

# LILY HUSON;

OR,

EARLY STRUGGLES 'MIDST CONTINUAL HOPE.

A TALE OF HUMBLE LIFE.

JOTTED DOWN FROM THE PAGES OF LILY'S DIARY

Julia A. Mathews

BY ALICE GRAY. *pseud.*

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## AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

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A PREFACE is a natural appendage to a book. In the present one the Author has but little to say. She presents to the kind consideration of the public, a simple volume of facts, unadorned, detailing the trials and troubles of one who has suffered, in youth, through a continuation of unfortunate circumstances, more evils than usually fall to the share of suffering humanity.

There is more true pathos in actual life, than is to be found in all the realms of fiction. We trust that the public will look with a lenient spirit upon the many little faults that must naturally be found in every human attempt; and with these few remarks, we venture timidly, yet with a gentle trust in the sympathy of our readers, to launch our book into the world.

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# LILY HUSON.

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## CHAPTER I.

THERE was great commotion in the little town of C——, in Western New York, one fine morning in the year 1826. Perhaps we had better have said there was great commotion in one house in the aforesaid little town; but as in all small communities that which interests one family, interests in a greater or lesser degree every inhabitant thereof, we will let our exordium stand as it is.

This commotion, or excitement, or whatever it may be termed, was, after all, caused by a very commonplace incident, being nothing more than the advent into the world of a baby—a little blue-eyed, golden-haired creature, born, like all other babies, to bear its share of the cares and troubles, and to share its portion of the few pleasures and the brief glimpses of happiness accorded to the denizens of this sublunary sphere. The baby was already destined to be called "Lily," why, we cannot say; but Lily being a very pretty name for a girl, so emblematical, as it is, of all that is lovely, pure, and estimable in womanhood, we, for our part, are quite satisfied with the appellation.

Very numerous were the visitors at the abode of Lily's parents on this fine May morning, and lively were the expressions of congratulation from all; some sincere, let us hope—some,

perhaps, merely complimentary. But it is to be expected that it is in the house where this momentous matter has occurred, that the sincerest pleasure would prevail; for, no matter whether it be easy or difficult to provide food for the mouths or clothing for the backs of the olive-branches, who already congregate around the hearth, to the parents, generally speaking, the advent of another little burden in the shape of a living baby, is a source of pleasure and congratulation. We are sorry to say, however, that such was not the case in the present instance. To be sure the eldest sister, Caroline, or Carry, as she was commonly called, manifested great delight and satisfaction at the advent of the little stranger, albeit though she promised to increase her present toils, for to Carry's lot it would fall to nurse and take charge of this latest addition to the family; but, strange to say, the parents of the new-born infant, although, as far as outward appearances went, they maintained a show of satisfaction, in reality experienced no joy upon the occasion. What was the cause of this unnatural, not to say unfeeling conduct, on the part of the parents, it will fall to our duty, as faithful chroniclers of events, to state.

Mrs. Huson, the mother of Lily, was a native of the State of New Jersey, born of respectable parentage, and the youngest daughter of a large family of children. She was naturally of an irritable disposition, and, in consequence of her being the youngest—the pet and spoilt child of the family, this fault in her disposition did not meet with the necessary, salutary restraint; the result was, that as she grew older, a trait which might, by proper management, have been, if not utterly eradicated, at least brought under proper and healthy control, grew with her growth, and strengthened with her strength, until it became a prominent and irremediable defect in her disposition.

When she had arrived at the age of nineteen, her father died, and upon her mother and herself, the other members of the family being married, or engaged in business pursuits, devolved the management of the estate. Thus matters remained for

three years, at the expiration of which period, one of her brothers, thinking that it would be more satisfactory if the estate were sold and the property divided, with the consent of the other branches of the family this was resolved upon; and this brother being a married man, it was further arranged that his mother, with his youngest and only unmarried sister, should reside with him.

This gentleman, whose name was Nelson, resided in the western part of the State of New York, where he successfully carried on a mercantile business. He had in his employ a young man who officiated as his clerk, between whom and his employer's sister an intimacy soon sprung up, which was disapproved of by the family, chiefly because the young man was of poor parentage. However, Mary—that was the name of the young girl—only became more infatuated with the youth, the more opposition she met with. Huson, the clerk, had previously to this asked Mary Nelson's hand in marriage, but he had met with no positive encouragement. Now, however, perhaps more to annoy her friends than from any very ardent affection she bore the youth, she accepted the proposition, and against the will of the family became his wife. Had there been less opposition manifested by her friends, her better judgment might have told her that she and her lover were unsuited in temper and disposition to each other, and thus she might have been preserved from many years of future unhappiness.

For the space of a year after their marriage, the young couple lived very comfortably together, seemingly happy in each other's society, and at the end of this period Caroline, the eldest daughter, was born. But the innocent babe failed to inspire in the hearts of the parents that joy which is generally experienced on the birth of the first-born, when the parents are fondly attached to each other. The demon of jealousy had unhappily taken possession of the mother's breast, whether with or without cause, we will not take it upon ourselves to say; but it is much to be feared that Mrs. Huson did not

strive as a wife and a mother ought to do, to render home happy and agreeable to her husband. Mr. Huson was a man of delicate constitution, and of a gentle and confiding disposition; generous he was, to a fault; oftentimes, it is to be feared, to the injury of his family, who had more immediate claims upon him; but had his wife striven to restrain this inclination towards prodigality, and to attach him more fondly to his home, there is every reason to believe that he would have proved himself a loving husband and a kind and indulgent parent, although he would never have succeeded in becoming a rich man in a worldly point of view. This, however, was what the wife most desired to see her husband. In person, as well as in disposition, she was the very opposite to him, being robust in frame, healthy in constitution, and energetic and ambitious to an extent rarely met with in woman. With this spirit of ambition she sought, but sought vainly, to inspire her husband.

It would be false to say that Mr. and Mrs. Huson had no affection for their children or for each other; but their incompatibility of temper allowed of no outward exhibition of fondness, and from the period of the birth of the eldest daughter, until the birth of the third child, which was a boy, the parents lived very unhappily together.

At this period, Mr. Huson embarked into business for himself, and, almost a natural consequence in such cases, in a man of his inert disposition, he became involved in debts, and to escape the consequences, he fled into Canada.

After some time had elapsed, and arrangements satisfactory to his creditors had been made, he returned to his wife and family, and went again into the employment of his brother-in-law. In this situation he remained two years, and then, forgetting the vows he had pledged at the altar that death alone should part him from her whom he promised to protect and cherish, he quitted his wife and family, and left them to struggle through the world without his counsel or support.

This sad event occurred on a bright Sabbath morning, seven

years after his marriage. He quitted home under the pretence of going to attend a camp-meeting which was to be held in the country about five miles from his place of residence, and returned no more. On this fatal morning, after partaking of an early breakfast, he took the little boy, his favorite child, upon his knee and kissed him; then setting him down, he cast a lingering parting glance at his little girls, as they lay sweetly sleeping on the bed, and then bidding his wife farewell, he hurried from the house.

Let us digress for a few moments to relate how this separation came about.

About two weeks before this event occurred, two gentlemen might have been seen in earnest conversation at the corner of one of the principal streets of the little town. One was a tall, slender man, of melancholy aspect, of about thirty years of age. This was Huson, who had just left the store of his brother-in-law, which was closed for the night, and was on his way to his unhappy home. The other was a stout man of cheerful countenance, and of a generally lively appearance; his name was Jacob Nelson, and he was employed in the same store with Huson. Jacob Nelson was the nephew of his employer, and consequently, the nephew also of Huson's wife. They were deeply engaged in conversation.

"Jacob," said Huson, after a pause in the conversation, during which pause he had stood absorbed in thought; "Jacob, I am weary of life; I know not what to do, I am so unhappy in my family affairs. I almost believe it to be my duty, a duty I owe to my family as well as to myself, to leave them. It seems to me that my presence renders my wife unhappy, and she and my children will be better cared for by their relatives when I am gone. It will be best for us all. What think you, Jacob? Give me your opinion. Say, am I right in the view I have taken of the case?"

Again a thoughtful silence ensued, and the usually merry countenance of Jacob assumed a sad expression. At length

the silence which began to grow painful was broken by Jacob, who answered—

“Uncle James, I know not what to think—what to advise; indeed, I dare not counsel you in such circumstances. It would be a fearful, an awful step to take. Yet, I will confess, *I* could not live with Aunt Mary; therefore I shall not lay a straw in the way to prevent you following the course which your words and looks assure me you have already determined upon.”

“Jacob,” replied Huson, “your aunt is a good woman in every respect but one—her temper is ungovernable; it has destroyed *my* peace and her own happiness. I, too, have my faults; who has not? But these faults she cannot bear with. We irritate each other beyond endurance. We *must* part—yes—part for *ever*. You, Jacob—you will not betray my confidence?”

“No, uncle, never.”

“Good-night, my dear young friend; may you never experience the sorrow that has fallen to my lot. You have been recently married; may you be happy in the married state—which I have never been—never can be.”

“Good-night, uncle,” replied Jacob, and they parted.

From that moment the mind of James Huson was made up, and he immediately commenced preparations for his departure; he was now fully determined upon taking the terrible step he had long contemplated.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Huson had no suspicion when her husband set out, that he had any other object in view than the visit he had spoken of—to the camp-meeting, and it was only when the period that he should have returned arrived, and passed, without his having made his appearance, that she grew anxious.

Very soon rumors got afloat that James Huson had left his wife and family, and as a necessary consequence this rumor occasioned a great deal of gossip amongst all who were acquainted with the family, and a good many busybodies who were not,

but who could not allow such a charming subject for gossip and scandal to escape their notice.

In the course of a few days, a letter addressed to her husband, from a friend, was received by Mrs. Huson, who, of course, in his unaccountable absence, opened it, in the reasonable hope that it might furnish some clue with regard to his actions.

The letter, however, was merely an invitation to her husband to go to ———, implying that he would do well in his business in that place. Hoping that her husband might have gone on a visit to this friend, Mrs. Huson resolved to visit the city herself, taking with her her two eldest children, calling on her way at the house of her husband's father, in order to satisfy herself whether the old gentleman was cognizant or not of his son's movements. She learnt that he had not been there, and leaving the children with her father-in-law, the forsaken wife proceeded to ———, and there found, to her grief and disappointment, that Mr. Huson, in company with the friend already alluded to, had left ——— for New York, only the day before her arrival. Heart-broken and despairing, she returned to the house of her father-in-law, and to her now, alas! worse than fatherless children. Before she left the residence of old Mr. Huson for her own deserted home, a letter was taken from the post-office, by a younger brother of her husband, addressed to his father, which letter, the young man, fearing that if Mr. Huson read it, it might prejudice his mind against the poor, forsaken wife, read to his sister-in-law, and then burned, only reserving some papers which were enclosed within it, and which the fugitive had addressed to his mother. In this letter James Huson complained bitterly to his father of his forsaken wife, and stated that he had left home for parts unknown—and forever.

For three weeks the unhappy wife stayed at her father-in-law's house, in the hope that she might yet hear something more definite respecting her husband; but she waited in vain. She then returned with her children to ———, and never from that period did she hear directly to herself anything of her husband.

## CHAPTER II.

SISTER CARRY'S DEPARTURE FROM HER HOME, AND UNEXPECTED  
YET WELCOME RETURN.

THE reader must imagine a lapse of three years to have taken place since the occurrence of the events related in the foregoing chapter.

The wind is howling mournfully amid the leafless trees, and the sleet is beating against the windows of a lonely dwelling-house, from one of the windows of which, late as is the hour, and dismal as is the night, the feeble rays of a solitary candle are still faintly streaming. It is the same house to which our readers were first introduced, the same roof that gave shelter on the night of her birth to the heroine of our tale. Let us take a peep within, and see who are the inmates of the dwelling now, and why this pale light is gleaming at this unseemly hour. We will first, however, mention, that the house is one of small dimensions, with a small shed or outhouse attached. It is situated back from the road, and has a small garden in front. The interior of the house consists of one large room, used as a sitting-room, and two smaller sleeping-rooms. These are on the first floor, and there are two small chambers above. The floors are uncarpeted, and the furniture is but scant; but a bright fire is blazing in an old-fashioned hearth, and near the fire is a table with a lighted lamp resting upon it, and various articles of female industry lying around it; by the table is seated a female just in the prime of life, busily plying her needle; but she looks care-worn and weary; here and there silver threads

are mingled with her dark hair, and her black eyes, which give evidence of having sparkled with fire and brilliance in youth, are dim and dull with sorrow—perhaps with tears; her features, although her form gives token that she once was full and well formed, have lost their roundness, and the rose that once blushed beneath her olive skin has fled. Her figure is wasted by grief and care, robust as once it was—for this woman, toiling at this late hour, in the lonely dwelling, is the deserted wife of James Huson. She is a mother, and she knows and feels that her children's support depends upon her exertions. She is toiling whilst others sleep, for the sake of her babes. In silence she throws down her work, for a sudden start betrays that some sound has caught her ears. It is a moan, as of one in suffering. She rises from her seat, and enters one of the smaller rooms. There, in bed, lies Mary Huson's mother, and her sleep is disturbed by the troubles, and aches, and pains of old age and infirmity. She gently soothes the old lady, who sleeps again, and then she replaces the covering upon her boy, who is sleeping with grandma, and has displaced the counterpane in his sleep.

The mother returns to the sitting-room, and lays aside her work, and then taking the lamp with her, she enters the second sleeping-room, and lays herself down on the couch on which her two little girls are sleeping. She sleeps, but her sleep is broken by troubled dreams, the sure accompaniments of a weary frame and an aching heart. At length she rests more quietly, nor wakes again until morning has dawned—the morning of an eventful day, as it turns out to be, to this little family.

A niece of Mrs. Huson's came this day to visit her from a distance, and when she was about to leave, she proposed to take little Carry, the eldest daughter, with her.

"How can I part with my child?" thought the mother. "Yet it may be better for her that she should leave me." And her niece having promised to be kind to the little girl, and to send her home again to her mother, should she pine for her, the forsaken wife gave consent.

The little preparations were soon made, and Carry left for her new home.

A child at any period unexpectedly quitting a household, leaves a void that it is difficult to fill; how much more difficult, then, is it to fill that void when the child is the oldest hope and comfort of a worse than widowed parent? But the Almighty Being, who had laid the hand of affliction so heavily upon Mary Huson's head, had sanctified that affliction to her. In her trouble she had learnt to look to Him for help, who has promised to be a husband to the widow, a father to the fatherless, and a very present help in time of trouble. She has been chastened, and has been benefited by the chastening rod. She has been brought to acknowledge her short-comings, to look towards Heaven, as her desired haven, after the perils and difficulties constantly met with in the voyage of life. She has learned to look up to God, through Christ, her mediator and her best friend.

Yet Carry was sadly missed in that little household. The mother often sighed to clasp her child in her embrace again; her grandmother missed her, more than she would have thought possible, had she not been tried. Her sister Lily and her brother "baby," as he was still affectionately called, continually asked for the sister they loved so dearly, and who had so much contributed to their happiness, and would say in childish accents:

"Mother, why don't they bring back our sister? What made you let her go, mother? We loved her, and we want her always to live with us."

But time passed away, and though they could never forget her, the inmates of that little dwelling grew, outwardly at least, more reconciled to the absence of Carry.

Lily grew up a promising child, and was loved by all who knew her; not only loved by her friends and neighbors, but by her teachers likewise; and yet she was a mischievous little creature, full of life and spirit. She was ever making sport

and annoying those who sat near her, and often was she threatened with punishment by the schoolmaster, but strange to say, when school was over, the master and this naughty girl were generally seen hand in hand, on their way home, seemingly very happy and very friendly together. He did sometimes punish her, it is true, but he punished her with a kindness that caused her to love him, and she was as tenderly attached to her sister and brother as she was loved by them, and, as we have said, all who knew her, even to the brute pets of the household.

More than a year had passed since Carry's departure from home, and during that long period, the family had only once heard from her; but at the close of a lovely spring day, as Lily was returning from school, she espied a smiling face peeping from her grandmother's bed-room window. It was Carry.

"My sister!" exclaimed both girls in a breath, and in another moment they were clasped in each other's embrace and bathed in tears of joy.

It was a happy family party that evening, for Carry took her seat by the fire again, and related all that had befallen her during her absence; but we will let the little girl, of but ten years old, relate the story in her own simple language.

It was a happy family party that evening, we repeat, as the members composing it sat around the cheerful fire, in the room which served for parlor, dining-room, and kitchen. Grandma' is all tears and smiles, for her idol and pet has returned; the mother is cheerfully waiting to hear her child's story, and a happy smile is upon her lips, for she dreams not of the nature of the story she is about to listen to. Lily and "baby" are seated one on each side of their sister, her hands clasped in theirs, as though they feared she might again leave them. How smilingly they look up into the sweet face of this loved sister, who has been gone so long, and so far away—and who knows everything, who must have seen such wonders! How impatiently they wait for her to commence her story!

"It was night," commenced Carry, "when we got where



Polly lived," alluding to the period when she left her mother's home with her cousin; "and I was so cold and tired that I had to go to bed without my supper. Mamma, you don't know how I wanted to come home, but it was so far that I could not come; and besides, I thought I would stay, so that you should not have to work for me.

"Polly scolded me very much, and made me work very hard; but I learnt to knit socks, and I have been to school a little. At last I told Polly to write to you, and tell you I wanted to come home. She said you had written to say that I must stay, and be a good girl. I tried to be good, but Polly was so cross and wanted me to do so many things, that I could not please her. The other day she left me to churn, and told me if I did not have the butter ready against she came home, she would whip me. I churned all the afternoon, but I could get no butter; so when her girls came from school, I told them I was going home. I put up my clothes and left. Harriet and Martha cried after me, and told me they would tell their mother. I told them I could not help it, I was going to see my sister and brother (giving her little auditors a sweet look). I walked to ——— that night; oh, it was a long way for me to walk, six whole miles. It was dark when I got there, and I dared not go into a house, for fear some person would come to take me back; so I went into a wood-yard, and I laid my bundle of clothes between two piles of boards for a pillow, and wrapped my shawl about me, and lay down to sleep. As soon as it was light in the morning, I got up and started on my way towards home. I had not got far when two men overtook me, and asked me where I was going. I told them, and one of them took my bundle to carry for me, and the other took my hand and said, 'Poor child! it's a long way for one so young to walk.' They came with me as far as ———, and there they stopped at a tavern. I told the lady of the house where I wished to go, and she said she would try and find out if some person was not going there who would let me ride, and told

me to stay with her until she found some one. She gave me something to eat, and I worked for her. She offered me six shillings if I would stay with her; but, mamma, I wanted to come home, so I told her if you would let me come back, I would. I stayed with her till to-day, when those people who brought me home came. I asked them to let me ride to ———, and my mother would pay them, for she lived there, and they said I might ride. And after dinner we started, and I *am* home once more."

"I am happy, too, that you have returned, my darling child," said Mrs. Huson. "Is this then the kindness that they promised to treat you with? Telling you when you wished to return that your mother said 'no.' You have walked, poor child, the distance of eighteen miles, and been left to the charity of strangers to bring you the other thirty-two. Poor dear child! but you are once more under your mother's roof, and I hope we shall never part again. I would gladly have paid those kind strangers, but they refused to accept payment. They said you were a good child, and no trouble to them. Heaven will reward them, and I trust my little girl will always be very good, and deserve the love and the good name of her friends." And the grateful mother knelt with her little family around her and prayed:—

"O God, thou who hath promised to temper the wind to the shorn lamb, and who doth direct and govern all things by thy wisdom and goodness, to thee we come with hearts filled with love and gratitude for all thy blessings.

"Thou hast returned unto me my long absent, and first-born child; thou hast conducted her tiny feet to her mother's roof once more, and now I would dedicate her, with all I have, to thee and to thy service.

"Make us all thou wouldst have us to be, that we may glorify thee in our good works. Bless those who assisted my child back to her mother's care, and may those with whom she has lived, henceforward be taught by thee to deal more kindly

with the unfortunate; and oh, may I, through thy grace and goodness, be enabled henceforward to keep the children thou hast given me under my own roof and my own watchful care. Thou knowest all that we stand in need of. Bless us according to our necessities. To thee we would commend all whom we are in duty bound to pray for, and at the last may we all assemble and meet together in thy kingdom of Love, never again to part. These favors we ask through thy dear Son. Amen."

### CHAPTER III.

CARRY AND LILY DESCRIBED—A FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION—THE SICKNESS AND DEATH OF CARRY—DISTRESS OF THE FAMILY.

ANOTHER fleeting twelvemonth has elapsed, and again we recommence our story. It is the morning of the Fourth of July—the glorious day on which we commemorate the anniversary of our national independence.

The day has dawned in brightness and splendor. Nature at this season of the year wears her richest garb, and a warm summer sun is gilding hill and valley with his dazzling morning rays.

On this day there is to be a "celebration" in the patriotic town of ———; the streets even at this early hour are thronged with people. Children are gathered here and there in groups, with firecrackers and other toys, suitable to the occasion; but all is not pleasant to the sight, even on this day of general rejoicing, and in this usually quiet little town, for in the gutter of the main street lies a creature in the human form, one who should lay claim to the name of man, debased, brutalized by alcohol. Around him stand a group of mischievous boys, throwing their crackers at him, whilst volleys of oaths and groans burst from the lips of the miserable wretch, only serving to cause mockery and to create laughter from the idle boys. Oh man! thou who art but a little lower than the angels in heaven, thus to abuse thyself and debase the form that God has created in his own image.



Turn we from this horrible sight, and let us elsewhere direct our gaze. Just issuing from a wicket gate fronting a small, but neat dwelling, may be seen two little girls plainly but tastefully attired. Lightly and gayly they trip over the gravel walks, as though their little feet had never been familiar with fatigue, or their hearts known to sorrow. Both are attired in white, and the low dresses and short sleeves disclose the purity and brilliancy of the white arms and shoulders. Although they are nearly of a size, one has the appearance of being a little older than the other. Her dark auburn hair streams over her alabaster neck and shoulders; and beneath a pair of dark arched eyebrows sparkle a pair of eyes black as sloes, from the glances of which hope and happiness are beaming. She looks a bud to blossom and bloom forever. The roses of health blush so gracefully beneath her pearly skin. Her form and features so round and full, and warm with life and youth, seem to bid defiance to sickness and the grave. But we have seen as fair and rosy buds just pushing forth into blossom, and while we have gazed with delight upon its beauty, it has drooped its head and withered and died.

The youngest sister, for the children are sisters, is of a different style of beauty. She is quite as tall as her sister, who is two years her senior. Her face is oval, and a profusion of golden locks float gracefully over her neck and shoulders. Her complexion blends sweetly the rose and the lily, and her laughing eyes are of the darkest azure, and beaming with love and joy. Comparison can scarcely be made between the beauty of these sisters; the beauty of the one attracted attention, while the soft winning ways and the gentle smile of the other won the heart.

They stop in front of a jewelry store. An old man, the proprietor of the store, is standing at the door. He is a short, thick-set man, between fifty and sixty years of age, with large gray eyes, and a smiling face. He appears to be very fond of the children, and has invited them into his store.

The reader will have anticipated that these are Mary Huson's children, but they may not be aware who the old storekeeper is. His name is Dilby—he is very wealthy, and he is a deacon of the church, and, by profession, at least, a member of the Church of Christ.

Should the lingering, ardent gaze he bestows upon these children, and the kindness of his tones towards them, be the dictates of a fatherly affection that he feels towards the worse than fatherless girls, God bless him; but should that gaze be the gaze of the fowler watching for his prey—those soft-spoken words be dictated by the cunning of the dissembler, to lure the innocent to evil; yes, should it be that this father and grandfather to children older than those whom his eyes, dim with age, can hardly discern—should he, we repeat, be seeking to entrap these children, as the cunning fowler would a *rara avis*, into his meshes—we will not say God curse him, but we will leave him to the avenger of innocence to meet his reward.

We shall see his character in its true light, be it good or be it bad, in the course of our narrative; for the present we will leave him, and follow the children, who are just ascending the steps which lead to their uncle Nelson's store.

Their uncle greets them with a merry "good-morning," and "is grandma' pretty smart?" a common question with him, and after a few remarks between the uncle and his nieces, and some conversation relative to the amusements and avocations of the day, the little girls leave him to hasten to the grove, where the people of the town, and the visitors on the occasion, are to congregate to listen to the oration in honor of the day.

The day passed away merrily, and towards evening, when the children returned home, Lily was quite elated by what she had seen—so much so as to disturb her mother, who had been ailing of late; but Carry, though so gay and happy in the morning, seemed tired and languid, and when in the morning the physician came to prescribe for the mother, he pronounced

the poor child to be seized with bilious fever, and she was compelled to keep her bed.

It was a dull time in the house. The mother and the eldest child sick together. The grandmother totters about as well as she is able, amidst her infirmities and alarm, and tries to wait upon the patients and to do the necessary work of the house, which had hitherto fallen to the lot of Carry, since her mother had fallen sick. Kind neighbors came in to assist the old lady in her numerous duties, but they could not ease her mind of the anxiety which oppressed her.

Still and calm laid the suffering child, showing no sign of impatience in the midst of her suffering, faintly smiling as though she wished to cheer the spirits of grandmother. No murmur was ever heard to pass her lips, and the hopes of her mother and grandmother and her numerous friends were raised with the belief that the patient, darling child would recover. But no, the dread fiat had gone forth, and the angel of death, wearing an aspect of light such as he ever wears when he waits upon the parting spirit of the young, the lovely, and the innocent, was hovering around her couch, even when the foreboding anticipations of her anxious friends were most lulled to rest. Was there no eye to pity, no arm to save? Must this lovely bud be reft from the parent stem? must that sweet face, that fair form, moulder into dust? Yes—so it has been decreed, and the decree applies to the young and lovely as well as to the aged. “Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.” Earth shall know thee no more; but an angel in heaven thou shalt bloom forever, fairer and more lovely than thou wert on earth. The blow seemed heavy, but it was dealt in mercy. Carry was too fair, too good, to live amidst the trials and temptations of this world, and her heavenly Father removed her to a better to dwell forever there with him and his angels, to know sorrow and pain and sickness no more. On the morning of the fourth of August, 1835, just one month from the day when we described her as going forth in all the bloom and hi-

larity of youth, to participate in the celebration, the spirit of Carry Huson took its flight from the mortal body and fled to the realms of bliss.

It is needless to dwell at length upon the scene that followed. The sick mother, as yet scarcely conscious of her loss, gazed vacantly at the little plain coffin, by the side of which stood Lily and her brother, weeping as though their little hearts would break. Poor things! they felt most bitterly, yet scarcely realized the idea that she, the sister they loved, almost idolized, had parted from them forever. Lily pressed repeated kisses upon the pale cold lips, and called upon her sister to awake, and sobbed and wept, and sobbed again, until her fair young face was swollen with weeping. And now the hour has arrived for the perishing body to be borne to its mother earth. It is the evening of the same day on which she died, for she is a poor child, and there is no delay to give time for weeping friends to come from a distance, and with mock solemnity to follow the remains to the grave. The pastor called and read a prayer, and the coffin is ready to be screwed down. It was then, when the cold clay was about to be borne forever from the mother's sight, and to be left to mingle with the damp earth, that the almost heart-broken mother feels the full weight of her anguish. One last, lingering look is bestowed upon the sweet features, lovely even in death. An exclamation of agony, “Oh my child!” bursts from her lips, and she is led away almost senseless.

And now the hearse moves slowly away from the dwelling, which shall never again be gladdened with Carry's presence, or enlivened by her song. The chief mourners are the grandmother and the sister and brother, and so the mournful cavalcade reaches the grave where the body is lain.

The sad ceremony is over; all have left the spot save Lily and her brother and the clergyman. The poor children are weeping over the tomb of her whose loss they can yet scarcely understand, and the good pastor remains to comfort them. At

length he succeeds, and leads them home to the house of mourning. The grandmother, Mrs. Nelson, has returned before them. She had been unable to accompany the remains of her grandchild the whole way to the graveyard, in consequence of her emotion, and its effect upon her aged frame, and had remained at the house of her son, to recover herself. Poor Mrs. Huson had lapsed into a state of unconsciousness. All that night she asked—"Why does not Carry come home?" The late sad occurrence seemed to have passed from her memory, and she fancied her daughter was absent; for Carry had, for some time past, been accustomed to work away from home during the day, only spending the whole of the Sabbath with her mother.

But she was recalled from her wanderings by the artless prattle of Lily, who asked:

"Mother, where has sister Carry gone? Why have they taken her away from us? Why does she not come and sing as she used to do? I loved to hear Carry sing, mother. She sang as sweetly as the birds amongst the trees in summer-time. Will she sing to us no more, mother?"

No, Lily, no more on this earth will the sweet tones of your sister's voice be heard.

"Never again those soft, sweet notes,  
Will burst upon thine ear,  
Like the singing of a joyous bird  
When the summer months are near;  
No more her song will rise at eve,  
So fairy-like and wild,  
As though it were a spirit sung,  
And not that gentle child."

## CHAPTER IV.

LILY GOES FROM HER MOTHER'S ROOF TO THE HOUSE AND FAMILY OF HER UNCLE—DEACON DILBY, A HYPOCRITICAL MEMBER OF THE CHURCH, A CHARACTER TOO OFTEN FOUND.

AFTER the death of her sister, Lily was taken by her uncle Nelson to reside in his family, but she was made, young as she was, to feel the bitterness of dependence. She was not allowed to play with her cousins or to sit in the parlor. Her daily employment was to assist the servants in such domestic drudgery as she was able to perform, and her abode was the kitchen, with the servants for her companions.

Perhaps this may have been owing to the jealousy of her aunt, in consequence of the beauty, and grace, and intelligence of her niece casting her own daughters into shade. Had Lily been a plainer child, perhaps the sin of poverty and dependence might have been partially overlooked. However, the poor child was soon released from this painful thralldom, having still learnt something by this painful teaching to one so young. She had improved in her acquaintance with domestic duties, although she had gained but little as regarded the cultivation of her mind, for while she was at her uncle's home, her school and her books had been neglected. The physician who attended the family had noticed the tractability of the child, and had been pleased with her neat and engaging appearance, and he asked Mrs. Huson whether she would allow her daughter to go home with him and assist his servant, promising her a pittance of five shillings a week. This proved to be a good situation

for the little girl of ten years old, who was already such an adept in the art and mystery of cookery as quite to astonish the worthy doctor and his wife.

In this situation she remained nearly twelve months, continuing to give increasing satisfaction to her kind friends and pleasure to the heart of her mother, who was proud, as all mothers are, to listen to the praises bestowed upon her child. At the expiration of this period she was taken home by her mother, who determined to send her to school during the winter months, for although quick and intelligent, and apt to do well whatever she took in hand, the education of poor Lily had, in consequence of a variety of conflicting circumstances, been sadly neglected. It was at this period, being then eleven years of age, that she was baptized according to the rites of the church to which her mother belonged.

She continued at school throughout the winter, when an event occurred which again called her away from her studies. She was called to attend the sick-bed of her grandmother, who had long been lingering on the verge of the grave, and who died a short time after her grand-daughter's arrival. From this period until she had attained her thirteenth year, Lily was variously employed; sought after by every one on account of her gentle disposition and her skill in household matters, and loved by those with whom she lived.

Let us now change the theme. The reader will recollect that in the course of a preceding chapter, we spoke of one Deacon Dilby—a jeweller by profession, and one of the wealthiest men in the town—who had spoken kindly to Lily and her sister Caroline on the morning on which we described them as they went to attend the Fourth of July celebration, and who had asked them into his store, and pleased the children by showing them the choice and rare goods therein displayed.

Deacon Dilby, after the death of Carry, redoubled his kindness to her sister Lily. He would repeatedly, when she was passing by, ask her into his store, and often make her trifling

presents of jewelry, such as is always attractive to the fancy of a young girl. He would kiss her and fondle her as though she were a grandchild of his own. And she, poor child! as the old man pressed his lips upon her fair brow, and kissed her cheeks, would listen smilingly and confidingly to his conversation.

"See, Lily," he would say, "I will give you this pretty broach; it will become you well. You ought to be dressed like a little lady, for you are far too pretty to wear those coarse clothes. By-and-by you will be growing up a young lady, and then I will take you to New York with me, and show you all the pretty sights your rich cousins speak of having witnessed there. Would you not like to go?"

And the innocent, unsuspecting girl would answer "yes," and return home to her mother and show her the present the Deacon had made, and tell her how kind he was to her; and the widow, for so we will term her, since she had to bear a widow's lot, would silently thank God that he had raised up such a kind friend to her child, and would say "God bless him for his goodness to the fatherless," for she, poor creature, little suspected the guile that lay hidden in the heart of this, to outward seeming, fair-spoken, God-fearing man. And Lily grew fonder of the old deacon, for she said, "Mamma says he is a good, kind man, and mamma knows everything."

But an incident soon occurred which led even the unsuspecting and confiding Lily to suspect that all the old man says to her cannot be right for her to listen to.

One night the old man met her at the door of his store, as she was passing by on her way home, and he asked her to come in. Suspecting nothing, she entered the door.

"Come up stairs," said the Deacon, "I have something to show you, Lily," and, still unsuspectingly, for she was a mere child, unversed in the vices and follies of the world. Lily complied with the request.

The deacon led her into a darkened room, and when she

found herself alone with him here, she for the first time began to feel a sensation of undefinable alarm.

"Why don't you have a light here, Deacon?" she exclaimed; "I don't like to be in this dark room."

"Folks will see us if we have a light, Lily," answered the Deacon.

"I don't care if they do; say what you have got to say to me and let me go home."

The Deacon, meeting with this unexpected opposition to his evil designs, begged the poor child to be quiet, and to listen to him, at the same time pressing his lips to hers and whispering in her ears.

Lily protested against this usage, and bursting into tears, said she would tell her mother all that had happened, when she got home, and the Deacon became so alarmed lest her crying should be heard by the neighbors, that at last he let her go, first making her promise that she would not say anything about what had occurred to any person.

But there was no necessity for her telling. Heaven will vindicate the wrongs of the innocent. There had been watchers, who had seen the child enter the store, and leave it in tears, and strange reports got abroad respecting Deacon Dilby, and a short time afterwards, other matters having been raked up—for when once suspicion is awakened, it is difficult again to lull it to rest—he was deprived of his honorary office, and excommunicated by the church of which he had been so long a member.

Lily was careful to avoid the store after this occurrence, but evil enough had been done, and the innocent suffered, as well as the guilty. The poor girl was slighted by her former associates, and even by those who had been far more intimate with the Deacon than she had been. But Lily was conscious of her own rectitude, even at this tender age. She possessed great strength of mind and purpose, and she pursued the even tenor of her way, punctiliously fulfilling her duties to her mother and

those by whom she was employed. She felt, it is true, that her confidence in the parental fondness of the old deacon had led her to trust him too freely, and she knew that she should have refused his invitation to enter his dwelling beyond the store; but she knew nothing of the designs of the tempter until it was too late to avoid the scandal of her neighbors. Thus early in life did Lily learn the duplicity of human nature, and though the lesson cost her much, for the school is a severe one to study in, as the closing scenes of our story will show, she was still a gainer by this early and harsh schooling.

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## CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH THE READER IS INTRODUCED TO NEW SCENES AND NEW CHARACTERS, WHICH HAVE A BEARING UPON LILY'S AFTER CAREER—LILY'S EARLY MARRIAGE, AND HER DISAPPOINTMENT IN THE CHARACTER OF HER YOUTHFUL HUSBAND—LILY IS COMPELLED TO RETURN TO HER MOTHER'S HOME.

WE beg the reader to accompany us, in imagination—for we claim the privilege of a novel-writer, notwithstanding we are penning a veracious history, of moving hither and thither where we list—into a small apartment in a house of plain, unpretending exterior, located some eighteen miles from the scene of the former incidents of this story. It is near the close of a June day, in the year 1840, and the rays of the setting sun are streaming in at the window, and gilding the pearl-like drops which hang from the leaves of the shrubs which surround the casement—for though it is June, the day has been showery and the weather fitful as April.

The floor of the apartment is carpetless, but the boards are as white as snow; a table and a few chairs constitute the entire furniture of the room; yet scantily as it is furnished, it possesses an air of neatness which the eye loves to linger upon.

In the room are seated an elderly couple, the gentleman tall and portly, with a fine, intelligent countenance, in the lineaments of which, however, the marks of dissipation may be traced. The lady is short in stature, and extremely slender, and her pallid features tell that she has experienced that sorrow

which touches the very heart's core. But there is another occupant of the room, whom we have not yet noticed; she is seated opposite the couple already described, and we recognize her as the widow Huson, for so, since the flight of her husband, as we mentioned before, she has been conventionally called. She is engaged in earnest conversation with the elderly gentleman and lady.

The conversation we are about to record will give the reader a clue to the nature of that which had already taken place.

"We love Lily dearly," said the lady, whom we will call Mrs. Morse, "but she is a mere child, and Henry is also very young. We have tried to put this matter off until a future day, when both will be older; but Henry will not listen to one word, now that he has obtained your consent."

"I have also endeavored to persuade my daughter not to think of marriage until she is older," said Mrs. Huson; "but I find she is governed by Henry's feelings more than her own, and he will not listen to one moment's delay. He is even now chafing with disappointment at the tardiness of the minister and since they are determined, it will be of no use to offer further opposition, especially since I have given my consent."

"My wife and myself have done the same," said Mr. Morse, "yet we could all, no doubt, wish that they had waited until they were older."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of the minister and three young ladies whom he has invited. They are conducted into the room by Samuel Huson—Lily's brother, who is now a lad of twelve years old. At this juncture Mrs. Huson left the room in search of her daughter, who, with her lover, was waiting impatiently, as all brides and bridegrooms do, under almost any circumstances, for the ceremony to be commenced and finished which was to make them man and wife.

It is customary, and generally satisfactory, on such occasions as these, to describe the appearance of the chief and most in-



interested actors in the scene, and therefore, while the ceremony is proceeding, we will attempt to do so.

Henry Morse was a tall, well-proportioned young man, with regular features and large blue eyes. He was at this period about twenty years of age, and was attired for the occasion in a suit of black broadcloth, with white kid gloves. We have heretofore attempted to give a description of the fair creature who was so affectionately hanging upon his arm; but she had changed a little during the few—the very few—years that had since passed over her head, and we will therefore attempt to give a pen-and-ink portrait of Lily Huson, on her bridal day.

She was at this period a being of transcendent loveliness. We have pictured her likeness in our fancies of Eve in the garden of Eden, as she has been painted by the greatest of modern poets. At this period Lily was only fourteen years old; but her form and features were as matured as though she had numbered three or four more summers. Her oval face and faultless features were shaded by a luxuriant mass of silken hair of a golden color, which harmonized sweetly with the purity and brilliancy of her complexion. A sunny smile played upon her ruby lips, half of bashfulness, half of confiding love, as she gazed furtively at the features of the youth by her side. Her massy hair was gathered up according to the fashion of the day, and her form, faultless, almost, as the "Greek Ideal," was enveloped in a close-fitting, fawn-colored silk dress, cut low at the neck and frilled. It is not exactly our forte to describe the minutiae of a lady's dress; but for the benefit of the ladies, on such an occasion as this, we shall attempt to do so. White nett gloves covered her delicate hands, in one of which she held a white cambric handkerchief, and, to complete the catalogue, white hose and black slippers encase a pair of beautifully shaped feet.

And now the minister has pronounced the words which make these two one, and the little party are crowding round to offer the customary congratulations; and the happy husband, all

fear of envious rivals banished, snatches from the sweet lips of his young, girlish wife, the first fond kiss of wedded love.

Already Lily has become quite a matron in her simple childish way, though but just now a bride. She sits receiving and giving invitations from and to the young ladies who have witnessed the ceremony, with the grace of one long accustomed to such duties. Yet she knows nothing of etiquette, but thinks and speaks like a mere child as she is.

The company have dispersed, and the young husband and his lovely bride are left alone. The shades of evening have fallen, and they wander lovingly together around the fields and amidst the groves that surround the dwelling. Let us leave them to their enjoyment, and beg the reader to listen to us while we speak of their first acquaintance and of their youthful courtship.

One year after Caroline Huson's death, Mr. Morse, with his family, consisting of a wife, a son, and a daughter, became near neighbors of the widow Huson, and the son was employed with the son of a neighbor, in driving the wagons which brought his father's furniture to the new dwelling. Several children were playing about in the yard of the house which Mr. Morse was about to occupy, and Henry Morse, then a young lad of fifteen, remarked to his companion, who was a year or two older:

"Which of those little girls would you choose, if you were to make choice of a wife from amongst them?"

"I scarcely know," replied his companion.

"I do," answered Henry; "I know which I should choose. She is the merriest and the prettiest amongst them, and that little girl will one day be my wife."

His companion laughed at the idea, and there the conversation dropped.

After the new-comers had settled, Mrs. Huson, at the request of Lily, who had become quite a favorite with the family, called upon Mrs. Morse, and from that period, an intimacy

ensued between the two families, which daily grew stronger. Both women had lost their mothers, and each had mourned the loss of a beloved daughter, and thus a bond of sympathy was created, which strongly united them in the ties of friendship. They confided to each other their troubles, and were almost always together.

All this time the little folks were progressing. Henry would manage to spend the evening at Mrs. Huson's, in company with Lily, or Lily would frame an excuse to spend it with Henry at his father's. Henry also attended Lily to and from school, and sought every means of winning the little maiden's love.

Thus passed several months, when Mr. Morse removed into the country, and nothing for a long time was heard by the Husons of the family. At length Mr. Morse called upon the widow, bringing many kind remembrances from Henry to Lily; and, some time after this, Henry himself called to see his little friend. Lily loved him as all children love those who are more attentive to them than others; but a deeper love was taking possession of the heart of the youthful lover. He informed Lily that his sister Julia was very unwell, and was in the village again, in order to be under the care of a medical man, and all Lily's sympathy was aroused for the sufferer. She promised to devote all her spare time to attending upon her; but the invalid gained no benefit from the doctor, and her friends soon took her home again, and shortly afterwards she died, of consumption.

After this melancholy occurrence, nothing was heard of the Morses by the widow's family, until after the exposure of Deacon Dilby's base conduct towards Lily.

One day Lily was standing in the doorway of her uncle's house, when a young man drove up a pair of horses attached to a wood-rack, and accosted her familiarly. She at once recognized him as her old playmate. He invited her to go home with him and see his mother; which she readily promised to

do, if her mother would give her consent; and getting into the wood-rack, the youth drove her to her mother's house, and easily obtained consent to take her home, promising playfully to bring her back when she got tired of them or they of her.

The rest is an oft told tale. The youth grew more ardent in his expressions of attachment for his former playmate, and the maiden more reserved; and when Henry, after Lily had made a lengthened visit, brought her home to her mother's house again, he begged permission to correspond with her, which she, after some persuasion, granted. The Morses, at this period, lived but four miles from Mrs. Huson; but they subsequently removed to ———, where we first introduced them, on the momentous occasion of Lily's marriage. But eighteen miles are nothing to a lover, and Henry often visited Lily, although he had to walk the distance, for there were no cars running in those days, and if there had been, Henry was too poor to have paid to ride. But there was one advantage gained by having walked so far to pay a visit. It admitted of an excuse for the lover to remain longer at the abode of the object of his affections.

On one of these occasions Henry remained three days; and in those three days much was done. Many words were spoken while the lovers were wandering together—as was their wont, on the borders of the sunny lake that lay not far distant, in the rear of the house—which cemented the affectionate feelings they had long entertained towards each other, and which wove the bonds of love more closely around them, and bound them with a spell they could not—neither did they wish to—dissolve.

They spoke together in the confiding terms in which lovers speak whose whole souls are wrapped up in each other. Lily told of the envy and detraction of the village maidens; of the troubles and annoyances she met with at home now—for the irritable disposition of the mother had been checked, not curbed, by her troubles, and had now returned upon her with twofold



strength, and Lily had to bear it all now; for she had no sister to share her sorrows or to participate in her pleasures—and Henry confessed his love, and asked Lily to become his child-wife, and she listened, and blushed, and blushing consented, if Henry and she could obtain the consent of their respective parents.

And Mrs. Huson, when she heard the tale of love from her daughter's lips, did consent, although, as we have seen, she thought her daughter too young to marry. But, poor woman! she had much to trouble her, and many good excuses for her irritability. Her brother's wife had never been friendly with her, and had by degrees succeeded in alienating her brother's mind from her. Her brother, who had ever been remarkable for sobriety, had, it was said, through the ill-temper of his wife, contracted a love for the wine-cup, and although he had, by dint of his own exertions, made himself a tolerably wealthy man while still young, difficulties arising from his fatal indulgence in this habit, threatened his family. To him the widow could no longer look for counsel and support in her trials. Henry Morse promised fair. She believed him to be a young man of energy and industry, and one in whom she could place full confidence, and on whose affection for her child she could rely. He was poor, but the widow had managed to save a few dollars, and Carry, before her death, had added a trifle to her mother's scanty earnings, and Lily had saved a trifle more. It was but a small sum, all told, amounting to two hundred dollars, or thereabouts; but Henry said that a small place could be purchased for that sum, which would at once place them in possession of a little home, which he would purchase in his own name, and give Mrs. Huson a mortgage upon it.

And the marriage, as we have seen, took place, and Henry Morse and his young child-wife and his mother-in-law, removed to the new house which Henry had purchased. They had never seen it; but they had full and perfect confidence in

Henry's integrity. So their little furniture was, after the ceremony of the wedding, removed to the new homestead.

The house was situated three miles distant from the abode of the elder Mr. Morse and his wife, and on the evening of the first of May, 1840, the new proprietors—the widow Huson and the youthful bridegroom and his still more youthful bride—took possession. It was dark when they arrived, and they did not see much of the place that night; but in the morning they had leisure to satisfy their curiosity. The house was a simple lowly dwelling, containing three rooms on the first floor, with chambers above, and about an acre of garden ground belonged to it. It was sadly out of repair and unpainted, and what was by no means ornamental, there was a pigsty right in front. However, they set to work with a good will, to make things more comfortable; the obnoxious pigsty was removed; Henry busied himself in renovating, as well as he could, the exterior of the dwelling, and the widow and her daughter took the task of the interior decoration upon themselves. Thus, in a week from the date of their removal, things began to look more comfortable. Still Henry had, as yet, notwithstanding he had promised to give the widow a mortgage upon the property, purchased with her money, only given his note. The house was legally, really his. He was too proud of his young bride, too happy in her society just now, to busy himself with grave matters, and the deed of mortgage laid over. Still, the widow feared not. She had, as we have observed, full and perfect confidence in his integrity and honesty of purpose.

But delay after delay occurred, and gradually widow Huson began to entertain suspicions derogatory to the honor of her son-in-law. Her naturally irritable disposition soon fanned the spark to a flame, and upbraidings followed persuasions, but both were useless, as the young man obstinately refused to give the mortgage.

In truth, it was a hard thing to bear, even for a woman of the mildest disposition. For years the poor forlorn woman

had hoarded up a scanty sum from her poor earnings, in the hope that she might have a home of her own in her old age; for, alas! her youth and matronhood had been passed in a perpetual struggle with poverty, and in dependence; and now to find this last hope and all her little savings wrested from her by him to whom she had given her only daughter, was almost more than she could bear; more than any one could be expected to bear with equanimity.

She might have taken the property in her own name, and some blamed her for not having done so; but her husband, when he fled, had left her all his debts to pay, and she feared, not without reason, that had she done so, it would have been seized by them. Whom could she trust, if not the husband of her only daughter?

Poor Lily! Hers was indeed a pitiable case. She loved her youthful husband, and had not yet learned to distrust his integrity. She had suffered much from her mother's constitutional ill-temper; but she loved her as a girl of generous impulses must ever love the author of her being. Now, that mother reproached her with being privy to her husband's dishonesty of purpose, and she pleads hard with him to satisfy his mother-in-law by giving her the mortgage. Alas! she pleads in vain; her husband treats her kindly and listens to her patiently, but he listens as he would listen to the prattle of a child; he reminds her of her mother's harshness towards her, and tells her that he will break her quarrelsome temper, and bring her to reason, by withholding from her at present the coveted mortgage.

So matters progressed, until things at length grew so desperate, that Henry was compelled to leave the house and take his young wife home to his father's, leaving Mrs. Huson and her son unprovided for and amongst strangers. A short period after this, Henry Morse left his wife at her father-in-law's house, and went to work on the canal, some miles distant. Lily soon returned home to her mother, resolving, during her husband's

absence, to strive to render the widow comfortable, and, if possible, to banish the harsh feelings she entertained towards Henry Morse; for Lily was in hopes that Henry would earn sufficient money to pay her mother back the money he had expended for the house, and with a wife's trusting love, she still believed that it was Henry's intention to do so.

Mrs. Huson, excepting at those times when her heart was subdued by affliction, had, as we have repeatedly observed, never treated Lily with the customary tenderness felt by a mother for an only daughter, yet she loved her with all the love that a mother possessing such an unhappy temperament, can feel, and often it is deeper than it seems—as the current may flow rapidly beneath and still leave the surface of the sea unruffled. And as to Lily, she truly loved the only parent she had ever known with that strength of love which only natures such as hers are able to feel, and much—very much—was she willing to sacrifice, to conduce to that mother's comfort. Oh! had the infirmity of temper, which was the original cause of all Mrs. Huson's troubles, been curbed in early youth, how different might have been the fortunes of the family!

Lily then was once more at her mother's home; her husband had been absent, engaged at his new employment about two weeks, when one night, just as the family was about retiring to rest, a rap was heard at the door of the cottage. It was opened, and Henry Morse entered. In answer to his wife's inquiries after the first greeting was over, he told her, he had come to take her with him on a canal boat, to the place where he was employed, and that he must be back by daylight in the morning. Notwithstanding all the objections of the mother, the young wife was persuaded by her husband to accompany him to the boat, six or eight miles distant, and at night; and when she arrived, she found that Henry was going to Buffalo, and thence to Albany.

For some time, however, they staid in the neighborhood, and the youth and beauty of Lily occasioned much admiration

amongst her husband's friends. This was a source of annoyance, not only to Lily, but to Henry; and Lily perceiving it, took the opportunity to persuade him to forego his journey and to place her for the time being at his father's house. He consented to this one evening, and they immediately started, but they had not walked far when Lily, to her surprise and grief, discovered that her husband was intoxicated; however, they reached home in safety, and in the morning Henry again returned to his work, his young wife having previously exacted of and obtained from him a promise that he would thenceforward shun the inebriating cup.

Lily remained at the house of her father-in-law until the navigation was closed for the season, when she was joined by her husband.

As is customary, the balls and festivities of the winter season now commenced, and Lily, in consequence of her youth, beauty, and intelligence, has become the belle of the little town. Envied by her own sex and admired by the opposite sex, her artless simplicity and playful manner rendered her the centre of attraction, and no party in the vicinity was considered complete without she was present. This was a fresh source of annoyance to the husband, who was of a reserved disposition, and constitutionally opposed to gaiety and merriment. He unwillingly, however, accompanied her to these parties, and while she was dancing, or conversing gaily with her friends, he would sit and look sullenly and moodily on at the scene; nor could all her persuasions induce him to join in the festivities. He would surlily reply:

"I don't dance; I am only waiting to go home."

"We will soon go, don't look so sorrowful, dear," would be Lily's reply, and in the flow of youthful spirits, thinking of no harm, and not dreaming that she was thus adding fuel to her husband's irritation, she would dance off again to join the gay throng. The playful, unsophisticated child, for she was no more than a child, though a wife, thought it unkind of Henry

to deny her the simple pleasures she delighted in, and to wish her to remain like a staid matron, always at home.

Henry now again took upon himself the direction of Mrs. Huson's affairs. He persisted in his endeavors to coerce her into submission, as he termed it, and treated Lemuel Lily's brother very harshly, forcing the poor lad to labor beyond his strength.

We have remarked how fondly Lily was attached to her mother and brother, and this conduct on the part of her youthful husband soon led to an estrangement between him and his wife.

She remonstrated with him on the subject of his behavior, and he soon became angry, telling her that it would be best for them to leave her mother and brother altogether, and promising on that condition, and on that only, to conduct himself kindly towards her. This was a reply that poor Lily little expected, when she had exerted herself to become a peacemaker between them, and she thus replied:

"Henry, you have always been personally kind to me, and mother has at times been harsh; but she has confided to you her all, in the expectation and on the promise that you would secure to her the mortgage, the dispute respecting which has caused this unhappy difference in the family. This promise you have failed to keep. Now, hear me; pay my mother the money you obtained from her, and locate her where she can maintain herself and my brother, until he is old enough to manage for her. Do this, Henry—let me see that my husband is what I believed him to be when I married him, and I am still your wife; but if you persist in your intention of removing your things from here, and leaving mother in this unsettled state, I shall remain with her. I will say no more; do as you please."

Henry did persist, and half-playfully, half-tauntingly, replied to his young wife:

"You will soon be glad to come after me, Lily."

But he had mistaken her character. He had as yet seen her only as the young and thoughtless girl, whom he fancied he could mould to his will, and whose mind he could sway as he pleased; but he was mistaken in his judgment.

Lily, amidst all her thoughtless gaiety, had firm principles, and deep feelings. She had learnt by brief yet painful experience, that her husband did not possess those principles of integrity and honor, without which no man can retain the respect of a wife, and when respect was gone, the childish love she had borne him fled with it.

Henry left the house, but remained in the neighborhood, and was continually importuning Lily to quit her mother's residence, and come and live with him. But this she steadfastly refused to do, reminding him of what she had told him when they parted.

Shortly after this, Mrs. Huson received an offer to become housekeeper to a gentleman who had lately come to reside in the neighborhood, he promising to allow the widow to bring her son with her; and Henry Morse hearing of this, again renewed his solicitations to his wife to return home with him, and to let her mother and brother accept the offer that had been made them.

Lily still refused, unless he promised to deal justly by her mother, saying:

"No, Henry, I will labor with and for my mother, until you have acted as I have said; then, and not till then, will I return to you as your wife."

The result was, that the widow and her son accepted the offer of Mr. Jennings, the gentleman alluded to, and Lily procured another and a similar situation elsewhere. Henry Morse took up his abode by himself in the widow's cottage, the furniture having been stored away in one room, by Mrs. Huson, before she removed.

In the spring, when the wife of Mr. Jennings returned home from one of the New England States, where she had been pay-

ing a long visit, the widow and her son returned to their own home, but Henry refused to allow her to remain there unless she paid him rent for the cottage.

This she refused to do, and made preparations to move to a village, about ten miles distant, to the residence of some friends, with whom she had become acquainted during her residence at Mr. Jenkins', meanwhile taking up her temporary residence at Mrs. Harvey's, where her daughter, Lily, had been for some time employed, and where she expected to remain, since the family had been very kind to her.

An incident occurred at this period, which will serve to show the character of Henry Morse in another unfavorable and unmanly light.

Mrs. Huson was seated one day beside her daughter, in a room in Mrs. Harvey's house, when they were surprised by the entrance of a man, whom they recognized as the constable, into the room.

"You must come with me, ma'am," he said, addressing Mrs. Huson, "and you, Mrs. Morse, are subpoenaed as a witness."

"For what must I go with you?" exclaimed the startled widow. "What is the meaning of this?"

"I know not," was the reply—"some trifle, I dare say, easily to be explained; but you can come quietly, and no one will observe you."

The widow and her daughter, scarcely knowing what they were doing, followed the constable, without speaking a word to the court, where, to their surprise and horror, they discovered that the widow was charged by Henry Morse with having stolen a watch from him. He swore to the facts, and the unfortunate and unhappy woman was committed for trial.

The trial duly came on, and upon the plea of "Not guilty," having been given in by Mrs. Huson, who still was ignorant of the nature of the charge against her, the following statement was made by the prosecutor:

"A watch," said he, "has been stolen from a drawer in my

father's house, and I have found it amongst the effects of the widow Huson, which are now stored in my house. It must have been stolen by her while she was on a visit some time since to her daughter, (my wife,) the witness here present, at my father's house, where we were then residing. For this reason I have brought the present charge."

Lily was called as a witness, and proved to have seen the watch in her husband's possession, but she knew nothing further of the matter.

The widow was asked by the judge to explain the fact of the watch having been found amongst her effects, in her son-in-law's house.

She stated in effect as follows :

"Lemuel Huson, my son, previously to the marriage of my daughter Lily to Henry Morse, became possessed by purchase or by trading of a watch. When Henry Morse proposed to purchase the house in which he now lives, I obtained the watch from Lemuel, and asked him to try and sell it, as we should need all the money we could raise at this juncture. He took the watch, but instead of selling it, he traded it for another one, paying the difference in value. He told me of what he had done, but gave me nothing in return for my son's watch. At the time nothing was said about it; but after Lily's marriage, when I had had sufficient reason to distrust the integrity of my son-in-law's principles, I took the watch which he had obtained from my son out of a draw in Lily's room, at her father-in-law's house, while I was there on a visit, and brought it home with me. I carried the watch home with me, saying nothing about it at the time to Lily, but telling the Morse family what I had done. They also were silent upon the subject. I consider the watch as mine, and as only a portion of the property which my son-in-law has despoiled me of."

Lily was again called to the stand.

"Did you know that your husband's watch was missing?" asked the counsel.

"Yes," replied Lily; "and I asked him where it was. He replied that he had sold it."

Lily was again requested to stand down, and the prosecutor was asked how he came into possession of the watch, as Mrs. Huson had said she had locked it in a trunk.

He confessed to having broken-open the trunk for the express purpose of getting it into his possession.

The judge summed up, remarking in strong terms upon the atrocity of the prosecutor's conduct, and the jury, without retiring, acquitted the widow of the slightest felonious intention.

Shortly after the trial, at which her innocence was so completely established, the widow with her son removed to the place already spoken of, and Lily continued with her friends the Harveys.

Poor Mrs. Huson struggled hard against poverty and want, and barely managed to live; and feeling lonely without her daughter, she sent for her to rejoin her.

Lily promptly complied with her mother's request, and leaving Mrs. Harvey's house, she remained a few days with the widow, and then obtained a situation amongst strangers, it is true, but still near her mother.

Here again she was kindly treated, for her gentle and engaging disposition procured her warm friends wherever she went. The family consisted of the husband, wife, and three children, and Lily still more endeared herself to the family in consequence of having, at the risk of her own life, saved the life of the youngest child, a little girl of two years old, who narrowly escaped drowning through having fallen into a cistern whilst playing with her sister and brother, but a short time after Lily had joined the family. She was thenceforward regarded by the grateful parents as the preserver of their child.

The widow Huson, amidst all her trials, could not repress her longing for a home of her own, however humble it might be, and in the autumn of the same year she and her daughter went on a short journey of six miles, to examine a small homestead

which was offered for sale for a mere trifle. Thirty dollars, which was the amount of Lily's savings at the period of her marriage, had been saved from the grasp of Henry Morse, having been reserved by the widow for any incidental expenses that might arise after the purchase of the home she fondly hoped would have been her own. With other savings added to this, she hoped to be enabled to raise the amount of fifty dollars, and for this sum in present payment she thought she could purchase the place, which was only valued at one hundred dollars—five years being allowed to pay the remaining fifty dollars in. The house, as may well be imagined, was small; but there was a large garden attached, and some good fruit trees. The place was secured, and the family removed thither, and for a time were more comfortable. The widow took in washing and sewing, and Lily was most of the time employed away from home. Lemuel, too, by this time, was able to find many little things to do, which helped towards the support of the family.

A poor and beautiful female is subjected to many annoyances and temptations, and Lily was not without her share. Wherever she went, her surpassing loveliness of form and feature gained her numerous, and often importunate admirers. Among these was one whom, perhaps, had she been otherwise situated, she might have looked upon with favor, for he was alike unexceptionable in character and in personal appearance; but though Lily had left her husband in consequence of his vile treatment of her mother, she knew she was a married woman, and this she frankly told to all who persecuted her with their well-meant but importunate attentions. The esteem of a friend was all she had it in her power to give, and this esteem she willingly bestowed upon all who were worthy of it.

But there were other suitors for Lily's affections—suitors who may be found in all societies, but who should be scouted by humanity. The winning manners and the beauty of the widowed-wife, as we may term her, attracted the licentious gaze of many of those vile creatures who are ever on the watch to

destroy the innocence of youth. Amongst the most prominent of these was a wealthy merchant, in whose family Lily had been employed. Long and unflaggingly he practised his abominable arts to win the lovely young woman's smiles; and at length she suffers so deeply from these persecutions that she fears even an earnest look.

She determined to endure the conduct of this man no longer, but to seek her home again, and begged the wife of the merchant, whose name we will call Taylor, to allow the hired man to drive her home to her mother's house, making a plausible excuse; but, of course, unwilling to state the true reason of her desire to return home, to Mrs. Taylor. The lady endeavored to persuade her to stay, and offered her more wages, but she would not be prevailed upon, and the escort she sought was promised to her. Mr. Taylor, however, suddenly found out that he had business near Mrs. Huson's house, and to Lily's astonishment, she found that he, instead of the servant, had taken his seat in the vehicle. For fear of creating unpleasant suspicions in the mind of the merchant's wife, she could make no plausible objection to this unexpected arrangement, on her part, and she set out for home in the company of her vile persecutor, compelled, during the whole ride, to listen to his flattering promises and his specious pretexts to render her the victim of his base passions.

Among other devices, her would-be seducer from the path of rectitude drove her by a circuitous route—for it was but four miles from the merchant's house to her mother's cottage—and when it was nearly dark, he suddenly pulled up near the entrance to a wood, and offered violence to induce the poor girl to submit to his villanous desires. Lily, with great presence of mind, seized the reins of the horses, and caused them to start and the scoundrel to release his hold of her; he endeavored to stop them again; but, fortunately, at this moment a second vehicle appeared in sight, and his intended victim told him that unless he took her immediately home, she would make



his conduct known, and ask assistance of those who were approaching. Guilt is ever cowardly; the scoundrel desisted, merely saying:

"You will regret, by-and-by, that you did not comply with my requests."

"Never," retorted Lily, "and I charge you to cease your persecutions. I am no longer a child, and my honor shall never be bartered for gold, or all the baubles you can present me with, or the flattery—fulsome and disgusting—that you pour into my ears. I have been unfortunate in marriage—circumstances have compelled me to leave my husband, but I will not be trifled with, sir. I have no wish to injure you; but you must cease your persecutions, or I shall use the power I possess. You have a good wife, and a fine family. It is them I should injure most, and fear to injure by exposing you; for you have this day shown yourself unworthy of consideration. I am now at the door of my mother's house. It is a humble home to which you have brought me; but you have kept your promise, and for that I thank you. I will not stop to ask the proud and wealthy merchant who seeks to rob the poor of that virtue that is more priceless than gold, to enter the abode of poverty. You have insulted me by telling me it is my own fault that we live thus; for you know that, at present, it is only by accepting the offers of such as you, that my situation can be changed; but if life be spared me, I trust one day to improve my condition by my own exertions."

"I wish you may succeed," was the sneering interruption of this bad man, as Lily bounded from the vehicle and entered the door of her mother's cottage.

He did not, however, cease his persecutions; but for several years laid every snare to entrap Lily, and even sought to bribe the widow to aid him in his evil designs; but she forbade him her house. Vengeance, however, overtook him, even in this world; for shortly after this his business affairs, in consequence

of some over-speculations, fell into decay, and he speedily became as poor as she whom he had insulted with the grossest insults in the power of man to offer to unprotected female virtue, and fled with his family beyond the reach of his creditors—whither, it was never discovered.

## CHAPTER VI.

LILY'S HUSBAND SEEKS TO DEPRIVE HER MOTHER OF HER HARD-EARNED SAVINGS, AND FOR A TIME SUCCEEDS—THE FOX CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP—NEW CHARACTERS INTRODUCED—PERSECUTORS AND BENEFACTORS CONTRASTED.

THE widow Huson, lonesome in her new home, so far distant from all her friends and acquaintances, at length made up her mind to dispose of it again to the landlord, and to return to ———, the scene of her girlhood and early married life; for great as her trials had been there, they had been still greater, she thought, since she had left it; besides, she had a brother there, and her heart yearned towards her kindred. The transfer was effected, and the widow returned and called upon her brother, to whom she told her troubles and trials, and begged him to allow her to live in one of his houses, promising to work for him to pay the rent.

But her brother's wife overheard this conversation. She had always been unfriendly with Mrs. Huson, and she rushed into the store, bidding her husband to refuse his sister's request; even using violent language, and offering threats towards Mrs. Huson, if she dared return and take up her abode in ——— again, especially in one of her husband's houses.

Mr. Nelson, however, coolly ordered his wife to leave the store and attend to her own business, adding that he was perfectly able to attend to his own without her advice or assistance. Then addressing his sister, he said:

"You see the enmity my wife bears towards you; but I will assist you as far as I can. For the present, perhaps, you had better find lodgings with some other person, and when I have a house empty, I will give it you to reside in. In the mean time," he continued, giving her a small sum of money, "it will be unpleasant to you to remain here. You had better procure lodgings to-night at the tavern, and to-morrow you can look about you."

The widow left the house disheartened by the conduct of her sister-in-law, who bore the character of an exemplary woman, and yet who had treated in this cruel manner a woman, and that woman a sister in distress. Her husband's intemperate habits may have annoyed her, and her sister's ill temper may have disgusted her; but all this was no excuse for her behavior.

The widow, however, settled in the little town, and, by the advice of her friends, commenced a suit against her son-in-law, to recover the money she had loaned him. He had given her his note before he had attained his majority, and before proceedings could be instituted against him, it was necessary that he should acknowledge, before witnesses, the fact of his having given the note.

He was at this period in employment in the neighborhood, and the gentleman by whom he was employed, who commiserated the sufferings of the widow, persuaded Lily to meet her husband at his house, and endeavor, without betraying her purpose, to cause him to acknowledge the debt.

An interview was arranged, when several persons were present besides Lily and her husband. Some casual remarks were passed, when Lily suddenly asked her husband, who was still anxious that she should return to his home, how he prospered in business.

"Famously," he replied: "I am laying by money every day."

