

CLAUDINE LAVALLE;

OR,

THE FIRST CONVICT.

THE MORMONESS;

OR,

THE TRIALS OF MARY MAVERICK.

BY

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CLAUDINE LAVALLE,
OR THE
FIRST CONVICT.

CHAPTER I.

"Nought is there, under heaven's hollownesse,
That moves more deare compassion of the soule,
Than beaultie brought t'unworthy wretchednesse,
By malice's snares, or fortune's freaks unkinde."

[*Spencer's Fairy Queen.*]

It was the third hour after midnight, and the little French village of St. Charles, in the Territory of Missouri, was wrapped in deep repose. Not a sound broke in upon the stillness of the scene, but the sullen boom of the Missouri, as its swollen flood rushed onward, in its tireless journey from the Rocky Mountains, to mingle with the waters of the Mexican Gulf. The thin crescent of the waning moon, red with the smoke of the burning prairies, had just risen above the long line of bluffs that skirt the eastern horizon. Her dim and lurid light invested every object with a melancholy air.

The six hundred inhabitants that composed the entire population of this frontier hamlet, sleep as soundly as if the stirring passions that agitate the minds of men were strangers to their bosoms. And yet, in a few short hours, the sun will dawn upon a day of far more intense excitement, of more deep and thrilling interest, than any other in the annals of that region.

The statesmanship of Mr. Jefferson had peacefully added to the domain of the giant Republic of the North, all that vast territory, stretching along the right bank of the Mississippi, throughout its whole course, and west to the Pacific. The banner of Castile and Leon had been lowered, and the stars and stripes now waved over that region. The remorseless despotism of Spain had given place to the free institutions of our Republic.

Hitherto, the inhabitants of this portion of Upper Louisiana, as it was

styled, had known no administration of justice but the summary decisions of a military commandant. Their lives and their property were now to be placed, for the first time, under the safeguard of a *trial by jury*. This change, so new to them, and so important in its bearings upon their dearest interests, was regarded by the old inhabitants with deep solicitude.

Mr. Jefferson, anxious to render the newly established tribunals acceptable to the people, appointed to the office of Judge of that District, a man whom, of all others capable of performing its duties, he deemed most calculated to gain their confidence, and to remove their prejudices against the new administration of justice. Judge Lucas was a native of France, and though true to his adopted country, which he had ably represented in Congress, still, in heart and soul he was a *Frenchman*, spoke their native language, and felt, in common with a very large proportion of the people of the territory, the strongest of all bonds of union—a *similar national origin*.

The second Monday of May, 1805, now near at hand, was the day appointed for holding the first session of this newly appointed court.—The Sheriff, Clerk, and other officers were appointed, a jury had been summoned, and the Judge himself had arrived in the village. One of the largest and most commodious houses in the town had been rented and fitted up, and every thing was in readiness for opening the court on the morrow.

Aside from the new mode of administering justice which was about to be commenced, there was *another* consideration that invested the day with a still deeper, and more thrilling interest. On the second Monday of May, CLAUDINE LAVALLE, a beautiful girl of sixteen, a native of St. Charles, the orphan daughter of wealthy and respectable parents, was to be *tried for her life*. She was charged with the appalling crime of murder—of murdering her own brother.

The motive that induced her to commit this revolting crime, was almost universally believed to be, that she might inherit, solely, the large estate which, by the will of her deceased father, would have been equally divided between herself and her brother, when the latter arrived at the age of twenty-one years, of which period there wanted, at the time of his death, but a few months.

Such a crime had never before been perpetrated since the first settlement of the territory, and the story of that bloody tragedy had gone forth with a thousand additions, each more revolting than the former. There was not a log cabin on the remotest frontier, whose inmates had

not heard, in French, Spanish or English, all its revolting circumstances. The very name of the perpetrator had become odious. Breathe but the name of *Claudine Lavalle*, and children instantly ceased from their sports, and cast around them a look of fear.

The voice of public opinion was almost unanimously against her, and called loudly for the punishment of the infamous fratricide who had steeped her hands in the blood of her only brother, while he, unconscious of danger from a sister, was buried in sleep.

Some of the old inhabitants, who had seen that region pass from the dominion of Spain with no friendly eye, predicted, with many an ominous shake of the head, that the vile murderess would escape punishment, under the new government.

With the exception of her uncle and aunt, and the venerable priest of St. Charles, Father Laroche, not only, in her native village, believed her innocent. Even her uncle and aunt had many doubts, at times, and their secret opinion was undecided, though they openly, yet in faint terms, denied that she was guilty. Not so was the priest. His conviction of her entire innocence was *firm*. Nothing could shake his confidence, for a moment, and he took, at once, an energetic and decided stand in her favor. This magnanimous defense of the unfortunate girl, brought down upon the priest, much obloquy. The excitement against Claudine was such, that neither the sacred office of Father Laroche, nor his long life devoted to pious labors for their own good, could shield him from reproach. Some carried their indignation so far, that they refused to hear mass, or receive the sacraments of their church from a priest whom they regarded as the friend and protector of a murderess. His attempts to prevent the young girl from being consigned to a dungeon of the calaboose, hardly appropriate for the most abandoned ruffian, were charged against him as a heinous offense. He had offered to guard her in his own house, till the day of trial, and procure bonds to any amount, for her appearance at court. His generous offer was indignantly rejected, and Claudine consigned to prison.

As the day appointed for the trial drew near, the jail was watched with increasing vigilance. Rumors of plots for her escape were rife, and the public mind was kept in a continual excitement. The desire for vengeance grew only the more intense as the fears of her escape increased. The bare possibility of such an event seemed to excite in the public mind, sensations similar to those a beast of prey may be supposed to feel, who sees the victim upon which he is about to feast, in danger of being torn from his grasp.

Alarmed by the reports in circulation, the jailor refused admission to all but Father Laroche, who had wisely taken the precaution to obtain from an authority the jailor dared not dispute, permission to visit the prisoner whenever he wished.

The parents of Claudine Lavalles had died many years before, leaving two children, Pierre, and Claudine, who was several years younger than her brother. After the death of their parents, they resided in the family of their maternal uncle, Monsieur Ducloux.

Claudine had been consigned, by the will of her father, to the special care and guidance of the priest. She grew up an amiable and accomplished girl. The worthy clergyman found in her a pupil who was grateful for his instruction, and no efforts were spared in her education. Besides instilling into her mind such moral and religious principles as he deemed necessary to form a character that approached his ideal of female worth, he taught her many branches of education, and some of the sciences, which, at that period, were scarcely studied except by young men at college.

Pierre, on the contrary, early displayed an impatience of all restraint. He became idle, associated with boys of vicious habits, and at last, when reproved by his uncle, for the commission of a serious offense, left the village without his guardian's knowledge or consent. Four years elapsed before he returned. He was now, in his own opinion, independent of the guardianship of his uncle, though nearly two years must elapse before he could legally claim his share of his father's estate. During that interval, Mr. Ducloux had the power of withholding from his ward any portion of the inheritance that might, in his opinion, be misapplied, and by this means was enabled to restrain him from indulging his corrupt propensities to the full extent of his inclination. To obtain even a moderate allowance, beyond the actual wants of life, Pierre found it necessary to conceal under an outward appearance of reformation, the utter depravity and baseness of his heart.

A few months after the return of Pierre Lavalles, from his long absence of four years, there arrived in St. Charles a young man of genteel address, and prepossessing appearance, by the name of Robertson. He was a native of one of the Middle States, and thoroughly schooled in all the vices acquired by a long residence in a populous city, and an intimate association with well-dressed swindlers.

In a short time he became the inseparable companion of young Lavalles, over whom he gained a decided influence, in spite of the earnest remonstrances and entreaties of his sister. Robertson employed all his

arts to gain the favorable opinion of Claudine, but her pure mind shrunk, intuitively, from all conversation with him that she could well avoid, and it was not without an effort that she constrained her feelings sufficiently to treat him with the attention which the forms of society required.

The evident aversion of Claudine was well calculated to excite the malice of such a man as Robertson, and he secretly resolved that he would not hesitate at the commission of *any* crime, to humble the haughty girl, and bring her to his feet. From that moment he redoubled his attentions to Pierre, who in a few weeks was persuaded, in opposition to the advice of his uncle, and the entreaties of his sister, to accompany Robertson on a trading expedition among the Indians, and from thence to New Orleans.

On their return, after an absence of nearly a year, the air and manner of these two associates toward each other, had undergone a decided change. Hitherto, and down to the time of their departure from St. Charles on that excursion, the bearing of Robertson toward Pierre, had been extremely respectful; in fact, he had uniformly paid him the most flattering attentions. Now, Claudine saw with pain that her brother almost trembled in his presence, while Robertson played the part of a man who can trample upon another with impunity, and glories in making that power manifest to others. She was not slow in discovering what Robertson evidently intended she should learn—that there was a secret between him and her brother, that placed the latter completely at his mercy. Nor was it long before she became aware of the purpose which the unprincipled villain intended to effect by means of the fatal ascendancy he had acquired over Pierre.

Robertson one day, had the audacity to pay his "*addresses*" to Claudine, believing that the deep anxiety which she evidently felt for Pierre would influence her mind. Her repulse was firm and decided, but respectful. But when at length his proposal was renewed, and in a manner not to be *misunderstood*, she repelled him with all the indignant scorn, and the deep loathing which she had so long restrained. Irritated almost to frenzy by the scornful rejection of a girl over whom he had supposed his power, through fears for her brother, was decided, he threw off the mask of pretended affection for her, and boasted that by a few words he could bring Pierre to the gallows, and declared that the only means by which his silence could be secured, was to unite all their interests together.

Claudine heard this dastardly threat, with far deeper anguish than

she chose to betray, yet calmly, firmly replied, that if Robertson actually possessed the power over her brother that he boasted, neither duty to her brother, nor to herself, required her to sacrifice more than life itself to shield him from justice—that it would be far better for him to betray his friend and associate to an ignominious death, than for her ever to marry an unprincipled villain, knowing him to be such—a fate ten-fold worse than death itself.

The villain departed, abandoning all present hopes of success, though not relinquishing his purpose. Pierre now led a miserable life. Robertson kept him in constant fear of exposure and punishment. One day, he asked his sister to take a walk with him, to a favorite grove beyond the village, where all the rural festivals of the youth were celebrated—the favorite resort of the young in their evening promenades.—For some time past, a coolness had existed on the part of Claudine toward her brother, caused by his continued intimacy with Robertson, and their accustomed walks had ceased. Claudine declined accompanying him, but when he assured her that he wished to acquaint her with an important secret, in which his fate was involved, she consented.

With the fond hope that a sister's devoted love might extricate him from the toils of his unprincipled associate, she took his arm. As they approached the well known grove of walnut trees, her heart beat violently. She dreaded, yet earnestly desired, to hear the revelation of her unfortunate brother, which she greatly feared would disclose some dark crime, of which he had been guilty. They entered the grove, and Claudine looking anxiously around, to see that no one was near who could listen to their conversation, took a seat upon the mossy trunk of a fallen tree, and with a livid paleness of countenance and quivering lips, requested Pierre to make the disclosure he had proposed. Instead of complying with the request, he uttered a shrill whistle. Instantly a rustling was heard in the bushes, and in a moment more, Robertson stood before them. Claudine was surprised, and highly indignant, but not alarmed. She felt that under the protection of a brother, unworthy as he was, she had nothing to fear.

Robertson assumed an air of humble, respectful deference, and entreated her pardon for having thus *undesignedly* intruded himself upon her and her brother. His professions of love, and his solicitation of her hand in marriage were earnestly renewed. Pierre joined his entreaties to those of Robertson. Influenced by the previous threats of his associate, to expose him to public execration and the gallows, Pierre implored her, with all the eloquence which his abject, cowardly fears in-

spired, to yield her consent. Claudine made no reply to these entreaties but a look of withering scorn, and by turning her back upon them, to return to the village. Robertson, seeing her about to escape, sprang forward, and before she was aware of his intentions, seizing her rudely by the arm, sought to detain her. "Now, my scornful beauty," exclaimed the ruffian, with a fearful oath, "now, my scornful beauty, you shall not escape me. If you do not value your brother's life, I will try *other means* that will make you even more willing to consent to a union with me, than I am myself. Swear that you will marry me, or by heavens you shall not leave this place till—" The rest of the ruffian's threat expired upon his lips, unuttered, for a loud, crashing noise, in the bushes near at hand, startled him, and in his alarm at what he supposed, for a moment, was some one rushing to her assistance, he released her. The noise was occasioned by the hasty retreat of Pierre, whose fear of Robertson was so great that he cowardly abandoned her to her fate.

When Claudine saw that her brother had basely fled and left her in the power of a villain, the imminence of her peril, instead of paralyzing all her faculties, inspired her with almost superhuman energy and presence of mind. Recollecting that, by chance, she had about her a pair of sharp pointed scissors, which she had been using just before she and her brother set out upon their walk, she coolly, and with a firm hand, brandished them as a weapon of self-defense. Robertson was conscious that he had proceeded too far to retreat with safety. His hand had already grasped a pistol, resolved to secure his own safety, but in what manner is left only to conjecture, for at that moment of fearful peril to the unprotected girl, an Indian hunter who chanced to be searching for game in that vicinity, heard the wild screams of Claudine for help, bounded with the swiftness of a deer in the direction of the sound, and arrived at that crisis of deadly peril to Claudine.

Robertson, muttering a fierce threat against her brother, if she disclosed his villany, fled. Claudine, having seen the Indian at her uncle's, obtained his protection till she reached the village. Hardly had she seated herself in her own room, exhausted by the exciting scenes through which she had passed, when Pierre entered, and, in the most moving terms, entreated her not to expose Robertson. His own life, he said, depended upon her silence. Robertson had sworn that he should die on the gallows, if his sister exposed him.

Moved with compassion for her fallen brother, and influenced by his assurance that Robertson was about to depart for Prairie Des Sioux,

never again to return to St. Charles, and trusting that Pierre would reform when separated from his unprincipled associate, she gave the pledge of silence that he requested. She hesitated less in giving this promise not to expose Robertson, because his departure would relieve her from all danger from that source, and besides, she reflected that she could not relate the scene in the grove, without consigning her own brother to infamy, expelling him from all reputable society, and perhaps of driving him, headlong, into a career of crime. Even should Robertson return to the village, it would be easy for her to avoid him.

CHAPTER II.

"What am I now? How ends my day of life?
For end it must; and terrible this gloom,
This storm of horrors, that surrounds its close."—[Miss Baillie.

For several weeks, Miss Lavalle neither saw nor heard of her persecutor. He had left the village. Pierre, no longer under his influence, became regular in his habits. The hopes of his sister rose high, for what will not a fond sister hope for a brother? He boarded at the house of her uncle, ate at the same table with her, and the rest of the family, but lodged in a small tenement, or out-house, a short distance from the house in which the family resided, but enclosed in the same yard.

The dwelling house of Mr. Duclore, was one of those low, but commodious buildings, so common among the French of Lower Canada. It stood some few feet from the ground, was of great length, and divided in the center by a wide passage that separated one half of the house from the other. The room occupied by Claudine, was at one end of this long pile, remote from the sleeping room of her uncle and aunt. This, however, formed no objection, for the town was so quiet that few doors could boast either of a lock, or bolt. To Claudine's door, *both* had been affixed, at her request, since her interview with Robertson.

About six weeks after the memorable scene in the grove, which we have just related, Claudine, who had passed the day in company with her aunt, at the house of a sick neighbor, returned home just at dark. It was a part of her daily duties to take care of her brother's room. She now recollected that she had failed to make his bed. It was not yet dark, and she hastened to repair her neglect, before supper, which would soon be upon the table. Her uncle and brother had also been absent during the day, and dined abroad, but both had now returned.

In the direction in which Claudine approached the out-house in which

her brother slept, no one could be seen from the inside. When she reached the corner of the building, her footsteps were suddenly arrested, by the sound of voices from within. She paused, and bent her ear to a crevice in the wall. To her utter astonishment, she heard the voice of Robertson. He was in earnest conversation with her brother. They spoke in a low, suppressed tone, but with all her faculties powerfully excited, every word, every syllable they uttered was distinctly heard, and fell upon her heart like molten lead. She heard them concert a plot, of which *she* was the intended victim. At the dead hour of midnight, when all the family were buried in profound sleep, Robertson was to enter her apartment. If he failed of gaining an entrance by the means they had devised, Pierre was to knock at her door, call to her, gently, and under pretence of being seized with sudden illness, for which he wanted her aid, quietly introduce Robertson. Should any possible mischance defeat their plans, and Claudine succeed in alarming the family, Robertson was to flee instantly for Prairie Des Sioux, while Pierre remained at the door of his sister's apartment, ready to swear that no one but himself had approached. Thus, in any event, all suspicion of evil intentions, would be effectually prevented.

Claudine waited to hear no more, but glided back, cautiously, and unperceived, to the house. Pale and agitated, she entered the apartment occupied by the family, threw herself into a chair, to collect her thoughts, and reflect, coolly, upon the course most advisable for her to pursue.

Had she followed her first intention, the dictate of the moment, she would have gone instantly to her uncle, disclosed the plot against her, and demanded his protection. But a few minutes of cool consideration, induced her to abandon this course, for it would be fatal to the reputation of her brother, and deeply as Pierre had wronged her, she had not forgotten that he was her brother. Guilty as he was, she trusted he would yet reform if he could be severed from all connection with Robertson.

After long meditation, Claudine resolved not to disclose the dark plot, but adopt such measures as would effectually defeat it. She thought of asking permission to sleep that night in the apartment of her aunt, and on the morrow, obtain permission to occupy, thereafter, a room nearer to her's. But, recollecting that there was but one bed in her aunt's sleeping apartment, she abandoned that idea. On reflection, what real cause of fear was there, after all, to deter her from remaining in her own room? There was both a lock and a bolt to her door, either

of which, alone, would bid defiance to any force that could be employed, without alarming the whole family. The window was the only remaining entrance to her room, and this, too, was secure against the possibility of entrance from the outside. These reflections dispelled her fears, and calmed the agitation of her mind.

Supper was announced, and at that moment Pierre entered and took his seat at the table, with the rest of the family. Instead of being oppressed with the consciousness of the crime he meditated, he appeared unusually light-hearted, talked much, and in a tone of gaiety.

Claudine dared not turn her eyes in the direction of her brother, lest her countenance should betray a knowledge of their dark designs. It was even with extreme difficulty that she could swallow a sufficiency of food to escape observation and remark, which she was so anxious to avoid. She drank a cup of coffee, and by great exertion and presence of mind, appeared so much at ease that her extreme paleness, and want of appetite, escaped observation.

Her uncle casually inquired of Pierre, when he had last seen Robertson. Claudine felt her countenance become still paler, as she listened, with downcast eyes and a throbbing heart, for the reply of her brother. He answered, promptly, and without the slightest hesitation or embarrassment, that he had not seen Robertson since his departure for Prairie Des Sioux, six weeks ago. "He knew not," he said, "whether he still resided at that place, but believed that he had left the country altogether, and gone to reside in New-Orleans."

Claudine could hardly repress the feeling of utter loathing which this new proof of Pierre's villany and hypocrisy excited. It required all the tenderness of a sister for an only brother, to restrain her from adopting means of protecting herself from their deep-laid schemes of villany, less forbearing toward that brother, than she had designed.

Supper ended, and the family withdrawn from the table, Pierre still retained his seat, all the time talking in a light and airy style of trifling, and busied himself in a tempting to balance his tea-spoon upon the edge of his cup. At length, he rose suddenly, and under pretence of having just recollected the subject, remarked with a careless air, that he would take some of the fragments of the supper to feed his dog, gathered, upon a plate, several articles of food, and departed.

Claudine had no difficulty in understanding, by this artful manœuvre, that Robertson was still in the apartment of her brother, and intended that no one in St. Charles should know that he was in the village, or have any reason to suspect that he had left Prairie Des Sioux.

The hour when the family usually retired to their beds, arrived.— Claudine, in conformity with the uniform practice of French families, bade her aunt "Good Night," with an affectionate kiss, which was returned in the same kind manner. When, she bestowed upon her uncle, the same parting salutation, she whispered a few words in his ear that made him start back with astonishment, and exclaim, "*Mon Dieu! what can the child want with an axe, at this time of night?*" Her aunt saw by the pale and agitated countenance of her niece, that she had made the request for some purpose which she did not wish, just at that moment, to disclose, and with the tact of a woman, came instantly to her relief. Giving her husband no opportunity to distress the girl with further inquiries, she busied herself in procuring the article required, chattering all the while with the volubility of a sprightly French woman, upon other and indifferent topics. Fortunately, the axe happened to be in the house. It had been sent that day to a shop, to be ground, and the lad who brought it home, in the absence of the family, left it in the house.

Claudine received the axe from the hands of her aunt, and without uttering a word, retired, taking it with her, into her own room. Then, first examining every corner of her apartment, and looking carefully under her bed, to see that no one lurked beneath it, she locked, and bolted her door. After these precautions, as if to make assurance doubly sure, she drew her bureau against the door, and placed behind the tearlt, every remaining article of furniture that she had in the room. The window, also, was carefully secured. She then paused, and surveyed her fortifications with a smile of triumph, perfectly satisfied that no one could enter the room, without using violent means that would alarm the whole neighborhood.

Placing the axe, that deadly weapon of self-defense, near the head of her bed, without the slightest expectation that any serious attempt to enter the room would be made, and commending herself, devoutly, to the guardian care of the "Virgin Mother of God," she retired to rest, with a feeling of perfect security. Fatigued by the labors of the day, and exhausted by the exciting emotions that she had endured, Claudine sunk at once, into a calm, and profound sleep.

