all," cried Sparhawk. "Seize them all; and aboard with them! Catch the nigger—catch the nigger, above all!"

While he spoke, he still struggled in old Keelson's grasp; and one of the men who had last come in, called out something to him which he did not hear.

The moment after, however, a change came over affairs. A confused sound was heard from the passage, fresh faces appeared in the room. Adrian, Selden, and the two fishermen dashed in, and Charles caught one of the men by the

collar, while Adrian rushed on to the aid of old Keelson, seeing him struggling with Sparhawk.

A scene, of which we can give no description, ensued. The face of Sparhawk became distorted with fury. "Take to your tools, and down with them, lads," he cried aloud.

Each man grappled with another. One of the candles was knocked off the table, while the other remained burning calm and quietly in the midst of all the strife. Kitty was seized, and dragged towards the door: Ella crouched trembling in a corner. Pistols and cutlasses appeared in the hands of the sailors, and every thing was trouble, and confusion, and disarray.

Adrian endeavored to make his way forward towards Keelson, but the poor foolish man, Davie, had fallen across the floor, and the young gentleman stumbled over him in his advance. No time was to be lost, indeed; for Sparhawk had got his right hand free, and with the rage of a demon in his face, was pressing the muzzle of his pistol to Keelson's head.

Recovering himself, Adrian rapidly aimed the gun he carried, at his friend's assailant, and pulled the trigger; but it flashed in the pan, and the young man rushed forward again, seizing the gun by the barrel, to use the butt-end. The next instant, there was the report of a pistol; Keelson relaxed his hold, staggered back, and fell, striking his head against a chair. Ella sprang forward, and knelt beside her father; but as she gazed in his face, with a look of agony indescribable, Sparhawk seized her by the arm. A blow upon the head, however, from Adrian's gun, made him stagger back, glaring round him for an instant, like a wild beast disappointed of its prey.



"Damn it, you have done for him, Captain!" cried a voice. "We shall soon have more people upon us."

"Back—back to the boat," Sparhawk shouted. "Cut your way through! One more or less makes no difference. Down with them!"

Then came the struggle of Sparhawk and his men to escape from the dreadful scene in which they had been acting. Charles Selden and the rest opposed them vigorously; but Adrian Brewerton was holding Ella's hand, by the side of her dead father; and he saw but little of what followed.

When, for an instant, he looked round again, the cottage was clear. The sounds of rushing, and struggling, and curses, and exclamations, and one more pistol-shot, were heard from the beach; but all the fierce faces had disappeared from the room, and Adrian and Ella were left alone with the dead.

## CHAPTER XVI.

There is a kind of mournful eloquence  
In thy dumb grief, which shames all clam'rous sorrow.

LEE. "*Theodosius*."

ELLA wept not—spoke not—sobbed not. Her hand was clasped by Adrian Brewerton's, and she let it remain there; but she looked not towards him. Her eyes were fixed upon her father—upon his face. She seemed to see nothing else, but that cold, pale, unanswering countenance—very likely she perceived not even the blackened wound on the right temple, or the slow, scanty, trickling stream of blood, that welled from it to the floor. She asked no questions: she tried no means of remedy: she knew well enough that her father was dead, and that all effort was in vain. The sight seemed to have turned her into stone; and her hand, as it rested in Adrian's, was as cold as marble. Every thought, every feeling was absorbed by the one object before her. There seemed nothing in the world for her but that.

It was a solemn time, and long the few moments that elapsed while she and Adrian remained there alone together. He hardly dared to speak to her; but yet he repeated her name twice, saying, "Ella—Ella." She took no notice: her ear was pre-occupied as well as her eyes. The report of the pistol lingered in them still.

At length there was another step in the room—a halting, unequal step, but quick and eager; and poor Davie, the silly man, came up and stood beside Adrian, and Ella, and the dead. He, too, remained for a minute or two, gazing in silence; but at length, as some others entered, the feelings of the poor old man's heart burst forth.

"Ah, Israel Keelson—Israel Keelson!" he said, while the large tears rolled over his face, "have they taken thee away from us? Thou wert a good man, and art gone to a good place. God help us who remain! Who shall take care of the orphan and the widow, now? Who shall be kind to all who are in trouble or distress? Who shall have a comfortable word for sorrow, and an open hand for poverty? Who shall care for the poor old foolish man who cries beside thee?"

The spring of the heart's door was touched. The words of poor silly Davie were as an electric chain of connection for Ella, between the utter isolation—the world apart, as it were, of sudden and intense grief, and all the things, sorrowful and dark as they were, of actual earthly life. Till then her spirit seemed to have left her body to mourn apart; but now it rushed back again, recalled, to give itself up to human grief. She started up, gazed wildly round her, as if fresh awakened from a dream, and burst into a passionate fit of tears.

She seemed as if she was sinking; and Adrian put his arm around her to support her. He trembled himself with manifold mixed emotions. Words were springing to his lips which his heart had been long burning to utter; but it was a terrible hour—an awful moment—and he hesitated—he restrained himself.

The cottage was becoming thronged. Neighbors and

friends had poured in. The fishermen and Charles Selden had returned from vain pursuit, and the young man James stood in front, with his arms crossed upon his chest, and his teeth set hard, gazing upon Adrian and Ella.

At length she spoke. "Oh, what shall I do?—what shall I do?" she cried. "My father—oh, my poor father! What shall I do?"

Adrian could refrain no longer. He drew her closer to him. He heeded not who was present, or who heard. "Ella," he said, "dear Ella. Be my wife. God has taken from you your father; but if you will, he has left you a husband who shares your grief, will join you in mourning, will strive to console you. Your father he can never restore; but as much love as that father felt for you, as much tenderness and kindness as he ever showed to you, as strong, as persevering affection, he can give—nay, he has given it long ago. Be mine, Ella, be mine, and let me share your sorrow. Give me a right to protect and guard you, and save you from all the agonizing things that have to follow. I have loved you long—I have loved you well—I will ever love you. Oh, listen to me, Ella. Be mine; say you will be mine!"

She turned her beautiful eyes upon him, still welling forth bright drops, gazed through the tears into his face for a moment, then threw her arms round his neck, hid her face upon his shoulder, and wept there.

"Where is the poor thing?—where is my poor Ella?" cried the voice of a woman rushing in, half-dressed, through the little crowd.

"There, mother," said Herring to his wife, who was the new comer. "There is the poor dear girl; but she has got help and comfort now. Mr. Brewerton offers to make her his wife."

"Ah, sir, that is kindly done," said good Mrs. Herring, holding out her hand to him.

Adrian pressed it warmly, whispering, "Take her away Mistress Herring—take her away from this terrible scene. Leave me to settle all the rest. I will come to her soon."

"I had better take her to our place," said the fisherman's wife. "If she goes up stairs to her own room, she will be always hankering after the poor old man. Come with me, my dear child—come with me, and I'll be a mother to you. Jenny—Jenny;" and as a girl of about twelve years old, ran forward at her call, she added, putting her arms round Ella, "Take her other arm, Jenny, and help her along."

But Ella raised herself, and looked up. "I will come," she said—"wait one moment. I will come. I am calmer now." She then looked round to the spot where her father lay; and a terrible shudder passed over her whole frame. But with an unfaltering step, she approached the body, knelt down beside it, and pressed her lips upon the cold brow. Then raising her hands and eyes to heaven, she said, "Oh God, thy will be done, and thy name be glorified!"

"Come, come, my child," said Mistress Herring, aiding her to rise from her knees. "Indeed, Ella, you will be better away."

"I will go," said Ella, in a low tone. "I will go;" but ere she did so, she turned to Adrian, and laid her hand upon his arm, saying, with a look of earnest entreaty on her face, "Do not leave me long."

Oh, those words were very sweet; and throwing his arms around her, he pressed his lips upon her cheek.

The young man, James, turned away with a deep sigh, and quitted the cottage.

In a minute after, Ella, and Mrs. Herring and her daughter, were gone also, and a short silence succeeded—one of those dead pauses—like a deep pool in a torrent, where the waters seem to collect themselves in profundity and stillness, for a fresh leap over the rocks—in which the mind seems to collect its strength, and firmness, after a rapid current of terrible events, to follow them out to their consequences.

It was Charles Selden first spoke, and grasping Adrian's hand, he said, in a low tone, "Nobly done—most nobly done, my friend!"

"But Adrian's thoughts had by this time taken another direction. "Have you caught none of the murderous villains?" he asked, gazing round the room. "They ought to be instantly pursued."

"One is safe enough upon the beech," replied Charles Selden. "Herring here, wrenched the pistol from his hand, and shot him through the heart."

"Was it their leader?" asked Adrian eagerly. "Was it Keelson's murderer?"

"No, no, sir," replied Herring. "He got off—evil follow him! and as to further pursuit, just now, that is all useless. Their boat was all ready, a sharp-bowed, long-oared galley, and they're aboard by this time."

"But cannot a ship be sent after the schooner, from which, doubtless, they came?" asked Adrian.

"Oh, ay, sir. They came from her sure enough," answered Herring; but the ill-looking black slut wouldn't be overhauled in a hurry, even if there were a vessel of war here, which there is not. She goes like the wind, too, and we have nothing in the bay that could catch her. I've a great notion she's the Falcon, belonging to that captain Sparhawk we've all heard of, smuggler, slaver, pirate—devil,

I believe; for nothing can catch him. He's been twice tried for his life, and contrived to get off."

Charles Selden was, at this time, kneeling by the body of old Keelson, examining with professional inquisitiveness, the wound in his temple; but he looked up sternly, as Herring spoke, and said, with a flashing eye, "I'll catch him, sooner or later;" and laying his hand upon old Keelson's breast, he said, "Old man, I promise you I will avenge you."

There was a good deal of talking now went on, discussion of the past, consultation as to the future. One of the young men undertook to go up at once to the town, and give information of all that had occurred, to the proper authorities. Adrian charged him also, to send him down an undertaker, and gave some other necessary directions, so that about half an hour was consumed before his thoughts could well turn to Ella again. The men who had congregated from the neighboring houses, still remained in the cottage, joining in all that was said and done; but the women had dropped off, one by one, some returning straight to their own houses, some going down to look at the dead man upon the beach, and some proceeding to Mrs. Herring's house, to offer assistance and consolation to Ella.

When Adrian looked round the room again, before he likewise sought her he loved, no woman was to be seen, and turning to one of the fishermen, he said, "Where is Kitty, the black woman? Has she gone down to her young mistress?"

The men looked in each other's faces in silence for a moment; and then Herring exclaimed aloud, "On my life and soul, that must have been her they threw into the boat, like a bale of goods. I have not seen her since. Have any of you?"

Every one answered, "No;" and Davie, who had been sitting in a chair, near the middle of the room, rubbing his right leg for well nigh half an hour, joined in, saying, "I heard a scream come out of the boat; and it was a black scream, too. I dare say they pitched her into the water, when they got out far enough, or else have taken her away to make a nigger slave of her—Poor Kitty—she was a good sort of body—her soul I don't know much about—I wonder if it was black, too."

"Good God! can they have carried the poor creature off?" cried Adrian, in a tone of much anxiety.

"I fear so, Mr. Brewerton, indeed," replied Herring. "As I was struggling with the fellow whom I shot, and looking at that gentleman, who had just been knocked down by the captain, I saw two of the scoundrels tumble something like a great lump into the boat. It looked like a human creature, too; but it was dark-colored, and I thought it must be some goods they had stolen, or something of that sort. I fancy, now, it must have been poor Kitty; for I heard a scream, too; and if it was, this will be a new grief to poor Miss Ella; for she was very fond of the old woman, and the old woman of her. You had better come down to her, sir; for I've a notion that you are the only person who can give her comfort, poor thing. We will set some one to watch here, with the body of poor Master Keelson; and it doesn't want long of daylight now."

"I will stay with the body," said Charles Selden, "only I should like to have a pistol, if anybody has got one to spare. I have had one bad knock on the head to-night, and I should like to stop another before it falls."

"We have got no pistols, sir," answered Herring; "for we're all peaceable people here. But here's an old gun

which Keelson used always to keep charged. If he could have got at it, I fancy there would have been another man dead, and he perhaps living, poor fellow.—Had we not better move him on to the bed?"

"No, no. Let him lie till the coroner comes," said Charles Selden; and after a few more words from various persons, the whole party except Charles moved towards the door, and Adrian, putting his arm through that of Herring, walked down with him to his cottage. He found Ella seated in the front room, with her head leaning on her hand; but her eyes now tearless. The moment Adrian appeared, however, she started up, and held out her arms towards him, as the only thing left her to cling to on earth. He pressed her warmly, tenderly, to his heart; and soon after, the women who were there, dispersed at a hint from Herring, and Adrian and Ella were left together. She passed the whole of that night, till the gray morning dawn, with his arms around her, and her head leaning on his shoulder. From time to time, she wept; and from time to time, they talked; but no word of love was mentioned between them. It needed no mention, indeed. All was told that could be told, if not by words, in other ways; and Ella rested as confidently there, on her lover's bosom, as she could have done upon her father's.

The news of the fate of poor Kitty, which Adrian was obliged at length to tell her, grieved her sorely; but it was serviceable, as any event that interested her must have been, by withdrawing her thoughts for a moment from deeper grief. Sorrow is like an adverse army, weakened as soon as divided.

We need not pause on all that followed: the coroner's inquests, the police investigations, the commotion in the

town, the visits of the idle and the curious to the scene, the funeral, or the mourning. Kitty's place was supplied to Ella by a good girl, named Ruth, a distant orphan relation of the Herrings; and poor Ella, with a lingering affection for the place, determined to return to her own cottage, till her marriage with Adrian Brewerton took place. For his part, he pressed eagerly to have that marriage solemnized as soon as possible. He represented to her, that in the circumstances in which they were placed, it was only proper and right, that they should be united without further delay. "All ceremonies, dear Ella," he said, "all ordinary rules, must give way before more powerful motives. We are both orphans, Ella. You are here alone, without a relation or a friend to protect and guard you; and I know that your father's spirit would bless a speedy union, which will insure you a home, and a protector. I will speak to the minister, and I am sure no objection will be made."

She yielded readily to his arguments; for in all things she was too true of heart to bind her actions down to forms.

The day was appointed, and the intervening space of time was occupied by the arrangement of old Keelson's affairs, with the aid of a lawyer. It was found that he had accumulated considerable property, for a man in his station, and it, with all the ready money which he had left, was placed by Adrian altogether at Ella's disposal.

In the coffer, in the back room, were found a number of old papers, of which neither Adrian nor Ella could make any thing. Adrian determined to preserve them, however, though Ella judged they might be as well destroyed, saying, "The papers that my father most valued were taken from that very place, Adrian, by poor Kitty, on the dreadful night when she was carried away. She seemed to have a

sort of presentiment of what was coming, and thought to save them—Good God ! I can hardly think that it is now a month since then," she continued, pressing her hands upon her eyes. "Every thing seems so fearfully present.—Are you sure, dear Adrian, that there is nothing wrong in our marrying so soon ?"

"If I were not sure, I would not ask you, dearest," he answered. "I have spoken to your minister, Ella, and he judges with me, strict as he is. The joy that is tempered with sorrow, Ella, is often the most durable."

## CHAPTER XVII.

Thy father's poverty has made thee happy ;  
For though 'tis true this solitary life  
Suits not with youth and beauty, O my child !  
Yet 'tis the sweetest guardian to protect  
Chaste names from court aspersions.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. "*Laws of Candy.*"

It was a Sabbath afternoon. The tolling of a church bell in the distant town, calling to evening worship, was the only sound that broke the stillness of the fishermen's bay. Softened and silvered by distance, the mournful monotony of the tones, as they poured through the still air, was in perfect harmony with the repose of all animate and inanimate nature. It seemed like the world's farewell to-day.

There is something in the music of distant bells, whether intended to speak the language of joy or sorrow, indescribably solemn. It is a sound, which, unlike all other sounds, except the continued falling of a great body of water, seems, as it were, self-caused, and detached from all immediate agencies of any kind. The swelling, and the dying away to swell again, and again to die, has something that accords so strangely with the full heart of man—something so powerfully yet dimly suggestive of the great vague object of its deepest yearnings, that when listening to them, we seem to hear within us a melancholy echo of some great mystery.

Nor is it at all from association that this peculiar effect arises. In the valleys of the Pyrenees, from the ruined convents of Asia Minor, from the chiming towers of Belgian churches, from the venerable abbeys and cathedrals of England, we have listened to the solemn tolling of bells, with the same heart-controlling effect. How much is there in the feelings of all of us, which language can but faintly shadow forth to the intelligence, but which the heart appreciates at once by harmonies of its own experience !

No sound was to be heard except that of the distant bell. Even in the country, and its most quiet nooks, there comes, once in the week, a Sabbath stillness palpably distinct from the languid repose of an ordinary summer's day : and so it was that evening. The fishermen's boats lay drawn up upon the sand, careened a little on one side, with their painted hulls as dry as if they had never known any other element than that on which they rested. The bay lay glittering in front. Beyond stretched the broad Atlantic, smooth and motionless. All was still, except when, through the calm air, swung the evening bell in mighty waves of sound.

In the parlor of the little cottage, where Adrian and Ella had first met, and where so many never-to-be-forgotten scenes in the life of both had been enacted, was assembled a small party, comprising Charles Selden, Herring the fisherman, and an evangelical clergyman from the neighboring city. Poor Davie, the fool, too, was present. But he kept himself quite quiet ; and whether he came as an invited guest, or not, we cannot tell. For a time there was but little conversation going on, and that little was spoken in a low tone, not only because the parties, with the exception of Herring and Davie, knew little of each other, but because

all seemed to feel that the occasion, though naturally one of joy, had associations in the past too terrible to justify even reasonable cheerfulness. Mirth, as an attendant even of festive ceremonies, was by no means in accordance with the rigid notions of those days. Charles Selden was, perhaps, the gayest of the party ; but even his lively nature was very much subdued. They had not been assembled long, when Adrian Brewerton entered the room, his fine face glowing with a bright enthusiasm, without a doubt or hesitation shadowing his brow, and his appearance seemed to give some life to all who were expecting his coming. For the time he and Charles Selden appeared to have changed characters. Adrian was gay, sparkling, full of animation ; and there was something wonderfully softened and gentle in the tone of voice, and expression of countenance, with which the young physician greeted his friend. He held Adrian's hand for an instant in both of his, as if to make him feel, by that mute sign, a depth of regard and esteem, which he did not choose to express in words.

Adrian had a word of kindness for all—even for poor Davie, the fool. Not the kindness of condescension, which is always oppressive to the object, but that hearty fellowship which an expansive nature, in moments of great joy, holds out to all who seem in any way associated with its happiness.

The previous dulness of the little party was soon dispelled ; and they were in the midst of a conversation almost lively, when Ella entered from the room behind. She was still clad in the deep mourning which she had assumed after her father's death ; but as if to mingle the hues of joy and sorrow, her dress displayed a little white about the neck and wrists. She was a good deal paler than when first we



saw her, and her features, always refined and delicate, seemed even more spiritualized than they had been before her last great grief. Her eyes, too, seemed to have acquired a depth—a liquid light, which generally tells of strong emotions either of joy or sorrow. Yet there was a calmness and self-possession about her, that might seem strange in a young girl so situated. A strong-hearted woman, however, whose fate circumstances have thrown into her own hands, although she may feel deeply, soon acquires that patient self-control, which, under similar circumstances, man in his fretful nature seldom attains.

With a slight, but kind acknowledgment of the presence of the rest, and a warmer greeting of Charles Selden, Ella walked straight up to Adrian, giving him her hand, and thus silently intimating that she was ready for the ceremony to proceed.

The clergyman commenced with a long rambling prayer, having no particular application to the occasion, not in the very best taste, and strangely familiar in tone and language, considering that it was addressed to the Deity. People were then accustomed to this peculiar style; and it probably did not grate so harshly upon the feelings of any of the persons present, as it would do upon ours. The hearts of Ella and Adrian were too full for them to criticise.

After the completion of the prayer, which could not have lasted much less than half an hour, the clergyman made an extemporaneous adaptation to the occasion, of the Church of England form for the celebration of matrimony, which he certainly did not much improve by his attempts to simplify it. He then pronounced Adrian and Ella man and wife, and closed with a short benediction, homely enough, but more in accordance with the occasion than his previous

efforts had been. To the two lovers the minister had been but intermediary between themselves and God. They could not have felt more earnestly, had the fisherman's cottage been a vaulted cathedral, the Presbyterian clergyman a robed bishop, his simple benediction a burst of the highest eloquence. When the ceremony was concluded big tears stood in Ella's eyes—but none dropped.