"Then, Henry," said Lily, "if you are doing so very well,



which I am happy to hear, can you not pay the note which you gave mother, when she lent you the money to purchase your house with, and in which your parents are now residing?"

"I intend to pay the note some day," he testily replied, "but I will not be hurried."

"Yet you were glad to hurry some matters, Henry," answered Lily, "although you have had abundance of leisure to repent."

Various other conversation ensued; but the object of the interview was gained; Henry Morse had acknowledged before several witnesses that he had given his note to Mrs. Huson.

The matter was promptly proceeded with, and the widow obtained judgment in her favor, and Henry Morse was compelled to give her the title-deeds of his homestead, which she soon afterwards sold.

Months passed away, and nothing occurred worth recording. Lily was still exposed, partly in consequence of her appearance and manners, so superior to the generality of those with whom she mingled, to the temptations and annoyances that young, beautiful, but poor young women are exposed to, although in her peculiar case these annoyances and persecutions, as they may well be termed, arose partly, perhaps, out of the general knowledge of the fact of her youthful marriage and her having been compelled to part from her husband, while still a mere girl. Even pretended friends sought to undermine her pure principles, and to aid the wealthy and dissolute in their conspiracies to effect her ruin; but the Being who had implanted these principles in her breast, watched over her and preserved her from becoming a victim to the vile purposes of her tempters. And in some instances, even these were compelled to admire the firmness which withstood temptation, and to become subsequently her best friends.

At length, however, Mrs. Huson was attacked with sickness; a severe erysipelas confined her to her bed, and Lily was compelled to quit her situation to attend to her mother. The dis-

ease lingered long, and when Mrs. Huson began to recover, she found that the other expenses incurred during her illness, besides the doctor's bill, amounted to so large a sum that she was compelled to quit the house in which she had been residing, and to look out for a smaller house of less rent.

To the astonishment of the widow, who could not immediately find a place to suit her, shelter was offered her by a woman named Corwin, who had formerly been friendly, but who had quarrelled with her some time before, and who, although the widow was anxious to forget past differences, had up to this moment shown no symptoms of reconciliation.

The offer was accepted from necessity, and soon the cause of this seeming kindness became apparent. The object of Mrs. Corwin was to introduce to Lily a young man of the name of Lovejoy, who had long been enamored of the young woman's beauty, and who had bribed this false-hearted woman to assist him in his nefarious designs. He was introduced by Mrs. Corwin as a young man of good prospects, who was desirous of making himself agreeable to Lily; and although the beautiful young woman endeavored at once to show that she could only receive and converse with him as a friend, no opportunity, of course, occurred in this interview for her to express her opinions, or to explain herself more freely. The conversation of Lovejoy was lively, and the evening passed pleasantly enough, neither the widow or her daughter dreaming of harm, or of the insidious designs of the visitor. But when about to take his departure, he boldly took her hand and endeavored to kiss her. Lily indignantly repulsed him, and rising from her seat, immediately retired from the room with her mother. Soon after, the young man left the house.

The following morning, Mrs. Corwin endeavored to make some excuses for her visitor's conduct, which she endeavored to palliate by observing to Lily:

"Mr. Lovejoy will be a great catch for whoever obtains him for a husband, and he is enamored of you, Lily."

"As I presume, from his behavior, he is with every lady whom chance throws in his way," replied Lily.

The conversation ceased, Lily having expressed her intention of not seeing Mr. Lovejoy again.

Shortly after this occurrence, Mrs. Huson removed into one of her brother's houses, where she resided two years in comparative peace and comfort.

Not so, however, with Lily; Lovejoy, with three of his associates, subjected her to continual annoyance. One or the other of them was sure to meet her or overtake her whenever she left the house. Lovejoy had personally apologized to her mother and herself for his rudeness on the first evening of their meeting, and, under the circumstances, his apology had been accepted, and his visits to Mrs. Huson's house had been permitted. He called and conversed, and offered, as Lily was fond of reading, to bring her books, which otherwise she would not have been able to have procured. Rarely, when the young men would call together, the conversation would assume a rather looser tone than Lily would listen to quietly, but she would show her displeasure by a simple remark, that would have the effect of at once checking the conversation and restoring it to a better tone. By degrees, these young men either became convinced of the folly of attempting to undermine the purity of Lily's character, or felt that they were acting wrongfully. Innocence had triumphed over her enemies, and Lily Morse was left in peace.

At the expiration of the two years mentioned above, Mrs. Huson again broke up housekeeping, having been sent for by her oldest brother, to keep house for him, he being a widower; but she had not long resided with him before they became dissatisfied with each other, and she was persuaded by her brother to accept an offer of marriage which had been made her by a neighbor, the news of her husband's death having reached her some time before.

The marriage took place. Mrs. Huson removed from the

house of her brother to that of her husband, and the widower went to reside with his children.

Lily having taken pains to learn the art of tailoring, as soon as she had perfected herself in it, returned to her native village, her brother being employed upon a neighboring farm. Instead, however, of seeking employment at the business she had learnt, which she found it would be difficult to obtain, Lily again went into the family of a stranger, to assist in the household duties. Here she remained, until she found herself here as much an object of persecution, and in a similar way, as she had been at Mr. Taylor's; therefore, she resolved upon quitting the place, greatly to the regret of Mrs. Taylor, who was ignorant of the evil designs of her husband, and who had become attached to Lily, in consequence of her kindness to and faithful attendance upon a child whom she had lost by death.

Lily thanked her for her kindness, and bade her farewell as she got into the stage, which was waiting at the door, to carry her to the residence of her mother.

She remained here but a few weeks, and then returned to ———, where she rented a small room, with a family, and took in needlework, until the season for such work grew dull, when she went to spend a few weeks with a friend in the country. There, on the shore of a beautiful lake, in the companionship of her warm-hearted friends, and gratified with visits from her brother on Sundays, she experienced more satisfaction, more real happiness, than she had known since the days of her childhood. There she could have wished to have hidden herself forever from the trouble and turmoil and strife of an unfeeling world; but this earth is but a pilgrimage—there is no rest on this side of the grave; and after a few weeks' residence in this happy spot, she was sent for by her uncle, Nelson, to stay with him and manage the household matters, whilst his wife was absent on a visit to their children, who were married, and had gone to reside out West.

Lily remained with her uncle until the winter, having

nothing particular to trouble her, except that her mother was growing old and feeble, found herself obliged to labor for several children, whom her second husband brought home after his marriage. The marriage was not a happy one any more than the first. William Young, the husband, was of a roving, unsettled disposition, fond of moving from place to place, and is as irritable in temper as the widow Huson herself, or as we should now rather say, as Mrs. Young, his wife. She missed, likewise, the society of her children, and still hankers after a homestead, where they can all live together.

At the request of her mother, Lily made inquiries for such a place as they could purchase, at a land office, kept by an intimate friend of her uncle's, with whom she had a slight acquaintance, but there was nothing suitable to be heard of at the time, though the agent kindly offered to keep a look-out for any chance opportunity that might occur. Lily also spoke to Mr. Edgar, one of the magistrates, who had been present at the trial respecting the watch, who had ever since been a kind friend to the widow and her family. It was he who had recovered the money from Henry Morse, and had sold the property afterwards for the benefit of the widow. Mr. Edgar observed that he did know of a place which would shortly be sold at mortgage, by the sheriff, and he promised to get it for her, as the man who held the mortgage would bid it off at the sale.

Lemuel went down to see the place, and gave a good report of it to his mother. It was three months, however, before the sale was completed.

Meanwhile, Lily's aunt had returned home, and she was therefore required no longer. She was anxious to go to her mother's; but before she could leave the place, she insisted to pay a small debt she had unavoidably contracted, and which she had not then the means to pay, and at the same time retain a sufficient sum to pay her necessary expenses in going to her friends.

She knew she could not get the money from her uncle; but

while doubtful how to act, she met one evening with Mr. Friendly, the land agent, heretofore spoken of. He wished her good evening, and walked a short distance with her. Suddenly the thought occurred to her—"He may lend me the money I need; I will ask him." She did so, and he desired her to accompany him to his office, and he would lend her the amount she required, with pleasure.

"I will pay it as soon as I can," said Lily, as he placed it in her hand; "but I know not how long that will be."

"Make yourself easy upon that point," answered Mr. Friendly, "and put yourself to no inconvenience to repay me. I am happy in being able to serve you, and at all times you may command me fearlessly. I have learned your history, and am acquainted with your friends. Your brother Lemuel, too, has lived with my brother-in-law; he is an honest, industrious boy. I have witnessed your exertions, and consider your conduct highly honorable. I will always be your friend, so far as it lies in my power."

Lily spoke of the place Mr. Edgar had mentioned to her.

"I know the place," replied Mr. Friendly; "I think, too, it is just the place to suit you. I will watch over the sale in your behalf."

Lily expressed her deep obligations to him, and expressing a hope that she would some day be able to repay his disinterested kindness. She wished him "good night" at the door of her uncle's house, and the following day left C——, for the residence of her mother and friends.

## CHAPTER VII.

LILY TO HER GREAT SURPRISE MEETS, AT THE HOUSE OF A FRIEND, WITH A FEMALE, WHOM HER HUSBAND HAS SECRETLY MARRIED—LILY'S INTERVIEW WITH HER HUSBAND—THE DIVORCE APPLIED FOR AND GAINED.

WE now open upon another episode of Lily Morse's history. We observed, in the last chapter, that she had gone on a visit to her friends in the country, some distance from C——. She spent her time sometimes at the residence of one friend, sometimes at that of another; and while visiting at the house of Mrs. Harvey, she was surprised one Sabbath morning by the visit of her husband to this lady. He brought with him a lady and an infant, whom he introduced as his wife and child; then, inviting Morris Harvey, a son of the people whom Lily was visiting, to ride with him, he left the female and the child with Mrs. Harvey.

In a few minutes, Mrs. Harvey entered the room where her daughter Eva and Lily were sitting, arrayed for church, and requested them to remain at home, mentioning that she had visitors in the parlor. The young women accompanied Mrs. Harvey into the room where the lady and child were sitting, and there, to the utter astonishment of Lily, she was introduced to Mrs. Morse as a lady professing to be the wife of *her* husband, and the mother of her husband's child. Of course Lily was greatly affected, but she restrained her emotion, and without entering into any explanations, she surveyed her rival with

a keen eye, made some attempts at conversation, but failed, naturally enough, and then rose abruptly, and quitted the room.

Shortly afterwards Mrs. Harvey and her daughter followed, and made some remarks upon the embarrassment in which their visitor must necessarily find herself.

It appeared that after Lily had quitted the room, her visitor had asked what was that young lady's name.

"I generally call her Huson," replied Mrs. Harvey, "but I suppose her name really is Morse."

"She is a fine-looking young woman," continued the visitor.

"Yes," responded Mrs. Harvey, "and she is everything she looks. We look upon her as one of our own children, and wish we could always keep her with us."

Lily was perfectly aware of the uneasiness that her presence in the house must cause to the unfortunate visitor, under the strange circumstances, and believing that the poor woman was to be pitied rather than blamed, she returned to the room where she was sitting, and attempted again to enter into friendly conversation with her.

Nothing had been said of the relation which they held towards each other, but the poor woman trembled excessively, and looked frequently and anxiously towards the window, as though watching for her husband to return.

Lily found it necessary again to quit the room, and to leave the stranger for Mrs. Harvey to entertain. As soon, however, as she saw her husband approaching, she rose, and went to the gate to meet him. Lily also met Henry at the gate, and requested him to come into the house. He was much disconcerted, but dared not refuse; and telling the female he had brought with him to come in with him, they entered the house together.

Lily took Henry aside:

"Henry Morse," said she, "when I was but a little child you wooed me for your bride. I thought and acted as a girl

You married me, but treated me as a mere toy, and neglected and deceived my mother, who, for her daughter's sake, had entrusted you with her all. We parted; why, you already know. I have since then labored hard to support myself respectably, and have suffered much from the unhappy circumstances in which I was placed, in consequence of our separation, which led to a variety of persecutions and annoyances, such as I need not describe. I have watched with a longing eye, in the hope of seeing you become an honest man from principle, not from necessity; not that I loved you as a husband should be loved by his wife; but simply because we are commanded to love one another, and because I had taken those vows at the altar which I dared not break.

"I have heard before now that you had unlawfully married another. This was merely report. I perhaps should never have known the truth had you not come here to-day. You knew that the members of this family were friends of mine, and by coming here in your situation, they knowing that you have another wife living, you have insulted them—have hurt their dignity, and have cruelly insulted me. Henry, I shall apply for a bill of divorce. The proof which will allow me to obtain this, is now in this house. Your child Henry, by one you have no right to call your wife, is now here, seated on his mother's lap.

"I have many times refused to follow the earnest advice of my friends by applying for a divorce; but now my duty to myself and to the woman you call wife demands that I take this course. I shall immediately proceed in this matter. Have you any objection to urge?"

"No," answered Henry Morse, considerably crestfallen. "I shall not oppose the proceedings."

The conversation was dropped, and on the following morning Lily sent for her friend, Mr. Edgar, and upon his arrival informed him of her determination.

Henry tried to put it off, but Lily firmly refused to permit of

any delay, and told him that if he found any delicacy in acting for her in the matter, she should, however unwillingly, apply to some one else.

Mr. Edgar at length promised to consult with a lawyer and superintend the matter for her, and in the spring she obtained a bill releasing her from her husband.

As she was not yet twenty-one years of age, Mr. Harvey became her guardian, and acted for her during the transaction of this business; and thus, at this early age, she found herself released from all obligations to one who had proved himself utterly unworthy of her.

Shortly after she had obtained the bill of divorce, Mrs. Young wrote for her to return home and claim the furniture, adding that her husband had insulted her and Lemuel, and refused to allow the furniture to be moved.

Mr. Edgar was absent for several days, therefore Lily was obliged to act for herself, and without counsel she first went to the family who resided in the house her mother was about to purchase, and requested the privilege of occupying a part of it to place some furniture in. The sale *had* actually taken place, and it was understood that Lemuel Huson was to have it as soon as the family who had rented it could conveniently remove. They consented to give up the front part the next morning, and then Lily left at daybreak in a wagon owned by a colored boy—he being the only person she could employ—for her mother's residence, a distance of sixty miles from the new abode. Nevertheless, Lily did not rest until she had reached her mother's residence. It was about three o'clock on the morning following that on which they started, before she arrived there, they only having stopped now and then for a few minutes on their way to feed the horses. When Mr. Young saw Lily, he was greatly surprised, notwithstanding he knew that her mother had sent for her. However, he made no resistance when she ordered the best of her furniture to be put up. It was soon packed, and the horses having rested, they were ready to start on their

return at nine o'clock. Mr. Young remained behind to settle matters, and was to rejoin his wife at her new home at his leisure. The journey back occupied three days, for heavy snow had fallen, and the roads were bad; besides, the wagon was heavily loaded with the furniture.

When they reached the place of their destination, Mrs. Harvey told Lily that the solicitor had been to see her during her absence, and had expressed a desire to see her at his office as soon as she returned. Accordingly she called to see him, and requested to know for what purpose he wanted her.

"For nothing in particular," he replied; "I thought I would like to converse with you, and not finding you at home, I left word for you to call upon me."

"I have employed Mr. Edgar to manage my affairs for me," answered Lily, "and he told me it was unnecessary for me to do anything further in the matter until he returned."

Meanwhile the lawyer had taken a seat beside Lily, and requested her to listen to him.

"I have not sent for you on business," he continued: "I was pleased with your appearance the first time I saw you, and willingly engaged in your business, in the hope that I might obtain a more intimate acquaintance with you. Several times have I called upon you at the house of your friends, but you have either avoided me or your friends have been present, and I could not get an opportunity to converse with you. Therefore have I invited you here, and I thank you for coming. Mrs. Morse, you so strongly resemble one whom I once loved, that I imagine I am in her presence and listening to her voice, when I am in conversation with you. Will you," attempting to take her hand, "will you favor me by accompanying me in a sleigh-ride to ———, and you will make me one of the happiest of men."

As the lawyer finished speaking, and before Lily could reply, the step of some one ascending the stairs was heard.

The lawyer rose hastily and went to the door, as Lily feared,

intending to lock it, and not allow any one to enter. She desired him to leave the door unlocked, and at the same time rose from her chair and went to one of the windows. The lawyer left the door open, and the stranger entered, and at the same moment she heard something drop upon the floor. It was a knife with which the lawyer had vainly attempted to secure the lock. The stranger merely spoke a few words to the lawyer on business, and left the office. The lawyer then again approached Lily, and recommenced speaking of the sleigh-ride. Lily simply replied that she did not ride with strangers, and as he had unwittingly to herself made her a participant in the shameful act of the morning, she wished no further conversation with him upon any subject. "Mr. Edgar," she added, "would manage all her business with him for her."

She then left, without further conversation upon the subject occurring then or afterwards; but the lawyer called once upon her mother, to see her again, but she was absent.

The stranger, however, who had entered the room while she was in conversation with the lawyer, had observed the knife drop from the latch of the door, and this he mentioned to others, which gave rise to other reports of scandal regarding the unfortunate Lily's too great intimacy with Mr. ———, the lawyer. It seemed as though fate had willed that the poor and lonely girl should be continually subjected to scorn and to false representations, however much she strove to bear herself circumspectly.



## CHAPTER VIII.

TRoubles AND PERSECUTIONS—MR. FRIENDLY SHOWS HIMSELF TO BE INDEED A FRIEND—MRS. HUSON HEARS THAT HER HUSBAND HAS DIED, AND MARRIES AGAIN, THROUGH THE PERSUASIONS OF FRIENDS.

WE will now return to Lily's home affairs, and see how matters progressed there. Mr. Edgar had made out all the papers, and had seen that all respecting the ownership was perfectly secure, and Lemuel Huson had, at the age of seventeen, become proprietor of a place, which would, when all was paid for, cost him five hundred dollars. Through the industry and economy of the family, they had been enabled to make a payment of two hundred and fifty dollars, and three years had been allowed to pay the remainder in. Meanwhile, Lemuel had hired out to a farmer for eight months, at the wages of eleven dollars a month, and Lily, by taking in sewing, and with the help of the garden, was enabled to support the family and to furnish the little tenement comfortably. Her mother's husband was, at this time, occasionally with them, but the greater portion of his time he spent with his children.

The beauty and gentleness of the lovely girl, however, still led many young men to call upon her, under pretence merely of giving her sewing to do for them, but in reality to amuse themselves by conversing with her, and the annoyance at length became unbearable. One evening, a young man called to ask her to make some shirts for him. She told him that if he

brought them at a certain time, she would make them; otherwise she would not be able to do so. After making a few remarks relative to her charge, he took his hat and left the house. It was a very light evening, and the curtain of the window was up. Lily rose for the purpose of drawing it, as the man closed the door, and to her astonishment and alarm, saw another man meet him at the gate and ask, loud enough for her to hear:

"What did she say?"

"Gad!" replied the other, "I dared not talk with her."

The rest of the conversation was unheard, as they immediately walked away together; but Lily, slight as was this remark, heard enough to make her resolve to take no more work from strangers at home. From that period she only worked in families.

She was sensitive to the opinion of the world, even to an extreme, and shunned with affright anything that might give rise to slander; but it is hard for a young and pretty woman, under such peculiar circumstances as were Lily's, to avoid it.

Her only associates, beyond the members of her own family, at this period, were the Harveys and Mr. Edgar's family. Mr. Friendly had once been on a visit to the village, and had called upon Lily, wishing her much happiness in her new abode. Mrs. Young had showed this gentleman the garden, wherein she intended to work herself, and he furnished her with some very useful hints relative to the management of a garden, and promised to bring her some garden-seeds when he should come again.

At length, the last day of April arrived,—all the neighbors are putting their gardens in order. Lemuel came from the farm and prepared the ground for his mother. Mr. Friendly called again, and brought with him the promised seeds, which he gave to Mrs. Young. Then turning to Lily, he remarked, "Miss Huson"—Lily was called Miss Huson—now "The lily being the sweetest flower of the valley, and you, in yourself,

personifying this loveliest of flowers, I have brought you some lily seeds, as well as the seeds of other flowers, thinking you might like to wile away a tedious hour, now and then, in cultivating them. I hope you will receive them from your friend and well-wisher, and as you witness them rising from the soil, and gradually budding and blossoming under your care, believe that he who gave them to you will be made happy, and more than repaid, by witnessing the gradual unfolding and the blooming of a fairer flower than any of them can ever become. Lily, notwithstanding the trials to which you have been subjected, I have witnessed in your behavior a propriety and a virtuous resolve which adversity has failed to tarnish, and I have resolved to be your friend; command me in anything, Lily, and I will serve you to the utmost of my ability."

"I thank you, sir," replied Lily, "for the pretty compliment you have paid me, so much your inferior in birth and circumstances. I thankfully accept the seeds you have given me, as a token of regard from one who has, indeed, been a friend to me. I am grateful for your past kindness to me, almost a stranger. I trust now I shall be enabled to support those dear to me in comfort; and as the lily, the sweet flower, to which you have flattered me by comparing me, blossoms fairest in the lowly valley, and would scorch and wither in the glarish light of the sun; so in the lowly sphere, in which I am placed, do I wish to remain. Perhaps, were I raised beyond my present position, I should grow proud and vain, and lose the very qualities for the possession of which you are now pleased to praise me."

Mrs. Young now approached, and shortly afterwards Mr. Friendly took leave of his humble friends. He, however, called frequently, and was always fond of advising with and encouraging his young farmer.

Two years more had passed away. Lemuel had, in this period, been enabled to pay the remainder of the sum due for

the house and garden; and now, for the first time, the family is in quiet possession of a pretty little home, free from debts and incumbrances. But, are they happy? We regret to answer "no;" for it is even so. The unhappy temper of Mrs. Young will not allow her to be happy anywhere. She was constantly bickering with her children if they did anything contrary to her notions, and sometimes it was impossible to ascertain what they were. She was subject to violent fits of passion, and many times poor Lily said and thought she must leave her mother, as her father had done; but she reasoned with herself. "My mother," she would say, "is growing old; she has had much trouble during her life, and though it has often been brought on her by her ungovernable temper, yet she is my mother, and if I cannot endure with her, who can? She must and shall be cared for as long as I live."

We copy the following remarks, verbatim, from a diary that Lily kept at this period, which, indeed, she had regularly kept from the time she was able to write, and from which we have gleaned the material from which the present narrative has been constructed. It would appear, that Lily had always had an idea of authorship, thinking that her simple yet eventful story would make an interesting book. The entry is as follows:

"I will not dwell at length upon the painful theme of my mother's temper. Oh, I would draw a thick veil over it, and hide it from the world forever; yet I cannot hide it from *all*, for passion seeks no hiding-place, and I know, should my simple story ever be published, my mother will read it, and I trust, even in her old age, profit by the little mention I have been obliged to make of her temper, in order to make my diary a truthful one. My mother has been harsh with her children all their days, and in consequence duty more than affection has bound them to her. They have suffered much together, and I trust, will yet be happy in each other's society. For this hope of happiness," continues the undaunted girl, "will I continue to labor on."



In fact, notwithstanding Mrs. Young's infirmity of temper, she, when she was calm, relied wholly upon her daughter's advice, and Lemuel never thought or acted without also advising with his sister, and she loved her brother, and labored and studied for his interests and happiness, and thus in seeking to do good to others, felt the bliss that the selfish can never feel.

## CHAPTER IX.

LEMUEL FALLS SICK, IN CONSEQUENCE OF HAVING BEEN LED  
ASTRAY—LILY'S QUALITIES AS A SICK NURSE.

THE cares and troubles that Lily had endured while still so young, combined with her never-ceasing labor, began to make deep inroads upon her constitution, and to rob her face of the rosy hue of health. Besides the constant care required in her own family, she had been almost a daily attendant for some time past upon Mrs. Edgar, whose family had been for a long time in bad health. Her friend and companion, Eva Harvey, too, had been laid upon a bed of sickness, which had well nigh been a bed of death; and it was Lily, who, day after day, spent hours at her young friend's bedside, and who, night after night, sat with her and handed drink or medicine, or wiped the perspiration from her fevered brow, or smoothed the pillow of the restless sufferer, for it was in moments of consciousness, for the poor girl was often delirious. It was in such moments that Lily's name was ever upon her lips, seeking for some relief, or praying her not to leave her. For eight days and nights she was almost a constant attendant upon the sufferer, and only when her friend was convalescent, she returned to her home with a lightened heart, glowing with gratitude to God, that he had heard her prayers in her friend's behalf, for Lily loved Eva as a sister.

Her brother, too—still a mere lad—had been seriously ill for four weeks, the sickness arising from the folly and wicked-

ness of some friends, who had tempted the poor boy to drink. He did so, and was brought home insensible with congestion of the brain. It was long before he showed any signs of life, and then the glassy eyes and the twitching of the nerves, and the rocking of the body to and fro, told that he was in a state of delirium; and yet he recognized his sister Lily, and would allow no one to sit by him but her; whispering if she quitted him for a moment, "Lily, don't leave me." All these mishaps happening one immediately after the other, as misfortunes are wont to do, almost prostrated Lily; but she bore it bravely. Her brother at length recovered, and had been taught a lesson which warned him ever afterwards to guard against intemperance, and then poor Lily sought the rest she so much needed, and which she had so nobly earned.

The family being now out of debt and tolerably comfortably situated, Lily indulged herself with the gratification of a fancy that had long possessed her mind. That was, to improve herself by going to school, so that she might fit herself for teaching others, or for the instruction of her own family.

She attended for one quarter at a small district school kept by a young lady, and a partial acquaintance, after which she went to the Union. During this period she kept no society, but spent her leisure hours in studying her lessons for recitation at school. Her teachers gave her the praise of being one of the best scholars in the school; and the principal teacher remarked to one of his friends: "I like to hear Lily Huson read the productions of her own mind. There is such a depth of tender feeling in them, that, old as I am, I feel when listening to her sweet voice reading the compositions she has indited, that she only requires a liberal education to render her worthy to adorn the loftiest position in society. Nature has indeed been lavish in her gifts to her. In personal and in mental qualifications she has few superiors."

Over a year was spent by Lily in this manner; but, meanwhile, though all was so quiet and happy at home, mischief

was hatching abroad. Mr. Young, the step-father of Lily, was a man possessed of almost as violent a temper as that of his wife, and when angry with her, he would leave her, and go and stay with his own children by a former wife. At these times he was accustomed to assail his wife's children, knowing that by so doing he would enrage her; and he blamed them because she would not leave them and go and live constantly at his own home. She would not allow her husband to bring his own children to her house to live, as they were able, all but one, to take care of themselves. This one, a little boy, Lily tried to do all she could for, by keeping him at school, and many a time, when her mother has been angry, and would punish the child without reason, did Lily screen him from the threatened blow; but at length the father's conduct became so scandalous; he purposely sent abroad reports so injurious to Lily's fair fame, which possessed not even the framework of truth or probability, that she was at length compelled to rise in her own defence, and to come to the determination that either he or her must leave her brother's house. Lily was of a mild and amiable disposition; but when once aroused, especially by unjust accusations, she would not be trifled with. From that period, Mr. Young lived with his own children, rarely ever visiting his wife, who remained with her own son and daughter.

## CHAPTER X.

LILY ENDEAVORS TO DO SOMETHING FOR HERSELF AND HER FAMILY—SHE ENGAGES AS A GOVERNESS FOR SOME TIME—HER BROTHER GOES INTO BUSINESS FOR HIMSELF—MISFORTUNE STILL PREVAILS.

In the opinion of her teachers, Lily was now competent to take charge of a school, and Mr. Edgar, who was going on business to a large town a few miles west of her home, promised to make application for her as a teacher at one of the public schools. However, as several months would elapse before any vacancy would occur, he endeavored, meanwhile, to procure an engagement as governess in a private family where there were young children, and he was fortunate enough to procure her a situation in the family of a medical gentleman in the town, connected with the hospital in an official capacity, who were anxious to secure the services of a respectable and competent young woman to instruct their children, two little girls of tender age. Inquiries being satisfactory, Lily, under the escort of Mr. Edgar, immediately left home to enter upon her novel duties. A carriage conveyed her to the doctor's house, and she was shown into the library, where she passed an hour in that suspense natural to a young woman in her position.

At length the doctor made his appearance, and having learnt who she was, he gave her a cordial welcome to her new home, and directed his wife to be sent for. The two children were

also brought in and introduced to their new governess. The doctor soon made an excuse to leave the room, leaving Lily and his wife together. Mrs. Ikeman—Ikeman was the doctor's name—then explained to Lily the nature of the duties that would be required of her, and expressed a hope that she would be comfortable whilst she remained in their family.

The duties Lily had to perform were those comprising the ordinary routine of a governess' life, and she was as kindly treated as most governesses are in families who have risen to comparative wealth from poverty, and who aspire to the dignity of keeping a private governess for their children. Yet Mrs. Ikeman was rather a showy, self-important personage, and she was not slow in letting Lily perceive, by bitter experience, the difference, as she imagined, in their respective social positions.

We will not, however, dwell on this subject; suffice it to say, Lily was pleased with her little pupils, and perhaps as much loved by them as it was reasonable for one in her situation to expect to be, and that she was at least admired and respected by them the insertion of the following letter will show. It was written shortly after she had left them, by a patient of the medical institution over which Dr. Ikeman presided, and who lived in the doctor's family:

L——, O., Sept. 7, 1851.

MISS LILY HUSON,

*Respected Friend:*

The stillness of a Sabbath eve lingers o'er the land, and the few moments which intervene between the present moment and my accustomed bedtime, I propose to fill up in an attempt to indite a few lines for your especial perusal.

I have heard not one lisp respecting the former governess at ——, since I last saw that inviting retreat for the invalid, viz., on the 26th of last December.

I have thought it really too provoking, that one who ministered so much to the social enjoyments of our little world, whilst she was a resident with us, should be forgotten for the good she *had done*, simply because the writer could not hear of the good she *was doing*. I have therefore taken it into my head to dispatch an epistle myself to her, so that if she will not give an account of herself, she cannot say it is for want of an opportunity.

Seriously speaking, if those are parted who have enjoyed a slight measure of pleasant acquaintance with each other during some portion of their earthly pilgrimage, why should the pall of oblivion be permitted to settle over *all* their recollections of past companionship, and they themselves as anxiously strive to forget each as the incidents of an unpleasant dream?

I would not wish you to gather from this that I flatter myself with the absurd idea that *I* contributed to your social delights a tithe of that gratification which your unartificial conversation gave me. I have too good reason to know the contrary; nevertheless, I am not without hope that I may hear from you, even through the medium of your own pen, that I presume, unauthorized, to address you.

Let me see; why should you not address me?

In the first place, if you are married, and pleasantly located for life in some quiet home, you can surely afford to make mention of your happiness to another, so as to induce him to "go and do likewise." And, secondly, if you have *not* taken a partner in the great business of life (which latter I incline to suspect is the correct supposition), you will surely not prove so treasonable to the better impulses of your nature as to refuse to tell a poor fellow so, and thus withhold from him the consolation of knowing that he is not the *only one* who is travelling the path of single blessedness.

But I will stop this nonsense, and beg your pardon for the introduction of it. The truth is, I have not written till now

(save to one who made no mention of you) to a single soul whom I ever saw at ———.

I should like to learn something of their welfare, and, occasionally, to interchange a few thoughts upon various subjects, if so to do did not interfere with their own convenience or sentiments of delicacy; and, feeling quite convinced of the impossibility of ever hearing, unless I should first write, I have taken the liberty of addressing an epistle to you. Should you perceive no impropriety in favoring me with a reply, your readiness to oblige will be gratefully appreciated. Should you choose to remain silent, although regretting the alternative for myself, I shall still entertain towards you the same sentiments of respect, since none other than yourself can so well decide what your own course should be. At the same time I trust to stand acquitted of anything more reprehensible than the establishing of a friendly correspondence.

With sincere respect,

Believe me your friend,

J. S.

P. S.—Should you reply, please direct J. S., L——, O.

Lily remained in this situation until the summer, when she left, and accepted an invitation to visit some friends at a short distance, with whom she remained several weeks. While on this visit, she heard a piece of intelligence which awakened all her energies.

A man and his wife had, a short time before, opened a confectioner's shop in a neighboring town, and they offered to take a partner on equal terms on the payment of fifty dollars, and entered into an agreement, that when the partner wished to leave, or if either party were dissatisfied with the other, to refund the money. Lily consulted with Mr. Edgar, who thought it would be a desirable opportunity for Lily and her brother, whom she had long wished to place in business, where the labor would be less severe than that of working upon a farm, as his

health had been much impaired since his sickness. She accordingly sent to him for the fifty dollars, and desired him to join her as soon as he could manage satisfactorily to arrange matters at home. Meanwhile, she engaged to manage for him, and to take all risks upon herself. Accordingly she became a silent partner in the little concern, and four weeks afterwards her brother arrived. He had not, however, been long in his new situation when he, as well as his sister, saw they would not be able to effect much in their new employment.

The partner, Mr. Arthur, was not a shrewd man in business matters, and they soon found out, also, that he was not acting fairly with him, according to the agreement of equal partnership. Yet he was a member of the church, and generally regarded as a pious man, and Lily could not believe but that her brother must be mistaken, when he told her of certain matters that had come to his knowledge, which savored of dishonesty. Not very long afterwards, however, a circumstance occurred, which showed the man in his true light. Lemuel, in company with his partner, rented a house, each occupying their own part and living by themselves. Before they went into it, a gentleman who had wished to rent it, but who had neglected so to do until Arthur and Lemuel had taken possession of it, went to Arthur and offered him twenty dollars bonus for the house, and without the concurrence or knowledge of Lemuel, he accepted it, thus compelling him to give up the house after he had engaged to pay half the rent, without offering him any portion of the bonus he had received.

Mr. Edgar was sent for, as he had arranged the whole matter for them, and a settlement was demanded, and Lemuel went into business for himself. Mr. Arthur, however, never paid twenty dollars out of the fifty he had forfeited, although he was sued and judgment obtained against him.

Lemuel, by the advice of Mr. Edgar, bought out a confectionery store, and gave his note for over one hundred dollars for it. The note was endorsed by Mr. Edgar, who owed that

sum to Lemuel, and who promised to pay him in time for him to meet the note when it became due at the bank.

The time came soon enough, as it always does in such circumstances; but no money came to meet the note. It was a dull time of year, and the profits on the business did not permit Lemuel to lay anything aside; the consequence was the note was protested, and Lemuel's place was liable to be sold, as the note was secured by it. Consequently, he was obliged to sell at auction for fifty dollars what had cost him one hundred and ten, for Mr. Edgar had become embarrassed in his affairs, and could not raise the means at this time to save Lemuel from the sacrifice.

All this time Lily was not idle. She assisted her brother in every way she could, in order that he might still continue in business, and by economy save something to pay his debts. But it was soon evident that the business was unsuited to him. Therefore, shortly after the auction she had an interview with the holders of the note, and effected a compromise, they accepting the sum of one hundred dollars, and giving up the note. In order to raise this money she was obliged to seek assistance from her friend Mr. Friendly, whom she had not seen for two years. He readily offered to lend her the money, but refused to take the note for security, saying:

"It may endanger your brother as much for me to keep it, as those from whom you have just received it. So take the note and burn it. Your brother will then be safe, and I will trust to time and your promise for repayment. Something may turn up in your favor. 'Never so long a lane but has some turning.' Command me at any time, and you will find me willing to serve you to the best of my ability."

Poor Lily, with a heart as generous, and a hand as willing to do the same good turn to another that this kind man had done to her, gave all she could give in tears of gratitude and in thanks, saying: "I trust Heaven will some day enable me to repay this noble confidence."

"It will, my young friend, it will," answered Mr. Friendly; "be of good cheer."

Then shaking her cordially by the hand, he wished her farewell and success. She left him with a heart overflowing with gratitude to God, who had raised her up this good friend, and he sat down to rejoice in the means that God had given him to enable him thus to serve his fellow-creatures.

## CHAPTER XI.

### PROSPECTS OF MARRIAGE—A LUCKY ESCAPE FOR LILY.

DURING the period that Lily was assisting her brother in his store, an incident of much interest to her took place. Several times a tall, slender gentleman, had been into the store, and once he had passed a compliment upon her, through her brother; but as they were strangers to him, and as Lily supposed him to be a married man, nothing was thought of the matter. One day, however, he came into the store while she was there alone, and told her, in a respectful tone of voice, that he had called to converse with her, as he had long wished to do, but had been fearful of giving offence. Lily placed a chair for him near the stove, and took another herself. After some trifling embarrassment, the gentleman proceeded to inform her that he had been greatly impressed in her favor at the time he had first seen her, and had often longed to talk with her on the subject that lay nearest his heart, but her shyness had hitherto prevented him up to the present time. Lily looked up in his face and asked:

"Mr. Perry, are you not a married man?"

"I have been," he replied, "but I buried my wife in New York two years ago. She left me with two small children—a boy and girl; for them I wish to get a mother, and for myself a companion. In you, I fancy I have discovered all those qualities which would make a good mother and wife. I am lonely since the death of my companion, and you are not moving in



the sphere to which you by nature belong. I am able to place you in that sphere if money will do it, and I will do so, if you will become my wife."

"Sir," replied Lily, "we are strangers to each other; on acquaintance you might not be pleased with me, as there are many circumstances which have occurred in the course of my life which might cause you to change your mind."

"I have heard all," he replied, "and I have learned your character by personal observation. I am satisfied, and I shall not change my mind regarding you. With regard to myself, I have two brothers in extensive business, residing in the town, as also other acquaintances, some of whom you may know, who will satisfy you with respect to my character."

"I will think of the matter," replied Lily, "and a week hence I will give you an answer."

On this understanding they parted, and Lily consulted with her brother, who was strongly in favor of the matter, but she could not reconcile it to her own feelings. These, however, she resolved to cast aside. Her brother was involved; Mr. Perry had promised to aid him in his business, and to pay his debts. Her life had been a continual warfare against the vile passions of man, and she reasoned with herself:—"By marrying this man I shall avoid this, and obtain a protector, which I feel I need;" but she felt that her exalted ideas of love, should she wed with Mr. Perry, would be blasted forever; for instead of those soft, tender feelings which should pervade the very soul of woman when she is about to give herself wholly to the keeping of another, and one of whom she feels herself to be a part, she felt an undefinable dread, not that Mr. Perry did not possess sufficient personal attractions to render himself pleasing to the eyes of woman, for he was, what is generally termed, a good-looking man, and with Lily, personal attractions possessed less merit than the beauty of the mind, mirrored forth in the expression and in the conversation. Those charms never fade, and which will never die; but, we repeat, she knew

not why she dreaded the man: she had done so before she became so intimately acquainted with him, yet he was kind to her, ever solicitous to please, constantly making her agreeable presents, and offering her flattering attentions, which she declined, however, as often as she could do so without giving offence; still, by permitting his visits, it was generally understood that his addresses were accepted, and that they were to be united. He had requested her to fix upon an early day for the wedding to take place, and had named New Year's eve, which was then a month distant; but Lily gave him no positive reply that it could occur so soon as that, although she did not refuse. He had proposed to get a carriage, and taking with them one of his sisters-in-law and Lily's brother to visit one of his aunts, in order that the ceremony might take place at her house. Lily objected to none of his plans, but she felt as though she could weep in the bitterness of her heart, and exclaim, "Oh, that this cup might pass by me." But her brother's embarrassed circumstances, as well as her own, were staring her in the face, like grim monsters, urging her on to the sacrifice. She thought that she might again tax Mr. Friendly's generosity by borrowing the money to save her brother, but where should she get the means to repay him? Lemuel could not work so hard as he had done before his sickness, and constant trouble and long-continued exertion had reduced Lily to a mere shadow of her former self. Her sea of life had been far too rough for the frail bark, and she had been so rudely tossed to and fro on the waves of adversity, that she shrunk from the appearance of the threatening storm.

She thought that if Mr. Edgar would pay the notes of his, held by her brother, matters might yet be satisfactorily arranged; but he had been very kind and honorable in his dealings with the family, and they did not like to put him to trouble now in the days of his temporary adversity. There seemed, therefore, no hope, but to trust to Providence; and as it appeared that Mr. Perry had been placed providentially

in her way, to follow cheerfully the path the finger of Providence pointed out. But she had mistaken herself; she had allowed her own hopes and trusts to mislead her, but the Providence, in whom she had reposed her confidence, would not suffer her to fall into the trap of the betrayer.

One morning, about a week before the period fixed upon for the marriage, she was sitting alone in her room, pale and thoughtful, more like a marble statue than a living creature, when her brother entered and told her that Mrs. Arthur wished to see her. This lady had always been on good terms with Lily, notwithstanding her husband's differences with Lemuel; still she did not wish to see her, as at this moment she did not desire to see the face of any person, except her own relations; but thinking that perhaps the cool air might brace up her spirits, she wrapped herself up, and went to Mrs. Arthur's, to learn what that lady had to say.

After a few minutes' conversation on ordinary matters, Mrs. Arthur broached the subject of Mr. Perry's visits. "Lily," she said, "I understand Mr. Perry visits you quite often?"

"He does," replied Lily, wondering at the *brusque* of manner in which Mrs. Arthur had spoken on a subject of so delicate a nature.

"Then," replied Mrs. Arthur, "all I am at liberty to tell you is, that he is a married man, and has a wife and two children residing not far from here. Beware. There is a scheme laid to entrap you; knowing you so well, Lily, I thought it my duty to inform you of this. I have told you enough to put you on your guard, and have no fears for you; but do not make use of my name. It was told me in confidence."

Lily, upon hearing this astounding intelligence, confided to her friend the whole of the matter; also mentioned her own feelings with regard to the marriage, and speaking of the strange, instinctive feeling of dread with which Mr. Perry had always inspired her. She had thought, in consequence of her knowledge of his respectable connections in town, that it was need-

less to make any inquiries regarding his moral character, trusting to his word from her own regard for truth and natural openness of disposition, or probably she might have been acquainted with those circumstances before.

She returned home with a heavy heart, and yet with a feeling of thankfulness that buoyed up her spirits. When she entered her brother's store, there were several of his acquaintances there conversing with him; among the rest was Perry. He arose from his seat and met her at the door, saying:

"I have been waiting to speak with you, Lily: will you be all prepared for our marriage on New Year's eve?"

"I think not," Lily replied, and then she related what she had just heard, but refused to give the name of the friend who had told her.

Perry was inclined to be angry, and he exclaimed: "I will soon find out who this is."

"Prove that what I have told you is false," replied Lily, "and the engagement will stand good, unless you wish it otherwise."

This Perry promised to do, and on the morning before New Year he came to the house and asked to see her.

"Is what you have related to me, Lily, all you have heard to my detriment?" he asked, when she came into the room into which he had been shown.

Lily frankly told him what had been the state of her feelings since her acquaintance with him, adding: "You know I have always told you that I could not love you as a husband should be loved, but that I would marry you simply because circumstances seemed to require it. But as matters stand now I wish the engagement to be at an end, and shall consider it so from this period."

Perry immediately quitted the room, merely observing, "I will be married in one week from this." And he was married, but not to Lily, just one week from New Year's day.

Lily was not troubled with him any more, but a lawyer in

the town, who was an associate of his, and with whom Lily had, through him, become partially acquainted, now sought to render himself agreeable to her; but he was repulsed, and shortly after this Lemuel sold out, and they both left the town for their own house in the country. This lawyer, she afterwards had reason to believe, was in league with Perry, and the latter finding his own schemes disconcerted, his companion had thought he would venture boldly on his own strength.

## CHAPTER XII.

LILY HEARS FROM A RELATION WHOSE EXISTENCE SHE HAD NEVER DREAMED OF—SHE FANCIES THAT HER LONG ABSENT FATHER IS STILL LIVING, AND ANXIOUS TO SEE HIS CHILDREN—LILY UNDERTAKES A LONG JOURNEY.

In the course of the following spring, a gentleman largely engaged in the confectionery business, of whom Lemuel had been in the habit of buying supplies for his store, offered Lily four dollars a week to attend in his store. She could not earn more than this by sewing, and being anxious to make all the money she could, in order to repay Mr. Friendly, and thinking she might board with Mrs. Arthur, and so save nearly all her wages, she consented to go and try for a month, then if either party were dissatisfied, she could leave.

The gentleman by whom she was engaged was compelled by business to be often absent from his store, and Lily found herself more lonely and exposed here than she had been with her brother. She was also required to remain in the store during the evening, and in consequence she told her employer that the situation was unsuitable to her, and that she should leave at the expiration of the month. He offered to raise her wages; but that would not have lessened her motives for leaving. Consequently she left, and after remaining a few weeks with some friends, she again went home, and felt herself far happier while employed in busily plying the needle in her quiet little home, than surrounded by loungers and flatterers, exposed to their rude gaze,

or what was still worse, listening to their vain and flattering compliments.

Nothing happened to mar her quiet until late in the fall of the year, when, one stormy evening, Lemuel returned from the neighboring post-office with a letter, the contents of which we will give in full, merely making such omissions as, for obvious reasons, are desirable. They are as follows:

*New York, 1851.*

DEAR SIR:

You will do me a favor, and then a much greater one, if you can inform me where the heirs of a man of the name of James Huson may be found. Huson left — some years since, and went to the South, where he died. He probably left some property. If the heirs would take the trouble to write, they might ascertain the fact, that is, whether he did or did not leave any property. They have an uncle at the South, who will probably leave a small estate at his death, which will most likely fall to the children of his brother James, as I have heard him often speak of them. Please write soon, and oblige

Yours, &c.,

ALBERT HUSON.

SELY AND PETER NELSON.

P. S.—If James Huson's wife Mary is living, let me know where she is.

This letter had been remailed by Mrs. Young's brother to her, and he had inclosed it in an envelope containing a few lines from himself, which we will also publish.

*Nov. 14th, 1851.*

MY DEAR SISTER:

I received the inclosed letter this morning; by it you will perceive there is a prospect of your getting something to assist you. Show it to Mr. Edgar, or to the

post-master, and they will tell you where to direct your letter to Albert Huson for further information. We are all well.

Yours truly,

SELY NELSON.

This letter came, we should have said before, from Sely Nelson only, Peter, the brother, often heretofore alluded to, having removed out West.

The letter was answered by Lily, in her brother's name, and the following reply was duly received:

*November-28th, 1851.*

MY DEAR SIR:

Your letter of the 13th inst. came to hand this evening, and I hasten to reply to your several interrogatories. James Huson, your father, when he left —, proceeded immediately to New York, and from there went on ship-board, in some capacity or other. He continued at sea for nine or ten months, and then again went into some situation on shore. A short time afterwards, he married again, and by some means, probably through his marriage, became the owner of a plantation in the South, and on this plantation he died, probably in the fall of 1844, or thereabouts. As to his circumstances at the time of his death, I know nothing. I only know that he left a widow and four or five children, so that I think the chance is small there for any property reaching you, though if you were like me, you would like to know something of the matter. James Huson, the husband of Mary Nelson, died near —, S. C. Your correspondent is your uncle, a brother of your late father, and the object of this inquiry is to give you some clue to your late father's relatives, so that if there should be anything that is honestly yours, you may have the advantage of it. Perhaps you are not aware of it, but let me tell you, you have an uncle living in the next county to you. If I were in his place, I would see you as often as I could. Now, my dear sir, I have perhaps said as much upon

this subject as is necessary. As to the property, that, as you will perceive, is still a matter of contingency. Your uncle, who now addresses you, is the possessor of a *small* property, without any heirs of his own to leave it to, though he has four nephews living near him; but to these he does not feel disposed to leave what little he may possess, and would rather, if necessity should compel him, leave it to a stranger. And now a few words to my niece, whom I presume is the writer of the letter I have received on the part of her brother. Inasmuch as you cannot, at the present time, come out here to see after anything of this kind, I shall expect you to write to me again, and let me know all about your situation and circumstances; also, whether you feel inclined or disinclined to pay me a visit, if any inducement should be held out to you. If you will, be candid, and feel assured that you are addressing one who is your relative and friend. With these remarks, I subscribe myself your supposed uncle and friend.

ALBERT HUSON.

P. S.—I shall look for a reply by the earliest mail. Give my respects to your mother, and also to your uncle Sely, for his promptness in forwarding my first letter to you.

A. H.

Taken from the post-office at the same time with the above letter, was the following one, which bore no date.

MY DEAR NIECE:

I shall not, at this time, enter into any formal declarations of my views and motives in endeavoring to become acquainted with you. You will see, by some remarks I have made to your brother, that you may, by pursuing a proper course, realize to yourselves the heritage of the small amount I may die possessed of, which, to say the least, is worth a hazard. You say that my communications shall be confidential; so they shall, from the world at large, but you may make them known to such as you may think proper, and in

view of this, I will say this much to you: if, on the receipt of this letter, you and your brother can make up your minds to come and see me, and learn for yourselves the situation in which you may place yourselves, I pledge myself to pay your expenses back home again as soon as you may wish. This proposition may seem to you somewhat extravagant; but when you are once here, all will be clear to your perception. If you entertain the proposition, write as soon as may be, and inform me of the fact.

Until then and ever, believe me

Your uncle, &c.,

ALBERT HUSON.

P. S.—Your father never changed his name.

From the singular tenor of these letters, Lily suspected that the writer was her own father, who was yearning to see his children again; but who did not wish his wife to know that he was living. She wished to draw out the secret by writing; but in this endeavor she failed.

The next mail brought the following letter:

December 25th, 1851.

MY DEAR NIECE:

Perhaps it may not be amiss for me to add a word to what I said last night. Now I intend to be plain with you. My days are drawing to a close, and the small property which I possess I intend to dispose of myself. As I said last night, if you think it worth the *hazard*, you may as well come, and, as I have already stated, if you are dissatisfied, you shall have money to go back with as soon as you choose. But to prepare your anticipated visit, I will say, that if you cannot apply your mind exclusively to books and useful studies, you had better stay where you are, and let some one else obtain that which of right should be yours. I am no flatterer, but say to you just what I think. If so disposed, you can come here as quickly as a letter from you would reach me.

You can come nearly all the way by railroad. Come on to ———, then take the ——— road to ———, then partly by stage and partly by railroad to ———, some fifty miles from ———. When you get to ——— inquire for Amos Dorsay; tell him you want to come to me, and he will fetch you at once. He is my brother-in-law, so you had better not say who you are, or he will think you will take toll from his mill. He has set his mind upon being my heir-at-law. Now, my child, I have said all I shall ever say on paper to you on this subject. I am, my dear,

Your uncle, &c.,

ALBERT HUSON.

The singular contents of this last letter made Lily's suspicions almost amount to certainty. She imagined her father old and infirm, without a friend to soothe his last moments. Her filial sympathies were aroused. She forgot his cruel desertion of her infancy, for she had never really blamed him; and, with such thoughts actuating, she determined to risk everything and to go and see him. Then, again, she thought: "It may be my uncle," and the supposition arose: "If he is desirous of making me his heir, surely I ought to be willing to go; not, perhaps, for myself, but I should so like to get something for brother. He is so anxious for a farm; perhaps in this way he will get it, and as we cannot both go at the same time, I will go alone, as he has fixed upon me as his heir. Should it not be my father who writes—though I cannot banish the idea from my mind, for did he not call me his child? and has he not said the property by *right* is mine? and this could not be were he my uncle, for he would have brothers, whom the law would acknowledge before me. It must be my father. At all events, I will go and see." And having thus communed with herself, and made up her mind how to act, Lily prepared for the long journey.

### CHAPTER XIII.

INCIDENTS OF LILY'S JOURNEY—HER HOPES AND ANTICIPATIONS ARE DOOMED TO DISAPPOINTMENT—THE RELATIVE SHE HOPED WAS HER FATHER PROVED TO BE REALLY AN UNCLE.

In one week after having come to the resolution mentioned in the preceding chapter, Lily left her home, alone, and on a stormy day in winter, to travel a journey of nearly five hundred miles. She did not intend, on the first day, to go beyond the town where her brother had kept his store. There she wished to make some necessary purchases and to remain until the next morning. As the cars stopped at ———, through which place they passed, Mr. Friendly came on board, and as fortune would have it, the only vacant seat was next to Lily. She was surprised, but pleased to see him, and told him the cause of her present journey. He endeavored to persuade her not to go, telling her that over two hundred miles of the journey would have to be performed by stage, over rough and disagreeable roads; but Lily had started, and the feelings which had led to her undertaking the journey, were unabated, and she resolved to go on. When they arrived at the town where the cars were changed, he kindly offered to take charge of her and to convey her to what place she wished; but she declined his courtesy, only begging that he would look after her baggage, and told him which train she wished to take in the morning. He promised to have everything in readiness for her, and left in a sleigh for the tavern, while Lily completed



her purchases and then walked to the residence of a friend, with whom she passed the night. In the morning her friend accompanied her to the cars. Ten minutes before the cars were ready to start, Mr. Friendly arrived, and having pointed out her baggage, he spoke to the conductor of Lily's journeying alone, and requested him to afford her such assistance as she might require. He then wished her a pleasant journey, and said, smilingly, he should expect to hear an account of her trip when she returned.

The bell rung; she shook Mr. Friendly's proffered hand, wished him "good-bye," and was again on her way. In the course of a few hours, they reached ——. The conductor recommended her to stop at the Mansion House, to which place he kindly conducted her, seeing that a porter had charge of her baggage, and when he left her told her that he would learn about the stages leaving, and call and let her know. Lily was shown into a neat parlor, where she threw herself into a large rocking-chair, and spent an hour in deep and rather sombre meditation; for her heart was sad and lonely.

She has a long journey before her; now, for the first time, came to her mind the reality that she had to perform this long and weary journey alone. But the gloom was quickly dispelled. She trusts she may be able to accomplish something for those whom she loves, and all that a few moments before looked dark and drear, is cheered by the sunshine of hope. She prepared for tea, to partake of which meal she was shortly summoned. At six o'clock the conductor called, and told her she would have to proceed by stage to ———, and that the conveyance would not leave until nine o'clock the next morning; also, that there were several lady passengers registered, but none going all the distance. There were gentlemen going through the whole route, but none whom he knew, to whose care he could confide her; but he said he would call in the morning again, and let her know then if there was no lady going the through route.

Lily thought that if there were no ladies going the whole journey, she would almost rather return home, as the stages run night and day. However, the evening was spent as agreeably as was possible in a hotel and amongst strangers. In the morning, the conductor again called, and said, that a lady had registered her name to travel as far as ———, and thus the poor young woman's fears of having to travel without a female companion were dissipated.

At the appointed hour, the stage arrived at the door of the hotel. The passengers of the stage in which Lily's place was secured—for there were four stages in all—consisted of two ladies, one of whom was a German, besides herself and two gentlemen. The day was passed very pleasantly, the passengers were chatty and agreeable, although the drivers once or twice created some little alarm by recklessly racing with each other, and that too, at one time, close to the edge of a precipice. But these are the common mishaps of travel, and are scarcely worth recording. In the evening there was a change of stages, and they begged one of the gentlemen to take the same stage as an escort and protector, he having been particularly attentive throughout the day. This he willingly consented to do. He was a Southern gentleman, and like most Southerners, gallant and accommodating to ladies. To amuse them, he related a brief sketch of his life. His name was Parkfield, and he had been spending some time at the North, and was now returning to his uncle, who was a wealthy planter. The night passed away, those who could, endeavoring to slumber. Just before daylight, the stage stopped at a station, to change horses, and the passengers alighted to warm themselves. Mr. Parkfield was standing near Lily, by the stove, when a rough-looking fellow, from one of the other stages, beckoned him on one side. He went, and Lily noticed that their conversation soon became warm, and that they used threatening gestures towards one another. Presently, Parkfield left the house, with several others, but soon returned, and going up to

the man already mentioned, Lily heard him say: "You must take my apology, or accept my challenge."

Lily requested him to come to her, and asked, in some alarm, the cause of the disturbance. It appeared, that when the change of stages was made, two men, one of whom was this rough-looking fellow, had given up their seats, as they understood at the time, to three ladies; but on alighting at the hotel, and finding that one was a gentleman, the man alluded to, had used some coarse expressions to Parkfield, and had claimed his seat. Parkfield made an apology for having occupied his place, saying that he had done so by the request of the ladies themselves, but it had been refused, and hence the disturbance and the threatening words that had ensued. Lily immediately went up to the man, and explained how the change had been made, and the fellow left without replying a word. Shortly they were summoned to resume their places, and Mr. Parkfield having seen the ladies seated, took his own place in another stage. As soon as there was sufficient light to see, the ladies found that the man who had caused the disturbance was in the stage, sitting opposite to them, while another gentleman occupied the seat by their side. One of the gentlemen in the stage was from the town of ———, as it appeared from his conversation, and was acquainted with Mr. Nelson, Lily's uncle. The name of this gentleman was Tuttle, and he kindly promised to assist her during the journey, observing that it was a long and an arduous journey for her to take alone. The lady slept during the greater part of the time, but Lily was unable to sleep, and she suffered greatly from the fatigue as well as from the dread she after a short time began to have of Mr. Tuttle, who, though to outward appearance civil, and even solicitous in his attentions to her comfort, she had reason to suspect of sinister motives. The fatigue also had made her seriously unwell, and at one time she thought she would not have been able to continue the journey. Some days passed in thus making their weary way in the stages; at length, to Lily's

great relief, they came to the junction where she was to quit the stages for the cars. Here she parted with her female companion of the journey, and to her great relief with Mr. Tuttle, who continued his journey in the stage.

After this, her journey was comparatively easy, and she had no difficulty in finding her uncle's house.

She was disappointed in her anticipations of meeting her father. It was indeed her uncle whom she saw, but instead of the aged and feeble man she had expected to see, she found him hale and active, and by no means aged.

The motive of his letters was soon explained. She found that her uncle indulged freely in the use of ardent spirits, and at such times was scarcely capable of using his tongue or his pen coherently. The following conversation between him and his niece one day, shortly after her arrival, will give the reader some idea of the pleasure she received through this visit:

"Uncle, I have learned many things since I have been with you, that had I remained at home I should not have become acquainted with, and which it would, perhaps, be better I had remained in ignorance of; aside from this, and the pleasure you say you have enjoyed in my society, I feel that the time I have spent here has been lost. Could I persuade you to leave off drinking and to become a temperate man, I should feel that I should have no cause to regret my having come to you, but now I wish I was home again."

"Why would you leave me, Lily?"

"Because, uncle, I know that I can gain no good by remaining. I have been deceived in you, and your promises made to induce me to leave my home were false; I can be of no service here, and my brother may need my aid at home."

"Still you must stay and bear with me yet a little while, Lily," her uncle replied, although he could assign no reason beyond the self-indulgence he gratified himself with in her society.

Matters remaining thus, Lily left for home, her uncle having

so far acted up to his promises as to provide her with funds for the long journey. An extract from the first letter Lily received from him after she had left him to pay a visit to her friends in ———, will show that after all, he had looked upon her and remembered her with kindness. He wrote:

"My dearest niece:—I was at ——— yesterday, and got your looked-for and welcome letter. I was glad to learn that you still thought of me with kindness ———" Again he said, "Tell Frank to write a few lines, if only to say she would like to see me. That thought itself, from such beings as you and she, affords the sweetest pleasure to a mind like mine."

This uncle had been a fine-looking man in his younger days, and even at this period, at the age of fifty-five, he is still a good-looking man, intelligent, and possessed with noble and generous feelings; but, alas! the vice of intoxication had overpowered him, and was leading him on to ruin.

Thus much respecting Lily's visit; all her bright hopes had faded, although her uncle still expressed his intention of making her his heir. He was a widow with one child, who was supposed to be still living, but who had been removed from his home when quite an infant, by a female acquaintance who had taken him on a temporary visit; but who had mysteriously changed her residence shortly afterwards, and had since not been heard of by the family.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### NEW AND INTERESTING ACQUAINTANCES.

LILY had received a pressing invitation to visit some friends in ———, and it was partly on this account that she left her uncle in the month of March. She was to travel by the cars the whole distance, and having taken her place and given her uncle the last "good-bye," she settled herself back in her seat and indulged in a reverie upon all that had passed since she had left her home. At length her attention was aroused by an exclamation of delight from the lips of a gentleman opposite to her, and arousing herself and following with her own eyes the direction of his, her gaze rested upon one of the loveliest landscapes she had ever seen. Although the spring was yet in its infancy, the sward was clothed in the brightest of green. A small stream rippled close to the railroad, and beyond that the eye rested upon an extensive plain, spread like a map before it—and interspersed with towns and villages, and woods and groves, and hills and dales in endless variety. The scene drove from her mind the sombre thoughts which had temporarily taken possession of it, and she amused herself with watching the ever-changing scenery as the cars rolled rapidly along. They were detained one night at a place called ———, a pleasant town, fifty miles from ———, which they did not reach until the following day. By noon Lily arrived at the residence of her friends. She had their address and proceeded directly to their house, when the cars stopped at the depot. It

was a large, three story brick edifice. Lily had never seen her friends, but on inquiring for her aunt, she learnt that she had been absent for three weeks on a visit at ———, but was expected home that day. She then asked for her uncle; he was at his place of business, but she was informed would soon be home to dinner. Lily then said who she was, and explained the cause of her not having arrived the night before, as had been expected. She was then invited into the house, and in a few moments a young lady entered the room and gave her a warm and hearty welcome. Lily had once seen this young lady's daguerreotype, but was unprepared to meet her at her uncle's house, as she thought she had gone to her home in New England. She was another niece of Mr. Gardner, Lily's uncle, by marriage, and her name was Frances Gardner. She was the "Frank" alluded to in the extract from her uncle Albert's letter. The recognition was mutual, and the kiss of friendship was given and received by each. Frances Gardner was short in stature, but well proportioned, with dark hair, hazel eyes and fair complexion, and a pleasing and intelligent countenance; altogether, she was a beautiful and engaging girl, and the two young women were shortly engaged in an animated conversation, when the door was opened, and uncle Gardner entered the room. He recognized Lily at once, as soon as he heard her name mentioned, and bestowed a fatherly kiss upon her fair cheek as he extended her a hearty welcome to his home and his affections. Lily thought the expression of her uncle's countenance extremely pleasing. He was tall and slender, with dark hair, blue eyes, and a face beaming with intellect and good humor.

Lily was soon quite at home in the society of her uncle and her cousin Frances, and she anticipated with pleasure the arrival of her aunt; but it was not until the noon of the following day that she arrived. She was greeted by her aunt with the same degree of warmth that had characterized her welcome from her uncle and cousin, and in the pleasing society of these

kind, and to her, new friends, Lily found the days pass swiftly and happily, and she felt that in this visit she was fully repaid for the disappointment and anxiety that had attended her since she had left her home. Her aunt was more than a pretty—she was a lovely—woman; one whom to know was to love and esteem. She was of small stature, with blue eyes and a round, good-humored face; when young, she must have been really handsome. Mr. Gardner was her second husband, the first husband having been Lily's own uncle and brother to her father, therefore no actual blood relationship existed; but she was acknowledged as a relative by the whole family.

To Lily this visit was a source of unmixed gratification. Naturally of a cheerful disposition, she was fond of society and of innocent amusements, and one great attraction to her was the number of social parties got up by her aunt Gardner and other friends especially for her entertainment. Although she had not been much accustomed to mix in society, nature had, as we have often heretofore mentioned, been bountiful in her gifts to her, and under her tuition, that of art was not needed. She possessed not, it is true, any of the trifling accomplishments, and she was destitute of the airs and graces of the fine lady, but she was only the more attractive in consequence of her graceful simplicity of manner. Sometimes she rode out with her uncle, who was acquainted with every inch of the soil, and who knew where to find the loveliest nooks and the sweetest landscapes, and these he would point out to his youthful companion. Here the land would rise to a great height, and there gradually slope off into green fields, or pasture land covered with thick and pleasant groves; sometimes a ravine would intervene between two craggy rocks, lending to the scene a picturesque grandeur which fascinated the gaze, and the mind would wander back to the days, not so very long distant, when the red man owned the soil, and the white man sought to dispossess him of his birthright. Then this ravine and those dense groves sheltered the lurking savage watching for oppor-

tunity to deal the death-blow upon his grasping foe. Then, perhaps, the scene was grander, because wilder than it is now; but as the eye wandered over the rich fields of corn and grain, the beholder could not but confess that, however in reality unjust was the war of extermination the white man raised, he had misused God's gifts since he had gained the victory. Looking towards the town, the scene was equally suggestive. From the hill-top the eye of the beholder looked down upon a blackened mass of buildings. This blackness being caused from the quantity of stove coal used in the buildings. The distant hum of the inhabitants, heard through the clear atmosphere of early spring, told of energy and industry in the exercise of which human skill was exerted to the utmost, and one might have thought that where all was bustle and strife after wealth, there was little room left in that busy town for the softer and more genial sentiments of humanity; but Lily knew that there were warm hearts beating for her amidst that motley, dingy crowd, and then having rode far enough to impart a healthful vigor to the frame, to exercise, but not to fatigue, the body—Lily and her uncle would return to the town and to their dwelling, and do ample justice to the excellent dinner provided by her aunt, their appetites sharpened, as their nerves were braced by the keen air of the morning.

## CHAPTER XV.

A VISIT TO A GRAVEYARD, AND TO A FAMILY TOMB—LILY'S RETURN HOME—SCENES ON THE LAKE—THE DAGUERRETYPE GALLERY—LILY MAKES RENEWED EXERTIONS—A NOVEL SCHEME PROJECTED—WHAT HER FRIENDS THINK OF IT.

It is singular that although men rarely like to think or talk of death, the grave-yard or the cemetery almost always have a fascination for the stranger, even where none of his kindred dust are there interred. This fascination is increased when he knows that beneath that sacred soil lie buried the bones of his ancestors.

Lily's grandparents and one of her uncles had been buried in the church-yard of ———, and though she had not seen them since the days of her earliest infancy, for they had many years before paid the great debt of nature, she was naturally enough happy to hear them spoken of in terms of praise and still abiding love. Her grandfather had fought in the glorious battles of the Revolution. She had seen his name more than once alluded to in terms of commendation, when the history of the heroes of days gone by was alluded to, and it was with feelings akin to awe and veneration, that she strolled into the grave-yard on the afternoon of Sunday after her arrival at her uncle's house. She recollected still, although then a mere infant, the tales her grandfather would tell, as she sat on his knee, of the scenes he had passed through, and of the battles in which he had participated, and now she was for the first time to visit that grandsire's grave.