A noise of an unusual kind awoke her. The sun had already risen. Springing from her bed, and peeping between the folds of her window curtains, she saw, with astonishment, several of the inhabitants of the village hurrying rapidly across the yard. The view from the window was too limited to permit her to discover where they were going. With

haste she proceeded to put on her dress, but had not yet completed her toilet, when a loud noise was heard at her door, and several voices at once, called her by name, and demanded admittance. Before she had time to remove all the articles that blockaded the entrance of her apartment, the door was unceremoniously opened, and several men, accompanied by her uncle, and a magistrate, entered. A crowd followed, and hung round the door, with open-mouthed wonder and curiosity. Miss Lavalle gazed with speechless astonishment upon this unexpected throng of morning visitors. Not so the magistrate, who gave orders to his attendants to permit no one to enter the room, or leave it, till he had made a legal examination of the premises.

Looking around the room, with a searching eye, the handle of the axe, under the bed, caught his view. He drew it forth. *Great God! what a sight!* It was the very same axe that the girl had placed at her bed-side, on retiring to sleep, but the handle of it, from one end to the other, was clotted thickly with blood. Upon the blade was distinctly seen a tuft of human hair, of a dark auburn color. The gore, in coagulating, had caused it to adhere to the smooth steel.

The magistrate asked the stupefied girl, "how that instrument came there, and in that condition?" Before she had time to utter a word in reply, the voice of Mr. Mordaunt, a talented young lawyer, who had recently settled in St. Charles, rose loud and clear above the tumult, commanding her, on the peril of her life, to answer no questions, and utter not a word, till he should have an opportunity of conversing with her, a moment, in *private*. Then, turning to the magistrate, he added, "I constitute myself the counsel of that young lady, till she has time to *choose* one, to protect her rights; and I will take the liberty of informing your worship, most respectfully, that neither law, nor yet justice, gives you the right to ask her a single question, the answer of which might criminate herself." That officer replied that he had no such intention, but, on the contrary, made the inquiry about the axe, under a full impression that she might explain, in a satisfactory manner, every circumstance that apparently seemed to militate against her.

All this while Miss Lavalle stood motionless, silent, and horror-struck, anxious to gain a clue to this mysterious affair, yet unable to utter a word of inquiry. Her uncle at length came forward, and embracing her affectionately, informed the trembling girl that Pierre had been found that morning *murdered in his bed*. The deed, he said, had evidently been perpetrated about midnight, for the body, when discovered at sunrise, was already cold and rigid. His skull had been cloven with an

axe, or some other heavy instrument of nearly the same shape. Besides numerous wounds with which the body was gashed, the head was completely severed from the trunk. There was another circumstance which, after some hesitation, he related to his niece. Near Pierre's bed was found a shoe, and a shawl, both of which the uncle and aunt had inadvertently admitted that Claudine wore, when she retired to her apartment, on the night previous.

It is needless to give, in detail, an account of her examination before the magistrate. That officer deemed it his duty to commit her for trial, at the approaching session of the U. S. District Court. It was hardly possible that his decision could, in justice, have been otherwise, for the bloody axe, found in her apartment, and many other circumstances, seemed to furnish positive proof of her guilt. The appearance of her room, too, indicated, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that no one had entered it, and that entrance was impossible without using violence, which evidently had not been employed. Such was the belief of the magistrate, after a thorough examination of the premises, and such, too, was the opinion of all who looked around the apartment.

Claudine made no disclosure of the plot that induced her to barricade her door and arm herself with the fatal axe. Would it be believed, she asked herself, that Robertson had made the base attempt that he did in the grove, and yet she say not a word of all this, even to her aunt?—Ignorant of law, she knew not but such a confession, at that late hour, might not be made to bear heavily against her. But there was still another motive for silence, that weighed far more with her than any consideration of personal safety. Pierre, her only brother, who had been fondled in childhood in the lap of the same mother, was now dead, and her whole soul recoiled at the thought of covering his name with infamy, for the selfish purpose of vindicating herself.

We have already said that public opinion rose high against her, and with its thousand voices, sternly, and without a single emotion of pity, demanded her punishment.

CHAPTER III.

"Où! pourquoi n'ai-je pas de mère?
Pourquoi ne suis-je pas semblable, au jeune oiseau,
Dont le nid se balance aux branches de l'ormeau?" — *Soumet*.
"O, why have I no mother's breast,
On which my aching heart to lean,
Like the young birds, in that soft nest,
Which high in yonder elm is seen?"

On the night preceding the trial of Claudine Lavalle, the venerable

priest had prolonged his accustomed visit to the prisoner, far beyond the period usually assigned to his visits. The third hour after midnight, when the first scene of the story opens, found him yet in her dungeon. Under the seal of the sacrament of confession, she had related to him again, circumstantially, her first interview with Robertson, his subsequent course, his influence over Pierre, and the plot she had overheard at the out-house occupied by her brother.

Notwithstanding the impossibility of accounting for many circumstances that bore with crushing weight against her, Father Laroche had not the remotest doubt of her entire innocence. His suspicions rested strongly against Robertson, but after the most diligent, searching inquiry, nothing had been elicited to connect him with that tragedy. On the morning of the murder he was seen at Prairie Des Sioux, and no proof existed that he had left that place.

The venerable priest did not conceal from his ward, that her conviction at the approaching trial, was nearly certain. No judge or jury, he assured her, would resist the strong array of circumstantial evidence of her guilt, especially when her acquittal would inevitably bring down upon their own heads, a storm of popular indignation. He gave her, in detail, such information and advice as he thought would be useful to her, on her trial upon the morrow.

It was past midnight, when all that related to her defense, and to her other temporal concerns, had been fully discussed. Nothing now remained for him to do, at this last solemn interview with the prisoner preceding her trial, but to fortify her mind to bear with calm resignation the doom that might await. Deeply did he feel the peril of the afflicted girl. He had known her from the earliest days of her infancy, and since the death of her parents, had been her guardian, and felt for her the affection of a father. He now administered to her the consecrated wafer, and prayed, most fervently prayed for her, the lonely captive.

It is only when afflictions press heavily upon us, and every hope of human aid is torn from the bruised heart, that we invoke the aid of Heaven with all the deep fervor of our souls. The priest felt that no arm could shield the unhappy girl, but that of Omnipotence, and he poured forth his supplications with an earnestness that shook his whole frame. In the deep fervor of his prayer, the venerable old man bowed his head till his white locks touched the cold stone floor. As if conscious that the intercession of the saints, or even of the Blessed Virgin herself, could avail not in that dark and fearful hour, he addressed no prayer, no supplication to *them*, but appealed *directly* to Him who was crucified.—

He who had himself endured, in human form, all the afflictions of which human life is capable, could best feel the afflictions of humanity. The venerable priest implored Him, by the memory of his own arraignment at the bar of Pontius Pilate—by his own condemnation and death upon false charge, to have mercy upon this afflicted girl.

The scene was one of deep and solemn interest. There sat the youthful prisoner, upon a bundle of straw, on the stone floor, in the middle of the prison. The feeble light of the expiring lamp shone dim and fitfully, in the damp, unwholesome air of the dungeon. There she sat her manacled hands clasped in prayer, her head bent reverently toward the earth. As she moved, slightly, the clanking of her chains sent forth a low sound that vibrated upon the heart of the old priest. His whole soul was pured out in that prayer.

His supplications failed of inspiring either himself or his ward, with even a shadow of hope of her acquittal, yet in its stead, a calm and holy resignation, like a healing balm, diffused itself through her soul. She felt a child-like confidence in the wisdom and goodness of her Heavenly father, and whether life or death might be her doom, she doubted not that it would be meted out to her in love.

The priest rose from his knees, and recommending Claudine to snatch a few hours of sleep, bade her a most tender adieu, and departed, to seek for himself a brief repose, before the labors of the eventful day should commence, which would require all his energies.

Claudine sat, for many minutes after his departure, buried in deep and painful thoughts. Just as she was preparing to lie down to sleep, upon her bed of straw, her attention was aroused by a faint sound in a distant part of her dungeon. To her astonishment, a narrow door, which she had never before noticed, slowly and cautiously opened. A human figure, the outline alone of which was visible, in the dim obscurity, entered, and by signs, earnestly entreated silence. This unexpected apparition approached the spot where she still sat, and stood directly before her. It was Robertson.

"You have nothing to fear," said he, "if you are silent. I have come to *save*, not to *injure*. But you must not imagine that I will permit you to endanger my own safety, with impunity. Utter but one single cry, to alarm the jailor, and I send a bullet through your heart, and then escape by the way that I entered, without affording to any one, the least clue to my detection." As he uttered this threat, he raised his arm, and the light of the lamp gleamed on the bright barrel of a pistol.

Fear and astonishment, not unmingled with curiosity, kept her silent.

He hastened to acquaint her with the object of his secret visit. He had entered by a narrow door that had long been unused, the existence of which was probably unknown to the present jailor. He had entered by means of a false key, which he had himself manufactured for that purpose.

Robertson proceeded to address the young prisoner in the most gentle and soothing tones of compassion. He expressed the utmost regret for her unhappy condition. He had conversed with many gentlemen of influence and intelligence, all of whom were confident that she would be condemned. He had a horse ready for her to mount, a few rods from the prison. He would conduct her to his residence in Prairie Des Sioux, where she could remain concealed, till the next night, when he would embark with her in a skiff which he had already provided, and descend the Mississippi to New Orleans, or to some other place, where, under an assumed name, they could reside in safety. The moment it could be done without danger of detection, he would marry her, lawfully. Now was her only chance of escape, he said. After her trial and condemnation, and condemned she most assuredly would be, the prison would be too carefully guarded to afford him another opportunity of entering it, without detection.

Encouraged by her silence to believe that she assented to all he had uttered, he proceeded. No effort of which he was capable should be spared to render her life happy. He professed unbounded affection, and deeply deplored his base conduct in the grove. Despair of obtaining her hand in marriage, he said, had driven him into a momentary frenzy, for which he humbly besought her pardon. "Come," said he, "we have not a moment to lose in making our escape. It will be the work of but a few minutes for me to relieve you of your chains, and conduct you outside of the prison. Once mounted behind me upon the horse which I have provided, and you are safe. No one will even suspect the manner of your escape, and no pursuit will be made."

Saying this, he advanced, and bending down to where she sat on the floor, took hold of her arm to raise her to her feet. His touch produced the effect of an electric shock, and she recoiled as if a serpent had stung her.

"Begone!" said she, in a tone that expressed all the deep loathing of her soul for his dark treachery and villany, "Begone! and leave me to my fate! No doom that may await me, can be so revolting to me, as the one you propose—no, not even death on the gallows!" As she pronounced the word *gallows*, a cold shudder seemed to pass through her

whole frame, and she involuntarily paused. Quickly recovering from the emotions which that horrible image had excited, she continued: "Death, under *any* form, is far preferable to a union with you, even could that union be sanctioned by the holy rites of the church. You have inflicted upon me the grossest injustice, and attempted to commit a wrong which no true woman can forgive, even on her death bed.—But even *this* is not all. I charge you, James Robertson, with the murder of my brother—in the presence of God, the searcher of all hearts, I charge you with that murder for which I am doomed to die!"

In uttering these words, Claudine rose to her feet, and stood erect, before him. Her eye flashed, and her look was one of stern defiance, and firm resolve. Robertson turned pale. With all his boldness of villany, he quailed at the unexpected charge of murder, and the fearless manner in which it was made, by a timid girl who, he had not doubted, would eagerly seize upon *any* chance, to escape from prison. But quickly recovering his natural audacity, he replied: "You charge me with a crime of which I am incapable. Your brother was my dearest friend, and I can easily prove that on the night of the murder, I was at Prairie Des Sioux, and that for more than a month previous to that melancholy event, I had not once left that place."

Claudine made no other reply to this, but a brief relation, in a few expressive words, of the plot she had overheard between him and her brother, on the night of the murder.

At this disclosure the countenance of Robertson became livid. Not daring to remain longer in the prison, he made a last effort to operate upon her fears, and induce her to accompany him. Finding all his arguments and entreaties hopeless, he left the prison, his heart torn with the fierce passions of rage, disappointed hopes, malice and revenge.

Claudine made no attempt to alarm the jailor, or prevent his escape, for she knew that the first cry she uttered would be followed by instantaneous death to herself, without proving the means of his detection. He had the power in his hands of gaining the outside of the prison, and of subsequent escape, and yet leave behind him not a single evidence that he had entered.

* * * * *

The long-expected day of trial, big with the fate of Claudine Lavalle, at length dawned. The sun rose as clear and cloudless, over the village of St. Charles, as if every heart beneath his bright disk, glowed with joy at his return. The soft air of spring came over the wide prairies of the surrounding country, bearing upon its balmy wings the fragrance

of unnumbered wild flowers, known only to those immense plains of the West.

From the earliest hours of the morning, people could be seen at a great distance, some on foot, some on horse-back, and others in wagons, all wending their way to the village. Far as the eye could extend its vision, the broad prairie that sweeps off from the village till it meets the horizon, was here and there dotted with moving points. Now it was a horseman, there a pedestrian, a wagon, cart, or some other kind of vehicle employed on the frontier. The land-mark by which they directed their course over this "sea of verdure," was a tall mound that stood alone in this silent waste. The storms of ages had worn and rounded its summit into two graceful cones, to which the early French settlers gave the appropriate name of "*Les Mamelles*." Entire families, from the aged grandsire down to the infant upon its mother's bosom, had arrived from a distance of several days' journey. Great numbers had encamped in the neighborhood of the village, and the smoke of camp-fires rose from all the surrounding groves.

It was not alone the interest these crowds felt in hearing the trial of Claudine that had drawn them hither. Under the Spanish government they had been accustomed to see the convict brought forth for punishment before the last echo of his sentence had expired. They were not aware that under the humane laws of the United States an interval of several weeks intervenes between the sentence of death and its execution, and hence it was that not a small part of this immense throng of human beings came there with the expectation of seeing Claudine Lavalle executed.

The hour of ten o'clock in the morning arrived, and the doors of the building appropriated on this occasion to the use of the court, were thrown open. Judge Lucas took his seat, and the Sheriff, by his order, declared in due form that the court was now open for the transaction of business. The jury was called and sworn in, when the judge delivered to them an impressive charge both in French and in English. The U. S. Attorney for the District then moved that the court do now proceed with the trial of the first case on the docket, that of Claudine Lavalle, charged with the crime of murder. This motion was granted, and the sheriff ordered to bring forth the prisoner.

In a moment every spectator hurried from the court, anxious to catch a glimpse of the fiend in human shape who had murdered her own and only brother. The intelligence that she was about to be conducted into court, spread like wild-fire among the eager throngs that crowded the

streets of the village. The sheriff had taken the precaution of summoning to his aid a band of militia armed with muskets, and fixed bayonets, to keep off the crowd. It was not without difficulty that even these, armed as they were, could induce the eager multitude to leave an open space for the passage of the sheriff and his prisoner.

At length the massive key was heard turning the bolts of the lock, and the iron-barred door slowly swung open. Claudine Lavalle came forth, walking between the priest and the sheriff, holding an arm of each. She was dressed in deep mourning. On that day she had paid more than usual attention to her toilet. Her attire was plain, but neat and highly appropriate. Its extreme simplicity gave it a grace which no ornament could have afforded.

Months had gone by since the fatal day on which she was committed to prison, and it was now, for the first time during that long period, that she was permitted to breathe the pure air, and gaze upon the face of the heavens. To leave once more the gloomy vault of her dungeon, and look abroad, even for a short space of time, up on the happy living world, and gaze upon the bright landscape with which her eye had been familiar from infancy—this was enjoyment, exquisite though melancholy.

For a time, her thoughts seemed wholly occupied in the contemplation of the scenery around her, and her heart appeared alive only to the emotions which that view excited. Gratitude to that Almighty Power who had permitted her to go forth once more, from her living tomb into the free and happy world, glowed in every feature of her expressive countenance, and a tear trembled upon her long and drooping eye-lashes.

The crowds of spectators gazed upon her in silence, and involuntarily opened an avenue for her to pass through. When they beheld the youthful prisoner, pale from long confinement, her modest, guileless air, the deep mourning in which she was dressed, her eye beaming with gratitude to heaven for even this temporary release from her dungeon, every heart was touched. As she moved onward, every eye was riveted on that lovely face. Many a stern-hearted back-woodsman, accustomed to death-grapples with a savage foe—men of iron nerves, who seldom "indulge the melting mood," turned their heads aside to conceal their tears, and with quivering lips whispered unconsciously to themselves, "poor girl! poor girl!"

CHAPTER IV.

"And we will stand by thee;
My sword is thine against ten thousand strong,
If it should come to that."—*Basil.*

The appearance of Claudine Lavalle at the bar was calm, dignified,

modest and self-possessed. Father Laroche, whose devoted attention to his ward no unpopularity and no reproach could move, was permitted to sit by her side.

The bill of indictment was read, and the case opened by the prosecuting attorney who remarked that duty compelled him to lay the guilt of the prisoner fully before the jury, yet in the management of the case he should take no undue means to procure her conviction. His aim, he said, was justice, and to no one would proof of the innocence of the accused afford more gratification than to himself.

The witnesses for the prosecution were sworn and examined. It was proved that Miss Lavallo, about six weeks before her brother's death, was seen to take a walk with the deceased to the walnut grove beyond the village, from which she shortly after returned alone, and evidently much excited. Her aunt remarking this, inquired of Claudine if she and her brother had quarreled; to which Claudine made no reply, except that it was the last time she would walk with him.—From that day a coldness on the part of Claudine towards her brother had been visible, and though the aunt named the subject to her, she made no reply, and gave no explanation of the cause.

It was proved, likewise, that she had taken into her sleeping apartment, the very axe that was found there, in the morning, covered with blood. A surgeon swore that the wounds of which the deceased had died, were, beyond a doubt, inflicted with an axe, and that the tuft of hair adhering to the blade, exactly resembled that of the deceased.

It was likewise proved that Claudine locked and bolted her door that night, and that no one could have gained entrance against her will, without using violence that would have awakened the neighborhood. That no one but herself had entered, was evident from the appearance of the room when the magistrate knocked there the next morning and demanded admittance. The shoe and the shawl found by the bed-side of the deceased, were proved to belong to Claudine. Her aunt testified that she wore both when she retired to her sleeping apartment on that fatal night. On cross-examination, the aunt testified that her niece appeared agitated on the evening preceding the murder, and at supper was deadly pale, and appeared to avoid looking at her brother; while Pierre, on the contrary, seemed unusually light-hearted, talking and laughing incessantly. She also testified to her extreme agitation when she asked her uncle for the axe, and the aunt acknowledged, on being questioned, that she knew of no use that instrument could be to Claudine, nor had she any idea of the purpose to which she intended to apply it.

The last will and testament of Jacques Francois Lavallo was introduced, and, after much argument, permitted by the court to be read, to show, as the prosecuting attorney alleged, the motives which the respondent had for committing the deed. That instrument devised property to the estimated amount of seventeen thousand six hundred and ninety dollars, besides a Spanish grant of a large and valuable tract of land, which last claim was in dispute. This property was to be equally divided between his two children, Pierre and Claudine, when the former arrived at the age of twenty-one years. In the event of the death of either before arriving at lawful age, the survivor should inherit the whole estate.

On the part of the defense, no testimony was sought to be adduced, except in relation to the character of the accused.

Her uncle testified that her conduct had always been kind, amiable and affectionate—that he could not call to mind a single fault she had committed, from the days of her childhood to the time of her arrest. She had been to Pierre a fond, devoted sister, ever ready to sacrifice her own interest to his. It was about six weeks before the murder that he observed a change in her conduct toward her brother, a shrinking from his presence and a manifest desire to avoid him, but this appeared to have passed away, and her usual affectionate attentions were renewed.

Father Ambrose Laroche was now called to the stand. His testimony in substance was briefly this: I am the parish priest of St. Charles; have held that office for the last twenty years; had known the prisoner at the bar from her birth; was the intimate friend of her parents, and on the death-bed of her father, the latter appointed me sole guardian of his daughter, Claudine, then a child hardly three years of age. He had seen her almost daily ever since, and had been her only instructor.—She had ever manifested for him the tender affection of a daughter. In all the sorrows and trials of her childhood, she had never failed of coming to him for consolation and advice, nor had her conduct in this respect changed in later years. As her guardian, her friend, and still more as her confessor, he said that he knew her heart, he believed, as thoroughly as it was possible for one human being to know the heart of another, and declared that he had never known any one so truly amiable as she. With a deep sense of the responsibility that rested upon him as a minister at the altar of God, to divest himself of all undue prepossessions in her favor, yet would he declare that such was his knowledge of the sterling worth and truthfulness of her character, that he would believe her on her bare assertion, in opposition to

all the testimony that could be arrayed against her. He would have said more, but was interrupted by the prosecuting attorney, who protested against his giving mere opinion instead of facts.

The priest sat down, resuming his seat by the side of his young ward. Claudine had listened with breathless attention to the testimony of her guardian. So deep was the interest she felt, so eager was she to catch every word the venerable father uttered, that she leaned forward in her seat, unmindful of all else that was passing around her. When at length he took his seat by her side, she seized his hand, and, raising it to her lips, kissed it again and again with the fondest affection. The warm approbation of her character which the venerable man had expressed was a sweet drop in the bitter cup which she had nearly drained.