Still holding Adrian's hand, she looked up in his face with such an expression of love and trust—a look of such confident appeal for affection and protection, that he could not refrain from an answer of some kind, and he bent down to imprint a kiss upon her forehead, feeling, for the first time within his recollection, that perfect happiness without alloy, which comes to us in a gush, not more than once or twice in a lifetime.

The few guests soon dispersed. Adrian pressed Charles Selden to join himself and Ella very soon at the old house over the hills, and to make them a long visit; but the young physician excused himself on the plea of pressing engagements in town, and soon after mounted his horse and took his departure homeward.

The following morning no sumptuous breakfast awaited the bridal party,—no chaise and four,—no postillions with favors in their hats, stood ready to conduct them on a wedding tour; but Palham, the gardener, came over with the one-horse chaise to drive them to the dilapidated old mansion which was to be their home.

Adrian had prepared Ella for her new residence, by a dismal picture of its forlorn condition; and, well understanding his motives, she smiled at the pains he took to put her out of conceit with it before she beheld it, although she felt almost surprised that he should judge such precautions

necessary with her. It never, for a moment, entered her mind, that any one could think Adrian, in consequence of his superior station in life, had conferred any honor upon her by marrying her. She loved him too much to have room for such a thought—she judged too highly of love itself, to imagine such a thing possible. Loving him for himself alone, no extraneous circumstances could raise or depress him the least in her affection, and she wondered how he could for a moment think that any place where he was, could be aught but bright to her.

Ella's first impressions of the old house, with its dilapidated appendages, as far as could be judged from her manner and her words, were precisely such as her husband wished her to feel, though he had hardly dared to hope that they would be so favorable. From day to day she went on in her quiet, gentle, affectionate way, with no boisterous expressions of happiness, but showing Adrian by a thousand little indications of a loving, cheerful spirit, that her heart was full of a serene, joyful affection, which left no place for the wild gusts of passion.—When Adrian felt disposed to read, she would sit by him and watch him with her tender eyes. When one of his fits of thought came upon him, and she fancied that he preferred to be alone, she would leave him—ready to return at the slightest signal of his desire for her presence. So gentle was she, and yet so full of feeling, that had Adrian possessed the disposition of a tyrant, which was far, very far from being the case, he might easily have crushed that fair spirit, even by an unkind word. What, at first sight, might seem strange, she was fonder of talking to him of the past than of the future; but the present was her future: her happiness was a happiness of realization, not of expectation: she could hope for nothing to be added to the

cup which was already full. Indeed she had no ambition, except to merit the approbation, and retain the affection of her husband. She looked upon Adrian, as the happiest children look upon their parents—as all that was excellent and perfect. His opinions were her opinions; his will became instinctively her will. She identified herself with all his tastes; she interested herself in all his pursuits.

Adrian Brewerton seemed worthy of such good fortune—so good, that we fear, in describing it, we may be accused by matter of fact readers of writing a romance. He thought that he had at last found a reality, which was far more than an equivalent for all the speculations upon reality and the definite, which at one time had engrossed his mind. His nature differed much from Ella's. Man as he was, it was far more impulsive. At times, he would look upon her until his eyes filled with tears of joy, and then he would clasp her to his bosom with a wild ecstasy that almost alarmed her. He had moments, too, when he would pour forth his love with an incoherent extravagance, more common, it is said, in lovers than in husbands; and Ella would endeavor to soothe him, as an affectionate mother might try to calm an impetuous child. Adrian loved her but the better for her efforts to tranquillize him, knowing as he did, that hers was not the calmness which proceeds from coldness, and feeling every moment of his existence, the purity, and even the fervor of her attachment. At times he would throw himself into a chair, and holding his head with his hands, would question himself as to whether he was really in a dream, or whether his happiness was indeed a substantial fact. But this was not often. His predominating feeling was that of joy—joy too real to be doubted. Nay more, many things which he had seen through a cloudy medium,

seemed to be growing clear to him, as if the sunshine of felicity had dispelled the mists of fancy. The relations of man to life, he thought were beginning to present themselves to his mind, with a distinctness and precision which he had often longed for. But still the clouds would come occasionally, and there were days when he felt that he had more to learn than experience had yet taught him—that he must patiently wait for the future to open to his eyes more than one sealed book.

Adrian's very variations of mood were all delightful to Ella; for, through them all, there ran love and tenderness towards her; and she could not imagine that any thing like pain, or grief, or even momentary annoyance, could spring from any trait in the character of her husband. But yet, she was unconsciously learning lessons of his disposition—lessons which, as it happened, she might have better been without. His extreme susceptibility became apparent to her—the subjection of his mind—nay, of his whole nature, to predominating influences, often hardly traceable to their sources; and, without reasoning or argumentation upon the subject, she felt rather than thought, that Adrian's happiness or misery might be affected by causes which would be powerless with many men of inferior minds.

Still, this brought no cloud upon their happiness; and the days passed by in various employments, gliding away with all the rapidity of joy's fast-fleeting footsteps. Occasionally the two would go over to the little cottage on the sea-shore, where she had once dwelt, now inhabited by the widow of one of the poor men who had been drowned in the terrible accident described by Ella to Adrian on the day of their first meeting. Sometimes they would sit with the poor widow, talking with her over past times; and sometimes,

going out to the desolate shore, they would stand hand in hand, while Ella would even dwell, from time to time, on the dreadful scenes there enacted, with that calmness, which a high, simple faith in the great truths of religion can alone inspire; and Adrian, on the contrary, would strive to draw her mind away to brighter, happier things, feeling, in the joy of his own destiny, that he would fain adopt the beautiful motto on the sun-dial, *Horas non numero, nisi serenas*.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

*Et minimæ vires frangere quassa valent.*  
*OVID. "De Tristibus."*

THEY were thus standing on the sea-shore — Ella and her husband—her lover still—and gazing over those bright deceitful waters, gently rippling in the evening sunshine of a calm, and lovely spring day. If there had been clouds in the sky, they were all dispersed by this time. The sun had not so far sunk as to change the complexion of the heavens by one rosy ray; and his beams spread over the whole expanse with a bright monotony, peaceful as the dream of happy love. No part of the sky was actually blue; for there was the faintest possible haze in the atmosphere, which would have given a silvery hue to the concave overhead, had it not been gilded by the beams of the declining orb—vapor, one could scarcely call it, that pervaded the air. It was but the softness, the tenderness of the year's youth; and there they stood and gazed, and felt a harmony between the scene, and the season, and their own early years, and their own bright love; and their hearts were full of happiness.

A step behind them!

The touch of misfortune is never effaced. Talk not to us of the joy being keener for the evil passed. Put a rough finger on a blooming grape, can you ever restore it that

soft down which you take off—that witness of its pure, untouched freshness? Can you ever give back to the heart which has been smitten by misfortune the blessed security of happier days?

There was a step upon the sands behind them; and Ella started and looked round.

It was but poor Davie, the fool; and she greeted the old man with a kindly smile. Adrian welcomed him, too, and shook hands with him, which pleased him a good deal. But still the poor man looked very rueful.

"I come down to thank you, my good master, and mistress, —" (let the reader remember we are writing of times past), "for what you sent me; but bless you both, money is no good to me. People enough will give me bread to eat; and every now and then, they put a coat upon my back. I know not well where it comes from; but I do know, it is different from the one I had before. Money is no good to me," he repeated, with the common iteration of half-witted people. "It's comfort I want; and where am I to look for comfort, since Israel Keelson is dead and gone? I often stand and look out to windward, and think of him, and how he used to come sailing gallantly in when first I knew him. I wonder who's to give me comfort now!"

"Ella's eyes filled with tears; and she raised them, all glistening, to Adrian's face. She spoke not, but he read the look in a moment, and laying his hand on Davie's arm, he said, "We will try to give you comfort, my poor fellow, and never forget your love for one we loved. You shall come up and live with us, Davie, and we will try to make the rest of your years pass happily."

"Oh, how pleasant!" cried the poor man, "and then I shall see her beautiful face every day, as I used to do.

Since she has gone, the place has looked as if the candles were put out. When shall I go? when shall I go?"

"To-morrow," answered Adrian. "If you like I will come or send for you; but we must get you a bed first, Davie. To-morrow I will send."

"Then I'll go and pack up my bundle," said Davie, rubbing his hands with delight. "That will be pleasant!" and limping away, he left them.

Ella gazed tenderly in Adrian's face; and as soon as the man was out of earshot, she said, "You have done this for my sake, Adrian. Are you sure you will never repent it?"

"Oh no, love," he answered. "I am determined to get over all prejudices; and the sooner they are parted with the better. Poor Davie can have a nook in our home very well."

"But if any of your fine friends should come to visit you, Adrian," said Ella, "what would they think of your having a fool in the house?"

"They will not come, I think," said Adrian, with a sort of half sigh, he knew not why; but the moment after, he added, laughing, "But if they do, what matters it what they think of my having a fool in the house? Princes have had the same."

It was not exactly the answer which Ella had expected from Adrian Brewerton. There was something in the tone, too,—ay, and in the words themselves, which had a smack of pride in it; and she mentally repeated, "Princes have had the same!"

It was the first time she had ever remarked any thing like pride in Adrian; and she did not wish her mind to rest upon it; but it gave her a glimpse of his heart

—not a perfect view, but a mere partial glimpse—and there was something that pained her. She would not let her thoughts dwell upon it. "No, no," she said to herself, "that would be foolish—wrong." But yet the memory remained. She caught herself thinking of it. She found it branching out in imagination, in many directions. She asked herself, "Why that half sigh, when she spoke of his fine friends?" She remembered, too, that on one night never to be forgotten, he said he had *long* loved her. If so, why had he not told her so before? Why had he remained so long away from her? Why had he, his own master, not sought her hand during her father's lifetime? Had there been any prejudices to overcome in her case? And as the question suggested itself to her mind, Ella almost trembled. It was the first pain she had experienced since her marriage. It was the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, that was soon to fill her sky with darkness.

No, no. She would not think of it. She would be gay—she would be cheerful. Was he not all that was kind, and good, and noble? Ay, and even if he had subdued prejudices for her, ought it not to raise him in her esteem? Ought it not to fix him more firmly in her affection? Ought it not to show how great, how deep, how sincere was his love? Ought it to kindle the least feeling of regret—to mortify, to pain her in the smallest degree? Was she likewise proud—too proud to have a prejudice sacrificed for her, and not to thank her husband and his love for making it? No, no. She would think of it no more. She would be gay. She would be happy. She would praise God for all the blessings he had given, and sweep away such shadowy clouds from her mind for ever.

She was successful to a certain degree. She returned

with her husband cheerfully to their home. The light of her presence spread around, and Adrian, unconscious of the thoughts which had been busy in her breast, rejoiced in her presence, we may well say, without one repining thought. The world was nothing to him without Ella. What was the sacrifice of the whole world for her?

Oh, could we but see the hearts of those we love, plain and undisguised, trace every emotion, perceive the course of every thought, instead of beholding them vaguely, like figures in a mist, glancing through the dull veil of language, or expressed in the doubtful hieroglyphic of demeanor!—Could Adrian and Ella have had that plain view, happy would it have been for both. But we must pass rapidly over the month that followed.

Davie was fairly installed in his new quarters; and he was happy as the day was long—or if there was any alloy, any spot upon his bright sunshine, it was a sort of smothered feud between him and Palham, the gardener. How it originated is difficult to say; but the truth is, that Davie himself had not only some taste for gardening, but, considering the condition of his intellect, and the spot on which he had passed the last twenty years of his life, very marvellous natural skill. Doctors, however, will disagree, and the gardener was continually grumbling about the silly old fool spoiling his garden, while Davie was continually insisting upon a neater and more accurate system of horticulture. Strange to say, however, Davie, the fool, grew daily in the good graces of Adrian Brewerton. He was simple, he was humble, he was affectionate, possessing three qualities, rare any where, but, perhaps, more rare in that part of the world than any where else. Adrian, too, took a curious sort of interest in conversing with him. His mind offered, in its peculiar

condition, a new object of study, and he liked to contemplate it, as we are fond of gazing upon a shallow stream, where we can see the very pebbles at the bottom. To set Davie upon giving his opinions, especially upon difficult subjects, was a great delight to Adrian; and he would sometimes walk up and down before the windows of the house with him, for an hour, discussing knotty points with great gravity.

They were one day seated on the door-step, as the spring was tending towards summer, while Ella, busied with some household cares, remained in the panelled room, with the windows open, listening, well pleased, to the tone of her beloved husband's voice. How the conversation began matters not; but it was gradually led by Adrian, or his half-witted companion, to subjects which the former had often discussed with the more acute Charles Selden. We believe Adrian began by saying that some one was "a lowborn, low-bred fellow."

"Low-born!" repeated Davie, with one of those looks so frequently seen on the face of such as himself, full of meditation, but hardly of thought. "Low-born! I don't quite understand that. Low-bred is well enough; but I don't rightly understand being low-born."

"Why not, Davie?" asked Adrian, with a smile. "I mean, born of low parentage, in a low condition of life—" He knew that he should not wound Davie; and he did not know that any other ears could overhear him.

"Poor?" asked Davie.

"No, not poor," replied Adrian, "for many a gentleman, with very good blood in his veins, may be poor; but I mean a man of no family—no station in life—not of a race of gentlemen."

"Ha!" said Davie, thoughtfully, as if he were still puz-

zled; and then looking suddenly up into Adrian's face, he enquired, "What difference does that make?"

"Oh, a very great difference, in most men's opinion," answered Adrian. "One generally attributes high qualities to long races of pure blood, in men, as well as in animals—But who have we coming here?"

"Oh, that is Bill Herring, Herring's boy," cried Davie; and their conversation, in regard to the advantages of blood and family, ceased for a time; but the secret of Adrian's prejudices was no longer in his own keeping. It had reached the ear which it was most likely to pain.

The boy, Herring's son, brought up a letter, addressed in a very straggling hand, to Miss Ella Keelson, and bearing the post-mark of Charleston upon it. Adrian took it, and entered the house, to look for his beautiful wife; but he found her so deadly pale, that he was quite startled. "Why, what is the matter, my dearest love?" he exclaimed, throwing his arms round her. "You are as white as ashes."

"Nothing, dear Adrian, nothing," she answered, "only a little faint. I shall be well directly—what is that letter?"

"For you, and not for you," answered Adrian, laughingly. "But, dearest Ella, you really over-fatigue yourself with your household duties. Those little feet, and taper fingers, and this delicate form, were never made for so much running about, and such laborious offices."

"Nonsense, Adrian," replied Ella, with the blood mounting into her cheek. "I was born for rustic life."

"You were born, I think, to be preserved as a little jewel," replied Adrian, laughingly—"To be laid up in cotton, and only to be looked at, and kissed occasionally, with very reverent lips—There now, you look well again, my own love; and so you shall have the letter, if you tell

me that it is rightly addressed. Look at it, Ella. Is that your name?"

"No, no, no," she cried, with much vehemence. "Thank God, it is not;" and casting her arms about his neck, she burst into tears.

We will not pause to scrutinize the emotions in which those tears arose; but turning again to the letter, will merely say, that when Ella at length opened it, she found the following curious epistle.

"MISTRESS ELLA, MADAM:

"Your old negro woman, Kitty Gifford the nurse, tells me to write to you a letter to say that the villains have carried her away to Charleston. She says, and I think it very likely, too, that they will make her a slave, or call her one, which comes to the same thing here, especially as old Volney has got hold of her, who is a great rogue, as you know, and your father knows too. She wishes you or your father would come directly, or send somebody to prove that she is not a slave; for she was quite free before your grandfather's death, and they will make her a slave and keep her a slave if somebody does not come very soon. She thinks your father is dead, she says; for she has a notion of having seen him fall down when there was a shot fired; and no matter for that, you can come if he can't; so no more at present from yours respectfully,

"SIMON HICKMAN."

The name attached to this strange epistle threw no farther light upon the subject.

Adrian and Ella consulted through the whole of that afternoon, as to what steps were to be taken, in consequence



of the letter just received. They knew that the police were anxious to obtain some information regarding the murderers of old Mr. Keelson, although, in those days, police matters were not particularly well managed, and the communication between different and distant States was slow and difficult; so that a villain of the blackest dye, at one extremity of the land, was tolerably sure of finding refuge at the other end of the Confederation.

"I will ride over to the town to-morrow," said Adrian, in conclusion, "see the authorities, and endeavor to have immediate steps taken in this business. The murderer is evidently in Charleston, and should be apprehended. Besides, poor Kitty must not be neglected; and we must formally demand her liberation. I will go away early, and be back by dinner-time."

Ella's whole heart had seemed in the conversation; and she had tried to keep it there; but in the silent hours of night, other dark and terrible thoughts intruded, and kept her from repose.

"Were those actually," she asked herself, "the feelings and opinions of Adrian—her Adrian? Did he really feel, that because there was not noble blood in her veins, that because her father was a man of humble name, and no ancient race, Adrian looked upon her as an inferior, had made a struggle to overcome his prejudices or his principles, before he asked her hand, and had wedded her, rather from a sudden burst of enthusiastic compassion, than from true and elevated affection?"

"No," she answered, feeling she had gone too far in that course of thought. "No. He loves me dearly—devotedly. That I cannot doubt; but will that love be for his happiness? To a woman, it would be all-sufficient; but

can that be the case with a man? He must—he soon will be called upon to mingle in more active scenes of life. He cannot waste such energies, such talents as his, in this solitude, feeding upon love—nothing but love. No, no. He has duties to perform, and will soon find it time to perform them. He must go into the busy world. He must seek society. He must mingle with men of his own station; and then—(poor Ella!) and then, men will talk of his plebeian wife—sneer, perhaps, at the fisherman's daughter—laugh at his having married so lowly for a pretty face—despise my husband on my account. There are some men—and I thought he was one—who would ride triumphant over such things—trample them under their feet—laugh them to scorn—be proud of Ella, for her love and for her worth, if I have any. But I see the vulnerable point—too late—alas, too late—and I have laid it open to be pierced by all the arrows of malevolence, and scorn, and petty spite."

She wept silently, as she thought somewhat in this strain. She struggled against her sobs for fear they should wake him; but for five long hours Ella never closed an eye, and when the hour for rising came, she was pale, exhausted, and careworn.

Adrian was too kind and affectionate, too deeply loving, not to perceive the change in her appearance; though he feared to alarm her by noticing it. But he decided upon his course at once, believing that some illness was impending over her.

We may as well here state what that course was, although other circumstances frustrated the scheme.

There was an old physician in the town, with whom his anatomical studies had made him well acquainted, a man both of skill and kindness; and Adrian resolved to call up-

on him, and ask him to drive out and see Ella, as if on a mere friendly visit. The physician, however, was absent when he called, and Adrian wrote him a brief note stating his object. It was three days before that note was delivered; for Adrian's friend had gone to New-York upon business, though the servant of the house did not think fit to state the fact.

At the Police Office, Adrian obtained very little satisfaction. He found that no very active steps had been taken to ensure the punishment of Mr. Keelson's murderer. Some of the inferior persons knew little or nothing of the subject. Others answered dryly; and the best assurance that he received was, that his information should be attended to, and every thing should be done that was right. At the post-office he found a letter for himself, which he put in his pocket without reading, and rode home, already somewhat late.

The long hours of his absence had passed very sadly with Ella. Her only companions had been painful thoughts. Indeed, she now did more than think. She hesitated—hesitated, as to her own conduct. Shortly before Adrian's return, her bitter reveries were interrupted for a moment by the girl Ruth coming in upon some plausible errand, and then staying to ask, with a look of affectionate interest, whether she could not be of any help to her.