She stood and gazed upon it, and memory recalled with ten-fold perspicuity the days when the form that now lay cold and mouldering to dust beneath that stone, had carried her in his arms and caressed her with a grandfather's pride. She moved on to the tomb of her uncle. On the stone that marked this tomb his affectionate widow had caused some lines of her own composition to be engraved. Lily perused them with interest, and copied them into her note-book. They were simple lines, and simple rhymes. We will not copy them; the stern critic would sneer, the idle reader would laugh; but if a poet's artistic skill had not composed these lines, there was true poetry in the heartfelt impulse that dictated them, and Lily treasured them far more than if they had possessed all the meretricious graces of art, and all the flowers and flourishes of ornament—as we gaze upon the little rivulet with more emotion than upon the ornamental lake—as we treasure the heart's offering of a friend we love more than the costly gift of the stranger. Lily wept to think that all that remained of those loved and cherished ones, was a heap of mouldering dust; all that told they had once lived upon earth, was a mound of clay surmounted by a marble slab. Let us quit this solemn scene. The day soon comes round when Lily must leave this pleasant family; with whom, had she not other and nearer ties, she could have been well content to dwell for the remainder of her life. On the evening of the last day of April, a party was assembled at her uncle's house; but although those who had there met were all congenial spirits, the party was not so lively as usual. Lily was to leave on the following morning for her home. Her oldest cousin Augustus was endeavoring, with Frank, to persuade her to linger longer with them, and had it not been for the reason we have given, she fain would have stayed. But she had heard that the lake was clear, across which she intended to return. The boats had commenced their regular trips, and she has only been waiting thus long in order to obtain a letter from an uncle who resided upon the shore of

the lake, whom she had not yet seen, and to whom she intended to pay a brief visit before she returned home. She could, as we have observed, have wished to linger forever amongst the friends who had been so kind to her, and amidst the enchanting scenery of this delightful country, the pleasures of which were to her ever new. But duty demanded her return, and she dared not refuse to obey the call. Her brother was lonesome and unhappy without the society of his only sister. Her mother weeps, and fears she may never behold her daughter again. These tidings from home have reached her through the medium of the pen, and have spread a cloud over the sunshine of her enjoyments. It had been settled that she should leave in a few days at the furthest; she had been prevailed upon to remain over the morrow, and when the party broke up, the visitors bade her an affectionate farewell.

She had received the expected letter from her uncle, and he had renewed his pressing invitation. There was no more excuse for delay, and at length the morning arrived on which she was to take her departure. Before breakfast time, the coach which was to convey her to the cars arrived at the door. An affectionate farewell was exchanged with all her friends, but it was cousin Orra who had Lily's last kiss. Towards the approach of night she arrived at her uncle Rosson's, who was waiting at the depot to receive her, and she spent the Sabbath—for it was Saturday evening when she arrived—with him and his family. These friends, as well as the Gardners, were relatives on the father's side, to Lily, and there was yet another uncle whom we neglected to mention, who had called at her uncle Gardner's, having walked nearly a hundred miles to see her. He was poor, and Lily insisted upon his riding home, presenting him with ten dollars of the money she had received from her uncle Albert, to pay his expenses. She was much touched with the affection that had prompted the visit, and would have been happy if she could have returned with the old man and ministered to his necessities, and she prayed that God might



yet put it in her power to do so. Lily greatly enjoyed a stroll with her uncle Rosson on the shores of the beautiful lake, although the breeze whistled bleakly from the North; and on Monday morning she took leave of her new friends, her uncle accompanying her to the steamboat. The boat soon started, and waving her handkerchief in farewell to her uncle, she gazed with wonder and delight at the surrounding prospect.

This was a novel scene to Lily. The lake was considerably agitated from the effect of recent gales, and the waves were foaming and dashing angrily against the side of the steamer; but she rides majestically onwards, gliding with rapidity through the angry foam.

When the vessel had reached within a few miles of the harbor, the sky, which had been calm and clear before, became suddenly black as night. A thunder storm came on, accompanied with squalls of wind and rain. The lightning played fearfully in the heavens, and the steamer tossed to and fro, seeming to Lily's unpracticed fancy as though she mocked the control of the helmsman. The passengers eagerly clung to anything they could lay hold of that would enable them to keep their footing, and gazed eagerly upon the town, which was just in sight in the distance. Lily threw herself into a large rocking-chair, and with her head thrown back she endeavored to keep motion with the steamer, as she rocked to and fro, while she watched the forked lightning and listened to the reverberating peals of thunder. She showed no fear, although to her, unused to such sights, the scene was sublime—awfully grand. She witnessed the seamen's hurried motions, and wondered how they could pass to and fro while the passengers were afraid to move. The storm, however, soon subsided, and the steamer run into the harbor.

Lily thanked the kind Providence that had guarded her and maintained her in safety, during what, to her, was a terrific scene, and also prayed that it might be thus with her through

life, however dark and gloomy might be the horizon above and around her.

The boat remained in harbor until evening, when it again started. It was a widely different scene now to that of the morning. The vessel now glided out of the harbor and along the smooth bosom of the lake, like a queen going forth to her bridal, leaving myriads of bright stars in her train as she cleaves her way through the sparkling element. For some time Lily sat gazing with admiration upon the lovely scene from her state-room window; but soon the dark blue sky above and the glassy deep below alike fade from her view. The snorting of the engine and the rippling of the waters were hushed. Lily was journeying in the land of dreams, and there we will leave her until morning.

Another day, partly spent upon the lake and partly in the railroad cars, was over, and Lily was once again at home and busy relating to her mother and brother the adventures she had met with. How different was the scene now present to her to those she had left! There all joy and happiness; here all labor and anxiety; for her brother was in difficulties still, from which there seemed no possibility of extrication. Lily looked around her to see what she could do to remedy in some slight degree this great evil of poverty. Her services were required by a gentleman in the town where she had been before engaged in business. He wished her to attend in a daguerreotype-gallery, and offered her good wages. She consulted with a friend with reference to the propriety of her accepting the offer, and at length she engaged, upon the condition that if either party was dissatisfied, she could leave after the first month.

While in this situation she was of necessity obliged to receive a good deal of company. She had not been in attendance in the gallery more than two weeks, when a gentleman who had been observing her a long time, and whom she had once before met at the house of a friend, came into the room where she

was sitting reading. A few casual remarks were passed, and Lily continued her employment, thinking the gentleman would soon leave, as he appeared merely to have come in to look around him, and on no particular business. He walked about for some time looking at the daguerreotypes upon the walls, until he had passed behind Lily's chair, when, turning round, he remarked:

"They are beautiful pictures, and add much to the adornment of the room; but the chief attraction, Lily, is your own sweet self." As he said this he leaned over her shoulder and attempted to kiss her. Lily, perceiving him, arose and left the room, thinking he would leave and annoy her no further. As she passed him, in order that he might not think she had noticed his act, she said:

"I fancy my services are needed in the back-room."

When she returned, he had gone; but in the afternoon he came in again, and offered Lily an orange that he said he had bought purposely for her. Lily declined taking it, and he tossed it into her lap. She picked it up and handed it back to him, telling him that his attentions were not appreciated by her, and she would be much obliged if he would cease to annoy her any further. She again left the room, without waiting for any reply, and saw little of him afterwards.

Perhaps this very man will say, should he ever chance to read this, that Lily was imprudent to accept a situation in such a place. But why? what is it that makes such places imprudent for females to be placed in? We will answer. It is the impudence of such as he. It is the depraved nature of a certain class of mankind, most evident in a high state of civilization, that makes every place where the poor female strives to obtain a living, imprudent. She may stitch—stitch—stitch—her life away in a hovel, and scarcely be heard or seen; but, by those who happily have not to earn, by the labor of their own hands, their daily bread, be they men or women, she is thought to act imprudently if she seeks to earn a better living by other honest

means, which remunerate her labor more satisfactorily. The female may preach "women's rights" as long as the world stands; but how can we hope that a change in our political regulations will better woman's condition so long as the laws which God has given are disregarded, nay scoffed at? Those who cannot govern their own passions, be they men or women, are assuredly unfitted to make laws for a nation. The chief aim of every individual is true happiness. Some seek it one way, some another, yet the end of all is the same. The man of wealth does not find the happiness he has sought in the possession of that wealth. The licentious man does not find it in the gratification of his loose passions. The Christian alone finds the happiness which others seek in vain, because he can see a bright haven above the gloomy horizon, and can look beyond the tomb. True happiness is in the reach of every one, but if we do not perceive a foretaste of it here, we shall not find it hereafter. Man is little better than the beast of the field, which perishes, unless he can find a place within his breast for that love of God and the enduring peace in that love which passeth all understanding. Man is simply an instrument in the hand of his Creator, and yet Satan maketh use of the same instrument to serve his own evil purposes. A good act cannot be instigated by an evil power, for by so doing, the kingdom of Satan would destroy itself. There is in each person two conditions: one is light and love, which is God; the other is evil and darkness, which is Satan. Now God is continually at war with Satan in the hearts of men, and at war with the sin which dwelleth in our nature; for with nature itself God is not in enmity. Could only the proud nature of man's mind, wherein is the kingdom of Satan, be destroyed, Christ's kingdom would be set up in every individual heart. There would then be no need of changes in our political and social laws, for God, reigning in the heart of man, would allow of no evil-doing. Then would man be truly happy. Then would women no longer crouch beneath the tongue of slander, or bow in sub-

mission to the licentious will of man, or mourn over the degraded state of man's nature. Men will cease to weep bitter tears over the faithless wife, nor the wife mourn the desertion of the husband, or wish to roam abroad, away from her home, in search of the happiness she seeks, but cannot find there; for the wisdom of God will give to Adam his own rib; to the man his own wife; and they will be one flesh, seeing their God in each other, as through a mirror. The law of divorce, which Mrs. N——, and others, so urgently contend for, will then be of no avail, for it would be easier to separate the Siamese twins, as husband and wife, united heart and soul in such a union of love. There are now many men and women legally married, who are no more man and wife, than if the ceremony of marriage had never been passed through by them; but we have been led into a digression from our story, and will return, trusting the reader will pardon our wanderings.

Lily began to think that she had mistaken the sphere for which she was destined. She began to revolve in her mind some plan by which she might obtain the means to make her mother comfortable, and obtain for her brother the desire of his heart, a small farm. She had hoped to obtain a competence for herself, and to this purpose she had hitherto directed all her energies in vain. She had many friends, who had shown kindness to her—they she wished to repay; and the idea struck her that she would publish the history of her eventful life—eventful, though yet so few years had passed over her head; but she knew how ill-fitted she was, by habit and education, to arrange her history into proper form for publication. She knew that very numerous books were thrown aside by the publishers, and at all events she could hope to benefit little by them. At last she thought of a novel scheme, and she whispered it to one person. He was in no way to assist her, but he did not disapprove of the idea. She therefore left her employment, and by advertising, endeavored to find out a suitable person to aid her in carrying out the plan she had formed. She

also wrote to Mr. Edgar, who had removed East, and whilst she was writing his reply, we will see what other inducements were held out to her.

Mr. Friendly felt so deep an interest in Lily, that he urged her to attend some good school and improve herself. An extract from a letter, written by him at this period, will show his notions on the subject. The letter was written in reply to one sent him by Lily, expressing her thanks for his kind solicitude in her behalf, and for his generous aid in times of need. He wrote:

"—— The more I know of you, Lily, the more am I pleased with you. I sincerely thank you for the kindly expression of your feelings towards me, but I have done only that which I think from my heart you really deserve from one who has known and watched you so long, and who has been enabled to afford you such little aid as I have. My dear Lily, you only need to cultivate your excellent understanding, in order to take a lofty position in the ranks of your sex. Your shrewd common sense, your quick and sensitive feelings, your intuitive comprehension and your quickness of perception, would, if you could only so far sacrifice your womanly pride as to study thoroughly such books as I could recommend, and not think them beneath your dignity, place you soon in a position far above that which you now occupy.

"We are never too old to learn, Lily, and if you reply that you lack the means necessary to enable you to devote your time to the improvement of your mind, I will make the offer to aid and assist you as far as it lies in my power to do so. I shall be amply repaid by your correspondence, and in witnessing your progress, which I feel assured will be rapid.

"I am in earnest, Lily, when I advise you to place yourself in some seminary, for, from what I have observed in you, I believe you to be gifted with a more than ordinary intellect, which it seems to be sinful to neglect——"

Lily felt that she had already received too many favors from the hands of this generous benefactor, and she had not the heart to accept his generous offer, as she saw no prospect of ever

being able to repay his kindness. She declined the offer, therefore, deeply as she felt the kindness that prompted it; but she was proud of his high opinion of her, and grateful to him as though she had entered fully into his views.

She had received replies to letters written by her to learn the real state of her father's affairs, which the reader will recollect were alluded to in her uncle Albert's letters. Lily had written in her uncle's name to the post-master of the town where her father had died, and where his widow and family still lived. We copy the following extract from the post-master's reply:

"—— Dear Sir:—I have made the necessary inquiries for you, having known Mrs. Huson for some time. She is residing in the suburbs of this town, and has been confined to her room, and for the greater part of the time to her bed, for the last two years. Her pecuniary circumstances are very poor indeed; so poor is she, that if it were not for the assistance she receives from the church of which she is a member, she would suffer greatly. I read your letter to her. She seemed to be overjoyed to hear from you, and begged me to write you all about her, and her situation. She is an amiable woman, and has ever borne an excellent reputation; and I sincerely hope that your circumstances will permit of your doing something for her, for she is really in great need. She has two children living—William and Henry; the first is learning a trade here; the other is in Maryland, but neither are in circumstances to afford her any assistance. Such is a hasty sketch of the person you wish to hear about. Mrs. Huson sends her love to you all, and often says, 'Oh! how I do wish I could see one of my husband's brothers.' You will please reply to this, as it will give her great pleasure to hear from you; and anything you may be pleased to send her, will, if entrusted to my care, be gladly attended to and carried to her.

"Respectfully, yours,

"M. E. M., Post-master."

Lily's heart beat tenderly for this poor woman and her children. How she longed that she possessed the means to aid them! Her heart smote her for having innocently raised expectations she could not gratify.

She wrote to her uncle Albert, but did not anticipate any assistance from him. How earnestly she now prayed that she might meet with success in her plans! She had written to Mr. Edgar, explaining her views to him, and she received the following reply, which we will copy, as it will disclose the nature of the scheme she had in view. Young gentlemen, don't laugh too loud, and ladies fair, don't distort your pretty faces for one moment with a frown, since you already know Lily's laudable object in offering herself in this way. Be merciful, and without further comment we will give Mr. Edgar's reply:—

JULY 14th, 1852.

"MY DEAR YOUNG LADY:

Yours of the 20th of June duly came to hand, but I have been called away by business, which has necessarily delayed my answer until now. I had intended to have written you to-day, and my mail carrier has just brought me your letter of the 12th instant—just in time to reply to both letters together. Well; your proposition to dispose of yourself in matrimony, may be a very good one, and I should like to see it carried out to a good round price; because I know you would fetch a good price, if the prize could only be seen by all to whom a ticket was offered. I know several who have expressed to me the influence that pretty face and those speaking and bewitching eyes have over them, to say nothing of that musical voice, that pleasing smile, disclosing two rows of pearly teeth, and that fascinating manner, and constant exertion to a good and holy purpose which has ever characterized you. How pleased I should be to know that you were happily situated, and settled in life, and it appears strange to me that you have not ere this disposed of yourself to your

satisfaction, in a more legitimate way than that which you now propose. But, as the old saw says, 'It is a long lane that has no turning,' your path through life may yet turn happily for you. That it may be so, is my sincere wish. I have made, as you are well aware of, some little exertions towards the object in view, in your behalf; but my endeavors have not hitherto been attended with the success I could have desired. Still I have a hope in the future, although for the present it may be out of my power to assist you towards attaining your desired end. I do not like to advise with you in regard to this step, for fear Dame Fortune should not smile upon my advice. Perhaps, if you, alone, and without advice, adopt for yourself the course you think most desirable to take, and then 'go ahead,' fortune might crown you with success. I will make no objection to any course you may choose to take, and any thing I can do for you, will be most cheerfully done.

"I shall be pleased to learn what course you have decided upon; but I must tell you one thing, this undertaking will be attended with considerable expense and trouble as regards printing, as well as in engaging the services of a capable writer and responsible agents to carry out the plan afterwards. Then I have an idea that you place the price of the tickets too high for the great mass to purchase. The tickets should not be over two or three dollars. I should prefer them at one dollar, for your object is money; and, if a young man should win the prize and you did not like him, you could divide the money and cry quits. The cheaper the tickets the more would there be sold, and there are very few young men but would be willing to venture one dollar, when perhaps they would not like to venture more in such a scheme. But after all, knowing your laudable object, I do not like to throw impediments in your way, yet I am not at all flattered with the idea. I do not say this to discourage you. I should like to see you carry the plan out successfully, and I repeat, you may depend upon every exertion in your behalf being made on my part. I thank you

for the kind and tender interest you have expressed with regard to my health and prospects, and take this opportunity to reassure you of my continued good feelings towards you and your family. You will also please to accept my thanks for the interest you have taken in my behalf by your uncle. I trust he will not for the present sell those notes or give me trouble, for the time will most assuredly come, and is not far distant, when I will make all right with him, as well as with your brother. It is in your power to aid me in these matters, and if you will exert your influence you will receive your reward; for the present, I will leave this matter with you." (The last part of this letter alluded to certain monies lent Mr. Edgar by Lily's uncle and brother, through her influence, and Lily had willingly used that influence, knowing Mr. Edgar to be an honorable man, though temporarily embarrassed in pecuniary matters.

Our readers will have some idea now of the nature of Lily's scheme, from the remarks Mr. Edgar has made in allusion to it in his letter. But still she required the assistance of some active, energetic, and efficient person to engage with her in the matter.

To endeavor to obtain this, she now bent all her energies, at the same time, keeping it a secret to all but those whom we have mentioned; but she found it a difficult matter to find a person at once willing and capable, to join her.

## CHAPTER XVI.

A VISIT TO NEW YORK—FRESH DISAPPOINTMENTS—LILY HEARS OF THE DEATH OF HER FATHER, WHICH OCCURRED SOME YEARS BEFORE—LETTERS FROM HER HALF BROTHERS—A STRANGE LETTER FROM A STRANGER.

LILY was not daunted by the ill prospect of success which lay before her; although months had passed, and still the scheme rested merely a fabric of the imagination, having assumed no material form. Under the circumstances, she determined to apply to a friend in New York for advice and assistance. This friend we will designate as Mr. Bowman.

She immediately wrote to Mr. Friendly for assistance, he being a railroad director, and he procured for her and her mother a free passage to New York and back. Mrs. Young had many friends and distant relatives in the city and suburbs of New York, whom she had not seen for thirty years, and Lily made this her excuse for visiting the metropolis, as well to her mother as to Mr. Friendly.

On arriving in the city, Lily sent a note to Mr. Bowman, who was a distant relative of her mother's, but he did not receive it until next day, and poor Lily began to despair; thinking that probably he had left the city, and that her hopes, so far as regarded him, were disappointed, as she had been unable to discover what had become of him, either through the press or by means of private inquiry. She was, however, told that he was not in the city. Mr. Bowman did not immediately

respond when he did receive the note, and Mrs. Young began to grow uneasy at remaining in the city so long, as their means were but small, and their money began to run low. She, therefore, had come to the conclusion to return home, and thence to correspond with Mr. Bowman, and ask him to aid her in getting a suitable person to engage in the business. But before the cars left, her cousin came. He was a man engaged extensively in business, and to all appearance a gentleman. She intimated to him her object in visiting the city, but had not time then to explain matters. However, he agreed to aid her if there was any prospect of making money, and she promised to communicate in confidence the whole matter to him, by letter, after her arrival home.

We publish the following extract from the letter she wrote according to promise, detailing the particulars of the scheme she had in view:—

DEAR SIR:

Mother and I arrived home in safety on Wednesday afternoon, and found matters much as we had left them; there was no occasion for us to have been in such a hurry, and I was sorry that I had left without some further conversation with you. However, my object in opening a correspondence with you, at this time, is business, and I feel assured that with the aid of a suitable person to assist, and with proper management, a fair profit may be realized by all concerned.

I wish, therefore, a fair, straight-forward business course to be pursued. You will probably think me a strange woman, and I frankly own that I am one who desires to rise above the condition in which untoward circumstances have placed me; and when once I am convinced a thing is honorable and right, I am desirous at once of going through with it. "I will," you said to me; "I will." I like that strong, but grand expression. No one who ever uttered it in a tone of sincerity, was ever a mean, weak-minded person. Mere casual obstacles



do not trouble him, though they rise *en masse*, as it were, to pull him down. He thus speaks, and the unconquerable "will" prevails. Obstacles fall before him. He stands forth a conqueror.

If a man would succeed in any undertaking, let him not look mournfully at his lot; but with "I will" breathing from his lips—the spoken resolve of a strong and a good heart—let him go forward, trusting in Providence, and he must and will succeed.

Show me the man who never rose higher than a mere grovelling earthworm; whose influence died with his breath, and I will confidently assert that that man never uttered the words "I will" with confidence in his tone, and strength and resolve in his heart. But let the fires of energy course through a man's veins, and if the thoughts are directed in the right channel, although he may meet with temporary obstacles, he must and will succeed.

Having thus expressed herself, Lily laid her plan openly and clearly before Mr. Bowman, and he wrote to her in reply, saying that he felt inclined to aid her; but before matters were settled, he met with an accident which prevented him from doing so.

Lily was now adrift again, not knowing where to find another person to ask assistance from. Yet still she clung to the scheme as the only one by means of which she could hope to realize her cherished wishes.

Meanwhile she received two letters from her two half-brothers, which still tended to urge her on to action. We publish these letters below.

DEAR SISTER:

It affords me much pleasure to address these lines to you, who have so generously owned me as a brother. I hardly know what to say in reply to your letter. I must say I

never was more surprised than I was when I received your letter, and I hasten at once to inform you of what I am sure you will be glad to hear, viz: that mother knew nothing of my father's former marriage. Mother was born in ———, in the year 18—, but was living in ——— when she became acquainted with your father. This was in the year 1830, and she was married to him during that year. Thence mother and father removed to ———, and there father kept a store in the year 1832. In 1834, William, the oldest child of James and Ellen Huson, was born. About six months after this they left ——— and went to ———, and from thence removed to ———. At ——— they resided, I believe happily, until my father's death. Mother was left with five small children, and not a friend to look to for support. This was very hard; but she bore it bravely. In the course of twelve months, however, but two of us were left. When I was about eight years of age, I left mother to get a living the best way I could, and after some time, working first at one little thing, then at another, such as I was capable of doing, I went to learn the trade of coach-making. Brother is at the same trade in ———, but he is not yet out of his time. I have an aunt in ———, who does all she can for brother, and has also done all she could for both of us. She is poor, and makes her living by her needle, and now she is getting up in years, and her health is very bad. Henry, aunt, and myself are all the family that are living. It was hardly worth while for me to say anything about our hardships; but you asked to know what were our circumstances. I have told you them the best way I know how.

Dear sister, I am really proud to think that I can call you my sister, and only wish that I could express the love that I have for you and the others of your family whom I never dreamed until lately were in existence. I am happy to think that we have one relation who takes an interest in our welfare. I have often wished I had a sister; little did I dream I possessed one. I expect to visit the fair in New York next sum-

mer, if nothing happens to alter my arrangements, and I shall be pleased to extend my visit a little further, and stop a few days with you. If you have the same desire to see me that I have to see you, you won't care how soon the time comes round. You have asked me to tell you something relative to my future prospects. They are dull; I see nothing before me but hard labor all the days of my life; but I shall be well satisfied with that, if I only preserve my health. I am now in the employ of Mr. M——, who has the largest establishment of the kind in this city. I have had so little schooling, and so little chance to attend school since father's death, that I am hardly able to write and spell so that any one can understand it. I hope, therefore, that you will excuse me. I will say nothing more at present. Give my love to Uncle Albert, and tell him he must write me as soon as possible. Give my love also to my mother-in-law, as I will call her, and to brother.

I am yours, dear sister,

Very affectionately,

WILLIAM HUSON

The following letter was received from Henry, the brother of William, whose letter we have already given above :

DEAR SISTER :

I have much pleasure in writing to you at your request. I feel grateful to you for not saying anything about the circumstance that has happened, and I assure you I am willing to love you as a sister. I hope there will be no bad feeling aroused in the family, relative to what has passed, and what was beyond our control. I shall be very glad to see you, and I hope it will not be long before we shall see each other. I shall be in —— in the course of a fortnight. You need not answer this letter until then, as I am going to —— to finish the few remaining days of my time. When I return, I shall be most happy to hear from you. My trade is carriage-body making,

and I have been doing very well at it. Perhaps you would like to know my age. It is just seventeen years and ten months. You must excuse my writing and inditing, for I never had any schooling. I would say more gladly; but I have written already four letters to-day. I will write at greater length when I write again. I would like to see brother ——, I have forgotten his name. Please give my love to him.

I am, dear sister,

Your affectionate brother,

HENRY HUSON.

William Huson, on the death of his mother, which occurred very soon after Lily had heard from the postmaster of the town where she lived, wrote to his supposed uncle, giving the particulars of her death, and Lily had then made herself known to the children. The above letters are the replies to those she sent them at that period.

They were, she learnt, poor, friendless, and uneducated, and Lily felt a strong desire to assist them—to aid them in attending a good school, and to have them near her, that she might help them to guard against the evils to which youth is liable.

Her circumstances, however, precluded any such idea, but she henceforward kept up a correspondence with them, endeavoring to encourage them to pursue a path of rectitude and propriety.

Poor Lily still had sad trials at home; but she strove to keep all things as quiet as possible, with the assistance of her brother Lemuel.

Mr. Friendly again kindly offered to aid the family, and often sent presents to Mrs. Young. Below we publish another extract from one of his letters, written at this period, which will give the reader some idea of the feeling and good disposition he entertained towards the family.

"—— I shall pass, to-night, by your place; but I presume I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you. Still, if the cars stop to wood and water, it is not impossible that I may see you. How do you get along this cold weather? Have you wood in plenty, so as to make you warm and comfortable? I often think how hard this severe winter would be to the poor. I mention this, not that I think you destitute, for I think if you were, you would be frank enough to let me know, but I know there are many poor creatures who are obliged to get along as best they can, without an earthly friend to assist them. God help them. How little do those who have abundance themselves, think of the sufferings of the poor, or how happy and grateful they could render others at but little cost to themselves. We are told, we have the poor with us always; but, alas! for them, they are too often forgotten in this cold and selfish world. I thank God that he has given me a heart to feel for, and means to relieve, my poorer fellow-creatures. I assure you, I enjoy doing good this way as much as do those enjoy my bounty who are partakers of it. I trust I shall always have such feelings, and the means to exercise them; but this knowledge is hidden from us for good purposes, no doubt."

Lily had confided her scheme to her generous benefactor, and he had informed her that he thinks, perhaps, she may make money out of it in consequence of its novelty, although, at first, he did not approve of it; but looking closely and conscientiously at the matter in every point of view, he had come to a different conclusion. He regretted the exposure to which it would subject her, but promised to aid her as far as he could.

Lily also wrote again to Mr. Edgar, requesting him to take charge of the whole affair, and she will try to obtain the means to commence it with.

After writing twice and waiting for a long time for a reply, she received the following letter:

JANUARY 3rd, 1853.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:

Your two letters, one dated the 28th November, and the other on the 26th December, came each duly to hand. You desired me to take time and not be too hasty in my conclusions, but fairly to reflect upon the nature of your scheme. I have done so, and have delayed writing until this moment, scarcely knowing, indeed, what to write you, or what to advise. My knowledge of your abilities, and of your great anxiety to be engaged in some active duty, that you may be enabled to place your family in comfortable circumstances, together with the generally exalted sentiment of your letters, have occasioned me no little anxiety for your welfare and success, in whatever you may undertake; and that you may meet with some assurance of success, it would give me great pleasure to aid you to the utmost extent of my power, but I regret that it is not in my power to give you more encouragement than what you may find in this. You know, Lily, that I am somewhat embarrassed in my pecuniary affairs, and I am now striving to disentangle myself from these embarrassments.

Having accepted a good offer here, my business is increasing, with every prospect of success; I have reason to suppose that my purposes will in the end be attained. I am under an engagement with the gentleman with whom I am now connected in business, until the 1st day of August, 185—, and I am to give him a certain share of the profits of the business here, while he remains in ———. These circumstances preclude me entirely from engaging in any thing else. In fact, so states my engagement with him. You know, Lily, it is important to myself and my friends that I devote my whole energy towards that which presents a reasonable prospect of my attaining the end for which I am residing in this place. Your scheme, I do not doubt, if rightly got up and well managed, would result in making money; but, Lily, a much younger man than I is required for such a project.

I have spoken with respect to it to some particular friends in this place, but they do not give you much encouragement, as there are so many novelties in the world ; and it would cost a large sum of money to start with, and if unsuccessful, the expense to me would be very serious, by throwing me out of a fair prospect. A younger man, differently situated, it would not affect so much. I have tried to find some one here to undertake the matter for you, but no scheming ones live here. We are the antipodes of the Yankee people. I wish I could find a proper and suitable person for you. It seems to me that such an one ought to be found in the State of New York, where there is so much enterprise. I shall continue my exertions to that effect, and will write you again. In the mean time, write me an account of all you do.

Give my respects to your mother and brother, and tell the latter that I shall not forget him. Accept yourself my very high regard, and believe me to remain,

Yours, as ever,

Respectfully,

G. EDGAR.

Poor Lily!—she found but little to encourage her, yet she would not give up the idea she had planned, for she can think of nothing else half so encouraging, and she is determined to bring it about in some way.

And now, for the present, we will drop the subject, and refer to the occurrence of an incident which was one of the most interesting that ever had occurred to Lily, and certainly the most heart-rending to her.

Many persons had sought to win the hand and heart of Lily, but there was always some insurmountable obstacle in the way ; something to prevent her from loving as a wife is commanded in God's word to love her husband. She sought to love all mankind with the love we are all commanded to bear towards our fellow-creatures ; but the softer, gentler love that

the true woman feels for her husband, or for him who is pledged to become such, Lily had never yet felt for any one. Many are personable in regard to feature and figure, and well calculated to attract the eye ; but their feelings, tastes, and views with reference to *love* widely differ. She had often asserted that, that true, pure love alone, which is implanted in the heart of mankind by our Heavenly Father, could ever reconcile her to the idea of becoming a wife. One day, having been asked by a friend why she did not get married, after making some playful remarks, such as "No person will have me ;" "I am waiting for a good husband ;" "If I only get him, I shall not have waited too long, and if I get a bad one, I shall have long enough to live with him ;" and such like phrases, she honestly told him why she had not got married.

"Four years ago," said she, "I was passing down the street on which I now reside, when my attention was attracted by the fragrance of some flower. I turned to look for it, and chance discovered it to me, close by a fence in front of a small and humble dwelling. It was a beautiful violet. It was peeping from beneath the rude fence, and wasting its sweetness on the desert air, surrounded by its sister flowers. Hundreds, perhaps, had passed it on that day without noticing it. I stopped and plucked it, and carefully carried it home. A gentleman with whom I was acquainted, shortly after called in ; after shaking hands with him, I presented him with my little flower, and gave him an account of its capture. He inhaled its fragrance, and admired its beauty ; but before he left it began to droop, and after he had gone, I found it on the table forgotten by him. I placed it between the leaves of a Bible. Its history is still fresh in my memory, and a fragrance still seems to linger around its faded petals. Had I admired this little way-side flower for its beauty alone, it would not have possessed these lasting charms to me. Thus it is in my case. If a man admires me and wishes to obtain me for a wife merely because he is attracted by my face and form, which are beauties that I

possess but a moderate share of, when that little is gone, he will have nothing left to love. But if he loves me for the mind and for the inner virtues of the heart, these can never fade, can never decay, but will, if kindly tended and cultivated, still grow in beauty, and even when the form lies mouldering in the dust, will, like the little violet, leave a lasting, lingering fragrance behind.

"When my Heavenly Father directs to me a corresponding mind and heart, I shall be happy in accepting them, and the hand of the possessor with them, and it will be my chiefest joy on earth to render that husband happy. If such an one I never meet, I shall be content to remain single. Oriental gems could never compensate for the want of true affection; there is something more in marriage than the mere name. Better, far better, be termed an old maid, than be an unhappy wife."

Let her, who is sitting like the queen of flowers admired by all, a paragon of perfection amongst the daughters of men; let her watch, lest vanity enter her heart, beguiling her to trust proudly to her own strength. Let her remember that she standeth amongst slippery places, and be not high-minded, but fear God, and walk in His ways, lest she stumble and fall.

Our readers will, we trust, pardon us for this digression, and we will return to our story. In the following chapter, we will introduce the incident we have spoken of by publishing a letter which Lily received in reference to it.

## CHAPTER XVI.

STILL MORE MYSTERY—THE ELUCIDATION—THE INTRODUCTION  
AND COURTSHIP—CONFIDENTIAL LETTERS—ALL IS FAVORABLE,  
AND LOVE IN THE ASCENDANT—A SUDDEN CHANGE AND A  
LOVER'S INCONSTANCY.

—, *January 17, 1853.*

MY DEAR LADY:

Ever since I first saw you at Mr. B——'s, I have been so favorably inclined towards you, that I can no longer resist the impulse that leads me to address you, as this is the only method I have at present of communicating my feelings to one who I trust will pardon my presumption. May I hope that you will confer upon me the greatest of all possible favors by responding to this letter, and, I trust, responding also to the sentiments herein expressed? Please favor me with an early reply, as I feel very anxious whether my addresses will be encouraged.

Accept, dear lady, my best wishes for your happiness,

And believe me to be

Your affectionate friend,

F. JILTON.

This gentleman Lily had met a few times at the house of a mutual friend, but had never been much acquainted with him. She had thought him a talented man, and had respected him as such. The friend, also, at whose residence she had been

introduced to him, had, in joke, said many things about him to her—such as:

“Lily, he is a widower, and very much admires you. I think you would make him a good wife, and so does he. He will make a good husband to some woman.”

After the above fashion Mrs. B—— was always teasing Lily about Mr. Jilton. But she had thought nothing more about the matter until she had received the above letter, and then she knew not what to say or do, he was such a stranger to her. His person was pleasing, but beyond her idea that he was possessed of talent, she knew nothing at all about his disposition or of the character he bore. His letter showed that his temperament was impulsive, and her sympathetic feelings prompted her to reply in a manner that perhaps he might construe favorably. Imagine Lily's surprise when she received the following answer to her letter:

———, *January 26th, 1853.*

DEAR MADAM:

I am so well pleased with the expression of sentiment that your letter contained, that I am almost ashamed to inform you that I have never written to you before now.

There is some mistake about the matter, and still I cannot but be pleased that it has occurred; for, to tell you the truth, I have been so favorably impressed with regard to you, that although I *have* never written you, I have often *thought* of doing so, and have only been deterred by the consideration that you would regard the act as a presumptuous one, in so short an acquaintance. Somebody has indeed conferred upon me an overwhelming favor. Whether it was so *intended* or not I cannot say, but I so regard it. Now, since you have kindly consented to that which I so ardently desire, viz., to correspond with me and improve our acquaintance, do not let this little mistake prevent us from carrying the purpose into effect. I was always inclined to be a little superstitious, and I believe

there is a *providence* in this affair. It is so much in accordance with my views and feelings, and has so effectually, yet so unexpectedly, removed the scruples I had before indulged in with regard to the propriety of writing, that I am quite inclined to hope and believe that our further acquaintance will be mutually agreeable. To acknowledge that I entertain towards you feelings of as warm a nature as those to which you respond, would be but to express the honest sentiments of my heart, and if an acquaintance of longer standing than the present should create in your own heart a similar feeling, I shall be indeed happy. I shall look with much anxiety and impatience for your next letter in reply, and may I not hope to receive it by the next mail?

I am, dear madam,

Affectionately yours,

F. JILTON.

P. S.—I should be happy to meet you in person, and have a social interview. Please let me know in your next letter whether that would be agreeable to you, and if so, whether one week from next Friday evening would suit your convenience.

F. J.

Lily at once suspected Mrs. P—— of bringing about this correspondence; but the feelings expressed in both letters were the same, and she scarcely knew what conclusion to arrive at. She was, however, led by the ardor of the writer's expressions, and by her own feelings towards him, to reply. But she couched her reply in cautious terms, so as not to awaken sentiments in the heart of the writer that, on a closer acquaintance, could not be realized.

We will not stay to comment upon the nature of the correspondence which followed this singular introduction; but let the letters of Mr. Jilton show the character of the correspondence with both parties.

The following letter was the first received from Mr. Jilton after Lily's reply to the letter given above:



—, Sunday, P. M., Jan. 30, 1853.

MY DEAR FRIEND LILY:

I feel assured that you will excuse me for addressing you by that endearing name; for I cannot, if I *would*, conceal the fact that your frankness and generous spirit, combined with the very favorable opinion that I had previously formed of you, have made a deep impression upon my mind. If there be anything for which I have longed and sighed more than another, it has been for some tender and confiding friend, possessed of feelings and sentiments congenial to my own, into whose ears I could whisper the inmost feelings of my heart, and to whose breast I could confide every warm emotion. Every day brings to one's notice the heartless creatures of fashion and folly, who scorn the very idea of *love* as inconsistent with their notions of independence; whose hearts, indeed, by a long indurating process, are rendered incapable of such a sentiment. From such, who would not turn away in disgust, when seeking for a warm-hearted, affectionate friend? Better, far better, that the heart's holy aspirations were smothered in their conceptions, than confide to such one's hopes of domestic happiness. I cannot at present resist the impression that there is in *our* views and feelings towards each other such a correspondence and sympathy, as will make our friendship enduring. Time *may* dispel the fond hope as an illusion. Circumstances *may* prove that we are both mistaken; but, for myself, I will not believe it until the unwelcome reality forces itself upon me, in no uncertain light, at least. Let the matter be fully tested. For myself, again let me say, that I feel like entrusting to you my feelings of gratitude to a kind Providence, for thus introducing us to each other. And, if I say to you that I cannot help loving you, in advance, do not chide me, but attribute it to a heart too susceptible to love. Thank you for your kind permission to visit you. I shall embrace the opportunity, if possible, on Friday, the 4th proximo, by leaving the city at 4½ o'clock, P. M. Now I do not wish to tax you too

heavily; but I should be much pleased to receive a letter from you before that time, if you can consistently write. Please state how far from the depot you live; also, whether I had better stop at the east or west depot.

I am sincerely yours,

F. JILTON.

MISS LILY HUSON, &c., &c.

The feelings and sentiments of the above letter so beautifully blended with Lily's own, that she could not help loving the author. She thought there was no cause for chiding. She thought she knew the generous nature of the writer, and willingly complied with his request, by replying to his letter. This having been done, she waited with anxious expectation for the evening to come, when she anticipates a visit, fraught to her with so deep an interest.

On the evening in question, she was seated in the plain and neat parlor of her dwelling, made so by her economy and industry, as plainly and as neatly attired; for Lily felt no desire to fascinate any man by dress or coquetry, far less the man whom she wished to win her heart and eventually her hand.

She anxiously waits, and yet trembles, for the issue of the visit. At length she heard the opening of the gate, and her heart beat violently in her bosom; a knock at the door of the house quickly followed, which Lily answered herself. She kept no servant, but willingly and proudly waited upon herself. She had resolved beforehand to meet her lover alone. She knew full well that a stranger would render the meeting embarrassed on both sides. With a trembling hand and a beating heart she opened the door, and greeted the expected visitor.

The following letter from Mr. Jilton, written subsequently to this meeting, will better explain how the evening was passed, than will any description of ours:

*Saturday, P. M., Feb. 5, 1853.*

MY DEAR LILY:—Here I am again, writing you only a few hours after our separation. What does it mean? what will have to be done unto me to induce greater deliberation? Can you prescribe in such a case? If you desire to undertake a cure, I suppose you will wish to know the symptoms somewhat in detail. I will give you some of the more prominent ones, and from them, perhaps, you will be able to judge whether or not the disease admits of the possibility of a cure. I tell the plain truth of the matter, although I am fully aware of the existence of some malady in the region of the heart, yet it is of so pleasing a nature, and so very flattering, that I have no disposition to be cured. So you need not try very hard, Lily, unless you think it necessary. I suppose I need not tell you that my visit to ——— was of the most gratifying description, inasmuch as I there found a heart, beating in unison with my own, the tender impulses of which were not smothered by the cold formalities of a cold and heartless world; but on the contrary, evinced, like my own, in no ambiguous manner.

Say, dear Lily, are not our views and feelings singularly consonant? Are we not both ready to obey the heart's warm impulses, and to enjoy in each other's society the unalloyed bliss of pure love? For myself, I am prepared to say, that I love you as I love no other being in the wide world. Can you say as much? If so, let me hear it from your own lips, or see it from your own pen, and I shall be happy. You must be aware that I am quite dull to-day, not from having overslept myself last night, but from some other cause, which you may, perhaps, divine, so you will not expect me to write much this time. My heart dictates many things which I want to say, but I shall reserve them until I see you, which I hope will be soon. Please let me know in your reply when you will be here, also in what street and at what number you will stop, and, above all, write immediately. I am, most affectionately, yours,

F. JILTON.

We will simply say, in allusion to this letter, that Lily, shortly after it was written, went on a visit of several weeks' duration to the city, where Mr. Jilton resided, and the following letter received by her, shortly after her return home again, will show how matters had progressed in the meanwhile.

———, *March 19th, 1853.*

DEAR LILY:

I thought I would allow you sufficient time to have arrived safely at home before I troubled you with a letter, although my inclination would have led me to write on the same day on which I suppose you left the city. My intercourse with you has been of the most pleasing character during your stay here, and I cannot but feel deeply the vacuum which has been created by your departure. I have seen none of your friends here since you left, but each returning evening brings the sweet recollection of the happy hours spent with you at their houses, and I can hardly resist the inclination to go in search of you. I no longer think of you as a stranger, but as part of my own existence, and, for this reason, the time of our separation will appear to me *long*, very long. I am prepared to obey the promptings of stern duty, let it lead in whatever direction it may. I wish you, therefore, to act with strict reference to your own convenience and circumstances, without any reference to what I may have expressed to you. My constancy will stand the test of time, and so long as I have the assurance that your heart beats responsively to mine, I shall continue to love only you. I shall look forward with impatience to the time when I shall be permitted to visit you; but, in the mean time, please communicate freely with me with regard to the result of your interviews with your mother and brother. I am obliged to make this letter short, or lose to-night's mail, and that I am unwilling to do, as it would delay your answer one day longer, and I am very anxious to hear from you.

Please write immediately, and oblige your devoted friend,  
F. JILTON.

Lily replied to this letter, and waited impatiently for an answer, but it came not; but her lover came unexpectedly, and answered it in person. Although Lily liked to see him as often as it could be made convenient, yet she could not reconcile the matter of his not answering in person. She was truly fond of reading his letters, for they spoke directly to her heart, while he said but little, and that little in jokes. This was a source of unhappiness to her, yet she blamed herself for being so sensitive, and longed to be merry and gay with him. Yet, she found no enjoyment in it, and once she told him that she feared her extreme sensitiveness would prove a source of unhappiness to them both, and asked him if they had not better drop the engagement. He replied:—

"Lily, I do hope we shall not quarrel," and he bade her an affectionate "good night," which in part soothed her disquieted feelings.

But his *last* visit was drawing near. He came like a shadow and passed away. He was unusually dull that evening, and Lily was more excited than ever; for to have a gentleman dull in her society was something new to her.

She could not comprehend it. As Mr. Jilton was about to leave her, she said:—

"May I expect to hear from you soon? I do so love to read your letters; they speak what the tongue refuses to utter!"

He replied:—

"Then you don't want to see me; I fear I have offended you by coming so unexpectedly. I know I am dull, but I cannot help it. It arises from an inability to utter my feelings in words."

Poor Lily grieved to think that she should thus have seemed to find fault with one who appeared to be in mind, in disposition, and in person, all she could desire, and one whom she truly loved. But this he never told her before, or her generous disposition would have passed his reserve by, and not have allowed it to interfere with her happiness. But we will say no

more. They parted, as usual, in a most affectionate manner at the gate of her humble house, he telling her he would write immediately on his return home. However, nearly a week passed by without a letter; Lily was sitting one day busily employed sewing, but her thoughts were far away. She looked pale and drooping. She had not for a long time been well, for a severe cold she had caught had settled upon her lungs, yet she did not complain; but worked away cheerfully, in anticipation of a certain coming event. It was a gloomy day and her spirits were more than usually depressed, and she felt that a few words from the one she loved most dear would bring back the wonted sunshine to her heart.

She had sent her brother to the post-office to see if he could find a letter there from Mr. Jilton. He returned, and entered the house smiling; Lily knows, by the expression of his face, that the expected missive has come at last. She took the letter from her brother's hand, and imprinted a warm kiss upon the seal.

Then, with a trembling hand, she tore off the envelope. What did she see to cause the temporary tinge of red that anxious expectation and hope had caused to color her cheek, to disappear and leave such a pallor behind? Nothing, only that the customary white gilt-edged sheet, is tinted of a salmon color! but what did that matter, so long as the same hand penned the passionate, loving sentiments which so cheered her heart? Still she thought there was something ominous in this trifling matter. But what now has changed that pallor, the pallor of sickness and anxiety, to the deadly pallor of pain and anguish? What has stopped the wild beating of her heart, and caused the death-like calm to succeed it? The letter fell from her hands. Her bright eyes, but lately sparkling with eagerness and love, became expressionless as glass. Lily had fainted, and for fifteen minutes she remained in a state of unconsciousness. Her friends, who had gathered around her, feared that the vital spark had fled; that the mortal part of Lily alone

remained, and the immortal spirit had left the senseless form of clay. At length she opened her eyes, and her lips moved.

"He shall come to me and tell me his reasons. I will have them from his own lips. He shall not avoid me, until I have heard him give utterance to his reasons for acting thus!" she exclaimed; "but marry him! no. Marry him, I now *never* will!"

Again she relapsed into a state of unconsciousness—and we will endeavor to explain the cause by giving the contents of the letter.

*March 29th, 1853.*

FRIEND LILY:

It is not without the most unpleasant feelings that I sit down to recall the circumstances that have lately been revealed to me, in the course of recent developments that have been made. That there is no genuine heart-felt sympathy between us, I have for some time past striven to disbelieve, although our recent interviews have furnished sufficient evidence of the fact. But the last interview has set the matter entirely at rest, in my mind, and has dispelled therefrom every doubt. We are entirely unsuited to each other in many respects, and for this reason a union between us could only result in untold misery and wretchedness to us both. I have been compelled to believe these things much against my wishes, for I had fondly, *too* fondly, hoped to find it otherwise.

But the ever present "dulness" of the one, and the "sensitiveness" of the other, with the reproaches and denunciations which they must ever produce, combine to point out a fate which I would shun as I would deadly poison. Our intimacy has been blindly "fallen into" through circumstances not altogether "accidental" or "prudential," and now it is time, in my humble opinion, to recall sense and judgment to the control of our actions. You will bear me witness that I have not been governed by any selfish or unworthy motives in my intercourse

with you, and now I feel sincerely sorry that we ever met. Setting aside all that I have rehearsed, I have been made acquainted with certain circumstances since I last saw you, which would cause me to shrink from a union such as we have contemplated. I will not say, that *I will not* fulfil my engagements; but, I ask, in all sincerity, do you insist upon the fulfilment of the engagement, when, from the nature of things, I cannot love you? I know you will not, if your former declarations, oft repeated as they have been, are sincere.

Respectfully yours, &c.,

F. JILTON.

No wonder the drooping Lily sunk beneath this cruel blast. It was the destruction of all her bright hopes of happiness, and coming at such a moment, when her health required the most tender attention and care, is it not strange that the reason, which tottered upon its throne, did not flee for ever?

For two long weeks did Lily's anxious mother and brother watch with tenderness over the loved one; but who can tell the agony of a broken heart? None, but those who have experienced its wretchedness and despair. Those eyes, which were wont to sparkle with joy and gladness, or to weep in sympathy with the woes of others, are dull and lifeless, and the fount of tears has gone dry. Such grief as Lily felt was too deep for tears. Could she have wept, she would sooner have found relief. It was long before poor Lily recovered her equanimity; but at length she received strength from the only source from which all true strength and all goodness comes from the hand which had allowed, for His own wise purposes, to allow the blow to be dealt; but which now applied the healing balm to the wounded spirit, and Lily rose superior to her trial and strove to conquer her misplaced affections. She wrote briefly to her inconstant, faithless lover, demanding not that he should fulfil his engagements, from which she freely absolved him, but that he should furnish her with the reasons

which had dictated his cruel conduct. In the following chapter we will give her letter, and the reply of Mr. Jilton, from which the reader may perhaps be able to form a better judgment, with regard to his conduct, than we can lead him to by any explanation of our own.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

A CHAPTER OF CORRESPONDENCE—A LOVER'S CRUELTY—THE SPIRIT AND DETERMINATION OF THE FORSAKEN ONE—AN INTERVIEW DEMANDED.

LILY, as soon as she was able, wrote as follows:

*April 3d, 1853.*

DEAR SIR:

This is the first moment since yours of the 29th March came to hand, that I have been able to reply to it, and I cannot now do justice to the reply; but I trust I shall in this, as well as in many other things, be excused, by *one* whom I have not *blindly*, or without using *judgment*, *given my love*. I have long studied my own heart, and know it well. I also know yours, perhaps, better than you have judged.

Circumstances have denied that share of book-knowledge, which is my due, but they could not deprive me of that which nature has given. Being deprived of the one, I have endeavored to profit by the other. I have, in imagination, soared above the stars, and penetrated the veriest depths of earth and through boundless space, and what have I found there? The word Eternity, and its depths, death alone can fathom. I have studied inanimate nature, and have found it all serene and beautiful. Then whence springs earth's depravity? It is not to be found amongst the birds of the air or the beats of the field:

these fulfil the behests assigned to them by their Creator. It is not to be found in any living being that does not possess a soul.

Now, Frank, please to excuse this familiarity. Stoop so low, and do not "shrink" to penetrate with me beneath the surface of human nature. Let us search the human heart, and find what is there hidden. In the first place, what is he that is called man? He is simply a creature formed in the same way as any other animal, and by the same Power. Then why does he differ so widely from them? Because the *creature we call man* differs but little in many respects from the lower animals. But God, who is love and a spirit, created man in His own image, and chose his image for his own abode. What part of our body then is man? Love and spirit are not matter; therefore the image of God cannot be matter, consequently the mind alone can be man, and is the essence or image of the Creator.

Will you now take my hand in friendship—nothing more—and penetrate with me into the recesses of the human heart? Human—why? Because, governed by man, if governed at all. Tread softly, that we may not awaken the slumbering affections, this being the resting-place. We find nothing but the warm, red current of life, but the mind of man sees not with external eyes. I do not expect you to see with my eyes; but turn your own within, and your own good judgment will tell you I was not, nor am not *blind*. But you knew neither yourself nor me. Had I been devoid of judgment when you asked me to become united to you, and said you were *then* as ready as ever you could be, would I, loving you as I did, have said *wait*, you are not yet acquainted with me?

If you have ever really loved, you will respond *no*.

I knew you did not love me with the strength with which I loved you, although you professed to the contrary. Had you known and loved me, as you once wished me to believe you did, you would not have been *cold* and *dull*, and I should have had nothing to complain of when you were in my society. But

the difficulty lies here. You knew not your own heart or mine. Oh, study it, that you may not wreck the happiness of another, or be deceived in your own, for I tell you the only union that will bring happiness, is that of the heart, which God alone can give. This is a love which will stand when all else fails. Yes, when the grim monster, death, stands waiting for his prey, she who bears this love for you will not turn to the *cold, cold* world for its sympathy, but will ascend with her heart still full of love to her Creator. I heeded little the scorn of the world, Virtue and truth shall yet go forth conquering and to conquer, whatever obstacles may be a stumbling-block in their path.

Please thank for me the informer of whom you speak, who has told you that which makes you "shrink" from a union with me, such as you had contemplated only eighteen days ago: "a being whom you thought of, not as a stranger, but as already part of your own existence." Had this been so, no earthly power could have severed you from a part of your own being. Had you loved as I did, misfortunes, or all that others might have said against one or the other, would but have strengthened the bonds. For myself, I never contemplated a union of hands alone, but of hearts also, and I should have waited long enough to test your sincerity. You never aspired to such a degree of love as mine, therefore, my love for you, you could not appreciate, and its ardor checked yours, for I cannot believe that you had no affection for me after all your professions.

But here let me advise you to know well your own heart before you tell another that you *love* her. You may never again find in woman the strength of attachment I bear you, *now* only as a sister to a dear brother, for as I once before told you, I would not seek to reclaim a heart whose pulse had once grown cold towards me for the wealth of the world. Frank, you have trifled unconsciously with the best part of my nature, but I forgive you as I forgive those who most wantonly injured me with you. I know not whence the blow came, for you have withheld from me the means of proving their falsehood.



I should have been happy in confiding to you all *my* troubles and their causes; and, oh, how happy to have received consolation from *you*! Think not the world trifles with my name, or with my sex *alone*, from malice. I have learned from a close study of human nature, that *more* offend from want of thought than from want of feeling.

Pardon me, if I touch upon a sensitive chord, when I say that your poor wife, I believe, loved you with a "sensitive" love, as you have termed it. I love her very memory, and sometimes think the spirits of departed ones linger in the air to shed a softening influence over our hardened natures.

You say, our "intimacy" has been blindly fallen into by a circumstance not wholly "accidental." I have always thought that you or one of your acquaintances knew more about that fatal letter which brought us together, than I had been able to learn, notwithstanding my strong suspicions. But let it be as it may, it is nothing to me *now*, and as you *cannot* love me, you have nothing to weep the loss of. Many, many times shall I think of you, and in the silent watches of the night you will think of me, although another lies sleeping by your side. When sickness has laid you upon your couch, and death is tapping at the door, and professed friends have fled, then will you think of the love you *encouraged* and *slighted*. Yet I hope you may be happy in your present anticipations and in your future expectations.

There are jewels in your heart, which, if refined and polished, will shine as the stars of heaven.

Oh, let us learn to create a world of love about us, and as a reward we shall enjoy true and lasting happiness. You will never know what it has cost me to write this letter; and should we never meet on earth, may we meet in heaven. Henceforth I shall seek seclusion from the world; I can look for constancy and faith in the heart of man no more. I shall for the present retain your letters. I have said, I forgive you, and I love you still; and when I peruse their pages, I shall

think you once loved me. This may be the last time I shall be permitted to write you, therefore I ask your indulgence yet a little longer. You remember I once told a dream I had, and said I thought it allegorical, and would tell you if I found it so.

The dream was this: I was *naughty* clad, all but my dress. You came towards me, and *offered* to take my right hand. I looked and saw it was *extremely* fair, but my dress was soiled. I noticed this, and I thought "he must not take my hand until I have changed this dress," yet you persisted in taking the hand. I then awoke. Now, here is the allegory: When you requested an interview with me, I granted it, determining to tell you all my circumstances and misfortunes; then, had you persisted in taking my hand, all would have been well; but I could not tell you all, time was so short. What I did confide to you, made, as you told me, no difference in your feelings, and I thought I would not mar our happiness by the sad recital. The soiled dress was my name, soiled and aspersed by unfortunate circumstances. My own right arm had been, with the assistance of heaven, my only protection through life, and its covering had been torn and soiled that I might acknowledge the wisdom and goodness of my Heavenly protector, and not glory in my own strength. For this, you see, I blame myself, and ask your forgiveness, if in word or deed, I have offended you. I could wish that many things were different to what they are, yet I would not recall them, for they have taught me how frail is human nature, and have opened my heart to sympathize with the unfortunate. I have suffered much, I still expect to suffer; but the right arm of Him who has aided me through all, is still about me, and will aid and uphold me, when all else fails me.

It is now thirteen years since the night of my sorrow began. Long, long is the night that knows no morning. Long, long the sleep that knows no waking. I open my eyes, and lo! in the East a small bright spot appears; it

must be my morning dawning. You will not comprehend me now.

In your last you called me "Friend Lily." I thank you for it, and trust you think me such. In this letter, I have confided to you the whole of my heart. It may prove a source of merriment to you, but I give you credit for more sincerity and depth of feeling. Why need I trouble you in this way any longer? It is not meet that I should cast even one long, lingering look back. Please excuse me; I will bring this to a close.

In love and respect, I remain,

Your friend,

LILY.

Sadness overshadowed the once smiling face of Lily Huson. She wrote, at this period, in her diary: "It is April 9th, and early morning. Nature's songsters invite me forth, but I have no ear for their music. The bright sky, in all its glory, seems but to mock my grief. Oh, when shall I obtain relief from this oppression? Oh, God! give me patience to bear the chastening rod. Oh, thou bright sun, thou enlivenest all nature, but there is no day for me. My sun has set in darkness, and there is nothing left to fill up this aching void."

"April 10th.—If such love as he professed for me can grow cold, I am led almost to doubt the name of love; but no, that I cannot do. For my heart whispers, 'Love still remains on earth.' The object of my affections has deceived me, yet hope whispers, 'There is a congenial mate for every being.' Why were we made such social creatures? Why this heart so lone and sad, when not another heart beats in unison with it? Why so cold and dreary, if man or woman are complete, alone? My Heavenly Father, in His own good time, will work all things for my good; I will bide His time. He doeth all things well."

Let us now lay this diary, this record of grief and woe, this mirror of a breaking heart, seeking to relieve itself by pour-

ing forth its gushing sensations, and return to the thread of our story.

In reply to the letter we have published above, Lily received the following from Mr. Jilton:—

April 8th, 1853.

FRIEND LILY:—

Your lengthy, but interesting, letter was duly received by this morning's mail. Justice to myself demands that I reply to some of its allegations, and I embrace this early opportunity to make it. I wish to do so in all kindness and sincerity, motives which I feel have prompted me, in my every act towards you, and not a whit the less in perusing my last message, than in all preceding ones. The accident, if such it may properly be termed, which commenced our correspondence, was one over which I had no control. The introductory letter was neither written nor instigated by me or any friend or acquaintance of mine, as you more than insinuate in your letter. So that with regard to this, which you must admit was the cause of the commencement of our acquaintance, I am in no sense to blame. That letter came to me when my heart was sad and desolate, when it longed for some sympathizing and congenial spirit, and hence, I solicited an acquaintance, which you kindly granted. I met you at your home. I found you destitute of cold formality, and ready to encourage my advances. I was pleased with you, aye, loved you, and, Lily, every sentiment which I expressed to you was sincere. So it has ever been with me; but I am to blame in allowing myself, impelled by the ardor of my feelings, to advance too hastily, when I found I might. In this I have erred, and for this I accept your forgiveness, which was evidently intended to have a more extended application. I could neither ask nor accept "forgiveness" for that which involves no blame. In this single respect, allow me to say, that we are both to blame, in my

opinion. You speak with some assurance of my future "expectations" and "anticipations."

They are dark and forbidding, indeed; and although your remarks imply the transfer of my attentions to some other object, your surmise is wholly without foundation. Of the two individuals who, you say, have "aspired" to my hand, I know nothing, and if any such thing be true, I have received no intimation of it. Certain it is, as I can prove, that I have not paid the slightest attention to any lady, except yourself, since the death of my dear companion. Nor do I know of one now upon whom I would venture the slightest thought of that kind. But it is needless to review these points at length. I wish to be frank and plain with you, and to write precisely as I would talk, were I in your presence. I have not *refused* to fulfil my engagements, nor *shall I*. By so doing, I should incur a liability which I hope never to incur. On the contrary, I shall *insist* upon the fulfilment of them, although I feel the result would be untold misery to us both, unless you are willing to give me in writing a full and unqualified release from them. To this proposition, I await your answer.

I am in great haste, and must close.

Your friend,

F. JILTON.

Lily's health would not allow her to reply to this letter immediately, and if it had, all she could have said would have been:—

"Come to me, and frankly tell me what I have done that calls so loudly for a written *repose*; also what has been said against me, and who was the author of the insinuations you profess to have heard, which have caused so great a revulsion in your feelings towards me."

But, as we have said, sickness for a time prevented her answering, and then, as soon as she was able to journey, her brother took her West with him, hoping the change of scene

might bring back his sister's cheerfulness. Lily had requested her friends to say nothing to her, or in her presence, about the painful matter, which they were careful not to do; at the same time, she strove to forget that such a circumstance had occurred.

Few who saw her graceful figure and smiling face, as she stood on the deck of the steamer, on her return home from her Western tour, would have believed that her heart had been recently so cruelly lacerated, and her bosom agitated by so terrible a storm.

Lily stopped at the house of a friend upon her return, in order to give Mr. Jilton an opportunity of seeing her, and to explain matters to her satisfaction. She would not allow him to come to her home, for fear her mother might treat him unkindly should she meet him, for she had never been in favor of Lily's encouraging his visits, and only consented because she said her daughter really loved him. Lily feared her mother's fiery temper, and still she wished to screen her lover from an angry word.

Having arrived at the house of the friend spoken of, who lived in the city where Jilton resided, Lily sent, by the hands of her cousin, a note to her recreant lover, requesting a personal interview, in which she told him she would explain all matters, if he would but grant it to her.

A verbal answer was returned, that he would see her, as requested. But, at 5 P. M., a letter was handed to her, the contents of which we will give below:—

Friday, P. M., May 6th.

MISS HUSON:—

When I received your unexpected invitation this afternoon, to call on you at Mrs. E——'s, I thoughtlessly accepted it. Perhaps thoughtlessness is too prominent a characteristic of mine. Indeed, I think it is. If so, I must be pardoned, I have thought the matter over since, and I cannot convince my-

self that it is my duty to see you, until the very reasonable request that I made in my last letter, is either acceded to or denied. By refusing to answer my last letter, you have acted consistently neither with your own oft repeated professions, nor with any just conceptions of duty. You have often said, in substance, that you did not wish to hold me to any obligations that had become irksome, and yet, when I ask you to give me, in writing, a release from an obligation which I admit that I have incurred, but which circumstances have rendered unpleasant to me, you treat my request with perfect indifference. Now, this is not right, and I do not wish to see you until some kind of an answer is returned. If you wish to hold me to my engagement, why say so frankly, and you will find me ready to fulfil it. You know I do not wish to do so. Knowing this, you can do as you choose, for I am under no similar obligation, present or prospective, to any other person. This is my position, and it will be impossible for you or any other person to make it appear either to yourself or others an unfair one. I have written with a full knowledge and appreciation of the fact, that this letter will be read by others than yourself; nor shall I complain of this. Whenever you give me an answer to my previous letter I am ready to see you, and will do so, if you desire it, even though I should have to go to ———, and further; if you wish me to fulfil this engagement, I will do that, too. I wish to know, in an unqualified manner, whether you hold me to it or release me.

Respectfully yours,

F. JILTON.

Lily replied to this letter that she could not give him an unqualified release from his engagement, until he would grant her a personal interview. She also wished him to consider the reply she thus sent, as an answer to his letter of the 8th April, which, she stated, circumstances prevented her from answering at a proper time.

She said she wished to see him, and to talk over matters, and not to write any more, for she was unable to write all she wished. He had come to her, and asked her to accept his engagement: in like manner must he act to obtain her release. She told him not to fear to see her, for he will find her, as he has ever done, ready to comply with his requests, so far as was consistent with her duty to herself.

To this letter Mr. Jilton replied as follows:

———, May 12th, 1853.

Mrs. Huson:

The course which you attempt to impose upon me, may be entirely in accordance with your *real* principles; but you will allow me to say it is utterly inconsistent with all your previous professions, and therefore anything but creditable to you. The request which I made was long anterior to yours, and still you insist that yours shall be granted first. I have asked of you what you have uniformly said you were ready to grant when desired. I have the best of reasons for asking it, some of which I have given you. Your refusal to grant my request implies, if it means anything, either that you wish to annoy me for having entertained too good an opinion of you, or you wish to hold me to my engagement. If the former be true, I wish you to understand at once, and finally, that I am unmoved by all such annoyances; and if you imagine, that like the wary fowler, you have entrapped a victim in your snare, you may find the sport too costly to be interesting before the game is finished; but if the latter is the true state of the case, then I wish you to name the precise time for the consummation of your troubles, and I will be on hand at the precise hour. Then I shall see you, for I do not "fear" to see you as you insinuate, and why should I? Now this last request you will be compelled to accede to, if you do not to the first, otherwise the "breach of promise," which I must infer you wish to establish, will be on your own side. I have never

refused to marry you, and as it is for you to set the time, you must do so, or I am free. Act as you please, for I have no further request to make. I have secured two witnesses to this letter, who will see it mailed.

Respectfully,

F. JILTON.

After Lily had read this letter, she thought to herself, "He promised to see me, if I only gave him some kind of an answer to his letter of the 8th of April; now he refuses to see me. Is this the noble, high-minded man, to whom my affections were given? He has left me but one alternative—this I must follow. My circumstances will prevent me setting an early day, therefore I will and must, since he compels me to it, suit this matter to my circumstances. I could, for his sake as well as my own, wish it all settled, but how am I to do so, in justice to myself? I am willing to pay the penalty, but I must know for what I am condemned. First, I may be wrong in the matter, therefore I will confide it to my friend, Mr. A——, and be guided by his advice and his cool judgment." (Up to this time Lily had kept her own counsel,) although Mr. Jilton had inferred to the contrary in one of his letters. Even now she acted just as her judgment directed, and simply asked of her friend if she was doing right. Her own kindly feelings would have prompted her to go herself to Mr. Jilton, and learn what she wished to know, but her judgment dictated the course she was about to pursue.

Lily embodied the soliloquy, spoken above, in a letter to Mr. Jilton, to which she received the following reply:

B——, May 18th, 1853.