The testimony on each side was now closed, and the prosecuting attorney, in the opinion of all, had convinced the jury of her guilt. In all that crowded assemblage of human beings, there was not one, probably, except the priest, who believed her innocent. Mr. Mordaunt, the sole counsel of the accused, arose, under these discouraging circumstances, to reply. He has long since gone down into the grave. He died in the spring time of his life, before he had yet gathered the laurels that would have rendered his fame enduring. There are yet in Missouri here and there a venerable few yet lingering, who listened with thrilling interest to his masterly defense of Claudine Lavalle. These venerable patriarchs cannot yet hear that plea named without betraying deep emotions. The writer has before him a copy of the brief notes taken down from the lips of Mr. Mordaunt during its delivery, by a gentleman long since deceased. These notes, though a mere sketch of the outlines, afford sufficient proof that his effort on that occasion, though a hopeless one, was indeed masterly. Against the strong array of evidence in that case, success could not have been expected.

He dwelt long upon the deceptive nature of circumstantial evidence, and contended that no number of *probabilities*, however numerous or striking, could make one *certainty*. Where the testimony was not positive, a jury could not safely say on their oaths that the accused is guilty. A man might be found robbed and murdered in a lonely place, and another might be seized near the spot with the bloody knife in his hand, and the watch and purse of the victim in his pocket, and yet be innocent of the murder. He might have picked them up where the real perpetrator of the crime had thrown them. Whenever Divine Providence, he said, desired that a murderer should be condemned by a hu-

man tribunal, it was easy for that Almighty Power to furnish proof. If it was not furnished, it was the design of that Power to take the case up to His own tribunal. There could be no fear, he said, that a murderer would ever escape punishment, even when testimony to convict him was wanting. Blood calls for blood, and its voice will be heard. Conscience, too, pursues its victim to the ends of the earth, and even in the silent watches of the night, whispers appalling words.

Mr. Mordaunt laid much stress upon the testimony given by the uncle, aunt and guardian, to the amiableness of her deportment, and the spotless purity of her character.

He closed with a powerful appeal to the hearts of the jury. Her extreme youth, her sex, her orphanage, all were urged with touching eloquence. Every eye was moistened with tears, every heart was affected; deeply affected, but not one convinced of her innocence.

A few words were said in reply by the opposite attorney, and the case was submitted. The judge explained the law, and summed up the evidence with great skill and impartiality. As he recapitulated the evidence and its bearings, her coolness to her brother, her extreme agitation at supper on the night of the murder, the axe taken into her room without any apparent cause, its bloody appearance on the morning after, the finding of her shoe and shawl by the bed-side of the murdered man, the impossibility of any one else having entered her room—as he recapitulated these proofs, every hope of her acquittal, if any existed, must have faded. But no such hope did in fact exist, and the recapitulation by the judge, one by one, of these proofs of guilt, removed from the hearts of the multitude every emotion of compassion which the plea of Mr. Mordaunt had excited, and awakened once more an eager desire for her punishment.

The jury retired, under the charge of the sheriff. A feverish impatience was manifested by the audience, and many whispered to each other about the trial and the probable length of time the jury would be absent.

To the unfortunate girl herself, the prisoner at the bar, this was a moment of intense agony. She had thought that every ray of hope had long since been discarded from her heart, but now she felt how wide is the difference between expectation and actual certainty. Summoning once more to her aid the energy of her powerful, disciplined mind, and silently imploring from on high the support needful in that dark hour, she calmly awaited the verdict of life or death.

After an absence of less than fifteen minutes, the jury returned into

court. The roll was called, and each answered to his name. The judge asked if they were all agreed, and was answered in the affirmative. The foreman presented to the judge a written verdict. It was "GUILTY." Every eye was instantly turned upon the convict, to mark the effect of that appalling word. But the *certainly* of her doom was far more easily borne than the agony of suspense that preceded it. A smile of heavenly resignation beamed upon her features as she pressed the hand of the good old priest silently in hers. The venerable father uttered no exclamation of grief, and shed no tears. He reverently bowed his gray head, and in a low but fervent tone breathed the short but expressive prayer, "OH GOD! THY HOLY WILL BE DONE."

Judge Lucas now put on the black cap and addressed the prisoner. "Claudine Lavallo: After a fair and impartial investigation of the law and the evidence of your case, a jury of your country on their oath have declared you guilty of the murder of Pierre Lavallo, your own brother. It only remains for the court to perform the painful duty of pronouncing sentence of death upon you. Have you any thing to say why such sentence should not be pronounced?"

Here the judge made a solemn pause to await her answer. Claudine was aware that the inquiry was a mere *form*, and that no reply of hers could affect her doom. Yet to her, the answer that she would give seemed a relinquishment of her last claim upon life, a severance of the only remaining tie that connected her with the living world, and slowly and deliberately she pronounced the single word "Nothing," but in a tone and with a look that thrilled to every heart.

The judge proceeded: "It is my order, then, that you be remanded to the prison from whence you were taken, and there kept in close confinement till the sixteenth day of June next, on which day, between the hours of one and five o'clock in the afternoon, you be taken thence by the sheriff to the place of execution, and there hung by the neck till you be dead; and may God have mercy on your soul."

It was near sunset when Claudine Lavallo, now under sentence of death, slowly wended her way back to her dungeon, still accompanied by her faithful guardian and the sheriff. Her trial had been brief, for the number of witnesses to examine was small. Perhaps, too, the lawyers of Missouri, at that early period, had not yet acquired the art of extending a plain and simple trial to an almost interminable length.

The waves of the ocean are not more subject to sudden and violent changes than the passions of the "Multitude." Now that Claudine had been convicted, and her death upon the gallows in one short month made absolutely certain, a change came over the public mind.

Pity for the poor girl took place of the fierce, vindictive spirit of revenge that had so lately filled every heart, and several of the most influential talked of an application to the new Governor of the Territory, if not for a pardon, at least for a reprieve.

In a few days, this new-born passion became so strong that hundreds who had been eager for her punishment now cried loudly against the injustice, impolicy and inhumanity of taking the life of a young girl, and really persuaded themselves into the belief that they had always been opposed to her conviction.

In this state of public opinion Father Laroche privately repaired to St. Louis, and called upon Gen. Wilkinson, the newly-arrived Governor of the Territory. The General had already heard all the particulars of the case from Judge Lucas, who felt a deep interest in the fate of the unfortunate girl. With a heart warm and generous as ever beat in a human bosom, Judge Lucas was yet inflexible as the decrees of destiny in the discharge of every duty, however painful it might be to himself. In every qualification that adorns the office of judge, none superior to him has sat upon the bench of any court in Missouri. His explanation of the case had rendered him favorable to any appeal for mercy, and the priest found no difficulty in convincing the frank old soldier that neither the cause of justice nor the interests of the Territory could be benefitted by the public execution of a girl of sixteen. But even this act of humanity was violently opposed by a few citizens of St. Charles, who insisted that a murderess, under such circumstances as the crime was committed, ought to receive no mercy. The priest tried in vain to awaken in their minds more compassionate emotions toward the girl. The Governor at length became irritated at their persevering obstinacy, and sarcastically remarked that this urgent demand of the public execution of Claudine Lavallo was in *bad taste*, to say nothing of humanity. If, he said, the convict had been as ugly as some women he had seen since his arrival, they might hang her in welcome, or as many of them as they pleased; but for his part he did not believe there was such a superabundance of beauty in the Territory that they need to complain of his sparing the life of a lovely girl of sixteen.

The old priest laughed from the very depths of his heart at this joke of the bluff old soldier. He returned that night to St. Charles, with a full pardon for Claudine, signed by the Governor and bearing the broad seal of the Territory. A verbal condition was attached to this act of mercy—that she should depart from the Territory, and never return again.

within the next five years. To this stipulation Father Laroche made no objections, for it accorded fully with his plans in her behalf.

In a few days more, a report became current in St. Charles and the surrounding country, that Claudine Lavalle had been pardoned by the Governor, and shortly after left the prison in the night. But when she departed, or whither she had gone, no one knew except the priest.

CHAPTER V.

"I've known her long; of worth most excellent,
But in the day of woe, she ever rose
Upon the mind, with added majesty,
As the dark mountain more sublimely towers,
Mantled in clouds and storms."—*De Montfort.*

Years rolled on. A tide of emigration from every State in the Union, and from every Kingdom of Europe, poured into the new Territory of Missouri. The deep forests resounded with the blows of the settlers' axe. The prairies over which herds of buffalo had lately roamed were now fenced into squares, from the center of which rose the smoke of the emigrant's cabin. In the space of but a few years the population had more than doubled. At length Missouri became a State, and was admitted into the Union. St. Charles, too, felt the onward impulse of the Anglo-American race. Twenty years have gone by since the day on which Claudine Lavalle was there tried for her life. Instead of being described as a small French village, it is now denominated a flourishing commercial town, with a few inhabitants of French origin. Elegant mansions occupy the site of many a quaint cabin. Ware-houses line the principal streets, and steamboats receive and discharge their freight where the Indian moored his bark canoe. The flight of a century would not affect the changeless, waveless monotony of a European, or involve its past history in the deep oblivion that twenty years have wrought in St. Charles. Few survive who ever heard even the name of Claudine Lavalle. All remembrance of her thrilling story has faded from her native village, except among a few aged inhabitants, principally French, who yet linger among the new race, like the bare and leafless tree whose trunk the axe has spared. Many a bosom that throbbed with intense emotion while listening to her trial, has long since ceased to beat.

We will now turn to a far distant scene. Enter with us a beautiful mansion in Chartres street, New Orleans, the town residence of Col.

Raimond D'Iberville, a wealthy planter of the Coast. A lady of thirty-five years, whose form and features are still beautiful, sits alone, reclining in a pensive attitude upon a rich ottoman. The costly furniture and the elegance of the apartment afford her no pleasure. Her thoughts are far away and busied with the long past. Sadness like a dark cloud steals over her expressive countenance, and grows deeper and deeper as thought after thought comes thronging onward, and calls up the scenes of other times. A gentleman of tall, manly figure, but apparently ten years older than herself, enters. His presence has not awakened the pensive lady from her melancholy reverie. She is unconscious that any one has entered the room. The gentleman gazes upon her mournful brow for several minutes, with a look of the fondest affection mingled with pity. At length he addressed her in French: "Ah! ma chere Marie! dreaming over the past? How I hate the annual return of this day! You are always thoughtful and sad for weeks afterward. I wish the second Monday of May had been left out of the calendar! No! no! not quite *that*, either; for if there had been no second Monday of May, I should never have heard of *you*, and then Marie would not have been my little *one*. No! no! I will not be *quite* so hard on that day." While saying this he had taken a seat upon the ottoman, and ingeniously contrived to place her upon his knee. The lady, awakened from her reverie, could not avoid smiling at her husband, and said, "do you know, Raimond, what Madam Duval said of you the other day? She said she could not have believed we were married, had she not actually seen the ceremony performed, for you act, she says, just like a lover to me, and not at all like a husband." "Well," replied Col. D'Iberville, "the old gossip, with all her spite, is not far from the truth this once in her life, at least, for I am indeed a lover, and my affection for you now is even more devoted than it was when I told my mother that I would not live unless she consented to my marriage with you."

Inadvertently he had touched a chord that awakened all her sorrows afresh. "Yes," she replied, "why should not the widowed mother of an only son, the heir of wealth and an honorable name, recoil at the union of that son with a pardoned convict, one who had been sentenced to the *gallows*. "But," added she, after a momentary pause, "I am thankful that I have nothing to reproach myself with in regard to that excellent mother. When at her own solicitation the Sisters of Charity sent to her house the young novice to whom they had given the name of Marie, sent to become her nurse, I could not foresee future events. The moment you proposed marriage I revealed to you both the story of

my infamy, but instead of extinguishing your affection at once, you became still more devoted to the unfortunate girl, and wrung from your mother, and at last from me, a consent to our union. Had not your mother herself implored me to marry you, I would never have united your destiny with that of a pardoned convict."

It need not be told that Madam D'Iberville, the wealthy and polished lady whose society was courted by the highest ranks in New Orleans, was no other than the Claudine Lavallo whom we saw twenty years ago that very day conducted from the court in St. Charles under sentence of death. When the venerable priest had obtained her pardon, on the very night of his return he placed her in the care of a lady who was going with her husband to New Orleans, to embark for France. He consigned his unfortunate ward to the care of his sister in that city, who was the Superior of the well-known order of nuns, the Sisters of Charity. Claudine was received by the Superior with every mark of confidence and affection, and immediately became a novice, with the intention of taking the vows of the order, when the three years of her novitiate should have expired. All novices, when they enter a convent, receive a new name. She took that of Sister Marie de Misericordia. This name was often fondly used by her husband.

Not long after her admission, Madam D'Iberville, a widow of distinguished excellence, requested the Superior to permit the young novice, Marie, to reside for a time in her family, and watch over her declining health. The gentle girl soon won the confidence of Madam D'Iberville, and made a still deeper impression upon the heart of her son. The widow not only gave her consent to the union of her son with Claudine, but implored the girl, who had decidedly refused, to give him her hand. On her death-bed the venerable widow bestowed her blessing upon her daughter-in-law, whose worth she had more fully seen, and thanked Heaven for giving to her son so inestimable a wife.

In the afternoon of the day on which the scene we have described opened, the twentieth anniversary of the trial of Claudine Lavallo, Madam D'Iberville felt an irresistible impulse to visit the Hospital of the Sisters of Charity, among whom she had found an asylum when she arrived in that city a friendless out-cast. Her husband kindly attempted to dissuade her, knowing how melancholy would be the remembrance which this visit would recall. When he found his entreaties vain, he offered to attend her. Both resolved to signalize this visit by a large donation to that truly charitable institution.

Madam D'Iberville was kindly received by the Sisters, and especially

by the venerable Superior, her early friend, who yet survived. They conducted their two visitors through the various apartments of the establishment and the wards of the sick. As they approached the bedside of a man who had but just been brought to the hospital in a dangerous condition, the agonizing groans of the patient excited their compassion. They came to his side, and Madam D'Iberville, in a tone of soothing compassion, asked him if she could do anything to relieve his sufferings. At the sound of her voice, the dying man started wildly and exclaimed, "*Oh God! is that Claudine Lavallo?*" Gazing intently upon her for a moment, he cried, "yes, it is her. Thank God that her murder, too, is not on my soul at this fearful hour. Send instantly for a magistrate to take down my confession. Make haste, for the sands of my life are fast ebbing away. I am James Robertson, the murderer of your brother, for which crime you were condemned to die, and my confession is necessary for your vindication. Be quick, for my minutes are numbered."

Col. D'Iberville lost no time in procuring the attendance of a magistrate, who took down, in legal form, the dying confession of Robertson. The substance of his disclosure, omitting circumstances already known to the reader, is the following:

Robertson, burning with malice and revenge at the repulse he had received from the pure-minded Claudine, resolved to humble the haughty girl over whose heart even his wiles had no influence, and at the risk of his own life, bring her to his feet. He had remarked her devoted attention to Pierre, and upon that discovery based his plan of operation. His first measure was to gain such an ascendancy over Pierre as would render him submissive to his will. With this object in view, he induced the young man to accompany him in a trading expedition among the Indians, and from thence to New Orleans. They left that city in a skiff on their return homewards with about three thousand dollars each, acquired by their trade and sundry gambling speculations of Robertson.

Near the mouth of the Arkansas a young man who called his name Martin came on board and requested a passage to New Madrid, the place of his residence, offering to aid them in rowing. His request was granted. On the second day after he came on board, Martin induced Pierre to gamble with him, at first for a mere trifle, and at length for large stakes. The result is already anticipated. Young Lavallo lost every dollar of his money, and was left a penniless beggar. The emotions of Pierre were but little short of frenzy. In this state of mind Robertson seized the opportunity, while Martin was at a dis-

tance on shore, to excite still higher the feelings of rage and despair that agitated the mind of young Lavallo. He expressed the greatest sorrow for his heavy loss, and told him that Martin had defrauded him out of his money by foul play, and consequently any means that could be taken to recover it were perfectly justifiable. In short, he succeeded in exciting the feelings of Pierre, till he agreed to entice Martin, who was very intemperate, to drink that night to intoxication, and when asleep from its influence, pitch him into the river, and divide the contents of his portmanteau between them.

Night came. Pierre plied the gambler with wine until he appeared to be in the last stages of intoxication, and sunk down by the side of the boat feigning profound sleep. At a silent motion by Robertson, young Lavallo, pale and trembling, pitched the body overboard, which appeared to sink without a struggle. Pierre now brought forward Martin's portmanteau, that they might divide its contents between them; but what was his astonishment when Robertson not only refused any share of the money, but expressed the utmost surprise and horror at the deed, declaring that he had not entertained the remotest suspicion that Lavallo really contemplated committing such a crime, or he would have prevented it even by force.

It was in vain that the wretched, tortured young man protested that Robertson had aided in the affair. The latter denied it with violence, and uttered dark threats against him if he again repeated such a falsehood. Pierre saw at once that he had placed himself completely in the power of Robertson, and sought to soothe him by abject entreaty. With apparent difficulty young Lavallo obtained from him a promise that he would not reveal the story to any one living, so long as Pierre treated him as a friend. This was the utmost concession which the afflicted youth could obtain from one whom he knew in his heart was as guilty as he.

Young Lavallo, by the refusal of Robertson to share with him, would have the entire contents of Martin's portmanteau, which would contain not only the money won from himself, but that which previously belonged to the gambler. He opened the portmanteau, and was horror-struck to find that it contained only rubbish. Not a dollar was there! What he could have done with it or when disposed of it was a subject that excited their curiosity and amazement, but to Pierre it was a terrible blow. He had been enticed by Robertson to commit the deed he had done to regain the money of which he had been swindled. He had placed himself in the power of Robertson, and yet had recovered nothing.

ing. Besides this, and his dependence upon him at present for all pecuniary supplies, there was the consciousness of guilt bearing with a mountain's weight upon his soul.

All this affair had been planned between Robertson and Martin. Robertson was to assist Martin by signs to win Pierre's money, which they divided between them. In return for this service, Martin was to feign himself drunk, after privately disposing of his money, and permit himself to be thrown overboard by Pierre. He found not the slightest difficulty in gaining the shore unperceived, leaving not a doubt on the mind of young Lavallo that he had sunk to rise no more.

On the night of the murder of Pierre Lavallo, Robertson had concerted a plot with the latter by which Claudine would be placed in his power. This plot was providentially overheard by Claudine, who was thus put upon her guard. Robertson, who lurked at that hour near the house, saw her in conversation with her uncle and aunt, from whom she received an axe, which he saw her take into her sleeping apartment, and heard her lock and barricade the door. He knew from these circumstances that the plot was discovered, and doubted not that Pierre, who had hesitated long between the gallows and her betrayal, had disclosed the plot to his sister; and he resolved to take deadly revenge upon both.

Returning to the out-house occupied by Pierre, he found no difficulty in inducing him to drink immoderately, and took the precaution to drug his wine. Long before midnight his intended victim was stretched out in his bed, in a profound sleep. Nothing but the dread of appearing before God with the guilt of murder upon his soul had made him the submissive slave of Robertson's will. On his knees he had implored him again and again to spare his sister, but the monster, true to his thirst for revenge, coldly bade him choose between obedience and death on the gallows.

The room which Claudine now occupied had formerly been the sleeping apartment of Pierre, and was thus occupied by him when Robertson first arrived in St. Charles. He often slept there with young Lavallo, after having spent the night, to a late hour, in debauchery.

One day, in the absence of Pierre, he accidentally discovered that a short plank of the floor, directly under the bed, and concealed from observation, was loose. On examination, it appeared probable that in laying the floor, a plank of suitable length was wanting, and saw-mills at that early period being few and far between, the deficiency was supplied by putting down a short piece, at a place where the defect would

escape notice. From some cause or other, but probably from an intention to supply its place with a plank of the requisite length, that piece had never been nailed to the sleeper.

Robertson instantly resolved to turn this discovery to his own advantage. The house was elevated so high above the ground, that by creeping under the floor, an entrance into the room through that aperture would be easy. The uncle and sister of Pierre had already urged him to break off all intercourse with Robertson, and the latter determined that he would avail himself of the means which the short plank afforded of gaining an easy access to Pierre as often as he pleased, without the knowledge of the family. Being skillful in the manufacture of the tools of a burglar, he soon constructed a spring that held the plank firmly to its place. By pressing his thumb hard upon a knob connected with the spring, under the floor, this ingenious trap-door opened without noise. Every thing was so adroitly managed as to present no appearance of any contrivance.

On that night, when he saw that Claudine had become acquainted with the plot which he and Pierre had devised, the trap-door, which had long been forgotten, now occurred to his mind. He had never had any occasion to use this secret entrance, and its very existence had passed from his recollection. He now resolved to employ it as the means of deadly revenge upon both the brother and sister.

The solemn hour of midnight arrived. Stillness reigned over the scene. The whole household was sunk in profound sleep. Not a light was seen in the village, except at a single chamber, where a mother kept watch at the bed-side of her sick child. Slowly and cautiously Robertson crept under the floor of Claudine's apartment. He found the fatal spring. Rust and time had nearly rendered it immovable. He pressed his finger hard upon the knob, and at last the trap-door opened. Creeping through that aperture, he stood erect at the bed-side of his intended victim. The curtains of her window were indeed closely drawn, but the full moon rode high in the clear and cloudless heavens, rendering every object in the room distinctly visible. Upon a chair, neatly arranged, lay the articles of her toilet, as she had placed them on retiring for the night. Directly over the head of her bed hung a crucifix, and below it an image of the Blessed Virgin, to whose guardian care she nightly committed herself and all she loved, with the most child-like confidence and affection. He gazed long and earnestly upon Claudine, who slept, unconscious of the presence of her deadly foe. The smile of triumph and security with which she had surveyed her firmly

barricaded door still rested upon her lips. Her breathing was soft and peaceful as that of an infant pillowed upon the bosom of its mother.