Now the truth is, that Ruth had no real business in the room, at all; but Ella's changed appearance, her deep sadness, and an occasional trace of tears upon her eyelids, had not failed to attract the attention both of the affectionate girl and the old cook. Servants are always fond of moral joiner's work, and never fail to put fact and fact together, sometimes very accurately, sometimes bunglingly enough. Ella was known to have received a letter on the preceding day. She

and Adrian, instead of walking or driving out, as usual, had remained at home, shut up together, conversing earnestly. The murmur of their voices had been heard through the whole afternoon, talking in a less quiet and lover-like tone than they had ever been heard to speak before. Ella had risen pale, grave, thoughtful; and Adrian had driven off immediately after breakfast to the distant town, while she remained in pensive solitude, mingling thought with tears. The servants concluded that there had been a quarrel. What could be more natural? and certain it is, that both the maids came to the same conclusion on that point; but there they parted opinions. Ruth, who had known more or less of Ella from childhood, felt fully convinced that Adrian had been harsh and unkind. She had seen a few specimens in her own family of how sour marital tenderness can turn after but short keeping; and she was quite certain that Adrian was very much in the wrong. The old cook, on the contrary, thought quite the reverse, believed that nothing which her young master did could be wrong; and with a very scandalous want of the esprit de corps, declared that it was "only some woman's pet."

Ella replied to her maid's offer of assistance, that she wanted nothing, adding, however, after a moment's pause, "Not just at present, Ruth. Perhaps, hereafter."

It is wonderful how the germs of resolutions grow, and sprout out into strong plants. Those words, "perhaps, hereafter," were the first indications of a half-formed purpose—a hesitating resolution, which might have died away and been forgotten, had it not speedily received fresh nourishment.

The little interruption was serviceable in enabling her to calm herself; and very soon after Adrian returned. His

account of his proceedings was soon given: dinner was served, and over; and then, for the first time, as he sat beside Ella at the table, he remembered the letter which he had not yet read. He took it from his pocket, laughing at his own forgetfulness, and said, "Luckily, Ella, it cannot be a billet-doux."

He then opened it, and spread it out before himself and her, putting his left hand upon it to keep it open, and throwing his right round her waist, that they might read it together. The letter was in a strange hand, and ran as follows:

"MY DEAR SIR:

"I am travelling in this country, and promised my father, Lord Malefort, to inquire after the relations which we have in the United States. I find, to my sorrow, that you are the only one of our family now remaining in this part of the world—your father, Major Brewerton, whom we have often heard of, as a gallant officer, being, I am told, dead within the last year. Your address has been furnished to me by a college companion of yours; and I write to say, that it would give me great pleasure to pay you a visit, and to form a personal acquaintance with you, if it suits your convenience to receive,

"Yours, faithfully,

"EDWIN BREWERTON.

"P. S. — You are, of course, well acquainted with all the links of connection between us. Your answer will find me more surely if addressed to the Post-Office, New-York, than to the inn, where I find the people exceedingly careless, and to say the truth, not very civil."

Ella looked up in Adrian's face. It was grave, and stern.

"What do you intend to answer?" she asked, in a tone of voice which trembled with much emotion; for she looked forward to his reception of this young scion of nobility as a touchstone, on which his real feelings would be tried. But the solution of any remaining doubts, was to come sooner than she expected. Adrian's words were few, and though kind and tender in tone, seemed to her mind to want their usual frankness.

"I shall decline to receive him, my love," he replied, and a moment after, as if he felt that the sentence ending there would be abrupt, he continued, saying, "We are really in no condition, Ella, to entertain peers' sons here."

But the sting was in Ella's heart. "His low-born wife is the obstacle," she thought. "He may make the sacrifice willingly—he might—he would, I believe, sacrifice much more for me; he would live here in loneliness; he would waste his precious hours; he would debar himself of all society—but it must not—no, it must not be. I see it all now. A light has broken in upon me—a fatal light—showing me the destruction of all my hopes, and the thorny path of duty. He, too, will be pained—he, too, will mourn. But better a few short hours of agony, even, than a life-time of regret."

It was hard for her to restrain the tears that were rushing to her eyes—hard to keep down the sobs that were struggling in her breast; and terrible was the effort to master both. But she did master them for the time. Every hour after, during that day and the next, was an hour of anguish. It is strange, when a mind is preoccupied by one strong impression—especially if that mind be an earnest and a sensitive one—how every little incident is unconsciously distorted, to serve the purposes of the preconceived belief. A thousand such little incidents happened within the next four-and-twenty hours,

which Ella applied to confirm the unhappy view she had taken, and to strengthen a purpose which, every moment, assumed a clearer and more distinct form.

The anguish, the struggle, the terrible battle of the mind; the restless night, the thoughtful day, could not be without their effect upon a frame so delicate as Ella's, and Adrian saw with dismay, what he thought, the rapid progress of increasing disease. As the physician had not come according to his request, he sent over a note asking for an immediate visit, without any of the precautions which he had previously enjoined; and so alarmed had he now become, that he turned over in his mind the names of all the other medical men in the place, with the intention of directing the gardener to bring some other aid, if he did not find the gentleman to whom he was first addressed. But there were objections to all. Charles Selden was too young, and though an excellent surgeon and anatomist, had little experience in the treatment of disease. The same objections applied to two or three others; another was the slave of particular theories, to which he made every thing bend; another had one peculiar mode of treatment for every disease, which treatment, it was reported, was remarkably successful in relieving many classes of invalids from all need of farther medical attendance. He recollected, however, that in a town on the other side of his dwelling, some eighteen miles on the road to Boston, a physician had been practising for nearly thirty years, whose name had acquired a vast reputation throughout the whole of that part of the country; and to him he determined to apply, if the gardener did not find the person to whom he was first sent.

The man was long absent, and returned without the physician, bringing information that he had gone to New-

York for an uncertain time. It was now nearly night. Ella seemed somewhat better—calmer. The truth is, her mind was made up—the struggle was over—uncertainty was at an end—she had nothing but grief to endure.

Nevertheless, Adrian determined to rise early, and to ride away at once in search of other aid. He found Ella awake when he first opened his own eyes, and there was no appearance of her having slept at all.

"Dearest Ella," he said, "you are ill. I see it well, my love. I saw it all yesterday, and the day before. I sent the gardener yesterday to bring Doctor Woolcot; but he was absent at New-York. I am now going at once to — to bring another physician to you—a man whom I know to be of the greatest skill. Perhaps you had better not rise, dearest, till you see him. I may be five or six hours absent; but I shall not be more."

"Indeed, I am not ill," replied Ella, kissing him tenderly.

It was all she said; and Adrian leaving her, mounted his horse and rode away. The road was very bad, and hilly. He was longer going than he expected. When he arrived, the physician was out upon his professional round; and Adrian waited for him two hours before he returned. He agreed to go over with the young gentleman, and felt a real interest in the anxious affection which Adrian displayed. But he had several other cases to attend to before he could set out; and nearly three hours more elapsed ere they were on the way. They rode fast; though not so fast as Adrian would have wished, and the sun was already setting when they arrived.

"This is a strange, desolate sort of place," said the physician, as they rode up; but Adrian sprang from the saddle without answer, and after calling the gardener to take the

horses, looked into both the sitting-rooms for Ella. She was not there. He then ran up to their bed-room—she was not there either; and coming down again, he called loudly for Ruth. The old cook appeared, saying in a very peculiar tone, "Mistress Brewerton is out, sir." She has been out a long while, and Ruth is out too."

The physician had been standing in the panelled chamber with the door open; and hearing what was passing, he came out, saying, "Here is a letter on the table for you, Mr. Brewerton."

Adrian darted into the room, with vague feelings of terror, which made his heart beat so violently as to take away all power of speaking.

Ella's handwriting was upon the back of the letter. He knew it well; though the lines were uneven, as if written with a shaking hand. His heart beat more vehemently than ever; but he tore it open, and read, with his eyes straining wildly upon the paper. He had hardly got to the bottom of the page, when his cheek and brow, which had been flushed with excitement, turned deadly pale, and after a staggering effort to catch the table, he fell prone upon the floor, striking his head violently, and cutting his temple. The physician bent over him for a moment, and then, leaving him where he lay, took the letter without ceremony, and read the contents. They were as follows.

"MY BELOVED HUSBAND:

"I must give you terrible pain—I know it—I am sure of it; but, oh Adrian! you know not what agony I inflict upon myself. But I have been taught from childhood that no grief—no pain—no sacrifice should be put in competition with duty; and I feel that I am doing my duty to you,

and to society, in the step I am about to take, whatever be the agony to both of us.

"When this reaches you, I shall be far away—long miles distant from him in whom all my earthly affections are bound up; but wherever I go—be it to the remotest part of the earth—I shall bear with me the same unchanging, devoted love which actuates me even in wringing my own heart, and paining yours.

"But I must tell you why I go, though in doing so I may add to your grief. My tears blot the writing, and my thoughts whirl, so that I know not if you can understand me. I have ever loved you dearly—I own, without shame, I did so before you asked me to be your wife. In the very joy—and in the sorrow which then—except for that bright beam of light—surrounded me on all sides, I forgot every consideration but that I was to be yours—that the loved one was to be mine. I forgot difference of station—difference of race—of fortune—of every thing. I forgot that I was but a fisherman's daughter—you descended from an ancient, noble race. The difference, the disparity, if you will, my Adrian, never occurred to my mind. If it had, I assure you solemnly, that I would not have wedded you, had the sacrifice broken my heart.

"Within the last few weeks, I have not only become sensible of that disparity; but assured that you yourself feel it, not with any undervaluing of your poor Ella—for I know that you value her more than she deserves—but with a sensitiveness which would render our union a curse rather than a blessing, if I did not remove all cause for sneers and contumely on the part of the world, and every sense of degradation on yours, on account of a step which love and

compassion equally prompted. Were I to remain with you, the class of society in which you were born, and have been brought up, would be closed against you, if not by the prejudices of others, by your own delicacy of feeling—you would spend your life almost in solitude—you would wither under regret—and all your talents and qualities would be wasted in a narrow, narrow sphere.

"Can Ella suffer this? Can she remain worthy of your love—can she be what you thought her, if she allows this to be, when by one brief, though terrible effort, she can free you from the chain she heedlessly, unconsciously fastened upon you? Oh no, Adrian, no!

"I beseech you, my beloved, cast from you all feelings of grief, and all unwillingness to mingle in the world. Few know of our marriage—let it rest in silence for all the rest of mankind—mingle in society—act the noble part assigned you in the great events of life—receive the high-born relations and friends whom you now exclude; and if you cannot forget Ella herself—which I will not believe you can do—forget that she was beneath yourself in station, and of a plebeian race. Or if that be not possible, for one educated as you have been, think of her as one dead; and only mourn for her as for a flower we may unconsciously tread upon in our walks.

"Do not—do not—I beseech you, Adrian, as a last request—seek to discover where I go, or to bring me back. I feel that it is for your happiness that I should be away. I feel that it is right that it should be so. The opinions you entertain regarding the differences of family and station, though love might subdue them for a time, would still recur with effect, not only painful but detrimental. Yet I must hear

from you—I must hear that you are well—that active occupation, and the fulfilment of high duties are consoling you; and if you will write to me to the post-office at Baltimore, your letter will reach me, though not very soon perhaps. I, too, will write to you after a time, when I can tell you that I am more calm, more composed, though ever, very dearest husband,

"Your affectionate—your devoted

"ELLA BREWERTON.

"P. S.—I have means enough with me for all my present wants, so let not the thought that I am in poverty add any thing to your grief."

"Quite sufficient—quite sufficient," said the physician, when he had read the letter. "Here is the cause of the wife's illness, and the husband's fainting. Stupid young people! This is the way boys and girls go and make themselves miserable, just as if there was not enough wretchedness in the world, without the brewing fresh batches for their own drinking. So he's of noble and ancient race, is he; and she a fisherman's daughter! Well, she writes a beautiful hand, and a very touching letter, and is a great deal better than he is, I dare say. However, we must do something for him. Hang it, he is bleeding like a pig!" and he went to the door, calling for some assistance.

"Ah, Doctor, what are you doing here?" cried a voice he knew, and Charles Selden walked into the hall, with his valise in his hand.

"Why, I came to see one patient, Doctor Selden, and have got another instead," replied the physician, moving back into the room again. "That young man who lies

there in syncope, came over to bring me to his wife, who was very ill, he said; but when we got here we found the wife gone, and this letter on the table, which knocked my young friend down like a sledge-hammer."

"Ella gone!—Ella Brewerton gone!" exclaimed Charles Selden, with a look of utter amazement; and snatching up the letter, he ran his eye hastily over it, and then threw it down again with a very vehement exclamation.

"I thought so," he cried, "I thought so! These mad prejudices of Adrian's, rooted in his mind by his foolish old father, I dare say, have deprived him of the dearest, the sweetest, the most beautiful wife that man could find upon the earth, and separated two hearts that loved each other with a love hardly earthly. Poor, poor Ella! I can feel for you, sweet girl;" and the tears actually trembled in Charles Selden's eyes. "Poor Adrian, too. He is the wretch of other men's follies, not his own. But we must do something for him, Doctor. This is a more serious affair than you imagine; and it will either turn his brain or break his heart, unless we can light up hope again, and bring back Ella to him. Why the tenderness of that very letter will make her loss ten times more terrible. If she had scolded him, as he deserves, it would have been nothing at all in comparison. Here Palham, Palham, you old knave, come and help us to carry your master up to his room."

The gardener hobbled in with his lame leg; and Adrian was soon raised and carried to his own solitary chamber; but there is no necessity for detaining the reader with details of all that followed. Adrian Brewerton was brought to himself with some difficulty, and as soon as he was completely master of his own faculties, he started up wildly, declaring

that he would go after Ella that moment. The surgeon and Charles Selden used every argument to persuade him to refrain; but the feeling of weakness which soon came over him, proved a better argument than any they could use.

"No, no, Adrian," said Selden, when he saw him somewhat subdued, "it is useless pursuing your lost angel, now. I have read the letter without scruple, in order to discover what was the matter with you; and I tell you, as your friend, and one who has always advised you well, if you would but have followed his advice, that there is nothing for you to do, but to write to her at Baltimore, as she tells you, and assure her that she is mistaken as to your views."

"I will write this moment," cried Adrian, trying to rise.

"No, you must not," answered the old physician, "because you are neither in a state to write, nor to think."

"Wait till to-morrow," said Charles Selden, "and then write. I will send a few words, too, telling her what I know to be true, that your happiness, your health, your life depends upon her immediate return. She has under-estimated your love for her, Adrian, and over-estimated your prejudices."

Adrian pressed his hand upon his eyes; but feebleness had rendered him tractable; and Charles Selden, who was doubtful as to what would be the effect upon his mind, remained by his bed-side all night. The letter, however, was written to Baltimore on the following day, though even then he was unable to rise from his bed; and his friend extracted from him a promise, that he would wait at least one month for an answer.

Adrian insisted, however, upon reading Ella's letter again; and when Charles Selden went to seek it in the room



below, he found that the old gardener had taken it into his safe-keeping. Whether he, or his female companion in the kitchen, had ventured to scrutinize the contents, we cannot tell; but certainly, by this time, even the old cook herself was convinced that Ella was an angel upon earth.

## CHAPTER XIX.

What equall torment to the griefs of mind,  
And pyning anguish hid in gentle hart,  
That inly feeds itselfe with thoughts unkind,  
And nourisheth her owne consuming smart!

SPENSER. "*Faerie Queene*."

DRESSED in the deep mourning which she had always worn since her father's death, and with her face concealed by a thick veil, Ella Brewerton—whose history we must now follow—walked rapidly over the hills, several hours before her husband's return to the house. The path took many a zigzag turn as it climbed the acclivities; but it was much the shortest way towards the turnpike road, which it was Ella's object to reach before the stage from a distant place passed on its way to town. Ruth followed at a considerable distance; for she was retarded by dragging rather than carrying a small portmanteau which was not, indeed, very heavy, although it contained all that her unhappy mistress had provided for her journey. The path, which was in fact a gulley washed out by the strong freshets always prevailing there in the spring, was full of sharp stones, made slippery by recent rain; and Ella's delicate feet, little accustomed—fisherman's daughter though she was—to such rough walking, were dreadfully bruised and cut, long before she arrived at the old milestone which stood by a log trough plentifully supplied with clear spring water. Here the driver of the coach was accustomed to stop every day, not only to

water his horses, but to take up any passengers who might come down from the eastern slopes; an event which had become of more frequent occurrence since Adrian had made his residence in the neighborhood, and Charles Selden had been an occasional visitor. The hilly nature of the ground, and the roughness of the road prevented Ella, in spite of all her exertions, from arriving at the spot till the moment before the stage was about to drive off, and it required a good deal of persuasion on her part to induce the man of the whip to wait till the panting Ruth came up, although it is difficult to understand what was his motive in not readily complying, as he had not a single passenger inside.

It is not impossible that the good man's objections might arise from a certain morbid feeling of independence and self-importance, which made him reluctant to grant any favor without debate, although his mind was made up to yield from the beginning, and it put him to no actual inconvenience to do so. Strapping the trunk as soon as it arrived, however, upon an immense scaffolding that projected from behind the coach, and assisting the two ladies to get in—for he of course made no difference between mistress and maid—with a gentleness of manner quite inconsistent with the ferocious indifference of his talk, the Yankee Jehu deliberately mounted his box, and crossing his legs with provoking slowness, started his horses at a very easy trot, as if speed or time, which had been all-important to him a moment before, were now of no consequence whatever.

Then came upon Ella the full sense of her situation. Throwing herself into the back corner of the carriage, she leaned her head against the leathern curtain and sobbed. It was a moment of mortal agony—it was an hour of terrible struggle: but the combat was soon over; the mind van-

quished the heart; and at the end of a few minutes, she drew her thick veil aside, to breathe more freely.

With feminine tact, Ruth had not attempted consolation; for though she knew not exactly the circumstances in which her young and beautiful mistress was placed, she knew that they were all painful, and divined that consolation would be in vain. She gave a glance at Ella's fair face, however, as soon as the veil was withdrawn, and beheld no look of dull and sullen grief, but rather the pale, tender, almost inspired expression of countenance, which ancient painters dreamed as that of Saint Agnes, lighted up with a pure and holy consciousness of an entire sacrifice of self—heart and mind, hope and happiness—to the welfare of one whom she loved better than any thing except her God. There was a slight discoloration about the poor girl's eyes—a blue transparency of the lids, which often comes after great grief, even when there have been no tears. Ella's hair, too, which was usually arranged with scrupulous care, was now pushed back from the forehead, as if by the frequent pressure of the hand upon the throbbing brow and temples. But her mouth was so calm—its lines in such perfect and peaceful repose, that it, at least, gave no evidence of the storm of emotions which had swept over her.

Ella made an effort to converse with her companion; but she found that effort vain; and changing her seat to the middle one, she let down the window, and gazed out for a moment at the melancholy, but familiar scenery which was passing from her view. Then, closing the window, she resumed her first seat, and dropping her veil over her face, remained absorbed in her own thoughts. The windows rattled; the springs creaked and groaned; the coachman talked and shouted to his horses; object after object was

passed; but Ella heard not, saw not, moved not, until the stage drew up to discharge its mail-bag at the little post-office, which, with a singular disregard to the convenience of the population, was placed on the outskirts, instead of in the centre of the town.

After pausing to say a word to the post-master, the driver came back to the side of the vehicle, and asked, in his unceremonious way, where she was going. Ella begged to be set down at the house of a small tradesman, who lived close by the water, and with whom her father had had some dealings. She recollected that his wife, whom she had seen on two or three occasions, appeared to be a kind, motherly sort of person in a homely way, and she had no doubt of finding with her a safe and respectable asylum, till she could continue her journey.

Be it understood, that the coachman was not under the slightest obligation to drive his passengers one step beyond the stage-house at which he put up, and which was at some distance from the part of the town to which Ella was desirous of going. Nevertheless, he whipped up his horses, merely refreshing his feelings with a low-toned, grumbling soliloquy, and started for the place she had named, at a good pace. The tradesman's wife received her unexpected visitor with the greatest cordiality, and readily assured her of a lodging for herself and her maid, without stopping to enquire into the circumstances in which it was required; and the driver, of his own accord, offered to carry the luggage to the lady's room. When he had got it there, with an unaccountable expansiveness of heart he made a general proffer of his services, and proceeded with his own hands to change the arrangement of some of the furniture, so as to make more room; and yet when Ella, to testify her gratitude for his

kindness, offered him a trifle for himself, after paying the fare, he held the money in his hand for a moment, looked at it with a curious eye, and then threw it down upon the table, saying, "Thank you, ma'm; but I'd have you to understand that I'm nobody's hired servant—not I;" and strode out of the room with an air of offended dignity.