MRS. HUSON:

I do not wonder that you think any further correspondence unnecessary. Of course you do not wish to see an appropriate reply to yours of the 15th inst. Well, I

think, if I were the author of that letter, I should feel precisely the same with regard to an answer. I should not wish to see it. I should feel as though I had forfeited the last claim to consistency and sincerity, and should dread to see a just exposition of it; but I have something to say yet, for which I ask no apology. I do not expect you to be influenced by them in the least, for you have shown by your denial of your oft-repeated professions, and by the infamous position which you now take, that you are beyond the reach of any noble impulse. You imagine that you have caught in your vile meshes a "*rara avis*," by sporting with which you may gratify a disposition, which, I thank God, I do not possess myself, and shall ever despise in others. Only think of your professions of "honor," "principle," "not wishing to win back," &c., &c.; and some of these, too, repeated with unblushing impudence, in the very letter in which you deny a release which no honest woman could for a moment refuse. Think you, I would hold *you*, or any other woman, when I found that a better knowledge of facts had changed the nature of your feelings towards me? You *know* that I would not. No, I would despise myself most heartily, could I believe myself capable of so mean an act; and yet you prate about your *dignity*, your *disinterestedness*, *honor*, &c., &c. What is meanness? What is intrigue? What is it to *retaliate*? The causes that led to my request were not mere suspicions, Mrs. Huson, and had they been so, every one would have been more than established by the course which you are seeking to take. I have no confidence in you whatever. I do not even respect you, nor *can* I. Nay, you show by your present position, that you have no respect for yourself. You intimate, that, with a knowledge of my feelings towards you, that you are willing to marry me. Now, understand, that with characteristic dishonesty, you have misquoted my proposition. I did not agree, as you very well know, to meet you on the 1st of September, 1853, nor at any other time, except for the consummation of our marriage, at a time which you may set; but

do not for a moment think that you can evade setting that time by any of your low devices if you wish to hold me to my engagement. I know what I say, and if you court an investigation, you can institute it at any time after your appointed day, if I do not fulfil. The result will, I fear, develop some new phases in the art of daguerreotyping; also, that there is a less amiable way of gaining affection and good opinion than in buying them. Meantime, don't talk to me of "love," or of any other sentiment, honorable to woman, until you can show yourself capable of entertaining it, for, in connection with your position, such professions are worse than disreputable,—they are absolutely *fiendish*. You must, indeed, be reduced to a desperate extremity, when you are willing to marry a man, who can never even respect you. Well, do so, it proves your vileness. I shall not break my engagement. You have promised to marry me, even under existing circumstances, showing, as you must admit, that, that "love," about which you talk so much, has no place in your vocabulary. You seek an unhallowed alliance to gratify the worst of passions. I thank God that there are so few of your sex who could be brought to such a position. You will fail in gratifying even your grovelling disposition, Mrs. Huson, by pursuing this course. I tell you, *dark* lower the skies about your future prospects, unless you speedily make this matter right. I mean what I say.

F. JILTON.

"Can this be the man to whom my affections were given?" exclaimed Lily, in horror and amazement, when she read this letter, "and to whom, a few weeks ago, I would willingly have given my hand; into whose hands I would have entrusted my future destiny? Surely fiends are sporting with that mind which I had supposed so noble and good; but this unfeeling and ungentlemanly letter shall not beget in my mind a response; low as he has endeavored to make me, I cannot stoop

to give a just exposition of it. He surely must misconstrue my feelings and wishes in this matter. I cannot write to make him understand. I must and will see him; for I dread to see the man, once so fondly loved, actuated by these contending passions. I will lay aside every thing else, until this matter is settled, for surely his mind must be wrought to a terrible pitch to have induced him to have indited such an epistle. I will go to ——— and consult with my friends, and bring the matter to a close as soon as possible, for I cannot bear that it should rest thus any longer, or endure that even he who has wronged me should exist in his present unhappy condition."

Lily made up her mind to go to ———, and on arriving at the house of one of her friends in that city, she sent a note to Mr. Jilton, containing the following words:—

MR. JILTON:—

As you have set at naught the conditions mentioned in my last, concerning our matters, I, regardless of your threat, but in mercy to your feelings, for which mercy I expect no credit, for the last time ask you to grant me a personal interview, in order that we make those matters "speedily right." If you have no confidence in me, bring with you a person whom you can trust, whose mind is unbiased in this matter. If my proposition accords with your wishes, meet me at Mr. A——'s this evening, at 7 o'clock. I shall expect a reply from you by 2 P. M., which you may send to Mr. A——'s office.

I remain as ever, yours, &c.

LILY HUSON.

To this billet Mr. Jilton sent the following reply:—

May 28th, 1853.

MRS. HUSON:—

If it be necessary for me to repeat my answer to your question, I will say, as I did before, "Answer my letter asking a dismissal from my obligation, which you have often said



you were ready at any time to grant, if requested. Show yourself sincere in what you have said, and I will see you. Until then I have a strong desire to be excused, even though you send for me fifty times a day. But in regard to compliance with my request, which, bear in mind, is prior to yours, do as you please. I have dismissed all solicitude on that point. I shall not, under present circumstances, see you, until a time which it remains for you to set.

Respectfully,

F. JILTON.

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE INTERVIEW IS, THROUGH THE ASSISTANCE OF FRIENDS, BROUGHT ABOUT AT LAST—LILY HUSON AND HER FALSE LOVER MEET, CONVERSE, AND PART FOR EVER.

LILY bore up nobly under the difficult and distressing circumstances under which she was placed. We trust our readers will not condemn her as guilty of obstinacy, or of indecorous behavior in thus insisting upon a personal interview, even if it could be only obtained by actually appointing a time and place for the consummation of the marriage ceremony. It must be recollected that imputations had been cast upon her conduct, which it was due alike to herself and to her friends to confute, and this could not be satisfactorily effected without a personal interview with her accuser. She had no desire now to marry the man who had so basely deceived her, and so cruelly trifled with her affections; but she insisted either upon this dreadful ordeal, or a satisfactory explanation of his conduct. Lily possessed great firmness of character, and she acted chiefly upon her own judgment, simply submitting her decisions to *one* friend, Mr. Allen, and asking his opinion. He had agreed with her on every point.

Lily then made one last effort to bring about this much desired, long sought interview. It was a terrible effort; but it was the last she intended to make in writing. She wrote the following note and dispatched it by a messenger to Mr. Jilton's place of business, requesting an answer immediately, to be left at the post-office for her:—

———, *May 30th*, 1853.

MR. JILTON :—

As you will not see me under present circumstances, and I have no desire to avoid setting a time for the consummation of our engagement, meet me for that purpose at the ———, at 8 P. M., on Tuesday, of this present week. I request an answer to this.

I remain, ever yours,

LILY HUSON.

To this note she received the following reply :—

———, *May 30th*, 1853.

LILY HUSON :—

The ——— is a place which I know nothing about ; a *lady*, seeking to be married in twenty-four hours' notice, should make the arrangements at home, and not at a strange place.

To this letter there was no signature, and the ink was hardly dry when the letter was taken from the post-office, about an hour before the appointed time of meeting. Notwithstanding the provoking tone of the reply, Lily, in company with a young female relative, remained at Mr. Allen's until after the set time, and then they returned home.

Lily, as we have before hinted, would willingly have let this distressing subject drop, but justice to herself and friends demanded that some satisfactory cause should be assigned wherefore the engagement should be broken. She wished not to re-establish herself in Jilton's good opinion, and she knew in her own heart that she was innocent of the imputation inferred to her charge by her perjured lover, but she could only hope to avoid the tongue of slander by compelling her accuser to give his reasons for his conduct by word of mouth, or to refute his imputations.

She was more than ever resolved in her determination to

compel him to give her an interview, and since the most pressing and urgent solicitations to effect this object by letter had failed, she resolved to pursue another course. She called upon Mr. Allen, the morning after she had sent the last note, and telling him of her plans, requested his aid to bring it about. She requested him to see a Mr. Felton, a friend of Mr. Jilton's, who was unacquainted with her, and to request him, in her name, to grant her an interview at his earliest convenience. Mr. Allen cheerfully complied, and himself accompanied her to Mr. Felton's on the following morning. Introducing Lily to that gentleman, he left them together. Lily thus opened the subject :—

"Mr. Felton," said she, "I wish to confide to you, and to solicit your good offices, in regard to a delicate matter ; believing you to be a friend of the opposite party concerned in it—" "I am a friend to right," interrupted Mr. Felton, and Lily continued, "I, sir, am a stranger to you ; in Mr. Jilton you must have some confidence in consequence of his position towards you, and the situation he holds. I have no wish to injure him in any way ; but I will set the whole matter before you, just as it is, thinking you will see, with impartial eyes, how the matter stands. Lean to his side, if you will, for notwithstanding Mr. Jilton's strange conduct in this matter between us, I believe him to be otherwise a worthy man. I have sought, as you will perceive by the correspondence, if you will take the trouble to peruse it, to obtain an interview with Mr. Jilton, in order that the matter might be satisfactorily arranged. I have thought that, perhaps, Mr. Allen might be prejudiced against him, but I will say no more, but allow you to read the contents of the letters that have passed between us ; then your cool judgment can decide."

Lily handed Mr. Felton the letters, all of which he carefully perused. When he had finished reading them, he remarked :—

"There is much in these letters explanatory of the late singular conduct of this man ; for some time past I have ob-

served a singularity in his behavior, that I have been unable to account for, or to be so familiar with him as with others who hold the same relative position towards me.

"Now, I understand that you wish to see him to learn for what you are censured. Would it not be your better plan to take a friend and go to him? If I were more intimate with him than I am, I would go to him and tell him I think he had better see you; but still I will do so, if you think it advisable, for I certainly think it his duty to grant you the interview and give you the explanations you require, especially since he asks so much of you; but I think any endeavor to settle matters favorably, will be like the endeavor of a drowning man to catch at a straw; he has evidently changed his mind, and knows no other way to get out of the trap he has placed himself in. I think you are very fortunate in escaping any further connection with him."

After a few more observations, it was arranged that Mr. Felton should call upon Mr. Jilton, and advise him, as his best course, to see Lily.

This he did, and Jilton, at length, promised to do so. The time for the meeting to take place was arranged, Jilton promising to meet her at Mr. Allen's, at whose house he had refused to meet her before.

The hour appointed for the meeting came; Lily was waiting, but an hour passed away, and Jilton did not make his appearance. Mr. Allen was obliged at length to go to arrange some business he had on hand, and for this purpose he was about leaving the house, when he met Mr. Jilton at the door.

They returned together to the room in which Lily was waiting.

In the presence of Mr. Allen, she thus opened the conversation:—

"Mr. Jilton, I have at last succeeded in bringing you to me. I will now tell you what I wish you to do. In the first place, please to state what you saw in my conduct on the occasion of

your last visit to me, that was sufficient justification for you to change your mind; secondly, I wish you to give me a copy in writing, of the nature of the charges you have heard preferred against me, for there must be something dreadful to cause a man to shrink from the presence of one whom he has professed to love, as you professed to love me?"

He replied:—

"I have given you as one cause, your extreme sensitiveness; another is, that you are inclined to superstition, and believe in dreams; another, you are prone to ask silly questions—"

Lily, interrupting:—

"What are these silly questions?"

"Such as these: 'Are you offended with me now?'"

"I presume I had good cause to suspect that you were, or I should not have asked you. Are these the only sins I am guilty of?"

"What I heard about you was told me in confidence, and by a friend, therefore I cannot tell you what it was."

"I have no wish to injure you or your friend," replied Lily, "therefore I will not insist upon any names. Please to state simply what you have heard."

"I will see the person who gave me the information, and if he is willing, I shall tell you; I will write if you prefer it. I have given up all solicitude about the matter. If you insist upon our marriage, I am willing to fulfil my engagement."

"Frank Jilton," exclaimed Lily, solemnly, "could you, in the presence of your God, say the words, knowing the responsibility they imply, *I will*, agreeably to the command of God, promise to love, honor and cherish this woman in sickness and in health? I will answer this question for you—*I cannot love you*; I would sooner take to my bosom a reptile than a man who did not love me, and if I were ever forced into marriage, I would not live a moment with you."

"I could compel you, Lily," replied Jilton.

"No," answered Lily, "there is no person on earth can compel me to live with the man who *cannot love me*."

"You have, since I wrote that sentence, shown your willingness to marry me," replied Jilton.

"Show me one word in my letters that will prove that assertion?"

"You have set a time for the consummation of our engagement. What does consummation mean, Lily, except the fulfilment of it?"

"I set a time for the consummation of *your* engagement, which implies completion or end!"

"I beg your pardon, Lily," said Jilton, jokingly; "I appeal to Webster."

"This is trifling; but it matters not, the engagement would still have been, as I can convince you of if necessary, ended, as it will end now. All I ask is for you to give me in writing what I ask from you, and then you shall have the written release. Send it to me at my house. I now wish you to listen to your letter of the 18th May—" Lily read it to him, after which she said: "Oh, Frank Jilton, had you been the generous, noble-minded man I mistook you for, you could never have stooped so low as to have indited those lines to one whom you had so recently professed to love, as yourself, or indeed to any woman, however degraded she might have been. I do not say one word for the purpose of re-establishing myself in your good opinion, for if your intimate acquaintance with me has not taught you what I am, ill-seeming circumstances, notwithstanding, you can never really know me."

"I admit that I was hasty in my last communications with you," replied Jilton, "but every sentiment I expressed towards you up to that time, was sincere. I blame you now, as well as Mr. Allen, for going to Felton with this matter; or rather, I blame Mr. Allen more than you, for he is a man who is universally considered to possess strong good sense, and for him to advise you to make this matter known to Felton was wrong.

He knew the relation in which I stood with regard to Mr. Felton, and both of you must have known that this course would inflict injury upon me."

"Mr. Allen," replied Lily, "had nothing to do in the matter, only as I requested his interference. Let the blame, therefore, rest upon me alone. I say that you have not been injured by me, for still Mr. Allen and Mr. Felton are the only persons, strangers to my family affairs, to whom this vexatious matter is known. I will go again to Mr. Felton and exact another promise from him, although he has already promised me that the knowledge he has acquired shall not prejudice him against you or affect your interests, and Mr. Allen will never mention a word to any person with respect to what has passed between us. He has given me his promise of that; and now, before we part, I will say to you, you are free from any engagement, as regards me, as you can ever wish to be. I would never seek to injure you; but, before I give you a written release, you must give me, in writing, the accusations or imputations you have heard against me."

"I will do as I have promised, if I obtain the consent of the person who gave me the information," replied Jilton. "Good morning."

"Good morning," repeated Lily, and thus they parted, forever.

## CHAPTER XX.

LILY DEVOTES HER ENTIRE ATTENTION TO THE FURTHERANCE OF HER CONTEMPLATED PROJECT—LETTERS FROM FRIENDS ON THE SUBJECT—LILY MEETS WITH ENCOURAGEMENT—A FRESH OFFER OF MARRIAGE SCORNFULLY REFUSED—STILL FURTHER RELATIVE TO THE SCHEME.

LILY's attention was now wholly engrossed in the prosecution of the singular project alluded to and explained in a preceding portion of our story. Indeed, during the period of her engagement and anticipated marriage with Jilton, she had not lost sight of it. She fondly anticipated, for she slightly altered her plan, getting up the work in connection with him, and making the story of the courtship and marriage the concluding portion, in the hope that all parties interested might be mutually benefited. It was to this she alluded in her long letter to her *ci-devant* lover. She believed fully that could she get any one to aid her, she would certainly succeed, and still she strongly inclined to this belief, but resolved, if no one could be found, to go on with it unaided by any person.

With this object in view, she again wrote to Mr. Edgar. That gentleman replied as follows :

———, May 25th, 1853.

DEAR MRS. HUSON :

Your last letter was duly received, and I have since been exerting myself, in order to procure you

some assistance in the prosecution of your plan. I have been thus far unsuccessful, but I send you a paper which will give you some desirable information.

The paper inclosed, with the plan drawn thereon, has been the rage in the South for some time past, and it struck me that I would send it to you. You can examine it, and I believe, that if you will write to Mr. ———, at ———, he will put you in the way to carry out your wishes. Don't be afraid to write and learn what he says. You can refer to some of your acquaintances. Let me know what his reply is, and I will send you the names of some other persons to whom I would advise you to write if you do not succeed with him. I sincerely wish it was in my power to assist you personally, but all I can do, situated as I am, is to encourage the thing amongst those who are engaged in that kind of business. Give my good wishes to your mother and brother, and accept yourself my high regards.

Yours truly,

G. EDGAR.

Lily, as she was advised, commenced a correspondence with Mr. P——m. Meanwhile, several little incidents occurred, to the relation of which we will here give place.

The following extract of a letter from Mr. Friendly, will give the reader some idea how matters were progressing at Lily's home, where she has spent but little time of late. He writes :

"——— As to your matrimonial scheme, I will not now say much about it; but when you get it up, I will put in for a chance. I am sorry that you cannot find peace and quietness at your home. I feel for and sympathize deeply with you in your trials and vexations. I trust a happier state of things awaits you in the future, and that you may then enjoy the peace of mind and comfort you so much long for. But these trials are sent by our Heavenly Father, and it is our

duty to submit and bear them as cheerfully as we can. I certainly think very highly of your kind and benevolent feelings towards your mother and brother, and esteem you for the very many good traits of character which you possess. Your moral qualities are known to me and fully appreciated by me, and I shall continue to show you by my acts, that I regard you as one of my dearest friends. I have seen the gentleman to whose keeping the fair Lily would have entrusted her heart and hand. Pardon me, if I say, frankly, that he was unworthy of you, and that you have been fortunate in escaping any closer connection with him. At any rate, to say the least, I think his disposition was too dull, harsh and stern, if not unfeeling, to have rendered him a fitting companion, throughout life, to one so gentle and affectionate as yourself. You were opposite to each other in temper and general disposition, as it is possible for two persons to be, but I will let the subject pass; I presume it will not be a pleasant one to you.

How did you spend the Fourth? Perhaps you are now engaged in writing me the particulars of the national festival as it was observed in your quiet town. If so, I shall know all about it in good time. Until, I shall suppose you spent the day, sitting quietly at home in your room, in the white cottage, on the sloping ridge, and that in the evening you wandered abroad to take a pensive stroll beside the meandering stream, while the pale moon tinged the edges of the ripples with silver, and the ripple of the tiny wave and the murmur of the stream mingled in your ear in tones of sweet music; or, perhaps, you retired early to rest, and while the midnight rejoicing was in its glory, the fair Lily was locked fast in the embraces of that dull and senseless heathen called Morpheus. You will think, Lily, that I have been sacrificing to another heathen divinity, though one of a more cheerful and rollicking character, after this rhapsody; but no, I assure you I am as calm and sedate, although not quite so philosophical, as Plato.

I have addressed you in a cheerful strain, in order to aid you

in banishing from your mind the remembrance of woes and troubles past, and in order to call forth that cheerfulness and liveliness of disposition, which is natural and certainly most suitable to you. I feel that you will excuse anything that an old and tried friend like me may say, and therefore I subscribe myself

The true friend of the fairest Lily that ever bloomed on hill or valley,

M. FRIENDLY.

Lily also received another letter from Mr. Jilton, which ran as follows:

—, *July 4th, 1853.*

Mrs. HUSON:

Having had an interview with the person who gave me the information respecting you, the details of which you request me to commit to writing, and having failed to obtain his consent to comply with your request, I am unable to do so. I may say, however, that the only objection appears to be, that the individual in question knows nothing positively as to the truth of his statements, but only hinted it to me in kindness, and as a *report*. As I told you, it was nothing of the nature that you conceived it to be, and as I have intimated the reason for my request to no person but you, while you have seen fit to blaze it abroad; so, if you choose to continue that course, remember that nobody but yourself will have to bear the responsibility. There are members of the — of — here, to whom your artless story of wrong might be as interesting as to Mr. Felton, and in whose opinion it might, perhaps, injure me as much. You can now do as you choose about the request that I mentioned some time ago.

F. JILTON.

To this heartless, insulting, unfeeling letter, Lily sent the following reply:



—, July 17th, 1853.

MR. JILTON :

I had given up the idea of hearing from you again, and considered all matters between us as settled; but since you have *favoured* me with a communication, I will reply to it.

When I failed to obtain a personal interview with you, after trying to do so by every means that lay in my power, even annoying you in my anxiety to have the matter settled, I applied to Mr. Felton, as a suitable person to aid me in obtaining that which I had sought for in vain. I found him a sensible, kind-hearted man. After setting the matter before him just as it stood, and "not as an artless tale of wrong," for in this matter you wrong yourself, not me, he kindly consented to assist me to obtain the interview I desired. He did so, and I sincerely thank him for having done so, and hope you may yet have reason to do the same. If you will go to Mr. Felton, or to Mr. Allan, they being the only persons to whom I have confided, or as you say, "blazed" the subject to, they will tell you, as they have told me, that you were not injured in their estimation by anything that I said or did. I have no desire to injure you or any other person, and indeed could not do it. My heart's desire is to see you rise in the estimation of man, and in the sight of God, to the utmost limit of greatness and goodness that it is permitted to mortals to attain. Now, at our last interview, you said that every sentiment which you had expressed towards me was sincere. If this, indeed, be so, surely you must still entertain the same sentiments. Then here allow me to recapitulate the reasons you gave wherefore two hearts, united, as I believed, and only waiting for a suitable time to acknowledge their union before the world, should be separated.

In the first place, you said, "my feelings were too sensitive" to suit you; secondly, "I believe in dreams and am inclined to be superstitious." My superstitious amount to this:

I believe my destiny, now, hereafter and forever, to be in the hands of God. I have dreamed dreams and have been foolish enough to relate them, and perhaps so far to believe in them, that I believe the imagination does not always sleep with the body. Thirdly, "I have asked you silly questions." These failings, the possession of which I do not deny, would, say you, "be the cause of untold misery to us both." My sensitive feelings and my *superstitions*, you knew I was possessed of before our engagement, and had there been no engagement, I should have had no cause to ask you the silly questions which I well remember. Now, in the last place, and setting aside all I have rehearsed, "some person or persons have seen fit, for the want of better employment, to censure my name," which censure, from *report*, has caused you to *shrink* from an acknowledgment before the world that an union in the presence of God, had taken place between us. If you really possessed *those feelings* towards me which you have *professed* to do, *our union* is recorded in *Heaven*, and will stand when *time* with us is no more. But if, they were simply a fancy you conceived for me, combined with an animal desire, which is unworthy the sweeter name of love, then are not you the generous-minded man to whom my affections were given, *and there is no engagement existing between us*. Not where the fancy leads, but where the heart is, will the mind find rest. The gaities and honors of the world may dazzle for a while, but they are insufficient to satisfy the heart's desire. Have I now granted the request which you made to me? Within your own breast you will find the answer.

I remain, as ever, your true friend,

LILY HUSON.

This letter of Lily's was, however, never sent, for a few days after it was written, before she had an opportunity to send it, she was informed by Mr. Felton of Jilton's marriage, and not

wishing to annoy him by this communication, she withheld it altogether.

But, should these records ever be published and find their way into his hand, he will readily recognize the correspondence, and thus receive the last letter of Lily's as a reply to his own.

Just as Lily had finished writing the above letter, her mother entered the room where she was seated, and told her that a stranger had called to see her.

She arose, and saw an old, gray-headed man advancing towards her. She coolly accepted the proffered hand, and slightly returned the expressions of pleasure expressed by him, for she had recognized the stranger. It was M——, once Deacon Dilby.

The old man seemed annoyed at the coldness of his reception :—

"Why is this, Lily?" exclaimed he: "I know you were a sweet, pretty girl, and you have grown up to be a beautiful young woman."

Lily's cheeks were flushed, and she looked unusually well, and quite fascinated the old man's gaze. He looked as though he could devour her at a glance; but she coolly and collectedly took a seat near by him, and made no reply.

"Lily," continued the old man, "I presume you are acquainted with my situation. I am alone in the world?"

"I have heard of it, Mr. Dilby," answered Lily.

"It is now nearly a year since my wife died; I am very lonely," continued the old man, "I have sought you out and wish to converse with you plainly. Would you like to go and visit the World's Fair, in New York, Lily? I have made up my mind to go, and I do not wish to go alone. Lily, I have come to ask you to accompany me; you would be such a delightful companion to travel with." Then, turning to Lily's mother, who was present, he said :—

"Will you let her go with me, Mrs. Young?"

"I have nothing to say to or about her," replied the

mother; "she will do as she pleases and thinks best;" turning to Lily, "I must go and attend to my business. Can I be excused?"

Lily bowed an assent, and Mrs. Young left the room.

Dilby then took a seat on the sofa beside Lily, and took her hand, which she promptly withdrew from his grasp.

"I have no desire to visit the World's Fair," she said, "and if I had, I should not wish to go alone with you."

"Would you not go with me if you were my wife?" asked the old man. "This I wish to make you; yes, I want to call you by the sweet name of wife. I wish you to call me husband. Will you not permit this?"

"I could not even encourage such a thought," replied Lily. "Why do you not seek a partner more suited to your age?"

"Because I don't wish to marry an old woman. I have loved you long and dearly, and now that circumstances have opened the way, I have come to offer you myself and all I have, which will enable you to live just as you wish all the days of your life, for I will settle my property upon you before our marriage. This will make you secure, and, I doubt not, happy, for all you require is the chance and the means to take your position amongst the foremost in the land. Oh, how proud I should feel to call you my dear wife! We will remain in New York all the winter season, and in the summer seek some lonely spot by the sea shore, and you shall spend your time just as you may please. In travelling or otherwise, you shall do as you wish."

"I have given you my answer," said Lily. "It is useless for me to sit listening to this strain, for I do not believe there is any marriage without love, which sentiment I could never feel for you."

"I know you would soon learn to love me," whimpered the imbecile old man; "I should be so kind to you that you could not help it. You know you are not holding in society the position that by nature belongs to you. I offer to place you—

yes—I will place you above the comforts of this poor home, and above the taunts and scorn of the world.”

“Mr. Dilby,” replied Lily, “can you place me back to that innocent part of my life when you sought to rob me of all that woman holds most dear? Talk not to me of the taunts and scorn of the world, when you were the foundation of all the reports that gossip and cruel scandal have ever raised against me. *You* trifled with my infancy. *You* were the cause of the first false stigma being applied to my name, and you were the first cause of many evils that have happened me which might otherwise have been avoided.

“By means of industry, I have been enabled to place my family in their present comparatively comfortable circumstances, which you, in your pride of wealth, call ‘poor.’ I am satisfied with them, until, through my own exertions, I can place myself in better circumstances. By accepting your offer I should not benefit the condition of my friends, which to me is of more importance than my own. We have suffered together, together will we enjoy what Heaven sends, if it be not my lot to link my destiny with another in the holy bonds of love. As to taunts and reproaches, God will still continue to give me, as he has hitherto, strength to stand up against them.”

“Lily, I am glad you possess the feelings of exalted piety, which give you that strength,” replied Mr. Dilby: “I acknowledge my past sins, and I have come now to repair the injury I have done to your name. I offer you wealth and happiness—yes, all I can, I do offer you. I know you too well to heed what the world may say, yet some may believe the false reports that have been raised. As my wife you will escape them all, and shine as only one so pure and so lovely as you can shine, loving all, and beloved by all who know you.”

“This sounds to me,” said Lily, smilingly, “like Satan, tempting sin, or rather, it reminds me of that part of the Scriptures where Satan is represented offering Christ wealth and

honors, to fall down and worship him. Pardon the illustration, I could not refrain from drawing it, it came to my mind so forcibly. I think I may place my trust in the Providence that has hitherto protected me, let man say what he will against me.”

“Lily, I wish you would take time and consider of my proposition. In two weeks, with your consent, I will call for your answer. I hope you will forgive and forget everything in which I have wronged you?”

“I forgive, but I cannot forget. You have had my decided answer. I would not leave my family in poverty to place myself in a palace. Your offers are liberal, but I cannot accept them. I hope you will accept this final answer, and put yourself to no further trouble with regard to me.”

“Oh, Lily,” said the old man, rising to go and weeping; “I did expect to have found you more yielding, and ready to accept my offers. How can I leave you? all my fond hopes are blasted. Will you not allow me to hope, Lily?”

“I do not wish to be unkind in word or deed,” replied Lily, “therefore I cannot hold out one word of encouragement.”

The old man shook her hand, and imprinted a kiss upon it. “God bless you, my dear child, and may you be happy,” he said, as he took his leave; and when he reached the gate, he added, “If you change your mind in my favor, write me to that effect.”

The old man was gone, and Lily sat alone, musing upon what had passed.

“I never thought to see this day,” she uttered to herself. “He would have robbed me of my innocence in my youth—aye, in my infancy; now thought that poverty would drive me a willing victim into his arms and into the lap of luxury. In this event I can again trace the hand of Providence; Satan tempts, but God giveth us strength to prevail against him, thereby glorifying himself through the weakness of mankind.”

Lily had, during the year, four offers of marriage, all of which the world would have thought good matches. Only one

did she favor; and that one, had it been consummated, would, as the correspondence we have recorded has shown, not have been a happy one. Such are the strange events—the truths of life, stranger than fiction, over which we have no control.

Let us now change the theme,—our record is drawing to a close, and again see how Lily is proceeding with her singular project.

In her correspondence with Mr. P——m, she referred him to Mr. Allan and to Mr. Emory. She stated that these gentlemen were well acquainted with her, and are well known, holding respectable and responsible positions in the city.

Mr. Allan also enclosed the following notice to Mr. P——m, in Lily's behalf:

SIR:

Mrs. Huson has been intimate with me and my family for several years, and I consider her one of the best young women I ever knew. She is not what the world would call a pretty woman, but possesses a pure and warm heart, and a highly-gifted mind. The presence of intellect may be traced in each feature and in every movement of her graceful and majestic figure. I have witnessed her wonderful exertions, and can conscientiously say, I consider her as one of earth's choicest treasures. Her present project is a worthy one, which I feel assured will be patronized by every feeling and respectable citizen. Business circumstances preclude me from assisting her in this enterprise, but I will do all I can in selling her tickets.

Respectfully yours,

B. ALLAN.

To the above, Mr. Emory added:

"From my acquaintance of two or three years' standing with Mrs. Huson, I fully concur in the above opinion.

"D. K. EMORY."

Another letter from Mr. Edgar will give the reader some idea of the progress of Lily's project. It is as follows:

———, *August 17th, 1853.*

MRS. LILY HUSON:

Yours of the second inst. came duly to hand, and you would have received an earlier reply, had I not waited to hear from Mr. P——m, as you hinted that I probably might do. However, I will wait no longer and keep you in suspense.

In reply to yours, I must say, I am much pleased to have a letter from you and to hear of your apparently good prospects. I am not personally acquainted with Mr. P——m; I only saw his scheme in the papers, and sent it to you, thinking you might gather some benefit therefrom. If he writes or calls on me, I assure you I will do my best for you, and will follow his advice, and second your wishes to the letter. I really believe you will make the scheme work, and I only wish it was in my power to undertake the entire management of it for you; but I fear I could not, and then you don't say how much, or what share you would give me if I could embark in the enterprise. I think I could sell a thousand tickets in this place, and perhaps in other towns near two or three thousand more, perhaps a much greater number. If I could see Mr. P——m, he is the right kind of man, and I might, perhaps, aid him in some suggestions in regard to carrying out the plan. When all is ready for the distribution of tickets, let me know if I am wanted and can do anything; I will do all that lies in my power. I have spoken to many gentlemen here, and they are pleased with the idea. I repeat, I really believe I could sell a large number of tickets here. I shall be pleased to hear of you often, and to be informed of all you are doing. I really hope your success may reach your highest anticipations.

Respectfully yours,

G. EDGAR.

We now approach the concluding chapter, but before we close the present one, we will give the following extract from a letter received by Lily from Mr. Friendly, showing the continuance of his kindly feelings towards her:—

“—— Your peaches were very rich; I wonder if I thought them more delicious because you sent them to me, and because I so much admire the donor. Would to God, generous girl, that you had it in your power to display before the world the kindly and noble disposition that He has given you. You would truly do much good ——”

## CHAPTER XXI.

FAMILY AFFAIRS—TROUBLE AND DEATH—MATTERS PROGRESS SLOWLY—STILL ENCOURAGEMENT IS HELD OUT—LETTERS FROM MEN OF INFLUENCE—CONCLUSION.

It is a customary and time-honored practice to dispose satisfactorily of all the characters that have figured in a story, if not before, at all events in the course of the concluding chapter. But as Lily's diary is still rich in material, and as she promises to furnish sufficient for another volume before long, in which we hope to see her smoothly gliding down the stream of time, we do not feel it necessary to do more than comfortably dispose of those characters who will not figure in the next work.

Eva Harvey, Lily's intimate friend, is married to a worthy young man, and bears the honors of matronhood with all becoming dignity.

Frank Gardner has also been led to the altar by Augustus Huson. Jacob Nelson was unfortunately drowned in the lake, and Sely Nelson came, by his own hands, to an untimely end.

Lily one day received a letter from Mr. Friendly, when suddenly, while she was engaged in reading it, she came to a full stop, and her features showed such alarm that her mother asked what was the matter. Lily hesitated to reply, but her mother still urging her, she read as follows, aloud:—

“Lily, I should not have troubled you with a com-

munication at this time, but on account of the death of your uncle Nelson, the report of which you may not have heard.

"The following are the particulars: For some time past, it appears the family have been endeavoring to get his property out of his hands into their own, on the plea that he was incapable of managing it himself (for my part, I think he was fully capable of attending to his own business.) However, his family succeeded in obtaining possession, and that, report says, has been the cause of your uncle's death. Yesterday afternoon he left home quite well, and, meeting with a friend, he invited him to drink. This friend said, 'You have brought up your daughters to look at nobody but lawyers, and now the lawyers have got your daughters and your property, too. You have to go to your wife or Haskins, to ask for sixpence to get a glass of brandy. Ah! how do you like that, uncle Nelson?'

"Your uncle's proud spirit could endure no more. He replied, 'My wife and children are working against me. I don't want to live.' It is supposed he went and procured poison, and took it as soon as he arrived home, from the effects of which he died in two hours.

"Your mother's words have come true, 'His family will kill him yet.' Knowing the nature of the feelings existing between you and your family, I have thought it not amiss to write you. I deeply sympathize with your poor mother and her family. Your uncle was an esteemed friend of mine, and I deeply regret his loss.

"I understand he is to be buried to-morrow.

"I remain yours truly,

"M. FRIENDLY."

The reader has known but little of Sely Nelson, but we leave him to imagine the feelings of his sister when she heard of his sad death.

Lily immediately left for ———, at which place she arrived at midnight, and she immediately proceeded to the house of

her uncle. She was admitted by the watchers, and found the family all assembled. After the solemn greetings were over, she withdrew to the room where the corpse lay, and for many minutes stood gazing mournfully at the features, still in death, of him who had been more than an uncle to her, who had been all the father she had ever known.

He had left his wife with a clear income of \$1,200 per annum; but was she happy? Did not the thought sometimes arise in her bosom, "Had I not sought to wrest the control of my husband's property from him, he might still be living?"

Lily returned to the room where the family were seated, and asked if she should fetch her mother to see the last of the brother she most loved.

For some time Mrs. Nelson seemed to object, but at length she bade Lily do as she pleased.

Mrs. Young came on the following day, and shortly afterwards the body was borne to the grave, and earth had seen the last of Sely Nelson.

Let us pass from this dreary subject.

For some time past Lily has noticed a pleasing change in her mother's disposition, for the better, and with the sweet hope of smoothing her rugged path in the downhill of life, she labors hard to carry out the enterprise she has taken in hand, and Mr. Friendly has promised to aid her with all his influence to cause it to succeed. With such men as Messrs. Friendly, Edgar and Allen, to assist her designs, she feels confident of eventual success. She is also encouraged, although almost a stranger to him, by one whom the people were proud to exalt to the highest honor save *one* which a Republic can bestow upon man. Lily, though but little acquainted with this gentleman, esteems him equally with her three other friends. To meet with such in this cold, unfeeling world, is as the oasis in the sandy desert to the pilgrim.

Without giving names, we will show from extracts from let-



ters the interest he has shown, and the influence he has exerted in her behalf.

He writes :

"I wrote to ———, publishers, by this mail, stating in substance all I know of you, and your intended publication.

With the deepest sympathy for your misfortunes, I remain, yours truly,

———."

To this the publishers in question sent the following reply :—

"It would give us a great deal of pleasure to see the lady in question, or any one else in whose welfare you are interested. If she will send us her MSS. for examination, we will advise her in the premises to the best of our ability.

"With respect, &c. &c.,

———,  
"Publishers, ———"

The publishers also wrote to Lily as follows :—

"DEAR MADAM:—

"M——— favored us with a letter this week, kindly commending your undertaking to our favorable consideration, to which we replied yesterday."

However, with all this promise of assistance, with all the kind wishes and sympathies of her friends, and with all her own unwearied exertions, it has been but lately that Lily has been enabled to secure the assistance of a suitable person to manage the arrangements of her projects.

Now, for the present, in Lily's name, we bid our kind readers farewell—at least, a temporary farewell. This work is not a mere tale of fiction, *founded* upon facts, but a tale of truth, unembellished by fiction. Many of the incidents have fallen

under the personal observation of the editor, and all the facts that have fallen under her observation have been gathered from the diary or from the lips of Lily. May we hope that it will find a little vacant corner in the literature of our country, and merit liberal patronage and protection from an enlightened and sympathizing public.

And now let us say a few words to parents and children, and more especially to those who anticipate entering into the holy state of matrimony.

Parents, *mothers* in particular, seek to know your own hearts thoroughly, that you may be the better able to study the hearts of your children, eradicating the weeds therefrom, and cherishing and cultivating the flowers, that, in the appointed time, the buds may blossom into their perfect loveliness, and shed a sweet perfume around them. Thus will you not only render them useful members of society, and preserve them, by God's help, from a multitude of evils, but you will secure to them such happiness here as is accorded to the pure in heart and the firm in purpose, and perfect happiness hereafter; or if they be called away from you, you will be assured, when you see them for the last time on earth, that they have but gone before you, and will meet you in Heaven. You can say with comfort and assurance, "My child is not dead, but sleepeth;" the body may lie mouldering in the grave, but the spirit hath departed to live for ever with the God who made it, and the memories of the lost dear ones will linger in your bosom and shed a perfume around your pathway through life, until you, in God's good time, are called hence to rejoin those who have only gone a short time before you. We have all been children upon earth. Oh, may we all become children of God, and dwell with Him in happiness in His kingdom, for ever and ever. Oh, children! may the God of love sit enthroned in your hearts, and next to the love that you bear to God, love your parents; they whose joys, and griefs, and sufferings are for and with you.

Brothers! love and protect your sisters; your love may

save them from many and deadly perils. Sisters! love your brothers; the love of a sister has great and saving influence. Entice them, by kind words and loving smiles, to remain at home and spend their evenings; read to them and with them, enjoy together every harmless amusement calculated to make *home* attractive. Counsel with them, plan with them, to make their daily labors lighter. A sister's encouragement will render the hardest labor easy and light. With a home to receive him, made cheerful and attractive by the love and care of a kind sister, how many young men might be saved from vice and from the fascinations of the tavern! Soon there would be no such resorts, for there would be no victims left for the keepers to profit by. We hope and believe, even now, that, in this regard, we are on the eve of a great change. With parents it will commence in the heart, by the grace of God, led to know the evil of past derelictions from duty; with children, it will commence at birth, and the change will be implanted in the heart through the parent, and rooted and strengthened by education and early training. Father, mother; brother, sister; husband, wife, all associated in family happiness and mutual love, with God as our common father. What heart can conceive greater happiness than such a union here? It will fit and prepare us for an everlasting union in Heaven.

Ye who are about to enter into the holy estate of matrimony, ask your hearts, before you take the irrecoverable step, if it is pure love which prompts you to wed. Ask your hearts seriously, if, under any circumstances, they can cling to the object around which they have twined the chords of affection? *Wait* and study each the other, that you may be satisfied that in heart, thought, deed, you will become *one*. Heed well the heart's response, for by that only can ye be assured that ye will increase your own happiness or that of others by marriage.

There never was a human being formed without a congenial mate, although *here* they may not meet. There are many who will respond to me when I say there is more misery in the

world arising from family disunion, than from any other source. Between the husband and the wife there should exist a harmonious blending of mind, which will lighten each of half the burden of evil men and women are doomed to suffer.

And now, dear readers, for we trust we have *some* warm-hearted and sympathizing readers, as the greatest reward for our labors, we will imagine that we see the sympathizing sigh heaving the breast, or the tear of pity bedewing the cheek, and that we are mingling our sighs and tears with yours, and truly happy shall we be if we have written one chapter which has cheered the heart of the reader, or afforded the slightest amusement or instruction.

Listen, then, to the gentle "Good-bye" that Lily gives. Weep not over her misfortunes; but rather rejoice, for they have proved her greatest blessings. The earth must be rent before its gems are brought to the light of day. And what, though she and all of us, should lose all that the world can give? Have we not the promise of priceless gifts and happiness everlasting, hereafter, if we seek it in a proper spirit? In that spirit may we all seek the precious boon of love unutterable, promised us by our Heavenly Father.

Gentle reader, farewell. WE MAY MEET AGAIN.

# CLARA NEVILLE, AND OTHER TALES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILY HUSON."

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I SAID, dear reader, that we might soon meet again; but when I penned the concluding paragraph of Lily Huson, I did not imagine the period of our next meeting would so soon arrive. The following story relates to the experience of a near and dear relative, now deceased. I have related the tale, nearly verbatim, as I have heard it from her own lips, for she was the heroine, Clara Neville. In some respects, in order to weave her narrative into a connected story, I have been obliged, slightly, to change its thread; but I have in every instance closely adhered to its actual facts.

## CHAPTER I.

WHO that has lived near the sea-coast has not experienced the terrors of a night of tempest—a pitiless, howling night of storm and sleet, and drift, when the rain, and the wind, and the thunder, and the hoarse murmur of the surf, distinctly heard throughout the universal discord, weigh fearfully upon the spirits and oppress the mind with horror, mingled with which is a secret sensation of gratitude that we are not exposed to its fury, and a feeling of pity and sympathy with those who are?

On such a night as this, in the autumn of 184—, two ladies might have been seen, in a small cottage, situated on the outskirts of the village of York, in New Hampshire, sitting together in an apartment whose decorations and furniture, simple and even scanty though they were, were marked by that characteristic which money cannot command; the impress of good taste, whilst its limited dimensions tended rather to enhance than to diminish the appearance of comfort, which far outweighs lofty ceilings and marble columns, on a stormy night in November. Still the comfort was barely comfort; everything was neat and tidy, everything was in its proper place, but there was no luxury, and little or no ornament. There were sketch books and a piano-forte, but they were not for the purpose of amusement; for it was from giving instructions in music and drawing that the inmates of that humble abode derived the principal part of their income; and a cursory glance at the room showed that whatever happiness existed there owed nothing to the wealth of this world.

The tea things had just been removed, and by the side of the elder lady various articles of female industry already occupied the table; whilst an open volume by the side of the younger lady indicated that she was about to read aloud to her mother, who was busily at work on an article of female attire. Yet for a time the needle lay still and the book was neglected; both were plunged into a train of thought, which neither seemed inclined to break, and it was evident that between them and the burning coals, upon which their eyes were fixed, visions interposed of far more interest than the ever-varying forms of the fire, that shifted and flickered before them.

Unhappily, to judge from the expression of their countenances, that interest was a painful one, and for some considerable time neither broke the silence within, which contrasted so strangely with the noise without.

"God help the poor sailors that are exposed to this storm," said the elderly lady at last, as a blast passed over the house,

with a voice of thunder, rocking the chimneys and howling like a wild beast demanding its prey; "I am afraid we shall have more wrecks this fall."

"I never hear of a storm from the northeast, mamma, without trembling," returned the other; "I cannot understand how men can be sailors."

"Poor girl!" murmured the mother, "she little knows what the sea cost her, and yet *he* was no sailor."

The young lady, her reverie thus interrupted, took up the book, and seemed about to commence to read aloud.

The elder lady, Mrs. Neville, as far as could be judged from her appearance, was between thirty and forty years of age. She still retained the traces of great beauty, yet they were but traces, for grief and care had impressed their seal too deeply on her countenance to admit of what is called good looks remaining; but though the bloom of youth, its freshness and brightness, were gone, time could not efface the traces of her beauty; the classic cast of her features still remained, and the striking likeness between her and her daughter afforded a faithful representation of what she must have been in the days of her youthful prime.

Clara Neville was now in her nineteenth year, but her commanding figure, tall and fully developed, gave her the air of being a year or two older; rich, heavy clustering ringlets of sunny hair fell down to her shoulders, and though her complexion was fair to the verge of paleness, her eyes were dark blue, and shaded with dark brown lashes. The expression of her countenance was now grave almost to melancholy; sometimes an expression of sadness would steal over her face, yet that sadness was mingled with tenderness, and, anon, a cloud would pass over her brow, that contrasted strangely with the otherwise amiable expression of her features. Once, and but once, she fairly hid her face in her hands and sobbed aloud, but the momentary weakness quickly passed away, and again there

was a gleam of pride in her eye—the pride of victory gained over herself.

Still, however, if there were some symptoms of wavering and indecision, the expression of her lips changed not, resolution was distinctly stamped upon them; the high-hearted will that would not yield was expressed in the silent compression that gave assurance of firmness that no words that could have issued from them could have done.

With respect to the history of these ladies but little was known in the village of York, except that about twelve years before the period of which we speak, they had arrived, nobody knew how and nobody knew whence, at the cottage they now occupied.

During all this time they had mixed little with the village society; their means appeared to be very limited, for Mrs. Neville had from her first arrival endeavored to increase them by giving instructions in music and drawing to the well-to-do farmers' and tradesmen's daughters in the neighborhood, as well as giving instructions in some minor branches of female accomplishments in which Clara had of late years rendered her considerable assistance. After a few years the curiosity excited by their arrival died away; the neighbors ceased to interest themselves with the circumstances of Mrs. Neville's former life, and left her in peace and quietness to pursue the only object that seemed now to occupy her thoughts, the education of her child, in which she was as successful as the fondest parent could desire. The mother's pride was mingled with the Christian's thankfulness that she saw her Clara grow up in loveliness of mind and person; but the hour of trial was now at hand. Near Mrs. Neville's residence there lived a wealthy old bachelor who had made a fortune as a merchant in one of the cities of New Hampshire, and had for some years past lived a retired life on a country-seat, half farm-house, half villa, he had purchased, located near the sea-coast. He had a nephew who had been educated at Harvard, and a few months before the date

of the opening of our story had paid a long visit to his uncle previous to his leaving home for the West Indies, where he had a lucrative situation offered to him. The old gentleman's name was Morton, and from the moment of his arrival almost, he had cultivated the good graces of the widow, and as far as *friendship* went on her part he had succeeded, but no further. Harry Morton, as perhaps was natural in consequence of his so frequently visiting the widow's cottage with his uncle, soon became greatly attached to Clara. The attachment, too, was mutual, and when Harry left for the West Indies something like a promise was exchanged between the young people that they would never, either of them, love another. Mrs. Neville knew her daughter's secret, but the old gentleman was quite ignorant of it. He would have thought it preposterous that a youth so young as his nephew should think of marriage. To be sure Harry was three and twenty, and a very handsome fellow too, but what of that? Mr. Morton thought no man under fifty should ever dream of wedlock.

Shortly after his nephew's departure, Mr. Morton busied himself in procuring a situation as governess for Clara, and succeeded in obtaining an engagement for her in the family of a gentleman named Ellsworth, who resided at Natchez, in the State of Mississippi. He had private and domestic reasons of his own for his exertions in this matter, as we shall hereafter see.

Clara and her mother had never yet been separated. The day of departure was rapidly drawing near, and the sorrow of parting lay heavy on both mother and daughter. \* \*

Suddenly Clara laid down her book.

"Did you hear anything?" she asked.

"No," said Mrs. Neville, "I hear nothing but the howling of the storm."

"I thought I heard firing," said Clara; "there, I heard the sound of a gun again then quite plain."

Mrs. Neville listened for a moment; the young lady's ear had not deceived her—gun followed gun in rapid succession.

"Merciful Heaven!" she exclaimed; "is another of those terrible scenes of death and destruction at hand?"

Still the heavy booming of the cannon, evidently signals of distress, mingled with the storm, and left no doubt, from the loudness of the sound, that the ship from which it proceeded was close to the land, if not actually on shore.

## CHAPTER II.

MR. MORTON sat in his dining-room after dinner and stirred the fire. Every man thinks he can stir the fire better than any other man, so Mr. Morton seemed to derive no little comfort from the feeling of conscious superiority that the performance gave him, and he looked with a bland expression of benevolence and approval upon a bottle of curious old port, of which potent liquor he was wont to observe, that it was the natural wine of gentlemen; and likewise upon a dish of hickory-nuts and almonds, of which he was accustomed to observe, that it was a very bad arrangement of Providence that made them so indigestible.

From the walnuts he passed into a brown study, a train of thought or a fit of abstraction, whichever the reader is pleased to term it, which lasted a full half hour, during which time he sat musing and sighing, and sipping port wine, like a true and faithful lover as he was.

Mr. Morton was a little, oily, globular man, with a roundish, reddish nose, a bald, bullet head, and a ponderous, pendulous, double chin.

His shoes were large and loose, for he was shod on anti-corn principles; loose also was his neckcloth, as if, though fearing apoplexy by expansion within, he was well resolved that it should not be forced upon him by the pressure from without; the three lower buttons of his waistcoat, released from their charge, said, as plainly as buttons could say, "We would not now call the President our uncle," and yet, notwithstanding



that comfort seemed incarnated in his person, Mr. Morton seemed ill at ease. He put his hands in his pockets, he perched up his little legs upon the fender, he pursed up his mouth, and still from time to time, broken sentences escaped his lips.

"That getting Clara the place at Mr. Ellsworth's was a grand move of mine. She'll be very lonely now—we'll ask her to dinner on Saturday—suppose she'll come—show her what a comfortable fireside is—what sort of a life the mistress of *this* house would lead. To be sure she *has* seen it before—and a roast turkey—she *has* refused me four times—four times in as many years—very extraordinary. Well, she can never have the face to refuse me the fifth time, can she? Clara will be gone—she'll be so lonesome—and Maria never will have dinner ready in time—these girls are so careless. (Mr. Morton's housekeeper, Maria, was a *girl* of thirty years.) There is something mysterious about her history, too. Wonder if Mr. Neville is really dead? (here one eye closed) so odd her refusing me *four* times—I never thought she could have gone beyond three—hope she's not too cunning—widow's sometimes are—don't think she is." One eye was closed. The other eye seemed inclined to follow; he made an effort to open both; the fire appeared to be sending up long streaks of flame before him; he nodded, he winked; ideas, such as they were, began to jostle one another in his head; there was a humming in his ears; he slept and dreamed.

The first distinct vision that rose before his eyes was a fancy sketch of the late Mr. Neville—pictured from imagination, for he had never seen the defunct gentleman—who, with very huge, black whiskers and a fierce expression of countenance, started up from the indigestible nuts, and then instantly vanished.

Then an unusually bright blaze from the fire, lit up the torch of hymen from the ashes of the deceased husband, and the dreamer, blue coated, brass buttoned, white waistcoated and black trowsered, stood in the village church of York. There was a strong perfume of orange flowers, and opposite him stood

Mrs. Neville. Then while he was still tasting, or rather anticipating bliss, the dream passed away, and Mr. Morton returned to the consciousness of his bachelordom and his half-emptied bottle of port wine.

But now a strange and ill-omened sound burst upon his ears. It was the report of a cannon—he distinctly heard gun after gun—and on that coast he very well knew that the sound of artillery announced danger to human life, as assuredly as it did on the field of battle. With the hurried exclamation of—

"A ship in distress!"—

Mr. Morton opened the window and looked out into the night. It was dark and dreary, being, in fact, the same night we have described in the preceding chapter. It was every moment growing more stormy. The chill wind whistled round the room as it came in at the window, dislodging every light article from its fixed location in the bachelor's sitting-room. From the sea came up a smell of salt spray, and Mr. Morton, feeling none of his senses gratified, did what all sensible persons do under similar circumstances: he closed the window, put more coals on the fire, drew the screen behind his back; and re-applying himself to the wine and hickory-nuts, he continued his former waking reverie—

"Surely," said he, "when Mrs. Neville feels herself alone on such nights as these, and we shall have many such during the winter, she'll feel the want of a protector," and so saying, he grasped the poker, probably with the view of demolishing an imaginary burglar, a sturdy beggar, or a rival, as the case may be, or perhaps with the more pacific intention of stirring the fire. Whatever were his intentions they did not ripen into action, as at this moment his neighbor, the clergyman of the village, entered abruptly, and called out—

"Come down to the beach, Morton. There is death in the blast; there is a ship on shore on the sands, and they will never be able to launch the life-boat unless they get all possible assistance."

"My dear friend," said Mr. Morton, casting a wistful glance towards the decanter, thence to the hickory-nuts, thence to the fire, and finally to the window, as much as to say, "I know the difference of the things within and the things without, as well as any body."

"Of what earthly use can *I* be? I never touched an oar in my life. I have not done dinner yet, and I have got a cold; besides, coffee will be served presently."

"There are lives in danger."

"What can *I* do? I'm not a humane society, am I?"

"You can show an example."

"The Lord forbid," returned Mr. Morton, in utter horror at the bare idea of setting an example, or indeed of exposing his rubicund face at all on such a night.

"You can help to get the life-boat manned."

"I should not be able to make myself even heard in such a storm."

"You have some influence with the fishermen. Consider the poor sailors may soon become food for fishes."

"Most likely get the influenza myself; and if you go to the life-boat, you'll become food for fishes yourself, instead of feeding on them, like a good churchman."

"Well, I must go alone. You would not cross the room, I believe, to save your brother's life. It is ever the way with you." And the clergyman departed.

"It's always the way with Mr. Rugsby," soliloquized Mr. Morton; "he's never happy unless he's got something to do that every one else detests. Now, I shouldn't wonder if he goes in the life-boat himself in spite of my warning; but he never minds me. However, I must go and tell Maria to ask the Nevilles to dinner on Saturday."

And on this hospitable (?) thought intent, he left the parlor.

Upon arriving at the beach, Mr. Rugsby found his worst apprehensions realized. The vessel was lying about a quarter of a mile from the shore—broadside on to the sea, which broke

over her violently. She still continued to fire guns, but each time the interval between them became longer and longer, as if those on board found some difficulty in loading; and the sea ran so high that it seemed almost impossible that the life-boat could live on it. The boat was, however, got ready, and Mr. Rugsby exerted all his eloquence to get a crew for her, offering not only liberal payment, but to take an oar himself, when he fancied he saw by the glimmering light of the moon, which was now beginning to show objects indistinctly, something like a black object floating on the top of the waves, and it became clear that the body of a man was drifting rapidly towards the shore. It entered the surf, and for a moment disappeared in a gigantic wave that raised its crest many feet high into the air. It came swelling in with its helpless load, broke with a heavy plunge and a hoarse roar, and then spreading a silvery sheet of foam all round, rippled back with a musical gurgling over the shingle, leaving its burden, whether living or dead none can tell, behind it.

Before the next wave had time to come in and sweep it back again into the waters, the body had been secured and dragged high and dry on the beach.

It was evidently, from the attire and appearance, that of a gentleman; and from the circumstance of his having all his clothes on, it was inferred that he had been carried overboard by accident, and, though he seemed dead, he was carried to the nearest house, which was that of Mrs. Neville.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the widow, as soon as she saw the face of the insensible man—for she had humanely bestirred herself to provide a couch and the necessary appliances for the physician, who had been summoned. "Good Heavens! it is Mr. Thornton."

The usual remedies were applied, and for a long time in vain; but still there were indications of life; slight indeed, but sufficient to induce the continuance of the efforts to restore it, and at last those efforts were crowned with success.

The symptoms of animation became more and more frequent, and by midnight the perils and dangers of the shipwreck were forgotten in a sound sleep.

Mr. Rugsby kindly sat up all night with the resuscitated man, and in the morning the sufferer was sufficiently recovered to give an account of the wreck; but we must defer this account to another chapter.

### CHAPTER III.

The scene now changes from the northern to the southern portion of the Union.

A fortnight after the date of the events mentioned in the two preceding chapters, there was a great bustle and hurry at the foot of one of the wharves at New Orleans; not that it was anything extraordinary taking place, it was merely the every day occurrence of a steamer being about to take its departure upon a trip up the Mississippi; but on such occasions there is always to the eye of a stranger as much hurry and confusion as if such departures were of rare occurrence. Porters bustled to and fro; carriages, setting down passengers, lined the Levee; bales and boxes were tumbled about, as if they cost nothing, and lay around in such confusion that one unused to such sights would imagine that they belonged to nobody—or if they did have owners, the said owners would be lucky indeed if they ever succeeded in getting possession of half their property. Then there were crowds of sorrowing friends, bidding farewell to those who were about to leave them; there were tears in abundance, and some smiles; some mock sorrow and much forced cheerfulness; much faint-heartedness and a great deal of hopeful anticipation; wails of distress and frightful oaths, and merry laughter; sounds of every variety mingled and intermingled in strange confusion, while above all could be heard the hissing, and snapping, and snorting of the steam, as it was eased off from the boilers of the steamboat. At length all was ready for a start. The passengers and their baggage and

the cargo was all on board; the last sorrowing friends had been warned to go ashore—the plank was withdrawn from the gangway—the words, “Slack off,” “Go ahead,” were given—the paddle wheels made two or three revolutions, forwards and backwards, as if trying their strength before commencing their race—“All right,” was shouted shrill and clear by the captain from his elevated post on the paddle-box—a bell tingled merrily, the ropes that bound the leviathan to her moorings were cast adrift, and fell with a dull splash in the water, and the E——S—— slid out into the turgid waters of the Queen of Rivers. Handkerchiefs waved a last adieu from the quarter-deck of the steamer, and the parting salute was returned from the shore, and the gallant vessel sped swiftly on her way, and in half an hour afterwards the wharf, so lately a scene of busy confusion, was comparatively deserted.

Among the passengers on board the E——S—— was Clara Neville. She had dined with her mother at the house of Mr. Morton on the Saturday, when, as the reader will recollect, that gentleman had resolved to invite the widow to his residence, and on the Monday following had taken her departure for Natchez, where Mr. Morton had procured her the situation as governess.

A friend of Mr. Morton's, who was going to New Orleans on business, had promised to take her under his charge throughout the journey, and to provide her, when arrived at the Crescent City, with an escort for the remainder of her journey. Clara had reached New Orleans in safety, and the gentleman who had accompanied her had readily enough found a friend who was going up the river willing to take her under his care as far as Natchez. This gentleman, whose name was Warner, was a young man of five and twenty years of age, who was in the habit of making trading voyages up the Mississippi. He was a fine, handsome-looking fellow, possessed of a soul full of Southern chivalry, and felt quite proud of the confidence reposed

in him in thus having a young and pretty girl, like Clara Neville, entrusted to his charge.

For an hour or more after leaving the wharf Clara was silent; her heart was too full to speak—for she seemed now for the first time in reality to be utterly separated from her mother. Hitherto she had been accompanied by a friend with whom she had a partial acquaintance, and who, at least, was himself a native of her own State. Now, she was in the hands of an utter stranger, and going to reside—she knew not for how long—amongst strangers. Her young escort, having seen that she was comfortably seated on deck, left her to herself; for perceiving her sadness, he thought it best not to press his conversation upon her, though he lingered by her side, so as to be ready to assist her in any way that might be required.

On rushed the heavily-laden steamer with lightning speed through the turbid waters, and still Clara sat beneath the deck awning, gazing vacantly over the levees across the level country beyond, affording a view extending over many miles. At length the entire novelty of the scene aroused her from her home-sick reverie. She gazed with increasing curiosity at the vast plantations, stretched far away in every direction, upon which, from the deck of the steamer, the negroes busy at their daily toil could be distinctly seen. The villas and mansions of the planters and the huts of the slaves, scattered in groups here and there, rendered the landscape to her fancy extremely picturesque, and all the more exciting to her curiosity on account of the novelty of everything her eye rested upon; and at last the sad and thoughtful expression disappeared from her countenance altogether, and she rose from her seat to get a better view of the rapidly varying scenery.

Mr. Warner noticed this change, and immediately drew nearer to her and commenced pointing out the various localities of interest, and the young couple soon became apparently as well acquainted as if they had known each other for years.

At length the young man asked Clara if she intended making a long stay at Natchez.

"I know not," she replied. "I am engaged as governess to the family of Mr. Ellsworth. I have never been away from home before. Perhaps years may elapse before I see my home and my mother again."

"Mr. Ellsworth!" exclaimed the young man. "I have known him since I was a boy. I trust I shall often have the pleasure of seeing you there, Miss Neville, for I often visit Natchez."

Clara had it upon her lips to ask what sort of a family they were amongst whom her lot was cast; but she found some difficulty in framing so delicate a question, and while she was yet deliberating, there came a sudden rush of people towards the stern of the vessel.

"What is the matter?" inquired Clara, rather frightened.

"A steamer is coming up with us astern," replied Mr. Warner. "Come with me, and let us see the race."

They removed to the stern of the vessel. About a mile in their wake a steamer apparently about the same tonnage as the E—S— was tearing after them, puffing and snorting so loudly that the sound could be distinctly heard. She was evidently gaining upon them.

There was a tumultuous movement amongst the officers and crew of the E—S—. Each one appeared excited, and the passengers evidently sympathized with them. Orders were rapidly and loudly given to heap on fuel; and the deck load was moved hither and thither to trim the vessel most advantageously, so as to enable her to outstrip her rival in speed. Even the passengers were desired repeatedly to change their positions, so as better to bring the steamer to her bearings.

Clara felt a little nervous as she witnessed the turmoil and excitement still increasing, and heard the sharp, loud orders of the captain.

"Is there any danger?" she asked of Mr. Warner.

"No, no—none" he said, "unless we strike a 'snag,' and they are not often met with so low down the river as this. We are trying to distance that vessel astern, that's all, and we shall do it, too. Look how we shoot ahead now. Bravo! bravo!—heap on more fuel, captain—give her all she can bear. Ah! ah! it's no use, old chap. You can't come up to the E—S— when she's got her dander up, no ways you can fix it."

Certainly the steamer that Clara and her companion were on board of did now seem to do something more than hold her own; but still she gained but little upon her pursuer, for hours passed away in this exciting flight, and still, though the pursuing vessel was a little further astern, she was plainly in sight. The night passed away, few of the passengers seeking rest, and the morning dawned, and though far, far astern, the pursuing steamer was yet in sight.

Clara had been among the few of the ladies on board who had retired to rest, but Warner had remained on deck throughout the night. About six o'clock in the morning he was sitting near the stern alternately dozing, and waking with a sudden start, when he became suddenly conscious of an alarmed movement among the passengers.

Starting to his feet, he asked what was the matter.

"I don't know," said a gentleman standing near him, "but I am afraid something has happened to the machinery. I see the people rushing wildly from the cabins, and —"

What further he was about to say we know not. There was a sudden explosion—a ripping of planks and a rushing of steam—shrieks and cries of alarm run through the vessel, and "Oh God! the boiler has burst!" was shouted by a dozen voices at once.

In a moment the young man sprang down the cabin stairs and rushed into the ladies' cabin, in one of the state rooms of which Clara was still sleeping.

"Come on deck as quick as possible, Miss Neville," he said.

"For God's sake! tell me what is the matter?" said Clara,

who had been awakened by the explosion, and was dreadfully frightened with the noise and confusion. She was leaving the state room just as the young man reached it.

"An accident has happened to the machinery—that is all; I trust there is no danger," he replied, endeavoring to assume as careless a tone as possible. "The passengers are frightened, but I hope there is no real cause for alarm. We shall soon have all put to rights again," and he took Clara by the arm and led her quickly through the cabin, which was filled with hot, stifling steam, and when they reached the cabin steps, shrieks of pain rang on their ears, telling that some poor creatures who had been near to the midships of the steamer had been severely scalded or otherwise injured.

"Hasten, hasten on deck, Miss Neville," exclaimed the young man. "Bear up bravely, (Clara was near fainting,) we shall have fresh air on deck. Come—come along," and he carried her up the ladder. But they had scarcely set their feet on deck before the fearful cry of "Fire" was heard. A thick smoke burst up from the main hatchway, quickly followed by tongues of fiery flame.

All was confusion and dismay; passengers pushed each other rudely aside; men and women and children, several of the latter only half clad, rushed hither and thither screaming, and each apparently bent selfishly upon his or her individual safety, though amidst the confusion could be heard occasionally the wail of children for their mothers, and the frantic cry of mothers seeking their children, and husbands their wives, while the voice of the captain was still heard above all, urging the passengers to keep order and go aft as quickly as possible, still assuring them, though the facts belied his statement, that there was no danger. Mr. Warner reached the stern of the vessel with his charge, and by dint of great exertion and no very courteous treatment of others, placed her in a position of temporary safety. At this moment the vessel which had been in pursuit, came up and passed them, her decks crowded with

passengers, who gave a shout of triumph and defiance as the steamer flew by.

"We are on fire," shouted the captain. "Stay and render us assistance."

"For the love of God, stay by us," shouted a hundred voices. "We shall all perish."

But the steamer passed on her way. Those on board could not help seeing the flames; but they either underrated the danger, or else had become so excited by the long chase and so rejoiced at their triumph, that they were deaf to all appeals of humanity.

And now the flames rushed towards the stern, devouring everything in their progress. The helpless steamer had been headed for the shore nearly opposite Port Hudson; but her progress was slow, indeed she was merely drifting with the tide; for, though she answered the helm, her machinery was of course perfectly useless. Numbers had jumped overboard, choosing rather to perish by drowning than by the flames, which already severely scorched those who stood huddled together near the taffrail.

There seemed no chance of succor—no hope of escape. Warner still stood with his arm round Clara's waist—anxiously looking in the direction of the shore, and then turning and watching the rapid progress of the flames. She, poor girl! bore up nobly; not a cry of alarm escaped her; her pallid face alone betrayed her mental agony, as she thought of home and distant friends, and her affright as she saw the all-devouring flames advancing towards the spot where she stood. Already the heat was unendurable, and the shore was yet distant; and even if the shore were reached, there seemed no prospect of escape with life from the burning vessel.