Taking with him the fatal axe, Robertson descended and carefully closed the trap-door. In examining the spot to see that no marks or traces were left that might lead to his detection, he discovered that one of her shoes and an article of her dress had fallen through the opening. This suggested to him the idea of employing them as evidence against her. Taking these with him, he repaired to the out-house, and placing them near the bed, he perpetrated the foul murder of Pierre Lavalle, by cleaving his skull asunder, inflicting numerous ghastly wounds, and finally severing the head entirely from the body. He then stained the handle of the axe with the blood of his victim, replaced it under the bed of Claudine, carefully fastened the trap-door, and then hastened from the village. He arrived at Prairie Des Sioux before his absence was discovered, or even suspected.

Such was the substance of that part of his confession which bears an immediate connection with this story. Hardly had he finished his narration when he expired in great agony of body and mind, despairing of the mercy of God.

Col. D'Iberville and his wife returned home, deeply affected with the scene they had witnessed. Claudine sought the solitude of her chamber, and throwing herself upon her knees, poured forth her gratitude to that Power who had shielded her in the fearful hour of peril, and in his own good time removed from her name the dark stains that rested on it. Tears flowed copiously as the scenes of other years rose up in vivid recollection before her. But they were tears of gratitude, and descended upon her heart like the gentle dew-drops that evening sheds upon the drooping flowers. The blight upon her name that had poisoned all her happiness was now removed. She had lived in continual fear that some accident might disclose to the world that Madam D'Iberville, the honored, talented Madam D'Iberville, was no other than the Claudine Lavalle who had been condemned to death for the murder of her brother, and escaped the gallows only by the timely pardon of the Governor. The disgrace which such a discovery would bring upon their son, a high-spirited lad of eighteen, could not be contemplated without dread. The thought would often steal over her, that her own husband, fond and devoted as he had always been, had no proof of her innocence but her bare word, and that in opposition to a jury of twelve men, who on their oath declared her guilty.

Col. D'Iberville rejoiced in this happy event even more than his wife,

He needed no new proof to convince him that "Sister Marie," as he delighted in calling her, was little less than perfect.

Claudine descended to the parlor, and at her request, Col. D'Iberville took their son into a private apartment, and disclosed to him the early history of his mother. The young man was deeply affected, and, rushing into the chamber to which his mother had retired, with his face bathed in tears, exclaimed, "Oh mother, mother, how much I love you for what you have suffered," and he kissed her again and again with fond affection. Her cup of happiness now seemed full, and the long years of sorrow she had endured were amply repaid by the joys of that hour.

Her cup was destined to receive another and an exquisite drop of happiness. As she descended again to the parlor, leaning on the arm of her husband and son, a loud knocking was heard at the door. It was opened, and the Superior of the Sisters of Charity, whom she had so lately visited, entered, and with her a venerable ecclesiastic, apparently bordering upon eighty years. It was the venerated priest of St. Charles, the good Father Laroche, the friend and guardian of Claudine Lavallo. He felt that his pilgrimage on earth would soon close, and he was anxious to place in the hands of Col. D'Iberville and his lady the account of his management of her property, which had so much increased in value. He ardently desired to behold once more on earth the orphan girl whom he had so fondly cherished, and also his sister, his only surviving kindred. Father Laroche had brought with him the final decision of the courts in his favor, as residuary legatee of the estate of Claudine's father, to a tract of land, a Spanish grant, which had become immensely valuable. This property was now hers.

It need not be told with what emotions that venerable priest was regarded by all the family of Madam D'Iberville. They entreated him to spend the remainder of his life with them, where they could have the happiness of paying him some small share of the immense debt of gratitude they owed him, for his firm, unshaken confidence in the truthful integrity of Claudine Lavallo, when all things conspired to prove her guilt.

That night, as they were about to retire, this little household, moved by the same impulse, threw themselves upon their knees, while the priest offered to the Unseen Power who had shielded, the incense of gratitude. The venerable Father Laroche closed his benediction with this affecting quotation from Scripture: "Once was I young, who am now old; but never yet have I seen the wicked prosper, the righteous forsaken."

THE MORMONESS; OR, THE TRIALS OF MARY MAVERICK.

A NARRATIVE OF REAL EVENTS.

CHAPTER I.

"Delusion! ah! the weak may be deluded,
But is the learned; the enlightened, noble Varus,
The victim of delusion?—It cannot be!
I'll not believe it."—*The Martyr.*

"*Halloo! Halloo!*" uttered in the loudest tones of the human voice, instantly brought the little family of James Maverick to the door. At the gate was the well-known son of a neighbor, mounted upon a shaggy, half-broken colt, which he was fond of riding because it was his own. The animal seemed resolved, by his rearing and pitching, of which the boy was not a little proud, to give his rider no opportunity of performing his errand. But, at length, with many interruptions, intermingled with the frequent cry of "who-a! who-a, Tecumseh," the message was delivered, and the youth and his steed were on their way to the next neighbor's, to deliver there the same tidings.

That young man was the son of Deacon Hezekiah Cobb, a worthy old farmer of that settlement, whose house was known far and near to the religious community by the expressive name of "*Pilgrim's Tavern.*" Not only preachers of the gospel, but professors of religion of every stripe, found a welcome under his hospitable roof. The very sight of his well-filled barn often made the veriest "*backslider*" devout. Many and many a church member, seldom suspected, at home, of being righteous overmuch, has driven his weary horses ten miles beyond a tavern to put up for the night with the good deacon, rather than stay with "the people of the world."

He had sent his son to acquaint the inhabitants of the settlement, far and near, that a Mormon had arrived at his house, and would preach in the school-house that night, at early candle light.

This intelligence excited the most intense interest all over the populous settlement of Sixteen Mile Prairie, for the Mormons were then comparatively few in number, and nothing known of them in that region, except from report. Rumor, indeed, with her hundred tongues, had informed the public that Joe Smith, the founder of the sect, was regarded by his infatuated followers as a prophet—that he pretended to have dug up a set of Golden Plates inscribed with Hebrew characters, which, by miraculous agency, he had translated—that these writings were received by them as a Revelation, and were printed as such, under the name of the "*Book of Mormon*." It was likewise known that these self-styled "*Latter-Day Saints*" claimed the power of healing the sick, and of working various other miracles. A thousand reports were in circulation, that exhibited both their doctrines and practices in a very unfavorable light, and these rumors, however absurd or contradictory, gained implicit belief. It was a subject of wonder that any human being of sane mind could be deluded into a belief in Mormonism.

The secret enemies of the Christian religion, whom a regard for their own reputation restrained from uttering their sentiments openly against divine revelation, were loud against the Mormons. In assailing their claims to working miracles and other professions, they leveled many a blow, safely, that bore equally hard upon the miracles of the Scriptures. Among the truly pious, Mormonism was regarded with sorrow, not unmingled with indignation against its leaders.

Such was the state of public opinion at that period upon the subject of the new sect, generally. In Sixteen Mile Prairie there could not probably have been found one, in the whole length and breadth of the settlement, who would not have resented, as a gross insult, the bare suggestion that he might one day become a friend to the Mormons.

Even at this early period in their history, the Latter-Day Saints were met at every point with the most deadly hostility. Hundreds who had lived godless lives suddenly felt so much zeal for pure and undefiled religion, that they could not endure the false doctrines of the Mormons, and would gladly have exterminated the whole sect.

Among all the enemies of this deluded sect, there could hardly have been found one more determined, more unrelenting in his opposition, than James Maverick. He was an intelligent, well-informed man, and had read, with eager interest, every thing upon the subject with which the newspapers of the day teemed. With the history of the sect he was familiar, and had pondered upon every incident of it, from the discovery of the Golden Plates down to the last feature which this ever-varying delusion had assumed.

No phrenologist accustomed to the study of human character would have doubted, for a moment, that the feelings of young Maverick would be deeply excited upon every subject that enlisted his attention. His high, broad forehead and prominently developed mental organs displayed, in no ordinary degree, firmness of mind, reverence and conscientiousness, traits of character so conspicuous in the early martyrs. His large blue eyes, fringed with long and drooping eye-lashes, gave to his countenance, especially when he was buried in silent thought, a faint shade of melancholy.

And yet, these manly and even stern traits of character were not unmingled with milder developments. The veriest stranger would have read in his frank, open countenance, kindness of heart and disinterested benevolence.

Almost from childhood, like his wife, he had been a church member, and his deportment through all that period attested the sincerity of his profession. Even the most unblushing scoffer paid an involuntary tribute to James Maverick. Judge Maverick, his father, who belonged to the same denomination, had held many important offices in one of the Eastern States, where, by industry and economy, he had acquired a competency. A few years previous to the opening of this story, Judge Maverick had removed to Greene county, Illinois, and purchased a large tract of land in Sixteen Mile Prairie. He gave to James, his eldest, and only married son, a quarter section, distant some three miles from his own residence, erected for him a neat dwelling house, enabled him to place a part of his farm under cultivation, and supplied him liberally with stock.

Active, enterprising and intelligent, aided heart and hand by his little wife, whom he devotedly loved, their farm and every thing around them soon assumed an air of successful industry and rural happiness, that often drew from the passing traveler involuntary expressions of admiration. An old neighbor of theirs frequently declared that the sun actually shone brighter upon the farm, and especially around the dwelling of James and Mary Maverick, than it did anywhere else in the whole settlement. It is quite possible that the old man, had he been a chemist, skilled in the analysis of kindly affection, would have discovered that much of the sunshine around the cottage of the Mavericks was merely the sunshine of their own hearts.

Be that as it may, it must nevertheless be confessed that no object seen in all the wide landscape of Sixteen Mile was more pleasing to the eye than that simple cottage. All along its sides, the scarlet trumpet

flower, the Bignonia and the Lonicera, had been trained by Mary to climb to the very eaves. In early summer, when the broad, bell-shaped blossoms hung in festoons along the walls, and over the windows, troops of humming birds were seen, from early dawn till sunset, darting from flower to flower. The busy, pattering feet of "Little Eddy" stood still in speechless admiration, as he watched the humming birds as they hung quivering in air over the blossom for a moment, and then darted away, swift as a ray of light, to sip the honey from some other flower. He gazed with absorbed attention upon the bright-winged butter-flies, and the wild bees that hovered around, drinking the fragrance of the flowers. At such times the young mother, almost as childlike as little Eddy himself, would often watch with absorbing interest the varying expression of his features, without uttering a word, or daring to stir, so fearful was she of breaking the spell. Her eyes not unfrequently grew moist as she thus gazed upon him; and her lips moved, but uttered no sound audible to mortal ears.

The brief snatches of time which more serious duties did not claim were usually devoted by her to ornamenting their home, that she might render it more attractive to her husband and child. With a broad sun-bonnet upon her head, and little Eddy at her side, as a special reward to him for being good, she tended the flowers and shrubs she had planted in the yard. Rare plants, that required but little care beyond daily watering, ornamented her windows in summer, and in the cold, leafless season of winter afforded an air of cheerfulness to the parlor. Aside from her own love of the beautiful, she had still another object. She was desirous that her child, with the earliest dawn of awakening mind, should acquire a love for the cheap pleasures which nature has poured out with so liberal a hand to all who know the value of her rich treasures. She believed that the youth who can derive enjoyment from the beautiful and the sublime of nature, whether seen in the rushing torrent, the towering cliff, the rifted storm-cloud, the lofty oak whose broad top has bid defiance to the tempests of many a century, the wide sweep of a western prairie, or the humble flower, had acquired not only a source of unfailing enjoyment, but also no mean safeguard of virtue. She wished to render all the early and most hallowed recollections of his childhood, in after years, endearing memories of his mother and his home.

We trust that our readers, should we be so fortunate as to have any, will pardon us for dwelling thus long and minutely upon the character of Mary Maverick; for we are describing a real personage, and not an

imaginary being. At the risk of being tedious, we shall attempt to lay her character open to the reader, that he may know fully the heart of the little woman who is doomed to meet the buffeting of the storm.

Let it not be imagined that Sixteen Mile Prairie so nearly resembled Paradise, that the ambition of Mary Maverick to render her home attractive excited no envy, malice, or ill-will. To some of her neighbors, and especially of her own sex, the shrubbery and flowers of the little woman were really gall and worm-wood. Unkind remarks upon the subject were not unfrequently made to Mary herself, but more frequently they reached her ear through the officious zeal of some visitor, who professed to be the defender of the abused little woman. These reports produced but a slight and momentary impression upon the mind of Mrs. Maverick, who listened to them with a smile, and not unfrequently, when anything more than usually spiteful was uttered, burst into a merry laugh, and in ten minutes forgot all about it. It was far otherwise with her husband. He felt these carplings of envy and malice more deeply than he was willing to confess; and it sometimes required all her soothing influence, which she knew well how to exert, to induce him to refrain from openly expressing his resentment to her detractors. One evening a neighboring lady called upon them, at a time when Mrs. Maverick chanced to be watering a large and beautiful moss rose, whose numerous blossoms filled the whole room with their fragrance. "Is not that beautiful, Mrs. Jones?" exclaimed the delighted husband to their visitor, pointing to the rose. The walk of that lady through the yard, between rows of shrubs and flowers, had already excited her ill-humor, which instantly broke forth at the remark of the gratified husband. "Oh yes," she exclaimed, "beautiful, no doubt; but anybody can have just such, if they choose. I could plant shrubbery just as well as your wife, Mr. Maverick, but I have something else to do. Mary finds time every day to read, teach her boy, tend flowers, and paint these pictures that hang up here on the wall; but while she is doing this I am making butter and cheese, using my needle, or attending to my work." This broad and undisguised insinuation that Mary neglected her household duties for these amusements, was rather more than the patience of her husband could bear. It was the drop too much that made the cup overflow. Maverick instantly sprang from his seat, and, in spite of the look of entreaty from his wife, bowing with mock deference and humility to Mrs. Jones, begged her to accompany him and Mary. He led their visitor into their little dairy, where everything was perfectly neat and in order, and showed Mrs. Jones the rows of rich

cheese that adorned the shelves. He then conducted her to the cellar, where, in a cool place, jars of butter were packed, yellow as gold.

On their return to the parlor, Maverick remarked: "I do not know how much sewing you have done this year, Mrs. Jones, but Mary has not only done our own, but paid, with her needle, for all the groceries we have used." The neighbor, who could find no time to read, teach a child, or water a flower, confessed that Mary in addition to all these, had accomplished much more than she had done, and more than she would have believed it possible for any woman to do. "I will tell you the secret of all that, Mrs. Jones, if you will be quite sure not to repeat it to any one." Then leaning his head toward the lady, as if about to reveal an important secret, Maverick whispered, "the truth is, Mrs. Jones, that Mary is a *witch*."

We have already informed our readers that Maverick was deadly hostile to the Mormons. Not that he would persecute or invade the rights of any sect, but was violently opposed to giving them any encouragement whatever. Joe Smith he could never hear named without uttering an expression of deep indignation. The newspapers informed him that converts were making by scores, and that, too, from orthodox churches. Men whom he had known from childhood at the East—had known at the van-guard of the sacramental host, had fallen into the fatal snare of Joe Smith, sold their possessions, accumulated by a life of toil and privations, and taken up their lot with the Latter-Day Saints.

Mrs. Maverick, though decidedly opposed to the progress of Mormonism, by no means shared in the vindictive feelings of her husband against that sect. There was too much of gentleness and goodness in her heart to find room for such emotions, even against the vilest of the human race. She had often tried to soften the asperity of her husband's feelings toward the Mormons, but in vain.

The intelligence that a Mormon preacher had actually come to that settlement, to propagate their pernicious doctrines among the inhabitants of Sixteen Mile Prairie, was utterly astounding. It came as unexpectedly and unlooked for as a clap of thunder in a cloudless day, or an earthquake which no previous token had announced. We shall not attempt to describe the indignation with which Maverick heard this unwelcome news. "Can anything be done to prevent this calamity, now that it has come to our very doors?" was his first inquiry, made in his own mind. He had the power, as one of the School Directors, to forbid the use of the school house to the Mormon preacher. But that course was repugnant to his feelings, as a violation of the principles of

religious toleration. Besides, if thus denied the use of the school house, public sympathy would instantly be awakened in behalf of the preacher, and a dozen houses at once be thrown open to him, giving to Mormonism a ten-fold greater influence than it would otherwise have. The sun was hardly an hour high, and he had no time to go over the settlement and try to persuade the people not to attend the preaching, even if such a course promised success. At any rate, he could insure the absence of one family. His seat and that of his wife should be vacant, and thus set a silent, but most impressive seal upon the attendance of all who were present—a condemnation which would have a decided influence against Mormonism. Such was his resolve, in the absence of all other means of warding off the threatened calamity.

Few, perhaps, would have anticipated any opposition to this arrangement from the gentle Mary. But oppose it she did. She had felt no desire to attend the meeting; but the moment her husband, in an arbitrary manner, resolved, without consulting her at all, that she should stay at home, an ardent desire to hear the Mormon took possession of her heart. She attempted to reason him out of his exclusion, but in vain. Though yielding as the sensitive plant at the voice of kindness, the little woman could be firm and immovable as the Rock of Gibraltar, when her rights were disregarded, and her feelings touched by a rude hand. On such an occasion an instantaneous change came over her whole being. She uttered no complaints, no reproaches, but her whole soul seemed to retire within itself.—

We cannot determine what course either of them would have pursued, or which yielded, for just at this moment a new actor in the scene entered, and changed the entire current of passing events.

This was no other than Frank Maverick, the youngest and favorite brother, a warm-hearted, intelligent youth of seventeen, who carried sunshine with him wherever he went, and was every where a welcome guest.

Filled with excitement at the novelty of hearing a follower of Joe Smith, and elated with the anticipation of seeing a crowd of people at the meeting, he cried out before he crossed his brother's threshold, "get ready, Sister Mary; get ready to go and hear a sermon out of the Golden Plates; and be sure that you put on your best bib and tucker, and what is better yet, your brightest smiles—mind, your *very* brightest smiles—for you are going to have a beau wait upon you to-night that is a beau, and not an old fellow twenty-six years old, like brother James there. Mother, who always thinks of everything and always just at the

right time, said she knew that your husband could not be coaxed to lay down his hatred of Mormonism long enough to hear one preach, and so she sent your very humble servant, Mr. Francis Marion Maverick, usually named, for the sake of brevity, *Frank*, so that your ladyship should have no excuse for staying at home, when she and everybody else and everybody else's wife and children are all sure to be there. But, sister Mary," said the young man, gazing around with admiration, "how beautiful your flowers have grown. If ever I look out for a wife, I mean to try to find one just like you, and the very first question I intend to ask her is, whether she is fond of flowers." "Ah, brother Frank!" replied Mary with an arch smile, "I half suspect that you have just come from taking a lesson on flowers from pretty Lucy Mills, and that she gave you the rose you wear so jauntily in the button-hole of your vest, just over your heart." The young man blushed deeply at his shrewd guess of sister Mary, but laughed aloud, and, to conceal his consciousness that she had hit the very truth, he seized little Eddy, who had run in from the garden at the welcome sound of "Uncle Frank's" voice, and swinging the child over his shoulder, trotted out of the house with Eddy upon his back.



CHAPTER II.

And must I leave thee?—leave those loving eyes,
Whose beams to me are like the sun to flowers,
The only joys that in my bosom rise,
Bidding to bloom upon life's desert hours?
Leave thee, and wander to some desert shore,
Where thy young form can glad my eyes no more?"

Joanna Baillie.

We have given the reader a short chapter, that he might pause for a moment over the scenes we have depicted, before he proceeded to others of more thrilling interest. We will now proceed, gentle reader.

It was speedily settled that Frank, who would stay all night at the house of his brother, should attend Mary to the meeting. James still persevered in his obstinate determination to remain at home with little Eddy. This arrangement instantly brought a cloud over the sunny features of the child, who would thus lose the opportunity of going with his mother and uncle Frank. But his father turned all these sorrows into joy by promising to show him the moon and stars in the magic lantern. "Oh yes," cried the now delighted boy, clapping his hands in

high glee, "Oh yes, father, and the Mexican mouse trap, too?" "Yes, Eddy, and the Mexican mouse trap, too," was the reply.

Night came, and Frank Maverick, proud of sister Mary, and always happy to be her attendant, departed, with the little woman upon his arm. Hardly had the sound of the gate closing behind them reached the ears of the impatient Eddy, when he claimed the performance of his father's promise to show him the moon, stars, and the Mexican mouse trap.

Some months previously, a young man came to the settlement to deliver a course of astronomical lectures. Among other apparatus, he had a magic lantern, by means of which he exhibited to the audience a magnified view of a map of the moon, and various phenomena of the heavenly bodies. At the close of each lecture he amused the juvenile portion of his audience by exhibiting to them several ludicrous pictures, and among the rest, one which he facetiously called "the Mexican mouse trap," which convulsed the whole audience with laughter.