Ella ran after him, and assured him she had no intention of hurting his feelings; but, though he received her explanation with a certain degree of graciousness, the wound seemed still to rankle a little; for without saying a word, he sprang upon his box, drew his hat fiercely over his brows, and with a sharp whistle, drove off at a rate which quite redeemed the character for speed of both his horses and himself.

In spite of the kind-hearted entreaties of her hostess and of Ruth—the latter perhaps actuated by mixed motives of sympathy and hunger—Ella refused to take any refreshment. She had a bad headache, she said, which nothing but sleep could alleviate. Moreover, she hinted, she had various arrangements to make, and to think over, which would render it agreeable for her to remain in her room during the greater part of the evening.

The good woman, Mrs. Place, patted her kindly on the shoulder, told her to do exactly as she pleased, and left her for the remainder of the day free from any intrusion. Even Ruth herself, on Ella telling her that she should have no further occasion for her services that evening, importuned her no more to eat any thing, although she declared that a nice chop, or a bit of chicken, would certainly do her good. She set off, however, to try the prescription on herself, and found it very effectual in satisfying the cravings of a hearty appetite, which not even a sympathy for Ella was

able to subdue. Her mistress had warned her to be discreet; but a lady's maid, although often employed as a confidante, is not a very safe depository for a lady's secrets; and Ruth, it must be owned, was not long in relieving herself of as much of Ella's history as she herself knew. Assuredly she made but a bungling story of it: the only information which she could give, regarding the cause of Ella's quitting her home, amounting to no more than that her husband "had done something dreadful;" which statement left their worthy hostess not only in a state of greater sympathy for Ella than ever, but also in considerable doubt as to whether the "*something*" dreadful spoken of by Ruth was an attempt to poison, or cool deliberate bigamy.

We will not attempt to describe the manner in which Ella passed the remainder of that day, and the night that followed. She remained alone in her own room, with the door closed; and when Ruth looked in as night fell to enquire if she could be of any service, Ella's back was turned towards her, and her sweet but tremulous voice replied, "Of none whatever. I shall not want any thing more to-night." Early on the succeeding morning, the girl again opened the door as noiselessly as possible, and went in on tip-toe. She found her mistress asleep upon the bed, dressed as she had been the day before, while an arm-chair stood in front of the table near, on which lay a pillow, indented evidently by the pressure of a head, and still wet with recent tears. Ella's slumber was so profound and still, and her face was overspread with so death-like a pallor—not infrequent in the sleep of exhaustion—that the maid started back in alarm. The noise she made aroused Ella, who raised herself suddenly, with a low exclamation, apparently unconscious at first of where she was. The reality soon

came back to her like a painful dream, and she bent down her head for a moment, as if to pray, clasping her hands together in an agony of overwhelming emotion, when she found another day dawning upon her sorrow and solitude of heart.

Ella soon recovered herself, however; and turning to Ruth with that gentle smile, which seemed to sanctify her beauty, she said, "We must leave this place as soon as possible, Ruth. Immediately after breakfast we will go down together to the shipping. Tell Mrs. Place, for me, that I should prefer the breakfast here, if not inconvenient to her; and that I should be glad of her company, if she can give it to me."

Ruth hastened to seek their hostess, who was already up and dressed; and on receiving the message the good woman replied, that the dear child should have her breakfast when and where she liked. "I will get it ready for her myself," she said, "and then I'm sure it will be right; and I shall be quite happy to go and take mine along with her, or to do any thing in the world to be of service to so sweet and ill used a creature."

The girl delivered the reply literally, somewhat startling Ella by the last expression of commiseration. Shortly after, and while the day was still quite young—for early hours prevailed universally in the times of which we write—the bustling mistress of the house made her appearance in Ella's room, with all the paraphernalia of the breakfast table. After a few moments' delay, the breakfast was brought in, consisting of all that the hostess thought would tempt her guest's appetite.

Mrs. Place soon perceived from various indications in the room, as well as from the appearance of Ella's eyes,

that her beautiful visitor had passed the greater part of the night in watching and in tears; and seating herself at the table, the really kind-hearted woman endeavored, by pouring forth a flood of vague sympathy for insinuated misfortunes, to gain the confidence of her young guest; but it was all in vain. Ella answered her questions gently, and kindly, but guardedly; and they were not so direct as to compel her to refuse a reply. Mrs. Place almost thought herself unfairly treated; for she had promised herself—and how often are we accustomed to throw upon others the responsibility of our promises to ourselves—that Ella would make her the confidante of all her troubles during the meal, to which she imagined herself specially invited for the purpose.

She made one more effort, however, saying, "I do indeed wish I could be of any service to you, or give you any advice; "but, of course, one can't do any thing without knowing what is the matter."

"You are only too kind, and considerate to me, dear Mrs. Place," replied Ella. "I have disturbed the regularity of your household, and have used your hospitality long enough. Circumstances compel me to go a long way from home, and I shall leave this part of the country to-day, if it be possible. I am going out to see for some means of conveyance; and if I find one ready, I shall go at once, so that I may not be able to return, and take leave of you. In that case, I will send for my little luggage. I hope the time will come—though I hardly have a right to hope so—when it will be in my power to make you some return for your goodness to me."

"Well, well, my child," replied Mrs. Place, taking Ella's small white hand in one of a very different hue and tex-

ture, "what, and how great your troubles may be I do not know. Of course it is no business of mine," she added, intending to convey a slight reproach; "but this I can and will say; they come from no fault of yours, you sweet, innocent, ill-used darling."

There was something in the homely honesty of the good woman's language, which, in spite of all Ella's efforts to control herself, touched her heart so deeply, that she could not prevent a warm tear from dropping upon the rough hand which was pressing her own. But when she had conquered her emotion, she wrapped herself in a shawl, and again dropping her veil over her face, set forth, accompanied by Ruth, to seek for a vessel bound to Charleston, or some neighboring port.

The search was long and wearisome, not that the shipping was very extensive, but that the vessels were scattered at intervals along the wooden quays, which extended for a mile or two, both up and down, the shores of the little inner bay. Ella was ignorant of the manner in which they were distributed, according to their trades; and for a long time went hither and thither without guide, while many a young clerk who was being initiated into the mysteries of merchandising by performing the morning duties of opening the warehouse, and sweeping out the counting-room, stopped for a moment in his dusty avocations, to watch with wonder and admiration, the beautiful form, graceful and lady-like in every motion, that was gliding from vessel to vessel at such an unusual hour of the day.

From several rough sailors the poor girl got but a short and indifferent answer, or at best, but very indistinct information, till at length, to her unspeakable relief—we must not say joy; for the relief had its pang—Ella found a

schooner laden with timber, which was to sail for Charleston that day at noon.

The skipper, who was also the owner—a very customary combination then—belonged to the free and independent order of humanity; another specimen of the same genus with our friend of the reins and lash. He also, like many of his tribe, was a good-hearted man, if judged by his actions; but, taken at his word, you would have thought him a complete brute. He was one of those men, in short, who seem fond of knocking their fellows down, for the purpose of picking them up again.

A porter pointed him out to Ella, on the deck of his vessel; and ascending by a plank, which led from the quay to the ship, to him she at once applied for a passage for herself and Ruth.

At first, he made every sort of objection—protested that he had not thought of taking passengers that voyage, that he had made no preparations, had laid in no passengers' stores, and that it was too late then to get any. There was but one berth in the vessel fit for a lady, he said, and his own wife must have that, as he had more than half promised to take her along that trip, and in fine, that he could not, and would not take the two applicants on any consideration.

Ella answered all his objections as well as she could, assured him that she was not dainty in her food, wished no special preparations made for her, declared she would gladly dispense with a berth, and sleep on the floor of the little cabin, if he would allow her to share it with her maid, and in the end, finding all in vain, was turning away in despair, with tears in her eyes, when he called her back, saying, "Drat it, my dear! If you want so bad to go, you shall go, even if the old woman has to stay at home this time;" and

he then proceeded to demolish severally all his own objections, as if by after-thoughts, telling her where he thought he could get provisions fit for her to eat, how he would have a sofa brought down for the girl to sleep upon, and devising an infinity of arrangements with every sort of alacrity. His whole manner changed completely after he had made up his mind; and from that moment, he became wonderfully kind, and anxious to oblige. Nor must the reader imagine that he was moved by any mercenary motive; for such was not the case. He bustled about somewhat to the neglect of his own business, doing a thousand things to add to Ella's comfort on the voyage, more than she required, and sent up his son, who officiated as cabin-boy, to fetch down her luggage from the house of Mrs. Place. All the time, too, he called her "my dear," with a fatherly tenderness which his white hair well justified, and in short, treated her both in word and act as if she had been a favorite daughter.

If the human heart be naturally full of perversity, surely some of the best hearts in New England must have got an additional drop.

There was only one thing which the skipper seemed to forget; and that was to apprise Mrs. Skipper that he did not intend to take her to Charleston with him that voyage. Now whether the difficulty he had made on her account, was the mere figment of a dogged sort of irritation at being put out (as he called it) by the application of passengers, when he expected none, or whether he communicated her fate to his better half during a quarter of an hour's absence from the ship, we cannot say; but certainly Ella heard nothing of his wife's disappointment, and quietly took posses-

sion of the little cabin, which, according to his first account, had been destined for another person.

At the appointed hour, the little schooner set sail, with wonderful punctuality. There was a good stiff breeze blowing; and the vessel flew before it, with a rapidity which brought back vividly to Ella's mind many scenes of terror associated with that fatal bay. But other feelings had too firm a hold upon her for alarm. She stood on the deck, holding on by the rigging, as the schooner passed, one by one, the familiar objects on the eastern shore. There were the fishermen's huts, with some of the boats drawn up upon the beach—there was the cottage, with the blue smoke curling from the chimney—the scene of her first meeting with Adrian, of her father's death, and of her ill-omened marriage,—there was the light-house, whose revolving lamps she had so often watched when her father was out at sea; and beyond was the blue ocean—to her mind, a type of all that was terrible and obscure: like Death in its greediness, like Fate in its uncertainty.

They were soon upon its bosom, and as they swept round the sandy spit that ran out for some distance from the shore, at the mouth of the bay, Ella fancied that she caught a glimpse for a moment of the chimneys of a house dearer to her than even her old dear home—a house whose roof covered all that was left for her to love on earth. Adrian was there; and oh, how she loved him at that moment! How she loved him, even when, for his sake, she was tearing herself away from him for ever!

The very thought brought emotions that almost suffocated her, and sobbing like a child, she ran down below. Her brain seemed to turn. All the arguments she had used

to her own heart seemed extinguished in the agony of that hour. She regretted, almost with the wildness of despair, the course she had taken. But in time, other thoughts returned—she remembered that she had sacrificed herself for his happiness; she again felt that she had done well! Heaven knew, and Adrian knew the purity of her motives in the course she had followed. What value to her was the opinion of any others?

But the struggle was not so easily over this time. At first, a strong and newly-aroused feeling—an enthusiasm—a frenzy, if you will, had carried her forward with the precipitancy of a torrent, against which the stout swimmers, love and hope, had striven in vain. Now, the impression was no longer fresh. Time had given thought leisure to act, and had effaced the most vivid lines which imagination had drawn. Doubts rose up, as they will after every act that seems irrevocable—not doubts of her own motives, but doubts of her own judgment. She had acted for the best, she knew; but had she acted wisely? Had she really consulted Adrian's happiness? Had she, in choosing between two sorts of anguish, inflicted on him the least?

She hoped so—she believed so; but the very thought disquieted her terribly—troubled the only fountain from which the fever of her grief could hope to draw one last draught of consolation and repose. If she had sacrificed all that was to her most dear—if she had inflicted the same sacrifice on him, without attaining the result she had hoped for, oh, how terrible would be her fate! Oh, how bitter her regret!

Once, and once only, she asked herself, if passion had had no share in her decision—once, and once only, she doubted her own motives. But conscience, with that



small still voice which never lies, spoke now to comfort her; and justified her purpose, and her motives, if it still left her doubtful of the result of her acts. That doubt was agonizing enough to bear; but the very questioning of conscience, and the calm, consoling answer that it gave, afforded some support. Even a better was near at hand.

The book of God was lying on the table in the little cabin. She took it up, and sought consolation thence. The Christian was even stronger than the woman—gradually the tumult of emotion subsided: she was calm but sad.

## CHAPTER XX.

Could but our ancestors retrieve their fate  
And see their offspring thus degenerate;  
How we contend for birth and names unknown,  
And build on their past actions, not our own,  
They'd cancel records, and their tombs deface,  
And then disown the vile, degenerate race;  
For fame of families is all a cheat:  
'Tis personal virtue only makes us great.  
DE FOE. "*The True-born Englishman.*"

THE letter to Ella, which Adrian, as has been stated, was persuaded to send, instead of seeking for her in person, had proved more difficult to write than he had expected. In mere contemplation, it had seemed but necessary to pour forth to her, undisguisedly, the whole feelings of his heart—to tell her his grief, his agony—to assure her that life without her was insupportable to him, and to beseech her to return at once, with all those entreaties best fitted to touch a woman's heart. As long as he kept to this strain, all was well; for sincere grief is always either mute or eloquent; but as Adrian wrote on, other considerations suggested themselves. Ella, he thought, knew well, at the moment

she took her terrible resolution, that he would suffer as he was suffering; and yet, from a steady conviction that it was right to do so, had inflicted the anguish which she foresaw, upon him, and upon herself. Would any description of the first effects of her departure shake her resolution, and induce her to return? Would any thing less than an assurance that she had mistaken his opinions, attributed prejudices to him that he did not feel, or which were now banished, satisfy one who could wound her own heart, and sacrifice all her happiness, from a sense of duty?

But could Adrian give that assurance? Could he tell her that such prejudices had never existed, or even that they were now removed? He felt that, in honor and honesty, he could not. He was sorely tempted to assert it—he was half inclined to believe that he was convinced, and to tell her so. But when he came to scrutinize his own feelings, new doubts and hesitations came upon him—all the arguments which Charles Selden had used seemed vain, and he forbore from expressing convictions, which he was by no means sure had been received by his mind. He finished his letter, however, by words which were likely to strike the chord which vibrated most strongly in Ella's bosom. She had left him from a sense of duty, he said; he was sure of it, and he reproached her not; but there was another sacred duty, which he must call to her remembrance. He bade her recollect the marriage vow which she had plighted to him, so short a time before; and he solemnly called upon her, by that vow, to return to him at once, as her first great duty.

He did not show the letter to any one; but he told Charles Selden the last words he had written, and was glad to find that another, possessing some knowledge of Ella's

character, judged that those words would have complete effect.

"Take my word for it, Adrian," said his friend, "that she will fly to you as soon as she receives your letter. But you must not be too impatient. Remember, she tells you it may be long ere she can hear from you, and wait patiently; for I will answer for it with my life, that she comes as soon as she does so."

A month wore away dully and heavily. Adrian recovered his corporeal health; but he could not shake off the dark despondency that oppressed him. Though it be good to know one's self, yet men may be too fond of anatomizing their own hearts, and Adrian was so. He believed, with Charles Selden, that Ella would return at once; but he often asked himself what he should say, if, after her return, the subject of birth and race were to arise—how he should make her understand that, though as a mere speculative opinion he attributed still great influence to blood, and high descent, yet that he looked upon her as altogether an exception—one beyond, above all rule, and that practically, what were perhaps his prejudices, had no effect. He tormented himself with such thoughts daily; and still the very fact of Ella's absence—the want of that beloved form to light his home—the silence of his heart, to which her voice had been as music—all filled him with gloom not to be cast off.

If Adrian felt Ella's absence sadly, poor Davie, the fool, felt it sadly, too. He never spoke of her; he made no enquiries; but he wandered about with a look so sorrowful, that there could be no doubt of what he endured. When Adrian, as was almost his daily custom, went forth to walk up and down along the desolate side of the hill, Davie would often

follow him ; and hour after hour, they would pace backwards and forwards, sometimes side by side, sometimes the young man a step in advance, with his firm, slow, heavy-hearted tread, the old man limping after. Often they spoke not during the whole walk ; but at other times they would say a few words to each other, or even converse for a short time ; but the name of Ella was never mentioned but once between them.

The nearest approach that they ever made to the subject most busy in the minds of each, was, one day, when Davie made some enquiries as to whether poor Kitty, the negress, had been heard of.

"Once," replied Adrian. "Only once. She was then in Charleston."

"Ah—Charleston," rejoined Davie, "there are many black folks there, I think."

"A great many," answered Adrian.

"I wonder if their souls are black," said Davie, abruptly ; for this seemed a favorite question with his mind.

"Of course not," answered Adrian, almost sharply. "What should make you think so?"

"Because God made both soul and body," replied Davie. "Why should he not make both of one color?"

Adrian mused, and Davie enquired, "Don't you believe God made man?"

"Certainly," replied Adrian. "I must be an Atheist else."

"I don't know what that means," replied Davy, humbly. "I am very ignorant and stupid. But I fancied you thought differently, from what you said one day about high-born and low-born."

Adrian started. Not only did the man touch, harshly, upon the painful subject of so many of his thoughts, but he recalled, in a moment, to his mind, the conversation which he had held with him, seated in the porch of the house, on the very day when the first news of poor Kitty was received. He recollected that Ella was in the sitting-room, close at hand, with the windows open, and might well hear all that passed. He recollected the state of extreme agitation in which he had found her the moment after, and he comprehended, at once, that it was then the first blow had been given. He saw that her resolution had not been taken so suddenly as he had at first supposed—that it was not one solitary indication of family pride, which had led her to the conclusions she had formed ; and his despondency deepened, rather than diminished.

"I wish you would answer me," said Davie, in a tone almost of entreaty. "I want to know what to think about these things."

Adrian had almost answered, in his irritation with himself, "Think that I am a fool ;" but suddenly another idea struck him. "Tell me, what do you think, Davie," he said, in a franker tone than he had before used. "Do you not believe a man is better for being well-born, than for being low-born?" and then seeing his simple companion look as if he did not clearly comprehend the terms, he added, "— I mean for being the son or grandson of a lord, rather than being the son of a poor man—a mechanic?"

"If you mean by being better, that he is more comfortable, I cannot tell," replied Davie ; "for I never was the son of a lord. But perhaps he may be, after all ; for lords are rich generally, and I suppose that is comfortable—though I

cannot tell that well ; for I never was rich either. But if you mean that he is a bit the better man, I don't believe it at all."

"And why not, Davie?" asked Adrian, reasoning perhaps a little too finely for the poor man ; but yet recurring to an exemplification of which he was fond, and which was within Davie's comprehension. "Why not, Davie? Do you not think, putting all opportunities and inducements to well-doing aside, that there is something in blood, which makes one man better than another? You know all about dogs; for I have seen you play with one many a time; and you see the pure breed makes the greatest difference. Does it not do so with man?"

"Whew—too!" cried Davie, whistling. "Not at all—not at all. I don't think that in the least. Don't you see, sir, God makes the difference between different sorts of beasts. Kings make the difference between lords and other men."

"Stay—stay," cried Adrian, catching him by the arm, as this new view presented itself to him, and anxious to grasp it firmly, and examine it closely. But Davie ran on, not easily stopped when once set going.

"Do you think, sir, if King George—I recollect being under King George very well, when I was young—do you think, if King George had taken it into his head to make a lord of poor Davie, Davie's sons would have been a bit better than yours, who are no lord at all? Now I have heard Master Keelson read out of a big book, about people who were lords, and peers, and all that, long ago, and a set of greater knaves, and blackguards, and swindlers, and cut-throats, never were. They would cheat, and lie, and swear,

and murder; and though there was a good man, too, here and there, the only good thing about all the rest was that they would fight like bull-dogs, and any man can do that. Why I used to think that poor Davie was a prince to them, and I am sure none of them was fit to black Master Keelson's shoes; for he was as brave as the best of them, and wise, and good, and kind, and true into the bargain. Now, is it a bit better, sir, to be the son, or the grandson, or the great-grandson of those old knaves, that he read about, than to be his son or grandson? I can't think it, nor I don't think you think it either."

"Thank you—thank you, Davie," cried Adrian, grasping the old man's hand, and wringing it hard. "You have set my mind in the right track. Strange, very strange! You have convinced me. I say, with you, Davie, better far to be the child of such a man as Keelson, than to be descended from the purest Norman blood that ever flowed in the veins of a mailed butcher."