"We can endure this no longer," whispered Warner into her ear. "To remain here were to perish. We must leap into the water. I can swim well. Will you trust yourself with me?—dare you take the frightful leap?"



"If you think it best."

"I do. It is our only hope of escape."

"Then I am ready to avail myself of it."

"Jump first, and I will follow," said the young man. And Clara, summoning all her fortitude, sprang, with a prayer on her lips, into the foaming water, now literally swarming with gasping, drowning human beings.

As she sunk down beneath the surface a thousand burning thoughts of home—her mother, all the incidents of her life, flashed through her brain. Quick as lightning Warner sprang after the brave girl, and as she rose gasping to the surface, he caught her by her clothing, and whispering to her not to catch hold of him, endeavored, with a lusty arm, to strike out for the shore, with difficulty avoiding the many outstretched arms reached forth to grasp him by the drowning wretches around him.

#### CHAPTER IV.

WARNER was a strong, active man, and a powerful swimmer: but he had but one arm at liberty, the other was clasped around the vest of Clara, and large pieces of wood, casks and boxes, fallen or blown from the steamer, literally choked up the passage and rendered it almost impossible for him to force his way through them; besides, he was almost suffocated by the dense volumes of smoke which rolled along above the surface of the water, blinding his eyes and choking his breath, while, ever and anon, the hand of some drowning man or woman would clutch hold of his clothing or his arms, with a tenacity which it required all his strength to shake off. He was not more than thirty yards from the shore, yet from the water he could not perceive it; a quarter of an hour had elapsed since he had sprung into the river with his precious burthen, and still he had made but little progress. The undercurrent swept him back towards the steamer as fast as his utmost endeavors enabled him to strike out for the shore. Two or three times he was on the point of dropping his burthen and leaving the now insensible girl to take her chance, while he, thus enabled to redouble his exertions, should reach the shore in safety and procure more efficient help; but as often as the thought crossed his mind, he cast it away—feelings of humanity and chivalry interposed, and he still battled desperately forward, although growing weaker and fainter every moment.

At length a mist came over his eyes—a sensation of stupor pervaded his brain—a dull, heavy pressure deadened his ears

—a thousand fantastic thoughts flashed at once upon his brain—he seemed to witness the panorama of his whole life passing rapidly before his mental vision, and then—all was darkness.

He recollected no more till he awoke, as from the sleep of death, and found himself undergoing intolerable torture. His whole frame tingled with the painful, indescribable sensation sometimes experienced in one limb of the body, when having been placed for some time in a constrained position the blood has become torpid, and a thousand needles seem to be picking into the flesh as the circulation recommences.

For some time he was unable to recollect what had occurred or how he had been brought into this condition. Memory was temporarily obscured. He opened his eyes and found himself lying on a bed in a strange place, with strange faces, and as his distraught fancy pictured, uncouth forms flitting around him. He groaned and again closed his eyes. A strange fancy seized upon him. He thought he had died, and had now awakened to the mysteries of another world.

The groan he uttered had been heard by his attendants, and one of them approached the couch and asked in a gentle voice how he felt. The sound of a human voice restored him to himself; he again opened his eyes, and looking at his interrogator said, in a feeble voice:

"I feel ill—very ill. I cannot describe how I feel. Where am I? How came I here?"

"Be thankful that your life has been saved, when hundreds have perished," was the answer. "You have been saved from the burning wreck of the E——S——. But ask no questions now. Try to sleep."

In a moment the recollection of the whole frightful scene through which he had passed recurred to his mind, and notwithstanding the injunction of the medical attendant, he could not help asking for information relative to his fair charge.

"The young lady," he said, "the young lady with whom I leaped overboard from the burning vessel. Is she safe?"

"I know not," was the reply; "several ladies have been saved, and they are well tended elsewhere. If she of whom you speak lives, be assured she will be well cared for; but your own recovery depends upon your present quiet repose."

Weak as he was, the young man would have started from the bed, but he found himself so severely bruised that he was unable to move, and now for the first time he discovered that his right arm lay helpless at his side. An involuntary cry of pain escaped from his lips, and he said:

"My arm is broken."

"Ah!" said the surgeon, immediately examining the limb. "Indeed it is so. This must be seen to. I had not observed this before; but be quiet—be quiet, sir. You can render no help to the lady, and will do yourself much harm if you attempt to make any exertion just now."

Uttering another groan of agony, but perceiving the utter uselessness of expostulating, he resigned himself to his fate, while the surgeon proceeded to bandage the broken limb.

It was some time after the steamer had blown up and caught fire before it had been possible to render any efficient aid to the unfortunate passengers and crew. The noise of the explosion had been heard at Port Hudson, and attention having been directed to the spot, the conflagration had been seen, but the village was two miles distant, and only three or four scattered habitations were on the shore opposite to where the sad accident had occurred. Assistance had been sent with all possible speed to the scene of disaster, but ere it arrived the steamer had been burnt to the water's edge, and three-fourths of the unhappy sufferers had perished.

The greater portion of those who had reached or been cast on shore were maimed and bruised to a degree that rendered them helpless, while some were already dead, and others had scarcely a spark of life remaining, and betrayed no symptoms of consciousness.

All these, however, were removed into the houses near by—

the females being carried to one domicile, and the males to another. Among those who had been found, apparently dead, were a young man and woman, the left arm of the former locked with a clasp which it was difficult to unloose, around the waist of the latter. These were Warner and Clara.

The young man had been removed to a neighboring house, and after being carefully tended and skilfully treated, had shown symptoms of recovery, as we have seen. The young woman was taken to another dwelling and placed under the care of negro nurses, superintended by a lady who had come down from Port Hudson on this mission of mercy, and was assisted by another skilful surgeon—the medical men of the neighborhood having all volunteered readily to give their services on this sad occasion.

Let us now enter the cottage where Clara lay.

Mrs. Ellsworth, the lady with whose family Clara was to become an inmate, had received information by letter that the young lady was to leave New Orleans for Natchez, about the date on which the E—— S—— was to sail from that city. She had been on a visit to a friend in Port Hudson, and was in the village when the news arrived of the accident of the steamer, and naturally enough, she feared that Clara might have embarked on board. Independently of this, she was a lady of very amiable and generous disposition, and she readily engaged with a party of ladies who volunteered to go down to the scene of the sad disaster, and render what assistance they were able to all; but especially the sufferers of their own sex. It was Mrs. Ellsworth who was superintending the nurses, in the cottage which Clara—supposed to be past all human aid—had been carried.

But after repeated attempts to reanimate the vital spark, should it still be lingering in the mortal frame, and as frequent disappointments—when at last hope, lingering long, had departed, and the nurses were about to compose the limbs of the, as they supposed, dead girl—Clara, to the astonishment of all,

though such instances are not uncommon, in similar cases, gave signs of life.

Fresh exertions were made, and at length the humane surgeon declared that she was in a fair way of recovering. All she now needed, he said, was rest, for she was so weak and feeble, that the slightest exertion might prove too much for her exhausted frame.

A fiery ordeal had Clara undergone during the last hour. It has been said, that death by drowning is an easy one. It may be so, but the few short minutes or moments that precede unconsciousness are, perhaps, more painful—mentally and physically, than those that precede the stillness of death, under any other form; and then the horrors of awakening to life, as recorded by those who have experienced them. They are such as the pen is unable to describe, the mind unable to conceive, and upon the frame of a sensitive female, they act with more intensity than upon man. Clara suffered more acutely than her gallant preserver; but she had, at last, fallen asleep, and sitting by her couch, was the gentle Mrs. Ellsworth. Of the few females who had survived, the rest had been recognized, and placed under the care of their friends. Mrs. Ellsworth had a singular presentiment, albeit, she as yet knew not the name of the sufferer, that she was the governess who was expected about that time, and she took the unknown sufferer under her especial charge. The negro nurses had been dismissed, the shadows of evening began to fall, Clara was still sleeping soundly, and by the bed-side sat Mrs. Ellsworth, alone.

A slight shudder passed over the frame of the sleeping girl, and she awoke. Opening her eyes, she gazed vacantly around her. At length her gaze rested upon the kindly face bending over her.

"Where am I?" she asked.

"In safety and well cared for, my dear," returned Mrs. Ellsworth.

"What has happened to me, and why am I here in this strange place?" said the young woman, with that strange forgetfulness of the past, which is always observed in cases of resuscitation from death by drowning.

Briefly Mrs. Ellsworth related to her the particulars of the disaster which had happened.

Then, as usual, the whole scene recurred to her recollection.

"And he, the brave man, who saved my life, where is he?"

"Living and likely to do well," resumed Mrs. Ellsworth, who had heard of the restoration of Warner.

"Thank God for that," said the girl. "I should have felt that he owed *his* death to me, had it been otherwise."

"Compose yourself, my dear, and sleep again," said Mrs. Ellsworth. "You are yet too weak to talk; by and bye you shall tell me the story of your suffering, and how I can aid you; but tell me now what is your name?"

"Clara Neville," answered the girl.

"And mine is Ellsworth. I am the lady who engaged you as governess; but we will talk another time. Sleep now."

"No, I feel quite wakeful and able to talk," answered Clara. "It will relieve my mind to speak of what I have suffered. Oh, God! it was horrible."

She had indeed slept for some hours, and as she had not suffered from bruises as her gallant preserver had done—he had been hurt in protecting her—she felt—although her consciousness was hardly yet completely restored, and her senses slowly and confusedly extricating and arraying themselves out of the chaos of suspended animation—quite well in bodily health, setting aside the lassitude consequent on her previous sufferings.

Observing this and seeing that she was inclined to talk, her kind nurse interrogated her as to the nature of her sufferings after she had quitted the burning wreck.

"I became senseless," said Clara. "Soon after I sprang into the water I recollect Mr. Warner catching hold of me after I

reached the surface. I felt that I must have sunk far down, but the last sensation that I have a distinct recollection of," she continued, in a low, feeble, but very earnest voice, "was a chilling anxiety and uneasiness, as if my heart were disturbed, together with a dimming of my understanding, and a confused but horrible idea that the wails of distress that I heard around me were those of departed spirits tremblingly awaiting the final judgment—then I felt a sort of languor, a ringing in my ears—a heavy, gray damp mist pressing in my eyes, and forehead, and breast, and then I dropped off insensibly, as if going to sleep."

"To-morrow, my love, you shall tell me all," said Mrs. Ellsworth. "You are too weak, too excited now. You must not exert yourself too much; you will be calmer and stronger to-morrow, after a night's rest, and then—"

"No—no—no," said Clara earnestly—"not to-morrow—now. It is more than my mind can support—it overpowers, it oppresses me. You do not know what it is to have been what I was—sorrow, separation, fear, are heavy weights to bear *alone*—when they belong to this world only; think how heavily they weigh upon the soul, when another world is also present. Listen to me now, dear madam, but for a few moments, and then I will sleep."

And Mrs. Ellsworth, seeing that the sad history of the period of her death-like trance weighed heavily upon her mind, and imperiously demanded the relief of sympathy, sat down to listen to her tale—that her overburthened spirit might find rest.

"You do not know," continued Clara, "what strange fancies seized upon my mind, when I was utterly insensible to the scene of horror around me. There came a sudden sound on my ears like the firing of a cannon—and then I felt pain no longer. I thought I slept, and suddenly awaking with a glare of light, I fancied I lay in a rich and lofty chamber—its walls of golden colored glass, that gleamed and glistened in the lustre

of countless thousands of lamps. Its roof was mother-of-pearl of tremendous brightness; its floor of the whitest and purest marble; numbers of couches and chairs were scattered about, seemingly of tortoise-shell inlaid with gold and silver; the bedstead on which I lay was of ivory; the curtains of the richest purple silk; all scattered over with strangely fantastic figures embroidered in pearls. A fountain was playing in a conservatory full of the most gorgeous flowers at the further end of the room; birds hopped from plant to plant with a sweet but plaintive warbling. Everything seemed a vision of fairy enchantment such as I never dreamed of before; but amidst all this beauty and brightness I lay in a misery that cannot be described. It was not pain—it was far more than pain; for, though I would have given worlds for one gasp, *I could not draw my breath.*

"Then, with a slow and shadowy change, the scene melted away into a green, smiling valley, the walls became sides of hills and the skirts of woods, green banks and sprouting hedges; the ceiling dissolved into a blue sky, across which a few stray clouds were floating slowly, and casting their lingering shadows on the sides of the mountains; flowers seemed springing into life and light at my feet; buds of beauty thronged in gorgeous multitudes, and the sweet birds of song called to them from the thickets; the fish leaped exultingly, till the gleaming water seemed alive with the flashing of light; the butterflies flitted amongst the flowers, and the bees worked cheerfully, as if the sight of their bright flutterings lightened their labors; the breezes came and went—some came over violet-beds, some through orange groves—but they fanned my forehead in vain. A tight hand seemed fastened round it, a stifling weight pressed on my chest; for, though I would have given worlds for one gasp, *I could not draw breath.* And suddenly came darkness, but a clear, cold darkness, like starlight, and the place I was in turned to stone: there were no more green fields or bright buds, the valley was petrified; naked rocks stood around, rear-

ing up their giant forms like watching giants; huge clusters of crystals, of every form and size reflected back the pale, cheerless light, in a thousand different rays, and above all were soaring pinnacles of ice—cold, colorless ice—that it froze my heart to look at; then, as I looked around, I thought the valley narrowed, and then I saw that it was filled with tombs cut out of the living rock, carved with all manner of grotesque ornaments; and suddenly, from out of one of those came a group of frightful figures, clad in grave garments—and I lay, a living corpse, waiting its tomb. I knew no more till I woke to partial consciousness, and felt the stinging agony that I suppose attended my resuscitation. I slept again, and I awoke to see you bending over me just now."

Strange words these, to come from the lips of a young and innocent girl, but who knows how many such strange thoughts pass through the minds of those who endure the pangs of death by drowning.

"You have suffered much, poor dear," said Mrs. Ellsworth; "but now, all is over. Sleep, and to-morrow you will be quite restored—and I will take you home."

"My mother!" exclaimed the girl, "she will hear of this, and believe I was lost. Her heart will break."

"She will hear the news of the wreck, doubtless, but I will write immediately to her, and tell her of your safety. Now sleep."

And Clara, who felt weary and feeble, composed herself in the bed and slept soundly till daylight.

## CHAPTER V.

A FORTNIGHT had elapsed since Clara Neville left home for Natchez. During that period Mr. Morton has been very particular in his attentions to Mrs. Neville, but he has not made so much headway as he had hoped.

Mr. Thornton has completely recovered from the weakness consequent upon his shipwreck, and he has left the cottage of the widow for parts unknown—unknown, at least, to Mr. Morton, though he has made himself busy in the endeavor to discover who and what he is. He has an idea that Mr. Rugsby knows something more than he will tell; but Mr. Rugsby is close, very close, and Mr. Morton can worm nothing out of him.

Mr. Morton has a great idea in his head; he means to give another party. He never thinks that anything can be done without a dinner party; but this is to be an extraordinary affair—not on account of the numbers that are to be invited. There are only to be present Mr. Rugsby, the Widow Neville and two or three others—near neighbors; but Mr. Morton intends to invite the company to stay all night; that is to say, the widow and Mr. Rugsby; the latter just to keep Mrs. Neville in countenance. Mr. Rugsby will have the best bed-room placed at his disposal, and the widow will sleep with Miss Maria, the housekeeper. The excuse for keeping the clergyman and the widow all night, is that they shall accompany their host to examine some property he has lately purchased about ten miles distant, whither he intends to remove in a few weeks, he

says; but, as he has resolved in his own mind, on the day that he obtains the promise from Mrs. Neville, to become Mrs. Morton; for, though to a man less sanguine, the conduct of the widow would afford little cause for hope, Mr. Morton has no doubt that he will carry out his object.

The eventful day has arrived, and with the first flush of morning has also arrived a brand new suit of clothes from the store of the best tailor in York. A blue coat with bright buttons, which Mr. Morton intends shall serve him for his wedding coat *when* the eventful day arrives; a buff vest, and a pair of nankeen inexpressibles made to fit tight to the legs. Mr. Morton's legs are somewhat of the Lilliputian, Pickwickian order, bearing no proportion to the plumpness and rotundity of his upper works; but he flatters himself that they are particularly well shaped, and then it would be a sin and a shame to conceal them "under a bushel"—of extra broadcloth.

And now the momentous period of dressing for the party has arrived, and Mr. Morton has retired to his boudoir to Adornize himself. The duties of shaving and ablution have been performed; the fat little bachelor has encased his plump body in a new shirt of snowy whiteness with a profusion of frill that a pouter pigeon might have envied, and has drawn the nankeen tights over his nether limbs. They fit admirably, without a crease, and as he twists and turns to survey himself in the glass—from the front, the side view and from behind—he can scarcely conceal his triumph; he thinks the form of the Apollo Belvidere not a circumstance in comparison with his own figure; indeed, he rather has a contempt for that style of beauty. He rather prefers the Jupiter Tonans style, which he fancies he rather effects in his own rounded outlines. To be sure he is rather bandy; but did not the immortal Hogarth say that "a curve was the true line of beauty." And now comes the task of putting on the crowning articles of attire—the spotless vest, fresh in its buff refulgence, and the coat in its pristine and glorious brightness, every button, as it is enrolled



from the tissue paper that covers it, shining like a miniature mirror.

First of all, however, he inserts in the bosom of his shirt a new set of gold studs, purchased expressly for the occasion; but unforeseen and unfortunate occurrence, the lowermost stud slips from the button-hole, and lodges beneath the light waistband of the pantaloons, and in his fidgetty hurry to recover it, it works itself lower and lower, until it lodges just above the knee, where it displays itself in a little round spot, suggesting the idea that there is a pimple beneath the pantaloons.

"Confound it!" exclaims Mr. Morton. "Bother it! Let it go—it's the lowermost stud, and won't be missed," but then he catches sight of the little excrescence destroying the smooth symmetry of his lower member, and discovers that he must actually disrobe again. Disrobe again! and it already approaching the hour when he expects the arrival of his visitors. But there is no help for it, and to work he goes. It was something like the operation of skinning an eel—the pulling off those pants; and Mr. Morton gets very hot and very red in the face with the exertion. He would call somebody to help; but the negro boy has gone to York after some fruit which had been forgotten until the last moment, and there is no one else in the house but Miss Maria, and the cook. However, the arduous task is accomplished at last, and somewhat divested of their original smoothness, the tight pants again grace the legs of their owner, but he has scarcely buckled his suspenders when a glance at the mirror reveals to him the astounding fact that he has rubbed a pimple on his face in his struggles, which has started bleeding, and a drop of blood has fallen upon his shirt front.

"Damn!" exclaimed Mr. Morton. He was a very moral man, and a deacon of his church, although somewhat given to indolence and selfishness, and he started in dismay at having uttered the oath. But it was very provoking!

However, there was no help for it—the suspenders must be

unbuckled again—the tight waistband loosened, and another speck and span new shirt take the place of the soiled one.

This was done at last, and then came the crowning job of awkwardness, the constantly recurring distress of bachelors, the tying on of the cravat. If ever an article of attire, shaped by feminine hands, was cunningly devised for the express purpose of alluring a man into the bonds of wedlock, it is these tantalizing cravats, which, somehow or other, won't sit right, twist and torture them as we may; although at the first magic touch from a fair, soft hand, it is astonishing how easily the thing is done. Presto! quick! and, ye gods! what a change—the uncouth article of masculine attire sets as gracefully as the collar that clasps the white throat of the fair tiring maid, who has effected this wondrous transformation.

But Mr. Morton had no fair tiring maid to assist him, and he was nearly tripping into sundry oaths again, as he tied and untied, and rumpled and crumpled, until they were utterly unfit to wear, cravat after cravat, before he could get one to suit him—and he did *not* get one to suit him after all; still, one which suited somewhat better than the rest, he was compelled to put up with at last. His boots were drawn on, the waistcoat and coat donned, and Mr. Morton stood arrayed in all the splendor of his new attire.

Then came the careful examination of the *tout ensemble*. The mirror on the mantel-shelf was taken down, and placed opposite the mirror on the bureau, so that a back and front view could be obtained at the same time, and with a couple of scrubby hair-brushes in his hands, Mr. Morton set himself to work, to arrange the few scanty hairs which time and superabundant good living had left him.

After all, the examination was not satisfactory. How strange it is, that when a man exerts himself to dress for a special occasion, he rarely succeeds—at least to his own satisfaction. He generally looks worse in his own opinion than ever he did before. With the ladies it is different; dress and adornment

comes to the dear creatures by nature, and down they go from the boudoir, floating into the drawing-room, in all the splendor of their prim array, while their masculine friends hobble after them, constrained in every motion—tight-booted, tight-cravated, tight-collared—poor, miserable wretches, blushing at their own attempts at bravery.

So it was with Mr. Morton; he was not at all satisfied. His face, never remarkable for its delicacy of complexion, was flushed, to anything but a gentleman-like hue, and somehow or other, the bright color of his coat did not assimilate at all with the flush in his cheeks and on his forehead.

Still he thought his figure, on the whole, was taking, and for better observation, he mounted upon a cricket, and holding one glass in his hand, turned and twisted it about so as to get the reflection of his person from the other in every conceivable, and as he thought, graceful attitude.

Just at the moment when the plump old bachelor was attempting a position which might have served for Ajax defying the lightning, the negro boy, Sambo, entered the room without knocking, for the purpose of informing his master that he had acquitted himself of his errand.

"Ky!" exclaimed he, starting back in astonishment, as he witnessed the strange antics Mr. Morton was cutting, perched on his carpeted pedestal. "Ky! what de debbil dis? What ail you, massa, you play dem kickeraboo antics?" The rosy hue on the cheeks of the old bachelor deepened with the blush of shame at being caught, even by his negro boy, in this undignified position; but with admirable presence of mind, he turned his head, alighted from the cricket, and advancing to the mantel-shelf to place back the glass, said—

"Remind me, Sambo, to have the seat of these pantaloons altered; they do not set so well as I could desire."

"Yes, massa," said the grinning darkey, and then he added, "I call at de Post Offis, as I come back, and ax for de letters and papers. Dere is some newspapers an a letter for you, and

anoder one for Missey Neville," handing a small package to his master as he spoke, and immediately retiring, grinning to the kitchen, to laugh over with the housemaid, cook and general servant of all work, the ridiculous position in which he had surprised Mr. Morton. With the object of recovering his composure, and subduing the roseate hue of his visage, before the company arrived, Mr. Morton sat himself down in his easy chair, and opened the package of newspapers. They were from New Orleans, and glancing over the first that came to hand, his eye lit upon the following paragraph:

"Last evening, intelligence reached this city of the destruction by fire, in consequence of the bursting of the boiler, of the steamer E—— S——, bound to Natchez. The sad accident happened near Port Hudson. It is said the E—— S—— was racing at the time, with another vessel, which passed by her during the conflagration, without stopping to render assistance, although she was hailed to that effect. We sincerely hope, for the sake of humanity, that this is not true. We are sorry to be obliged to state that upwards of one hundred persons, crew and passengers, many of the latter being ladies and children, perished in the flames or by drowning, in consequence of leaping into the river. From the wreck of the devoted vessel only some twenty persons are reported to be saved, and these are very much burned and bruised. It is thought few will survive.

"This is all that we know at present; but we have dispatched a special reporter to the scene of disaster, and shall publish a full account in our next issue."

"God bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Morton, getting redder in the face than ever. "The E—— S——. Why, that is the steamer in which Clara Neville's passage was engaged from New Orleans to Natchez—shouldn't wonder now if the poor girl's among the list of sufferers. Pity—too—still it 'ill help me with the widow. Shan't tell her, though, to-night—stop till to-morrow, and introduce the subject carefully. Great deal of

sympathy—tears and so forth. Press her hand and swear—no, not swear—but promise to be a second daughter. No—pshaw! What the d—l! the mischief, I mean, am I talking about—promise to be her protector—soothe and comfort her, and then, at the nick of time, pop the question. Under the circumstances, I shan't be obliged to kneel. That, to tell the truth, would be very awkward, in these tight pants. They fit well, too," and he stroked his knee, and the calf of his leg, and gazed upon them approvingly. "Altogether, it won't be a bad thing for me. How strange it is, that the disaster of one person frequently helps forward the fortune of another." At this moment, the bell rang, and rising from his chair to listen, the old bachelor heard the voice of the widow, and that of Mr. Rugsby, who accompanied her.

Taking another look into the mirror, twisting himself about, and passing his fingers through his few straggling hairs, Mr. Morton descended to the drawing-room, to do the honors.

"I think this is a *chef d'œuvre* of mine," he said, "this idea—but I must pump old Rugsby—cunning old fox, he is, and find out who this man, Thornton, is. There is some mystery there, which I haven't been able to fathom."

## CHAPTER VI.

It is a delusion in the fairer part of the creation—the fancy that they enjoy a monopoly of beauty. To eyes æsthetically trained to appreciate them, there are many—very many beautiful things in the world.

Potatoes, for instance, and buttermilk, what favor they find in the eyes, what emotions they raise in the hearts of the excitable Irish. Upon what lonely meershaums do dreary Germans cast sheep's eyes. Would the Venus de Medici direct the gaze of a Greenlander from a bottle-nosed whale, or the Apollo Belvidere, the glances of garrison belles from a heavy dragoon? How many, who coldly murmur "she's a good-looking girl," eagerly exclaim, "that's beautiful butter." But jesting apart, to those who seek it, the beautiful is to be seen every-where.

It hovers over the struggling soul like a crimson cloud over a stormy sun-set—never so welcome as when most unexpected, never so radiant as when lit up by the sunshine of the heart—never so impressive as when the faithful marshals the way to the blissful; and so it was that, to the philosophic eye, it was a beautiful sight to see Mr. Morton, when he sallied forth, in his glory, from his dressing, to meet Mrs. Neville in the drawing-room.

Notwithstanding the sad news he had just heard, gorgeous visions of the future flashed through his brain. He thought that the widow could not say him nay, in his now fine array; but that with Cæsar, notwithstanding his previous failures, he had but to say "*Veni, Vidi, Vici.*"

Nevertheless, all his hopefulness was not unmixed; as the slave who accompanied the Roman General in his triumphal car to whisper in his ear, that despite the laurel and the chariot, the captains and the spoil, the sword and the spear, the triumphing soldiers and the exulting people, he, the chief of all, the idol of the hour, was mortal, and must taste the bitterness of death, so, Mr. Morton's bachelor bashfulness whispered in his ear, that he had still a somewhat awkward scene to go through, even though its results were to differ from those of its predecessors.

"Upon my word," said he, "it is extremely embarrassing. I wish it was over. I shall be amazingly puzzled what to say; perhaps as she is a widow, and must understand that sort of thing, she will speak first. Ah! very likely; that will be very pleasant. I wonder will she blush. I'm sure I shall."

However, it was no use thinking—the time for action had arrived. He knew that the widow was alone in the drawing-room, and he thought, before the parson arrived, he might as well pop the question, if he found himself, that is to say, equal to the task. So he stopped a few paces from the door, wiped his face with his pocket handkerchief, cleared his throat, stepped on, hesitated, stopped, stepped forward again, and, at last, opened the door, and stood in Mrs. Neville's presence—looking rather as if he were an intruder within his own domicile—feeling, to use an expressive phrase, "as if he couldn't help it."

The first thing that struck him was Mrs. Neville's self-possession, as if *she* had any cause, at that moment, to be any otherwise than self-possessed. She actually received him, and returned his constrained salutations, as if she thought no more of him than of a total stranger; and she did not even seem to notice the remarkable and unwonted elegance of his attire.

"I—I—I—am truly happy to see you, my dear Mrs. Neville," he at length mustered courage to say. "I thought that by inviting you to my house, to meet a few friends of yours and mine, ma'am—of *yours* and mine—it might—that is, in

your present lonely condition, now that your daughter has gone South—be—be—a relief to you."

"It gives me the greatest pleasure, Mr. Morton, to accept your kind invitation. I fully appreciate the motive. You have been very good, to exert yourself as you have done for my dear Clara. I am delighted to have an opportunity of expressing my gratitude."

The amiability of tone and manner in which this was said seemed, to the excited Mr. Morton, as a most favorable omen with regard to the consummation of his desires. The very crown of his head blushed all over its bare expanse like a new-blown rose; up went the modest blood, overrunning territory after territory on his phrenological globe, with true filibuster recklessness; it swamped the intellectual organs instantly, and spread itself over the effective ones: cautiousness, self-esteem, firmness, benevolence, were all illumined by the ruddy flood; it passed over adhesiveness to philoprogenitiveness, and still further; and still Mrs. Neville continued:

"In my present situation, it is really a mark of kindness, on your part, that cannot be too highly appreciated."

"It gives me great pleasure to hear you say so, Mrs. Neville," said Mr. Morton, inexpressibly relieved in his embarrassment by finding the widow—as he thought—ready to meet him more than half way.

"It was so considerate of you, too," continued the lady; "for, really, the cottage—lonely, as I now said, was melancholy in its solitariness."

The pride of successful diplomacy certainly stirred in Mr. Morton's heart at this instant. "It's the solitude, poor thing!" thought he, "that comes of getting her parted from Clara. When she comes to hear of the loss of the steamer,—but, I won't say anything of that, just now. Still I can't pluck up my courage to the sticking point, yet. Ah! I have it—a thought has just struck me"—and again addressing the widow, and making some common-place remark about the weather, Mr.

Morton returned to welcome his other visitors, and to put the idea he had just hatched in his brain into execution.

"It will be better than taking her unawares—though I think she has some notions of my intentions by her remarks," he muttered as he proceeded to the apartment he had dignified by the name of his Library, to meet Mr. Rugsby, who had come in while he had been talking with the widow, and was seated there.

The reader will recollect that we introduced the Reverend Mr. Rugsby to him on the occasion of the shipwreck on the coast, on which occasion Mr. Thornton, the mysterious stranger, and stumbling-block in Mr. Morton's way, had been saved from the wreck, and carried to the widow's cottage. Mr. Rugsby had, on that occasion, remained with the stranger all night.

He was, as may be readily surmised from his conduct on that stormy night—a good, kind-hearted man, ever ready to render his fellow-creatures a service. He was friendly with Mr. Morton, although he saw much to condemn in his selfishness of character, for he was incapable of existing at enmity with any man; but, the widow was a great favorite with him—and Clara he loved as he would have loved a daughter of his own.

The scheme that had suddenly began to resolve itself in Mr. Morton's mind, was to get the clergyman to make the proposition in his behalf to the widow after dinner—he managing, on some pretence, to withdraw the rest of his guests, and then, before she retired for the night—(we previously observed that Mr. Rugsby and Mrs. Neville were both to be accommodated with a bed in Mr. Morton's house,) he would pop the question plainly, and without any circumlocution, and thus save himself a task, the accomplishment of which, in consequence of his flattering embarrassment, he found himself at present unequal.

After having conversed for some time with the clergyman, he, as if by accident, changed the conversation quietly, and spoke of the widow and Clara.

"Mrs. Neville must be very lonesome at the cottage, now Clara has left," he said.

"Yes," replied Mr. Rugsby. "No doubt it is a good thing for Clara—this engagement you kindly procured for her, but I almost think it a pity that the mother and daughter, who have always resided together, should now be separated."

"Mr. Rugsby—ahem! were you ever in love?" said Mr. Morton, abruptly.

"It is a strange question to ask," answered Rugsby. "I have never been married," he continued, with a sad smile on his countenance; "but I can scarcely conceive, that there exists a man of my age, who has never known what it is to love."

"I—ahem!—should like to know what is your opinion about love—and—ahem!—marriage," continued Mr. Morton, reddening very much, as he stammered out the words.

Mr. Rugsby smiled, as much at the manner of the speaker, as at the singularity of the question. The good man enjoyed a quiet joke, and he replied by asking another question.

"Suppose, Mr. Morton," he said, "you first favor me with your opinion on those delicate matters."

"Marriage," said Mr. Morton, blinking the former question, "marriage—it's having a wife—don't you know? Now, for example, just as we are situated now, don't you see, whilst you are here—I mean while a stranger is tarrying at my house, my housekeeper, Maria, is thinking of nothing but how she may make herself agreeable to him. Now, on the other hand, if I were married, my wife would always be thinking of nothing but how she might make herself agreeable to me. Now don't you see?"

"Perfectly," returned Mr. Rugsby, "that is a most profound observation of yours, Mr. Morton, that is," (he added, aside) "if pathos constitutes profundity."

"Particularly," continued the other, rather flattered by the deference accorded to his views—"a religious woman, like

Mrs. Neville—they always make the best of wives, make no trouble, and do what they are bid.”

“Very sound reasoning,” said Mr. Rugsby, “but I cannot say that I see the object you have in view in turning the conversation upon this subject.”

“Mr. Rugsby,” said Mr. Morton, solemnly, “you may not be aware that I have long sought Mrs. Neville’s hand—unsuccessfully, it is true; but I believe because I have never yet had courage to address her point blank on the subject. But I have been remarkable in my attentions—very remarkable; and I planned this little party with the view of carrying out my object. I intended to have put the question to her plump to-day, but I became embarrassed as usual; and at length I made up my mind to request you, as a friend, to be my ambassador. Couldn’t you now, my dear sir”—and he spoke in a wheedling tone of voice—“couldn’t you pave the way for me, as her respected and beloved pastor? Say something about the loneliness of her cottage—now Clara has gone—that’s the great point to press upon her—women are such timid creatures. Thus you can hint, in a cautious way, that I would take that cottage off her hands, and find her a home somewhere else.”

“I see,” said Mr. Rugsby, highly amused; but, he thought to himself, “If you knew the sort of success with which I pleaded my own cause twenty years ago, you would not impose such a task upon me now.”

“And my moral character, Mr. Rugsby; don’t you think you might consciously say something relative to my moral character?”

“Yes, certainly,” said Mr. Rugsby.

“And then you might hint something about a conservatory, and a closet to put away odds and ends in, and a fancy carriage and gray ponies; I believe that is a sort of thing women like, isn’t it?”

“And a boy in buttons,” suggested Mr. Rugsby, laughingly.

“Yes,” said Mr. Morton, “brass buttons; and then you

might insinuate that a widow’s dress does not become her. She always wears it.”

“I will not fail to exert myself in your behalf,” said Mr. Rugsby. And the conversation was at an end, for other visitors arrived and demanded Mr. Morton’s attentions.

The dinner passed away as dinner parties usually do, and Mr. Morton, watching an opportunity, managed to draw away his other friends, under pretence of showing them some pictures, leaving Mr. Rugsby and the widow together.

The clergyman endeavored delicately to broach the subject of his diplomatic promise; how effectively, remains to be seen. He was rather a bashful man himself; and there were reasons which the reader will learn in due time, why, in the present instance, he should feel himself in a particularly delicate and constrained—even painful position. Nothing but his easy good nature, which led him to seek to gratify everybody, could have made him consent to play the part he had undertaken.

When, however, Mr. Morton and his friends returned to the drawing-room, the host glanced slyly at the widow and clergyman, who were still on the sofa engaged in conversation, and he observed that the former glanced bashfully at him, and that there was an expression of gratitude beaming through her bashfulness.

“All right!” he thought; “what an exceedingly worthy man that Mr. Rugsby is,” and during the remainder of the day he was in an exceedingly happy frame of mind.

At ten o’clock the rest of the visitors departed, and the clergyman and the widow were on the point of retiring to their respective bed-chambers, when Mr. Morton, in a gentle, insinuating tone of voice, begged Mrs. Neville to grant him the favor of a few moments’ conversation.

The widow seemed intuitively to understand *why* he wished to speak to her alone, and with a grateful smile she expressed her perfect willingness to grant him the favor he sought.

They seated themselves upon the sofa. It was near the



witching hour of night. To the amorous bachelor the hour was most propitious, and the liquor of the rosy god had given him more than ordinary courage, for he had imbibed freely.

The widow commenced the conversation.

"I am delighted to have an opportunity of expressing my gratitude to you, Mr. Morton, for the offer you have been so good as to make me through Mr. Rugby," said she, with an amiability of manner that caused the blood again to color vividly the cheeks and forehead, and bald crown of her admirer. "But," continued the widow, "if such were your good intentions towards me—if it is allowable to ask such a question—pray why did not you announce your good intentions towards me in person? What could have induced you to employ a messenger in the person of Mr. Rugby—why did you not tell me of your kind intentions yourself?"

Mr. Morton simpered and fidgetted; a certain warning instinct whispered in a voice of significant import, that it would never do to tell her he was frightened to pop the question himself. He felt that the question of ultimate supremacy was yet to be decided; he said:—

"Why, really, Mrs. Neville, I don't know; after what has passed, I had a delicacy—"

"That I can perfectly appreciate, Mr. Morton," interrupted the widow, with an air of the most enchanting deference. "I can see and appreciate the delicacy of mind that deterred you, after having so overwhelmed me with your past kindness, from exhibiting yourself so prominently in the character, I may say, of a lone woman."

"The very word," muttered Mr. Morton to himself, with a spasmodic action of the muscles of the throat, something between a gulp and a hiccup—"The very word Rugby used," and with his delight at recognizing the very phrase in which Mr. Rugby, in a passing confidential whisper, had promised him success—mingled with a sort of flutter of doubt, whether the time had not arrived when he might, with propriety, say

something about a kiss, or some little indulgence or instalment of that sort. "However," thought he, "I must say something civil. I suppose she will not confess that she is in love with me, till I have, at least, told her that I'm fond of her—that's only reasonable—upon my word, I do love her very much."

The lady, however, appeared to take all the trouble out of Mr. Morton's hands.

"Pray when do you propose——"

"Ahem! I thought I proposed," thought Mr. Morton.

"——I should avail myself of your kindness," asked she, in the most winning manner in the world.

"It rests with you to name the day, my dear Mrs. Neville," replied he, in the most winning manner in the world. "That is coming to the point," thought he, his mind much eased by finding that he was not called upon formally, to repeat his tale of love. "Upon my word, it's very pleasant work—courting a widow. She saves all the trouble, like a self-acting coffee-pot."

"Considering all the circumstances," continued he, various systems of circles overspreading his countenance with a network of simpers, "considering all the circumstances, and the time we have known each other, I should think it would not be expected. I mean, there should be no unnecessary delay."

"There need be no delay at all," answered the lady, with as much decision of tone and manner as her natural gentleness admitted of.

"Charming frankness," thought Mr. Morton—"sweet compliance! how few women would have said so much in so few words."

However, the moment of decision is sometimes puzzling, even to those whose minds are made up, and he, as if to familiarize his mind to the sound and the sense, repeated, "there'll be no delay at all."

"I am perfectly ready, at any time," said Mrs. Neville;

"you know since Clara has gone, it has made a great difference with me."

"And so prepared you for a greater," said Mr. Morton in a kind of extatic state, that seemed to be composed of *couleur de rose*—acid gas—and bank notes.

"It is but a step," said the lady, smiling.

"A most important step," said the gentleman, chuckling and ruffling his hands, and warming with the subject, "yes, the glorious future is before us, we must think no more of the past." This was philosophy, and consequently unintelligible to Mrs. Neville.

"Why, my dear Mr. Morton," she said, "you surprise me! How long have you possessed this fancy for moralizing?"

"True love is morality," returned Mr. Morton, without having any perfect idea of what he was saying.

"I hope so," said Mrs. Neville, beginning to be somewhat puzzled.

"I trust so," said Mr. Morton, fervently. "I feel it—I know it; but the day—the day?"

"Any day that suits you, will also suit me," said Mrs. Neville, with angelic resignation.

"Directly then, before a magistrate," said the impetuous lover.

"Before a magistrate," said Mrs. Neville, apparently still more puzzled—"a magistrate! I should have thought that quite unnecessary, unless it was a public house, at least a business of some sort, requiring a license."

"Witty creature! the occasion makes her playful—shall we say this day three weeks?" said Mr. Morton, with due consideration for the publication of banns.

"With all my heart," was the answer, that went straight to Mr. Morton's heart, and sent the blood out of it, as if several millions of pins and needles were whirled through his veins with each throb of his pulse.

"Charming creature!" said he, and he rose from his seat,

concluding that the propitious moment had arrived, when he might claim the privilege of a chaste salute.

Mrs. Neville, who supposed that he had risen to leave the room, rose also, and came forward to meet him, thereby giving him additional courage.

"One kiss, my adored," said he, completing the circular character of his face by bringing his lips into a circle, and extending his arms till he looked more like a crab than anything else. "The first—the—"

"Good Heavens! what can you mean, Mr. Morton?" said Mrs. Neville, retreating in the utmost precipitation, but with a certain self-taught engineering skill, upsetting a chair at his feet to serve as a sort of temporary abattis. "Are you mad?"

"Yes, my beloved, mad with love and joy," was the alarming answer; "mad, beside myself—out of my reason," whereupon the lady took refuge behind a table, and having succeeded in imposing it between herself and her admirer, who, by his gestures, sought to express the vivacity of his feelings, looked on in no little anxiety to see what he would do next; quite certain, however, that he could not jump the table, but not by any means desirous of commencing a series of rings, like a hunted hare.

"Maiden coyness," murmured the lover, continuing to advance. "Widow coyness, I mean; why, surely, Mrs. Neville, we who are engaged to be married—"

"Engaged to be married!" shrieked Mrs. Neville, in a tone and manner that checked Mr. Morton on the spot, and made him feel as if a very black hole had opened beneath his feet with a very uncertain bottom. "Engaged to be married! how on earth can you talk such nonsense?" and at the same moment a sort of wild look that appeared upon the poor man's face, suggested to her that he was really laboring under a delusion on the subject that amounted to a monomania, if such is the proper term as applied to a couple.

"Engaged to be married!" repeated Morton; "to be

sure—why, what have we been talking about this last half hour ; are we not engaged to be married ?”

The gentleman's perplexity, showing that he was still some way to windward of her, restored the lady to her self-possession.

“Certainly not,” said she.

“Why, you accepted the offer I made you through Mr. Rugsby,” urged Mr. Morton.

“Undoubtedly,” replied the lady. “Of course I did, and was extremely obliged to you for the consideration and kindness it showed, though I was certainly somewhat embarrassed by your choice of an ambassador ; but what has that to say to engagements ?”

“Why did you not tell Mr. Rugsby that you would marry me ?” asked Mr. Morton, beginning to feel extremely uneasy, when he reflected upon the simple, honest character to whom he had entrusted this delicate commission.

“I told him nothing of the sort,” answered Mrs. Neville. “Mr. Rugsby came to me after dinner, with a proposal from you—”

“So he did,” interrupted Mr. Morton, “and you accepted it.”

“A proposal from you,” continued the lady, without seeming to hear, or at all events to heed his interruption, “which you said you felt a certain delicacy about making yourself, to take my cottage off my hands, as you observed that it was larger than I wanted, now that Clara was gone, and the garden, besides, was a sort of unnecessary expense, and to let me have that nice little cottage which you have lately purchased, and for that purpose you had invited him and I to visit you, stop all night, and go with you to see the cottage in the morning.”

“The silly, stupid, bungling fool,” ejaculated Mr. Morton ; but here he hesitated, and simpered, “did he not say anything about marriage ?”

“Not a word,” returned the lady, who, seeing the mistake into which Mr. Morton had fallen, now came forth from behind the table, relieved of the fear of holding a *tête-à-tête* with a luna-

tic ; “nor should I have listened to him if he had ; really, Mr. Morton, grateful as I feel to you for the constant and unceasing kindness you have heaped upon me, who, God knows, has stood much in need of it, I can entertain no stronger feelings. The recollection of one who”—here her voice faltered—“who is at rest years ago, remains too deeply—in short,” she said abruptly, “I must beg that once for all you will receive the assurance that I never can and never will be yours.”

Thus terminated the meeting that had commenced so triumphantly ; Mr. Morton retired, his heart so thoroughly chilled, that a third pint of his favorite mulled port was required to restore it to its proper temperature, where it remained and never boiled over again. From that time he gave up all hopes of obtaining the widow's hand in marriage.

We shall not attempt to analyze the widow's feelings as she retired to bed, after the housekeeper had shown her to the room she was to occupy ; but let us visit Mr. Morton in the solitude of his bachelor chamber—

“A pretty fool I have made of myself,” he said, “and a precious donkey that Mr. Rugsby has made of himself.

“That comes of trusting to a parson—and yet they ought to know how to manage these things better than any one else. What on earth could the man have been blundering at ? I too, after having put myself to all this trouble to get Clara out of the way ; and that reminds me she's out of the way, far enough, most likely. I'm rather sorry for the girl ; but it will serve the mother right. She's lonely without her, she says. Well, she'll be lonely enough when she learns that she's drowned. Perhaps she is, and p'aps she isn't. Well, I shan't say anything about it till the morning.”

By this time the extra quantity of mulled port Mr. Morton had imbibed, began to have a visible effect upon his vision and his speech.

“The disappointment,” he stammered, “has quite put me out and disturbed my senses. There's two—two candles, and

two—two chairs, and two fire-places—and the room's all turning round in a whirligig. O, Lord! how sick I feel."

And rising with difficulty, Mr. Morton groped his way to his bed, on which he tumbled with his clothes on, and slept and snored till morning.

He was, however, too well-seasoned a toper to feel any evil after-effects, and he rose in the morning as sleek, and oily, and hearty as ever. His first act was to seek out the clergyman, and telling him, in no very gentle terms, of his mistake, to ask him how he had come to blunder so desperately?

Mr. Rugsby bore the reproof meekly, as became one of his cloth.

"Really, my dear Mr. Morton," he said, "I did the best I could, in a delicate manner. I did not actually mention marriage—but I thought the lady would understand me when I told her that, thinking her lonely in her cottage—living by herself—mind you—living by herself—you had thought of asking her to remove to a small sized cottage you had recently purchased, and you would take the old place off her hands. Of course I imagined that she would understand the allusion."

Mr. Morton turned rapidly away. "Oh what a fool you are!" muttered he; "and what a stupid dolt you have made of me!"

The bell rang for breakfast, and both gentlemen returned in silence to the house.

## CHAPTER VII.

It was anything but a pleasant journey that day to Mr Morton; here he layed for his old easy fitting garments! Gracious goodness! to screw himself up in such a tight fit, like the man in the iron mask—and all for no purpose. How his boots pinched! And then the expense; so much money actually thrown away! To be snubbed in this way by the widow! Oh, these widows! what deceptive creatures they are—a young girl blushes and sighs and simpers. You can form some idea of the state of *her* feelings! but the widow is so composed; takes everything in such a matter-of-fact manner, that there is no guessing at the true state of their minds.

Mr. Morton revolved in his mind whether he should not take his revenge by spoiling the pleasure of Mrs. Neville's ride, by telling her of the misfortune that had happened to the steamer in which her daughter had sailed from New Orleans; but he came to the conclusion that it would lead to a "scene" on the road, and he resolved to defer the relation of the sad intelligence until the next day, when he would call for the purpose at the widow's cottage.

The day's jaunt was not in fact a pleasant one to any of the party. The widow really pitied the poor old bachelor, for she saw he was in earnest—besides, no woman receives an offer of marriage from any man, however much she may dislike him, without feeling some sort of compassion for him—and Mr. Rugsby, although matters had turned out just as he had expected, was sorry that he had had anything to do in the busi-

ness—and especially that he had managed, in his extreme delicacy, to make such a bungling affair of the part he had volunteered to play—and Mr. Morton, although he feared the clergyman and respected him too, as much as he respected any man, had not recovered from his ill-temper—so, after a very brief visit to Mr. Morton's new purchase, the party returned to their host's house and left shortly afterwards for their several homes.

The next morning Mr. Morton, now clad in easy fitting garments, sallied forth to the cottage of Mrs. Neville, and requested the servant to say that he wished to see her.

"What can the man want with me?" thought the widow; "surely my refusal yesterday was decided enough, and I don't expect now that he will press me to change my residence. I wouldn't do so if he did. Really the man is growing too importunate—interrupted me, too, right in the middle of the letter. I'm a good mind to deny myself to him—no, perhaps I had better not. I'll see him, and if he makes any further offers, I'll tell him plainly that any future visit to the cottage will be considered by me as a disagreeable intrusion," and laying a letter she had been reading and had been apparently deeply interested in, on the table, the widow made her appearance in the small parlor into which Mr. Morton had been shown by the servant.

"Good morning, Mrs. Neville," said Mr. Morton, and the widow coolly and distantly returned the salutation.

Mr. Morton noticed her constrained manner, and thought to himself, "Ah, my lady, I have news to tell that will bring down your pride, I warrant me," and he took the newspaper already alluded to from his coat pocket. Perhaps he had some thought—who knows?—that the widow under the pressure of her distress—left alone in the world—would even yet listen to his protestations of love. However, he at once proceeded to disclose, in a tone of hypocritical solemnity, the sad intelligence.

"Have you heard from Miss Clara, ma'am, since she has left?"

"Yes, sir, I received a letter announcing her safe arrival at New Orleans. I received it by the post this morning."

"Oh!" sighed Mr. Morton, "sad things happen in this vale of tears, ma'am."

"Yes, sir," replied the widow, imagining that the gentleman was alluding to the departure of Clara from home, "but we must learn to submit to them and to bear them patiently. Clara is my only child, and was my sole companion; but I could not hope to retain her society always. I presume some day she will marry, and in that case she most likely would have left me, even had she not had an offer of this situation."

"Ah!" again sighed Mr. Morton. "My dear Mrs. Neville; notwithstanding what passed between us yesterday, you will I trust still allow me to address you thus, for believe me I sympathize deeply in the sad misfortune that has befallen you. Clara was a sweet child, Mrs. Neville."

"Yes, she was a good girl," replied the widow, still wondering what Mr. Morton meant.

"Are you, my dear madam, fully prepared to bear up against a great affliction?"

The widow started—she wondered what affliction had befallen her that could have reached the ears of Mr. Morton before she had heard of it.

"I must, I can endure any misfortune that may have occurred. Indeed, I must do in such a case as others do, and as I have done before. But pray, be more explicit, Mr. Morton!" she added, really feeling somewhat alarmed, for she read in Mr. Morton's countenance, that something of more than ordinary interest must have happened. Mr. Morton slowly unfolded the newspaper.

"I have here," he said, "a newspaper which I received from New Orleans the day before yesterday, announcing the loss by explosion and fire, of the steamer E. S., bound from New

Orleans to Natchez, and on that steamer Miss Clara's passage was engaged. The report is that nearly all that were on board the ill-fated vessel were lost. I much fear, Madam, that Clara is among the sufferers. The news pained me much, I could not find nerve sufficient to tell you of it before——"

"——'Thank God! that you did not," exclaimed the widow, with a slight shudder, but at the same time with a composure of manner, that perfectly astonished Mr. Morton, who had anticipated hysterics and fainting fits, and screams of terror.

He betrayed his astonishment in his countenance—and the widow continued:

"Thank God! that you did not tell me before, for I should have been greatly alarmed; for the letter Clara wrote from New Orleans was delayed, and this morning, I received that and another letter from Mrs. Ellsworth, in which she states that Clara is safe and under her care at Port Hudson. Fortunately, I opened the letter of the latest date, and thus saved myself from the anxiety, and agony of mind, the first letter would have entailed. Poor Clara, she has suffered much, but again, I say, thank God! all is well with her. She has lost her clothing, it is true; that loss under any other circumstances would have deeply grieved me; but now I am so grateful that her life has been saved, that I have no room in my heart for grief."

Here was a blow to all Mr. Morton's well-laid schemes. He had nothing more to say; and he looked so completely crest-fallen, that the widow could not help observing it.

"Why Mr. Morton," she said with some degree of asperity; "you look as if you were rather sorry than glad, that poor Clara has been almost miraculously preserved from a watery grave, or worse, from a still more frightful death."

"No—no—ma'am, no. I am glad—yes—very glad——" said Mr. Morton, commencing to fold up the newspaper, and replace it in his capacious coat pocket. "No, I am truly glad—yes—very glad, indeed—I trust your next intelligence from

the south will be still more satisfactory, ma'am—I shall wish you good morning—I am happy that my visit has been so satisfactorily terminated—good morning, ma'am," and without further parley, Mr. Morton bowed, and shuffled himself out of the house.

He did not leave a very favorable impression behind him, for he had not been able sufficiently to disguise the disappointment he really felt, and when he had gone, Mrs. Neville said:—

"Can it be possible that that man could have had an unworthy object in hurrying Clara away? It looks like it, and yet it can hardly be. I will not allow myself to be prejudiced against him."

Let us return to Clara, whom we left at Port Hudson, under the motherly care of Mrs. Ellsworth.

Clara rapidly recovered, and was taken by Mrs. Ellsworth to Natchez, on the second day after her recovery from the sad accident which had befallen her. She was comfortably provided with everything that she needed, and in a few days she wrote to her mother, giving a detailed account of the accident, and of her feelings during the fearful ordeal through which she had passed. She spoke in the highest terms of the gallantry of young Warner, and also of the kindness she had experienced at the hands of Mr. Ellsworth and his family. This letter was a great relief to Mrs. Neville, who, although she had experienced feelings of gratitude which had counterbalanced all others on the first receipt of the letter from Mrs. Ellsworth, had subsequently given way to despondency as the after-thoughts crowded upon her imagination, and she began to realize all that her daughter had suffered.

Mr. Warner called on the following week at Mrs. Ellsworth's, and had an interview with Clara; what occurred then we cannot say; but from that period the visits of Warner became more frequent than ever, and Clara and he often walked out together of an evening.



We mentioned that something like a promise of faithful attachment had passed between Harry Morton—Mr. Morton's nephew—prior to that young man's departure to the West Indies, and when young Warner talked of love, thoughts of Harry would interpose and prevent Clara from returning, as perhaps she would otherwise have done, his ardent protestations. So matters progressed for the space of six months, and at the expiration of that period it would be idle to say that the gallant young man had not acquired a great influence over the heart of Clara, which had naturally been inclined towards him by strong feelings of gratitude on account of his noble and successful endeavors to save her life at the risk of his own—fostered by his subsequent attentions, and not a little aided by his handsome person and fascinating manners.

Mr. Morton went home with his heart full of bitterness towards the widow. His little, mean soul could not brook the humiliation of being refused by Mrs. Neville; and finding his hopes of revenge, by plunging her into grief for the loss of her child, so completely frustrated, he set himself to work out some scheme of dark revenge.

He knew that her cottage was for sale, and although he could ill-spare the money to purchase it of her landlord, he resolved to make the sacrifice, for the purpose of carrying out his detestable plan of vengeance; and this effected, he set himself to work to plan other measures with the same object.

He had, since Clara had departed, received a letter from his nephew, in which the young man had made allusions to Clara, which satisfied his uncle as to the state of his affections. The old bachelor had pished! and poohed! as he read the letter, and had called his nephew a silly boy; but he had thought—"So long as I get the consent of the widow, and succeed in gaining her hand, why, the young folks may do as they please, for aught I care." Now he conceived that he might turn the misfortune that had befallen Clara to good account. He sat down, therefore, and wrote to his nephew, stating that Clara

had left home for Natchez, and giving the particulars of the catastrophe; furthermore, stating that her life had been saved by a youth who had, he believed, succeeded in completely alienating the girl's affections from him. He took occasion to traduce the characters both of the mother and daughter, and to state that he had been grossly deceived in them; that the mother was a selfish, sordid-minded woman, who, hearing that Warner possessed wealth, had persuaded Clara to transfer her affections to her richer lover; and that Clara had readily done so. She was, in fact, said the old gentleman, a light-hearted, giddy coquette, not possessed of one spark of genuine feeling; and he concluded by persuading the young man not only to forget her, but to punish her by transferring his affections to some other lady and marrying her; while he would endeavor to make Warner acquainted with Clara's true character.

Harry Morton was a tolerably good-hearted, but a hot-headed, impetuous young man. He had no conception that his uncle, to whom, as his sole relative, he was much attached, could have any surreptitious motive in thus speaking of Clara Neville; and in a moment of passion, he, on the receipt of his uncle's letter, resolved at once to renounce her. We have mentioned that he was a good-looking young fellow, and he had already attracted the favorable notice of more than one of the warm-blooded West Indian belles. His heart had been hitherto impervious to the fairy darts shot forth from their eyes, and Clara had remained the polar star towards which his affections had ever been directed; but now his feelings underwent a revulsion, and within a month from the receipt of his uncle's letter he had wooed and won, and was wedded to, the fair daughter of a planter in the vicinity of Montego Bay, Jamaica; and the mail that left the Island immediately after the date of the wedding, carried a newspaper, both to Clara and his uncle, describing the ceremony. The uncle received a letter likewise; but the young man thought he would best show his contempt of Clara by sending her the newspaper alone.

It was with a strange admixture of feeling that Clara read this notice. That she felt her pride wounded, it would be vain to deny; but, after all, her feelings with regard to Harry Morton had been those of mere girlish affection. They might have ripened into love had nothing occurred to create a revulsion elsewhere; but she had felt that she *really* loved Warner, and that her plighted troth to Harry was all that stood in the way of her returning the love she bore him. Thus matters remained for the space of a month from the purchase of the widow's cottage by Mr. Morton. Mrs. Neville was ignorant of the change that had taken place in the ownership of her domicil. She had always paid her rent regularly; but small, comparatively, as was the amount, it had usually taxed her energies to the utmost to meet the demands upon her purse. She enjoyed a small independence, but it was so very small that she depended for the payment of her rent, and for the few luxuries with which she indulged herself, upon the receipts from her musical pupils; consequently, she was very much surprised as well as distressed, upon receiving notice from the agent for the collection of her landlord's rents, that her rent would be increased twenty-five per cent. on the ensuing quarter.

Business was, at this time, dull. It was difficult to obtain new pupils, and several of her old ones had got married, or were on the point of getting married; and, consequently, had either left her, or were on the point of leaving her. The result was, that when the quarter's rent became due, she had not, for the first time since she had rented the cottage, wherewithal to pay her rent.

She went to the agent to beg for time; but the man told her that he had received directions from his employer to distrain immediately if their dues were not promptly paid. He did not say who was his employer; and Mrs. Neville, after some deliberation, made up her mind to go to the landlord (who resided at York) herself, and, stating her circumstances,

to ask for a temporary relaxation of his rigid rules, on her part.

The gentleman received her kindly, and told her that he had known her so long, and had such perfect confidence in her integrity, that he would willingly have granted her the accommodation for twice the time she required, but he had sold the property, and had no longer the slightest control over it.

"To whom have you disposed of it?" demanded the widow.

"To a near neighbor of yours," replied the late landlord; "to Mr. Morton—a most estimable gentleman, I believe—who will be ready and willing to grant you any accommodation in his power; though I certainly did not think that he would have raised the rent of that small cottage so exorbitantly."

"To Mr. Morton," sighed the widow, as if by intuition seeing through the object of her new landlord, "apply to him," she thought to herself, "*I* never will. I have a few trinkets," she observed to the landlord. "I cannot think of applying to Mr. Morton. I would submit to any sacrifice first. Can you inform me where I can raise a small sum of money upon them?"

There were none of those curses to society (pawnbrokers' shops) in that part of the country, therefore unless the widow could find a private friend willing to advance her money upon the trifling articles of jewelry she possessed, her hope of raising money on these trinkets was useless.

Mr. Davis, the landlord, immediately and kindly offered to lend her the money she required, refusing to take the pledge she offered.

The rent day came round; Mr. Morton had made himself acquainted with the state of the widow's affairs. He imagined that she would be under the necessity of humbling herself to the agent, and through the agent to him; he was therefore greatly disappointed to find the money paid promptly to his demand. Temporarily, at least, he had been disappointed in his scheme. Matters, however, went worse and worse with the widow; before the expiration of another quarter she had

lost all or nearly all her pupils. Other debts besides the rent had pressed heavily upon her. She had disposed of her jewelry privately. The small debts she owed to Mr. Davis had not been paid, and, to Mr. Davis' credit, not asked for, and now the rent again became due, and the widow had not wherewithal to meet it, neither had she a friend of whom she could borrow the money.

By this time Mr. Morton had not scrupled in various ways to show his hostility to Mrs. Neville. Indeed she had good reason to suspect that she owed the loss of some of her most remunerative pupils to his evil influences, and she could hope for no mercy nor consideration at his hands. She could not bear the idea of applying to Clara, for she was aware that her salary was no more than sufficient for her necessities, and the poor girl wrote to her repeatedly so hopefully, that she had not the heart to tell her of her distresses.

She resolved to call upon Mr. Morton and tell him that she was utterly unable to pay her rent, and to ask for delay, and thus to know the worst at once.

She walked on to his cottage, and plainly stated her circumstances to him. He listened attentively—a gleam of malicious delight beaming upon his countenance as he heard the sorrowful tale—and when Mrs. Neville had concluded he said :

"I am sorry to hear this, madam, but you alone have not suffered. The general depression has caused me much distress. Most of my property consists of real estate, and if I cannot obtain my dues, I cannot pay my own way."

"I ask but a little time," pleaded the widow, "I have occupied the cottage so long, and you have known me for so many years—"

"All very true, Madam," answered Mr. Morton, "but I do not see that you have any better prospects before you. Ah! Mrs. Neville, things might have been different—and, ahem! I don't say that it is too late now. Some time ago, I made you an offer of my hand which you indignantly refused. Mrs. Ne-

ville—I give you the alternative—accept the offer now, and henceforward you shall be mistress of the cottage, the rent of which you are no longer able to pay."

"No, sir," said the widow, "you received my reply at that time once and for all. Do with me as you may. Treat me with what severity you please, your wife I will not and cannot be; and, Mr. Morton, I see through the motives of your persecutions. It was for the purpose of humiliating me thus that you purchased the cottage I now inhabit. Through your influences I am well assured I have lost my most valuable pupil. For the present, sir, you may have succeeded in your cruel aim to oppress the widow—but rest assured that the hour of retribution will come, perhaps when you least expect, and are least prepared for it."

"So be it, Madam," said Mr. Morton, now completely losing his temper. "Good morning, ma'am," and he rose from his seat and left the cottage. Great surprise was manifested in York on the following morning, by the information derived from placards posted on the walls, that the effects of the Widow Neville were to be sold by public auction. She had been so long a resident of the immediate neighborhood, that she was known personally or by reputation to almost everybody in that small place, and universally esteemed in consequence of her quiet, unobtrusive demeanor.

No one at first suspected the reason for this distraint upon the widow's property. The general opinion was that she was about to leave that part of the country, and was probably going to reside in the vicinity of Natchez, whither her daughter Clara had removed; but when it became known that the sale was to take place at the instance of Mr. Morton, in the consequence of the inability of the widow to pay her rent, Mr. Morton having recently become her landlord, the surprise and indignation of the people who knew the widow became very great.

However, there was no help for it. Anathemas were

bestowed freely upon the usurious proprietor, but the law had to take its course.

There was, however, a general determination to purchase the effects at a high rate in order that after the sale Mrs. Neville might have some funds in her possession wherewith to recommence housekeeping, and many of the parents of her former pupils resolved to place their children again under her care.

The widow, however, felt the humiliation most bitterly. The law enabled her to retain a small portion of her effects; but though her furniture was not expensive generally, the very articles which would be sold were those which were relics of better days, and which she prized far above their intrinsic value.

Herein consisted the anticipated revenge of Mr. Morton. He wished to deprive the widow of these her household gods, far more than he cared about the little money she owed him.

Mr. Rugsby, who greatly commiserated the poor lady, used every endeavor to urge Mr. Morton to forego his purpose, but in vain, and the day appointed for the sale came speedily round. The red flag flew from one of the windows of the cottage, and the neighbors gathered in to witness the sale or to make purchases.

The auctioneer commenced his duties, and one by one the most cherished articles of furniture were exposed to the prying eyes of the curious. The bids commenced, and ran high. Mr. Morton wished himself to become the owner of the most valuable articles, and he had engaged a person to bid for them over the offers of any other person.

The bids made by the neighbors commenced high, and the less valuable goods were allowed to go off at their price; but at last one of the articles that Mr. Morton coveted was put up, the bids were large, but Mr. Morton's bidder outstripped all the rest. It was on the point of being knocked down to him, when another offer was made. Mr. Morton's friend increased his figure—a higher bid was made—still another increase on the part of Mr. Morton's friend—another bid from the stranger, so high that it was useless to contend further. This article passed into the possession of the person unknown.

However, there were several other valuable articles, and Mr. Morton still hoped to obtain possession of these; but he hoped in vain. The stranger—who was unknown to any person present—still distanced every competitor, and every article fell into his possession.

The pertinacity of this man seemed to have a strange effect upon Mr. Morton. His oily face became more oily—his rubicund visage became still more rubicund—and he fidgetted about as though he were possessed with St. Athony's fire.

The sale was closed, and then came the crowning astonishment—not alone to Mr. Morton and the rest of the persons present, but to Mrs. Neville herself—for a paper was handed to the auctioneer while he was still on the stand. He read it aloud. It stated that the goods had been purchased by Mr. Hornby, in behalf of the widow Neville.

"Mr. Hornby! Who is Mr. Hornby?" was asked around. No one knew.

The auctioneer looked about him—but the stranger, after handing him the note, had quitted the cottage. Mrs. Neville was asked who he was, but she professed total ignorance. Mr. Morton declared since the stranger had withdrawn, that he had a right to the goods; but the auctioneer stated that the note contained a check for the whole of the money bid for the property, which was of sufficient amount to pay all the debts of the widow, and leave a large balance in her favor.

This settled the point, and the crest-fallen Mr. Morton was compelled to submit, and to see his prospects of revenge fade into nothingness.

The widow raised her eyes in speechless gratitude to God, who had so singularly interposed in her behalf, and Mr. Rugsby silently took her hand, and pressed it warmly, with a strong emotion visible in his countenance. The cottage was cleared of the visitors, but nearly all the goods remained—and the widow found herself, through the generosity of this unknown friend—in the clear possession of several hundred dollars.

## CHAPTER VIII.

SOME weeks passed by, and Mrs. Neville heard nothing relative to the generous friend who had advanced the money for the purchase of her household goods, on her own account, besides leaving such a handsome overplus.