This young man was taken sick, and for a long time his life was despaired of. During the long period of his illness, he was at the house of young Maverick, and received from him and Mary every attention in the power of kindness to bestow. When he became convalescent, and was about to depart, the family would receive no compensation for the time and expense which they had so freely bestowed, Mr. Maverick drily remarking to the invalid, that it was quite enough for him to suffer the pain of sickness, without having to pay for it.

Having resolved to abandon lecturing and engage in other pursuits, and knowing how pleased little Eddy had been with the pictures of the magic lantern, he presented that instrument and the accompanying drawings to the child, as a testimonial of gratitude to the parents, which he knew would be doubly acceptable when bestowed upon their child.

On the night of the Mormon preaching, Mr. Maverick, with Eddy for his sole audience, exhibited all the views in the collection of the late lecturer. When he threw the magnified image of the moon, the other planets and the fixed stars, in succession, upon the white wall of the darkened room, he explained to the child, in simple and familiar language, the immense size and distance of the heavenly bodies. As little Eddy listened to his father, the shade of new and deep thoughts came over his expressive features, and leaning his head upon his hands, he sat for some moments silent and absorbed, as if attempting to comprehend the wonders that his father had been unfolding. But Eddy was a child, and it was natural that he should prefer pictures of a less

serious cast. In this wish he was fully gratified, and the evening was one of rare enjoyment to the happy child. After having laughed and clapped his little hands at the tenth exhibition which the indulgent father gave him of the Mexican mouse trap, he became tired, even of pleasure and not a little sleepy. After listening to the accustomed evening prayer of his child, Mr. Maverick put him to bed, and immediately Eddy was fast asleep.

Everything in and around the house was now wrapped in silence and repose. Not a sound was heard but the ticking of a high, old-fashioned clock, as its long pendulum swung from side to side, marking with its measured sweep the flight of time. It was an hour well calculated to call forth the memory of the past, and awaken the hallowed emotions of the soul. He thought of his absent wife. Everything in the room bore the impress of her industry and affection. What did he not owe to the gentle being who had made his home so happy? With her affection, he could bid defiance to adversity. But had he always repaid her devotedness with the gentleness so richly merited? His own acts and bearing toward her passed in review before his mind, and he resolved that if in any instance he had been harsh or unkind in word or look, he would be more just to her in future.

The cheerful voices of his wife and Frank, just returned in high glee from the meeting, were now heard. The crowd of people present, the novelty of the occasion and the pleasure of an evening walk, all tended to enliven their spirits. "Well, Mary, I am glad to see you back again," was the salutation of the husband, in the most kind and cheerful tones of his voice. "How many people were there?—a house full, I dare say. And what had the old fellow to say for himself?" At the latter inquiry both Frank and Mary burst into a hearty laugh. "Old fellow," said she, "why! he is not a year older than twenty-six, if he is even so old as that, and he is quite polished in his manners, too, and does not look at all as I expected a Mormon would. But, dear me, I forgot that you will see him for yourself to-morrow, for he is going to call here in the morning. Mrs. Cobb, where he is staying, introduced him after the services were over, to most of the ladies present, and when he heard my name, he said he was acquainted with you some years ago, and would be glad to see you again. So I could do no less than invite him to come here, though I knew you would rather he would be in Jericho than call upon you." "You did right, Mary, as you always do. I should have been sorry had my wife been so wanting in hospitality, or rather in common civility, as not to invite even a Mormon under such circumstances."

While this conversation was going on, Mary had taken off her bonnet and shawl; then stepping lightly to the bed-side of little Eddy, and gazing for a moment upon the bright vision of her child in the sweet and peaceful sleep of innocence, she stooped down and imprinted a warm kiss upon his forehead. The child did not awake, but it seemed as if even in sleep he knew the fond kiss of his mother's lips, for at their light touch a happy smile played over his features.

Neither Mary nor Frank could recollect the preacher's name, as it was so uncommon. Maverick, after puzzling his brain for a long time to no purpose, in conjecturing who among all his former acquaintances the Mormon preacher could possibly be, abandoned the attempt as hopeless. "But what did he preach about? What did he say? Did he take his text from the Book of Mormon?" were the inquiries he addressed to his young brother. "The text?" replied Frank, with much embarrassment, "the text? Really, I disremember all about it. Ah! I recollect now. He had Deacon Cobb's big bible, and read his text from about the middle of it, so all was right of course." "Well, well, Frank," replied his brother with a loud laugh, not a little amused at his utter inattention to the sermon, "you are remarkably intelligent." "Oh, you must not expect brother Frank, or any one else," replied Mary, "to be intelligent, as you call it, upon every subject. If you were to question him upon some other subject, Lucy Mills' bonnet, for instance, I do assure you he could tell you all about it, for I saw his eyes in that direction, even in the most eloquent part of the sermon." A laugh followed, in which Frank joined as heartily as the others. But when her husband questioned her about the text, and the subject of the discourse, Mary was found to have been quite as inattentive as Frank, and the laugh now turned upon her.

The family soon after retired to rest, and all was still. But James Maverick found it impossible for him to sleep. His thoughts were too busy for repose. He could not banish the Mormons from his mind. He reasoned with himself that the visit of the preacher on the occasion was an affair of no consequence whatever, and yet his mind was disturbed on that point. Nothing, indeed, could be easier than for him to refute every argument that could be produced in favor of Mormonism. A child could expose the fraud of the Golden Plates, the very foundation upon which all their doctrines rested. Perhaps Divine Providence had so ordered it, that the visit of the preacher to him was designed as the means by which his mind was to be freed from the snare that Joe Smith had woven around him. Good to the young man was evidently

the design. Why then should it thus disturb him? He would drive it from his thoughts, and address himself to sleep. But all these efforts were in vain. Sleep would not visit his pillow. Hours at length went by since the family retired to rest, and it was long past midnight. He could hear the low, soft breathing of his wife, and the still gentler sound of his child, and again did he resolutely attempt to divert his mind from the theme that so harrassed and disturbed him. Casually turning his eye toward the window, a single bright star was visible through the folds of the curtain. He would bend all his thoughts upon that star, for any theme was better than Mormonism. In a moment more a cloud veiled the star, and shut it out from his vision. At last, sleep, so long and earnestly sought, visited his pillow, but his slumber was disturbed by frightful dreams. He seemed in his sleep to hear low, mournful sounds, that came sighing upon the night air, and seemed borne from a great distance. Their tone was soft and melancholy as the dirge which the Angel of the Covenant is supposed by some to wail over a lost soul.

Could this be a presentiment of approaching evil, a warning sent him from the invisible world that woes were at hand? We can know but little either of the power of disembodied spirits, or their agency in the affairs of mortals. We do know, however, that the globe we inhabit, and the myriads of worlds posted like sentinels on the confines of infinite space, were made, and all their motions yet are governed by an invisible spirit. Revelation teaches us that hosts of invisible spirits take a deep interest in our happiness, while hosts of fallen angels ever employ their wiles to lure mankind to ruin. May it not be true, then, as the early Fathers of the Church believed and taught, that a Guardian Angel hovers, unseen, around the good and the true, standing nightly at their pillows, and giving them mysterious intimations of the near approach of trials, danger and woe? But we have penetrated already too far, perhaps, into the dimly lighted regions of conjecture, and will now resume the narration of passing events.

The morning came, and, contrary to his usual custom of rising with the dawn, Mr. Maverick still slept. His wife, suspecting that he had passed a restless night, not only avoided waking him, but delayed her breakfast beyond the usual hour, and called him only when she could delay no longer, without fear of their expected visitor finding him in bed. He arose, a shade paler than usual, but with his accustomed flow of spirits. The day was one of the loveliest that spring puts forth in this genial climate. The sun was pouring a flood of light upon the

verdant prairie. The air was soft and bland. Not a cloud stained the deep blue vault of Heaven. The mocking birds, whose nests were in the trees and shrubbery of the yard, were pouring forth many a wild trill, and imitating in turn the song of every bird of the forest, field, or grove.

The feelings of Maverick were in unison with the scenery around him. The dark, deep, mysterious forebodings of the previous night had all vanished. His long hours of sleepless excitement were remembered with astonishment and mortification at his own weakness of mind. The approaching visit of the Mormon was now regarded in its true light, as an affair, indeed, of no earthly consequence, one way or the other—a very trifling, unimportant event. He could hardly believe it possible that he could have given it a moment's attention.

After breakfast, Mr. Maverick occupied himself with labors in sight of the house, in momentary expectation of the arrival of the preacher. Hour after hour rolled by, and noon came, but no visitor. He had promised to call early in the morning, and they now concluded that he had abandoned the intention of visiting them, and gone some five miles distant on the road towards Alton, to the place at which he had appointed to preach that night. They were congratulating themselves, soon after dinner, that they had fortunately escaped an interview so unwelcome, when suddenly and unexpectedly a stranger entered the open door. For an instant Maverick gazed upon him with speechless surprise, then, uttering the exclamation, "*Why! Mr. Wilmer!*" sprang from his seat, seized the hand of the stranger, and shook it with the most cordial gratification. He was in the act of introducing the new-comer to his wife, when he learned, to his overwhelming astonishment, that this was no other than the Mormon preacher who had held forth to the people of the settlement the night before, at the school house. Among all his numerous conjectures about the identity of the preacher with any of his old acquaintances, the thought had not once struck him as possible that Mr. Wilmer, of all others, could be deluded into a belief of Mormonism.

Soon after their arrival in Illinois, and their settlement in Sixteen Mile Prairie, James Maverick found it necessary to take a journey of a hundred and twenty miles, to the county seat of one of the counties of this State, lying on the Wabash River. An uncle of his in one of the Eastern States had a claim to a large and valuable tract of land in that region, and employed James to visit the county seat, and, by examining the records of the county, ascertain the validity of his title.

The region through which Maverick had to travel was then thinly

inhabited, and portions of his road a mere "trail," indicated only by a foot-path hardly discernible on the prairies, and in the timbered land by here and there a "blazed tree."

On arriving at the "Branch" of the Wabash, upon the opposite side of which the town he went to visit was situated, Maverick found that stream, which in the dry season is a mere rill, swollen into a torrent by the long continued and heavy rains. With the utmost difficulty he compelled his high-spirited horse to go onto the bridge. As he did so, Maverick discovered a man standing on the opposite shore, next to the town, who called to him with violent gesticulations. But the loud roar of the booming waters, and the snorting of his frightened horse, prevented him from understanding a word the man uttered.

He had proceeded scarce two-thirds of the distance across, when he perceived that the bridge was in motion. A large floating tree, had been hurled with all the force of the current against the end of the bridge he had just passed over, and it was slowly wheeling into the stream. Not an instant must be lost. Life and death hung in equal poise, suspended upon the decision of a moment. He must cross that bridge before the end next to the town had parted from the bank, or be precipitated, horse and rider, into the raging torrent, where nothing that breathed could live a moment. Maverick plunged his spurs up to their rowels into the sides of his horse, which rushed forward as if fully conscious of the peril. The end of the bridge had broken away, and was already several feet from the bank when they arrived. The horse collected all his powers in one mighty effort, and gave a spring. He leaped the yawning chasm and reached the shore. Both were saved. The force and suddenness of the shock threw Maverick with violence to the earth, and the first thing of which he was conscious, he found himself lying in bed in a neatly furnished chamber. The man who had called to him from the shore stood near him, and at his side a gentleman who appeared to be a physician.

Fortunately, Mr. Maverick had broken no bones, nor received any serious injury by his fall. His kind hosts insisted upon his remaining their guest till the high waters had subsided sufficiently to render the bridgeless stream fordable. This hospitable offer was gratefully accepted, and Maverick remained there nearly two weeks, during which he received the kind attentions of that family.

It is needless to repeat that the man whose generous hospitality he had shared was no other than Mr. Wilmer, the individual who now stood before him in the degraded character of a Mormon preacher. What

a change had come over that individual, and over all his earthly prospects, since Maverick saw him last! At the period of Maverick's first acquaintance with him, Mr. Wilmer was decidedly the most popular man in that county, held the office of Clerk of the Circuit Court, and to her employments that yielded him a large income, and was on the high road to distinction and wealth. And this was the man who preached the night previous, in the settlement of Sixteen Mile Prairie.

The astonishment of Maverick was overwhelming. Could it be possible that Wilmer had been so insane as to fall into the delusion of Joe Smith, and make shipwreck of all his brilliant prospects? He at length made some inquiries about the health of Mrs. Wilmer and their daughter. At the mention of their names, the whole countenance of Wilmer underwent an instantaneous change, and the quiver of his lip betrayed an anguish of mind which he strove in vain to conceal. Mastering his emotions, he calmly replied that his father-in-law had taken them from him soon after he became a Mormon; his wife having refused to live with him unless he would renounce that sect, and her father was now pursuing measures to procure for her a divorce. He had made over all his property to his wife and child. "I am now," added he, "literally a homeless wanderer, without a place where to lay my head; but I trust that these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, will work out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Maverick and his wife listened with deep interest to this relation. Both were affected, but their emotions were widely different. Maverick thought how nobly he would repay the hospitality of that family, by restoring Wilmer again to them, cured of his wild delusion. He doubted not that he could open his eyes to the full absurdity of Mormonism, and he would set about the work with as little delay as possible. Mary, on the contrary, felt no ambition for making proselytes to any creed, but felt in her secret heart that Wilmer's wife was really unworthy of a single regret, and could never have truly loved her husband, or she would have clung to him but the closer, the more the rest of the world cast him off.

The Mormon had appointed to preach that night five miles south of Maverick's, and having no means of reaching the place except by walking, Maverick concluded to harness up his horses, and take him there in his wagon. The preacher himself proposed returning with him, and preaching several nights more in that settlement. Unwelcome as this arrangement was to the Mavericks, they felt themselves compelled by a sense of gratitude, and even common civility to their guest, to make no

objections. Had it been otherwise, Maverick would have made a decided effort to prevent it.

No attempt was made that afternoon to discuss the doctrines of the Mormon creed, but many preliminary inquiries about the sect, and of their general character, were made. After tea, Maverick and Wilmer set out for the place of meeting. It was dark when they arrived. The candles were already lighted up. A crowd had collected. On the outside of the house, groups of men and full-grown boys were clustered, discussing in a loud tone the subject of the meeting. The rude, coarse jokes uttered against the Mormons were received with boisterous applause.

The preacher passed through the crowd at the door, entered the house, and took his seat at a desk on the opposite side of the room. Giving no heed to the loud whispering and tittering, he commenced by singing a hymn, after which he opened the Bible, and read the tenth chapter of Luke. To the disappointment of no small number, who came there for sport, instead of a portion of the Book of Mormon or the Golden Plates, they heard only a deeply impressive chapter from the New Testament. The reading ended, he paused for a moment, then saying, "let us pray," knelt down. There was nothing in the simple act of a minister's kneeling to excite attention, for the practice was common. The whole congregation had been accustomed to that mode from their infancy. But the manner in which that simple act was performed by the Mormon was striking. There was deep humility of soul in every attitude and motion. It seemed as if he wished to prostrate himself in the very dust before Him whom he was about to address. But the prayer, the prayer itself was still more striking and peculiar. It was uttered in a low, deep tone, but every word was distinctly audible at the remotest corner of the room. He seemed to have forgotten that an audience was around him, prepared to criticise every word he uttered, but appeared to remember only that he was in the presence of the Deity.

Many of the serious portion of the congregation were affected, and even the young men and overgrown boys, who came there for sport, were awed into silence.

He took a text from the Bible, a verse of the same chapter that he had just read. In a sermon of nearly an hour and a half long, he explained the grounds upon which the Latter-Day Saints, the followers of Jo Smith, founded their belief in Mormonism. These doctrines he defended with an ingenuity of argument, and an eloquence that wanted

but the simple ingredient of *truth* to render it a model of pulpit oratory.

Unexpectedly to all, he professed to receive the Old and New Testaments as the word of God, and drew from the Bible itself all the proofs which he adduced in support of the Mormon creed. Innumerable passages were quoted by him from the Bible, which he ingeniously employed to sustain their peculiar doctrines, and the authenticity of the Book of Mormon. They termed themselves "Latter-Day Saints," he said, in reference to the near approach of the "Latter Day," when the Angel, with one foot upon the land and the other on the sea, should declare that time should be no longer. Many striking passages of Scripture were adduced in support of this, and especially from the prophetic books of the Old Testament. The last days of the earth were at their very doors. With ingenious sophistry, various passages which he quoted from the Bible were seemingly made to prove that shortly before the conflagration of the world, and the consummation of all things, a new revelation was to come to light, and a people arise, professing a purer faith, upon whom would be conferred the power of healing the sick, speaking in unknown tongues, and performing various other miracles.

This sermon was delivered with all that earnest fervor which usually characterizes the words and actions of him who is thoroughly convinced of the truth of what he utters, and deeply feels its importance. All seemed to listen with serious attention. The levity exhibited so unequivocally in the early part of the evening had all disappeared, and those who came for the purpose of making sport, and turning all the services into ridicule, returned home at the close of the sermon, silent and thoughtful. Some of the most respectable of the citizens came forward, and invited the preacher to visit that place again.

Upon the mind of no one, perhaps, was there made so profound an impression, as upon that of James Maverick. He knew the preacher, and he knew, also, the sacrifices, more cruel than martyrdom itself, which the preacher had made for that which he deemed the true faith. Though Maverick was far from being a Mormon, he could not avoid feeling a sincere respect for a man who had given such proofs of deep sincerity and regard for truth.

On their way home the subject of the sermon was discussed, and after their arrival, till a late hour of the night.

The next evening, Maverick attended the preaching. Night after night, for nearly two weeks, the Mormon held forth at the school-house of that settlement, to large and still increasing audiences. People came there from a great distance around, to hear the preaching. Much ex-

citement began to prevail. Five men, with their wives, all of whom were members of orthodox churches, came forward, and publicly confessed themselves converts to Mormonism. These were baptized by Mr. Wilmer, for the Mormons acknowledged not the validity of the rite performed by any sect or denomination. After this they were received into the church of the Latter-Day Saints. Other candidates were expected soon to follow. The opposition to Mormonism now broke forth with redoubled violence.

Good men looked on with fear and trembling, for no one knew where this delusion would end. None of the opposers of that sect were more implacable and unrelenting in their hostility to Mormonism, in all its various phases, than was Judge Maverick. He was a man of a sound head, and of sincere piety, but without a particle of charity for Joe Smith, or any intelligent man who preached his doctrines. He blamed his son James, severely blamed him, for harboring Wilmer, or listening to his preaching. Not even the hospitality shown to him by that man could justify him for inviting him to his house. The mother of young Maverick wept over him, and with anguish of heart implored him to avoid the Mormons, for it would "kill her and his wife both," she said, if he should be deluded by their sophistry, and join the odious sect. James was already aware of the feelings of Mary upon that subject, for, though she had forbore from speaking of the Mormons for a long time past, yet the increasing paleness of her countenance, and her dejected appearance, betrayed the deep anguish with which she beheld his frequent associations with the Latter-Day Saints. He was greatly affected at the sight of his mother's tears, for he had never before seen her weep as she did now, and solemnly promised her that he would go no more to their meetings, and hold no more intercourse with any of the sect.

The joy of his mother at this promise of her son was great. She went directly to his house, and communicated the intelligence to Mary, who was nearly overcome with this unexpected happiness. She embraced her mother-in-law, and wept tears of joy and hope upon her bosom.

Young Maverick faithfully kept his pledge, much to the grief and sore disappointment of Wilmer and the rest of the Mormons residing in that settlement, who had counted largely upon the weight and influence which his joining them would give to Mormonism in that region. He not only fulfilled his promise, but fulfilled it to the very letter and spirit in which he gave it, and refused even to listen to one of their ar-

guments. The only means they could employ to express to him their reproaches, was the silent look of sorrow and regret they cast upon him, whenever, by chance, he met any of their number.

He kept this engagement far more easily than he would have done, but for the circumstance that just at this important period Wilmer found it necessary to quit the settlement, and occupy a distant field, to which he was called by the imperative voice of the Prophet himself.

CHAPTER III.

"O! the happy days are fled;
They never will return;
And the tears, to-day by Memory shed,
Fall only on their urn."—Moore.

Several months have gone by since the departure of Wilmer from the settlement of Sixteen Mile Prairie, in which period the ever-varying features of Mormonism have assumed still another hue. "*The Gift of Tongues*," as it was styled, no longer confined to one or two of their most popular preachers, had even become general. The most illiterate of their members, men and women who were unable to read a single word of their own native English, and even children, could prophesy fluently, it was said, in Hebrew, Greek, Chaldee, Syriac, and numerous other languages. This was now attempted at all their meetings. Sometimes, the individual who uttered the strain of unintelligible sounds professed to give the meaning himself, in English; but more commonly, the "*interpretation*," as it was called, was given by some one else. The excitement of the public mind was manifested by scenes of violence which no native American can remember without shame and mortification, for mobs and lynch law became the order of the day. But these violent and illegal measures had the effect which all attempts to change the religious opinions of men by physical force ever have had. In frequent instances, the meetings of the Mormons for public worship, though held in their own houses, were broken up; and fortunate indeed were the inmates if they escaped any worse outrage. In vain did the victims appeal for protection to the laws of their country. Our institutions, which guarantee the freedom of religious opinion to the Jew, the Mahometan, the Pagan, and even to the *Atheist*, afforded no protection to the Mormon. Their own dwellings might be invaded, their wives and daughters insulted and abused, their windows broken,

in, and in more than one instance, their houses burnt down over their heads, with perfect impunity. Few magistrates will risk the certain loss of votes at the next election, merely to protect the rights of men without influence, against the injustice of the *multitude*, whether these hapless victims of mob law are Mormons or not.