"Lord love you," cried Davie, "I convince any body! Don't tell it, or they'll think you a fool too."

"Well they may," said Adrian to himself in a low tone; but Davie ran on.

"Now I dare say, you have never seen a lord," he said, "and don't know what it's like. I have seen two or three in my young days, and though some of them were likely men enough—not a bit worse than if they had been the sons of a common man—yet as for the rest, if their fathers and grandfathers were ever so good, it did not make them any thing but a pack of ill-conditioned curs, doing and saying every thing that was wicked, and shameful, and wrong; and the worst of it was, in those days, men let them do it, because

they were lords. One of them used to pelt me with orange peel, whenever I passed by the house where he was in Boston; and who made him or his father a lord, I don't know; but I'm sure it wasn't God, or he'd have made him handsomer, and better to match. His ears and his shoulders well nigh touched each other, and so did his two knees, and his mouth run up under his high cheek bones, like a river under the rocks. There was a pure breed for you, Master Adrian!—but I do wish Mistress Ella would come home; for the place feels very lonely without her.”

“She is coming—she is coming, Davie,” cried Adrian, in a more joyful tone than he had used for many a day. “She is coming; and we will all be happy again;” and he hastened back to the house, with a lightened breast, and a heart beating freely.

For a few minutes after he had entered the painted chamber, which we described in the beginning of this work, his thoughts were all in confusion; for his spirits rose with the gushing tumult of waters from a long repressed fountain. But after a time he became more calm; and then his first act was to sit down and write a few glad lines to her he so fondly loved.

He had just finished his letter, sealed and addressed it, when Charles Selden entered, and Adrian held out his hand to him, with a look which made him ask immediately, “Has she come?”

“No, Charles—alas no,” replied Adrian, “but this letter is intended for her. It is to tell her, that when she returns, there will be no cloud left—no, not one. The prejudice is gone, and gone for ever from my heart. Charles, I am convinced at length, that in this matter of birth, you have been right, and I have been wrong.”

“I am heartily glad that my arguments have found favor at length,” replied Charles Selden.

“Nay, not your arguments,” replied Adrian, actually with a smile. “The conviction, which a philosopher could not effect, has been wrought by a fool. *Sæpe etiam stultus opportune locutus est.*”

## CHAPTER XXI.

Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes:  
That when I note another man like him,  
I may avoid him.

SHAKESPEARE. "*Much ado about Nothing*."

THE vessel which conveyed Ella Brewerton, reached Charleston in safety, after a short and not very boisterous passage. As she was bringing-to, Ella, who had been below making her little preparations to go ashore, returned to the deck, and gazed around her; but it was not with that sort of vague sensation of loneliness, which, independent of all other personal feelings, often seizes upon us on entering a strange place. There was something in the scene before her which appeared familiar, but yet so indistinctly and faintly impressed upon her mind, that she could hardly tell, at first, whether it seemed so from recollection, or merely from certain associations. There were many objects around her which rose up like things whose images had long lain buried in the memory, without entirely passing from it; and at moments, as one by one they seemed to grow upon her, as if once well known, she would cast her eyes beyond on either side, seeking for something, she could not tell what, which she felt ought to be there also; and when she found the

indefinite object of her search, the mystery only appeared the greater.

"Surely," she said to herself, "I have never been here before; and yet how can it be otherwise? The remembrance of all these objects seems to have remained obscured for a long time; but now it is coming back gradually and imperfectly. Perhaps in time it will be as bright as ever:—and yet, after all, it can be nothing but a fancy or a dream."

As she was thus meditating after the vessel had come to her moorings, the skipper approached and took her hand affectionately.

"I am sorry, marm," he said, "that our people are all too busy to help you with your things up to town, but I will find some one to do it for you in a minute.—There," he continued, suddenly pointing to an old man who was leaning with folded arms against a post at the end of the pier, "There's the very man for such a job. He's always on hand, the rascal. Shall I call him, Miss?"

Ella assented, and immediately he roared at the top of his voice, "Come here, you half-breed varmint. This way, copper skin. Here's a lady wants a porter to carry her baggage;" and then turning to Ella again he asked, "shall we get you a carriage, Miss?"

She answered that she would prefer to walk, and then added, "He is to be trusted, I suppose?"

"Oh yes," replied the skipper, "he's an honest rascal. I know him of old."

In the mean time, the old man whom he had addressed after so unceremonious a fashion, had come on board, and stood, hat in hand—part Indian though he was—waiting for farther orders. Ella pointed out her baggage; and taking it up without speaking a word, he threw the portman-

teau over his shoulder, and left the vessel. The old captain accompanied his fair passenger to the gangway, whispering, "He's a cute fellow, that Ingin—knows every thing in these parts—but honest—honest, which is more than can be said of most;" and bidding Ruth follow her, Ella hurried on shore.

The old porter stood waiting, to be directed where to go, which was indeed more than Ella could tell him. "My good man," she said, after a moment's hesitation, "I am a stranger in this place, and have no friends at whose house I can stop. Pray show me the way to a quiet, and respectable inn, if you know of any such."

The half-breed looked at her steadfastly for a moment, and then merely answering, "Yes, ma'am," in an abrupt sort of jerking manner, started on his way, in spite of his burden, at such a rapid pace that Ella found it difficult to keep up with the sort of loping strides he took. When they reached the inn, which was a very tolerable one, and where Ella easily found all the accommodation she required, the old man ran up stairs with surprising activity, and set down the trunk in a corner of the room assigned to her. He paused a moment to receive his fare, and to wipe the perspiration from his face; and Ella had a better opportunity than had before occurred of noticing his somewhat remarkable appearance. The wrinkles on his face showed that he was very old; but his hair was so black, and his eyes so bright, that from them alone no one would have suspected his age. The height of the cheek bones, and the falling in of the cheeks, rendered the long, deep lines that furrowed his visage, up and down, particularly conspicuous. He was above the ordinary height; and his form, clad in a blue suit of light cotton material, seemed as erect and firm as that of a young man.

He was turning to leave the room, when Ella stopped him, saying, "Do you happen to know, my good friend, a person in this town named Simon Hickman?"

The man turned suddenly round, exclaiming sharply, "And what if I do?—What do you want with him?"

"I wish very much to find him," said Ella. "He wrote me a letter, which I received some time ago, for a poor woman who could not do it for herself. He may be able to give me some information as to where I can find her now. If you know any thing of him," she continued, observing a sudden change in the man's look, "do tell me where I can find him, and I will pay you whatever you ask."

The old half-breed deliberately took a chair, and seated himself, uninvited. Then shading his eyes with his hand, he continued to gaze in Ella's face, with a strange, vague expression that alarmed her. She was about to move towards the door, when the old man rose up with a sudden start, as if he had only forgotten himself for a time, and then said, in the abrupt tone in which he seemed always to speak, "Are you Miss— Miss Keelson?"

"I was," replied Ella, coloring slightly: "I am now Mistress Brewerton; and you—"

The old man interrupted her, exclaiming, "Why, I am Simon Hickman!" and he again threw himself into the chair, and laughed with a low, half-suppressed chuckle, as if he were mightily amused at some conceit which happened to strike his fancy at the moment.

"And where is Kitty?" exclaimed Ella. "For heaven's sake, tell me where I can find her!"

The half-breed merely telegraphed with his thumb over his shoulder, retaining his seat all the while; and Ella was compelled to repeat the question several times before she



could get any other answer. At length, her strange companion, as if fearful of being overheard, looked shrewdly round the room, which Ruth had left a moment before, and then replied, in a quick sharp whisper, "She is at old Volney's—fast in his clutches—he claims her as his slave, the infernal old villain!" and here the strange man burst forth into a torrent of blasphemy, which shocked Ella's ears to hear.

She had already noticed that there was a great difference in his language, not only from the jargon of the blacks, but even from that of the uneducated classes of white people, and this caused her to marvel the more at the horrible execrations he was now pouring forth.

It was some time before the violence of the old man's passion subsided; but when it had done so, he remained for a short time looking down upon the floor in silence, and then suddenly exclaimed, "He wanted to make a slave of me—of me!"

He almost shouted the last words, at the same time rising to his full height, and folding his arms, while his breast heaved, his hands opened and closed convulsively, and his eyes sparkled with a wild defiance, that brought instantly to Ella's mind the idea of the tomahawk and the scalping-knife.

A moment after, however, he turned sharply towards her, saying, "Shall we go?—shall we go at once?—It is only eight miles—Now?" and seizing his hat, he darted towards the door, without waiting for an answer.

"Immediately," replied Ella, calling after him. "Get a carriage immediately. I will be ready in a moment."

The old man was gone before the last words reached him; and in a few minutes he entered the room again with his hat upon his head, to inform the lady that the carriage

was waiting below. There was no delay on Ella's part, and followed by Ruth, she descended to the street, where her strange conductor was already holding open the carriage-door for them to enter. Ella was hardly in the vehicle, when he rudely pushed in Ruth after her, and rapidly closing the door, sprang upon the box by the side of the driver. The horses started off at great speed; and as they went, the old man would bend down upon his seat, from time to time, and look into the carriage through the front-glass, apparently to satisfy himself that Ella had not been spirited away; and then he would jerk his head with a significant toss, as if he would have said, "The time has come at last."

They had been driving for nearly an hour; and Ella, who had been gazing forth from the window, with a good deal of anxiety and perturbation of mind, was beginning to think that they must be near their journey's end, when the carriage suddenly stopped in the middle of the road, the door was flung open, and the half-breed sprang into the vehicle.

Ella gazed at him both with surprise and alarm, as he seated himself unceremoniously upon the seat opposite to her, and closed the door again. But he nodded his head, as the horses once more started off, saying, "No harm meant, Miss; but it will never do for him to see me just yet;" and he added, as if to himself, in a fierce tone, "nor for me to see him.—You must let me," he continued, "remain behind in the carriage, while you go to the house. Ask for the old villain, Volney, and demand to see Kitty.—She's a nigger, it's true; but she's not like the rest of them, miserable African devils that they are."

The last words were uttered in the tone of one musing aloud; and about a quarter of an hour after, the carriage

drew up in front of a house standing at a little distance from the road on the left-hand side.

There was no carriage-way up to the house, and Ella getting out, and passing a wooden wicket, entered a pebbled lane that led by a slight ascent to the mansion. She noticed that, although the house was a large one, and there was a fine verandah, supported by wooden columns, which extended along the whole front, still there was an air of poverty and decay about the premises that argued but little in favor of either the wealth or the taste of the proprietor. There was no bell at the front door, and no means of calling attention, but a lion-headed knocker, hanging by a single screw in one of the upper corners. Ella knocked several times before any one appeared in answer to the summons ; but at length a slovenly young negress, without shoes or stockings, made her appearance, who, in reply to Ella's inquiry, if Mr. Volney was at home, threw open the parlor-door, and asked the visitor to walk in, while she herself went to seek her master. Ella had now to wait some time, which she did standing, with her veil down ; and she had an opportunity, before the negress returned, of remarking that an air of elegant comfort reigned within, very much at variance with the aspect of things without. The house seemed to be, in short, like one of those hypocritical Jewish residences in eastern cities, in which those who are permitted to enter, are startled by a magnificence utterly inconsistent with the meanness of the external aspect.

After a time, the girl came back, saying that she had found her master, who would be with the lady in a few minutes, if she would be seated. Without taking the proffered chair, however, Ella walked to the window, and partly

drawing aside her veil, gazed out upon the prospect. Her spirit, perhaps, did not follow her eyes ; but either painful thought, or the novel view before her,—in every thing so unlike her New England home,—engrossed her so entirely that she did not notice the approach of steps, the sound of which was deadened by a heavy carpet, until she became conscious, rather than saw, that some one was standing close to her. She turned suddenly round and dropped her veil, but not until the stranger had caught a hasty glance of her features ; and she noticed that he started slightly, and changed color. She found herself standing in front of the tall, venerable figure of a man somewhat advanced in years, though it would be difficult to say how old he was precisely. He stood perfectly erect, and his height could not have been less than six feet two or three inches. His dress was scrupulously neat, and composed altogether of black, with the exception of the white neck-cloth which suffered no shirt-collar to appear, the muslin breast of his shirt, and an enormous frill of the finest cambric. His legs, too, it must be noticed, were encased in a pair of well-cut and well-polished top boots. A heavy gold chain, to which several large seals were attached, hung from beneath his waistcoat : his hair, which was white and thick, was combed behind his ears in the most perfect order ; and in fact he was altogether a very respectable looking personage. Nor did his face belie his general appearance. It was rather pale than otherwise, although it bore general indications of robust health. His features, when in repose, might have been pronounced noble. His nose was thin and aquiline ; and his forehead, completely exposed, though somewhat receding, showed a large mass of brain in the anterior portion of the skull. He had, however, a constant habit of twitching up and

down the lids of his small gray eyes, conveying the impression that they were weak. This habit gave a disagreeable expression to his countenance; and there were some persons who judged that it was merely a trick, resorted to for the purpose of frustrating any attempt to fathom his thoughts and motives through his looks. When he spoke, too, he had a curious way of raising his upper lip at every word, with a sharp sort of convulsive jerk, as if he were determined that the expression of his mouth should tell no more secrets than his eyes.

All these particulars were noticed by Ella more rapidly than we have been able to describe them; and when the stranger, after a few common-place words of civility, extended his hand courteously to lead her to a seat, she felt for him an unaccountable dislike, quite independent of the preconceived prejudices against him, which we must not deny that she entertained; for she took it for granted that this must be Mr. Volney.

Nevertheless, there was something so impressive in his manner, that Ella for a moment doubted whether she was right in the supposition, and hesitated to mention the object of her call. It was not until she had sunk down into the chair to which he led her, and he himself had taken a seat opposite to her, in such a position that the whole light fell upon her veiled face, while his own remained in shadow, that Ella found courage to stammer out, "There is an old negro woman, Kitty Gifford by name, lately brought from New England, who I am told is here. I should like to speak with her, if you please."

"You are mistaken, madam," said Mr. Volney, rising from his seat, and speaking with cold, though hurried politeness. "I assure you there is no such person here. I do not,

know where she is—I can be of no possible service to you in this matter—command me in any thing else, my dear madam—command me in any thing else."

Poor Ella was inexperienced and timid, her nerves shaken with grief, and her frame weakened by a long sea voyage. Mr. Volney's tone was so positive, his denial of all knowledge of where Kitty was, so direct, his intimation of a desire to put an end to the interview, so unequivocal, that Ella did not dare to pursue the conversation. In a maze of painful bewilderment, she also rose, merely saying, "I beg your pardon, sir—I beg your pardon;" and bowing slightly, was quitting the room, when Mr. Volney, with ceremonious politeness, insisted upon her taking his arm and permitting him, bare-headed as he was, to see her to her carriage—for he somehow had learned that she had one in waiting.

Ella protested against his taking the trouble; but in vain. Mr. Volney persisted, and was not satisfied until he had handed her into the carriage, availing himself of the opportunity his politeness afforded of taking a glance at the persons within the vehicle.

Simon Hickman kept his face averted; but it would seem that Mr. Volney recognized him; for, as he turned to walk back to the house, holding his chin thoughtfully in his hand, Ella heard him say, "So, so—a pretty plot!" as if a new light had broken upon his mind from something he had just observed.

"She is not there," said Ella, as soon as the door of the carriage was closed, and the half-breed had looked round. "She is not there! what shall I do now?—Where shall I turn me?"

Convinced too easily by the positiveness of Volney's

assurance, she aided to mislead her half-Indian companion, who took it for granted that she had some stronger proof of Kitty's absence than the mere assertion of a man whom he knew better than Ella did. Nevertheless a mistake, as not unfrequently happens, led him right in his conclusions.

"Not there!" he exclaimed at once. "Then she has been sent to Mrs. Ashmore's—some villany in the wind, depend upon it—'tis but a mile and a half further on—let us go and see, ma'am."

Without waiting for a reply, he dashed out of the carriage (although Mr. Volney was now standing half way up the pebbled walk, watching with folded arms the proceedings of the party), and, with activity truly wonderful in a man of his age, sprang upon the box, took the reins from the driver, and drove off at a furious rate.

Ella had hardly recovered from her surprise at the sudden mention of Mrs. Ashmore's name—a name she had not heard since it had been pronounced on a day connected with the dearest remembrances of her life—when the carriage entered the gates of a sort of park, and drove rapidly along a winding road, bordered by fine trees, and leading to a noble mansion.

The carriage soon drew up in front of the house. An old negro woman was seated in the porch, knitting; and when Simon pulled in the horses sharply, so as to throw them quite upon their haunches, she rose, and approached the side of the vehicle, as if to see who these dashing visitors could be. In the mean time, Simon had jumped from the box and opened the door; but Ella had already risen from her seat; and was ready to spring out. She had caught a sight of the figure in the porch—had recognized it instantly;

and in a moment after, she was in the arms of poor Kitty herself, who laughed, and cried, and hugged her young mistress, much to the astonishment of the more sedate and unimpulsive Ruth.

But if the warmth and grotesqueness of Kitty's gratulation made a comic impression on the mind of the maid, they had a more powerful, a more painful effect upon the mistress. They recalled, in a moment, the last terrible scene in which she had beheld that dark, but affectionate face; the awful prognostication of coming woe which those lips, now overflowing with tenderness, had then uttered; and the bloody death of a beloved parent; while, all the time, came rushing up—surging, as it were, through every other memory, like breakers amongst rocks—the recollection of a wedding day in mourning, of fresh tenderness, of new-born passion, of terrible disappointment, of a bitter struggle and a stern resolve—of a husband lost, and happiness sacrificed for ever.

Weak, way-worn, exhausted with grief, all this was too much for Ella Brewerton. The whole scene—the house, the park, the carriage, Kitty herself—seemed to whirl around her, while a cold, sick, deathlike sensation took possession of her heart, strangling its beatings; and she sank down gradually in the arms which had often rocked to rest the light sorrows of her infant years. She did not actually faint; for she heard sounds, and felt the pressure of hands bearing her into the house; but thought seemed to stop, all things grew misty before her eyes, and though she strove to speak, her lips uttered nothing but a sob.

## CHAPTER XXII.

"——— You do seem to know  
 Something of me, or what concerns me."—  
 SHAKESPEARE. "*Cymbeline*."

WHEN Ella returned to a full consciousness of her situation, she found herself lying on a sofa, in a large and handsome drawing-room, with Kitty at her feet; while a dignified matron-like lady, somewhat above the middle height, and retaining traces of great beauty, bent quietly over her. The old black woman was still in a state of great excitement, and poured forth a succession of vehement exclamations, not very intelligible to any one but herself.

Ella made an effort to rise, but the stranger gently prevented her, saying, "Lie still, my child—lie still. You are safe, and with friends. Do not attempt to speak yet. I know much about you—partly from this good woman, partly from my own knowledge—more, perhaps, than you yourself are aware of; but this is no time for explanations. What you need now is rest and refreshment. Lie quiet for a little longer."

Ella again dropped her head upon the pillow, closing her eyes, while a tear stole through the long dark eyelashes;

and Mrs. Ashmore—for it was she who stood by—gazed intently on her face, murmuring to herself, "Can it really be his daughter! There is a likeness to him when he first returned; but faint—more like her mother, perhaps—poor child; how she must have suffered!"

Then turning to Kitty, she said, in a low tone, "How can she have found her way here, if, in the short letter sent her, my name was never mentioned?"

"Can't tell, missis," Kitty replied. "Tink she only come to find Kitty. Tink she know nothing of de Ashmores. Massa Walter nebber spoke to her of de ole times—I tink not. He tell me nebber do so—But de papers safe—Tank God, de papers safe!"

"What is the meaning of that wedding ring?" said Mrs. Ashmore, in a whisper.

"Can't say," answered Kitty, in a tone of surprise, bending down over Ella's hand.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Ashmore, as Ella again opened her eyes, and suddenly rose up with a bewildered look, saying that she felt well again, and was ready to return to town, if Kitty would only come with her.

"To town, my child!" replied Mrs. Ashmore, with a faint smile. "Do not think of any such thing. This is your home for the present, and as long as you choose to make it so. There was an unhappy difference, in years past, between your father and several members of my husband's family; but all those feelings are buried with the dead; and I am ready to do all that I can to comfort and console you. A chamber is quite ready for you, when you have strength to go to it; and you had better, perhaps, try to sleep for a time."