Meanwhile she had received two or three letters from her daughter, Clara, who had informed her of the deceit which had been practiced by Henry Morton, and had also told her, in an indirect manner, of the attention that was shown her by Warner, whose generosity and gallantry she spoke of in the highest terms. So matters rested for some time.

One day the widow was surprised by the arrival of a wagon in front of the cottage, from which descended Mr. Thornton, the gentleman already spoken of as having been saved from the wreck, and lodged and resuscitated in Mrs. Neville's domicile.

Thornton was welcomed by the widow with something more than the favor due even to an old acquaintance.

What occurred on the occasion of this meeting it is needless to repeat in detail. Suffice it to say, that the gentleman and lady were closeted together that evening for a long time, and the result was that they separated for the night, the gentleman taking a bed at the cottage, with feelings of mutual satisfaction. However, for the better enlightenment of our readers we may as well give something of the former history of Mr. Thornton and Mrs. Neville.

In early life, Mrs. Neville, then Miss Johnson, had met with

Mr. Thornton, then a highly generous youth of seventeen years of age, while the lady had scarcely numbered fifteen summers. Thornton was a young man of excellent prospects, but having no means, at that early period of his life, of supporting a wife—indeed, they were both too young to marry, although, like many of the young folks, they did not think so themselves; and the mother of Miss Johnson, who was herself a widow, although by no means averse to the future union of her daughter and Thornton, naturally wished that a long period of probation should elapse, and that the youth should secure a position in life, before she willingly consented to give him her daughter's hand. Consequently, she dismissed him with the promise, that if after the lapse of two years the affections of both remained unchanged, and the young man could show that he was in a fair way of doing well, she would place no impediment in the way of his marriage with her daughter.

Young Thornton, who had been studying for the medical profession, shortly afterwards obtained a situation, as surgeon on board a vessel, bound from New York to the East Indies.

The two years of probation elapsed, and nothing was heard of, or from him. Mrs. Johnson believed that he had changed his mind, and that some other lady whom he might have met on his travels, had estranged his affections from her daughter.

Not so, Clara Johnson, the daughter; she believed that her youthful lover had died abroad, and with all the ardor of affection, characteristic of a young and innocent girl, loving for the first time, she resolved that she would never marry another, but would remain wedded in spirit, to her youthful lover, though their earthly union were never consummated.

However, by degrees, this devotion wore itself away. Clara Johnson still cherished absent affection for the memory of Thornton, but she no longer refused to mingle in company, nor to listen to the vows of other lovers.

She had reached her twentieth year, when a sad misfortune befell her mother, who, by the failure of a mercantile house in New



York, lost all her little fortune, which had consisted of an annuity paid by the firm, of which her husband, during his life-time, had been a partner, and with whom he had banked his money.

She was suddenly reduced from comparative affluence to poverty, and her daughter was compelled to employ her musical talents for her own support, and that of her widowed mother.

It was strange, how friends—aye, how lovers fell off, as soon as it was known that Mrs. Johnson and her daughter were dependent solely for support to their own exertions.

Clara had had a dozen of lovers before, each more eager than the other for her hand; now, all fled her—all but one—a Mr. Neville—a man already somewhat advanced in years, who had been less kindly treated than any other of her admirers. Now, however, he showed his worth; he came forward and nobly offered to relieve the widow by the advance of money for the payment of certain pressing liabilities which had fallen upon her; and hoped—not asked—but hoped that his long and ardent affection for her daughter might be reciprocated—and that in this alone he might meet with his reward.

It was with a sad and heavy heart that Clara Johnson listened to her mother's urgent persuasions that she would accept Mr. Neville's hand. However, her love for her parent at length overcame her sentiments of repugnance with regard to marrying a man whom, however much she respected and esteemed, she could not love as a wife should love. But, suffice it to say, that although Thornton's memory was still deeply imprinted upon her heart, Clara Johnson became the wife of Mr. Neville.

"My mother pressed me hard,  
But my daddy did na' speak,  
But he look'd at me sair  
Till my heart was like to break.  
My heart was far awa'  
Wi' my Jamie, o'er the sea,  
But auld Robin Gray  
Became gude mon to me."

Years wore away, and no tidings were received of the absent Thornton. Every body now had given him up for lost. Meanwhile, Clara Neville, the heroine of our story, was born, and with the birth of her daughter had been engendered in the heart of Mrs. Neville, if not an ardent love, at least a strong attachment to the husband who had always been a fond and affectionate companion to her.

Hitherto, all had been *couleur de rose* in Mrs. Neville's domestic life. She had known no grief since the regret she had felt at Thornton's singular disappearance, and this grief had by this time sobered down to a mere chastened melancholy recollection of the halcyon days of "Love's Young Dream."

Mr. Neville had, until Clara Neville, his daughter, reached the age of ten years, been remarkably prosperous in business, and had become a man of considerable fortune. He was exceedingly fond of his wife and child, and the latter had received as good an education as it was possible for him to obtain for her. Young as she was, she was already extensively accomplished, and had developed a singular talent for music.

Mr. Neville was just on the point of retiring from business, when a friend placed before him a prospectus of a speculation which promised to double, in the space of two years, his already ample fortune. Unhappily he was induced to embark the greater portion of his property in it, and the result was that twelve months afterwards, he found himself a ruined man. He was unable to bear up under the weight of this blow. Already on the downhill of life, he succumbed beneath his misfortunes, and six months afterwards he was borne to his last resting-place.

The wreck of her husband's fortune was invested by the widow in a small annuity, and with this she removed with her child to the neighborhood in which, at the commencement of our story, we have introduced them to the reader.

It is useless observing any mystery with regard to the stranger, who, on the night of the storm, was saved from the wreck by the humanity and bravery of Mr. Rugby and the



seamen and fishermen of the coast. This man was Thornton—as we have already mentioned his name in allusion to this event—and also that he had been recognized by the widow; but whatever passed between them at that time we know not. Thornton left the cottage, and nothing had since been heard of him.

It is proper, however, that we should state what had been the occasion of the young surgeon's long absence and silence after he had sailed from New York for the West Indies, in the expectation of returning within eighteen months to claim the hand of his betrothed.

He had quitted the vessel at Palo Pewang, having received an offer of great pecuniary emolument, to sail on board a country ship. He pleased himself with the idea that in this employment he would, in the course of a few years, reap an ample fortune, and returning home, claim his bride, and at the same time surprise her with his wealth; but the ship he sailed in was wrecked on the coast of Zanzibar, and the captain, officers and crew were retained in captivity by the natives. It was two years before young Thornton managed to effect his escape, and six months longer before he reached Calcutta, where, anxious to hear news from America, he managed to procure a file of New York papers, one of which contained the intelligence of Clara Johnson's marriage with Mr. Neville.

The young man was almost paralyzed by the shock, and some time elapsed, ere his energies became sufficiently recruited, to enable him to think of his future course.

Then, however, he roused himself, and obtained an engagement as Assistant Surgeon, in an Indian hospital. He was a skilful surgeon, and in that country, at that period, he had abundant opportunities of pushing his fortune. He renounced all thoughts of love and of home, and in the course of a few years, found himself a man of considerable wealth; still he persevered until his means exceeded even the most sanguine and ambitious desires of his youth. He then ceased from practice,

and after a time, became possessed with a strong yearning to see his native land again. He sailed from India, and landed in England, and it was on his passage from England to America that he was wrecked. However, he did not lose his property, although the ship was lost. His money had been invested in American funds, and he was in the clear possession of \$15,000 per annum.

Our story advances to a climax. The reader will already have surmised that it was Thornton, who, under the assumed name of Hornby, had engaged an agent to purchase the effects of Mrs. Neville, at her sale. He had very coldly and distantly received the all kind attentions of the widow, during his temporary repose at her cottage, after his misfortune, and he had left her almost without bidding her farewell; but the very sight of her had relit in his heart, the almost extinguished flame of love, and he had taken measures secretly to ascertain how much or little she had been to blame in the part of duplicity played, in regard to himself. The result was satisfactory, and from that moment he determined to befriend her, and perhaps yet to become her husband.

But little more remains to be told. Some short time after the sale, Thornton effected an interview with the widow, and three months from that period they were united in the bonds of matrimony; and on the same day on which Mrs. Neville became Mrs. Thornton, Clara became the wife of Warner.

Mr. Morton had to put up with his disappointment as best he could. He still lives, a miserable old bachelor, ruled over by his housekeeper, Maria. But report says Maria is shortly to become Mrs. Morton. If so, God pity the wretched man.

Mr. and Mrs. Thornton, shortly after the wedding, removed to the South, where Warner had come into possession of a considerable estate; and there they still live, in as much happiness as is ever accorded to mortals in this lower sphere.

## THE VEILED PICTURE.

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[THE following series of short stories are written from old family manuscripts, which fell by chance into the hands of the author. The majority relate to the early recollections of a near relative; but although she has preserved the original allusions to paternal relationship, she disclaims this tie of consanguinity. It was necessary, in order to maintain the truthful style of the narratives, to keep as closely to the original text as possible. Some of them relate to events which occurred in England. It is sufficient to say, in order to explain this, that the author is, on her father's side, of English descent. These tales relate to the earlier history of her father's family in that country. With these explanations, she presents the stories to the public.]

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### THE VEILED PICTURE.

ONE room in my father's country residence was fitted up as a library or study. The furniture therein was heavy and substantial—dark, highly-polished oaken chairs and tables and sofas adorned the apartment, the chairs and sofas having maroon-colored leather cushions; the floor was covered with a dark patterned, serviceable carpet, and on one side stood a heavy, handsome book-case, having a terrestrial and a celestial globe, set each in a stand of black mahogany on either side of it. An eight-day clock, bronzed and elaborately ornamented, stood on the mantel shelf, in company with a pair of handsome, bronzed candelabras, and a vase of the same material, which, during the season, was always filled with flowers. In various

parts of the room were little marble-topped tables, covered with rare collections of stones and shells and other articles of *vertu*, and the green stained wainscot was adorned with a few choice engravings set in polished rosewood frames—but, though few, these engravings were rare and costly. Nothing that was not really valuable was admitted to become one of the chosen household gods of that favorite apartment, to which no intrusive maid-servant was ever admitted. My father laid and lit the fire in winter, and in summer filled the vacant stove with green branches and flowers plucked fresh from the garden by his own hands, and on stated occasions he even dusted the room and swept the floor himself, so fearful was he that some profane hands would disturb his papers—put his scattered volumes *in order* as they would term it, or, maybe, disturb the arrangement of his cherished curiosities. Women are angels everywhere else but in a library or a study—and they are angels there too—but they play the very d—l, with their ideas of neatness and propriety, if they chance to get fumbling amongst the books and papers and half-written pages of manuscript that usually lay scattered about the room.

Sir Walter Scott had not, at the period I speak of, written his novel of the "Antiquary," or my father might have taken his ideas respecting the impolicy of admitting females into the sanctuary of the studio from that original worthy. However, I believe it is the case with every man who possesses a library or a study, and sets any value by it. It is "Instinct, and comes by Nature," as Dogberry hath it. Let woman's soft voice and sweet smile be everywhere and pervade every space; but as you cherish your dumb friends, the books on your shelves, and the cherished productions of your own brain, which you regard with a father's love for his offspring: though the world beside scoff at them as worthless—keep woman's duster and besom far away from the sacred precincts of your studio. Sometimes we children were allowed to visit this mysterious and to us half-dreaded chamber, and indulged with some one of the light-

est works my father's somewhat sombre library contained to read, or to look at the pictures; but our eyes frequently wandered to a picture which hung on the wall, of which I have not yet spoken, and which was the only painting in the room, and the only *picture* that was honored with a gold frame. A curtain of gauze constantly covered it, as though to preserve it from the dust; but probably there were other reasons for the care that was taken of it, we often thought; for it was but rarely my father could be persuaded to withdraw the curtain and allow us to feast our eyes upon the picture, though often when passing by the half-closed door of the room have I seen him standing before it, with the curtain drawn aside, and gazing earnestly at it, as though it were an object of adoration.

It was the portrait of a young and beautiful girl, apparently of some eighteen or twenty summers. The complexion was transparently fair, exhibiting the delicate tracery of every blue vein of the throat and brow. The eyes were blue and large, but the heavy eyelids with their dark silken lashes half covered them and gave to them a soft and dreamy expression. The hair was golden, or rather of that classical shade of color, so rarely seen—a golden brown, in which the light played in bright yellow tints, which the shades deepened into auburn; the short upper lip, slightly parted, just afforded a glimpse of a set of teeth, pure and even as small pearls, and a dimple that nestled on one cheek of the sweet oval countenance imparted to the fair face an indescribable expression of *naïveté* and bewitching simplicity. Taken all in all, it was one of the loveliest faces I had ever seen. I thought so when, a boy, I first gazed upon it—I thought so still more than ever, when, a man, I had almost learnt to love the inanimate portrait.

As I have said, my father would sometimes show us this portrait, but when we asked him to tell us whose likeness it bore, he always made some excuse, and said he would tell us by and bye, when we grew older, and I have often seen a deep sigh escape from his bosom as he spoke. It was evident that

there was some painful reminiscence connected with the portrait or with the original of that fair shadow, which, while he often seemed to take a melancholy delight in thinking upon, he could not bring himself to talk about. One day, however, when I was about seventeen years of age—I think indeed that it was upon my seventeenth birthday, my father summoned me into his study. I was on the point of leaving home for the first time in my life for any lengthened period, and was going to spend two or three years at — University, and he bade me be seated, and commenced to talk to me in a confidential manner, with the object of conveying advice to me on the occasion of this, my first entry into the world, beyond the precincts of home and its watchful guardianship.

He told me of his experience, when a young man, and tenderly warned me to steer clear of the shoals and sandbanks of life, upon which, but for the gracious interposition of Providence, he would have split upon; for he was, as I have before stated, brought up by an uncle, who, attached as he was to him, was too much occupied with himself and his real or fancied ailments to pay much attention to the moral training of his nephew; his parents were poor and had a large family, beside him, to provide for, and happy to leave him beneath the roof of a wealthy relative, who, they hoped and believed, would start him and see him fairly afloat in life, they left everything else to chance, except that his mother when she wrote would urge him to conduct himself well; but we all know when the anxious parent is not present to give good advice with her own lips, how, too often, her advice is little heeded.

After some time had been passed in such conversation, and such admonition as the occasion suggested, my father said, "And now, my dear boy, before I wish you good night, I will relate to you a little episode of my own life which has reference to that portrait which you have so often asked me to tell you the history of, although I have hitherto refrained from relating it. It may have the effect of assisting you in restrain-

ing your passions, should they become suddenly excited, at least until you have taken time to reflect, and, if so, your father will not have suffered in vain. Believe me, my son, there is little in this world that ought to allow us to give way to passion, and so most of us acknowledge when it is too late; for we often find that when we think we have been most injured there are explanatory and extenuating circumstances, which, had we considered them in time, would have thrown altogether a different light on the subject which has excited our anger. Few, indeed, are the things in this world worth flying into a passion about and wreaking the mad dictates of our phrensy upon.

"The story may seem to you to savor of superstition—but I am, as you know, not superstitious—nevertheless, although there is a mystery in it, I am unable to fathom, it is circumstantially true in every detail.

"At the age of five-and-twenty, almost immediately after I had succeeded to the property left me by my uncle, I took a trip to Europe.

"I was partially moved to do this in consequence of an urgent desire that possessed me to visit Scotland—the land of my progenitors—partly by a desire to travel amidst the scenes I had read of—natural to a young man who has the means in his possession to gratify his desires—and partly for the purpose of adding the experience of travel to my knowledge of mercantile business, an addition that I was well aware would be of great future advantage to me. I had been two voyages to sea; but neither of them had been of much service to me, so far as regarded increasing my store of knowledge regarding things in the old world; besides, had I even had the opportunities I coveted, I was too young to benefit by them.

"Leaving my business therefore in the care of my partner, I took passage to London, and after a brief sojourn in the great metropolis, I started for Scotland, and it was not long before,

in the vicinity of Aberdeen, I found out the transatlantic branches of our family stock.

"I was well received by them, partly, perhaps, because of the relationship I bore, and still more because they soon found out that although a young I was comparatively a wealthy man.

"Among the relatives to whom I was introduced was a gentleman of the name of Forbes—a lawyer, or, as they are called in Scotland, a writer to the signet. He was a cousin of my father's, on the mother's side, and therefore could scarcely be called a relative, except in Scotland, where relationship is said to extend to the thirty-second cousinship; but the great attraction that I found at his house was his daughter Lucy, the original of the picture I have alluded to. The picture is fair, but no mortal hand could truly portray the loveliness of the original. Even to the present day, and I have travelled far and wide, and am now growing an old man, never have my eyes alighted upon a being so faultless in form and feature, as well as in disposition, as was Lucy Forbes. We were thrown much together, for the old gentleman—her father—took a great fancy to me, and as Lucy had been brought up in seclusion in the Highlands of Scotland, and had never been thrown into the society of young men of her own rank in society, it is little to be wondered at that she gradually became attached to me. For my part, I loved her from the very moment I first cast my eyes upon her; no one at all capable of appreciating female loveliness could have done otherwise.

"Moreover, our tastes were similar; we both took intense delight in wandering amongst the magnificent mountain scenery of her native land, and talking of books and poetry and the glowing beauties of nature, and amidst those mountainous haunts, in one of our favorite walks, we one night mutually whispered the sweet tale of love into each other's ears, and plighted our mutual troth.

"The story of our love was told to the old lawyer, and having taken every precaution to satisfy himself that the tale I

told of myself and my position in life was true, he gave his consent, with this proviso, that if, at the expiration of eighteen months of absence from each other, our affection was still the same, we should be married.

"This was hard to bear; but upon this point the old man was inexorable, and Lucy was too good a girl to disobey the slightest wish, more especially the positive desire of her father; for the old gentleman had been father and mother to her, her mother having died in giving her birth. I was on the point of returning to the United States to pass my period of probation, although I would have preferred remaining in Europe, for I felt little inclined to settle seriously to business until our marriage had taken place; nevertheless, I felt that it was my duty to return home, unless by further extending my travel I could be really useful to the firm in which, though the youngest member, I was the leading partner.

"Fortunately, as I then thought, before I left Scotland I received a letter from my business associates, informing me that a lucrative offer had been made to them, asking for the establishment of a branch of the firm in Calcutta, and they wished my advice and decision in the matter. If the offer was accepted, however, they added, that it would be advisable for one of the firm to visit the East Indies.

"Nothing could have been more acceptable to me at the time than such an offer as this. I thought it the very thing I wanted, and was overjoyed at the prospect thus afforded me of visiting the East, and with the fancy that the eighteen months of probation would pass rapidly away in the excitement of travel.

"What short-sighted mortals we are! How much misery would have been spared me had that unlucky voyage never been made! And yet, I have had my fair share of happiness, after all. Perhaps it was all for the best.

"I mentioned my determination to Lucy and to her father, and the old man expressed himself pleased with it, while Lucy her-

self, although she said she would sooner I could remain in Scotland, was pleased that, since I must leave her, I was going to India, for she had a brother there three years older than herself, who was a Captain in the Honorable East India Company's service, and as she was ardently attached to this, her only brother, she was glad of the opportunity that would thus be afforded of our meeting each other, for she was confident, she said, that I should like Arthur and that he would like me.

"I received several letters of introduction to gentlemen of influence in Calcutta, through the kindness of old Mr. Forbes, and was the bearer of a thousand remembrances of various kinds from Lucy to her brother, and three weeks after I had decided upon going, having written my partners to that effect, I took my departure from Portsmouth on board the Honorable Company's ship Madagascar.

"After a pleasant passage of three months and a half I arrived safely at Diamond Harbor, whence I sailed up to Calcutta in the pilot boat, and having delivered my credentials I was soon comfortably installed in good quarters, at the house of a friend of old Mr. Forbes.

"Captain Forbes was, I was informed, stationed at Bangalore, in the Madras Presidency—a long distance from Calcutta; but nevertheless, after I had satisfactorily arranged my affairs in that city, I started for Bangalore on a visit to the brother of my betrothed, whom I was most anxious to become acquainted with. I travelled by *dauk*, or palanquin post, and though it was the most expeditious way I could travel in those days, I was a long weary time over my journey, as I travelled chiefly by night, in order to avoid being exposed to the heat of the day.

"At length I reached Bangalore, and having made myself known to Capt. Forbes, I was most heartily welcomed and introduced as a friend and relative of his family to his brother officers. I found Arthur Forbes to be a high-spirited young man, exceedingly gentlemanlike, and as handsome almost as

his sister, considering the difference of the sexes, but his temper was fiery, and that ebullition of spirits which in her was pleasing, amounted with him almost to turbulence. Still, as I have said, he was exceedingly kind to me; he introduced me to the officers' mess, where I dined three or four times a week, and found the members a fine, gentlemanly set of fellows; then, he got up a tiger hunt, which I enjoyed amazingly, for the excitement was something new to me. It was hunting on a grander scale than ever I had witnessed before, although the prairie hunts in my native land are quite as grand in one sense; but there is not the same danger in them which, strange to say, gives such zest to a tiger hunt, and the skin of the splendid Jaquor we brought back with us, for there are no Royal Bengal Tigers in the vicinity of Bangalore, was bought by Capt. Forbes and presented to me, that I might carry it as a trophy of my valor to his sister Lucy.

"Thus several weeks were spent very pleasantly, and the day drew near on which I had arranged to take my departure for Calcutta, complete my business arrangements there, and returning to Scotland, marry Lucy and bear her away with me to New York.

"In anticipation of this day, Captain Forbes had invited the officers of a garrison of native troops at a short distance from Bangalore to dine at his mess; for in the absence of the Colonel and Major on furlough, he, as senior captain, was commanding officer. Several of the officers of the civil service were also invited, and altogether the affair promised to be the grandest thing of the kind that had ever come off in Bangalore.

"The dinner passed off famously, and after dinner, having enjoyed for some time the music of the native band, from the verandah, while we smoked our hookahs, we returned to the mess room, and according to a custom, but too prevalent in those days in India, and one which carried off more lives than all the sickness charged to the climate, we sat down to a regular drinking bout, which was prolonged until long past mid-

night. To be sure it was claret that we chiefly drank; but after a few bottles had been discussed, some foolish fellow proposed that a glass of cognac should follow every third glass of claret, to keep the cold, thin wine from disagreeing with the stomach. Elated with wine as we all were, this proposition was adopted *nem. con.*, and in a very short time our mirth grew uproarious. According to the various temperaments of the men, some grew quarrelsome, some merry, and some maudlinly sentimental, and after a time one of these latter proposed the health of his sweetheart in England.

"The health of our sweethearts all round, and mine at the top of the tree; Kate O'Meara, of Kilkenny,' sung out an Irish lieutenant, and immediately a perfect Babel of confusion arose, each foolish, half-drunken fellow, insisting that the palm of beauty should be given in favor of his own mistress.

"Describe the girls—describe them and let an independent jury decide which style of beauty is the fairest,' cried out some one from the noisy throng.

"Aye, describe them; describe them, and one after another we'll toast the whole fair bevy,' cried out another, and it was decided that such should be the order of the night, although several of the party objected to any of their own female friends being introduced into these descriptions, as might probably be the case.

"However, the fun went on; and according to the peculiar imaginative and descriptive powers of each narrator as it came to his turn, a set of fancy portraits were drawn, so bewitchingly beautiful that the soul of an anchorite might have been fired with the portraiture.

"At length it came to my turn, and I rose, and filling a bumper of claret to the brim, I gave a toast—

"Lucy Forbes—the rose of Aberdeen."

"Who is it that dares to introduce the name of my sister on such an occasion as this?" said Captain Forbes, raising his head from the table on which it had been leaning; for either



from his more excitable temperament, or from his having drank deeper than most of us, he was in that condition of incipient intoxication which had the effect of rendering him quarrelsome.

"Sit down, Forbes; be quiet, man; there's no harm done, nor none intended by your friend and guest, and your sisters's betrothed lover, that is going to assert the claims of his "ladye love" to wear the crown of beauty," said the junior captain of the regiment.

"By G—d—no one shall desecrate the name of my sister, by mentioning it in any way among a parcel of drunken vagabonds, were he her husband, instead of her lover," replied Captain Forbes, rising from his seat, and proceeding in the direction of the sword-rack. Some one very wisely restrained him, and the arms were removed by another of the party.

"No matter," said he, and he seized hold of a decanter by the neck, adding, 'if any one dares mention my sister's name again, I will fling this at his head.'

"Unwilling, myself, that Lucy's name should be the occasion of a drunken brawl, I sat silent, and the rest around the table also held their tongues, as they had nothing to do with the matter, probably not one of them knowing the young lady. Here I hoped the silly quarrel would drop; but Captain Forbes was in that condition of inebriety, in which persons of an excitable disposition are generally inclined to pick a quarrel, and seeing us all remain quiet, he said:—

"A pretty set of fellows you are, to be cowed by one man; and you, sir," addressing himself to me, 'you are a coward—yes—a coward. No one but a fool would mention the name of a lady in such a connection as this—and none but a coward having mentioned it, would be brow-beaten as you have been.'

"I still remained silent, though I had drank too much wine myself to allow me to estimate the words of a man excited by drink at their true value; but my silence, instead of cooling his passion, appeared to increase it, and he went on tauntingly to say:

"This comes of Lucy allowing her affection to be won by a sneaking civilian. I swear by G—d a coward shall never marry Lucy.' Then, suddenly rising from his chair, he almost sprang towards me, and shook his fist in my face.

"I still managed to control my passions, while his comrades appeared to be greatly annoyed at his violent conduct, and cries of 'shame,' 'shame,' 'sit down,' were heard on all sides. These symptoms of disapprobation exasperated the Captain still more, and he struck me a blow in the face, which caused the blood to flow in a stream from my nostrils, at the same time saying:—

"Now let us see how the coward will act.'

"I have said that I was already heated with wine; nothing but the strong desire I had to avoid a quarrel with the brother of Lucy, had restrained the passion that was boiling within me on hearing those repeated taunts and bearing with them so long. I could contain myself no longer. Maddened with rage and semi-intoxication, and with the pain of the blow, I seized a claret glass full of liquid that stood near me and dashed the glass, wine and all, in the face of the Captain. His face and lips were severely cut and for a moment he reeled backwards, then, seizing hold of a decanter by the neck, he broke it over my head and laid me senseless on the floor, covered with blood which was mingled with the purple wine. I recollected nothing more that took place in the mess-room that evening; when I was restored to consciousness, I found myself in bed, feeble from loss of blood, and upon questioning my Hindoo attendant, I found that I had for some days been delirious from the sufferings of a high fever.

"My medical attendant would not allow me to talk, and I had to remain unconscious of what was going on abroad, until I was so sufficiently recovered as to be declared by the physician to be in a state of convalescence. I then heard that Captain Forbes, after I had been carried away from the mess-room, had worked himself up into a state of maniacal fury, and

had been put under restraint, for fear that he should injure himself or others, and that on recovering his senses, although he had been told that I was dangerously ill, he had expressed his determination to call me out, for insulting his sister, the moment I recovered, if I recovered at all. It was in vain that he was told by his brother officers that he alone was to blame; that he was the first aggressor, and that no insult had been offered by me to his sister. He would listen to no argument—the man appeared to be possessed by a demon, and swore that nothing but my blood or his should wipe out the fancied insult.

“That he was in earnest I had proof, the very day that I was enabled to walk abroad; for that very evening a young cadet—a mere tool of the Captain’s—brought me a challenge; all the other officers had positively refused to have anything to do with the affair.

“The note was couched in a style which showed the malignity of the man, for he wrote that he did not wish me to reply to him until my health was perfectly restored, for he was aware of the necessity of physical health to a brave man—let alone a coward—in an affair in which one of the parties was to die on the field, as he was determined should be the case in this affair, and he added a postscript, stating that if I ventured to attempt to quit Bangalore without giving him the satisfaction he sought, he would horsewhip me through the Residency, and if I escaped his vengeance he would post me as a coward and a scoundrel through the world.

“There was no way of dealing with such a madman, but to let him have his own way, and I accordingly wrote a reply that I was ready to meet him at any time and at any place he should choose to appoint. As to attempting an apology, it would have been absurd. *He* was the aggressor, not *I*, and though I had never fought a duel, nor seen one fought, I felt that to give way would be to show myself a craven.

“The meeting was arranged for the following morning, and

the young cadet already spoken of was to act on the part of Capt. Forbes—I of course had to look out for a ‘friend,’ and should have been utterly at a loss, had it not been for the kindness of a lieutenant of Captain Forbes’ company, who frankly stated that I was the injured party, and that he would stand by me in this unpleasant business.

“It was to be expected that I could not look upon this tragical termination of the tour I thought would have been so advantageous, without some forebodings as to the result, and though during the remainder of the day I affected to assume an appearance of cheerfulness, I was in no enviable frame of mind. It is by no means pleasant to reflect that within a few hours you are to stand exposed to danger, even if the chances are fair on both sides, and the reflection is still more unpleasant when you are aware that *you*, ignorant of the mode of proceeding in, so called, affairs of honor, are to meet a professed duellist, as I had been informed was Captain Forbes.

“No doubt the gloomy reflections of the day acted upon my excited fancy during my troubled slumbers that night; but I had scarcely retired to my cot, and even to the present day, I do not think I was asleep, when I perceived a strange light burning on the table at the foot of the bed. I knew I had put out my candle on retiring to rest, and I called to my servant, and asked him what was the reason that he had relighted the candle. There was no reply, and I was on the point of rising to put out the light, when the musquito netting, which hung in thick folds at the foot of the bed, was withdrawn, and as clearly as I see that sweet face depicted on the canvas now, I saw the fair form of Lucy Forbes standing at my bedside. I was paralyzed with astonishment, and a sort of superstitious alarm mingled; my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, so that I was unable to utter a syllable.

“The lovely girl seemed to be weeping bitterly. Her face and lips were pale, and she stood slightly bending over the cot, her lips moving as though in an endeavor to speak; at

length I heard her whisper, in a faint, almost unearthly voice, 'Is it for this I have loved so well and so trustingly,' and she held a Bible in her hand open at the ten commandments, and her finger pointed out the sentence, 'Thou shalt not kill.'

"Unable, as I was, to speak or move, apparently held motionless and speechless by some supernatural power, I made the mental resolve that for Lucy's sake—come what might, I would not be guilty of her brother's blood; but would fire my pistol in the air, and even as I made this resolve, the tearful face gave way to a beaming smile, and the figure vanished and I was left in darkness. So vivid was all this to my mind, that although when the figure vanished I was able to move and rise, I could not think I had been dreaming, and I got out of bed, and, strange to say, the candle on the table was hot and smoking, as though it had been recently extinguished. I looked at my watch—it was just past midnight—I had not lain down more than half an hour. I called my servant, who was soundly sleeping on a mat in one corner of the room, and asked him if he had heard any noise or seen anything unusual. The man rose up and rubbed his eyes and replied in the negative. I was confident that he really had been sound asleep.

"I was still dozing at 4 o'clock, when my friend, the lieutenant, entered my room and woke me, telling me it was time to prepare, as we were to be on the ground at 6 o'clock. I rose and partook of a cup of coffee, slightly dashed with brandy, and having received elaborate instructions how to act, and how to take aim, we set out for the ground, which we just reached in time, for Captain Forbes and his second and the Doctor of the regiment with his assistant were already there. We bowed stiffly to each other and were placed in position by our seconds, after the ground had been measured. I then received the parting injunction how to take aim from the lieutenant, which, however, I did not heed, as I had determined to fire in the air, and the signal was given. We fired simul-

taneously, I discharging my pistol in the air, and the bullet from the pistol of my opponent passing through my hat.

"The seconds now attempted to interfere, stoutly asserting that Captain Forbes ought now to be satisfied; but he savagely exclaimed—

"'We will have no cowardly subterfuges here—I said it was to be death to one or both, and so it shall be.'

"He would not listen to reason, and again the pistols were loaded, and again we fired, this time the ball of my opponent passing through the fleshy part of my arm, and I again firing in the air. A second time the seconds sought to arrange matters, but in vain, and we were again placed in position for a third fire.

"The wound I had received and the murderous pertinacity of my opponent had angered me, and it seemed as though I were throwing away the chances of my own life, and I almost determined to take aim this time; but as the thought suggested itself, I could almost fancy I heard the same low voice whisper in my ear, 'Thou shalt do no murder,' and I again resolved to discharge my pistol in the air.

"Whatever was the cause, whether passion had unnerved him, or his hand trembled, I cannot say, but this time Captain Forbes fired wide of his mark, the bullet burying itself in a tree near me. He furiously threw the pistol aside, declaring it to be useless, and demanded another weapon from another case.

"'Shame! murder! shame!' burst from the lips of the bystanders as they witnessed this brutal obstinacy; but now my own passions were fully aroused. I no longer heeded the supernatural warning, but I resolved to fire, and if possible disable my antagonist.

"Again we fired—again Captain Forbes—the dead shot—fired wide of his mark; but my bullet, aimed at his right arm, had gone through his heart. He sprang wildly into the air, and fell full length upon the ground—a corpse.

"I was seized with horror at thus having caused the death of a fellow-creature, though it was certainly through no fault on my part. So satisfied were the authorities with the account of the spectators respecting my conduct, that I was immediately discharged from custody (for I had given myself up) after an immediate and mere cursory examination.

"The body of Captain Forbes was borne to the barracks, and preparations for the funeral were immediately made; he was to be interred on the following night.

"I was in a state of mind bordering on distraction for the remainder of the day, and at night I threw myself down on my couch, after having passed hours pacing up and down my room.

"Again I had scarcely lain down, without having this time extinguished the light, when I perceived a motion in the curtain, which I had drawn close around the cot, and again I distinctly saw the figure of Lucy. The features looked paler and thinner than before, and there was a look of mingled love and reproach in her countenance, as she slowly raised her hand and pointed her finger upwards. At this moment I saw blood streaming from her lips, and I placed my hands before my eyes, perfectly transfixed with horror. When I removed my hands the figure had vanished. I slept not that long, dismal night, but as the slow hours of day dragged along, my body could no longer bear up against the weariness that assailed me, and I slumbered until I was awakened by the preparations being made for the funeral. It was near midnight—and I rose up and closed my door, and with a feeling of horrible sickness at my heart, again flung myself upon the bed and closed my eyes. A funeral procession seemed to pass before me—but there were *two* coffins, and I seemed to be drawn by some mysterious powers towards them, and on the plates I read—the simple words 'Arthur Forbes, Capt. H. C. S.,' 'Lucy Forbes'—that was all, and as I opened my eyes, I heard

the discharge of guns over the grave of the deceased officer—the funeral was over.

"I returned to England—a sad and almost broken-hearted man. The news of his son's death had reached Mr. Forbes by mail before I arrived, and although I wrote to him and although he had received from other sources an account of my conduct in this unhappy affair, he refused to see me.

"I learnt that Lucy had died suddenly from the bursting of a blood-vessel, in an illness said to have been caused by a fright after a horrid dream, and, singular enough, the dates of her death and interment were the same as those on which I had seen the fearful visions I have described. I visited her grave secretly; by bribing the sexton I was admitted into the family vault, and there, before me, I saw a *fac simile* of the identical coffin I had seen in the last of three supernatural visions, and on the coffin was simply inscribed, on a silver plate, 'Lucy Forbes.'

"I sailed for home, bringing with me as a most cherished treasure that portrait (pointing to the one on the wall) which Lucy had sat for prior to my departure for India. Two years after this, I married your mother, and she made me a good wife until the hour of her death. I told *her* this sad story, and often have we sat and talked over the untimely death of the lovely original.

"To my children I have never heretofore told the story; but now you, my son, are about to leave me to go forth and do battle with the world. May this sad, strange tale be of service to you; in your hours of youthful enjoyment, beware of intoxication, and curb the violence of your temper. Above all, let nothing tempt you to fight a duel. In any case, it is a ridiculous and insane and wicked method of settling a difference, for scarcely in any cause can it be justifiable. I have never yet been able to account for the supernatural appearance of the form of Lucy at my bedside, but a supernatural warning I deem it to have been, and perhaps had I obeyed the

warning, and to the last refused to fire at Lucy's brother, all might have been well.

"Now, my boy, good night; I have told you the history you have so long been anxious to hear of the veiled picture. I would now be alone."

I left the room, and did not see my father again that night. In the morning he shook my hand as I got into the stage, and whispered in my ear, "Remember the moral of the Veiled Picture."

## MY FATHER'S HEAD FARMING-MAN.

OR,

PETER MULROON'S ADVENTURES

IN NEW YORK.

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WE were still rustivating in the country. It was not the season of the year that is generally chosen for a country sojourn, for, as I observed in my last sketch, it was winter time, and the snow lay deep upon the ground and the wind whistled shrilly through the leafless branches, not with the musical sound that it gives forth when the sweep of the breeze is resisted by masses of heavy foliage; but with the melancholy dirge-like tone that renders the sound of the tempest so fearful to a landsman's ear at sea, as it whirls amidst the bare shrouds of the ship's rigging, and shrieks ominously among the rattling cordage, and yet there is music even in the storm to those who have ears as well as eyes open to the beauty and majesty of nature in all her phases, and there is beauty in the country at all seasons of the year, albeit that the sharp sleet may rattle against the windows and the wind may whistle dolefully adown the chimney; for snugly ensconced within, one may bid defiance to the storm without, and watch the leafless branches and the bare trunks of the trees bending wildly yet gracefully to the blast, and see the snow spread its carpet over the earth, purer and whiter than lawn. In the city the pure snow is soon trodden into slush and mud, and even the return of fine frosty

weather brings no relief, for still the same filth and swash is to be met with everywhere in the dirty streets. Winter in the city is a lasting purgatory that is scarcely remitted by the return of spring; winter in the country has its ever recurring pleasures, as have all the seasons where the pure fresh air of heaven can be breathed, free from the dust and filth that gathers in the misty atmosphere of the crowded city.

It was a wintry night, then, when with a party of friends who had come to spend the Christmas holidays with us, we were all seated, as I have heretofore described, under my father's hospitable roof tree; but the melancholy music of the storm without was unheard by the joyous party, or was only alluded to occasionally for the purpose of giving a richer zest to the mirth, or a deeper inspiration to the draughts of hot ale and spiced wine that passed from hand to hand amidst the company. My father liked to keep up the fashions of old times, and as he was of Scotch descent, he insisted on having the "yule" log extended across the ample chimney every evening during the Christmas holidays, while round the room and suspended from the ceiling were huge branches of evergreens, bringing to recollection the stories we had heard and read of Christmas associations in the old country, when

"The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,"

and as the pretty girls passed beneath or were dragged not unwillingly by the robust, and eager swains, they received a salute upon their rosy lips and many kind wishes for their happiness, and many hopes that they might live to enjoy many happy returns of the day. Another fashion of my father's was on such occasions as these to assemble the farming men and to allow them to share in the festivities, for on these meetings social distinctions were forgotten, and all joined in the general hilarity or strove with song or tale to add their quota of amusement to the party. My father was famous for his pleasant method of telling a story; for it makes a mighty difference *how* a story is told—there is often a great deal more in the

manner than in the matter, and he was so often called upon by the juveniles of the party that no wonder the good old man sometimes found himself weary, and could scarcely rack his imagination to remember something new that would bear sufficient embellishment of fancy to render it interesting.

Again and again had he been called upon, and on the night in question he declared off, and said he should depute that portion of the entertainment to some other person amongst the company.

"But who is to tell the story?" was the query all round.

"I couldn't tell a story for the life of me," said one; "nor could I," said another. So at last my father again came to the rescue.

"If none of you can tell a story," said he, "I know who can, and one I am sure will amuse you. I have heard it more than once, and every time laughed heartily at it, and can hear it with pleasure, and laugh at it again. Here, Peter," continued he, calling upon the headman of his farm, a merry, good-hearted Irishman of some fifty years of age. "Here, Peter Mulroon, step forward and take another cup of wine, and then tell these ladies and gentlemen your adventures, or rather your misadventures when you first emigrated from the old country to New York."

Thus appealed to, Peter came forward, nothing loth, although he considered it etiquette to appear unwilling and to require a little pressing, although, God bless the man, shamefacedness and he had parted company long ago, if indeed they had ever met, and having saluted the assembly, he took his pipe from his lips, and having gulped down a large glass of spiced currant wine, thus commenced:

"Gintlemin and leedies, I'll tell you something that will de-vart you if I can, though sorra a bit am I gifted with the gab of spaking before ginteel company.

"It's me thravels from ould Ireland till America that the masther has called upon me to relate, and if so be as you've



never hearn me tell the story before, sure I'm willing and ready to oblige yees."

"No, Peter, none of us have ever heard you tell the story; how should we, when we don't know that we have had the pleasure of seeing you before?" was the general rejoinder.

So Peter went on thus:

"You must know, then, that it's nearly thirty-four years ago since the notion o' thravelling came into my head. I was then a smart active young fellow, with an eye like a hawk, and a leg, savin' the ladies' prisence, as nate as ever had a stocking dhrawn over it, or was ornamented by a bunch of ribands tied to the knees of me breeches. Och! musha, but I had the leg to go a coorting wid, and no mistake, and mighty proud I was of that same illegant leg, I can assure yees; but that's neither here nor there, so I will go on wid my thravels, baring any disgrissions I may make occasionally.

"Well," says I to myself, one fine morning, while I was trenching the young praties in my mother's garden, 'what's the use,' says I, 'of nateral janius, if a fellow lets it get mouldy. It's an ould and a thrue sayin', *if yees wants to sell your pig ye must kape in the middle of the fair*, so bedad! hit or miss, as the blind man said when he beat his wife, I'll be off to 'Merica, that's the place for a man to make his fortune, and if impudence can do it, sure I'll not be behind hand wid it.'

"So I bids the ould woman good bye and much luck wid her breed of pigs, and the next morning seen me wid a short stick in my fist and ten sovereigns in my pocket, trudging along on the road to Dublin on my way to Liverpool to take shipping for Amerika, whistling the 'Rakes of Marlow,' as I wint along, to keep away the lowness of spirits that was akreepin' over me when I thought of the poor ould mother I had left behind, and I detarmined in my mind to send a ship over for her so soon as ever I'd made my fortune' 'or,' says I to meself, 'may be it's coming for her meself I'll be afther a few years in a coach and six wid my sarvants in cocked hats and silk stock-

ings; and meself all covered over wid goold and diamonds, and a beautiful young crayture of a 'Merican wife a walking by me side dhressed in silks and satins and an illegant long white train dhragging afther her through the mud, for musha, but she'll be too proud to lift it out of the dirt herself,' and thin, saving yer presence, leddies and gintlemen, I screwed meself round to take a peep at the nate swelling calf of me leg, and down I came plop in the mud and tore the sate of me breeches.

"Ah, musha bad luck to yees, for a proud boy,' says I to meself when I saw the accident to me new breeches, 'sure,' I says, 'the spelling book always told me that pride must have a fall, an' may be it's an ill omen this is; but sure I'll not be afther taking it so. My breeches is thin,' said I, 'and me heart's light, and sure' 'a light heart an' a thin pair of breeches will go the world merrily round,' as the ould song says.'

"I needn't take up your time telling you how I got to Dublin and took passage to Liverpool in a ship full of hogs, for they had no staymers plyin' to and fro in those days, nor how I rowled in among the hogs, and the brutes caught hould of my torn breeches and most had 'em off, so that when I got to Liverpool I found myself under the needcessity of buyin' me a new pair, which took one of me sovereigns, though I had none to spare, seein' as I had a long voyage across the say before me, nor how I bargained with the captain of a sailing vessel to carry me across the herring pond for two pound ten, meself finding oatmeal and praties; nor may be would yees be caring to listen till the mishaps of the passage, how the male and praties got short and how the wather, I'd swear till it, was got for cheapness out of some muddy ditch, and mighty little of it was there at that, nor how the dirty spalpeen of a skipper sowld the passengers' praties and male at a price that soon emptied their pockets of the little money they had, and the poor cratures that had no money were half starved, and would have been all starved if it hadn't been for the charity of the

other passengers; but Pether Mulroon was not the boy to care for such trifles as these, though when I landed at New York sure I'd hardly got a testher left in my pocket, what with buying praties for myself and male for the poor misfortunate dissolute passengers.

"'Never mind,' says I, 'devil a ha'porth I care, sure its in a free counthry I am, and me purty face and figure,' says I, 'I'll soon make my fortune,' and I slapped me leg and glanced aside as I said this; 'and now,' says I, 'now for the fortune.'

"But musha, bad cess to it, devil the taste of a fortune could I see lying about anywhere; the houses looked as black and as hard as stone and mortar could make 'em, and the people looked as black and as hard as the houses. However, 'many a bad beginning makes a good ending,' says I, so griping my shillalah tighter in me fist I marched right into the town, up one street and down another, looking into the shop windows as I passed, and wondering at all the grandeur that I saw. After thropesing the town for four mortal hours, I found meself in the same spot where I had started from.

"'What's to be done next?' says I, and sure a bright thought struck me. 'I'll inquire of everybody I meet the shortest and wisest way of making a fortune. Somebody sure will be able to put me on the right track of it.'

"But I was wrong; everybody I axed laughed at and jeered me; one chap tould me the surest way of rising in the world was up a ladder wid a hod of morthar on me showldher; and another assured me that I could not fail of making an impression upon the public if I joined the labors of half-a-dozen gentlemen who were knocking dacency into the payin' stones wid big wooden mallets. 'Twas lucky for the spalpeen he didn't wait for me answer, or I'd have left him as nate an impression of my little sapling on his skull as would sarve to keep me in his mind for many a day.

"Night was now coming on, and without as much as would pay turnpike for a walking-stick in me pocket, I was beginning

to think that I should have the wide world for a feather-bed and the beautiful sky with the stars shinin' so bright for a speckled counterpane, when, good luck to me, I saw a smart, well-dressed young woman a stindin' at a hall door.

"'Who's afraid?' says I to myself: 'I'll put my *commedher* on that young lady or me name's not Pether Mulroon,' says I. 'If her heart's made of the customary faymale materials she'll take pithy on me dissolute situation.'

"Wid that I walks up to the door, and making a bow to her in the most engaging manner I could consaive, I begun a tellin' her me story; but before I could get two words out, she threw her arms about me neck and gave me a kiss that nearly took away me breath.

"'Ah, thin dear, is it yerself that's here?' says she.

"'Divil a doubt of it mam,' says I, making answer and looking very hard at the young lady.

"'And what on airth brought you to these parts?' says she.

"'Bad luck, I believe,' says I, 'if I'm to get no better treatment than I've met already.'

"'Come in, thin,' says the young lady; 'the masther and mistress are out takin' tay, and there's nobody at home but the masther's ould aunt, and she's in bed these two hours. So come down to the kitchen and we'll have a comfortable talk of ould times. God help you for a poor *gomoleagh*! but you must be kilt with hunger *acushla*. Stop a bit and I'll get you something for your supper. There's a piece of could beef in the larder.'

"You may be sure I was mighty astonished to meet wid all this kindness, and me a poor dissolute stranger, and all this time I was a thinking who the kind, tender-hearted young faymale could be. Just then the light passed before her face, and I thought I recollected her. I jumped off my sate, and giving me shillalah a twirl that sent it a spinning against the ceiling, I says:

" 'Sure, an' you're Peggy Daryl from Ballycushin, the next parish to mine on the ould sod? "

" 'Sure and I am,' says she, 'and you're Pether Mulroon, that was the natest lad in Ballymacary. I recollected your faytures as soon as yees began to spake.' "

" Well, wid that I up and danced a bit of a jig up and down the kitchen', throwing off me paces beautiful, and ended by giving Peggy a smack on her rosy lips you might have heard a mile off. 'To think I should meet Peggy Daly in 'Merikey,' says I, 'and me such blundhering *omadhoun* as not to have known the beautiful eyes of yees when I first saw you.' "

" Peggy blushed and bid me not to be rude, but for all that I saw she liked the kiss I gave her. "

" Well, in less time than I can tell you, Peggy had a beautiful dish of beef on the table before me. The sight of it made my teeth wather, and I was preparing for a grand attack upon it, when ding—there came a thundering ring at the door, that sounded all over the house. "

" 'Holy Mother o' Moses, that's the masther's ring,' says Peggy, turnin' as white as a turnip; 'I'm murdered and ruined forever.' "

" 'Tare and ages, don't say so Peggy,' says I, 'can't you hide me anywhere? "

" Ring—ding a ding—a ding—ding goes the bell again, as though the house was a pulling down. "

" 'There, he'll break the door down if he's kept waiting,' says Peggy, trimbling from the riband in her hair to her shoe-strings. "

" 'I'll creep into an auger hole,' says I. "

" 'Stop,' says she, 'there's an ould lumber-room up stairs that you can hide in. Here, up the back stairs with you. At the top of the second landing turn to the right, and the first room on the left is the one. Whist! make no noise now.' "

" 'Nabocklosh,' says I, and I began to mount the stairs as softly as a fly upon buther; but when I came to the second

landing I could not tell whether it was the left hand turn and the right hand door I was to take. I was fairly bothered between them, and then I stood in the dark, till at last I took the left hand turn for luck, and coming to a door on the right hand I opened quite aisy and walked in. "

" 'All's right,' thinks I, and I began to grope about in the dark for a sate of some kind, when I bobbed my head against a bed-post. "

" 'Small thanks to you for that,' says I, and stretching out my hand I laid it plump upon the nose of somebody in bed. "

" 'Who's there?' cried a voice that sounded like a cracked fiddle under a blanket. "

" 'Dished again; by the powers, I've got into the ould aunt's room as sure as there's turf in Athlone,' says I. "

" 'Thieves, murdther; fire, robbery, murdther,' bawled the ould body at the pitch of her voice; and tumbling out on the floor on the opposite side of the bed, she rushed out of the room, screaming all sorts of murdther as she rushed down stairs. "

" 'What's to be done now?' says I. 'I'll either be hanged or shot for a robber if I don't get out of this,' and there was no time to lose, for I heard the masther calling for his blunderbus and pistols, and in another minute I might have had more slugs in my body than ever there was in a head of spring cabbage. "

" I looked out of the window. It was four stories from the ground—the sight made my head turn. I looked up the chimney—it was as black and as narrow as a dog's throat. However, it was no time to stand upon thrifles, so getting into the chimney by dint of squeezing and scrouging, I managed at last to get to the top. What to do next I did not know; so letting myself down again till I was over the fire-place, I listened and listened, but not a word or a sound could I hear from the room below. "

" 'All's quiet there; I've put them on a wrong scent,' says I to myself, and with that I let myself slither down into the

grate, and stepped out upon the hearth and found myself in an illigant little room with a lamp lighted upon a table in the centre of it. The wall was all hung round with curtains of rale silk, and lovely pictures and little images of white marble were stuck here and there about the room. There was a beautiful carpet, too, upon the flure, that it went agin my conscience to tread upon; and a small sophy beside the table, with chairs and stools and evèrything complate but the bed—that had vanished, I could not tell how. I rubbed my forehead, and there sure enough was the lamp, near as big as a hen's egg, that I got when I run my head against the bed-post in the dark—there could be no mistake about *that*. So I began to ponther and think, and at last it struck me that in coming down the chimney again I had got into the wrong flue, and I was now in another house.

“‘Well,’ says I, ‘maybe it’s all for good luck, as the mouse said when he fell into the male-tub.’

“At that moment I heard a key turn in the door, and as I had no wish to meet any of the family in my unrepresentable condition wid my face and my clothes all soot, I slipped behind one of the window-curtains just as a fine young man came into the room leading a purty girl.

“‘Whist,’ says I, ‘sure here’s a coortin’ scene a going on,’ and so sure enow it was, for I soon heard them billing and cooing like a couple of doves.

“‘Pether Mulroon,’ says I to myself, ‘it’s barely dacent of yees to be listening to such a scene as this. It’s not honorable, Pether,’ and just then when I was thinking what I should do next, I heard the lady begin to sob, and then the gentleman pressed her more, and says he, ‘It’s nothing but right that you should lave your guardian and let him make the best he can of it; sure you’re of age and you love me,’ says he, ‘and he’s no right to keep you mewed up here.’

“And then there was more kissing and whispering, and then the lady consinted to run away.

“‘You can’t have a better chance,’ says the young man, ‘for your guardian’s gone into the country, and to-morrow he’ll be back, and then ye’ll be fast agin.’

“After a little more talk, ‘I wish we had some dacent boy to carry down the thrunks,’ says the young man; ‘stay, Lucy, till I go and see if I can find one, for we must have them out before the servants return.’

“Wid that I comes forard, and making my best bow I offers my services.

“‘Who the divil are you?’ says the young man, looking mighty savage at me, while the young lady was about to scream, when he stopped her, for they were as feard of being found out as I was.

“So I up and towld my story, and as lovers are generally tindther hearted they believed me, and says the young man, says he, ‘Pether, ye say that’s your name, if you’ll help us out with the thrunks and dhrive us where I direct ye, may be it’s the best night’s work you’ve ever done, for I had rather sit by the lady than dhrive,’ says he, ‘for the poor crayture wants support.’

“‘Whist!’ says I, ‘Pether’s the boy that’ll help a loving couple out of the hands of a grumpy guardian any how,’ and so I shoulders the thrunks and carries them down stairs, and sure enough there was a carriage waiting, and into it we got and drove a good many miles into the counthry until we stopped at a pleasant house, which the young gentleman said belonged to him, and there the priest, or the magistrate, as I afterwards learnt, was a waiting, and the young couple were buckled to.

“Well, to make a long story short, the gentleman axed me the next day, when they were agoing to start a travelling away out West, whether I was willing to accept a situation upon his farm, and as I had had enough experience in one day to find that goold was not to be picked up in the streets of New York, I accepted the offer, and I lived there many years, and though I did not send a ship for my mother, nor yet go home

wid a coach and six to bring her out to Amerikey, in the coorse of a few years I had saved money enough to fetch the ould woman out, and she lived with me till she died, five years agone, when I first came to be head man on this farm. And there, gentlemen and ladies, was the termination of my thravels from ould Ireland till Amerikey."

"And what became of Peggy Darly, Peter?" asked one of the ladies.

"Oh, sure ma'am, poor Peggy lost her situation, for the masther and misthress would'nt believe her story, and would have it that she had let in robbers, and so she was turned out widout a charaether, and a hard job the poor crayture had to get intil another place.

"Howsomever, at last she succeeded, as she afterwards tould me, and lived there a good many years.

"It was a great many years after the adventures of that evening before I saw her again; but on one occasion having been sent up to New York to sell some horses for my masther, who should I meet but poor Peggy, looking as nate and spry and handsomer than ever.

"So I makes bowld to go up to her, and says I, 'Peggy, I'm Pether Mulroon,' and Peggy she says, 'Pether, ye ought to be ashamed of yourself for the throuble ye caused me. I was turned out of my place all because of ye,' says she, 'and was well nigh starving in the streets.'

"'Peggy,' I replied, 'shure, my poor darlint, it was not my fault, for I was nigh being hanged and kilt for murder and robbery,' and afther a while we made all right, and I axed her where she lived and said I would call and see her before I left the city.

"But she looked shyly at me, and replied:—

"'Never mind calling upon me, Pether, I've had one call too many of yours already;' but after some small talk and blarney I persuaded her to get lave to come out and walk with me on a place they call the Batthery, in the evening, and in

the course of our conversation I axed her 'did'nt she mean to get married, for it was a shame,' said I, 'to see such a purty, sensible girl a living single,' and she sighed and said she hadn't got a beau as she liked and perhaps them as she liked did'nt like her, and says I, 'who is that you like, Peggy?' and she blushed as red as a peony rose, and I felt my heart didtherring within my bosom, and Peggy began a thrimbling as she hung on to my arm, and after a while she says:—

"'Pether, when you go back to the country again, it'll be a long time before I see you any more, perhaps never,' and she sighed again, deeper than ever, and at length I made bould to ask her would she go into the country with me and be my wife, and she whispered yes; and determined to strike while the iron was hot, I married her before I left, and I took a wife home as well as the money I got for my masther's horses; and here she is, here's Peggy Darly, now Peggy Mulroon, herself," he added, as he pushed forward a motherly looking middle aged woman, who had been blushing and pulling at his coat to make him desist as he was telling his story.

"A right good wife has Peggy made me," he added, as before the whole company he gave the good woman a kiss as hearty as if it had been that of a lover.

"Now, gentlemen and ladies," said he, "you've heard Pether Mulroon's story. Here's health and long life and prosperity to yees all."

## THE RED CLOAK:

OR,

### THE MURDER AT THE ROADSIDE INN.

A TALE OF NEW YORK IN OLDEN TIMES.

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THE strongest argument held by those persons who are opposed to capital punishment is, that many persons innocent of crime are known to have suffered an ignominious death on the scaffold. I believe these instances are rare; but it is horrible to reflect that one single instance should have ever occurred. If a convicted criminal were, instead of being doomed to death, made to suffer the living death of life-long imprisonment, should it ever be proved that he was innocent, while he still lived, although nothing could ever recompense him for the long and unmerited suffering he has endured, at least, he could have the satisfaction of knowing that at last his innocence was proved to the world; he would meet with the sympathy of all men, and his relatives and friends could again rally around him and receive him amongst them with a fondness and affection rendered stronger than ever on account of the undeserved calamity to which he had been subjected and the years of mental anguish and physical privation that had ensued.

I well recollect a story my father, who was strongly op-

posed to the system of capital punishment, used to tell. I will relate it; and when the reader has perused it, he will acknowledge that he had reason to hold the strong opinions he did upon this question, although in his time the subject had not begun to occupy the attention of the community. Fortunately for him; happily for the honor of his relatives, his innocence of a dreadful crime that was imputed to him, was proved before the dread sentence was passed, and he stepped forth from his prison house again a free man, without a stain upon his character; but the horrible suffering he endured during the short period of his incarceration, and when he was brought out into open court, exposed to the unpitying gaze of hundreds of spectators, who came to witness the show, left a painful impression upon his mind which was never thoroughly eradicated. It rendered him nervous and bashful until his dying day.

In the year 1808, when Marinus Willett was Mayor of the city of New York, my father, then a young man of twenty years of age, first visited the city, in the hope of obtaining some employment in a merchant's counting-room that might enable him to support himself decently, and perhaps by-and-by to better his fortunes. My grand-father was the owner of a small farm in the vicinity of Troy, N. Y., and having given my father a better education than, in those days, generally fell to the lot of farmer's sons, he had at a suitable age placed him in a store in Albany, and as he grew older, thinking that the city of New York offered a wider field for a young man to push his fortune, he had sent him thither with several letters of recommendation to eminent merchants of New York from merchants in Albany, and with such a slender stock of money as he was able to afford. Forty-five years ago travel to and from New York was very different to what it is at present, and it sometimes occupied a week or more to effect the passage in one of the North River sloops, which at that period carried passengers between the capital of the State and the great com-



mercial emporium. On this occasion there was only one passenger on board the sloop besides my father—an elderly gentleman, whose fine, benevolent features at once arrested my father's attention, and the old gentleman himself seemed to be equally pleased with his youthful companion. He was one of those kind-hearted persons whose minds do not grow aged as their hairs grow gray; his heart still possessed all the freshness of youth, although his once buoyant disposition was sobered down to a habitual, even cheerfulness which comported well with his venerable aspect. He was one of those old men whom children naturally incline to, and whose society youth seek out and find a pleasure in. Be sure when an infant looks up smilingly in the face of an aged stranger and when children gambol around him or sit quietly upon his knee listening to the pretty stories he loves to tell them—be sure that that man has a heart formed for friendship and love. The reason of grown men and women may be deceived in this respect—that of children is rarely deceived, if ever.

During the weary days that passed on the journey, my father had made the kind old gentleman his confidant, and had received a great deal of friendly advice from him; and more than that, he had told my father that he had some influence in New York, and as he was aware that a stranger in a large city was exposed to many temptations and difficulties, he would himself endeavor to provide him with a situation in the house of one of his own friends, who was in business as a merchant in Broad street.

The old gentleman, whose name was Withers, was a planter from the South, and he was on his annual northern tour, partly for pleasure and partly for the purpose of making the purchase of such necessities as would be required on his plantation, on his return home. Of course he had a considerable amount of money with him, and on one occasion when he happened to mention this in the hearing of the captain of the sloop, my father says he observed a singular expression pass over the

man's face, but at the time he thought nothing of it, and in due time the little vessel arrived in sight of the city of New York.

It was getting late in the evening, and as the wind and tide were both against the vessel, the captain determined to run her as close as possible in shore and then cast anchor for the night. This having been done, he approached to the seat near the traffrail of the sloop, on which the old gentleman and my father were sitting.

"We are still a goodish bit from the city," said he, "and if you gentlemen think you will find it tedious staying on board the sloop, my mate and I are going ashore to an inn hard by to see some old acquaintances and stay for the night, and you can go along with us."

"Can we get any conveyance into New York in the morning?" inquired Mr. Withers.

"No fear of that," said the captain; "you can take your baggage ashore with you to the inn, or you can make up your mind to stay aboard, just which you please."

"Well," said Mr. Withers, "if my young friend is agreeable I vote that we go ashore; the evening is delightful, and we shall enjoy a walk before bed-time after having been cooped up so long on board this little vessel."

Of course my father was agreeable to any proposition started by the old gentleman, and the boat was lowered and the captain, the mate and the two passengers were in a few minutes set on shore some where near the spot where Thirty-first street runs through the Eleventh Avenue. I need not tell my readers that New York, although even then a very flourishing and tolerably large city, was very different from the New-York of the present day, and the spot where the boat landed her crew and passengers was quite a long way in the country. A small but comfortable old wayside and waterside inn stood there, which many, many years ago was razed to the ground.

and to this inn the passengers were conducted by the captain, the old gentleman and my father each carrying their portman-teaus with them.

Mr. Withers ordered a good supper to be got ready, of which he invited my father to partake, and then while it was preparing, they walked out together into the fields adjacent to the house.

In due time the landlord announced that supper was ready, and having done full justice to the landlady's excellent cookery, my father and Mr. Withers retired to rest, each occupying a single bedded room on the same landing.

I will tell the remainder of the story in my father's own words:

"I do not know how long I had been in bed," he would say, "when I heard a horrible noise as of some one shouting for help, and I strove to rise and could not. In a few minutes the dreadful shrieks and cries for help were succeeded by moans like those of a dying person and I was still struggling as I thought to rise and go to the aid of the sufferer, when I suddenly awoke and found that I was in a strange room, standing in my night clothes near an open window. While in the act of endeavoring to recover my bewildered senses I heard the rush of footsteps up the stairs and the captain of the sloop and the servant man of the inn rushed into the room, and seizing me tightly by the arms, they proceeded to bind me, half naked as I was, to a chair.

"What is this for? what is the matter?" I asked, still bewildered in my senses and half believing that I was still dreaming.

"Matter enough, youngster," replied the keeper of the inn, who just then entered the room, "as you soon will find out to your cost. Who could have believed that such a young man could be such a blood-thirsty wretch." I did not reply, for in truth I knew not what to say, nor what my assailants meant.

At this moment I heard a moaning sound from the bed which

stood at the other end of the apartment, and presently two or three other persons entered the room.

"It is the doctor and the constables," said the landlord, and an elderly gentleman dressed in black, stepped up to the bedside. "This is the murderer," continued the landlord, addressing a truculent looking man who had come in with the medical gentleman, and who was accompanied by two others as rough and brawny as himself, and as he spoke the constables came towards me, and one of them, the man whom the landlord had addressed, laid his heavy hand on my shoulder and looked into my face.

"I do not know him," said he, "he must be a stranger in these parts, for I know almost every jail bird in the State."

"He is very young to have committed such a horrible deed," said another person, for by this time the room was crowded with strangers who had heard the news that a gentleman had been murdered at the inn.

"Ay, he's young enough; but I have known younger than him capable of committing any crime," replied the chief constable, "and he's an old hand, too, I'll warrant, or he could not act as deep as he does;" and he proceeded as he said this to place a pair of handcuffs on my wrists.

"Good God!" said I, "what does, what can this mean?"

"You sham it well, youngster," was the brutal reply. "It means that you have stabbed that gentleman as is dying in that bed there, and this is not the first crime you have committed, by a long chalk, I'll be bound. People don't generally begin with murder."

As he said this I saw a sudden movement of the crowd that had gathered round the bed, for up to this time I had been half unconscious of what had been going on, and three or four voices said:

"Poor gentleman, he is trying to speak," and then I heard a feeble voice say, as if with great pain and labor; "*Red, red*

*cloak*," and then there was an audible shiver, and a cry of horror ran through the assembly, one of the persons saying:

"See, see, he is dying—he is choking with blood."

There was a tremor of the bed, a painful, death-like silence amidst those who stood around, and then a whisper, "He is dead."

In a moment I comprehended all. Some one had murdered my aged friend, and I was accused as the murderer. I knew I was guiltless; but "how came I out of my own bed? How came I into the room of the murdered man?"

I was seized with horror, and as the constables proceeded to drag me out of the room I became unconscious; but I learned afterwards that I was confined in a room of the inn all night, closely watched by the officers, and in the morning—my senses only half restored—I was carried into the city and taken before a magistrate.

I found the captain of the sloop, the servant of the inn before mentioned and the landlord already at the justice's room, and the two former deliberately charged me with murder, for the purpose of robbing the old gentleman—my fellow traveler—of the large amount of money in his possession.

The magistrate called upon me to state what I had to say why I should not be committed for trial, and in some measure restored to self-possession by the awful predicament in which I found myself, I answered, as nearly as I can recollect, as follows:

"I know no more of this awful business than a child unborn. I am the son of poor but respectable parents near Albany. I never was guilty of a crime. I appeal to God for my innocence of this murder. Mr. Withers was kind to me on the journey from Albany, and upon my telling him that I came with letters of recommendation to some gentlemen in New York who might procure me a situation, he promised to use his endeavors to get me one himself. If I have murdered this gentleman, I am a monster—a thing for man to shudder at

and Heaven to forsake. Yet you see I can with unblanched cheek call on God to witness my innocence! I am guiltless of this crime, and Heaven may yet point out the hidden perpetrators of it. Mr. Withers had a small portmanteau with him when he went to bed, and we bade each other good night at the door. Then I turned to the man servant of the inn and gave him my cloak with a promise of a shilling if he would brush it well and return it to me in the morning. He took it and went away. I then went to bed. How I came to be in Mr. Withers's bed-room, as Heaven is my judge, I know not. I did no murder. I had no weapon. I am innocent. My life may be sacrificed, but I am innocent. God help me—God help me!"