But the Latter-Day Saints increased but the more rapidly for these persecutions, and the consequence of it was, that proselytes were added to their church in nearly every place that their preachers visited. Some few of the Mormons, even at this early period, had lost their lives, and most of them held life and property only at the will of an American mob.

Under the direction of Joe Smith, the Latter-Day Saints had settled, in great numbers, in one of the counties of Missouri, high up the river of the same name. Here it was the intention of the Prophet to found a Mormon colony, which should become the permanent "*Head Quarters*" of the Order for all time to come. Many hundred families had arrived there from the various States of the Union, purchased a piece of land, and with great industry applied themselves to its cultivation. At the period of which we are now speaking, the people of that part of Missouri had, not long before, assembled *en masse*, driven these Mormons from their homes, and compelled them to leave that region. They gave them permission, however, to settle in a *new and uninhabited* county of the State, on the extreme frontier, adjoining the territory of various savage tribes; pledging their *honor* to the Mormons, that in that distant retreat they should never be molested.

Conducted by the Prophet, who marched at their head, always ready to share with his followers whatever toils and dangers awaited them, these Mormon Pilgrims, with their wives and children, and the scanty remains of earthly goods still left them, took up the long and melancholy line of their march to the Indian frontier. Here they applied themselves with the persevering industry that has ever formed a distinguishing trait in the character of the sect, and before many moons had waxed and waned, every thing in that wild region had assumed a new and pleasing appearance. Each family had its own allotment of ground, upon which there soon arose a neat dwelling, and various other improvements.

But the Mormons scattered over the United States, most of them the newly made converts of preachers sent into the field, felt the hand of persecution, and in many places their lives were in great jeopardy.

To shield his people thus scattered abroad, was anxiously desired by

the Prophet. To effect that purpose, he resolved to call them all, with as little delay as possible, to that place, which he had established as the "*Zion*" of the sect. Smith had a new revelation from Heaven, informing him that the time was now near at hand when the Destroying Angel would pass over the earth, when the wicked should be cut off in their sins, and the saints above possess the earth. Messengers were sent in every direction, where Mormon converts were found, to proclaim to them, in the words of the Prophet, "come out from among the wicked, my people, for why will ye perish with them—come up to the *Zion* which the Lord thy God has established for his saints." The unbelieving world, too, must be warned for the last time: "*get ye up, flee to the mountains, lest ye be consumed; for the great and terrible day of God's wrath is coming quickly, when the unbelieving world shall be utterly cut off.*" Such were the messages to "saint and sinner," proclaimed abroad by the preacher sent out by Smith. Nor was the mission fruitless in converts. Instead of urging the people, as formerly, to embrace their doctrines, they now assumed a different tone, warning them *not* to join the ranks of the Latter-Day Saints, unless they were ready to lay down their lives, like the martyrs of old and seal the bonds of faith with their own blood. Other sects, said they, could repose on "flowery beds of ease," but the Latter-Day Saints have nothing to expect from the world but persecution and death. And this language was not without effect; for such is human nature, that persecution and bloodshed have always increased the persecuted sect. Employ force and violence to put down the wildest delusion that fanaticism ever invented, and you inevitably insure its success. The history of the world attests that truth. It is strikingly verified in the case of the Mormons. Hundreds who ridiculed the absurdities of that creed when its followers were unmolested, fell directly into the snare of Mormonism when their sympathies were awakened by seeing them calmly enduring persecution and death for the cause.

In all human probability, had the followers of Joe Smith been left to pursue the dictates of their own consciences, unmolested and undisturbed, as so many other religionists equally absurd have done, and yet do—in all probability, had not the Mormons been assailed with persecution, the plunder of their property by American lynch law, and made to suffer death—in all probability, the figment of the Golden Plates would long since have been forgotten, and the very name of Joe Smith perished from the memory of man. The wildest and most absurd

doctrines become respectable, when those who profess them seal their sincerity with their own blood.

Joe Smith, by standing firm and undismayed amidst the storm of persecution that beat upon his defenseless head, threatening death to himself, and utter extinction to Mormonism, called forth respect from even the most enlightened classes of society. One of the most talented of all our American poets said, in his thrilling "*Lines to Joe Smith*," whose firmness in the fearful hour of peril had excited the admiration of the bard:

"Not fallen!—no! as well the tall
And pillared *Alleghany* fall;
As well the *Mississippi's* tide
Roll backward on its mighty track,
As he, the CHOSEN'S hope and pride,
The slandered and the sorely tried,
In his triumphant course turn back."

The preacher sent at this time by the Prophet to the settlement in which Maverick resided, was a very aged man. His preaching could hardly fail of being eloquent, for the venerable form of the old preacher, and his looks, white as the driven snow, gave double force to the fervent appeals he addressed to his audience. New converts were made, and these, with the Mormons who had previously united with the Order, had decided, without hesitation, to obey the commands of the Prophet, and set out for Zion within a few months.

Maverick, true to his promise, attended none of their meetings, and held no intercourse with the Mormons, but it was not possible for him to remain ignorant of their proceedings, for that subject was the theme of every tongue.

The effect which these affairs had on his mind was probably greater than it would have been, had he actually attended their meetings. He felt himself restrained from going among them by the promise he had given to his mother, and, in spite of all his efforts to prevent it, his thoughts would continually dwell upon that theme.

The old preacher often heard his brethren speak of the sore disappointment they had received in the desertion of Maverick. All had calculated upon his uniting with them, and his influence, they felt sure, would have led great numbers into the true fold. His loss was regarded as a serious calamity, and his defection was a source of deep regret to all.

The old Mormon, frequently hearing them lament his desertion, secretly determined that he would make a powerful effort to win him back to the church of the Latter-Day Saints.

With that design, he visited young Maverick one afternoon, when he was at work alone in his field. He talked to him earnestly, but most affectionately. He told him of the revelation of the Prophet, that the destruction of the unbelieving world drew near. Warning him solemnly of his approaching doom, and expressing deep regret that the young man had not chosen his lot with the persecuted children of God, the Latter-Day Saints, the aged Mormon fervently and affectionately pressed the hand of Maverick for a moment, in silence and in tears; then solemnly bidding him an eternal farewell, left him.

The solemn air and manner of the venerable priest, no less than his warning and denunciation, went to the heart of Maverick like an ice-bolt. A cold, shuddering sensation seized him, and he felt like a felon suddenly and unexpectedly sentenced to death, from which there is no hope of reprieve. Twice or three times he was on the point of calling the preacher back, but in despair desisted. His mind was too ill at ease for him to think of resuming his labors, and he sat down listlessly, upon the plow which he had left there on the day previous. What would all his labors profit him or his? Of what use to him would be his fields—all his possessions—when he and they were so soon to be destroyed? He looked around upon his well cultivated farm with a sensation of inexpressible loathing. Had he not, for these, and for other earthly treasures, refused to unite himself with the people of God? What a price, what a fearful price had he paid, to console his mother, and still dearer relations! This passage of Scripture flashed like a scathing thunder-bolt upon his tortured mind: "*He that will not forsake father and mother, wife and children, for my name's sake, is unworthy of the kingdom of Heaven.*" Groaning aloud in his agony, he covered up his face, with the feeling that one so lost ought not to look upward. But, was it now forever too late for him to retract his rash and fatal promise? He knew not. Yet, even were it not too late, could he dash to the earth, at one blow, all the earthly hopes and happiness of his wife and parents, and unite with a sect which they detested, plunging them into sorrow for the remnant of their days? Would not his wife and child, like those of Wilmer, desert him? If they *did*, what a bitter cup would be pressed to his lips! Better die at once, than endure the long agony of an eternal separation from his wife and child. His mind was a chaos of harrowing thoughts. There he sat, unconscious of the progress of time, unconscious of everything but wretchedness, while the sun declined low in the west, and at last went down. The shades of twilight spread their dim curtain over him, and the chill dews of night had descended, when

he was aroused from his reverie by the voice of his wife, calling him by name. Alarmed at his long absence, she had sought him at the house of their nearest neighbor, and there learned that near sun-set he had been seen sitting down in his field, and thither she hastened, in the utmost alarm. The cold dew on his thin dress had chilled him, and when aroused by the voice of his wife, he shivered like one under the influence of the ague. To her anxious inquiries, he merely replied that he was unwell; begged her to feel no disquietude on his account, and accompanied her to the house. Mrs. Maverick knew nothing of his interview with the old preacher in the field, and had not the slightest suspicion that the subject of Mormonism occupied his thoughts. For several months he had attended none of their meetings, and avoided having any intercourse with the members, and most devoutly did she thank God that he had escaped their snares. She did not even dream that the fearful warnings of the old preacher, and his denunciations of impending destruction, at that very moment agitated her husband's mind, nearly driving him to frenzy and despair. She attributed his long stay in the field to sudden illness, and would have employed a neighbor to go for the physician, but this he peremptorily forbid, assuring her that he would be entirely well again after a night's rest. At supper, to quiet the fears of his wife, he attempted to eat, but the effort was beyond his power to accomplish. Food was loathsome to his sight. He drank part of a cup of tea, and retired to bed. Mary would have prepared for him some of the prescriptions which she had so often found efficacious, but he declined taking them. To avoid further importunities of his anxious wife, he closed his eyes and feigned sleep.

It was a long and dreary night to James Maverick. Every moment when awake, the warning voice of the aged Mormon was sounding its fearful knell in his ears, telling him of his doom. Every look, every gesture of the old preacher was still present to his view. The moment he fell into a slumber, the woes denounced upon him by the white-haired priest were all living realities, and their fulfillment was already begun. He saw the separation made between the "sheep and the goats"—the wicked cut off—and none now remaining on the face of the purified earth but the Latter-Day Saints, who were the sole tenants of a sinless world, prepared for their residence alone.

In the morning, Maverick rose at dawn, and mechanically performed the usual jobs about the house. At breakfast he ate little, and his wife saw with alarm his haggard appearance. Shortly afterward, complaining of head-ache, he laid himself upon the bed. In an hour more, a

burning fever was raging in his veins. A messenger was sent to his parents, who immediately dispatched Frank for Dr. Horton, and set out instantly for the house of their son. When they arrived, James gazed long and earnestly upon his father and mother, but there was no intelligence in the glazed eye he cast upon his parents. He did not know them.

The doctor, on examining the symptoms of his patient, pronounced his disorder a *brain fever*, and immediately went to work, with vigor and skill, to combat the disease. He shaved the patient's head, applied blisters, and employed other means of a depletory character. But faint hopes of his recovery were entertained by Dr. Horton.

For days the attendance of the physician was unremitting, except for an hour or two daily, when he returned home for a few minutes, and made a brief visit to a patient near by, who was convalescent, and out of all danger.

Little Eddy, at the commencement of his father's illness, was sent to the care of his aunt, that the undivided attention of his mother might be bestowed upon her sick husband. Judge Maverick passed the nights at the house of his son, and on his return home in the morning, Frank was sent there to assist his mother and Mary during the day, and that he might be present, should any unexpected emergency arise to demand his aid. These two women, the wife and the mother, were constantly at the bed-side of the sick man, except when exhausted nature required repose, when in turn they snatched a few hours of rest.

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During the early part of his illness, Maverick neither spoke nor uttered a single word, or an exclamation of pain. He lay silent and still, his glaring eyes fixed, with frightful intensity, upon vacancy. His lips moved, at times, as if he were talking to the invisible being upon which he gazed, but no sound was heard.

At length, a change came over the suffering patient. He began to move restlessly in his bed, and at times muttered wildly and incoherently.

One night, during this period in his disorder, about an hour after midnight, Mary and Judge Maverick were keeping watch, alone, in the sick room. The mother, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, had retired to rest in an adjoining room. A neighboring woman, who had come there to watch for the night, finding it impossible to keep awake, had lain down upon the bed in which slept the elder Mrs. Maverick, and

was instantly fast asleep. All was still throughout the house, and not a sound was heard but the heavy breathing of the sick man. Suddenly he started—raised himself up in the bed, threw his naked arms wildly around, and cried out, in the most appalling tones ever uttered by mortal voice, "*The judgment! the judgment has come! Hark! its peal is sounding!*" At that very instant, a thunder storm that had long been rolling up unperceived by them, suddenly burst forth in a blinding flash, followed by a peal of thunder that seemed to shake the solid globe down to its very core. Mary heard something fall heavily behind her. Judge Maverick had fainted. But she had no time to attend to him, for her husband, in his insane ravings, was attempting to rise from his bed, and rush out into the storm that was now raging with violence. She dared not call aloud for aid, lest her cry should render the frenzy of her delirious husband uncontrollable. Seizing a pitcher of water that stood near her, on the table, she dashed its contents into the face of Judge Maverick, and instantly resumed her place at the bed-side of the maniac.

The Judge quickly revived, and sat up. Happily, the thunder clap awoke the mother, who hastily put on her clothes and repaired to the sick room.

All the remaining part of that long, long night, the patient raved in delirium. It was now, for the first time, that his wife and parents became aware of the visit of the Mormon preacher to young Maverick, in the field. His ravings disclosed to them the startling fact, that the awful denunciations and warnings of the aged priest had unsettled his reason, and were still preying upon his life. In his delirium, the sick man repeated all that the Mormon had uttered, and often called aloud to the old man, imploring him, in the most moving terms, to have mercy upon him, and spare him from the doom he had pronounced.

In the course of the night, his ravings suddenly changed. He now imagined that father and mother, wife and child, had all resolved to leave him if he united with the Mormons, and he implored his wife, by the memory of their early love—by all his undying affection for her, and for their only child, not to cast him off. His supplications to Mary were heartrending, and almost beyond her powers of endurance, though she was fully aware that his entreaties to her were only the ravings of a disordered intellect. She threw her arms around his neck, and weeping upon his bosom, exclaimed, "*Oh no! no! my poor, afflicted husband! I will never leave you, never cast you off, never desert you. In sorrow and affliction, in woe and misery, I will ever be yours. Father and*

mother may spurn you, the whole world may scoff at you, my poor husband, but Mary will be your comforter. Even the wild delusions of Mormonism, that have so cruelly destroyed your reason, and made shipwreck of our happiness, shall not separate us. Like Ruth of old, "*whither thou goest, I will go, and your God shall be my God.*" Should reason never again return to you, and I fear it never will, your head shall still be pillowed upon the bosom of your own true Mary, even *more* fondly than in the days of our early love."

While Mary was uttering these words, and for some minutes after, the maniac gazed so intently upon the face of his wife, that her heart thrilled with the hope that he at length knew her and comprehended what she had uttered. But her hopes were deceived. No lucid interval had yet dawned upon that disordered mind. On the contrary, his frenzy soon became still more wild and terrific. In the new mood of his delirium, he imagined that he stood, with the assembled universe, before the Judge of quick and dead, to hear his final doom. He had bartered the salvation of his soul, merely to please his wife and parents. The throng of glorified spirits who had triumphantly perished at the stake, or been torn in pieces by wild beasts, joyfully embracing martyrdom—all these, as they heard his story, turned upon him a look of withering scorn, and cried "*fool! fool!*" As the demons, at the command of his Judge, hurled him, shrieking, into the fathomless abyss, myriads of infernal shapes howled at him till every cavern of the gloomy vault echoed back the cry, "*fool! fool! fool!*"

He raved thus till near dawn, then gradually sunk into a calm and tranquil sleep that lasted many hours. Dr. Horton frequently went to his bed-side, during this interval, and anxiously examined the pulse of the patient, for this he believed to be the crisis of his disorder, from which he would rapidly recover, or immediately sink into the grave. There was another fear that haunted the mind of the doctor, which he dared not breathe to others—the fear that his patient would become a confirmed maniac.

It was near the middle of the afternoon when the sick man awoke. None were in the room but the parents and wife of the patient, and Dr. Horton. He opened his eyes and gazed for a few moments upon the group at his bed-side, and inquired if he had been very sick. There was sanity of mind in that look, and every heart in the room beat with joy and thankfulness. Other questions from the sick man followed, all of which manifested a return of reason.

In a short time, at a sign given by Mary, all departed from the room,

and left her alone with her husband. She was anxious to remove from his mind, as quickly as possible, the fear that she would abandon him, if he became a Mormon—a fear which she doubted not had caused much of the suffering and delirium he had endured. An hour passed by while she was alone with her husband. When she left the room her face was bathed in tears, and without looking at any one, she retired to her own apartment, bolted the door, as if to shut out her own thoughts, and throwing herself upon the bed, wept aloud. She had pledged herself to join the Mormons with her husband, go with him to the newly founded Zion of that sect, and, in weal or in woe, share the lot of her husband.

CHAPTER IV.

"And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."—Burns.

Maverick now rapidly recovered. The old preacher had triumphed. The Mormons took no pains to conceal their exultation at having at length gained a proselyte who had so nearly escaped them, and one who would give so much weight and influence to the sect.

In about two weeks, James Maverick and his wife were baptized by the old Mormon priest, and formally received into the church of the Latter-Day Saints. On the pale face of Mary, as she stood by the side of her husband, on the bank of the stream in which they were immersed, resignation beamed, but not a single glow of that enthusiasm that shone in the features of her husband. Even the family of Judge Maverick believed that she had sacrificed her own happiness, to promote that of her husband.

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It was now the middle of September, but the Prophet had given to the Mormonites of that "stake," as it was termed, permission to remain till May, that they might dispose of their property. On the second day of that month, all the disciples of that region were commanded to set out for Zion.

The friends of James Maverick saw, with inexpressible grief, the ruin impending over his little family, and resolved to employ every

means in their power, during the few months preceding their intended departure, to convince him of his delusion.

Among the warmest friends of the Mavericks was a wealthy and highly accomplished English family, of the name of Stanley, who resided about fifteen miles distant. Maverick and his wife had often visited them, and a warm friendship had sprung up between the two families. Great was the affliction of the Stanleys at the delusion of Maverick, and the self-sacrifice of Mary, for they knew the whole history of his conversion, and resolved to make an effort to save them from the ruin that awaited them.

An opportunity of putting that resolution into effect soon offered. Young Maverick visited them one day, with the ostensible purpose of returning a borrowed book, but with the real design of attempting the conversion of the family. The subject of Mormonism was soon introduced, and earnestly contested on both sides. At length, Maverick adduced the gift of unknown tongues as a proof of Mormonism, that was perfectly irresistible. He acknowledged that the gift had not been bestowed upon him, but Mr. French, a man with whom the Stanleys were well acquainted, often prayed in ten different languages, though ignorant of all but the English. *The idea instantly occurred to Mr. Stanley to unmask this French, whom he knew to be an artful, but illiterate man, who loudly proclaimed his intention of going with his brethren to Zion, while at the same time he was buying up their farms at less than half their value, under a promise of paying the full worth as soon as he could dispose of them to advantage.

French had gained a fatal ascendancy over the unsuspecting mind of young Maverick, and Stanley believed that unmasking him would open the eyes of his friend. He told Maverick that French could easily palm off his gibberish upon the ignorant, but even French, with all his impudence, would not dare pretend, in his presence, to speak any language but English; and assured him if French would come there and utter a single sentence in any one of four languages that Stanley understood, he himself would turn Mormon.

This assurance of Stanley made a deep impression upon the mind of Maverick, whose confidence in the truth of his new creed was not a little shaken. He departed with a solemn promise to the Stanleys that he would abandon Mormonism, if French refused to come there and stand the test of praying in their presence in the "unknown tongues."

Maverick went directly to French, and told him all that had passed.

*All that is said of French and Stanley occurred just as it is related.

The wily fellow saw that he must play a bold game, or Maverick would escape from the Mormons. Numerous others would follow his example, and put an end to the speculation of buying their farms. Feigning the utmost willingness to stand the proposed test, he appointed an early day when he would go with him to the house of Stanley.

Great was the astonishment of that family, to see their young friend arrive in company with French. Mr. Stanley, unwilling to converse with the man upon any other subject, repeated to French the terms of his agreement with Maverick, and named again the languages in which he was to pray. French replied that it was impossible for him to say, in advance, what languages he might pray in, for he could only "speak as the spirit gave him utterance."

At his request, all present prostrated themselves upon their knees, and French commenced his prayer. After a few introductory petitions, he implored, with apparent fervor, the gift of *one* unknown tongue, to convince the unbelievers present. Continuing in that strain for a few minutes, he at length broke out into an unintelligible gibberish, the sounds of which were nearly all guttural. Then returning thanks for the gift of *one* unknown tongue, he implored the gift of another, and again uttered a string of unintelligible words, differing somewhat, in sound, from the former. For the fourth time he uttered what he termed an *unknown tongue*.

He had not spoken a word in either one of the four languages named by Stanley, yet he evaded the force of this, by saying that he could speak only such tongues as the spirit dictated. Stanley stood aghast at the bold impudence of that impostor. It was in vain that he had attempted to undeceive Maverick. The readiness which French manifested to pray in the unknown tongues, in the presence of such a scholar as Stanley, removed from the mind of young Maverick the doubts which the arguments of his friend had excited, and served only to confirm him still more in that delusion.

The opposition to the Mormons, not only in that settlement, but all over the West, grew, day by day, more violent. Reports injurious to the sect, which had not the slightest foundation in truth, were everywhere circulated. Men who had hitherto been universally esteemed for their virtues, were accused, now that they had joined the Mormons, of every crime in the decalogue. Even Maverick was reported, at a distance, to be connected with a band of horse thieves, who united together, and protected each other from punishment by false swearing. Hardly a day passed in which he was not made the victim of some gross insult or abuse.