Ella listened with surprise ; but her own thoughts were in a state of too great confusion for the mind to act readily amidst the circumstances which surrounded her. She made no answer ; but suffered Kitty to lead her to an upper room, where she found Ruth already quietly installed, though in some amazement at all that was taking place. The old negress cast a glance, that was any thing but affectionate or amiable, at the New England girl, whom she seemed to look upon as a usurper of her own privileges ; and as soon as Mrs. Ashmore, who followed, left the room, Kitty found some excuse to get Ruth out of the way. Ella's maid had hardly closed the door, when Kitty again gave way to a new paroxysm of almost frantic love and joy. But though Ella was touched with the faithful creature's ecstasy, it seemed to bring back to her mind, more strongly than ever, her own desolate and unhappy condition. She mingled her own tears with the happy ones of her old nurse ; but there was more of sorrow than of joy in Ella's—more of bitterness than of comfort.

When both had somewhat recovered their composure, the thoughts of each turned naturally to what had intervened between the hour of their parting and their meeting again—that dark space, filled with event, into which we long to throw light whenever we have been separated from those we love. Each, however, would fain have heard the history of the other ; and Kitty could not be brought to go on with her own tale, till Ella had related a part, at least, of that which had befallen herself, and explained the mystery of the wedding ring. She did so briefly—very briefly ; but she shrunk from attempting to make the old negress comprehend the causes of her quitting her husband—at least fully. Some

motive she was obliged to assign ; and while declaring that he had treated her with all kindness and affection, and that she loved him ever dearly, she added, "The truth is, Kitty, I am too humble—too low-born to be a companion for him. He has tried to conquer prejudices—though, perhaps, I should not call them so—for my sake, and would have concealed them but for an accident. We are not equals in the world's eyes ; and I have not the right or heart to make his life a martyrdom to my happiness."

Kitty had already interrupted her more than once in the course of her narrative ; but now she exclaimed, with a look of much astonishment, "Not equals!—Not equals!—He must be proud husband indeed, Missy Ella, not to tink you his equal—ay—I tell you all about dat."

"No, no, Kitty," said Ella. "Let us quit this painful subject ; and do you tell me all that has happened to yourself, and how I chance to find you here, apparently free and in comfort."

Kitty did her best to give something like an intelligible account of her adventures ; but her story was both lengthy and confused ; nor was it rendered very much more pellucid by the peculiar phraseology of her race. The entrance of Mrs. Ashmore, in the midst, caused her to stop in the detail ; but that lady, finding how she was occupied, bade her go on, and often put in a word which helped her marvellously forward.

It seemed that Kitty, notwithstanding her formidable resistance—"for I fight like a dragon, Missy Ella," she said—had been thrown into the boat, and carried off by Sparhawk and his crew to the ship, which was lying in the mouth of the bay. The anchor was immediately weighed, and the villains

made all sail, Sparhawk laughing to scorn, in the speed of his vessel, called the Falcon, all thought of pursuit. At first Kitty was put in irons, although she was not otherwise particularly ill treated. Sparhawk, indeed, swore at her often, and questioned her, more than once, about some papers which he said were in her old master's house, muttering to himself several times in her hearing, "I will have them, by ——. I shall lose the old man's money, else."

Kitty, however, where her affections were concerned, was fully a match for Captain Sparhawk in point of cunning; and she vowed and swore in the most determined way, that she knew nothing of any papers that her poor master had, and did not believe he had any, although at the very time she had them herself, concealed in the bosom of her high-necked gown. Sparhawk indeed never thought of searching her person, for it seemed utterly improbable that she should have what he wanted in her possession; and he steered direct for Charleston, without fear or hesitation, quite certain of arriving there, in his fleet craft, long before any intelligence of Keelson's murder could be received. He had grown impudent, too, in crime; for he had more than once before escaped punishment, when the testimony against him was very strong.

At the end of the second day Kitty was freed from her irons, and then contrived to conceal the papers in a more secure place; but she was fettered again on arriving at Charleston, and was left in the custody of the second in command, while Sparhawk himself went on shore. The subordinate paid very little attention to her; and during the absence of the captain, several men came on board to discharge the vessel of some goods—however obtained—which

formed the freight; and amongst these men, Kitty spied out the half-breed, Simon, who had once, it seems, been her fellow-servant. A communication was soon established between them; and Kitty entreated him to write to Ella telling her what had occurred, and to take possession of the papers, and keep them safely for her young mistress. He undertook and performed both these commissions, and moreover hung about the ship, till Sparhawk returned late in the evening with his uncle, Mr. Volney.

In the dusk of the hour, Simon endeavored to overhear some part of the conversation between the worthy Sparhawk and his no less worthy uncle, in order to ascertain the probable fate of poor Kitty. He learned little, however, catching nothing but detached fragments of sentences, from which he could only gather that a man had been killed by Sparhawk in an attempt to execute some undertaking suggested to him by his uncle; and that the old man, furious at this untoward event, used very unmeasured language to his beloved nephew, mingling no very christian threats and reproaches with various pious ejaculations, which found themselves in strange company.

After a time, Kitty was removed to Mr. Volney's house, where, boldly pronouncing her his slave, he kept her for some weeks, pursuing a curious and variable line of conduct towards her, which soon showed the negress that he had some distinct object in view. At times he would be exceedingly harsh and severe, at other moments, kind and familiar. Gradually he softened more and more; hinted that Kitty might render him a great service: promised largely, all sorts of things, but threatened terribly if she betrayed or deceived him. He hesitated long before he would come to



the point ; but, at length, he seemed convinced that in the affection of the old negress for her foster-child, he had a hold upon her from which she could not escape ; and he promised her that, if she obeyed his directions to the letter for one month, he would send her back at once to New England and to Ella. Kitty shrewdly affected to jump at the hope, saying she would do any thing for that, and that she knew "Massa Volney too well to play de fool wid him. He would have de marrow out of her bones if she did."

Then came the development of his object, which Kitty was about to explain at length ; but Mrs. Ashmore stopped her, while a warm glow came over her faded but still beautiful countenance.

"Never mind—never mind, just now, Kitty," said the lady. "The fact is, my dear," she continued, addressing Ella, "this man is my attorney, and was for many years the too much trusted agent of my late husband. His general conduct I have long suspected, and had made up my mind to discharge him, even before he endeavored, as this good woman tells me, to induce her to work upon my fears, by threats of very severe loss, for the purpose of obtaining my consent to an impudent and knavish project of his, which he has entertained ever since my poor son's death, and which I am not vain enough to misunderstand, notwithstanding all his cajolery. It was only late last night that Kitty told me the whole facts, and revealed to me the purpose for which he had placed her here with me, declaring that she was a runaway house-slave of my late husband's. My determination was soon taken, and your arrival will only hasten its execution, as you will see, if you will stay here with me for a few months."

"Ay,—but you do not know all Missy Ella's story," said Kitty. "Let her tell you, Missus."

But Ella shook her head sadly. "I cannot—indeed I cannot, just now."

"Well, I tell," cried Kitty ;" and in her own peculiar jargon, with her own peculiar comments, she related to Mrs. Ashmore all that she had just heard from Ella herself, concluding what she had to say, by exclaiming, "But de papers is safe—de papers is safe—dey tell all."

"I should be very glad to see them," said Mrs. Ashmore. "Where is this man Simon to be found ?"

"He down stairs," cried Kitty, starting up. "I ole fool not to tink of dat. Dare say got um in him pocket. He find out from what ole Volney say, dat dey wort someting. I go see—I go see ;" and away she ran as fast as she could go.

A few words of further explanation in regard to Ella's journey, though she still shrunk from detail, took place between her and Mrs. Ashmore, during Kitty's short absence. Not more than three minutes, however, elapsed before the old negress returned, carrying in her hand a small packet—too small, indeed, to seem of much value, which, passing Mrs. Ashmore, she gave to her young mistress herself.

Ella gazed upon it for a moment or two, in silence. The outer cover, though somewhat soiled from the many hands through which it had lately passed, was evidently fresh. It was tied round with red tape, sealed with black wax, and bore written upon it, in her father's hand, "For my dear Ella ; when I am gone."

The sight of her father's writing, in those few words, moved Ella greatly ; and it was with a trembling hand that

she cut the tape, and examined the contents of the packet. They consisted of one parchment, not very large, old and time-worn, and of two or three small papers, yellow with age, and bearing some writing, a good deal faded. The first paper that Ella examined was a certificate of marriage celebrated in England in the year 17—, between one Walter Ashmore and Ella D'Arcy. The next was an attested extract from a parish register, of the birth of Ella Ashmore. The third, referred to the same parties, Walter Ashmore and his wife, and recorded the death of the latter, some eighteen years before. When she had looked at these, Ella opened the top of the parchment, without altogether unfolding it, but found still the same name of Walter Ashmore connected with those of several other persons, in regard to some property in South Carolina. She looked bewildered at the document for a moment; and then raising her eyes to Mrs. Ashmore's face she said, "I do not understand these papers, at all; but from what I see, they seem to belong to you, madam, rather than to me; and they are sealed too, I perceive, with a seal once belonging to your son, which was a present from you to my father."

"No—no. Dey're your own, Missy Ella—dey're your own," cried Kitty.

"Hush, my good woman," said Mrs. Ashmore. "Will you let me see the papers, my dear?"

Ella gave them into her hands, at once; and the older lady, laying them down upon her knee, examined them one by one. The parchment, for a moment, she did not open fully, any more than Ella had done, but merely looked at the writing at the top, which she seemed to compre-

hend at once. Then turning with a kindly smile to Ella, she said, "Kitty is right. These all belong to you, my dear; though I know not why your father should have thus inclosed them—especially this last deed, which is of no value, I believe. His only motive, indeed, could be—and that undoubtedly was a worthy one—to show you the distinguished families, both in England and the United States, from which you are descended."

Ella's heart began to beat so vehemently, that she feared she should faint again; and all she could say was, "I do not understand. How do these papers affect me?"

"Why, do you not know," asked Mrs. Ashmore, "that you are the daughter of this Walter Ashmore and Ella D'Arcy, the daughter of that Colonel D'Arcy, who fought here for the crown of England, in the war of the revolution, and ravaged all the country round? He was a merciless soldier, but a gentleman, and the son of Earl D'Arcy's brother."

"I?" cried Ella; "Oh, no, no! I am the daughter of Israel Keelson, and none other. I would be none other, for all the rank and station in the world. My heart, my very spirit, tells me I am his, in blood, as well as in love."

She bent down her head, and wept; but Kitty exclaimed, "Yes, yes, you be, Missy Ella. Him's daughter, and Walter Ashmore's, too."

Mrs. Ashmore moved gently round to Ella's side, laying the papers on the table, and taking Ella's hand in hers, she said, "Israel Keelson, and Walter Ashmore, were one and the same person. A difference existed between your father and your grandfather, for some years previous to the death of the latter, between whom, and my husband's branch of

the house, there also existed, as I have before said, a somewhat bitter feud. Your father offended his own parent greatly, while travelling in Europe, by marrying the orphan daughter of Colonel D'Arcy, who had shown himself such an enemy to this country. She had nothing but her noble blood, either, which was another offence ; for though your father did not know it at the time, your grandfather had completely ruined his property—encumbered it to the full extent of its value."

"Then what relation was my father to you?" asked Ella, with her mind still confused.

"Your grandfather was my husband's uncle," replied Mrs. Ashmore, "and consequently your father was his first cousin. You yourself are now—since that fatal day—my late husband's nearest surviving relation."

"But how came my father," asked Ella, "to change his name and —"

"I will explain it all, in ten words," answered Mrs. Ashmore. "Your father, who lived upon a small pittance allowed him by his father, old Walter Ashmore, was summoned from Europe to attend him when he was dying ; but he came only to find ruin, where he had expected prosperity. The mortgages had been foreclosed, and some bitter altercations took place between him and some other members of the family, I believe. My husband, I am happy to say, took no part in it ; for, poor man, he was on his death-bed at the time, and saw no one but Volney, his agent, and myself. Walter Ashmore—that is your father—being a man of strong and decided mind, determined, it would seem, at once, to hide his poverty in some distant place, and gain his livelihood by his own hands. To conceal himself the bet-

ter, he assumed another name. He had been famous, from his boyhood, for his skill in fishing ; and I can just remember, when I was a little girl and we were all in our days of prosperity and affection, having been taken by him for a sail in the bay, in the beautiful boat which his father used to keep for him at Sullivan's Island. Aye, those were happy days," said Mrs. Ashmore, with a sigh.

"However," she continued, "your father, as I learn from Kitty, who was the only servant he took with him, chose what had been the amusement of his boyhood, for the occupation of his age. But why he should have preserved this parchment, I do not understand ; for it refers to a plantation long passed from his father to my husband, under a mortgage sale. The other papers are necessary to prove your birth, and family."

She then ceased, and Ella remained silent ; but Kitty seemed about to speak, when Mrs. Ashmore rose, and approaching the table, added, "Let us see farther in regard to this deed. There may be something at the end ;" and opening it out completely, a small piece of paper in Keelson's writing, fell from it to the ground.

It was merely a very succinct account, addressed to his daughter, of the facts which Mrs. Ashmore had already stated ; but at the end was written, "Preserve this deed, my child ; for, as you will see on reading it, my father declared, solemnly, on his death-bed, that he paid the whole money due upon the mortgages affecting this property, into the hands of that base knave, Volney, but that the receipt, promised to be sent that same afternoon, was delayed under pretence of Roger Ashmore's illness. The deed may be valueless to you, as it has been to me ; and my father's declaration, though the payment was witnessed, is of no

effect in law, the witness not having heard the specific object for which the money was given ; but so long as you keep the deed, you will, I believe, keep up the claim."

Ella read the paper, and then handed it to Mrs. Ashmore, who, at the last words, turned pale. "He is a base knave," she said after a pause, "and most likely has pocketed the money without accounting for it. This is the meaning, Kitty," she continued, "of the sort of vague threats which he held out to me, through you, after having insulted me by fancying that I would marry, in my old age, a cunning, low-born fellow like himself. Let me see what the deed says;" and turning to the end she read aloud a few words, written in a very different hand from that in which the document was engrossed, to the following effect :

"*Memorandum.*—I, Walter Ashmore, did pay to Richard Volney, agent of Mr. Roger Ashmore, on the third of this month of August, in the year of our Lord 17—, the sum of sixty-five thousand dollars, being satisfaction in full, of the sum borrowed by me on mortgage on the property described within, with lawful interest for the same up to the said third of August, in the presence of Simon Hickman, who testifies below. I make this memorandum, as I feel seriously ill, and because the said Volney, whom I know to be a knave, after having promised to send me a receipt signed by Mr. Roger Ashmore, the same evening, has put me off with excuses for the last week, on account of my nephew's alleged illness. (Signed)

"WALTER ASHMORE."

Underneath was written a memorandum, to the effect that the payment of sixty-five thousand dollars, to Mr. Volney, had been made in the presence of Simon Hickman,

but without one word to show, on the part of the witness, any knowledge of the object of the payment.

All this, Mrs. Ashmore read aloud, and her proud lip, for a moment, curled with a good deal of scorn. "Ha," she said, at first, "so this, I suppose, is the foundation of Volney's past fortune, and his present presumption. Doubtless he has pocketed the money. And yet, my husband was not a man to be so deceived.—Stay—stay—I remember quite well, that in the executorial account there was the sum, in ready money, of sixty-five thousand dollars, detached from all other sums, and without the source from whence it proceeded being stated. They bought the Greenfield plantation with it. Here Margaret—Johanna—one of you—run up to the closet behind my bed-room, and bring me down the tin case standing there—the small one—the small one, with white letters upon it."

Mistress Ashmore had gone out of the room, to the head of the stairs, to give these orders, and Kitty took advantage of her absence to nod her head kindly at Ella, saying, "All goin right, Missy, my dear bird—all goin right. Tings come round—pend upon it."

Mrs. Ashmore, when she entered, stood silent at the table, looking neither at Ella nor at Kitty ; and at the end of about two minutes, a fat negro girl, with a brilliant bandanna handkerchief twisted around her head, brought down a small tin case, not much larger than a cash box, and placed it on the table.

"Come hither, my dear," said Mrs. Ashmore to Ella, opening the box with a key attached to her watch-chain. "These are the papers I found in my husband's bed-room, after his death. I had not the heart to examine them at

that time, and put them in here, where they have remained forgotten ever since. He was a man of very regular habits in matters of business; and there may be something here which will explain all this. Come here and see—I have nothing to conceal.”

Ella advanced to the table, and Mrs. Ashmore took out one or two of the papers, examined them with a very grave face, and laid them down. At length, however, she came to an old memorandum book, opened it, and ran over the leaves till an entry appeared, dated third of August 17—, in the following words: “Volney received sixty-five thousand dollars from my uncle Walter, in discharge of mortgage and interest. Ordered him to pay it into bank, to draw up a receipt for my signature, and to have satisfaction piece prepared.”

Underneath was written, in blacker ink, “See bank book, sixty-five thousand dollards paid in by Volney.”

Mrs. Ashmore threw her arms round Ella, saying earnestly, “You, and your poor father have been very much wronged, my child; but you see it has neither been by my husband’s or my own act; and, to the utmost, I will make you what amends can now be made.”

Almost at the same moment the black girl, who had brought in the box, re-entered the room, and said, “Massa Volney below Maum. I show him in little parlor.”

“Let him wait,” said Mrs. Ashmore. “I will go to him soon.”

“Simon Hickman below,” said Kitty, eagerly, but in a low tone—“he dat see de money paid—Simon Hickman, de half-breed.—He can tell you much more of Master Volney.”

“Ah!” said Mrs. Ashmore—“then we will convict him. Bring the man Simon into the great parlor, Kitty. You, Ella my child, wait here, till you hear me calling. Then come down at once.”

## CHAPTER XXIII.

As thistles wear the softest down,  
To hide their prickles till they're grown,  
And then declare themselves, and tear  
Whatever ventures to come near,  
So a smooth knave does greater feats,  
Than one that idly rails and threats.

BUTLER.

WE must leave Ella to meditate in solitude over all that had happened—no! not to meditate—not even to think—it was but to feel—to feel that a barrier was broken down between her and happiness; that the dark circle of fate, which had seemed to close her in on every side, had disappeared, as one of those mists which surround a traveller wandering in mountain regions, is dispelled when the sun rises to his meridian, leaving scattered clouds, confusing all the distant objects, but the ground on which he stands, clear, and bright, and beautiful. Every thing beyond the point of happiness at which she found herself was vague and indistinct, whirling, and, as it were, fanciful—hardly to be comprehended, hardly to be understood. But that point was all joy: the full light shone upon it, with one of the

sun-bursts which, rare and far apart, checker the cloudy day of life.

In the mean time, Mrs. Ashmore descended the stairs, close upon the steps of Kitty, and entered the large room into which Ella had been taken on her first arrival. A minute more, and Simon was in her presence, the doors closed, and nobody but Kitty, as a witness and participator in the conversation that ensued. The interview was not without its interest, and was very characteristic of all the parties. But we are hurrying to the close of this tale, and must not pause upon such particulars, as all the information derived from Simon Hickman will necessarily appear in an after conversation.

At the end of about twenty minutes, Mrs. Ashmore reopened the door, and walked into a smaller room opposite, while Simon and Kitty remained behind, ready to attend her call if necessary. The worthy lady's heart was beating, but with no emotions of timidity or doubt. Hers was not a spirit to shrink or quail. She smoothed her aspect, however, assumed a sort of forced smile, and greeted Mr. Volney pleasantly.

"I have been somewhat engaged, Mr. Volney, and have to apologize for keeping you waiting," she said, in a more conciliatory tone than she had lately employed towards the agent. "Some rather curious and unpleasant things have occurred."