There was a death-like silence in the court when I had finished speaking, and I noticed the spectators looking at each other in doubt and surprise.

"Where is the servant man?" said the magistrate, for he had left the court room.

There was a little bustle in the Justice room, and the man was brought back.

"What is your name?" said the magistrate.

"Ephraim Jenkins, sir."

"State again your reasons for supposing this youth guilty of this horrible crime."

"I heard the cry of murder, and I woke up the captain of the sloop, who slept in the next room to mine, and together we went to the room whence the cries proceeded. We found this young man in his night clothes just in the act of escaping towards the window, and having secured him we went to the side of the bed on which lay the old gentleman; he was mortally wounded—stabbed in the breast with a long knife or dagger apparently, and he gasped out something about a *red cloak*, he mentioned the same words again before he died, and the prisoner had on a cloak lined with bright red when he came to the inn last night."

"On your oath," said the magistrate, "did the prisoner or did he not hand you his cloak and promise you a shilling for brushing it, as he says?"

"He did not."

"God forgive you," said I.

"You may retire," said the magistrate, and then turning to the captain he asked—

"Did Jenkins awaken you during the night?"

"He did."

"State what followed."

The witness gave the same account as Jenkins. He had heard cries for help and shouts of murder, and he had proceeded with Jenkins to the room whence the sounds came, and there had found the prisoner—his late passenger—as already described. The landlord had also heard the noise, but he had not reached the room where the murder was committed until the prisoner was secured.

The magistrate continued:

"You have no doubt, I presume, that the murder was committed for the sake of obtaining the money that was in the murdered gentleman's possession?"

"No doubt of that," replied the accuser; "where is the portmanteau the poor gentleman carried to the inn with him, and which doubtless contained the money? Has any one seen it since the murder?"

"No," was the response, "no one has seen it."

"What can have become of this portmanteau?" continued the magistrate.

No one spoke, and he then added—

"Was no knife or weapon discovered with which the wound on the unfortunate Mr. Withers could have been committed?"

There was no answer.

"Prisoner," said the magistrate to me, "this case is involved in some mystery by the absence of your supposed temptation to commit the murder, viz., the portmanteau and the not

finding the weapon with which Mr. Withers was stabbed. I do not see how you could have had time to conceal these things, seeing how and where you were taken; but it is my duty to commit you for trial. The dying words of your victim concerning the cloak are against you. You are fully committed for trial on the capital charge."

I fainted away, and in that condition was borne to prison. The Sessions did not come on for a month, and during that time an inquest was held on the body, and it was found that the heart had been pierced by some sharp weapon, and the only wonder was that death had not ensued more quickly than it did: the verdict of the coroner's jury was "wilful murder," of course, and everything appeared in a fair way for hanging me. Time wore away, and it only wanted four days to the trial. Meanwhile my father and mother had come to New York, and had visited me; they were overwhelmed with grief, poor things! and they truly believed me innocent. I fancy they were alone in this belief. They had sought out counsel for me, but the lawyer had plainly told them that to engage him was only to waste their small means; however, he undertook the case out of compassion to them chiefly; for they had but little money to fee him with. Mr. Withers' friends meanwhile had secured two able counsel, who were confident of getting a verdict against me, so certain did every one appear of my guilt. The day of trial came, and with a palpitating heart I was led from the prison to a room in the court-house, where I was confined until my name was called.

The first trial was some insignificant case of robbery, ending in an acquittal, to the great relief of the auditory, who were quite as impatient as holiday folks at a theatre when listening to some dull piece of pomposity previous to a pantomime, or a favorite spectacle, or an afterpiece, which and which only, they care about seeing.

At length my name was called, and in another moment I was led to the bar.

I felt that all eyes were upon me, though I did not raise my head to look around. Although I knew my own innocence, I would willingly have sunk into the ground and hid myself forever.

There was a dead silence while the indictment was being read, charging me with the wilful murder of John Withers, and then I was asked if I were guilty or not guilty.

"Not guilty," I replied, "as God is my judge."

There was a murmur in the court, and some one, apparently a female, called out, "he is innocent."

"Officers," said the judge, "bring me the person who spoke; whoever it was shall be committed."

The person, however, could not be found, and after a deal of bustle order was restored, and the counsel for the prosecution rose and commenced his charge.

This charge and the reply of the counsel for the prisoner, my father would repeat almost word for word, so deeply had every word uttered been impressed upon his mind; but it is needless for me to repeat it here, as the reader has already been informed of the nature of the evidence, and the facts appeared so conclusive against my father that no one could imagine him otherwise than guilty of the dreadful crime with which he was charged.

"The only difficulty," continued my father, "was to ascertain what had become of the portmanteau and the knife with which the deed was committed; but it was pretty generally set down that I had made way with the portmanteau previous to committing the murder, and that I had some accomplices. Indeed people thought I had tracked the old gentleman from Albany purposely to commit the crime, so easily are people prejudiced against a prisoner when once the idea has gone abroad that he is guilty."

The Judge had commenced to sum up, with a decided leaning against me, and the jury looked as though they were anxious to pronounce the verdict, without leaving the box, when

the same voice that had before interrupted the court, exclaimed:

"He is innocent, and nothing shall any longer cause me to withhold my evidence."

"Bring that woman down here," said the Judge, stopping in his summing-up, "if she has no evidence to give, but is merely actuated by feelings of excitement, I will commit her instantly—such persons have no business to attend such scenes as this."

The general impression appeared to be that the woman was, as the Judge said, acting from feelings of excitement over which she had no control, and such was my own opinion, although it was still sweet to believe that one person in that crowded court thought me innocent, when all others believed me guilty; for I had begged my poor father and mother not to attend the trial.

The counsel who had pleaded my cause, however, thought there might be some reaction in my favor made by this occurrence, and his keen eye had caught the two accusers stealing out of court as the woman was brought forward by two officers.

"I request that the witnesses for the prosecution be detained in court until this witness is examined," said my counsel (whose name, by the way, was Lemmon.)

The Judge ordered that they be detained, "and now," said he, as he turned to the female, "what is the meaning of your interrupting the court in this manner?"

"I am chambermaid at the Hudson Inn," she replied, "and I can prove that this young man is unjustly accused."

A ray of hope shot through my mind; I raised my head, and my eyes met those of my accuser. I saw that they were deadly pale.

"What have you to say?" continued the Judge, still addressing the woman.

"I wish to be sworn," she replied, and the oath was duly administered. She then proceeded to state as follows:

"My name is Hannah Smith; I am chambermaid at the Hudson Inn, but the housemaid was unwell on the morning in

question, and as the fires were to be lighted early, I had promised to rise and light them for her ——”

At this juncture of the witness's statement, Jenkins suddenly exclaimed, "It's a lie—it's a lie! she has been paid to get me into trouble."

"*You*," said Mr. Lemmon, with a voice that rung through the court, "she never mentioned *you*! Does your conscience forestall her evidence?"

A murmur of intense surprise and interest ran through the court, and the Judge leant forward, his eyes fixed on the pale, working face of Jenkins.

"Where are you, Captain Moore?" he exclaimed—"where are you? They are all against us—all—all you see—"

"Idiot!" hissed the captain through his clenched teeth.

"I cannot allow this," said the Judge. "Officers, take both these men into custody, but keep them in the court."

Mr. Lemmon now turned to the witness and said, "Hannah Smith, go on with your testimony."

The woman continued: "I went to bed early, but about midnight I awoke, and it then occurred to me, as I felt restless, that I would rise and lay the fires ready for the morning. I got up and had to cross the yard to get to the scullery. As I opened the door leading out, I saw Jenkins cross the yard from the stables with the gentleman's cloak with the *red lining* hanging over his arm."

"You are quite sure it was Jenkins you saw?"

"Quite. I should not have spoken had I not heard him deny that the gentleman gave him the cloak to brush."

"And this," continued the counsel, "you state on oath?"

"I do."

"Why, in the early stage of the trial, when you first heard the denial of Jenkins, did you not come forward at once and tell all you knew?"

"I had hoped that other evidence would have saved the prisoner, and would have rendered mine needless, for I was

engaged to marry Jenkins, and though since the night of the murder I have cast such thoughts aside, I did not wish to be his accuser."

"And is this all you have to say? this is a favorable turn in the evidence for the prisoner, but it merely proves that he told the truth respecting the cloak and that his accuser swore falsely."

"It is not all. When the noise occurred in the inn I was in the parlor laying the fire. I ran up stairs, intending to return to my bedroom, when I saw Jenkins at the other end of the gallery come from the murdered gentleman's room with the cloak wrapped round him. He threw it off and stepped into the prisoner's room, where he left it. In a moment after I saw the prisoner pass out of his own room to the murdered man's, in his night-clothes. I was frightened, and I heard Captain Moore say, 'This is capital, he is walking in his sleep. We will secure him.' I then heard a scuffle and soon there was a crowd of people in the house. I made my way to my bedroom and locked myself in; this is all I know of the matter."

The witness was requested to stand aside, and a ray of light opened upon me. I had hitherto been at a loss to think how I had got into the room, but now I recollected that once or twice in my boyhood, when excited after a long journey, I had frightened my mother by rising from my bed and walking in my sleep. I beckoned my counsel, and was about to ask him to send for my parents to prove that I had had a habit formerly of walking in my sleep; but before I could speak there was a general murmur in the court, and all eyes were turned in one direction. Mr. Lemmon turned and pointed out Jenkins to me. His face was awfully pale, and he appeared as though he was about to faint. At length he burst into a wild cry that terrified every one.

"Spare my life—spare my life," he shrieked, "and I will tell all—spare me—I did it—I did it—but Captain Moore



tempted me; he said the gentleman had money enough to make us both rich—Oh! God—spare my life.”

The effect which this had upon the crowded court was electrical. Every one rose to his feet, and it was some moments before the Judge, who himself rose, could command a hearing.

He bade the officers place both Jenkins and Moore at the bar, and then told Jenkins to tell all he knew. This the unhappy man did. The two villains had resolved to charge me with the murder, and for this purpose Jenkins had perpetrated it, dressed in my cloak, and seeing me come into the room, as had been described by the servant girl, they had immediately accused me of the murder, and had thrown open the window, which was not more than fifteen feet from the ground, to lead to the impression that I was on the point of escaping when arrested.

The Judge asked Jenkins where the portmanteau was, and he replied that it had been handed to him by Moore, who had hidden it in the stable. Officers were sent to search the spot indicated, and both it and the knife, still crusted with blood-stains, were found. The trunk had not been yet opened, and it was examined in the presence of the Court, and found to contain upwards of \$4,000. But little more remains to be told. The prisoners were tried, found guilty, sentenced to death, and executed, without the expression of one word of sympathy by the crowd who witnessed the execution. I need not say that my parents were overwhelmed with delight, and Mr. Withers' friends, who, after all, were good sort of people, were so sorry for what I had unjustly suffered, that they placed me in a situation very far above my expectations, and perhaps this dreadful episode in my life was the real stepping-stone to my prosperity in business.

“But it has caused a shade of melancholy to hover around me ever since,” my father would add, as he concluded this story, which was told to every one of his children, and had a

strange fascination about it that always arrested the attention even of the eldest, who had heard it, I don't know how many times. “I never since that period have read of an execution being about to take place, but a sickening feeling comes over me; it is foolish, perhaps, but I cannot help the thought arising that may be that poor wretch is as innocent as I.”

## THE RECOGNITION AND THE RECOMPENSE.

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WE were all sitting around the fire in the ample chimney of an old country farm house—one of those old cosy farm houses which are now rarely to be found, having given place to model cottages and modern improvements, though I doubt whether these latter are half so comfortable as the old roomy cabin with its ample kitchen and its general aspect of home comfort and hospitality, rough and unshapely as it was outside; but as I was saying, we were all seated on the benches which extended round the ample chimney of my father's farm on the Delaware, on Christmas eve in the year 1840, cracking jokes and nuts at the same time, and practising various sedentary amusements after having thoroughly tired ourselves out with romping during the early part of the day.

At length the jokes grew dull, and our jaws began to ache from the long continued action upon the hickory nuts and weariness began to steal over the assembly; some of us, had begun to dose, much to the indignation of others, who thought the fact of falling asleep on Christmas eve, before midnight and Christmas day had been welcomed, equal to an act of sacrilege, when my little sister Fanny, who was seated by my father's side upon a low stool, leant her arm lovingly and caressingly upon the old man's knee, and looking archly up into his face, said:

"Dear papa, do tell us a story—one of those nice old stories that you have so often amused us with; for see—I declare Jane has gone to sleep and so have Betsy and William."

Thus invoked by his favorite daughter—the pet of the family—my father laid aside his pipe, and brushing back his white hair, as a preliminary, stooped his head down and kissed the little enchantress who sat crouching down by his side.

"I hardly know what to tell, Fanny," said he; "my stories have been so often told that I am fearful they will fall on dull and unwilling ears, and I scarcely feel in the humor to relate one to-night, even if I could recollect anything new."

"Oh, papa!" said Fanny, "to say that your stories are dull, and that you can't tell us anything new! when you know that everything you tell us seems new, no matter how often we have heard it;" and curiosity having been awakened by the request of the pretty pleader, there was a general call of:

"A story—yes, tell us a story—anything will do—you must tell a story."

"Well," replied my father, "I suppose I musn't beg off, since my pretty Fanny has got so many backers. So I will try if I can't tell something new. You all know Mary Milton and her daughter, who live in the little cottage with the pretty flower and kitchen garden hard by, which you have so often admired?"

"What, the old blind Irish woman and her tidy, good-natured daughter?" replied Fanny. "Yes, we all know her, but what have you got to tell us about her?"

"Wait and see," responded my father, smiling, "perhaps there is something more romantic in the history of the occupation of that little cottage by the old blind Irishwoman than you ever dreamed of. You never knew how it was I came to show so much kindness to the poor old lady and her industrious daughter, and you never imagined, I dare say, that all this kindness is but a small remuneration for benefits received by me from them in former days, when Mary Milton was not an

*old blind* Irishwoman, but one of the comeliest middle-aged dames I ever saw, and her daughter was as blithe, pretty and buxom a lass as ever drove a young Irish lad crazy with a glance of her beautiful dark grey eyes, and her sweet, yet roguish and half mischievous smile, displaying teeth white as ivory, and a couple of dimples in which Cupid himself would have been happy to nestle."

"Oh papa!" said Fanny, for she was privileged to say anything, "so you were in love with Kathleen, were you? I see now why you were so kind to her mother!"

"No, you provoking little huzzy," replied the old man, smiling and patting the rosy cheek of the child of his old age. "I was not in love with Kathleen, although we are both nearly the same age, and when I first became acquainted with her we were both of us mere children."

Kathleen was a widow of about sixty, and her mother was past eighty years of age, and both of them had resided in the cottage my father had spoken of since any of us could remember.

But to my father's story.

"You are all aware," continued he, "that when I was quite a young lad I took it into my head to go to sea. You have often heard me mention the fact. My father and mother were poor people, and I, when quite an infant, was adopted by a bachelor uncle, a brother of my mother's, who was pretty well off. But though he was very fond of me, I believe as I grew up I annoyed him considerably, for he was an invalid, and somewhat testy in disposition. One day on my return from school for the vacation, I mustered up courage to ask him whether he would allow me to go to sea, and I was agreeably surprised to find him readily give his consent, for I had expected a point blank refusal, but the old man was glad to get rid of me and the trouble I occasioned him. Indeed, I fancy I was a bit of a pickle, and a serious annoyance to him during the long vacations, for he was sorely troubled with rheumatism. To

make the matter short, my uncle jumped at my proposal, my parents were agreeable to anything that suited him, and as he was acquainted with a shipmaster in Boston to whom he had rendered some service, he at once wrote to him, asking him to take me on board his ship. The request was granted, and with marvellous celerity my outfit was amply provided, for though teased by my boyish pranks, my guardian was wealthy and by no means penurious, and I was dispatched like a parcel delivered to the care of the driver of the stage to Boston, with a letter of introduction to the captain of the ship.

"I reached Boston safely, and immediately made my way to the captain's residence, and presented him my credentials.

"I found Captain Maurice to be a rough spoken, but kind-hearted man, of perhaps fifty years of age, and by no means one of the worst specimens of his class, for merchant captains in those days were generally a rude, uneducated body of men—they have greatly improved since. Well, to make a long story short, and to proceed at once to the pith of my narrative, I sailed in the good ship *Laurel* on a voyage to Liverpool and back, and when I returned I assure you I was pretty well tired of a sea life. It was nothing so romantic as I expected. The ocean appears pretty enough viewed from the beach of a watering place on a delightful summer's day, and to sit in a comfortable room in a hotel facing the sea, with every appliance for mental and physical enjoyment at hand, and thence view old ocean in his fury, is very sublime; but the smooth mirror-like surface of the ocean as seen in calm weather from the deck of a vessel soon grows monotonous and wearisome to the eye, and a tempest braved out on shipboard is much less agreeable than when witnessed from safe and comfortable quarters; the danger, the discomfort and all the various disagreeable realities destroy all the illusions of romance that shore folks dream of. But I had too much pride to tell my guardian that I was tired and disgusted with the profession I had voluntarily chosen, and to sea I went again, and perhaps, had not circumstances

happened as they did to put a temporary stop to my wanderings, I should have continued to follow the profession of a seaman.

"The second voyage that I made, the vessel was bound to Galway, and all went on well enough until we approached the Irish coast, when the aspect of the sky betokened pretty clearly that a storm, which threatened to be of unusual violence, was at hand. The captain hoped to make the land and run into harbor before it reached any alarming violence, and we stretched in towards the shore under all the sail that in the threatening aspect of the weather we deemed it safe to carry. Towards nightfall we made the land, but it was a considerable distance off, and as the weather had been for the three days previous rather cloudy, we had not been able to take an observation of the sun, and consequently had to depend upon our dead reckoning. Still we thought that the land we saw must from its appearance be in the vicinity of Galway, and therefore having taken a couple of reefs in each topsail, we stood under easy sail dead for the shore; before midnight, however, the storm that had so long threatened burst upon us with such fury that in a very short time we were at the mercy of the wind and waves. The sea broke over the deck in immense volumes of water that washed away boats and spars, sky-lights—the galley—the poop deck and every thing that offered resistance to its mad career. The waves seemed to our excited imaginations to be animated with demon-like rage and to be bent on our destruction. Several of the crew had been washed overboard, and we all clung to the rigging of the main and mizzen-mast for our lives, expecting every moment that we should share the sad fate of our unfortunate companions. The carpenter had been ordered to cut away the main-mast in the early commencement of the gale, in the hope that by so doing and thus relieving the vessel of some of her topweight she would ride easier, and he had cut away the lee rigging and part of the weather rigging when a sea swept him overboard.

Unaware of this, or unheeding it in the excitement of the moment, a great number of the crew had gathered in the weather rigging, when a gust of unusual violence snapped the distended shrouds, and with an awful crash which struck terror into the hearts of all on board, the mast jerked to and fro—backwards and forwards—with the tossing, rolling and pitching of the vessel, until the ship making a heavier roll than usual, it went by the board, snapping as clean off as a carrot, and carrying with it into the boiling and foaming waters all the hapless men who had thronged the weather rigging. I was beside the captain in the mizzen rigging—there had been four of us there together, but first one then another was swept away until at length he and I were the only persons left alive on board, that we knew of. The falling of the mast had damaged the ship's bottom, and to add to our horror we soon perceived that she was filling with water and fast settling down.

"It is all over with us. God forgive my sins—my poor wife,' I heard the captain say in broken sentences, and then the vessel plunged heavily forward, recoiled—plunged again—and—I recollected nothing more until I opened my eyes as though awakening from some frightful dream, and saw several rough looking men hurrying to and fro upon a beach engaged in securing and hauling up high, and dry, various boxes and bales that the waves were washing on shore. For some time I could not collect my thoughts, and then came the full recollection of my unfortunate condition and of the loss of all my shipmates.

"I experienced a strange sensation, a feeling of grief so intense that it seemed as though my heart would break, mingled with joy and gratitude that my own life had been spared—that I, a mere child as it were, should have been saved, when so many stalwart men had found a watery grave.

"I tried to rise, but I found that I was so weak that I could scarcely move hand or foot; nevertheless the motion I made attracted the attention of one of the men, whom I afterwards found were a savage race of wreckers, half fishermen, half

smugglers, who esteemed a shipwreck a God-send, and who so far from endeavoring to save the crew, were accustomed to finish the work of destruction on the bodies of the unfortunates whom the waves had spared, in order that they might secure the spoil that was washed on shore, and have no witnesses that might afterwards give them trouble respecting the disposal of their ill-gotten booty.

"The man advanced towards me, and pushed me with his foot. I opened my eyes, which I had half closed for very weariness, and he stooped down and laid his brawny hand on my breast.

"'By G—d,' said he to another man who had approached the spot where I lay—by G—d, here's a youngster alive as it appears, though how the d—l he managed to escape being sucked down in the *swirl* made by the sinking ship, puzzles me. However, he's more than half dead now, and it 'll be no harm to give him a finisher.'

"So saying, he coolly drew from his pocket a large clasp knife, which he proceeded to open with his teeth, and then feeling for the feeble pulsation of my heart, he was about to plunge the blade into my breast, when he was interrupted by his companion, who appeared to be of a gentler disposition than himself.

"'Hisht! Jim Doolan, said he, 'sure you wouldn't be after committing murther on thim as the waves of the say has spared?'

"'Dead min tell no tales,' was the brutal reply, as he raised his arm to inflict the cowardly, deadly blow.

"The other man caught hold of the uplifted arm of the ruffian, saying:

"'Jim, this is a mere child, and I won't stand by and see his life taken—lave him where he is; he is unsensible as it seems, and if he recovers, so let it be, if not let the poor chap die easy.'

"The more cruel ruffian rose reluctantly and left me.

"All this time, although unable to speak a word, I had a full preception of what was going on. My blood seemed to be frozen within my veins; but the horror that I felt as I heard the brutal words of the would-be-murderer and saw the uplifted knife, in some measure served to restore the circulation of my blood, and to revive me from the death-like apathy into which I had fallen.

"The men passed on to some distance and in the course of a few minutes I managed to sit partially up and to look around.

"As well as I could judge, the day appeared to be far advanced, and I must have lain for hours insensible after having been almost miraculously thrown on to the beach alive, after the ship had gone down. The storm had almost subsided—in fact the wind had completely fallen, but the sky was full of scud which, from its rapid and irregular motion, told that the war of the elements was still going on in the upper strata of the atmosphere, and the sea still heaved, and the waves rushed with a hollow and mournful sound on the beach. I had been washed up against a ledge of rocks and lay in a pool of water which covered my lower limbs. My head had been cut severely by the rocks, and as I essayed to crawl to some place of concealment, for I was fearful that some other of the ruffians would discover and murder me, and the love of life, now that I had aroused from my torpid state, began to grow strong within me, I found that one of my legs was broken, and hung perfectly helpless.

"I had not before felt the hurt, but the motions had restored the circulation of the blood, and the pain was dreadful—I groaned in agony. By-and-by I became again insensible from pain, and I was again aroused by feeling an arm passed under me. I opened my eyes—it was growing dark, but there was still light enough for me to perceive a beautiful female form bent over me and a sweet face looking pityingly into mine.

"'See, mother dear, he is not dead, poor boy,' said the young girl as she turned her beautiful grey eyes towards an

older female who was standing near her, 'let us see if we can not carry him up the cliff and take him to our cottage. Try,' continued she, addressing me, 'try, poor boy, if you can stand up.'

"The two females raised me between them, but as soon as I put my leg to the ground it sank beneath me, and I fairly screamed with pain.

"O wirra, wirra!" exclaimed the elder woman. 'The Virgin be merciful to us, the poor boy's leg's broken entirely. Poor child, let us see, Kathleen, if we cannot carry him betwixt us. Sure, he is only a small creatur an' no great weight.'

"Between the two females, amidst many exclamations of pity and many laments over my sufferings, I was borne to their cabin a quarter of a mile off, and when there, undressed and laid on a clean bed, when the younger female was dispatched to the nearest town—a mile distant—for a physician. He arrived and speedily set the broken limb. Fortunately it was a clean fracture, and I completely recovered from the effects of it. Meanwhile, while the surgeon was fastening splints to the fractured limb, the elder female (having dressed the wound in my head during her daughter's absence in search of the surgeon,) prepared me a dish of oatmeal and milk porridge, which I partook of heartily, and feeling greatly eased of my pain, I fell into a profound slumber.

"When I awoke another day had dawned, and as soon as I moved in bed the elder woman was at the bed-side, and in motherly tones she asked me how I felt. While I was speaking in reply, the young girl came in with a pail of milk, and as soon as she saw me awake, she too came to the bed-side and took my hand, and bending her sweet, fresh young face over me, she kissed me, expressing her delight at seeing me look so much better.

"I then learned that she and her mother having heard of the loss of a ship during the night of the storm, had gone down to

the beach early on the following morning, knowing the savage habits of the wreckers, with a view of affording such aid as they could to the survivors of the crew should there be any, and endeavoring to preserve them from the violence of the plunderers of the wreck, which, after sinking, had broken up, and the cargo, of which was, as I have already observed, floating on shore.

"They had searched the beach for hours, and were returning home in the belief that all the hapless crew had been lost, when I fortunately arrested their attention. At first they believed me to be dead, but the young girl had placed her hand upon my breast and had felt the almost imperceptible pulsations of my heart, and she then had passed her arm under my neck and raised my head. It was this which had restored me to consciousness.

"My leg progressed favorably enough, but the wound in my head threatened to be more serious, for before night I began to grow delirious, and showed every symptom of violent fever. The doctor advised that I should be taken to the hospital—as I afterwards learned—a most wretched place, whence few patients came out alive—but this the two women would not listen to. 'Providence,' they said, had saved me almost miraculously from death and had delivered me into their care, and they would tend me and care for me as if I were their own relative, whether I lived or died.'

"For six weeks I lay in a condition between life and death, then, thanks to the care of my gentle nurses, more than to the skill of the doctor, who thinking his services would not be very amply remunerated, was rather careless in his attendance, I began to recover, and at the end of ten weeks was quite well. All this time I had been supported by the widow and her daughter—for I learned that the elder female was the widow of a small farmer, who when he died had left her the cottage, an acre or two of ground—on which she cultivated vegetables for sale in the Galway market—and a couple of



cows, the milk from which, her daughter carried into the town and sold.

"In this manner they gained their humble living. They were poor—very poor—nevertheless they were contented and happy. When I got well, ashamed of being longer a burden on my kind benefactresses, I expressed my intention of proceeding to Liverpool and there getting a berth on board some ship bound to the United States.

"Of course the poor women could say nothing in opposition to this determination, though I could see that they were sorry to part with me. They had nursed me through a dangerous sickness—they had saved my life, and their generous affections clung to him they had thus preserved and so carefully tended.

"The morning I left, the elder female placed a couple of sovereigns in my hand—I believe it was half her small savings—and in spite of my objections forced me to accept them. I left them with many kind expressions and many tears on both sides, and in due time reached Liverpool. There I soon got a ship and came to New York.

"On my arrival, I found that my uncle had left me all his property to come into my possession at the age of twenty-five; I determined to return to my parents and to adopt the mercantile profession. I struggled considerably in youth, for my parents were poor, and I could not touch my uncle's property until I was the specified age mentioned in the will. At that age, however, I drew the money, embarked largely in business, and was successful, as you all know.

"Years—many years passed away, and although I sought to find my benefactresses, all my efforts were vain. They had removed from the neighborhood of Galway, and no one to whom I applied knew whither they were gone.

"Full twenty years after the incidents I have narrated had occurred, I stopped on my way to this farm, which I had purchased some five years before, at a small village where the stage changed horses and the passengers took dinner.

"While smoking a cigar in front of the hotel, a poor haggard looking female passed me, leading by the arm an old woman who appeared to be entirely blind.

"The younger female in plaintive tones besought charity for her blind mother, who, she said, was starving. They had not tasted food that day.

"There was something in the manner and the tone of voice of the younger woman that struck me as familiar to me, although I could not recollect when or where I had seen her before.

"'You are emigrants from Ireland?' I said.

"'Yes, sir,' she replied, 'and mother took sick on the passage with fever and became quite blind.'

"'What are you doing here in this country place?' I asked.

"'We are on our way to Philadelphia, where I was told that a number of women were wanted to fill the place of farm servants and dairy maids, and I hoped that our small stock of money would have carried us there, and that I should get work and be able to take lodgings for my poor mother, and to support her.'

"'You are used to dairy work?' said I.

"'Oh yes, sir. My mother once had a little farm near Galway, and we kept cows. I have all my life been used to farm life.'

"'You came from near Galway?' I said, and a new light seemed to break upon me. I thought I had discovered where I had seen the younger woman before. 'Pray,' I continued, 'is your name Milton?'

"'Yes, sir,' she replied, 'Kathleen Milton, and my mother's name is Mary.'

"'Do you recollect,' said I, seizing the astonished woman by the hand and pressing it warmly, 'do you recollect saving the life of a poor shipwrecked sailor boy many—many years ago, and tending him carefully during a long sickness?'

"'Oh yes, poor little fellow,' replied both the women at

once. 'He was a good and pretty lad. He must be a man grown long since. Perhaps if he knew where we were, and how distressed we are, he would help us—that is, if he were able.'

"And he is able," I replied. "I was that poor sailor boy, and long have I sought to find you out, and to recompense you for your kindness, for I owe my life to you—and do I see my kind old benefactress blind? This is indeed a happy and yet a sad meeting."

"It is needless for me to say any more than that they told me the too oft told tale of Irish poverty and distress. Bad weather had spoilt their crops, and rendered their little farm worthless. The daughter had married shortly after I left them a husband who took to drink—by-and-by the farm and cottage and cows were sold—the husband had died of delirium tremens, and after enduring untold hardships for years, they had at length determined to accept an offer of a Union Workhouse Committee to give them a passage to America. They had landed with only a few shillings in their possession, and the last of this small stock had been expended."

"I took them with me to the farm—established them in that little cottage, and there they have lived in comfort for years, and there, while I have the means of supporting them, they shall live, for after the poor old woman's death, and she cannot last long, I shall make over the cottage to Kathleen."

"Now I have told you my story, and I think it is one you have not heard before. How are you pleased with it?"

"Oh, it is a famous story," replied Fanny, "and I shall love Mary and Kathleen Milton more than ever," and so repeated the round of listeners.

Just as my father had concluded his tale the clock struck twelve, and the whole party rose to welcome in Christmas day, and to exchange the courtesies of the season. At this moment Kathleen Milton came to the door, leading her aged and blind

mother, for they had waited up purposely to wish my father and his children many happy returns of the seasons.

They were received with shouts of welcome by all, and Fanny sprang up, and throwing her arms round the neck of Kathleen, kissed her heartily, saying:—

"Papa has been telling us such a nice story about you, Kathleen. You saved his life when he was a little boy."

A year or two after this Mary Milton died. Her daughter survived her several years, and I need not say, resided in the pretty little cottage until the day of her death. She died only a very few years ago—and thus in Mary and Kathleen Milton was realized the truth of the text:—

"Cast your bread upon the waters, and you shall find it after many days."

## TOM RICHARDS' ADVENTURE

### WITH THE MALAY PIRATES.

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A FEW years after my father had commenced his commercial career, finding that his affairs were prospering, he embarked a large amount of capital in the shipping business. Having been in his early youth himself a sailor, he was accustomed to take considerable pleasure in visiting those vessels in which he possessed any interest, and he thus became intimate with several of the seamen, especially those who were old standards, that is to say, who adhered to one vessel and always made a point of sailing, if possible, under one favorite commander.

Among these steady old seamen there was one who was an especial favorite of my father's. His name was Richards—Tom Richards he was generally called, and as he was growing old and grey when I was but a mere child, my father often used to press him to remain on shore, promising to find him a suitable situation, either in his store or on his farm, in fulfilling the duties of which, he might pass away the days of his old age, free from the perils and dangers of a sea-life.

Once or twice he managed to persuade the old man to remain on shore for one trip; but more than this he was unable to effect; for after a few months' sojourn on *terra firma* nothing would satisfy Tom Richards but another trip to sea; and as the old sea-dog was as obstinate as a mule when once

he had taken a fancy in his head, it was of no use arguing with him; but off to sea he went. Poor old man! he ended his days in my father's house as a sort of servant of all work, or rather a general idler, for his principal employment and enjoyment was to sit in the summer-house in the garden at the farm, and there to tell yarns to us boys and girls, while, at the same time, he carved us boats and canoes to swim in the ponds, or endeavored to teach us the way to rig a ship and to speak in the classical vernacular of the sea.

In the course of his roving life Tom Richards had naturally met with many strange adventures, and it was one of the greatest treats to us youngsters when my father, during his visits to the country farm-house, after Tom had become a regular inmate, would take us out in the pleasure-boat to enjoy a fishing excursion, old Tom of course being entrusted with the management of the boat; and there, while watching our lines, and awaiting the tantalizing advances of the coy, timid denizens of the water, we would listen to one of Tom's amusing yarns.

Tom Richards had once had an adventure with a pirate, and had actually, according to his own account, been governor of one of the numerous islands of the Pacific ocean, though in telling this latter yarn I am rather inclined to think that he drew the "long bow" a little too strongly, for his adventures on the island bordered so much on the marvellous. However, Tom swore it was all fact, and the story amused me greatly when first I heard it.

"The fish don't bite to-day," said my father one day when, while engaged in one of these excursions, we had sat for upwards of half-an-hour watching the lines until we grew sleepy, without meeting with the encouragement of one single nibble.

"No, Cap'n, (Tom always called my father Cap'n,) no, I rayther think the sun be too warm jist now—the creatures has thir feelins like as humans, and when the sun shines so brightly they goes and takes a snooze in the shade of the reeds and bushes as grows on the banks of the river."

"Well, Tom," responded my father, "suppose we follow their example, not by taking a snooze, as you call it, but by pulling the boat under yonder clump of willows, and then Tom you can spin us one or two of your yarns. I have heard it said that you once had a brush with a pirate, and that you lived some time amongst the natives in one of the Pacific islands. Is this true?"

"Yes, Cap'n, it's true as death, but the yarn's rayther a long 'un; but perhaps the young masters and misses would like to hear it. If so be, Tom Richards is allers ready to afford amusement."

"By all means; by all means. Do tell us the story about the pirate. Won't it be delightful," was the universal cry, and the old man plied his oars vigorously for a few strokes, and ensconced us snugly in the shadow of the willows, where spreading our lines, so as to be ready to take advantage of a chance bite from any fish that might be urged by hunger, or rendered greedy by the tempting bait, we seated ourselves comfortably and awaited the old sailor's story.

"I don't know how it is, Cap'n," commenced Tom, addressing my father, "but to a reg'lar old salt there do be something fascinating about the blue water of the ocean which tempts him oftentimes to cast aside shore comforts and go again and again to sea, altho' he aint no longer a-driven to it for a living, and altho' whenever he does go, he growls and swears at the sameness of the life, and vows that every trip shall be his last. But 'taint no manner of use; arter he comes home, and has been on shore a spell and spent his wages, off he goes to sea again; and so it goes on until he gets laid on the shelf, like a used-up spar, when unfit for service any longer, and then he is obliged to remain on shore and live a useless life, 'till his old eyes are closed and he is laid in his grave. But to my mind the deep blue waters of the sea make a much sweeter and cleaner burying-place than the mouldy turf of a churchyard. Now here am I, like a battered old hulk laid high and dry on the beach,

and my old timbers, when I fall to pieces, will be put in the ground to rot, instead of shifting to and fro in the deep currents of the ocean, as I should wish 'em, for then they would sartain come up fresher and cleaner at the day of judgment, when the word is passed for all sail to pass in review afore the great commodore, than if they come a sweltering up from the filthy sod. Howsomever, it can't be helped. I stuck to the sea as long as possible, and while a sailor I allers did my duty, and I am ready to turn out whenever the call shall arrive for us to appear all ataunto to pass muster for t'other world."

"But, Tom, that's not the story about the pirate," said my little sister, who was getting tired of listening to the old sailor's laments of the hardship of being compelled to die ashore.

"No, little Miss," replied Tom, "but afore I begins a yarn I allers makes a pint to make some filersophical remarks as may put me into talking trim, more especially since I have left the sea. Howsomever, here goes for the story.

"A good many years ago, long afore I sailed in the sarvice of the Cap'n, and when I were a young man, I was out in Ingee, aboard of one of the cruisers as belong to the Injun seas.

"We had just left the Island of Borneo, off which we had been lying for several weeks at anchor, repairing rigging and painting ship, and getting water and fresh vegetables a-board. At that time the seas of the Injun Archipelago were much infested by Malay pirates, whose *proas* lurked in security in the numerous hidden yet lovely nooks amongst the islets that intersperse the Ingun Ocean. These *proas* were accustomed to pounce out suddenly upon their unwary victims, and many a merchant-craft which has never reached its port of destination—never been heard of after it left its port of embarkation, and is supposed to have gone to pieces on some coral reef, or to have foundered at sea, has been attacked and plundered, its crew murdered, and the vessel sunk by these most ferocious of sea-marauders.

"Well, at last we got under weigh and sailed from the

island; it had been calm for the greater part of the day, and we had made but little progress, so that as the evening began to close in we were still in close proximity to the land. However, towards nightfall a breeze sprang up, and our skipper determined to take advantage of it, and stun'sails were set aloft and aloft, for we had heard a report that a fleet of proas were away to the south'ard, making sad havoc with the vessels bound from Sidney to Injee, and we determined to keep a look-out for them, and if we could get a chance, to settle scores with them for their devilish cruelty by sending them to Davy Jones' locker.

"As the moon rose many a glance was cast towards the land to get a last glimpse of it, for we were now fast receding from the shore, and the last vestige—the lofty mountain tops, scarcely distinguishable from the sky above them with which they seemed to commingle,—appeared to sink beneath the horizon, just as the man at the mast-head reported a vessel on the lee-bow.

"How far distant?" asked the officer of the watch.

"I can only see her topgallant sails, sir," replied the seaman; "we shall pass pretty close to her, if we continue our present course."

"Steady, quarter-master—steady," said the officer, and then turning to the seaman, he added, "Let us know what she looks like, when you can make out her hull."

"Now you know, Cap'n, and I may tell you masters and misses," said the old sailor, in parenthesis, "as a vessel at sea is always an object of interest to the mariner. It's like meeting with an old friend after a long absence, and everybody hopes to hear some news, and therefore it's a great disappointment when two vessels goes by without speaking one another. The officers therefore called for their spyglasses and pointed them in the direction of the stranger; but she was not yet visible from the deck of the brig of war. In the course of a quarter of an hour the sailor again called out from aloft:—

"I can make out her hull now, sir, and she appears to be a

full-rigged ship, with most of her sails set; but she "yaws" about strangely."

"Again the officers clapped their spyglasses to their eyes, and although the hull was not visible from the deck, the masts and sails were clearly defined, and it was apparent that the sails were untrimmed and that she was either in distress or had been abandoned by her crew. She was 'yawing' about in a strange fashion and apparently was not under the control of her helm in the slightest degree.

"Under ordinary circumstances our skipper might have been satisfied with passing near enough to distinguish the rig of the stranger, but her singular appearance determined him to make a closer examination.

"Keep her a point more away, quartermaster," he sung out, "and we will run down to her and see what she is made of. Slack off a few inches of the main and jib sheets—so—so—that's enough—we shall be up with her in half an hour, for the breeze is freshening finely."

"Well, at the expiration of the half hour we came up with the vessel, which was in fact making no headway through the water, her main and maintopsail yards being squared, while her fore yards were braced close and her mizzen furled.

"There is something wrong here," said the skipper to the lieutenant. "Steward, bring up my speaking-trumpet."

"The trumpet was brought and handed to the skipper, who hailed:

"What ship is that?"

"There was no reply, although the hail was more than once repeated.

"Lower away the boat and board her, Mr. Jones," said the skipper to the lieutenant. "Find out, if you can, what she is, and what is the cause of this strange desertion."

"The boat was lowered, and a crew of eight men besides the officer in command, boarded the craft. I was not among them; but shortly afterwards the lieutenant hailed the brig.

" 'There has been foul work here, sir,' said he. 'There appears to be no living thing aboard, nor any traces of the crew; but the cabin has been thoroughly ransacked and everything of value carried off. The vessel also has evidently been scuttled, for she has now four feet of water in her hold, and it is rapidly increasing. Would it not be advisable to send more help on board from the brig, so that we may unbend the sails and secure everything that may be worth carrying off before she settles down to such a degree as would render it dangerous?'

"The captain replied by ordering another boat to be lowered, and proceeding himself to the vessel. I was one of the second boat's crew, and on reaching the ship we found everything in the confused state described by the officer. She was a vessel apparently of French build, and of about three hundred tons burden; but there was actually nothing remaining on board by which we could tell the name of the vessel or judge of the country she hailed from; everything capable of being carried off from the deck, had been taken away; even the board on which the name had been painted was carried off. In fact nothing was left but the sails and part of the rigging; and the skipper came to the conclusion that the vessel had been attacked and robbed by pirates, and the crew murdered. We could only account for the sails being left, by presuming that some vessel had hove in sight and alarmed the pirates. Several barrels of tar had been cast loose from their lashings, and had rolled about, discharging their contents on the deck, which was covered with the black, sticky substance, and on closely examining the decks, stains of blood appeared here and there, as though a violent conflict had taken place. A child's shoe was also found, and some remnants of female clothing, sticking to the tar, and in the after-cabin there were also evidences that there had been at least one female on board the ill-fated ship.

"The sails were hurriedly cut from the yards and removed on board the brig, and an hour or two was spent in making

further search in every department of the vessel, in the hope of discovering some token that might lead to her future identification, for she had been imperfectly scuttled, in the hurry, probably, of the departure of the pirates, and she settled down very slowly.

"At length it was deemed unsafe to remain on board any longer, and the boats returned to the brig, the yards were braced forward, and we were soon at a safe distance from the sinking vessel.

"About twenty minutes after we had returned aboard the brig, the ship plunged heavily once or twice, and then sunk beneath the waves—the once trim vessel which had weathered many a gale and visited many a clime, which had sailed from her last port of embarkation, whenever that might have been, with human beings on board, whose hearts beat high with the anticipations of a safe and happy voyage, or joyous return to their homes, had gone forever, and, in all probability, not one remained of those who had trod her decks in all the pride of health and strength not twenty-four hours before—all had perished by violence and found an unwept and unhonored grave in the ocean depths, there to lie—their funeral dirge the hollow moan of the foam-lashed waves and the wild shriek of the sea-bird as it flitted past above their watery tomb, as though it were the spirit that directed the fury of the storm—there to lie in that ocean grave until the sea shall give up her dead.

"You may imagine it was a melancholy sight, and it cast a gloom over the spirits of all on board. And now the pale lustre of the tropic moonlight gave place to the brighter rays of the morning sun; the hands had been piped to breakfast; but scarcely had they arranged themselves for the meal when the look-out man again raised the cry:—

" 'Sail, ho!'

"Most of the seamen rushed upon deck, and casting our eyes in the direction pointed out from aloft, we saw, appa-



rently within a mile of us, two large Malay *proas*, their white latteen sails glistening like silver in the early morning sunbeams.

"The *proas* were 'lying-to,' and made no attempt to change their position, although the brig was bearing down right upon them.

"The skipper came up from his cabin, and it was the universally expressed opinion that these *proas* were pirates, and in all probability had been concerned in the late outrage on the ship we had boarded during the night. Still we had no proof as yet to justify recourse to hostile measures, and we knew right well that we were no match in swiftness with these fleet craft, should they take the alarm and stand off.

"As we drew near, it became evident that they were full of men, and were reconnoitering the vessel, uncertain whether to make sail or to await our approach. The brig had been painted, so as to resemble a merchant ship at Borneo, and looked at least as much like one as she did like a man-of-war.

" 'They do not know what to make of us,' said the skipper; 'we must deceive them, if possible. Slacken the lifts, Mr. Jones, and give the brig a careless appearance; they take us for a merchantman. Keep yourselves beneath the bulwarks, men, and only show yourselves a few at a time. Gunner, see the guns are all shotted and ready for use. We will overhaul these fellows.'

" 'The guns are all ready,' said the gunner, touching his cap, 'they have not been unshotted since they were loaded on approaching the island.'

" 'Then stand by, ready to fire if I give the order. See all the crew at their stations,' said the skipper. He then took a long look through his spyglass and said:

" 'There can't be less than forty men in each *proa*, and the fellows are actually preparing to board us. The devils will find they have caught a Tartar. Be ready, men; wait until they are close within range, and then give them the entire contents of the starboard guns. Boarders, have your pikes ready;

these fellows swim like fish and climb like cats. Now—wait the order.'

"The *proas* came on swiftly, until within some hundred yards of the brig, when they stopped and held consultation together, after which they both lowered their latteen sails, which were in fact now of little use, as the wind had grown light, and one, the larger of the two, pulled rapidly towards the vessel, the other following at a considerable distance.

"When the foremost *proa* was within fifty yards of the vessel, the captain gave the order:—

" 'Let them have it—Fire!' and at the word the whole broadside was discharged with a report louder than thunder.

"As soon as the smoke cleared away, it became evident that not a vestige was left of the nearest *proa*, but some pieces of floating wreck; while the crew of the more distant one had sprang overboard, the *proa* having, it appeared, been missed by the shot.

" 'Lower away the boats, and pick up any of the men that are in the water,' said the skipper, 'we can't leave the miserable wretches to drown. Board the other *proa* and bring her alongside.'

"The order was promptly obeyed; but so desperate were the Malays, that when picked up they sought to bury their *creeses* in the bodies of the seamen who had taken them from the water.

"Some were left to their fate; while those who were already picked up were taken on board the *proa* and confined in her shallow hold, beneath the bamboo decks, the hatches being closed upon them.

"While this was going on, the boats and the *proa* had drifted a considerable distance from the brig, and while pulling back, some of the seamen received dangerous wounds in their feet and legs. The Malays confined beneath the bamboo deck of the *proa* had provided themselves with fresh *creeses*, those they had been armed with having been taken from their girdles,

and they attempted to wound and drive the seamen overboard by pushing the points of the *creeses* between the interstices of the bamboo. It was found absolutely necessary to dispatch them with pistols. Several of them were killed in this way, and but one or two were brought on board the brig.

"The seamen were found to be so dangerously cut with the poisoned *creeses*, that in most instances amputation was found necessary, and I got a mere scratch on my right ankle which laid me up for several weeks, my leg swelling as large as my body, and even to this day I feel the effects of it.

"On searching the *proa*, after she was brought alongside, we found crouching down in the after part of the hold, a young woman, apparently not more than twenty years of age, who spoke French; but she had lost her senses with fright. We could get nothing intelligible from her but the oft-repeated cry, '*Mon enfant, mon pauvre petit enfant. Ils avaient tue mon enfant.*' (My child, my poor little child. They have killed my child.) Every attention was paid to the poor creature; but the doctor declared her case hopeless. She, we presumed, was the female, a portion of whose clothing had been found on board the ill-fated ship, and the child's shoe, found in the tar, had doubtless belonged to the murdered infant whose death she so bitterly bemoaned.

"She was carried by us into Singapore, and proper care taken of her by the authorities of that island."

"And Tom, did you never hear anything further respecting the ship?" asked my sister Fanny.

"Nothing was heard, Miss, for some months, that could furnish any clue to the deserted vessel or the female who had been found in the *proa*, and all that was ever known was that a vessel called the '*Margueritte*' had sailed from the Island of Bourbon a few weeks previously to our discovery of the deserted ship. This vessel had on board as passengers a M. Dupont and his lady and child, and the insane lady was, I heard, recognized eventually as Madame Dupont."

"I have told this story in Tom Richards' own language; for when excited or interested in a narrative, Tom was accustomed to use language quite different from that which was habitual to him in common conversation. He accounted for this by saying that when a youth he had received a good plain education; but he had forgotten the use of grammatical language during his long life at sea, although when talking upon any one long-continued subject, it seemed to come habitual to him again to speak more correctly."

## THE RUINED HOUSE.

In almost every town of any size or note in England, a line of narrow, confined streets or alleys are to be found, and in these places, of course, dwell the poor, oftentimes the depraved portion of the inhabitants. There they live and increase in apparent proportion to the inconveniences with which they are surrounded, so that it might be imagined that the want of space, daylight and fresh air had a tendency to increase their members and not to thin them by a heavy and unequal tax paid to the fates of disease, decrepitude and death.

In one of these doomed retreats of poverty and toil, and in the midst of a small manufacturing town in the heart of Yorkshire, there stood a dwelling, humble it is true, but distinguished from those around it by its better condition—its apparent cleanliness and air of comfort. It once stood, I have said; it exists no longer, but as a heap of ruins. How I came to know its secret history and that of its inhabitants, the following narrative will tell.

In the town of which I have spoken there stands a small church, at the back of which the narrow range of streets alluded to begins, and thence it runs down to the lower part of the town, with many curious contortions broken into steeples and inequalities, paved with rugged stone and very difficult to traverse. In a little square space on the left, as you descend, you observe this ruined house, which, however, exhibits no mark of the mode of its destruction; it shows no

signs of having been burnt, nor does it look as if it had been destroyed by decay, or the unerring hand of time. It stands in the midst of others, which are full of the busy stir of life.

There still exists a sort of small court or yard, fronted by a low wall, and behind there is an opening, which looks as if it had been a garden, where a few sickly and unwholesome flowers may still be seen, reminding us of the tender hands which plant and rear such frail and sad memorials, perishing before them. Between them lie all that remains of a habitation once occupied by those who are now no more; but who are still remembered with respect and sorrow. It is now a mass of blackened and unsightly ruins stained with damp and overrun with nettles and moss, where long insidious weeds have crept into the cracks and openings of the walls mantled from below, and hang pendant from the little shattered casements. Nothing now remains which would tempt even a child to seek a place to arrange its playthings and to pass a happy, idle hour. It is forbidding in its aspect, dreary and deserted—a shapeless mass of weed-bound rubbish, broken tile and damp, discolored stone.

Thirty years ago this habitation was the scene of events which I will now relate. It was, at that time, inhabited by a widow and two children—a boy and a girl of about ten years of age. The father had been an industrious gardener, as his father had been before him, though they had been born and brought up in a manufacturing town, and to the little wealth he had inherited, consisting of some patches of rough and stony garden ground, he had managed to make some additions. What he left at his death his widow had conserved with care for her children, after denying herself, mother-like, many comforts of which she really stood in need.

At the time of which I speak, the boy had grown to be a man, and the girl had reached that age which usually decides the fate of a woman, and marks her future course with happiness or sorrow. Anna Bailey was doomed, as we so often

say, when speaking of the destinies we make for ourselves, to a life of sorrow and disappointment.

She had formed an attachment for a bold, bad man, a blacksmith by trade, but he seldom worked at his business, and, as he always possessed more money than, in his circumstances, could legitimately have fallen to his lot, it was suspected that he was engaged in some unlawful pursuit.

He did, in fact, form one of a party of three young men who lived by fraud and counterfeiting, although as yet they had managed to evade the suspicions of the, at that time, very inefficient constabulary of the county. Andrew Casper, Isaac Reynolds and Peter Bailey were the names of these three confederates; the second was the lover of Anna, the third her brother.

The attachment which had fastened itself upon the heart of this poor daughter of Eve was of the purest and most devoted kind. The object of it, it is true, was unworthy of her; but there was a circumstance in its favor—it originated before he became so. Whether Reynolds ever returned her passion, or only felt that liking which men naturally feel for an object that pleases the eye, was ever doubtful to all, and upon some occasions even to Anna herself; but the respect which her gentle nature and real superiority ever inspired in the manner and bearing of the man towards her was seen and felt, and perhaps in the boundless charity of the passion, which above every other "hopeth all things," might have stood in its place.

The misgivings she now and then felt only tortured her heart, without relieving it, or failed in giving force and stability to resolutions which were made and unmade with the same celerity.

Perhaps Reynolds felt as much affection for Anna as he could feel for any body, for his character was singular and exhibited the union of two extremes—tenderness and ferocity. He was an orphan—a misfortune which could in no way be touched upon without moving his rugged nature to tears.

On this point he had a sensibility which was lightly morbid, but with regard to the villains of his secret trade, for which he appeared to have a real and natural affection, he was a block of the hardest and most unyielding stone.

His form was fine, and his look energetic and resolute, but not fierce and savage. He was a tall, athletic man of five and twenty, but appearing sometimes much older, sometimes much younger, according to the mood of the moment, and in this respect the winds themselves were more to be depended upon than he.

Whether joyous or sad, tender or savage, these contrary moods sat so naturally upon him, that they appeared but as the ingredients of one real, though singular compound.

There was a bold bearing in his carriage; he walked like a proud man, and spoke as a haughty one. He was marked among his companions and all who knew him as a superior sort of character, and he had been better educated than most of them. Many feared him, but among his acquaintances none respected him. Peter Bailey had been and continued to be his principal associate, and, whether true or false, he had the credit of leading the brother of Anna from his honest vocation as a gardener, and into many of the perils attached to his then mode of life, and the acts of cruelty which followed upon his eventual adoption of a still more wild and desperate career.

I have forgotten to say that the Baily family were Roman Catholics, and Reynolds had been born and educated to that profession of faith, though he followed the dictates of no religion.

It was the hour when Anna usually gave way to the all-absorbing subject of her heart and thoughts—it was the early evening of a winter's night. There were a great many Catholics in the town, and the church in front of the dwelling place of the Baileys was a Romish place of worship. On winter evenings the church was always open, and it was the custom

for the young females of the Catholic persuasion to attend church and chant their *Ave Marias*.

The *Ave Marias* had been chanted on the evening in question, and the hymn to the Virgin had been sung by those assembled in the choir, finishing its mournful cadence with the closing day, and the priest who presided over this little band of worshippers had pronounced the well-conned and well-known oration.

"The holy sacrament be praised and thanked! O brothers and sisters, remember to say a *Pater Noster* and an *Ave Maria* for just souls in purgatory; another *Pater Noster* and an *Ave Maria* for all who are in deadly sin. To-day in the flesh, to-morrow in the tomb! Blessed is that body whose soul is secured! Jesus Christ be praised for evermore."

The last words had found a response in Anna's breast, and as she crossed herself an aspiration passed her lips, which, if not tainted by the name of him with whom it was coupled, was as pure as ever escaped the heart of a woman. Anna returned to her home. I have said that the house occupied by the Baileys, though humble, and situated in a poor, low neighborhood, was far superior to those amongst which it was located, and the rooms were neatly furnished. In fact, Anna's bed-room, which was her favorite sitting room, was furnished with a taste that would not have been looked for by a stranger visiting the house—a proof of the refinement of the fair occupant. It bore the marks of attention to neatness, and that pleasing taste which always characterizes the affection, tenderness, and care of a true woman.

The door stood partly open, and a soft, low light was spread over the well-preserved and pretty things that adorned it; at the head of the neat, humble bed, with its smooth spread, white linen and patch-work coverlid, was suspended a crucifix, and by its side hung a rosary, and numerous showy colored prints of saints, nuns, monks, and martyrs covered the walls. Poor Anna had never known that cheerfulness and peace which a

certain set of wiseacres will have it are the never-failing attendants of pure heart and a virtuous life. From a child she had been unhappy; she had loved solitude, and her own thoughts, in preference to society and fellowship with those of her own age and circumstances. She had never been known either to dance or sing, though she could not account for this indisposition to mirth, since she delighted to see others enjoy themselves.

All the pensive feelings of her early life had strengthened with her years; and although she well knew at the present moment many good reasons for the sorrow she endured, yet she felt this night an overwhelming weight, which pressed down her energies and subdued her fortitude and her natural meekness even to tears. Her work lay neglected upon the table; the spinning wheel by her side stood idle; the little half hour she usually allowed for repose after the toils of the day had passed, but she found herself in no disposition to renew her employment. She felt an anxiety for which she could not account, and though she had no particular cause for sorrow, she felt more wretched than she had ever done before. As she sat near the little table, over which the lamp was hung, her beauty, expression, position and costume made up a picture a painter will rarely find either in reality or fancy—either in real life or in those records of the eye kept by the memory, which go under the false name of fancy. Like one awaking from a painful dream, the poor girl suddenly started and pressed her hands firmly together, and then raising one of them to her brow, threw aside with a rapid motion a portion of her long black hair, which had escaped from the bandage which confined it; then taking the lamp from the place where it hung, she stood with it in her hand for a moment, as if irresolute—as if doubtful whether she had taken it down to trim it, or with some other intention. Her bewilderment, however, quickly passed away, a softened expression came over her face, and turning with the intention of seeking the sovereign solace of the wretched—

prayer—she had made but one step towards her bed, when her attention was arrested by a blow struck on the door which led into the garden. A slight start and a look not easy to be described were the consequences; and placing the light upon the table, she proceeded to unlift the heavy fastenings. As the door opened, the man we have described stepped briskly in.

"Oh, Reynolds," said Anna, "why have you come to-night?"

"Do I come too often? If I am not welcome, I will go back again," was the reply.

"No, not that—but—you know what I mean—I fear for you," answered Anna.

"Then you do that for me, dear Anna," replied the young man, "which I shall never do for myself."

"Are you sure, Reynolds, that no one saw you mount the garden wall? You are too incautious. It is even possible that some neighbors might have been here when you knocked, and—"

Here, taking her hand and smiling in her face, the lover said—

"My darling! I had ascertained that before I knocked. My habits, Anna, my profession, requires caution—practice, you know, Anna."

"Oh, Reynolds," said the girl, covering her eyes and shrinking back, "do not—do not speak of it, pray."

"Well, well," said the man, "never mind, Anna, let us talk of something else. Where is the *good* old lady, your mother?" laying a stress on the word *good*.

"Mother is out, Reynolds, attending the sick bed of a neighbor."

"Famous; then I shall escape her welcome to-night, and get her benediction on another occasion."

"Alas! Reynolds," replied the girl, with a sigh, "I cannot expect my mother to look favorably upon you; the wild and sinful life you lead promises nothing to us but sorrow and shame."

Then, after a pause, she added—

"I ought not to admit you here and continue an intercourse of which my mother disapproves so much. I have sometimes hoped that you would change, perhaps for my sake, and become an honest—I mean be as you once were; or at least I hoped, Reynolds, that you would try and persuade my brother to return, knowing how much we need his assistance and support. Mother, now, is old, and cannot see to our affairs, as formerly. We want my brother at home. Oh, Reynolds, if you were now what you once were—"

"Bother!" exclaimed the man abruptly, "don't talk of what I once was, Anna. Whose fault is it that I am what now I am? Who is to bear the insults and oppressions of their fellow-men, because they are poor? Who that has the spirit of a man? Must we lie down and lick the dust at the bidding of such as happen to be rich? Is it not hard enough to labor from sunrise to sunset—to endure heat and cold and wet—to be badly clothed and badly fed—and out of the little gained by toil and privation, to spare a portion for those who already have too much? This itself is not enough; but every silly law these tyrants make must be respected, or their cursed prisons open and close their jaws upon you. You know I have once been in jail, Anna. What was the crime that I committed? I shot, for food, a hare, a wild animal that God had placed in the world to be free to all mankind; but these rich have themselves made a law that these wild animals and wild birds shall be theirs alone; those who already have a superabundance of this world's goods. I was placed in jail for what I did not consider to be a crime. I came from jail, resolved to be even with the world, and to commit what I do think crime, and yet avoid a jail."

"Dear Reynolds, poaching I have heard is generally the precursor of more evil habits."

"And who has made it so, but those who, without rightful authority, choose to call it a crime?"



"It was hard, Reynolds."

"Hard! Anna. Damnation! you speak of it as if you were one of them. Was I not fined money that I could not pay, and thrown into prison because I had got no money? I have had money enough since."

"Oh, think no more of what is passed, dear Reynolds, and once again be as once you were, and all will yet go well with us."

Here Anna laid her hand on that of her lover, and wiped some bright drops from her dark eyes.

"Think no more of it," he exclaimed, starting to his feet and clenching his fist; "a curse on their stony hearts and stupid laws! When I forget it, the ravens shall want food and the devil amusement."

"Oh, pray, Reynolds, you terrify me; sit down—and—"

But Reynolds, as we have said, was a man who, when once roused, was easily carried away by his resentment into a state of frenzy, and who lost all control over himself. That livid look, the sure sign of being deeply moved, spread over his face, the firmly set teeth, the suppressed breathing, and the hand employed as if seeking for some ready weapon of offence, gave unequivocal evidence of what was passing in the mind of the man as he stood foaming with maddening rage. At last the storm vented itself in one long and terrible curse, which made Anna shudder. The words, however, were less terrific than the appearance of him she really loved, who stood before her, changed, as it were, into an absolute demon. He ended with some obscure mutterings. Resuming his chair, throwing his hat upon the floor, and brushing the dark hair from his moistened brow, he said, speaking as to himself—

"It does not matter. We have given them cause to recollect us, if they have given us cause to recollect them. That gray-headed old scoundrel; he'll send no more poachers to jail, and thus transform honest men into desperadoes. *He,*" and here, panting and pausing, he continued his mutterings in an inaudible whisper.

Anna, who had witnessed these paroxysms in her lover before, and whose heart really participated strongly in his feelings, and with the townspeople generally, at the adoption of such severe measures as had been put in force by the local magistrates, suppressed her own emotions for the purpose of quieting his, yet hearing the name of one victim indicated, she could not help rousing and asking herself—

"Who, Reynolds? *He!*—who is it you mean?"

"O, no matter," he replied, in rather a mysterious manner, "you'll know soon enough, Anna."

"Holy Mother!" exclaimed the poor girl, pressing both hands firmly upon her bosom.

"Few tears will be shed, I fancy," continued Reynolds, and then drawing his chair close to that which Anna had taken at some distance from him, as if seized with a momentary disgust, he said—

"Anna, come, don't look upon the floor. There's something I want to ask you."

Anna looked up hastily, but with some expression of fear and dislike, and exclaimed—

"No, no, Reynolds; pray don't, don't ask me."

With a stare which lasted for half-a-minute, her lover looked upon her, and then assuming a laugh, he said—

"The devil! why, what has come to the girl! What is it do you think, I am going to ask?"

"I know not," said Anna, with a sigh, "but I feared—"

"Feared what?"

"Why, Reynolds, I thought you had brought me some more of that money, and—those things you want me to dispose of," and here, covering her eyes with her hand, she leant upon the table and turned her head in another direction.

"No, Anna, it was not that I wanted to ask you about, but something else. But, supposing it were, is it worth making such a to do about? There is Harriet, who sells everything for Peter, so that he gets three times as much as if they passed

through the hands of *a fence*—those thieves who venture nothing and take everything. There is Jane, too, Wilson's wife; she travels through the country and never fails to turn what she takes into money; and to pass off a good deal of base money into the bargain."

"Reynolds, I am not the wife of a forger or a robber, and I never will be."

"Umph!" exclaimed Reynolds; "who knows, Anna, what you may be? However, it is not worth so many words and such dark looks. Come, let me see you smile, Anna. I have certainly brought you something, but it is not anything I want you to sell. I believe it is worth a good deal of money; but it is such a pretty thing that I mean to make you a present of it, Anna, and to ask you to wear it for my sake," and the man begun to search his pockets for the promised gift.

Anna sat with her head reclining on her hand, but perceiving the movement, she started hastily, saying—

"For God's sake! Reynolds, leave it—leave it where it is. I do not wish to see it, and will not accept of it or wear it, be it whatever it may."

Arresting the progress of his search, and with his hand still where it was, he looked up with a savage expression and exclaimed—

"Nonsense, Anna. It is but a small thing."

"Reynolds, I cannot and will not look on such things again. The last you brought me—oh, Holy Mary!"

"Well, you sold them, and I gave the money, as you made me promise I would, to the wife of poor John Carter, who was sent over the seas for smuggling, six month ago—a curse on those who sent him—but what has that to do with it?"

"Heavens! Reynolds, I tremble when I think of that packet. The money might have saved Carter's family from starving; but to save my own life I dare never receive another such from you, and never will."

"The devil take me, Anna, if I understand you. You mean the chain and ear-rings I brought you?"

"I do, Reynolds. Don't speak of them; I can't bear to think of them—the handkerchief they came in—"

"Oh, now I see it. Pooh! There was a little blood upon it. Is that all?"

The poor girl groaned.

"Oh, now I recollect; that clumsy fool Edwards, who bungles at everything, could not unfasten them, and so he tore them out."

"My God!" ejaculated Anna.

"Oh, it was nothing, Anna, she did not feel it. She was—"

"No more, Reynolds—I pray you say no more—but let us say good night—and—farewell—forever. I beg of you never to come again; but let us part, as part we must, sooner or later."

With the natural warmth of his temperament, Reynolds started upon his feet, seized his hat, and said, in a sulky tone—

"Well, just as you like, Anna, so let it be. Open the door and let me go. Farewell."

Anna had taken his hand, but she did not drop it at the word farewell. She held it still.

"Well," continued her lover, "let us part, if you wish that it should be so."

"Reynolds," the poor girl replied, sobbing, "what can I do?"

"I ask myself the same question—what can I do? Shall I give myself up into the hands of the police? Would you like to see me sent off to bear Carter company; or—no, I have been too great a bugbear to the cursed tyrants—would you like to see my body swinging in the wind upon the common, a scarecrow to man and beast?"

"Leave this desperate life, Reynolds, I beg of you, and persuade Peter to do so, and —"

"Well, I have said I would, and I will—some day or other—when I can."

After a pause, Anna continued—

"Tell me, Reynolds, tell me—it was not you who spilt the blood upon the handkerchief?"

"No, certainly—I told you it was Edwards."

Anna breathed more freely and stood more erect; at the same moment Reynolds closed the door behind him.

"Have you anything else to ask, Anna?" he said, in a subdued tone.