These unmerited and cruel wrongs, inflicted upon that sect, and especially upon her own husband, made a deep impression upon the feelings of Mary. They enlisted her sympathies in the cause of the injured, and had a thousand fold greater effect than all the arguments of the Prophet, himself could have had, to change her opinions. Insensibly to herself, the daily abuse unjustly heaped upon her husband wrought an entire change in her views of Mormonism, and she now joined heart and hand with that sect, and willingly united her destiny with theirs. Such is ever the effect of persecution, even of those most deeply in error.

The period of departure for Zion had arrived for the Latter-Day Saints of Sixteen Mile Prairie "*Stake*," and a very large company of them were to set out on the following morning. Maverick and his little family would pass the night at their nearest neighbor's. The articles most needed on the journey, and after their arrival, were already deposited in the wagon. Mary had carefully packed among these the few favorite play things of little Eddy, his magic lantern and his books. These were endeared to the heart of the youthful mother by many tender recollections, and she could not endure the idea of leaving them to other hands. Just on the eve of bidding a last farewell to the home she had so fondly loved, Mary resolved to visit it alone, when none could witness her tears.

The evening was mild, the heavens cloudless, and the air balmy with the odors of spring. The full moon had just risen, diffusing a mellow light over the landscape. Mrs. Maverick secretly left the house of their neighbor, to wander for the last time over her late peaceful home. She entered the deserted dwelling, and visited every room. She walked slowly among the shrubs and flowers that she had loved so well, every one of which had been planted and tended by her own hands. Many of them were now in full bloom, and almost seemed to look sadly upon her, whose care they had long received. These flowers and shrubs she would behold no more. She had now no home. Henceforth she must be a pilgrim upon the face of the wide and unfriendly world. No hopes but such as spring from a faithful discharge of the stern duties of life were before her. Toil and suffering, and even martyrdom itself might be her lot. A few burning tears, which she could not repress, fell upon the flowers over which she bent. Quickly controlling these emotions, she knelt down among the shrubs and flowers, and implored strength from on high to discharge all the duties that might devolve upon her. She arose from her knees, calm and resigned, and

reached the house of their neighbor before her absence had been noticed.

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We shall pass over the incidents of the journey to the Mormon Zion, and even omit the occurrences of the next two years after their arrival. Yet these two years were marked with signal events to the Mormons. Great numbers of the Latter-Day Saints had gathered there from the various States of the great American Republic, and some from nearly every Kingdom of Europe.

With the untiring industry which that sect has manifested at every place they have yet occupied, this wild frontier wilderness had been converted into fruitful fields. Smiling cottages had sprung up on every side, as if by magic. Each family had its own allotment of ground, and peace and plenty shed their hallowed influence around this community. The surplus products of their labor were exchanged with their merchants and mechanics for such articles as they needed, while their printing press gave them weekly intelligence of the far-off land which they had left, besides supplying them with books that taught them the laws and doctrines of their sect, with the revelations of their Prophet. Missionaries had been sent out, two and two, even into regions beyond the Atlantic, and hardly a place did they visit, which failed of adding new converts to Mormonism.

But even here, where the Latter-Day Saints had come under a solemn pledge that they should not be molested—even here they found no abiding place. It was resolved to drive them from the region which their own labor had rendered valuable, or exterminate the whole sect. To justify this meditated outrage upon the rights of native born American citizens, the wildest tales were put in circulation against that people. They were described as thieves and assassins. Men of bad character, who had been expelled by the Mormons, gratified their revenge by publishing infamous reports. Strange as it may seem, one of the most effective means employed to inflame the public mind to the point of driving these people from the lands which they had honestly purchased, was the report that no Mormon could be punished for his crimes. It is quite probable that many, both in Missouri and Illinois, actually *believed* this charge; for we have yet, in these States as everywhere else, masses of dark, ignorant and uneducated minds, who are ready to credit any absurdity that can be invented. This same charge, that the Mormons could not be tried and punished, when guilty, availed to expel them from Illinois, but that charge is *false*. The man who asserts that criminals cannot be punished in our country utters a base

libel upon our republican government, and is unworthy of the name of an American citizen. To declare that under a republican government there is no power to punish robbery and murder—none to protect the innocent—is equivalent to saying that such a government as ours is *utterly worthless*. This is acknowledging the truth of the charges which the despots of Europe bring against our free institutions.

Nothing can be more false than the assertion, that the Mormons, of any other class of men, cannot be tried, and if guilty, punished. Every American, not profoundly ignorant, knows that when there is any fear that men suspected of crimes cannot receive justice in the county in which they reside, *the laws themselves* provide that these men shall be removed, for trial, to some county where *no such fear exists*. Will any base slanderer of our free institutions have the impudence to assert, that the people of Missouri and Illinois were so utterly corrupt and debased, that a single county could not be found in those two States, where the people were sufficiently honest to punish a Mormon, or any other criminal, if found guilty? The authors of these bloody outrages believed no such thing, for when Joe Smith, the Prophet and founder of that sect, voluntarily surrendered himself for trial in a county where *he* and the *Mormons* had not a single friend, did they try him? No! *He was basely, cowardly murdered in prison.*

It is often asked why it is that respectable citizens applaud these outrages, and other specimens of American Lynch Law, if these deeds of violence and blood are not *justifiable*. The answer is obvious. For the very same reason that respectable men in France applauded Robespierre and Marat, when in their hearts they loathed these monsters—a *want of moral courage*.

But we will return to the narrative of passing events, from which a desire to vindicate the republican institutions of our country from slander and abuse has drawn us.

Some dissensions had arisen among the Mormons themselves, and several families were on the point of abandoning the society, when intelligence came to Zion, that a large band of armed men was approaching that town, to exterminate them. In an instant every dissension was hushed, and those who, but a moment before, were at deadly feud with their brethren threw themselves upon their knees at the feet of those they had wronged, and with tears implored their forgiveness. There is nothing better calculated to unite people together, than the expectation of pouring out their blood as martyrs in the same cause.

The Mormon village was furiously assaulted on every side by an

overwhelming force. We are not writing the history of the Mormons, and shall give no details of that affair, except what belongs immediately to the Mavericks.

Mary, in the midst of the furious assault, continued to hide little Eddy behind the forge of a blacksmith shop that stood next door to their dwelling. Eddy, who had grown to be a boy of unusual intelligence and manliness of character for a child of his age, begged hard to be permitted to stand by the side of his mother, and share her fate, but this the anxious parents refused. Hardly had the boy been securely placed in that covert, when his father's dwelling was fiercely assailed, and Maverick, pierced with no less than four rifle balls, fell across his own door sill. Mary had just raised the head of the dying man in her lap, and heard his last sigh, when a cry of exultation rose from the adjoining blacksmith shop. Eddy had been discovered, and was dragged forth by a young man, whose real name we shall conceal under that of Vorne. Mary, with all the energy of her soul, implored them to spare her child, her only child, all that was now left to her widowed heart, pointing to her husband, who lay dead at her feet, in a pool of blood. But Eddy, even in this fearful hour, disdaining all supplications for his life, proudly drew up his form to its utmost height, and said, "*I am an American!*" Poor, mistaken, deluded child—he had read the history of his country, and vainly supposed that the very name of "*American*" would throw around his rights a shield of adamant. But the proud claim of the boy, and the wild pleadings of the young mother, were alike disregarded. Vorne replied, with a coarse, fiendish laugh, "*kill the young wolves, and there will be no old ones!*" Saying this, he coolly and deliberately brought his rifle within a foot of the child's head, and blew out his brains, sprinkling the clothes of the mother with the blood of her own child.

Let no one suppose, even for an instant, that the scene just described is a fiction. For the honor of manhood, we do most devoutly wish it were. But we assure the reader that every incident related, however revolting, is strictly *true*. The slaughter of the father, the concealment and discovery of the boy, his proud claim, "*I am an American*"—the reply of Vorne, and the blowing out of the child's brains before the eyes of the agonized mother, all occurred just as it is here related. No human consideration would have tempted the writer to fabricate a fiction so revolting. But it is *truth*, and should be *told*.

With rapid strides we pass over the events that followed, for we could not dwell upon them without awakening painful emotions in the bosom

of the reader, and rousing against the perpetrators of these crimes the indignation of every true-hearted American, who prizes the free institutions of his native land.

We shall likewise pass over the tearless agony of Mary Maverick, who threw herself upon the dead bodies of her husband and child, and implored them in mercy to kill her also. Nor will we pause to describe her flight from her burning home, snatching only from thence a small bundle, containing a few articles rendered holy to her by the remembrance of little Eddy and her husband.

For an hour, the widowed, childless Mormoness fled into the wild forest, nearly bereft of reason. Overcome with fatigue, she sat down at the mouth of one of the low, narrow caves so common in that upland region. Resting her weary limbs for a few moments, she tried to collect her thoughts, and inquire what were the claims of duty, even in that fearful emergency. Concealing her bundle as far as possible in that cave, with the intention of saving from the profane hands of strangers that which had been dear to her child, she departed, she knew not whither. Women and children equally forlorn were fleeing in every direction, with no aim but that of escaping, as fast as possible, from their assailants. Mary soon joined a band of these fugitives, and sought to forget her own sorrows in her efforts to console those whose afflictions were heavier than her own. Destitute of food and shelter, they dared not solicit either in the vicinity of their late residence, and these helpless outcasts endured untold sufferings. But, as they proceeded farther from the scene of their disasters, on their way to the Mississippi River, they found that compassion had not yet forsaken the human heart. The sympathies of the better class of the people of Missouri were powerfully excited, and the doors of every respectable house on their route were thrown wide open to the sufferers. Their wants were supplied with a liberal hand, and no kind efforts spared to soothe their afflictions.

Though the public voice may sanction the outrages of "*Lynch Law*," yet every really honest man execrates, in the secret recesses of his own heart, the lawless deeds that bring down reproach upon our free institutions, in foreign lands. Such was emphatically the case in the present instance, and sympathizing friends of the Mormons, as there would have been done for any other sufferers, sprung up on every side. The most respectable people in Illinois took the lead in this manifestation of sympathy, and invited these homeless outcasts to settle in that State, on the bank of the Mississippi, not far from the town of Warsaw. This was the foundation of Nauvoo.

Mrs. Maverick was everywhere received with the utmost kindness. She uttered no complaints, and never spoke either of her own wrongs and sufferings, or those of the Mormons, when she could well avoid it. She made no allusion, however distant, to her cruel bereavement of husband and child, but attempted to appear calm, and even cheerful, that she might hide from the world the sorrows which none could assuage. Yet a single glance at her pale, subdued countenance, told every observer that the iron had entered deep into her heart. There was a look of uncomplaining sorrow, mingled with the unfailing gentleness of her tones and manner, that touched the beholder. No one could see her, even in a crowd, without feeling a singular attraction toward the pale stranger. A young merchant of considerable wealth, and of high standing in community, at whose mother's house the young Mormoness found a shelter in the hour of her greatest need, felt that attraction irresistible. He offered to the homeless widow his hand and fortune, with the assurance that her religious opinions should ever be sacredly respected. This generous offer the Mormoness declined with profound humility, but decidedly, much as she esteemed him for his many virtues. All the promise that he could extort from her was, that she would accept from him any pecuniary aid that she might at any time find needful.

The Mormoness, feeling the impropriety of remaining any longer under the roof of her kind benefactress, after this declaration of her son, was compelled, once more, to go out into the world, and seek a new home. With the Latter-Day Saints she knew that she would receive a cordial welcome, but they had lost their all, and found it difficult to provide even for their own wants. She resolved, therefore, to return, as soon as possible, to the settlement of Sixteen Mile Prairie, and seek a home in the family of Judge Maverick, her father-in-law. Her thoughts had often turned toward them, and she knew full well that under their roof she would receive a heart-felt reception, as a daughter dear to their hearts. But she had long hesitated to return thither, fearing that the remembrance of other days, of her husband and child, would awaken, in that place, sorrows beyond even *her* power of endurance. But her heart had now been disciplined in the school of suffering and resignation, till at length she could look with calmness upon trials that would once have bowed her to the earth.

It was a lovely day in June, when she reached, on her solitary journey on foot, the borders of the settlement where she had formerly resided. A thin, fleecy cloud hung like a transparent veil over the sun, tempering his beams into the mildness of Spring. Numerous cattle

were scattered in groups over the vast prairie. Fields of wheat, fast ripening for the harvest, waved in the summer breeze, like the gentle undulations of a lake, whose bosom is faintly stirred by the evening air. Every object she beheld was interesting, from its association with other times. Even the buzzard, sailing high in air over the prairie, with no effort but now and then just dipping his broad wings, gave an air of quiet repose to the scene.

Many changes had taken place in the settlement, since the morning when, with her husband and child, she bade it a tearful adieu. New farms had been fenced in from the prairie, and happy children were playing around many a cottage that had risen up since her departure. Her heart throbbed painfully, in spite of all her efforts to restrain her feelings, as she approached the farm and dwelling that had once been *theirs*. It was a trial to which she had looked forward, and had endeavored to nerve her heart to meet it unmoved. But the effort was beyond her power. The dwelling in which she had once been so happy was now the residence of the wily French, whose influence over her husband's mind had been so injurious. There was the house, but all around it, how changed. The shrubbery which she had planted and loved to tend, had disappeared. All was destroyed, except the few broken remains of her former nurslings, that still survived the general wreck. At the door stood a boy of the size of Eddy, when he last roved, a happy child, among the flowers. But it was not *her* child. The sight was more than even *her* subdued heart could long endure. Turning her head aside, she walked on with a quickened step, breathing a prayer that God would forgive these murmurings of her bruised heart, and enable her to forgive all her enemies for the deep wrongs they had done her.

The reception which the wanderer received from the family of her father-in-law was deeply affecting. Judge Maverick, long accustomed, as he had been, to control his emotions in the presence of others, threw his arms around his afflicted daughter's neck, and wept aloud. Never before had even his wife seen him thus moved. The fountain of his sympathy was stirred to its lowest depth, and giving loose to his emotions, he sobbed like a child. He pressed the afflicted one long to his bosom, and, in a voice broken with mingled sobs, welcomed her to his home and to his heart, assuring her that so long as he had a roof to shelter her head, or a single crust to offer, she should be the dearest, most cherished object of his affection.

From the rest of the family Mary received a welcome equally kind and cordial, though less affecting.

It was soon tacitly understood by all the household, that no allusion, however distant, should be made, in the presence of Mary, to the subject of her bereavement; and the neighbors who flocked in to welcome back the returned mourner were privately cautioned to make no inquiries about the death of her husband and child.

The family would have preferred that Mary should enjoy an entire exemption from all the labors of the household, and devote herself exclusively to reading and other literary pursuits; but to this she would not consent. She resolved to live usefully to others. Her afflictions had not, in her opinion, absolved her from the performance of a single duty she had ever owed to her fellow-beings. Only, by aiding those who needed her assistance, by soothing the sorrows of the afflicted, and by enduring all the trials of life with holy resignation, did she hope to win the approbation of Him who had afflicted her for wise purposes.

Almost from the day of her arrival at the house of Judge Maverick, the Mormoness took upon herself no small share of the labors of the household. She rose at dawn, and was actively employed all day long. Her mother-in-law was an excellent house-keeper, but the industry and taste of Mary soon wrought a sensible change in the establishment. It was the earnest endeavor of the widow, not only to render herself useful, but to promote the happiness of the family, by appearing cheerful, and she anxiously avoided bringing up the remembrance of her sorrows to the minds of others.

For three months she remained here, performing most of the labors of the house. But though her step was light, and her voice cheerful, yet her pale, melancholy brow, and mournful eye, sunk deep into the hearts of the whole family. In vain did the kind, affectionate mother-in-law strive to banish from her mind all thought of the sorrows of the afflicted Mary. That mournful face, with its sweet, melancholy smile, was ever before her, and at length haunted her very dreams. The health of the mother-in-law began to decline, under this continual excitement of her sympathy. Mary was not slow in discovering the cause of the drooping spirits of her mother, and resolved to seize the earliest opportunity that would afford a plausible excuse for her departure, without rendering it necessary to assign the real cause.

Such an opportunity was quickly presented.

There lived in the neighborhood a rich widow, a foreigner, whose only daughter was in the consumption. They were Roman Catholics, strongly attached to their own church. During the year they had resided in the settlement, to try the effects of the pure air of the prairies, they had

enjoyed no opportunities of attending confession, or any services of their own church. Mary often watched with the declining girl, who soon conceived the most tender affection. As the life of this interesting girl waned toward its close, her thoughts turned more earnestly toward the world beyond the grave. During the long restless hours of night, she often conversed with Mary upon that theme.

The prayers and other services of the Catholic Church, were frequently read to her by the Mormoness, who felt no desire to interfere with the religious faith of any one, and least of all of the dying girl, who found in that her only consolation. As the last days of the invalid drew near, she became anxious that her mother should take her back to St. Louis, where she could receive the sacraments of her church, and her remains be laid in consecrated earth. The wishes of her daughter were sacred in the eye of Mrs. O'Dwyre, her mother, and Mary was earnestly entreated by the daughter to attend her. This request was granted. The departure of the young Mormoness from the house of Judge Maverick, was affectionate and tearful.

CHAPTER V.

"Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain;
And dies amid her worshippers."—Bryant.

On their arrival at St. Louis, by slow stages, Mrs. O'Dwyre, to avoid the noise and tumult of a crowded street, rented a house on the borders of the town. For two weeks her daughter's health slowly declined, till her spirit took its flight. In her last moments the dying girl expressed her warm thanks to Mary, for all that she had done. Mrs. O'Dwyre continued to reside at the same place, and at her solicitation, the Mormoness consented to remain with her for a season.

In the vicinity of the house now occupied by Mrs. O'Dwyre, was a grove, in which there chanced to be encamped a small band of Indians, who had come from beyond the borders of Missouri, to transact some business with the commissioner of Indian Affairs, at St. Louis. Hearing that one of these Indian women was sick, Mrs. Maverick lost no time in paying her a visit. She found the poor creature not only dangerously ill, but suffering still more for the want of suitable attendance. She lay upon the ground, with nothing to protect her from the damp

earth, but a blanket. Two little girls, half-naked, cowered around the favored couch of the mother. The squaws of the neighboring tents were not without compassion, but could render little assistance. Such scenes were once frequent. Formerly large bodies of Indians, nearly every year, encamped in the vicinity of St. Louis, to draw their annuities, or dispose of their furs.

Mary lost no time in procuring medical advice for the poor woman, and providing everything needful, and spent much of her time in attending upon her. The two little daughters were not forgotten. She furnished each with a new dress. These children were never before the owners of such beautiful garments, and even Mary herself was amused at the looks of wonder and admiration which they cast upon their simple, but neat calico gowns. The dark face of the sick mother beamed with pride of her children, and gratitude to Mary, as she turned her eyes from one to the other.

The sick Indian woman, with the skillful attendance of the Mormoness recovered. She owed her life to the kindness of her white friend. Nothing could exceed the gratitude of the poor squaw to her benefactress, and the thankfulness of her warm, untutored heart was manifested with all the fervor of nature. This band belonged to the half-civilized tribe of Shawnees, and resided in the Indian Territory, beyond the borders of Missouri. These Indians earnestly entreated Mary, whose history, by some means, they had partly learned, to accompany them home, and live with them. She could do so much good to them, they said, and besides, could teach their daughters. They would build her a house, even better than that of the missionary, and provide for her support. The Indian whose wife Mary had tended was an untutored savage, and said, "saved squaw's life—Indian no forget—help make house for white squaw—hunt deer for her, and anybody hurt white squaw, maybe he die quick."

The Mormoness, deeply impressed with the idea that her labors would be useful to these Indians, and not unwilling to withdraw from the society of the more civilized, accepted their invitation. When Mrs. O'Dwyre discovered that it was vain to try to persuade her from accompanying the Shawnees, she procured from a friend of hers a recommendation of Mrs. Maverick to the kindness of the mission family. But, unknown to either of them, a young merchant wrote privately to the agent of that tribe, to supply Mrs. Mary Maverick with everything that might add to her happiness, and draw upon him for the amount, be it what it might.

On their arrival at the Shawnee village, Mary took up her residence for a time, in the mission family. The Indians, true to their promise, set themselves earnestly at work to build her a house, and she was not a little surprised to find that it bid fair to be far the best in the village. The agent procured such materials and workmen as the Indians could not well provide. The house was large, for it was designed by Mary for a school, as well as for her private residence.

In a short time the Indians became warmly attached to Mrs. Maverick, who was constantly among them, wherever an opportunity of doing good presented. A few weeks of earnest application had enabled her to speak their language fluently, on all ordinary subjects, and this added much to her influence. With the girls who attended her school, it was a work of love to learn. Their dark faces beamed with confidence and affection, whenever they were turned toward their teacher, and she was known in the village by the Indian name which they conferred upon her, and which was one of the most affectionate terms in the whole compass of the Shawnee language. Every wish of hers was obeyed by these girls, and, unconsciously to themselves, they imitated her in everything, even in her gestures, and the tone of her voice. She sought to inspire them with a love for the *true* and the *beautiful*, as one of the most effective means of improving their minds. She adorned the yard of the school house with the shrubs and flowers that grew wild in that region, and it was deemed a sufficient reward to the most diligent and meritorious scholar, to be permitted to assist her in these recreations. The improvement of these Indian girls soon became visible in the neatness and taste seen in their own homes.