"Oh, I can guess, my dear madam—I can guess," replied Mr. Volney, taking the chair to which Mrs. Ashmore pointed. "I have seen a young woman myself this morning, who did not think fit to tell her real business; but I can divine who she is, and what brought her; for she had

got that vagabond Simon Hickman, the half-breed, in the carriage with her, trying to hide himself. He was young Walter Ashmore's servant for a long time in Europe, you know, till that person could not afford to keep a man any longer, and then he was sent back to old Walter, who kept him about his house till his death. Now I warrant you this is Walter's daughter, and she has come to declare, from some papers she has got of her father's, that the mortgage was paid off, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. That's a stale trick. It was tried a long time ago by Walter himself; but I managed him, I managed him; and would manage him again, or his daughter either—although," he added, in a low and confidential sort of tone, "she might make something of it, and get up a very troublesome suit, if the matter were not very properly handled. It was on that account, my dear madam, that I ventured to presume to be so bold, as to suggest that a union of interests and exertions—"

Mrs. Ashmore waved her hand imperatively, and replied, somewhat sternly, "You mistake me, Mr. Volney. You have indeed comprehended the object of this young woman; but I wish most decidedly to know, whether I shall be right in peremptorily rejecting her claim—whether there is any ground for it?"

"None in the world, my dear madam," replied Mr. Volney, who was rather troubled with a double game and two distinct objects. "She might trouble you a great deal. She might even—for law is uncertain, unless rightly handled—"

Mrs. Ashmore waved her hand again.

"Then the mortgage money was positively not paid to Mr. Ashmore?" she said.

"I call Heaven to witness—!" exclaimed Mr. Volney, who could be sanctimonious at times.

But Mrs. Ashmore could bear no more. The warm Southern blood rushed from her heart to her cheek, and she exclaimed in a loud, sharp voice, "Hush!—Heaven has been witness to too much, villain! How dare you sit there before me, and say that the money was not paid, when I find a memorandum in my husband's own hand, not only of its payment to you, but of his orders to give a receipt, and to have a satisfaction piece prepared—when the payment is recorded in the bank book—when there are witnesses to prove the payment of the very sum. Out upon you, knave! I understand you now, to the heart. You concealed all this, to have a hold upon me, fancying I was as base as yourself. You sent the black woman here to insinuate you had power over my fortune, and could make me a beggar, if I did not marry a low plebeian knave, the son of a French usurer. But you are mistaken, man—you are mistaken; I would do justice, if it cost me all I had. Ella—Ella—Ella, my dear! Come down—come down, and see this pale scoundrel trembling."

"My dear madam—I beseech you!—I entreat you, listen to reason! You do not consider," cried Mr. Volney, in a tone of the utmost alarm and agitation. "The whole Greenfield estate, now the best you possess!—and interest on the money—the back rents!—The memorandum may be a forgery."

"Ella! Ella!" continued Mrs. Ashmore, calling from the door. "Forgery! What! of a paper found by me in my husband's room, at his death, and never out of my possession since?"



At that moment, Ella entered the room; and both Kitty and the half-breed looked in at the door. Mr. Volney seemed to gather himself up, as if for some determined act, and stood before them, raised to his full height, with his arms folded on his chest, but winking his eyes even more rapidly than usual, and with a nervous trembling of the twitching lip, which betrayed more inward agitation than he would have wished to show.

"Before you utter a word, madam," he exclaimed, addressing Mrs. Ashmore, as soon as Ella entered, "let me remind you that, by your own confession, you have been a party to all that has taken place. You say you found the paper in the room where your husband died, setting forth such and such facts, of which I know nothing."

"Hold thy peace, knave!" cried Mrs. Ashmore, with her eyes flashing; "for my actions, I will be answerable to God, to this dear child, and to the whole world. So help me Heaven at my utmost need, as I never looked at one of the papers in that box till the information brought me by this poor girl recalled it to my mind! But now answer one other thing, and answer truly; for I have learned more than you imagine. Where is this girl's father? He has disappeared!—where is he, I say?"

"I know nothing about him," answered Volney. "Nothing of my own knowledge; he became a fisherman, they say, and was killed in some sort of riot."

"Who told you that?" asked Mrs. Ashmore, in a voice of thunder. "Who killed him? Was it not your nephew, Sparhawk, that twice-tried pirate? Was it not he who did both commit the deed, and tell his loving uncle? The conversation was overheard, man—at least, a part of it—a

part well nigh sufficient to send you, too, to the gallows. Oh, I understand it all now—you wanted the papers, did you?—you wanted all the evidence in your own hands, to work upon my fears? Fool, fool! have you known me for thirty years, and not known better? Go down for a magistrate, Simon. I will have this business probed to the bottom, and at least insure the arrest of that murderous villain, Sparhawk, who you say was hovering about the coast not a week ago."

Simon darted away, and Mr. Volney moved quietly towards the door.

"Call in the servants, Kitty," cried Mrs. Ashmore. "He shall not go."

"You have no warrant to detain me," said Mr. Volney in a quiet tone, though his face was deadly pale. "Take care what you do, madam. You have already given good grounds for an action against you for slander. If you choose to detain me by force, do it—do it! I have not the least objection. But it must be by force, to make the action lie. For all the calumnies you have uttered against me, may the Lord in his mercy forgive you!"

"And may he punish you as you deserve," said Mrs. Ashmore. "I desire nothing better. But go—go. I will not break the law myself. I will have you well watched though."

Mr. Volney walked calmly enough out of the room; and Mrs. Ashmore following, gave some directions to the servants. On her return, she seated herself by Ella, but remained silent for several minutes, endeavoring, apparently, to recover her composure after the burst of indignant passion to which she had given way.

"Now, my dear," she said at length, "come and let us have some fruit, and during this afternoon you shall tell me all that has occurred to you since your father's death. You have no mother, my poor child; but I will be a mother to you, and though sometimes hot and passionate enough, as you must have seen just now, I can be a kind and indulgent mother to a gentle thing like you. It has pleased God, in his mysterious providence, that my own dear child should be taken from me. I cannot do better than make a child of poor Walter's."

Though so different in many respects from any one she had ever seen before, Ella had already discovered a generous, warm-hearted candor in Mrs. Ashmore's character, which won her heart and her confidence. She told her all; with a frankness and minuteness that she could not have conceived possible towards any one, some days before. The effect was somewhat different in minute points from that which Ella might have anticipated. Though Mrs. Ashmore sympathized with, and felt for Ella much, she seemed to enter into—nay to share the prejudices—if we must call them so—of Adrian Brewerton to the fullest extent; and yet she praised highly his young wife's conduct in leaving him, when she fancied herself the daughter of Israel Keelson, the New England fisherman, declaring it the only course to be pursued in such delicate and painful circumstances.

"You know he is of the same family with ourselves," said Mrs. Ashmore. "A fourth cousin by the father's side, and descended from a noble family in England. But all difficulties—all obstructions to your happiness—are removed now, my child. Your duty is, to fly to your husband,

as soon as you have had time for repose, and some of my servants shall accompany you. I must remain for a while to unravel this affair with the knave Volney; but I will follow you as soon as circumstances will permit me to leave this state, and you and your Adrian shall be my children."

So was it arranged, and like few other plans, the scheme was executed, at least up to a certain point.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Now sits expectation in the air  
And hides a sword.

SHAKESPEARE. "*Henry V.*"

WHILE the events which we have just recorded, were passing in a far distant part of the country, Charles Selden was the only visitor who presumed to intrude upon Adrian's melancholy mansion ; nor indeed would any other person have been received. A change had certainly come over Adrian since his conversation on the hill side. He had now hope ; and his mind was at one with itself on a subject which before he had almost dreaded to think of. But still there was the melancholy of impatience and uncertainty ; and he could not have borne the society of ordinary and indifferent persons.

Charles Selden's presence, however, seemed always a relief to his friend, if nothing more, and though the name of Ella, by a sort of tacit understanding between them, was rarely if ever mentioned, yet Adrian was easily persuaded to wait for a reasonable time after the period at which his last letter could reach Baltimore, before he took any further steps to recall his beloved wife to the home she had left deso-

late. Continually, however, he tormented himself, not alone with unavailing and selfish regrets for her absence, but with fears also for her safety, and painful imaginings of all the possible evils that might befall her, and all the anguish she might suffer.

Nevertheless, Charles Selden's frequent visits were a relief, as we have said, although there was something in the positive, practical character of the young physician, so entirely out of harmony with the morbid sensitiveness which characterized Adrian, especially at this period, that there grew up between them, we must not say an estrangement, but a reserve. Adrian hesitated to communicate to his friend all the miserable feelings that overwhelmed him—the fears—the self-reproach—the occasional fits of despair. Charles Selden, on his part, refrained through delicacy from seeking a confidence which was withheld from him on motives which, however incorrectly applied, he perfectly understood.

There was something strange about Charles Selden too, at this time. His visits were never of long duration, though often repeated ; and he was full of whims—Adrian sometimes thought affectedly so, although he was not one to attribute bad motives, and fancied that his companion's object might be to divert his thoughts from himself. Occasionally Selden would quarrel with his dinner, declare that the fowl upon the table must be the progenitor of all fowls, or that the butcher must have mistaken a horse for an ox when he slaughtered the beef. He complained bitterly of our friend the stage-driver, asserted that his vehicle must have been formed with the express intention of furnishing surgical cases to the hospital, and was therefore very unfit for a surgeon to enter. A world of other grumbling did he make, and that in a serious tone, though with somewhat trite

jocularity. Indeed his manner was never gay, or even cheerful, although there was a certain sort of bright eagerness about it, which Adrian tolerated better than he could have borne merriment. He generally remained but one night, and returned to town on the following morning, and one piece of whimsicality he always showed. He had a strange fancy—in regard to which Adrian neither offered opposition or asked for explanation—never to sleep twice in the same room; and a little sort of folding-bed, which had been bought for Ruth, was moved about from chamber to chamber to suit his caprice, much to the annoyance of the old gardener, who grumbled excessively at what he called “the maggots of Mr. Selden.”

Adrian might have wondered at this singular freak had it not been one of many, although his mind, indeed, was not in a condition to interest itself about trifles. As it was, he merely ordered the gardener to follow Mr. Selden’s wishes, and thought no more about it. The only thing which Adrian remarked particularly, was, that on the morning of each departure, Charles appeared peculiarly dull and thoughtful; and the young husband with his mind full of Ella, could not help fancying that his friend, each time he came, expected to find her returned.

One morning, when time had run on till expectation had become an anguish, the two friends were seated at breakfast: Adrian silent and thoughtful, and Charles with more than he had lately shown of that quiet cheerfulness which had been common to him in earlier days, and which became him much better than his more boisterous moods. Ever since misfortune had befallen Adrian, Charles had displayed towards him, except when affected by one of the whims we have just mentioned, a peculiar tenderness—a tenderness in

the tones of the voice, and in the expression of the countenance, which seemed to imply a conviction that his sympathy would be more acceptable to his friend in that form than if shaped into words. On the present occasion, however, there was a perceptible change in his manner. It was kind and quiet; but when he spoke, which was not frequently—for he seemed much taken up with reflections of his own—there was a peculiar tone of earnest confidence in his voice; and for the first time, he alluded frankly to his own caprices in regard to his sleeping room.

“Upon my word, Adrian,” he said, after a long silence, “I believe I am a great deal better acquainted with your house than you are yourself. You are like one of those Italian princes who, moved by poverty, confine themselves to one poor corner of their ancestral palaces, and let out the rest to strangers. There is this difference, indeed: they take to their garrets from necessity: you shut yourself up in your state apartments from choice. But at all events, I cannot help wondering that you have so little curiosity about your own property. Now, I will venture to say you have never been inside one half of the rooms in your own house.”

“I plead guilty,” replied Adrian in an indifferent tone. “I recollect having once determined to make a regular voyage of discovery through the old place, and to have every thing put in repair—but other circumstances intervened,” he added, with a deep sigh, “and it was never done.”

“Well, well,” answered Charles Selden; “you have not lost much by the omission of the visit. At least, you would have been sadly disappointed if you had any expectation of accidentally coming upon elegant chambers, or quaint

decorations. The original proprietor seems to have exhausted both his ambition and his genius for display upon that famous fresco, which, in its prime, must have been the glory of the province."

"I dare say it was," answered Adrian; and fell into thought again.

The conversation dropped there, and soon after Charles Selden rose to go. "I fear," he said as they parted, "that I shall not be able to visit you again for several days. I have business in town which will confine me amongst houses and colleges, I cannot say how long. I always come, you know, my dear Adrian, like a thief in the night; and I will return whenever I can, or at any hour—determined to fancy myself welcome, whether I am so or not."

Adrian pressed his friend's hand warmly, but did not speak; and the young physician set out on his homeward journey at a rapid pace. He continued for a short time to pursue the path towards the high road to the town; but suddenly, when some way over the hills, he turned to the left and took the direction of the bay. It was still what we should now call early in the morning when he reached the little cluster of fishermen's huts and, advancing to the one occupied by Ben. Herring, knocked sharply at the door.

The master of the house was out; but his wife said, as the weather threatened a storm he had not gone to sea, and would probably be found upon the beach with the other men mending their nets. There, and in that occupation, Charles Selden found him.

"I am glad to see you, my good friend," said Selden, shaking him by the hand. "I should like to have a few

minutes' private conversation with you, if you can spare the time."

Thus saying, he drew him to a little distance from the rest, exciting some curiosity amongst the other fishermen, most of whom recognized him, although he had no recollection of any of them.

"It must be something about old Keelson's affairs," whispered one to another. "That is the gentleman who came down with Mr. Brewerton on the night of the murder."

A few more observations of the same kind passed, and they resumed their work again.

In the mean while Charles Selden and Herring had walked up and down the beach at some little distance, in very earnest conversation. At length Herring replied to something which the other had said, "I have not seen her myself; but one of us—who was not at home that same night, and has been a good deal away lately, deep-sea fishing—tells me that he has noticed a suspicious-looking craft upon the coast—I think he said twice. By his account of her, it ought to be the same; a long, black-looking devil sitting close to the water, very rakishly rigged, and with spars so fine you would think they would stand nothing at all. She was backing and filling as if coming up the harbor, but presently she put about again, and stood out to sea. She has never come in, that's certain, or you would have heard of it long ago, as I promised. I have had a sharp look-out kept night and day."

Charles Selden mused for a moment in silence, and then said, as if speaking to himself, "It is as I thought."—"Listen to me, Herring," he continued. "You are a man I can trust; but I am a little afraid of the indiscretion of your

companions. The least appearance of unusual precaution, or watching, would spoil all. This villain, Sparhawk, will return, and that probably ere long—he must return—of that I feel assured. I will make arrangements immediately to have a watch placed at the light-house, in order that intelligence may be conveyed to me the moment he approaches the coast. Now it will be easy for the messenger, whom I will station there, to pass by your house on his way to the town. We must guard against the news, however, spreading to others; and I will direct the man to leave me by a card with my name written upon it, at your door, which will be a signal for you to come up to consult with me on the next step, without a moment's loss of time. Only be very cautious, and let not a word of our plans escape to your companions. I know that your friendship for the poor old man will not permit you to hesitate in aiding my efforts to bring his cowardly murderer to punishment; and for your loss of time, I will see that you have compensation."

"No, sir! no!" replied Herring. "I do not want to be paid for doing my duty. Besides, I owed a good deal to poor Mr. Keelson, and have plenty of motives, without the hope of gain, to make me stand by you in this matter. Make your mind easy; I will not say a word to any one till it is needful, and rest assured, that whenever you see your messenger, I shall not be very far behind him. A stout arm can row a boat almost as fast as an ordinary horse can travel."

After a few words more, and another warning to be cautious, Charles Selden shook his companion by the hand, and walked away rapidly along the shore, in the direc-

tion of the light-house. There he seemed to meet with no great satisfaction; for there was some disappointment in his face when he turned his steps towards the town, and upon his arrival, instead of proceeding to his chambers, he went at once in quest of the authorities. It was a long time before he could find any of the superior functionaries, their only *locum tenens* in the police department, for the moment, being a red-faced citizen, who united to the employment of guardian of the public peace, the more profitable calling of the hammer and last.

At length, however, his honor the mayor appeared—a worthy gentleman, of no great force of character, who had probably been elevated to his high civic functions rather on account of what he had not done, than what he had. In more recent times, negative qualifications have sometimes led to even higher offices. To him Charles Selden proceeded to state at once the business which had brought him thither.

"Doubtless, sir," he said, "all the circumstances attending the murder of the poor fisherman, Israel Keelson, are fresh in your mind; and you will recollect, that in a private interview I had with you after my examination I stated that the murderer had set a trap for himself in which he might yet be caught, although he unfortunately escaped for the time, notwithstanding the reward offered for his apprehension."

"I remember—I remember perfectly well," replied the mayor. "You were somewhat mysterious, my dear sir; but as I make no pretensions to be a resolver of riddles, I left time to develop what you hinted at: but as to the trap, have you found it out? If you have, I hope it is well

baited, for depend upon it this is an old bird, and will not be taken with chaff."

"I have at least made a discovery of some importance, which I have come to communicate to your honor without a moment's delay," replied Charles Selden. "You may remember that in my evidence before the coroner, I gave a somewhat lengthy detail of the circumstances which had brought myself and my friend Adrian Brewerton to the scene of the murder at the very time it took place—how, while chatting together late at night, we had been startled by noises in Brewerton's house—how we had discovered two men therein, who were proved to belong to the band of smugglers, or pirates, who committed the outrage, and how we pursued them actually into Keelson's cottage. No doubt remained upon my mind that these two men had come to remove some of their plunder, or their smuggled goods from a place in which they had deposited it, and that they were surprised by us before they had effected their object—though, as the hour was late, they doubtless supposed that the whole of Adrian's little household had retired to rest. I resolved to do all in my power to discover their hiding-place, and have never ceased my efforts. Now the house is a large, old, rambling house, full of unnecessary staircases and passages without object, and has never been above one-third inhabited since my friend bought it. Thus I have had many difficulties, and have been forced to assume a strange sort of caprice and whimsicality of conduct, which no one would have tolerated but such a man as Brewerton, changing my room continually without apparent cause, and playing a thousand tricks of the same kind to accomplish my purpose, without letting any one know what I was about."

The mayor took out his watch, thinking of various comforts and conveniences in his own home, and Charles Selden proceeded, saying, "I will not detain you farther with any long details. Suffice it, that I have at length discovered a sort of lumber room, which for a long time escaped my attention, communicating, by a concealed door, with a long passage, and a back staircase, and I have no earthly doubt that this is—"

"The trap—the trap!" said the mayor.

"Exactly," replied Charles Selden. "This large, old, rambling house had been unoccupied for many years when it was purchased by the present proprietor. It stands, isolated from any other dwelling, at a convenient distance from the coast, which is reached by a dreary road very rarely travelled, and it is quite clear that these scoundrels have been, for years, in the habit of making it a place of deposit for their most valuable goods, being I have not the slightest doubt in strict alliance with an old villain who used to hang about the place, and whom my friend has lately taken into his service as gardener."

"But the bait!—the bait!" cried the mayor. "You may have found the trap, but if it be unbaited, depend upon it the rats will not come near it."

"I have found the bait too," answered Charles Selden. "The large open fire-place in the room which I have mentioned, was covered over with a well-fitting wooden fire-board. This fire-board, after searching every other part of the room, I removed, and found behind it two small chests, or boxes, made of some hard Spanish wood, and hooped with iron."

"What did they contain?" asked the mayor. "They



may be merely some articles left behind by the former proprietor."

"I think not," replied Charles Selden. "They are by no means very antique in their appearance, and, for their size, are exceedingly weighty, chinking too with a metallic sound when they are moved. It is true I did not open them; for I conceived that to do so would require the strong key of the law in your honor's possession; but I feel quite sure that no one would think of packing up old iron or old copper in two such very secure receptacles; and, in short, am convinced that they contain, if not coin, articles of very great value."

"Right—right!" said the mayor. "I think you are quite right. But what is it you wish me to do? To go and examine these boxes?"

"By no means, at present," answered Selden. "The old gardener, if he be what I suspect, would take care to warn his confederates. I myself restored every thing in the room to the precise condition in which I found it, in the hope that these boxes may prove a bait, as your honor wittily terms it. The leader of these men I know to be as bold as he is unscrupulous: I have ascertained that his vessel has been recently hovering upon the coast; and I am quite sure that he will not abandon these goods, without making an effort to carry them off, as soon as he thinks he can do so in safety. The very danger of the enterprise will probably be an inducement to him to be present himself; and with proper aid I will undertake to capture him. It would take up too much of your valuable time to watch as I will watch."

"The truth is, I am exceedingly busy at present,"

said the mayor, "and could hardly give the matter the attention it deserves. What have you to propose, my young friend?"