"Yes," she replied. "Tell me, Reynolds, what was it that you wished to ask me when I mistook your meaning just now?"

"Oh, it's a long story, and I had better not talk to you about it. I'll tell you another time, or you will hear of it without. I have never anything pleasant to tell you. I wish some one else had been employed instead of me."

"Then you were sent here, Reynolds, and something has happened. For God's sake tell me! Has Peter done anything?"

"Why, yes, Anna, something, but I wish you would not ask me; it's nothing at all. First tell me what I wish to know, and then I will tell you all about it."

In a still anxious, although resigned and passive manner, she said, "Well, be it so."

Then drawing his chair close to that of Anna's, he said—

"I have often heard of a circumstance which occurred some years ago. The old Justice, who lives on the hill yonder. He once beat your brother Peter most unmercifully for something he had done. What was it?"

"I would rather, Reynolds, you would spare me the pain of telling it; but as you wish it, I will not refuse you. It is many years ago, Reynolds, just after my father's death, and when Peter and I were but children. I think my brother was about ten years old. I, of course, was younger. Poor Peter had just taken his first service, and was engaged by Farmer Davis to attend some sheep. It was near the stream that supplies the mills at N—— that Peter was sitting amongst some

bushes, when a hare sprang up and passed him. At that moment a gun was fired from the other side of the stream, and the hare fell. Starting up and looking from behind the bushes that screened him, he observed that the sportsman who had fired the gun was Justice Holliston. You know, Reynolds, that few hold this man in any respect, but that most fear and detest him. It was always so—"

Reynolds bit his lip and smiled.

"He had," continued Anna, "but to make a little round in order to reach the spot where the hare fell; but on arriving there it was not to be found."

"The youth had taken care of it," interrupted Reynolds. "Bravo, Peter."

"Say not so, Reynolds, but so it was. The Justice immediately charged the boy with the theft, and I am sorry to say Peter denied it to the last. The Justice said but little, and, whistling to his dog, departed."

"And what followed, Anna?" said Reynolds, who was listening with intense interest to the story.

"On the evening of the same day," she continued, "after my brother had returned home, and just as he was preparing to go to bed, some one knocked gently at the door. My mother opened it, and the Justice stood before her.

"My mother knew nothing of what Peter had done, and she invited the Justice to enter, which he did, and in a very civil and gentle way, asked for the loan of a lantern.

"'It is so dark to-night,' added he, 'that without a lantern I run the risk of breaking my neck in these rough streets.'"

"What a pity he did not break his neck," interrupted Reynolds.

"When the lantern was lighted," continued Anna, "the magistrate commenced looking about the room. He said nothing, and Peter affected to be or might have been asleep.

"The Justice continued his search until my mother asked him what he was looking for. I don't know what reply he

made, but after searching every closet and every corner, removing and lifting several things, he at last pulled open the door of the oven, and there—"

"He found the hare," said Reynolds.

"I am ashamed to say, indeed," said Anna, blushing and bursting into tears, "that it was so. Without speaking, the magistrate drew forth the hare and threw it upon the stone floor: he then stepped up to the bed on which Peter was lying, seized him by the hair, lifted him up and dashed him upon the floor!"

"The blood burst from his mouth and nose, and before my mother had time to interfere, he again lifted the poor boy up, and was again about to dash him down. This my mother prevented; but she could not stay the blows this cruel man inflicted upon him. Oh, how earnestly she begged him to spare Peter, her favorite and fatherless child! At first I was so much frightened that I knew not what I did; but hearing my mother beg, as if asking for his life, I fell on my knees and implored the monster to desist; but Peter uttered not a word nor a groan. Oh, Reynolds, it makes my heart bleed to think on the cruelty I witnessed. Never—never shall I forget it. Peter was but a child; he had done wrong, certainly, but this was too much—it was savage—it was brutal. We were defenceless, friendless, fatherless—"

Tears had interrupted and broken the last sentence which she uttered. Reynolds had not spoken, and when Anna directed her attention towards him, she saw that he sat fixed upon his chair, his head bowed down, and both hands grasping the hair he had pulled down over his forehead.

Anna was moved by what she thought the effect of sympathy for her brother, when in reality Reynolds had been deeply and sensibly affected by having the chord touched on which the tenderest affections of his nature hung, viz.: his own parentless and lorn condition. Anna was just about to show him some marks of grateful tenderness, but before they could be

accomplished, the unhappy man had started to his feet, and for a moment he gave way to strange and fearful emotions. At last, gulping down the sensations that threatened to choke him, he stretched himself to his full height, and lifting his clenched hand until it reached the ceiling, he exclaimed, in a voice that Anna could hardly recognize—

"Eternal God! that stab was worth the sun's light. Water will quench fire; but a sea of blood is not enough. Curses, eternal curses!" then raising his hand, as if in the act of stabbing, he muttered, with clenched teeth, and with a look that struck horror to the heart of Anna:

"Ha! ha! Peter, that was good—and that—and that—and that. Ah! the old devil is finished at last," and he laughed, and panting with emotion, he flung himself into a chair.

"Anna stood looking in his face with hands clasped and pressed upon her bosom.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, Reynolds," she exclaimed, "tell me what has happened. My heart misgives me, and my fears will drive me distracted. For pity's sake explain to me what you mean. I fear Peter—"

"Sit down, Anna," interrupted Reynolds. "It's all finished and can't now be undone. I saw it, and another time I'll tell you all about it. By — there's not a man, woman or child in N—— that won't rejoice. You ought, Anna, and you would if you were like other people; but you are like no one else. Many a woman would have liked to have been there, and some I know would not have stood idle; but you are so quiet, Anna, you would submit to be trampled upon. No one is like you, and I dare say, if I tell you, you would weep and grieve, and I would rather see blood than tears—yours, Anna."

Meanwhile the poor girl had changed color several times, and sat rocking herself to and fro on her seat, in a state of great agitation. At last, as if unable to endure suspense any longer, she seized Reynolds's hand, and pressing it between

both her own, begged for love and pity's sake that he would tell her all that had transpired.

"Well, well," said Reynolds, "let me breathe—give me a moment. You *must* know it, and I might as well tell you; but, by Saint Mary! if you look in that way, I shall hold my peace. There is nothing very terrible in what I am about to say."

"Oh, I am glad of it, Reynolds, pray go on—tell me," said Anna.

"I will tell you in my own way, then. He was a keen sportsman, that old scoundrel of a magistrate. How many years did you say it was since that affair of the hare?"

Anna replied, "Between fifteen and sixteen, certainly."

"And it happened, you say, somewhere near the old mill stream. Well, it was near that spot to-day that, as an old, gray-headed man, with stern features and a haughty air, fresh colored and clad in a velveteen hunting dress, and attended by his dog, was met by a young man."

Anna looked anxiously at the narrator, who proceeded without appearing to notice her.

"They encountered each other in a narrow path, and as the young man did not pay the elder the compliment of making room for him to pass, they met face to face. The young man appeared to have been running, for, in a fainting voice, he said—

"So, ho, Mr. Justice. What sport have you had to-day?"

"The reply came in rather a sulky tone. 'So, so, not very good.'

"Have you killed nothing?" said the young man, still panting. '*You have not shot a hare to-day, have you?*'

"A hare," said the sportsman, looking up with some surprise and impatience; 'it is not the season for that sort of game,' and he was about to bid him stand aside and let him pass, when looking up he met the eyes of the youth, and immediately faltered. He rested the butt of his fowling piece

on the ground, and supported himself by resting upon the muzzle. The dog, which until this moment had stood close to his master's heels, suddenly retreated several paces, and having turned, stood whining and looking back, with a strong expression of fear. For nearly a minute no word was spoken; but the old man quailed beneath the savage glance of the youth. At length, in a faltering voice, he stammered out—

"I think I have seen you before."

"Not often—I have avoided you as I would the devil. Still, we are neighbors, aye, and old acquaintances too; but I've kept aloof from you—lest—no matter. So you think you have seen me before? You have—I will help your memory. Can you recollect the day, some fifteen years ago, when you shot a hare near this spot, and afterwards could not find it? There was a boy—a mere child—near, tending sheep, who took the hare and concealed it—curse on the temptation. The boy denied having taken it, and now, wretch, do you remember the merciless chastisement you inflicted on that boy? He never forgot nor forgave it. Behold him here."

"Peter!" exclaimed Anna, clasping her hands in agony, "Oh! what has he done?"

"Nothing," said Reynolds, "that he need be ashamed of; but you interrupt me, Anna—I will proceed with my narrative—

"There is one who has never forgotten nor forgiven your brutal treatment of a poor child,' repeated Peter. 'Behold him here.'

"Dropping upon his knees, the old man begged for mercy in the most abject tones—offered money that his life might be spared, and begged again and again to be forgiven.

"Never, never!" said Peter, and then looking down, as if enjoying the condition of the old man, and with a smile, that struck terror into his heart—so cold, so chill it was—he said—

"Was it thus, on my knees, I begged pardon and mercy of

you? You are a rich man—all bow their knees and their necks to you. I have never done so. A word from you opens the prison doors—fastens the wretch within or lets him loose. Me you have never caught, and now you never will. You have lived well and happy—enjoyed life, liberty and respect; while I have become an outcast, a despised wretch, living by the sweat of my brow, afraid to visit my native place, or hiding in miserable retreats on the outskirts of the town. I could not enter the town and enjoy the society of my fellows lest I should encounter you, and be called upon to lift my hat to the worthy magistrate whom I had so much reason to respect, and who had sown the seeds which had driven me to this life of wretchedness. Wretch! see now, and feel the savage you have made me.'

"'Mercy, mercy!' exclaimed the trembling old man.

"'Cowardly dog! Was it thus the poor wounded boy, whose tender flesh was bruised and bleeding, begged for mercy? His widowed mother and his sister did, but no word escaped *his* lips. You were then, as you are even now, a strong and powerful man. Your bare hands—your gripe was then enough to crush the bones and drive the blood to the heart of a poor child; yet did *he* weep and cry for mercy? No, brute, you brought blood, but no tears. I asked no pardon, though they urged me, nor have I ever done so; but I have waited and watched, still cursing you in my heart—not alone for what you have done, but for delaying so long this sweet hour of vengeance which will settle all. But 'tis come at last,' he said, starting forward and seizing the trembling wretch by the hair, at the same moment drawing the terrible knife from his bosom. 'Tis here, old wretch. Hell and eternal fire, you have lived long enough—too long—make ready to die. There is no priest or parson here.'

"'O, God! Peter, I beg of you to spare my life,' screamed the wretched man. 'Do not—do not kill an old man.'

"'Fool! have I waited so long, do you think, to let you

escape at last? Prepare, I say, for by all the powers of hell I swear you shall die.'

Before the last word had been fully pronounced by Reynolds, Anna had fainted, and would have fallen to the floor, had she not been supported. Reynolds, who had never seen such a sight before, was probably more frightened than if the gun of a police officer had been pointed to his breast, and while holding her in his arms, began upbraiding himself with having caused her death, calling upon her to speak to him, to look upon him, to forgive him.

"Holy Mother!" he said, "I knew she would be hurt, but I did not expect this. What a fool I was! and yet had I not been the first to tell her there might have been a worse interpreter of the story? Anna, dear Anna, speak to me. What shall I do for you? I must call some one for help," and with that intention he loosened his hold and placed her leaning against the table. He then made his way to the door, and after a moment lost in attempting to unfasten it, was on the point of calling for assistance, regardless of all consequences to himself; but Anna, though not entirely conscious, had caught a glimpse of his purpose, and fearing to expose him to danger, of which he appeared reckless, with a violent effort roused herself, and staggered to her seat.

"Reynolds!" she exclaimed, "oh, for Heaven's sake no, no—I am better now—shut and fasten the door. Oh, my God!" and again she fell back to the seat she had occupied.

Reynolds took her hand, and tried in his rough way to console her. Presently a copious flood of tears relieved her, and soon after her mother's step was heard at the door.

"Now, Reynolds," she said, "go, I beseech you, and since Peter must leave us, remember we have more than ever need of a friend. Alas! where are we to look to? O, Reynolds, Reynolds," and here again her tears burst forth.

The man was evidently strongly affected; he attempted



to speak, and Anna thought she caught the word "to-morrow."

Hastily pressing her hand, but with much tenderness of manner, he turned away, with the usual "good bye," and before she could close the garden door she heard him leap into the street.

The next moment Anna's mother entered, holding her apron to her eyes, and sat down without speaking. It immediately became certain that she had heard the terrible fact of the vengeance taken by her son upon the magistrate. Anna spoke not, but placing her chair beside that of her mother, took her hand, and leaned her head upon her shoulder.

Leaving the two unhappy women to their sorrow, let me follow Reynolds, who, on leaving the cottage, found more stir in the usually quiet streets than he expected. His own situation was perilous, although the laxity of the constabulary was such that in the ordinary course of things little or no movement was made, notwithstanding the most terrible and daring acts of the band of poachers and subsequent counterfeiters which had at length progressed into a band of desperate highwaymen, were repeatedly made known and daily spoken of; but in the present case, when the murder of the principal Justice of the Peace was suspected, and his absence known and unaccounted for, it was impossible to remain inactive, and without making a show of doing something. Several persons were consequently to be seen moving from place to place, lighted by the usual torch, and at the door of the lost old man four or five persons were standing, engaged in earnest conversation.

The watch-house lay in the road Reynolds had to pass, and though it was possible for him to have avoided it, yet, with the fearless daring that characterized him, he passed so closely to the watchmen that he actually touched one, who had to make way for him.

He pulled his hat over his eyes with a careless air, but so

as to conceal his face, and then walked on with his accustomed bold and rapid step.

He was soon free of the town, and had commenced ascending a hilly road, when at the head of the first path, whence some branching paths, although now indistinct, led off in different directions, he stopped, and seated himself upon a block of rugged stone, which every here and there protruded from the turf. As if carelessly feeling about, he took up two small stones, and striking them slowly together, listened with his ear bent towards the ground, and after a moment's pause repeated the signal, throwing the stones away. He sat still, and very soon a rustling was heard among the twigs and leaves, and Anna's brother stood before him.

"Reynolds," he said, in a subdued tone, "you have seen my sister, I presume, and told her the whole affair?"

Without turning to look at the speaker, who stood a little behind him, Reynolds replied—

"By my faith I have, and very little indeed shall I benefit by being the bearer of such news. You might just as well have let the thing take its course."

"It was only to save the feelings of my mother and sister that I wished you to go and break the news, which, when it arrives, will fall heavily enough."

"Then I am afraid I managed the thing very badly; but the devil take me if I can see the matter in the light you see it. I told the tale as I felt it—as I enjoyed it—as, in fact, I do. I wish I had been in your place, and so will many a man in the town."

"Every man has not a mother and sister—such a sister as Anna," replied Peter. Then in a desponding tone he added—

"I wish—I wish—"

"O, I see," rejoined Reynolds. "You wish you had never done it. To rid the world of such an old scoundrel as that must be a heavy crime, to be sure! How many souls of better men than himself has he crushed to the earth? How many

weeping widows and orphans, and lorn, forsaken damsels, has *he* made?"

Peter stood musing and pensive.

"I wonder," continued Reynolds, "if the bunglers have found the body yet. To-morrow there will be a grand hunt. I wish you had brought away his gun, and, perhaps, he had money about him."

Peter turned away, with an expression of disgust, but said nothing.

"Humph!" exclaimed Reynolds, "I see; well, let us join our comrades. Come, let us go."

The sequel to this horrible event is no less terrible than the event itself. After three days' search the body of the old magistrate was discovered, and it was found to be covered with wounds from head to foot; but it was subsequently known that these wounds were not given by the perpetrator of the murder, but by various members of the gang to which he belonged, who either searched it out for the purpose of gratifying their impotent and brutal malice, or found it by accident, and inflicted this indignity upon it, through exasperated feelings. The terrible death of this man was followed by a number of events fully as dreadful, in which the desperate men already named were the principal actors. The gang of house-breakers and highwaymen continued to increase, and at length excited such terror and alarm that the Government was compelled to adopt some measures to put a stop to their sanguinary career—at least, to show some marks of detestation at their frightful deeds. It was known that the leader of the band had oftentimes sought a retreat from justice in the house in the suburb, described at the commencement of my story, and the place had altogether such a bad name, that according to a sentence, by no means uncommon, thirty years ago, the rookery was ordered to be destroyed. This severe sentence—for many honest though poor families resided there—was only partially carried into effect. Many houses and hovels on the outskirts

were destroyed, and as the particular crime which had been traced to Peter called for an especial act of vengeance, though neither the perpetrator nor his accomplices could be found, the once happy home and peaceful dwelling which, until the fatal hour arrived, still served as a retreat for the gentle Anna and her mother, fell under the ruthless denouncement, which stained, even the record of its existence, with blood, doomed it to destruction, and left it for many years a memorial of crime and a desolate ruin.

Two years after this decree had gone forth, which consigned the abode of the widow and her daughter to ruin, and sent them forth into the world wretched and destitute, and without a protector, a message was received at the Bow street police office, requesting the attendance of an active officer at —, for the purpose of endeavoring to trace out the perpetrators of a crime of a serious nature, which had been committed shortly after the murder of the magistrate and the destruction of the den of infamy and poverty mentioned above. I was selected. It appeared that the county bank had discovered that their notes had been forged to an unlimited extent, and had even been passed in London and exchanged for notes of the Bank of England. It was on this account, the Bank of England being an immense loser, that the investigation had been determined upon. The county bank officers would probably have rested satisfied with such feeble demonstrations as were customary in country places at that period. With the Bank of England it was a different thing. The directors were energetic then, as they are now, and they resolved to take private measures to discover the counterfeiters.

I posted off to —; there were no railroad cars in those days, and travelling by stage was considered vulgar, though it subsequently for many years before the establishment of railroads became prevalent even amongst the loftiest in the land.

My purpose was to assume the disguise of a man of wealth and fashion, hence the object of travelling in a post-chaise. I

arrived at —, and took lodgings at the principal hotel. I had money presented to me to spend judiciously, yet freely, and as I made a great show, it soon became bruited abroad that a man of fashion had arrived. I received invitations to the houses of the best families, and I accepted them freely, and was urgent with the male members to accept my hospitalities at my hotel.

Amongst the families I thus became acquainted with was one which had become suddenly wealthy; no one knew how. It was given abroad that a relative had died in India, leaving the head of the house a fortune of four lacs of rupees—about £80,000. Certainly this gentleman had never realized a fortune from his business, for he was but a small manufacturer, and as Great Britain was at this period in the midst of a most expensive war, the cotton merchants were not the wealthy men, the lords of merchandise they are at present. The agriculturists at this period were reaping their harvests, and the farmers were the aristocrats of trade.

Mr. Jobson was, however, a man of great intelligence, and, for his rank in life, of considerable acquirements. In those days the middle classes did not place so much value on education as they have done since and do now. Yet, I thought there was a strange embarrassment about him—an absent-minded thoughtfulness at times, an incoherency when the conversation took a turn upon wealth, which it often did, for Mr. Jobson had, like many other wealthy men, many favorites, who clung to him like leeches, hanging upon every word he uttered, and trumpeting forth his praises, which to me seemed very suspicious. Mr. Jobson had retired from business, and if he really had received the legacy he spoke of, I thought it strange he should be so discomposed when it was alluded to. I resolved to watch this man closely. I don't know whether it came to me by intuition, but somehow or other, from the very first time I saw him, I suspected him of being in some degree connected with the forgeries. Mr. Job-

son called upon me frequently at my hotel, and I was as frequent a visitor at his mansion, which stood at the outskirts of the city. It may seem mean and cowardly thus, in a manner, to boast of accepting the hospitality of a man with the object of bringing him to ruin; but in doing this I was but doing my duty to society, and certainly was no worse than the honorable lawyer, as he is termed, who will plead a case against an innocent party, knowing him to be innocent, and attach himself to the cause of a guilty man knowing him to be guilty, and to do his best to ruin one or save the other, in consideration of a *fee*.

Two or three times when entering Mr. Jobson's house, I met a young man, who seemed carefully to avoid me, stealing past amongst the shrubbery when he could, and at other times turning his face from me when he could not avoid passing close by me.

If he were a visitor at the house, and he was a young man of handsome form and fashionable exterior, and well might be a visitor, what was the cause of this confusion on his part, and why did not Mr. Jobson introduce him to me?

One evening I said, while sitting in conversation with Mr. Jobson in his study:

"By the bye, have you any visitors here besides your family, to whom I have been introduced?"

"Visitors—no," replied Mr. Jobson, and I noticed that he appeared strangely disconcerted. "What makes you ask that question?"

"Because," replied I, "I have met several times a young gentleman in your grounds, who seems to be a resident or a constant visitor here, and who is strangely reserved, for he always avoids me when I happen to pass near him."

"Oh, ah, yes; you are alluding to Peter—to Johnson, I mean, my late head clerk, who is now employed in winding up my affairs. Yes, he is a strangely reserved young man—very much so. He never likes to be in the company of strangers."

I said no more on the subject; but the next day I made some inquiries of my fellow boarders at the hotel, some of whom were bagmen, and were consequently well acquainted with the affairs and the persons of all the merchants and all their head clerks in the neighborhood, and indeed in the country.

Quite carelessly I asked one of these commercial travellers to join me in discussing a bottle of port, an invitation never extended to a bagman in vain. Indeed it is a portion of their duty to cultivate the acquaintance of every respectable person they meet, in the hope that it may prove of advantage to their employers, and there is no better method of getting into a man's good graces and taking advantage of his weakness than when his heart is expanded and his brain a little clouded with wine. The bagmen know this, and the gentleman in question instantly joined me at the table. I spoke of the merchants in the town, and among the rest I mentioned the name of Mr. Jobson.

"Ah, a lucky fellow is Jobson," said my newly acquired acquaintance. "He came into the possession of a pretty fortune lately by the death of some relative in India, of whose existence he appears not to have been aware, for he, I understand, even now cannot satisfactorily state what degree of relationship existed between him and the defunct. All the townspeople know Jobson's family, and none of *them* ever heard of this relative. However, that doesn't much matter; he left Jobson several lacs of rupees—a funny name that, isn't it, *lacs* of rupees! I wish somebody would leave me a *lac* of money, for I have a *lack* of it now. Excuse me, sir, I am punning on the Hindoostan word—do you take?" and the facetious bagman nudged me with his elbow.

"Did Mr. Jobson do a great business before this stroke of good fortune happened to him?" I asked.

"Lor bless you, no, sir! You see this war with Boney plays the very devil—excuse the word, sir, plays the very

deuce, I should have said, with a greater regard to propriety, in the presence of a gentleman and a stranger—with the manufacturing business, and we travelling gentlemen, sir, have the utmost difficulty in getting orders for our London employers. The farmers, sir, the farmers are the only folks who are making money now, and they are coining it—actually coining it; but their time will come—but the wine is getting low, what say you to a second bottle—a bottle apiece will do us no harm. Waiter, bring us another bottle of port—do you prefer port, sir?"

The loquacious bagman hardly gave me an opportunity to slip in a word edgeways; but at length, taking advantage of the moment when he was filling himself a glass of wine from the second bottle, I said—

"You were speaking of Mr. Jobson's business—I think you observed that it was not very remunerative before he met with this stroke of fortune?"

"Nor was it, sir, but—" and the bagman eyed me searchingly—"it might have been made a fair business as business goes in these hard times, if Mr. Jobson had attended to it; but he was continually absent, sir, absent. Some think he was all the time writing to his uncle or cousin, or whatever he is, with an eye to the fortune, which it appears he has eventually gained. He turned up trumps, sir, and no mistake; but if you are desirous of taking up the business, I think it would thrive under your management. You have a phiz, sir—excuse me, but I am not flattering you. I never flatter, but I repeat you have a phiz—just the cut for doing a sharp business. I have no doubt, sir—of course references and so forth being all right—that the very respectable gents for whom I have the honor to travel as a commercial agent, would be happy to supply you, on reasonable terms, with any goods you may require in our line. Muggs & Dubbins, sir"—handing me a card—"that is the name of the very respectable firm with whom I have the honor, and I may add the supreme

pleasure, to be connected, and I assert fearlessly that a more respectable brace of gents is not to be found in the city of London. It's a nobby house, sir."

"Of that I have no doubt," I replied, "but I have no intention of entering into the cotton business on my own account. I merely made the inquiry, because I once knew a young man who was connected as principal clerk with one of the mercantile firms in this town, and somehow or other it strikes me that the name was Jobson & Co."

"Jobson never had a Co., sir," answered the bagman.

"Perhaps I may have been mistaken," I replied. "However, it still strikes me the name of this young man's employer was Jobson. You may happen to know the name of Jobson's late managing clerk?"

"To be sure I do; know the name of every clerk and book-keeper in the county. Jobson's clerk, and he only had one, was named Wilkins."

"Peter Johnson was the name of the young man I alluded to," said I; "I find I was mistaken. Do you know the name of Peter Johnson amongst the mercantile gentlemen of your acquaintance?"

"No such name in —, sir," replied the bagman, "nor in the whole county."

"I must be quite mistaken, then, so Mr. Jobson did but a small business? It was not one that put him to a great deal of trouble in winding it up?"

"Lor bless you, no, sir. Jobson did a very small, cash business; he was considered to be of so little account that he could not obtain credit."

"His affairs were soon settled, then, when he retired?"

"Soon settled! I believe you—why his bank was his vest pocket, and his ledger was only a small memorandum book."

"He was then indeed a lucky man to meet with such a windfall."

"Yes, sir," returned the bagman, and the second bottle of

wine being by this time empty, and a mercantile looking gentleman having just entered the coffee-room, and having had sufficient proof that nothing was to be gained from me in the way of trade, the wide-awake commercial traveller rose from his seat, shook me cordially by the hand, and by a series of well-contrived and really amusing evolutions, very soon managed to get into conversation with the new comer.

"So!" thought I to myself, when I was again left alone, "so, this Mr. Jobson told me a falsehood when he said that this mysterious, reserved stranger was his head clerk, and that he was engaged in winding up his affairs; and now it strikes me he did not say his name was Peter, but the word slipped out, as it were unintentionally, and he immediately corrected himself and said the name was Johnson. Peter—Peter—let me think—Peter Bailey is one of the names that have been on the 'Hue and Cry' in the Bow-street office for the last six months, and he is suspected of being connected with a gang of counterfeiterers and forgers, and some say murderers, although none of the gang have ever been caught. Can I recollect the description of this Peter Bailey? Now I think of it, I have a copy of the 'Hue and Cry' in my trunk," and I stepped up to my room to procure it. I read the notice—*'Supposed to be the leaders of a gang of desperadoes who have established their head-quarters at —. ANDREW CASPER, ISAAC REYNOLDS, and PETER BAILEY.'*"

Then followed a description of the persons of these three men. I passed over the other two, and read the description of Peter Bailey, as follows:—

"Six feet high, erect and handsome, black, curly hair, and dark gray eyes; has the appearance of a person of better condition, although his usual attire is that of a working mechanic."

"Humph!" I exclaimed, as I laid aside the sheet. "Six feet high, erect and handsome; black, curly hair, and dark gray eyes. (I never saw his eyes, though; he has always hid-

den his face from me, but I should judge him to be handsome.) Has the appearance of a person of better condition! Why the description fits this reserved stranger to a T, and although he is said to dress usually after the fashion of a working mechanic, yet it is easy enough to alter the style of one's dress. A man's fustian or broadcloth is not his skin. I must see further into this. I have got a clue to this unknown relative of Mr. Jobson's and to the identity of this confidential clerk of his." And full of this idea I lit a candle, for the night was growing late, and ascended to my bed-room. I undressed myself and soon fell asleep, and dreamed that I had succeeded in capturing the bank note counterfeiters, and that they had turned out to be Jobson and Peter Bailey, and that I had been presented with a large fortune by the directors of the Bank of England as a mark of their satisfaction at my success, and that the city had resolved to appoint me to a high municipal office, giving me my own choice, and I was in a great dilemma whether to become Governor of Newgate prison or Lord Mayor of London.

The following morning after breakfast I set myself about devising some plan by which I could ferret out the secret which I felt assured preyed on the mind of Mr. Jobson. I resolved in the first place to get a glimpse of the features of the young man whom I had so often seen in the grounds of the mansion, and if upon inspection I was satisfied that he was the person described in the *Hue and Cry* as Peter Bailey, cautiously to have him arrested and privately conveyed to London, for it was from London that the warrant for his arrest had issued, and then to glean from him how he had become connected with Mr. Jobson.

But I was all this time building castles in Spain. The basis upon which I had built my hypothesis was a somewhat insecure foundation. It was pretty clear, to be sure, that some one in ——— had committed the extensive frauds, but I had no reason especially to suspect Mr. Jobson further than the fact that he had come suddenly into the possession of a large fortune that

nobody could account for, and as to the reserved stranger, he very likely was not Peter Bailey.

I was invited to visit Mr. Jobson that evening. I had met him in the morning in a pathway shrouded with thickly grown shrubs, that led from his grounds into the town common, and I was certain that just as I had come in sight the stranger had quitted his side and had concealed himself amongst the bushes, so I said loudly, in order that he might hear me distinctly, that unexpected business would call me to Liverpool that afternoon, and that I must forego the pleasure of his company in the evening.

Nevertheless in the evening I was there, hanging just on the skirts of the grounds. I had privately made my real character known to the magistrate at ———, and on this occasion I had engaged the services of two of the town Dogberrys. I did not know that I should need them; but I thought I might possibly do so. They had their little staves of office with them, carved sticks about eight inches long, having a gilded crown on the top, significant of their being officers of the municipality, subservient to the crown.

It was nearly dark when I met them at the appointed rendezvous, and cautiously we proceeded together to the place where I had parted from Mr. Jobson in the morning. I felt very much as if I were bound on a fool's errand, nevertheless something whispered to me that my adventure would not be without its fruits.

Sure enough, as we approached the grounds of Mr. Jobson, we saw the retired merchant and a man whose figure I at once recognized as that of the stranger, engaged in deep conversation. I bade my attendants conceal themselves, and did the same myself, and presently the stranger apparently wished Mr. Jobson good night, and came down the lane by himself.

I came forth from my place of concealment and advanced to meet him. He had no means of escaping me but by running away, and I resolved to accost him.



"Good evening, sir," said I, as I came near; "I thought of going out of town to-day, but after all I have not gone. I was thinking of calling upon Mr. Jobson, but as now he does not expect me, I will turn back. You will be company for me. We will walk to the town together, if you have no objection."

The stranger mumbled out some acquiescent reply, and I turned back with him. The moon shone full in his face, and the features were those described in the "Hue and Cry," as appertaining to Peter Bailey.

Right or wrong, I resolved to make a bold stroke, and according to a previously concerted signal I whistled as I approached the ambush where the two constables were concealed; they sprang out, and before he was aware of it, secured the young man.

"What means this outrage?" said he.

"You are my prisoner," said I.

"Your prisoner! On what charge?—there must be some mistake."

"You are suspected of being Peter Bailey, for whose apprehension a reward has been offered by the Bank of England," I replied. "You perfectly answer to the description."

"My name is Johnson," said the young man. "I protest against this outrage." But I noticed as he spoke that his voice trembled and his frame shook violently.

"I hope you may be able to prove it," said I, "but feel it my duty to arrest and convey you to London."

"Who and what are you?"

"A Bow-street officer," I replied.

The young man folded his arms, and without saying another word allowed himself to be guided to the post-chaise I had in waiting.

In the course of a few minutes I, my prisoner, and the two village Dogberrys were rolling rapidly towards the great metropolis.

In twelve hours from the period of our starting with our prisoner, we reached London. It was night. Slowly—for, though dark, the streets were thronged with carriages—we wound our way to the Bow-street police office, and the prisoner was ordered to alight from the carriage, and after a brief examination by the clerk—for at that hour no magistrate was present—he was placed in a place of temporary security, until morning, when it was our intention to take him to the guild-hall. To the questions of the clerk he had not replied, and the clerk said it was obstinacy that made him keep silent, and a dozen myrmidons of justice murmured in response to the official "clothed in a little brief authority," forgetting, he and they, that the prisoner, whose silence they united to condemn, had previously been warned that anything he might say would be used against him—warned not to criminate himself—so irreconcilable are the perversities of the legal fictions of justice.

On the morrow, Peter Johnson, as he still called himself, was carried before the Recorder, and, although he still pleaded "not guilty," he was fully committed for trial on the evidence of myself and the village constables.

Measures were taken to institute further investigations with reference to Mr. Jobson, but without letting that gentleman know anything of the suspicions that were entertained in regard to him.

It wanted some weeks to the sessions, and during that period the prisoner remained in the jail of Newgate. Meanwhile a vast amount of evidence was obtained, all tending to implicate Mr. Jobson as having been connected with the bank forgeries and the counterfeit notes that had been issued.

The prisoner remained sullen and silent, speaking to no one and hanging aloof from his fellow-prisoners. But, meanwhile, the story of the arrest had got into the newspapers, in spite of our efforts to silence the reporters, for we did not want Mr. Jobson to get a hint of the arrest of his quondam friend.

But others had read the newspapers, in which my name was

favorably mentioned as the officer who had made the arrest, and on the day after the report appeared in the *Times*, in which the name of the town where the arrest was made was mentioned, as well as a description of the prisoner, who, it was asserted, was, it was supposed, the identical Peter Bailey mentioned in the "*Hue and Cry*," though he endeavored to pass under the name of Peter Johnson, a messenger came to my room and told me that a young woman wished to see me in the office.

I went down stairs, and found a pretty, pale-faced young woman in waiting, in whom I recognized a strong resemblance to the prisoner.

She shuddered and seemed ready to faint as she saw me approach, and, in fact, would have fallen to the floor, had I not caught her in my arms and led her to a rude bench that ran along the walls.

"Who are you, young woman, and what do you want with me?" I asked.

"My name is Bailey," she replied. "I have seen a report in the police columns of the *Times*, in which it is said that one Peter Bailey has been arrested, though it does not specify on what especial charge. I have a brother of that name whom I have not seen for a long time. Yesterday I called at the prison and asked to see the prisoner, but they would not admit me. Oh, sir! if you can give me admittance, pray do. If it is indeed my unfortunate brother, let me see him, and oh! tell me on what charge is he arrested?"

"That, at present," I replied, "I cannot disclose; but the evidence against him is strong. I am sorry to say there can be no doubt of his guilt."

While I was speaking, the unfortunate girl had fainted. I procured assistance, had her carried into the inner office, and by dint of using the customary restoratives, she began to come to. But her features had assumed a haggard wildness; she cast her large blue eyes imploringly and yet fearfully upon

me, and said, as she passed her hand across her throbbing temples:—

"What did you tell me, or what horrid dream have I had? My poor brother suspected of the murder of Mr. —, the magistrate at —! Oh, God! spare him. Good, kind sir, spare him. He was driven to the commission of the crime by madness. Oh, if you only knew how he had been ill-treated, abused when a mere child, by that cruel man, you would pity and forgive him. It was wrong—very wrong—dreadful to think of—but *he* murdered my brother's soul, and well nigh killed him by his cruelty," and a shiver passed over her frame as she again passed into a state of insensibility. What had I heard! Peter Bailey the murderer of the magistrate whose death had caused so great a sensation throughout the country, but whose murderer or murderers had hitherto evaded every effort made to capture them who were not even suspected! The charge on which I had arrested the young man on suspicion fell into insignificance compared with this. I sent every person out of the room with the exception of the female attendant, who was endeavoring again to restore the young woman to consciousness, and the clerk of the office, whom I wished to retain as a witness.

The fit that had seized the poor girl was much severer than the preceding one. She rambled incoherently, calling upon the name of Reynolds, sometimes asking him to aid her, sometimes bitterly upbraiding him as her brother's tempter and destroyer.

Reynolds! the name was familiar to me. It was one of those proscribed in the "*Hue and Cry*," and I learned the night previous that a man suspected to be him had been arrested at Camberwell, and was to take his examination at the guildhall on that day. He, too, was suspected of being connected with the counterfeiters—was he, too, one of the murderers of the——magistrate?

At length the unhappy young woman grew more composed, still her cry was ceaseless—

“Oh! take me to my brother. For God’s sake procure me an interview with my poor, unhappy brother,” and I promised her she should see her brother that day, and bade her compose herself, and after a time I partially succeeded. But she would not leave the office until I promised at once to take her to the jail in which her brother, as she and as I, too, supposed, was confined, and I promised to do so.

It seemed cruel—it was cruel—thus to make a loving sister the agent of her brother’s destruction, but I felt that I was doing simply a duty, although a painful one. I ordered a carriage. She and I entered it, and I told the coachman to drive to Newgate.

The heavy iron doors of the prison swung open at my word, and I and my unhappy companion entered the portals of the gloomy pile, over which Dante’s inscription might well have been written:—

“Hope is shut out from those who enter here.”

Leaving the young woman in an antechamber, in the charge of one of the matrons, I proceeded to the Governor’s room, and demanded an interview with that functionary. To him I related my story, and I received from him an order to the turnkey to permit me to see the prisoner, Peter Johnson, alias Peter Bailey, and as the Governor placed the order in my hand, he complimented me highly on my diligence and success. I pitied the poor girl so much that the compliment seemed to be a compliment for the commission of a deed of cruelty; yet it pleased me—so selfish is the human heart. Here was I, under pretence of kindness to an unfortunate, heart-broken girl, striving to make her an accomplice in proving, with my assistance, a capital crime against a loved though guilty brother.

“He’s a surly fellow, that Johnson, or Bailey,” said the turnkey to me, as he opened the ponderous gate which led to the grating through which the prisoners were allowed to see

and converse with their friends. “Never a word can you get out of him, though he’s a devilish handsome chap, too. So the girls are after him, eh!” glancing at my companion; “well, it does not surprise me. No matter how guilty these handsome chaps be, the girls will stick to ’em to the last. Come, tit,” addressing the prisoner’s sister, “let’s see if you can’t blarney him into speaking, for he’s as silent as a mule.”

“Cease this nonsense,” said I, sternly; “this—this—young lady,” for the life of me I could not speak of my companion in less respectful terms, so strangely had she interested me, “this young lady is, as I suspect, the prisoner’s sister.”

The turnkey seemed to be abashed; he bluntly apologized to the girl, and muttered, “Well, I didn’t know as the prisoner was a gentleman. These things does make a difference, and sometimes gentlefolks, ’specially when they run wild, will get into aw’kard scrapes. Pity, too, to see a gentleman up for counterfeiting; it’s a scragging matter, but may be money will get him off. It can do a vast o’ things at times.”

We reached the grating, and Peter Johnson’s name was called. In a few minutes the prisoner made his appearance behind the bars.

The girl did not at first perceive him; her head was bent down towards her breast, and she was weeping bitterly, all the while endeavoring to control her agitation, but the prisoner saw her. I watched his features. I saw that he recognized her, but at the same time I thought from the expression of his face that it was his intention to deny any knowledge of her.

“Peter Bailey is here,” I whispered to the girl.

She raised her head, gave utterance to a piercing shriek, and exclaimed—

“It is he—it is indeed my unhappy brother,” and she sank on the chair that had been provided for her.

The young man stood motionless, his arms folded across his breast. He sought to appear unconscious why his presence at the grating had been required.

I saw that he was, indeed, desperately hardened, and I felt a spirit of indignation rising within me.

I pointed to the half unconscious girl.

"Do you not perceive, prisoner," said I, "that your sister is here? Why do you not speak to her?"

"My sister! I have no sister," he replied. "There must be some mistake."

But his voice had restored the girl to consciousness. She sprang up from the chair, and her feelings finding vent in a renewed burst of tears, she said—

"Oh, Peter, dear Peter, to see you here! Do you not know *me*, your sister? Speak, Peter, dear, speak to me, or my heart will break."

"I have no sister," answered the young man.

"O, Peter," replied the girl, "have your misfortunes driven you mad? You are my brother; speak to me, Peter, dear Peter—our mother is dead. She died shortly after our house was torn down. Peter," she added, in a whisper, loud and thrilling, "she died of starvation. Poor, poor mother!"

I noticed the young man's breast heave with emotion. He strove still to maintain his calm, composed demeanor, but nature was too powerful for him. The stubborn heart within him gave way, and he uttered, in a tone of agony:

"Our mother dead, Anna!" he said, gasping as it were for breath, and a big tear rolled down his cheek. But suddenly he seemed to recollect himself. "Anna," he asked, in an alarmed tone of voice, "how came you to know that I was here?"

"I saw the report of the arrest in the *Times*," she replied, "and I feared from the description that it was you; besides, the name was mentioned. Oh! thank God, that mother *is* dead; it would have broken her heart to have seen you here. But, dear Peter, I have told this kind man," pointing to me, "that you are not so guilty as you may appear. It was a fearful crime, but *he* knows, for I told him how cruelly the magistrate abused and maltreated you."

"Of what crime do you speak, Anna?" asked the youth, his face turning ashy pale.

"Of the murder of Mr. —, Peter," she replied, scarcely able to articulate her words.

"Anna, Anna, you have killed me," replied the young man, pressing both the palms of his hands against his brow.

A sudden light seemed to open upon the girl; she pushed her hair back from her brow, and looked wildly at her brother—

"O, Peter, Peter, it is not then on suspicion of having committed that murder, but for some other crime, you are here. O, my brother, what have I done!"

I saw that it was better the painful interview should terminate, and I led the half-unconscious, bewildered girl away. Like an automaton, she became a passive instrument in my hands, and placing her in the carriage, and, with much difficulty, ascertaining her place of residence, I carried her home. It was a poor place—a single room in a villanous neighborhood; but the room was neat and clean. Anna Bailey, I learnt from the neighbors, had supported herself—starved herself, I had said with more truth—by taking in shop needle work for the Jews of Monmouth street, since the death of the unhappy widow, her mother.

But little more remains to be told of the painful episode of my experience. It was not difficult—the cue having been obtained through the inadvertent expressions of Anna—to prove the crime of murder against her brother. He was tried, convicted, and hanged and buried within the precincts of Newgate within twenty-four hours after sentence of death had been passed upon him. The charge of forgery and counterfeiting, so far as he was concerned, was dropped; but it was proved against Isaac Reynolds, and the fortune of Mr. Jobson was found to have its origin in his having been the moneyed man and the cloak of the gang.

Reynolds and Jobson were sentenced to death, but the pe-

nalty was commuted to transportation for life to Norfolk Island; but still one more remained at large, and could not be found. It was Andrew Casper, and after some time the affair was forgotten, and it was supposed this man had evaded the piercing eyes of justice.

Poor Anna! She attended her brother in his cell the last night of his life; but when the turnkey entered in the morning to lead him forth to execution, they found her a raving maniac. Her fancy had conjured up the idea that she was her brother's murderer. She was removed to an insane asylum, where she died two years afterwards, not one glance of reason having ever illumined her mind.

## SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS.

### A TALE OF ENGLISH LIFE.

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In a small house midway of a quiet street near Tottenham Court Road, London, lived Mr. Algernon Hussey—Artist, &c.—as a brass plate on the door told. Lord of himself, and but little else, Mr. Hussey was here pursuing the profession of a painter. He had already been a few years in London, where by painful diligence, and a solitary favor which fortune had vouchsafed to him in the person of a sound friend, he had collected a small stock of money and effects to boot, which had enabled him to exchange his cheap lodgings in Whitechapel for his present house and location, with the chance of letting off any portion of it which was not immediately required for his own purposes.

But his early struggles had been really serviceable; for, on his first arrival in the metropolis, a small black trunk comprised his whole worldly wealth, chiefly the heterogeneous bounty of his two aunts, whose eccentricities, though mixed up in almost everything they said or did, had still left the good intentions uncompounded of any deleterious matter whatever.

These ladies being by no means affluent, were enabled only to supply a mere modicum for starting Algernon on his race in the world. His first attempts had been at Whitechapel, where he had painted anybody and for anything, and although

his practice might have been low, low also were his charges; sometimes so low as to be beneath the regard of those very persons for whom they had been made. In fact he had taken far more heads than crowns, and had caught likenesses where he could catch little else. Gradually, however, his prospects brightened. He entered on a new residence, was admitted an associate of the Royal Academy, and was in time to hear Sir Joshua Reynolds' last lecture on the genius of Michael Angelo.

It has already been observed that since Algernon's introduction to the metropolis he had formed an acquaintance, as valuable to one party as it was honorable to both, with a Mr. Wilmington, a young gentleman of good family and fortune, who on his first visit to London had quite accidentally become acquainted with the young artist.

Wilmington subsequently made several visits to the painter's studio, and so little time was lost in making acquaintance that within three weeks they were the best friends imaginable.

As he could not fail to be aware of Algernon's circumstances, Mr. Wilmington soon saw how advantageous at this moment would be a pecuniary loan, and this he offered, but in the most considerate and delicate manner.

Suffice it to say, he lent him fifty guineas, a loan which was accepted in the same manly spirit in which it was offered.

Wilmington was not only a man of the strictest probity, but his notions of practical rectitude in others had been perhaps too much put to school. The exigency of existing circumstances was a plea he could not for a moment admit. His judgment certainly savored of dogma. In the little kingdom of his brain he had set up a kind of Bentham, who, playing the Procrustes with human actions, would stretch all alike on a bed of rule, which, though of beautiful proportion itself, exacted rather too severe a discipline.

To disguise he had so bitter a hostility that he would scarcely allow his fellow-men the custody of their own thoughts, but expected the prison doors to be thrown open and the inmates

to walk abroad in a state of moral nudity, which might sometimes induce any but philosophers to cover their eyes.

In the service of Algernon's advancement, Wilmington had made so favorable a representation of him in the family of one Colonel Malvern, a distant relative of his own, that he was chosen to instruct his daughter Isabella in the art of painting, for which purpose he had already made several visits to St. James' Square.

The family of Colonel Malvern was a most pleasing specimen of English aristocracy. Himself of honorable descent, he had married the daughter of the Earl of Derwent, a lady who brought him a very considerable fortune, and who was so famed for beauty of person that she had acquired the distinctive appellation of the "Lily of the North."

Isabella's disposition was equal to her beauty. She was at the time of her marriage nineteen years of age, and was still a young woman. By all the members of this house Algernon was treated with a kindness which rendered him happier, perhaps, than ever he had been.

On a certain morning in the year 18—, a double knock at the door announced the arrival of the general post. The letter bore the Leek mark, and was a joint communication from Miss Martha and Miss Hannah Hussey to their nephew Algernon.

These ladies were of a truth the strangest women in the whole county of Stafford. Tall, upright, and thin, they were by no means less remarkable for a rococo style of costume, to which they had ever shown a positive preference.

Their manners were one, their thoughts in common, and their accents vibrated by the same chord, on a kind of cataphonic sound, the one attuned to the other; for Martha, the elder by half an hour, invariably leading off in every sentence, was reverberated by Hannah with the fidelity of Echo herself.

Their hats became dingy in the same month; their cloaks were bought and abandoned on the same day, while their very laces failed in corresponding stitches. They were ever in diffi-



culties by ever doing "all for the best," and nothing in their opinion was done perfectly, unless it was thrown into confusion by what they termed "an error on the right side."

With some misgivings, Algernon broke the seal and read as follows:—

"OUR DEAR ALGERNON—Delighted as we both are, that you have taken up your residence in a fashionable neighborhood, and knowing as we both do that the name and talents of a Hussey can never fail, we are quite sure we may now congratulate you on having attained the highest eminence in your profession.

"We often think of you, and so anxious are we again to see and converse with our nephew, of whom we are both so proud, that we have made up our minds to leave Leek on Thursday night by the night coach, and stay with you in London.

"As we believe you have a spare bed, we hope we shall put you to no inconvenience. We have both been longing to catch a glimpse at London, and hear your fame the great topic of the leading circles. We shall arrive at six o'clock on Saturday evening; so look out for us at the 'Old Angel,' St. Clement's Danes. With God's blessing, we are

"Your affectionate aunts,

"HANNAH HUSSEY,

"MARTHA HUSSEY."

To forbear a smile on reading the letter transcribed in the last chapter Algernon found impossible, but reflection gave him some uneasiness; for having been long forewarned of certain peculiarities in his aunts, he entertained some fears that in "doing all for the best," some mischief was in reserve. However, it was too late to throw impediments in the way of their coming, and had it been otherwise he was of too generous a disposition to attempt it.

Wilmington called.

"I am come, Mr. Hussey," said he, "to impose a fresh trouble on you. You are no stranger to the state of my heart, and I take this opportunity for telling you that my marriage with Louise—with Miss Ellesmere—is at hand."

Algernon assented by a slight bow.

"I have therefore a favor to ask of you in your professional capacity, which I know you will execute with judgment. See," continued he, drawing from his pocket a morocco case, wherein was deposited a miniature—"see, this is Louise—Miss Ellesmere—painted before I had the pleasure of knowing you. Now, look, could you not bring that raven lock a little more the least in the world—over the—the face? You see what I mean, Mr. Hussey—just to the point of my pencil."

Nothing could have been easier than to see what Mr. Wilmington did mean; but Algernon had been so struck with the loveliness of the countenance that he was in fact compelled to beg his friend's instructions a second time; besides which his sight was not a little dazzled by the setting of the miniature, which was encircled by a cordon of diamonds of no ordinary size.

With some diffidence he accepted the duty imposed, which, though really of no great difficulty, yet was a responsibility which rendered him nervous.

This commission, with two further visits to St. James' Square, occupied Algernon until Saturday, the day on which he was to wait the arrival of his two aunts at the Angel at Islington.

It will not be expected that I should bear these ladies company throughout a tedious journey of above one hundred and fifty miles; neither must I altogether leave them unnoticed.

Full an hour before the coach started they were at the office, placed within a circle made by nine ample sized boxes; for, so determined were they to be on the right side as to articles which London might not be able to supply, that they had pretty well cleared the house of every commodity contained therein.

The boxes were each legibly inscribed "glass," "keep this side up," "with speed," &c., &c.

In due course the vehicle approached the mighty metropolis, when it took up a passenger, who, from his manner and costume, appeared to be a foreigner. He talked with fluency, and was remarkable for that perfect ease so peculiarly characteristic of the man of the world.

Miss Martha was greatly charmed, and so of course was Miss Hannah. In fact, long before they reached Islington they had entirely placed themselves under the protection of their new friend, observing that, as London was so replete with fraud and imposition, it would be as well to be on the right side, and embrace the services of one so evidently a man of honor.

Safely the party arrived at the Angel, where the two aunts at one glance espied Algernon.

"Ah, Algernon—our dear Algernon!" cried Martha. "How truly delighted we both are to meet with you again!"

"Bless us! we have had a world of trouble," said Hannah. "But thanks to this gentleman, it is all over."

"Chevalier de Bossy," whispered the stranger.

"Chevalier de Bossy," said Martha, and "Chevalier de Bossy," repeated Hannah.

Algernon made his acknowledgments to the chevalier in behalf of his relations; and, on receiving an invitation to Charles street for the next day, he quitted them with an air and grace which never could have been acquired but at Paris.

On the arrival of the party in Charles street, the ladies once again confessed the fulness of their hearts in their admiration of their nephew, Algernon. But this torrent of affection was suddenly diverted by a scream from Aunt Hannah, indicating that one of the wine boxes was missing. They were counted over and over again.

"One—two—three," said Martha. "Two—three," repeated Hannah. Still no more than eight could be made of the number.

Algernon hurried back to the office; but returned with no favorable tidings.

The loss, however, was soon forgotten: inquiries were made respecting the mansions which contained the splendid efforts of their nephew's pencil, of the large sums he had received, and the great lords with whom he consorted.

"My dear aunts," said Algernon, "your affection for me leads you sadly into error. I am doing well, but not greatly. My very existence is not known to above fifty persons, and as to wealth I believe a guinea to be no other than the Phoenix."

But when, soon afterwards, he represented the friendship he really did enjoy in regard to Wilmington, and the patronage at St. James' Square, their congratulations were without bounds.

Algernon's duties occupied him so much abroad, especially those to his pupil, Isabella Malvern. Wilmington called about this time in Charles street, and as he was accustomed, stepped into one of the apartments unannounced, in which were seated the two aunts. Conversation was soon entered into—the subject, Algernon—one always interesting to Wilmington, while to Martha and Hannah it was the only one which could become a subject of conversation at all.

"Ah!" said Martha, after a while, "Algernon is not a young man to boast of these things, but *we* know, Mr. Wilmington, what must not be told, namely, that our nephew's success is prodigious!"

"Prodigious!" exclaimed Hannah, in the same key.

"I certainly was not aware," said the visitor, coldly, "that his success was so flattering."

"Algernon does not desire that these things should be talked about," responded Martha, sententiously; "but there is not a day but some great lord is with him, and the sums of money he receives are absolutely bewildering!"

"Absolutely bewildering!" echoed Miss Hannah.

Wilmington again expressed his surprise at this intelligence. He made several attempts at diverting their conversation; but this was impossible; on no other subject would they converse than that of their nephew and his successes, with which Wilmington was pursued till he took refuge in the open street.

It was late in the day when Algernon returned home, and a further hour elapsed ere he made his appearance in the usual sitting-room. His face was pale, and his whole frame agitated.

"Our dear nephew!" exclaimed aunt Martha.

"Our dear nephew!" instantly uttered aunt Hannah. "You look ill, unhappy. What is it? Your friend, Mr. Wilmington, has been here this morning, and, I protest, we rung a very peal upon your merits—enough to make your cheeks burn."

"You have destroyed me!" exclaimed Algernon.

"Destroyed you!" ejaculated aunt Martha.

"Destroyed you!" reiterated aunt Hannah, an octave higher.

"See, read," continued Algernon, throwing a letter upon the table and himself into an arm-chair, "read, read."

Aunt Martha took the letter and read:

"DEAR MR. HUSSEY:

"My love of candor may possibly lead me sometimes into extremes. You have from time to time concealed from me the true state of your professional prospects. That they are cheering, I congratulate you; but out of the abundance of your pecuniary returns you might have been induced to acknowledge your obligations to me on the 26th of last month, by an offer, at least more honorable to you than that which I now discover to have been a subterfuge. I am still willing to remain your sincere friend,

"HENRY WILMINGTON."

I will not dwell upon the scene which followed. Aunts

Martha and Hannah, to do them justice, were as much distressed as Algernon himself, but, still protesting that as they had done all for the best, all *was* for the best.

Algernon passed a restless night, and rising early he proceeded to the neighborhood of Brixton, where he had some professional engagement.

He had not been long gone when the Chevalier de Bossy paid a visit to aunts Martha and Hannah. Anxious as they were to repair the late mischief, they were rejoiced at the prompt attention of one so familiar with the great and wealthy, and desirous of turning this timely acquaintance to Algernon's advantage.

The first subject of conversation was the loss of one of the wine boxes, at which the chevalier expressed a horror so theatrical, that the ladies positively glowed with gratitude, and at once entered upon the full history of the inadvertence of yesterday.

"And though," said aunt Martha, in continuation, "Algernon receives astonishing sums from prodigious personages, yet you must be aware, Mr. Chevalier de Bossy, that there are times when the best gentleman in the land might require a small matter of a friend. But Algernon is as proud as Mr. Wilmington himself, *we* can tell him."

"And Robert has directions, this very morning, to carry an enclosure of fifty guineas to his fickle friend."

"Wilmington!" repeated the theatrical chevalier. "What! Mr. Wilmington, of—of—"

"Beech Park, Suffolk," said aunt Martha, quickly.

"I have the honor," proceeded the chevalier, "of possessing this gentleman's confidence, and I am thinking, ladies, 'tis a pity peculiarities of temper on either side should interrupt so pleasing a friendship. I will, if you will allow me, be the bearer of this letter myself. This misunderstanding I *can* reconcile, and trust me, dear ladies, I will do so."

At this the gratitude of the two ladies was again in a state

of sublimation, and the chevalier deposited the letter in his pocket, with that peculiar sensation of delight only known to them who have resolved upon a charitable action.

"And now," cried Martha, "you are, of course, aware, sir, of Mr. Wilmington's approaching union with Miss Ellesmere?"

"At one time I had reason to suspect it would have been all off," said De Bossy, with remarkable self-possession; "but, in good faith, Wilmington is to be married at last."

"As you say, really, in good faith," responded Martha, "and we fancy we can afford you a little surprise, which — But did you ever see Miss Ellesmere's picture—her miniature, I mean?"

"Never," said De Bossy.

"Then we will, indeed, surprise you. Algernon is away, and we think would not be angry. Will you step into his studio?"

"With pleasure!" said the chevalier, starting up. "I have just five minutes at your command."

Aunt Martha, with aunt Hannah close at her heels, now descended to the lower apartment, and the chevalier followed.

"Yes, here it is, chevalier—here it is. The key is in the lock of the *escritoir*. How very fortunate! Here is the miniature of Miss Ellesmere. Did you ever see anything so beautiful?"

"No—not in England," said De Bossy, as he received it gently in his hands; "positively, not in England! What bewitching eyes! What brilliant dia— Ah! charming—charming!" and he tripped to the window, more minutely to examine the treasure.

But his attention appeared to be suddenly drawn aside by some half-finished work at the other end of the room; to which, having also drawn the attention of the ladies, he again moved towards the *escritoir*, and turning the key therein, exclaimed in a kind of mock heroic—

"Fore Heaven! we must consign the fair *affiancée* to her solitary chamber. There—there; and, believe me, dear ladies, without scandal, flesh and blood would be sometimes safer under lock and key too, in this naughty, naughty town."

Aunt Martha hid her face, and aunt Hannah did the same.

The two sisters quitted the house, and soon found themselves at the west end of the town.

"Bless us!" they cried, simultaneously, "here we are in St. James' Square; and this is the residence of Lady Malvern. How vastly fortunate! Here is an opportunity for thanking her ladyship for her attention to Algernon."

They mounted the steps and gave a double rap at the door.

In due course they were ushered up the staircase and into a small drawing-room.

Lady Malvern, who was occupied on some work of embroidery, rose to receive her visitors, who at first were slightly awed, but a smile from the mistress of the mansion restored their self-possession.

"Lady Betty Malvern," commenced Martha, "we have taken the liberty, as near relatives of Algernon Hussey—our name is Hussey, my lady—of calling to express how happy and proud we feel at the favor which your ladyship, and indeed your ladyship's whole family, have shown him; and as Algernon never fails to mention this wherever he may be, we are sure your ladyship must allow that he feels it."

"Your ladyship will be gratified to hear how greatly Algernon is in request. Were it not so, we know very well many and many would be the half hours he would contrive to look in upon your ladyship; and Colonel Malvern, and your beautiful daughter Isabella, nor think anything of it—we mean in a professional light."

Lady Malvern here rose, and with a dignity which would have become the brow of Juno, said:

"I may perhaps but imperfectly express myself on an occasion which I feel to be so extraordinary. My surprise utterly

disables me from that reply best befitting this occurrence. I have at least to beg you will not consider it necessary to prolong this interview."

"Oh, indeed, Lady Malnarn, the trouble is nothing," answered Martha, not at all comprehending the personage before her; "ceremony with us must be quite out of the question. To speak the truth, we both hate it."

At this moment a sprightly girl, lovely as Hebé, entered the room; her cheek slightly glowing with surprise at the presence of visitors.

"Miss Isabella Malnarn, we presume," said Martha; "how happy; we may, *indeed*, say how happy we both are in this testimony to the truth of Algernon's assertion. She is beautiful."

"Miss Malnarn," interrupted her ladyship, "you will find me disengaged almost instantly. In the library, if you please," and away tripped the young lady.

"Well, Lady Malnarn, upon our words we both declare that your ladyship—as a mother, we mean—must naturally feel great interest in that child—and long to see her happily married; for *that* is the word, after all—*happily* married, we say. It must be your great object on this side the grave; and, although we could never approve of a young lady of rank sacrificing that rank by marrying positively below her, yet if her choice be a gentleman born—for *that* is the main question—a gentleman born—he takes, as it were, his own natural position—"

"My engagements," interrupted Lady Malnarn, as she rung the bell, "totally forbid any extension of this visit."

A footman instantly presented himself.

"Thomas," exclaimed Lady Malnarn, as she addressed the footman, in a tone of voice scarcely her own.

"Dear me; dear me!" at this moment ejaculated Martha; "I protest it rains—rains like anything; but we must be going. How monstrous unlucky, Lady Malnarn; but stop—

stop!" Uttering which, she rushed to the drawing-room window, which was partly unclosed, and stepping into the balcony, began to scream violently for a coach, as a hackney conveyance happened to be at the moment passing.

"Coach here!—here! at Lady Malnarn's," shouted they both in a breath.

Lady Malnarn had quitted the apartment in dismay; and now, descending in precisely the same state of happiness they had entered, the two aunts stepped into the vehicle, and pursued their eastward journey. They reached Charles street, and the exertions they had made during the day for their nephew's advantage produced them much satisfaction; so that they retired to rest in pleasing anticipation of the morrow.

And the morrow came, and saw Algernon more composed, and yet far from happy. He did not enter his painting-room till the day was far advanced, and was about to proceed with some work of his pencil, when Wilmington was announced.

"Mr. Hussey," said he, almost fiercely, "I present myself here on an occasion which I at once declare has given me greater pain than any occurrence of my life. The affront which has been passed on a connexion of my own, by an act which no ignorance can palliate, demands, sir, an atonement which I fear might be matter enough for the remainder of your days."

"My words, sir, have reference to the family of Col. Malnarn. Is it necessary, sir, to name that visit—application—I know not the term I should use—which took place yesterday in St. James' Square, in your behalf, and I must conclude with your sanction?"

"You will still proceed, sir, if you please," said Algernon. "As yet your address is quite unintelligible."

"The transaction to which I allude was the expression of a familiarity on your part with the family of Colonel Malnarn to which the nearest relative could scarcely, with propriety, be admitted—that you had an influence of no slight nature over

the mind of the daughter, and actually advertised yourself as her favored admirer."

"Good God!" exclaimed Algernon, "what is this? Mr. Wilmington, I implore you, tell me who—where is the enemy who would thus destroy me?"

Wilmington was for an instant undecided.

"The visit," he said, "was from your relations. The ladies now staying at your house."

"My aunts!" and Algernon almost screamed in his distress.

"Yes, Algernon—here we are," said Martha, as the door suddenly opened, and discovered the indivisible sisters. "Here we are; we knew the chevalier would make all things comfortable again."

"Women! women!" vociferated Algernon; "in mercy, tempt me no further."

"Tempt you, Algernon! What is the meaning of this," asked the now sobbing aunt Hannah, "after the pains we took to convince Lady Malvern how partial you were to the whole family? Have we not done everything for the best?"

Algernon groaned aloud.

"And can you behave with so much harshness, Mr. Wilmington, after the trouble the chevalier has had in returning you that loan of fifty guineas, as he did yesterday?"

"The Chevalier!" exclaimed Wilmington: "to whom do these ladies refer?"

"To whom? Why, to the Chevalier de Bossy himself," cried the yet sobbing lady, "who undertook to deliver Algernon's enclosure into your hands. Surely our request was an error on the right side?"

Algernon could now be scarcely called himself, but gnashing his teeth, he thrust his hands violently through his abundant locks, and stared at vacancy.

Wilmington began to feel a spark of pity; he also began to suspect that poor Algernon had been the double victim of chance and design.

"Mr. Wilmington," said he, mournfully, "it is no longer possible to contend against events which have so successfully conspired to my undoing. The fact of my having lost your regard, renders me almost indifferent to what may else befall me."

The aunts were now both sobbing aloud.

"Mr. Hussey," said Wilmington, "I sincerely hope I have been in the wrong. Let me have an opportunity of seeing you to-morrow. Come, and you shall know my opinion."

Mechanically rising, Algernon moved to the escritoir, and unlocking it, passed his hand hastily over the various articles contained therein. Suddenly, in a frenzied manner, he tossed the articles on one side, and exclaimed: "Why am I tormented thus? Merciful God, where is the miniature—the miniature of Miss Ellesmere?"

"The miniature, Algernon?" said aunt Martha.

"The miniature," repeated aunt Hannah.

"Free me from torture," cried Algernon, wildly. "Where is the thing I ask?"

Uniting in one piercing shriek, the two aunts dropped into the same armchair.

"Is it then lost, Mr. Hussey?" demanded Wilmington.

"Lost!—all is lost," exclaimed Algernon, frantically.

"For goodness' sake, frighten us not so," said Martha, "Miss Ellesmere's picture is not lost. We can tell that, and the Chevalier can tell that; for he locked it safely in the escritoir with his own hands."

"The what—the who?" screamed Algernon. "That ruffian cut-purse—for such I swear he is. Hear them—see them, sir—these women!—tell them I am driven from home—from country."

Wilmington, really apprehensive that something of a serious nature was about to happen, felt himself called upon in pure humanity to interfere. He could no longer doubt the miniature had been stolen; but the loss of it at another time would



have called forth what powers he had himself for playing the madman, was now forgotten in anxiety for his friend.

"No, Mr. Hussey," he said, "your name, your reputation shall be as spotless before the world as, I call Heaven to witness, I believe them to be." And he hurried Algernon, who seemed scarcely conscious, from the apartment.

After some time Wilmington managed to compose and soothe his friend and to bring him to his reason. All was soon right again, except that the young artist could never be brought to return to his duties in the Malvern family. On the day before Wilmington's marriage Algernon breathlessly rushed into his apartment, and forced into his friend's grasp the regretted miniature. It had accidentally caught his eye in some shop in Holborn, where it was exposed in the window for sale, whence he instantly recovered it, and so truly rejoiced were both friends, that they actually separated without any thought of the missing diamonds. The two aunts arrived safely home at Leek, without the loss of another box; but in spite of what happened, they continued to the day of their death "doing everything for the best;" and at last, as in life, they had been inseparable, they died on the same day, and were buried in the same grave.

Nothing was heard for some years of the Chevalier de Bossy; but at last he was discovered to be one of the smartest swindlers in the country. He was arrested, tried, and condemned to be hung for forgery; and in the confession he made before his death, he boasted of the lucky hit he had made with two old ladies, whom he had cheated into the idea that he was a foreign nobleman, and whom he had robbed of a box of clothing, fifty guineas, and a miniature set with diamonds, which he had sold for £700.

Things happened to come right in the end; but every reason had Algernon Hussey to exclaim in after life—"Save me from my friends."