"The first thing I wish is to station two men in the light-house at the mouth of the harbor," replied Charles Selden. "I will provide them with a glass, and pay all their expenses, as well as furnish them with a horse, in order to convey any intelligence rapidly. But the people at the light-house made some difficulties, as I spoke to them without authority; and what I have first to ask, is, that your honor will procure me the necessary permission from the federal authorities to place the men in the light-house, as you will at once see that it is absolutely necessary we should be instantly informed of the arrival of the murderer in these waters. All that I have further to request, is, that you will detail four of your best officers to be at my orders whenever I call upon them; and if I do not capture this man, he will either capture or kill me. I have, indeed, to beg that you will excuse me for presuming so far to trench upon the peculiar privileges of your office; but the circumstances will, I am convinced, justify both your honor in granting my request, and me in making it."

The mayor loved not night expeditions—did not feel at all bound to capture pirates with his own hands—had no officers of peculiarly great strategic powers—had much reverence for Charles Selden's abilities in that sort; and however much he might respect persons who had a call to encounter death and wounds in a good cause, preferred his fire-side and his easy chair, to onerous responsibilities, and perilous enterprises. As society was constituted at that time, he might have found himself in some sort bound to

do something towards the capture of the pirates in his own person, if he had not found a volunteer deputy ; but under the circumstances, he contented himself with a few formal objections, easily removed, and then acceded to all that Charles Selden wished. "I must make you a constable for the nonce," he said, laughing, "and then I can invest you with plenary power over the men. But will four be enough?"

"Quite," replied Charles Selden. "I shall make five : we will go well armed ; and I have also a little plan of ambuscade."

Thus all was arranged : permission was readily obtained from the federal authorities to place watchers at the light-house ; four resolute men were warned to be in readiness at a moment's warning, and to put themselves under Charles Selden's orders whenever called upon, and several other minor matters were settled, to ensure success to his undertaking.

The murder of old Keelson had produced a deep and lasting impression in the little town. Such crimes were happily then of rare occurrence, and all felt anxious for the punishment of the offenders. Selden had reason to believe that this anxiety was shared by the men placed under his command ; he knew that he could confide in their courage, and he placed some reliance on the fact that a reward, large for the times, had been offered for the arrest of Keelson's murderer, the chance of participating in which would, he felt confident, be no slight incentive to exertion with his four subordinates.

A week elapsed after Selden's interview with the mayor ; and during all that time the young physician had not returned

to visit his friend, who was still completely ignorant of his suspicions, and the preparations he had made. No farther intelligence was received of the piratical vessel ; and Charles Selden was beginning to think he had been deceived, when one evening, just as day was closing, with a dense sea fog rolling up over the town, he was startled from the perusal of some medical treatise by a heavy step approaching the door of his chamber. Immediately after, a loud, impatient knock echoed through the silent building, and the next moment one of his messengers from the light-house stood before him.

"She's come at last !" exclaimed the man, who had evidently ridden hard. "She's standing inshore, a little to the northward of the point. There was a thick fog all the afternoon ; but a sudden gust blew it off for a moment, and I got a glimpse of her black hull and rakish masts, about which there's no mistake." He was proceeding with his account, when Ben Herring, the fisherman, entered the room without ceremony. All were too eager to speak much, so that the consultation, if it could so be called, in which Charles Selden took upon him to direct, was very brief.

"The villain will not land inside the bay," said Charles to Herring, after asking a few questions of the messenger. "He is too shrewd a rogue for that. You had better run down at once to the light-house, demand admission in my name, and watch the movements of the pirates. Should they land, as I expect, beyond the point to the east, remain perfectly quiet till they are ashore, and have left their boats. Then collect the largest force you can, and cut off their retreat, if they escape towards the sea. But be care-

ful that all is done with as little noise and confusion as possible."

"He'll not be able to see them from the light-house," said the messenger. "By this time it's as thick as chowder."

"Never you mind," replied Herring, "I'll find a way to see them, depend upon it;" and away he went, never questioning Charles Selden's authority to command him, and determined to perform well the duty assigned him, although he was not apparently altogether satisfied with so subordinate a part.

The messenger was immediately sent to direct the four men who were to accompany the young physician, to meet him in fifteen minutes at a point a little beyond the limits of the town; and Charles Selden, arming himself with a brace of loaded pistols, and a stout stick, or rather club, drew a great-coat over all, and hurried away to the only place in the town where carriages were to be procured. He slackened his pace after a little time, indeed, not to draw attention to himself, although hurry might be reasonably excused in a physician.

At the stables he ordered a pair of horses to be harnessed to a four-seated vehicle standing near, which was provided with leathern curtains, destined to serve in his case as protection against curiosity instead of the weather. Declining the services of a driver, he mounted the box himself and drove off in the direction of the place of rendezvous.

He was the first on the ground, however. The messenger had not found the men together. They had to be sought for, each at his own particular place of business; for none of them confined themselves exclusively to the service

of the State; and when they had been successively summoned, it required no little time for each to prepare and arm himself, although they had been directed to be ready at a moment's warning.

In this way an hour was lost before the whole party had assembled at the place of meeting, and Charles Selden, cool and collected as he usually was, had grown exceedingly impatient, and even nervous, before the last of the men came up. Then, however, all was alacrity: the carriage received its burden: one of the officers took the reins after Charles had given his directions, and all five started together on the way towards the old house. There was but little conversation on the road, though in few words Charles explained to his companions as much of his plan as he thought necessary. But the way was long, the road rough and difficult, and, in the darkness, the time seemed interminable before they reached an old deserted barn which had been attached to a farm-house, burned about a year and a half before, whence their journey was to be continued on foot. It stood on the left of the road, just on the western brow of some hilly ground which intervened between the highway and Adrian's house; and here the carriage was driven directly into the barn, and the horses taken out and secured.

Rapidly but quietly, the little band traversed the hills and descended into the valley where the old house stood. The fog was not so thick here as in the town; but it was sufficient to afford some concealment; and one by one the men glided unperceived into the grass-grown court at the back of the building, where they stopped for a moment to reconnoitre. There was no light to be seen, excepting a faint gleam from the kitchen window. They listened, but there was no sound; all was silent in that dull chilly night.

The leader of the party determined to omit no precaution, however; and directing his companions, in a whisper, to take off their shoes, and follow him in a moment, he opened the door, and entered the kitchen as noiselessly as possible.

A lighted lantern was burning dimly on the table, and old Palham, the gardener, was faintly seen, in the partial obscurity, seated in a distant corner, dozing in a chair. He woke up instantly, however, saying, with the fumes of sleep still in his head, "All right, my mates. He's been in bed this half hour."

The next instant he turned deadly pale as he beheld Charles, and he faltered forth, "Ah Mr. Selden! is that you?"

The young physician walked rapidly but quietly up to him, laid his hand upon his collar, and put a cocked pistol to his head.

"Not a word," he said, in a low tone, "or you are a dead man!"

By this time the four officers were in the room; and Palham, trembling like an aspen leaf, did the wisest thing possible in the circumstances and remained profoundly silent.

"I know all," said Charles, "so place yourself between two of these constables—one before, and the other after—and follow me up the little staircase to the great corridor, on the second floor."

The man looked towards the lantern; but Charles nodded to him, with a significant smile, saying, "We shall not need it—I am provided. We will leave that for the friends you expected. Take off his shoes."

While the officers were employed as he directed, Charles

drew a dark lantern from his pocket, lighted it at that which stood on the table, and led the way up the kitchen staircase, with a perfect knowledge of all the turnings and windings of the house.

All was clear and silent; but each man carried a pistol in his hand, although Charles Selden had gathered from the gardener's first exclamation, that, according to his wish, he had arrived before the pirates. When they had reached the corridor above, he opened the door of one of the rooms in which he had slept, and pushed Palham in, saying, "There!—stay you there. I know that there is no other door, so if you want to escape you must jump out of the window—and I fancy that you value your precious neck too much for that. Here there is luckily both a lock and a key."

Having made the door fast, he led the way, in the same quiet manner, nearly to the end of the corridor, where, in front, there was a large window looking upon the trees before the house, and on the right hand, a stout upright or post of oak, near which the young gentleman stopped. Thrusting his fingers into a crack behind the post, he suddenly pulled back a door, turning the light of his lantern into the room, not yet quite assured that there might not be persons concealed there.

But the chamber was vacant of any living thing; and all that it now presented to the eye, at the first glance, was a quantity of old and damaged furniture, broken chairs and tables, a long-silent spinning wheel, and the cradle of a child, who had probably long before grown up to manhood, or passed into the quiet grave.

A tallow candle, however, now extinguished, but which had burned low in the socket of a brass candlestick,

seemed to show that somebody had been there lately—certainly since Charles had last visited the room. A new doubt sprang up in his mind notwithstanding the half-sleeping words of old Palham ; and walking to the fire-place, he drew back the board ; but the two iron-bound chests were still there, precisely as he had left them. He then put the board up in its place again, and proceeded to station his men on the right and left of the door, concealing them as well as he could behind the various pieces of old furniture with which the room abounded.

A silent pause succeeded, during which, it were vain to tell the reader, there were no beating hearts within that chamber, brave as was every man there present.

## CHAPTER XXV.

*Queen.* What, must we part already ?

*Ulysses.* For a moment,

Like waves divided by the gliding bark,  
That meet again, and mingle as before.

Rowe. "*Ulysses*."

It was about half-past eleven o'clock at night, and Adrian Brewerton was in bed, but not asleep ; for sleep had become very strange to him ; and yet he had retired to rest earlier for some weeks than usual. It was not from lassitude of body ; for he was strong and vigorous as ever. It was not from lassitude of mind ; for thought was protracted for many hours after he laid his head upon the pillow. It was rather that he might think more profoundly. Before night actually came, he was tired of the light : the objects around him seemed to distract his attention from those subjects on which he desired to fix it : he wished to shut out all things but the image of Ella.

He lay there, in deep meditation, with his arm under his head, and a flint and steel by the bed-side, with which, when reflection became too painful, as was sometimes the case, he would strike a light, and try to read himself to sleep.

That night was an exceedingly quiet one: the heavy fog seemed to have stilled all sounds—even the insect voices, so garrulous during the darkness in America, were hushed. No wind even whispered through the branches of the trees; and the heavy fall of the waves upon the beach, often heard when a gale was blowing, was silent now.

Suddenly, Adrian thought he heard a slight noise coming from the eastern side of the house, but not within it; a noise as if quick but cautious foot-falls were passing into the garden. Then again all was still near the house, but from a considerable distance on the other side, towards the high road, and in the direction of the bye-way, which afforded the only means of communication for cart or wagon with the town, came a sound as if of rolling wheels, to which Adrian, with his attention now roused, listened for a moment or two.

"It must be on the high road," he thought. "In still nights like this one hears an immense distance."

He was turning to other thoughts again, when the nearer noises were renewed. They seemed now actually in the house—footsteps, and even a murmur, as if of voices.

Adrian started up: "I will put an end to this," he said; and striking a light, he partly dressed himself, listening from time to time. For a few moments he heard the footsteps distinctly, apparently walking directly overhead. But the murmur of voices had ceased. In a moment more, all was quiet again; but Adrian approached a bureau, and took out a brace of pistols, which he had lately bought, loaded them carefully, and tying a silk handkerchief round his waist, thrust them into it as a sort of belt.

"Those who have gone up must come down," he said to himself; "and this time they shall not escape." He

then took up the light, issued forth from his room, and descended the great staircase.

Not far from the bottom were the doors of the two large rooms which we have often mentioned, and at the side of the stairs, the passage leading away towards the kitchen. Adrian hesitated at the foot of the steps which way he should turn; but saying to himself, "We will have lights enough," he entered the panelled room where he had been sitting before he went to bed, and was lighting the two extinguished candles upon the table, when suddenly there was a louder and more distinct noise than before coming from the back part of the premises.

"They have escaped me!" he thought; but then came the noise of foot-falls mounting some steps, apparently so near, that Adrian fancied they must be upon the great staircase and looked out. All was vacant and still there, however; but the sound of steps ascending continued for a moment or two longer, and was then heard above. There seemed to be no great desire of concealment, either. The tread was heavy, and there were evidently several persons walking deliberately along.

"A fresh party!" said Adrian. "Their numbers make them impudent. They have the odds; but never mind!"

He paused for an instant in thought. But nothing had yet been heard of Ella: there was that sort of despairing feeling about his heart, which long uncertainty and the daily decay of hopes always generate. Life seemed to have lost its value. He cared not what became of him; and taking a light in one hand, with a pistol in the other, he walked straight on towards the kitchen.

As he approached, all was still; and he laid out his little scheme in his mind, to attack the men as they came

down the narrow staircase, thinking that his pistols would do for two, and that he should find some weapon, a cleaver, or a large knife, with which he might deal with the remainder.

Nevertheless, not to be without some precaution, he approached the kitchen door very quietly, and as it was ajar, saw that there was a light within. He pushed it gently open ; but it creaked vilely, and Adrian had just time to perceive a man standing in the kitchen, close to the foot of the stairs, in a listening attitude, when the stranger turned round, and he beheld the features of Sparhawk.

Without a moment's hesitation—without consideration, doubt, or pity—but as instinctively as if he had seen a tiger in his path, Adrian levelled his pistol, and fired. But the ball did not take full effect. It cut the pirate's cheek to the bone, and ran along the temple, but did no farther injury ; and in an instant Sparhawk sprang upon his adversary with the leap of a tiger.

Adrian dropped the candle, and strove to reach the other pistol ; but the powerful grasp of the pirate, upon his throat and right arm, frustrated all his efforts ; and he too clutched his antagonist in a fierce and deathly struggle. At the same time, there were loud sounds above, shouting voices, and pistol shots ; and Sparhawk, with a fearful oath, muttered even while he tugged with his opponent, "I am betrayed ! but I'll sell life dearly !"

Adrian was powerful, far taller than his adversary, and in boyhood practised in wrestling ; but Sparhawk's compact strength was tremendous ; and, nearly matched in advantages, the conflict was very equal. For several minutes they reeled, they struggled, they swayed to and fro, with their

fierce and ghastly faces glaring into each other by the dim light of the lantern still burning on the table. Now they tried to reach their pistols ; now each strove to throw the other down ; now the fingers pressed tighter on the throat in their grasp ; and all the while, Adrian felt the warm blood flowing from his enemy's face, and trickling on his hand.

There was a sound of running feet above : there was the rush of carriage wheels without : there was a loud knocking at the front door ; but neither Adrian nor Sparhawk paid any heed. Life and death, vengeance and hate, were upon the cast of that moment ; and still they struggled on desperately ; each frustrating the other's efforts, and each nearly a match for his enemy, though Adrian thought, with a feeling of fierce triumph, that he felt Sparhawk's vigor somewhat failing.

It was so ; the blood from the artery in the temple was pouring out too copiously to be without effect. Instead of driving Adrian back, he was driven back in turn—struck violently against a fixed dresser—his head dashed against the wall.

Suddenly the scene changed. There was bustle and confusion on all sides. Neither withdrew his eager eyes from the other's face ; but both became conscious that there were witnesses present ; and a woman's piercing shriek rang through the room.

"Now," cried Adrian, "now !" as he found a momentary advantage ; and loosing his grasp from his enemy's throat, he flung his arms round him in an instant, lifted him from the floor, and with a tremendous effort cast him headlong into the wide open fire-place.



A tremulous scream like that of a wounded vulture—a deep groan—and Sparhawk lay motionless where he had fallen.

"My husband! my husband!" cried a sweet, clear voice; and Ella's arms were round Adrian's neck.

For an instant he glared round in silence, upon her, upon Ruth, upon the old negress, Kitty, upon a tall old man, who stood with his arms folded upon his chest, behind him. The fierceness of the strife was still upon him, struggling with love and tenderness; and all he could say was, "Ella—my Ella!"

But there were feet hurrying down the kitchen stairs; and in another moment Charles Selden ran in the room, with one of the officers behind him, each bearing about him evident signs of recent conflict.

"Have you some linen? have you some linen?" cried Charles Selden; and then, pausing suddenly, he exclaimed, "Good God!—What is all this?—Adrian—Ella—who is that lying there?"

"The murderer," replied Adrian. "I have avenged my friend."

"Well, we have got the rest of them," cried Charles; "one of them dead, three of them living. But have you got some linen? One of our men is hurt.—Here, take this," he continued, snatching up a napkin that lay on the shelf, and handing it to the officer. "Bind it tight round the arm below the wound. I will be up directly; but first let me look at this fellow; and approaching Sparhawk, he gazed for a moment at him as he lay perfectly motionless, and then turned him over on his face. He seemed to need no more than one glance at the back of his head. "A tolerable blow," he said; "that will do! No need of taking any

further care of him. Adrian, Adrian, take your wife away.—But are you hurt yourself?"

"No, no," replied Adrian, "nearly choked, but not hurt;" and without more words, he led his pale and beautiful Ella, with his arm thrown tenderly round her waist, to the dark panelled chamber where the calm lights were burning quietly just as he had left them.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

"Turn not thine eyes upon the backward view:  
Let us look forward into sunny days." COLERIDGE.

It is needless to trouble the reader with any further explanation of the events which had lately occurred. A very slight effort of the imagination will supply all deficiencies. One onward glance, and we have done.

It was about half an hour after the death of Sparhawk, and Adrian and Ella were seated together, somewhat recovered from the confusion of feeling and thought into which recent events had thrown them. Charles Selden was also in the room. Ella had wept a good deal; but she was now calm, and was giving a brief explanation to her husband of her sudden return at that hour of the night. She had told him only, that strange events had befallen her in Charleston, which she would relate afterwards, that she had never received any of the letters he had sent to her, and that during the last ten days she had been travelling incessantly.

"I would not delay a single moment, Adrian," she said, rising, putting her arms round her husband's neck, and leaning her head upon his bosom. "I would not delay a single moment, after my love to you, and my duty to you were reconciled, dearest. They are reconciled now, Adrian; for, by a strange discovery, I find that Adrian will have no longer occasion to feel a moment's pain on account of his Ella's birth. I only value the blood to which I now find I belong because it renders me more your equal, more fitted to be your wife—"

"Not a word—not a word on that score, my Ella!" cried Adrian, pressing her fondly to his heart. "All prejudices are gone, my love; all clouds are swept away from my mind. No accidental circumstance can add to, or take away from, the joy of calling you mine. Nay more,—I call God to witness, that I would rather have my Ella as the fisherman's daughter, than the child of a peer or a prince."

There was something inexpressibly sweet to Ella in that assurance; but still the story of her birth had to be told, and though it is but doing justice to Adrian to say, that it was now no relief to him—for, like many new converts, he had an enthusiasm in his new opinions—yet his sincere friend Charles Selden rejoiced, saying to himself, "There can never be even a passing shadow upon their happiness on this score any more, should he even waver in his faith. On this point, at least, the clouds of the mind have passed away for ever.—May it be so with all of them!"

We see no reason why a tale should not end like a drama, with the principal characters all grouped together, and the after fate of those in whom we are interested, left to such probabilities as imagination can discover or create.

Who can doubt that Adrian and Ella were happy ?

Who can doubt that Charles Selden remained their firm and well-loved friend, or that, when he married a prim little New England wife—as unlike himself as all the infinite varieties of human nature would permit—she became attached to those to whom he was attached, felt half afraid of high and mystical Adrian Brewerton, and looked up to Ella with a degree of veneration which New-Englanders do not often feel for any thing ?

Who can doubt that when Mrs. Ashmore joined her two young cousins she found in them much to admire and love, much comfort in the present, much consolation for the past ?

Who can doubt that Mr. Volney withered in a joyless old age, with the finger of scorn and abhorrence pointed at him, the blight of shame upon his name, and the cancer-worm of disappointed villany in his heart ?

Who can doubt that Ben Herring always met Adrian's readily extended hand with a cordial grasp ; or that Simon the half-breed, found a peaceful nook by the side of a cheerful fire, and gazed with his great thoughtful and inquiring eyes upon the countenance of Davie the fool, looking upon him almost with as much reverence as a Mahomedan would have done.

Who can doubt any of these things, or a great many others ? Nobody ; and therefore we shall not enter into any further explanation on the subject ; and only say that, from that hour forward, all clouds were wafted away from Adrian's mind by the storm of passions and events which had assailed him. The sunshine of a strong faith, and a calm, reasoning trust succeeded, illuminating the world,

and showing him realities which had long lain hidden in darkness.

May it be so with all whose sky is obscured with mists and vapors likewise.

THE END.

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