But even there, where the Mormoness devoted herself to the single purpose of doing good to others, without a selfish thought entering her heart, she was not doomed to escape envy and detraction. Some whites oppose every attempt to instruct the Indians, because they deem it injurious to their own traffic. Even the family of the kind-hearted, pious missionary remembered that she was a Mormoness, and not all her deeds of charity and love could induce them to look upon her with entire cordiality. Reports, false and groundless, began to be whispered among the Indians, and a few withdrew their daughters from the school. All this she met in silence, for she neither sought nor expected happiness from any other source than the consciousness of having faithfully discharged her duty, and no power upon earth could divest her of that. She had seen her husband and child weltering in their own life-blood, and had lived. After that, how trifling to her seemed every other affliction.

At this juncture, a new and awful calamity assailed the Indians. The Asiatic cholera broke out in one of the largest and most powerful of the distant tribes of the West, spreading the utmost alarm, and threatening its utter extinction. The warrior, who had been the victor in a hundred fights, quailed at this new and resistless enemy. Great numbers died in a few hours after the attack, and consternation was universal. All who were able fled from the unseen foe, to seek protection among any of the distant tribes that would receive them. Whole families perished in their flight, and the unburied remains of the victims of that terrible scourge lay scattered over the plains. A party of near fifty, including men, women and children, fled to the Shawnees, who compelled them to encamp at the distance of two miles from their village. It was in vain that these savages had fled from the pestilence. Fatigue and terror predisposed them to the cholera, which broke out among them on their arrival, with redoubled violence. None of the Shawnees would visit their encampment, and none of the afflicted tribe were permitted to approach the village. To all human appearance, the whole encampment was doomed. In this emergency, the young Mormoness resolved to fly to the assistance of these friendless savages. No persuasion could shake her resolution. Procuring from the agent the few medicines prescribed for the cholera, she took a large bundle containing such articles as she would most need, and commending herself to the protection of heaven, she carefully closed the doors and windows of her house, which she might never again enter, and then departed for the encampment of the savages. On her way, she met the wagon of the mission family, who were hastening to the white settlements of Missouri. They paused long enough to reproach the heroic woman with "*tempting Providence*," by rashly exposing her own life in such an enterprise. Unmoved by this denunciation, steadfast in her purpose, she resolutely pursued her way. Death, in the frightful form of cholera, might await her, but, whether life or death was to be her lot, she felt that the path of duty was always the path of safety, and the only one.

Great was the astonishment of these savages, when they saw a female of beautiful form, apparently twenty-four or five years of age, in a snow white attire, suddenly appear among them, and, in the Shawnee tongue, inform them that she came to attend upon their sick. The smile with which she announced this unexpected message, gave to her pale countenance an expression such as they had never before seen; and this, with the fact that no one had seen her approach, inspired them with the belief that she was not a mortal. The Great Spirit, pitying his red children,

had sent down, to succor them in their distress, one of the "*Daughters of the Sun*." They would have thrown themselves at her feet, had she not, by a gesture of the hand, forbidden it. Joy and hope now took place of the dark and sullen despair into which they had been plunged. The Mormoness went instantly to work in aid of the sufferers. The Indians cheerfully obeyed her orders. She had the sick removed into a large tent, where she could have them all under her eye at once. Eagerly did they swallow the nauseating drugs that she administered, without a word of inquiry, and in full confidence of recovery, for they believed there was life in every medicine administered by her hand. Calmly, and with a light, quick step, the young Mormoness moved among the sick, giving medicine to one, wiping the cold, clammy dew from the forehead of another, and holding to the fevered lips of a third the cooling draught. To all she spoke words of hope and consolation, that cheered and comforted their desponding hearts.

In a few days, the sick were all convalescent. None had died since her arrival, except those whom she had found in the last stages of that fearful disorder. They now began to be in want of the necessaries of life, and the Shawnees still prohibiting all communication with the village, Mary dispatched a trusty messenger to her house in the night, to bring from thence her whole supply of provisions, which, happily for them, was not a small one.

Ingratitude is not among the vices of savage life. It is only in the society of the *civilized and refined*, that man repays the kindness of a friend and benefactor with hatred. These Indians made no loud and boisterous professions of thankfulness to the Mormoness, but gratitude, deep and heartfelt, beamed in every look they gave her. One of her patients was a savage of powerful frame, regarded among them as the bravest warrior of the tribe. None who recovered was so violently attacked with the cholera as he. For some time he lay motionless, and apparently insensible, but, though unable to move, or articulate a word, he observed every movement of his kind nurse, and saw the untiring efforts she made in his behalf.

In the very first day that he was able to leave the tent of the sick, and return to his own, after a short absence he came back, and stood directly before the Mormoness. He held in his hand a large bundle carefully enveloped in a neatly tanned fawn's skin, and said, in his broken English, "*Pale-faced squaw saved Wah-he-yah's life—gave her Great Medicine—great much*." Slowly unfolding the package, which Mary doubted not was some trifling object which the Indians are ac-

customed to adopt as their "*Medicine*," or *Manito*, what was her astonishment, when the last envelop was removed, to discover the very bundle of little Eddy's play-things, which she had hidden in the cave, when fleeing from her burning home. "*Wah-he-yah saw pale-face squaw at cave.*" Saying this, the savage drew close to Mary, and in a low tone he uttered, between his teeth, a name that made the Mormoneess start, and a livid paleness overspread her countenance. It was the name of Vorne, the murderer of her child—not the name we have given him, but his *real* name. With a look of revenge and hate glaring in his burning eyes, which seemed like those of the incarnate demon of vengeance, the warrior added, "*Wah-he-yah know him—pale squaw much cry—maybe! ha! ha! ha!—maybe—ha! ha!*" and with these unintelligible exclamations, he left the tent.

Mary wept long over her recovered treasures, now the dearest object she had in existence, for they once belonged to her child. They were the very play-things which she had so often seen him play with, when he was a careless, happy child, and she a happy wife and mother. They were all that was now left her of those happy days, and where is the bereaved mother who will not enter into her feelings, as she gazed upon these newly recovered relics? Yes! her husband and child had gone to a bloody grave, without the form of a trial, and that, too, in a Republic that guarantees to every individual unlimited freedom of conscience, and a fair trial by jury—a Republic upon whose flag is emblazoned the Roman Eagle. Wherever the banner of Rome played in the breeze, *there* the meanest citizen found protection. Paul, the Apostle to the Gentiles, the preacher of a sect abhorred and accursed by the multitude, found instant protection under the wings of that eagle. When he calmly, but proudly folded his arms upon his breast, and said, "*I am a Roman citizen*," the haughty Satrap trembled on his throne, for well did he know, that if he dared violate the rights of the meanest, most criminal of her citizens, Rome, in the language of one of her sons, "*would hurl at his devoted head a thunderbolt.*" But does the American Eagle thus protect the rights of the free-born citizens of our Republic? A voice from many a Mormon grave, from the blaze of unnumbered dwellings, and from the victims of Lynch Law in numerous other forms, answers this question. It tells, trumpet-tongued, the protection which our institutions afford to the unpopular citizen, who most needs protection.

Mary remained with these savages till the last patient had recovered, and the band was preparing for their departure, when she re-

turned once more to her own house, with the intention of again visiting her school. She was received with every demonstration of joy. Her brief absence had taught them more fully her worth, and even the parents who had withdrawn their daughters confessed their errors, and sought to repair the wrongs they had done her. In a few days her cottage was again liberally supplied with every needed provision.

The sorrowful Mormoneess, who thought no earthly happiness could ever more reach her, was destined to receive an unexpected, yet most welcome, and most dear to her heart. A brother whom she had not seen, since she beheld him on his departure from her father's roof, a mere lad, had now grown almost to manhood, and sought out his afflicted sister, whom from his infancy he had fondly loved. It was his intention to try to persuade her to return with him to the home of their childhood. We will draw a veil over the meeting of this brother and sister, after so long a separation.

On the second day after his arrival, Mary and her brother visited a sick family, who resided a short distance out of the village. The day was beautiful, and instead of returning immediately home, they continued their walk along what was termed the "Shawnee trail," till the last habitation was left far behind them, for Mary wished to show to her brother some of the wild scenery in that region. They were conversing earnestly together upon the subject of her returning home with her brother, when a cry of mortal agony, that paralyzed all their faculties, rang through the still air. Again and again, for the third time, that cry burst forth in tones that froze the blood in their veins, and then all was still. In the next moment, a horse with saddle and bridle, but no rider, rushed wildly by. Hastening in the direction from which the animal came, they discovered, at no great distance, a man lying upon the ground, in a pool of blood. As Mary drew near enough to distinguish his features, she started back aghast, horror-struck. Every lineament of that upturned face was engraved upon her heart, in lines that time could not obliterate. She had seen it often in her dreams. The wounded man was *Vorne*, the murderer of her child.

With a powerful effort, she controlled the emotions which a sight so revolting to her, inspired, and stooping down, stanching the blood that flowed from three deep, and apparently, mortal wounds.

While she bent over the wounded man, she heard a voice from the adjoining thicket, which she recognized, in an instant, as that of the savage warrior. "*Ah ha, maybe!*" was uttered, and then followed the Indian war-whoop, the yell of victory. He had paid what in his savage

regarded as a debt due to his benefactress. He had laid her to rest in death, and with the feeling that he had done a noble deed, he departed to join his band, already on their march, and at no great distance from that spot.

The wounded man, though insensible, was not quite dead. He had evidently been shot from his horse with an arrow, and received several stabs with a knife after his fall, any one of which seemed mortal.

Of her brother no intimation that she knew the name of the wounded man, or had ever seen him before, the Mormoness had no difficulty in procuring his aid and that of others, to remove him to her house. Besides the deep wounds which the apparently dying man had received, the loss of blood was so great that the least unfavorable turn in his case would inevitably be fatal. Such was his weakness, that he fainted several times on his way to her house, and nothing but the most vigilant care on her part enabled him to survive the agitation of his removal. The exhaustion which he endured was so great, that for hours after his arrival he lay upon the bed insensible. Two long weeks of intense suffering to the wounded man, and of constant watching, day and night alternately by Mary and her brother, passed by before the vigorous constitution of Vorne triumphed, and a decidedly favorable change took place. All the thoughts and emotions of the wounded man were now no longer concentrated upon his own sufferings, and he began to feel an interest in other topics. At first, every inquiry was answered by forbidding him, in his weak condition, to converse. As he grew stronger, this prohibition was unavailing, and Mary found it necessary to acquaint him with the condition in which he was discovered, his removal to her house, and, in short, answer all the numerous inquiries that he made upon various other topics. Vorne was deeply sensible of the disinterested goodness of his benefactress, and gradually drew from her all of her past history that she chose to relate, which was little more than the fact that she was a Mormoness and a widow, with no pecuniary resources, but depended upon the avails of her own labor for support. But she carefully concealed from him that she had once resided at the Mormon Zion, in Missouri, and everything relating to the death of her husband and child.

Out of all danger, his wounds healing daily, he had full leisure to turn all his attention to what was passing around him. Confined to the narrow limits of a sick room, the most trifling events become interesting to an invalid. Vorne observed every movement of the young widow, and saw with what anxious and unwearied attention she watched over

him. He thought of all she had done for him, and was conscious that to her disinterested kindness and energy he owed his life. If she had not watched over him for many days and nights with a devoted attention which few sisters would bestow upon a brother, he would now be sleeping in his grave. Her pale face soon became the engrossing subject of his thoughts, as it had long been the most pleasing object that ever met his view. To him there was something peculiarly attractive in her manners, and the sound of her light foot-step, hardly audible to any one else, made his heart beat with a quicker pulsation. These emotions every day grew more and more intense, till his whole being—every passion of his soul—was concentrated, with fearful strength, upon her alone.

He had hitherto regarded the marriage institution with the scorn and contempt which men of base lives and corrupt principles always conceive for that relation, but now—he resolved to marry the widow. She was a Mormoness, but when once his wife, he could easily compel her to abandon her religion. He had accumulated a small fortune by his dishonest trade with the Indians of various tribes, and he would enjoy it in one of the old States, far from the reach of the avenging arrows of those whom he had defrauded. He determined, however, not to disclose his feelings to the young widow till he had entirely recovered. But the burning passion that was now consuming him he had no longer the power to control, and all his previous resolutions yielded to the anxiety to learn his fate at once.

One day, when Mary's brother had started to go on an errand for his sister, about two miles distant, and would not return for some hours, Vorne seized the opportunity of declaring to her his passion, and asking her hand in marriage.

It was some time before the Mormoness fully understood his meaning, so foreign from all her thoughts and expectations was the bare idea of such a declaration. When she fully comprehended the meaning of his words, no language can describe the loathing and horror which filled her whole soul. The man who had mocked at her wild, agonizing, heartrending plea for the life of her child—the man who blew out that child's brains before her face, had asked her hand in marriage! The very thought of it made her recoil with horror. Never before had she felt for Vorne the unutterable loathing which she now endured. No, not even when the cold-blooded remorseless ruffian stood in triumph over the bloody corpses of her husband and child, did she feel for him such unutterable horror and detestation as she did now. Her

whole frame quivered with the intensity of her emotions, her bloodless lips moved, but no sound escaped, and her hand was involuntarily thrown out, like one in the nightmare, who seeks to ward off some terrific monster. Vorne gazed upon her in mute surprise, yet, so far from suspecting the nature of her emotions, he ascribed the wildness of her appearance to the unexpectedness of the proposal, which his overweening vanity told him could not but be highly gratifying to a widow as poor as she was, and a Mormoness besides.

The door opened, and Mary's brother, who had met the man he was going to see, entered. The spell in which all her faculties seemed bound was instantly dissolved, and drawing a deep sigh, like one just awakened from a hideous dream, she rushed from the room.

The command, "*Love your enemies, do good to them that persecute you,*" were no unmeaning words in the creed of Mary Maverick, and she earnestly endeavored to fulfill the precept, and feel for her remorseless persecutors the spirit of Him whose dying prayer for his murderers was, "*Father, forgive them.*"

The trial of attending upon Vorne, which before, Mary, at times, found hardly endurable, was rendered doubly irksome by this declaration. But still, it was her duty to *forgive*, and render good for all the deadly wrong he had done her.

She now carefully avoided being in the presence of Vorne when her brother was absent, and thus afforded him no opportunity of renewing his revolting proposals. But she could not always have the protecting presence of her brother, and about a week after the scene just related had transpired, he found her alone, and again made the offer of marriage. She was now prepared for the event, and preserved a command over her feelings. Without giving him any intimation of her acquaintance with any portion of his previous history, she mildly declined his proposal, alledging no other reason than her determination, her unalterable determination, never again, under any possible circumstances, to marry.

Greatly was he disappointed, for he had entertained not a doubt of her willingness to exchange poverty for comparative affluence. He combated her resolution with every argument that he thought might have an influence upon her mind. Remembering that she was a Mormoness, the idea struck him that her objections arose from that source, and he professed great esteem for that sect, and promised that he would himself join them. To gain her hand, he hesitated not to promise to unite with a sect which he had persecuted to blood.

When he found that even *this* did not shake her determination, he broke out into a storm of passion, in which deadly threats were mingled with professions of love, almost to frenzy. Refusing to accept her refusal as decisive, he told her that he would give her a week for reflection upon the subject, at the close of which he should expect her *final answer*. To this she agreed, and would have again assured him that neither time nor any circumstance could change her mind, but this he prevented her from uttering.

On the return of her brother to the house, Mary took him alone, and, having first obtained from him a solemn promise that he would not attempt to avenge her wrongs, she informed him that Vorne was the murderer of her child, and acquainted him with his proposal of marriage.

We will not describe the emotions of the brother. It was enough that he had sworn not to avenge his sister, and the murderer should be left for punishment to the tribunal of Heaven.

The wounds of Vorne were rapidly healing, and in a week more, if no unfavorable symptoms should arise, he would be able to remove from there with perfect safety.

It was settled between the brother and sister that their patient should depart on the day appointed by himself for his final answer.

The week whose hours were so anxiously numbered by all the inmates of that dwelling slowly rolled by. The morning of the day arrived on which Vorne expected a final answer. From some cause or other, he had become doubly confident that after a week more of meditation upon the ills of poverty and dependence, her answer would accord with his own wishes.

Hardly had breakfast been dispatched on the morning of that eventful day, when a summons came for Mary to attend the bed-side of a dying woman. It was near sun-set when she returned. Supper passed by without any allusion to the subject. With trembling anxiety, the Mormoness saw the shades of night descend, and the dreaded crisis draw near. Her heart beat violently as she lighted the lamp and placed it upon her rustic stand, which she drew to the middle of the room. Having done this, she retired for a few moments to her own apartment, to collect her thoughts, and implore the protection of the Most High.

On her return, her brother, who had been present all the morning, arose, and, in compliance with the previous arrangement which he had secretly made with his sister, left her alone with Vorne. His departure

from the house afforded the latter an opportunity most ardently desired, of conversing with the widow alone.

After a pause of a few minutes, during which the Mormoness could almost hear the beating of her own heart, Vorne introduced the subject ever present to his thoughts. He told his love, and told it in burning words. That he felt for the widow all the deep and absorbing emotions of which his wild, impassioned nature was capable of feeling, was no fiction. Her gentleness of soul, so unlike his own, her soft, pensive, melancholy air, and her unceasing kindness to him during the long days and nights when his life hung by a thread, had awakened in his turbulent, impassioned bosom an affection for the Mormoness, which he felt would be the ruling passion of his soul to the last hour of his existence.

To this ardent profession, the Mormoness calmly, but firmly gave a repulse. Not even yet believing her decision unalterable, he spoke of her unprotected condition after her brother should depart, and of the wealth he had acquired by trade. As he proceeded, his voice rose with the increasing excitement of his mind. He at length adverted to her connection with the Mormons, and his generosity in proposing to unite himself with one who belonged to a denomination so unpopular, so abhorred by the public. He would take her to a far distant State, where her former connection with them would be forever unknown.

In the excitement of his feelings, he had unwittingly confessed his deadly hatred to a sect which he had proposed to join, and, unknown to himself, touched a cord that vibrated to the profoundest depths of her heart, and brought before her mind's eye, in all the vivid hues of truth, the fatal scene when her agonizing prayer for the life of her child was received with a fiendish scoff.

Even then, anxious to spare the murderer pain, she told him again that her resolution was unalterable, and begged him to depart in peace. Not satisfied with this, he still sought to shake her resolution. It was not till then that the Mormoness, finding other means of no avail, told him that there was an obstacle to her union with him—a barrier between them, wide and impassable as the gulf of fire that separated the rich man in the Gospel from the bosom of Abraham—and again most earnestly implored and entreated him to depart in peace, without making any further solicitations or inquiries.

A storm of passion arose in the bosom of Vorne, and broke forth wildly and fearfully as the hurricane of the tropics; and he demanded, in the most violent manner, to know what that obstacle was. Know it

he would, and trample it down, even at the risk of his life. The Mormoness, alarmed at his violence, arose from the table, with the intention of leaving the room. Vorne instantly sprang forward to detain her by force, and, in his attempt to seize her arm, overset the lamp and extinguished the light. In an instant, a sight met the view of Vorne, which riveted him to the spot, as if he were transformed into a marble statue, and his eye-balls glared with intense horror. On the opposite wall of the room, directly before him, he saw the Zion of the Mormons. It was noon-day. An armed mob, most of whom he instantly knew by name, rushed along the principal street. Across the door-sill of a cottage lay a man, weltering in blood. The scene changed. A youth, hardly twenty-one years of age, in whom Vorne recognized himself, was dragging a lad of noble bearing before the door where lay the dying man, the child's father. A lovely female who stood by the side of the bloody corpse, appeared to plead in agony for the life of the child. He now knew her face in an instant. It was the woman who had watched over him with more than a sister's care—the woman to whom he owed his life. He saw the young man spurn the imploring agony of that mother, and deliberately blow out the brains of her child. Every scene was so true and life-like, it seemed to Vorne a living reality.

All was now explained. Everything was now clear to him as noon-day. It was *her* child that he had murdered, without imagining that killing a Mormon would ever rise up against him. He it was who had wantonly bereft that woman of her last hold upon life. And knowing this, and bearing the wound every moment in her bosom, she had devoted days and nights to his recovery. All this past through his mind with the swiftness of a flash of lightning, and writhing with anguish of soul which few beings on earth are capable of feeling, he exclaimed, "*O, I am accursed of God and man—my punishment is greater than I can bear!*"

The brother of the Mormoness came into the room with a light, and led his almost inanimate sister to her own apartment, and instantly returned. Stepping to the outer door, he called into the house of an Indian, who stood without, holding Vorne's horse, which was equipped for a journey. Then addressing himself to the latter, he said, "Vorne, your horse is at the door—all your things are deposited in your saddle-bags—this man will conduct you to a house, which is not far distant—you can pass the night there, and in the morning pursue your journey in peace." Vorne listened to this speech like one but half awakened from sleep, and mechanically followed the Indian. Without the power

of bidding adieu, or of uttering a single word, he left, forever, the house, where, for a long period, he had received every attention in the power of kindness to bestow. On the ensuing morning, at the earliest appearance of light, he arose from his sleepless couch, mounted his horse and before the sun had risen above the long line of forest which bounds the distant landscape on the east of Shawneetown, he had left that village miles behind him, on his way to the States.

The exciting events of the past night had not been unfelt by the Mormoness. The death of her husband and child, with the sorrows through which she had passed, were all presented before him, and she felt as if she had been wading through that troubled sea for the second time.— Her long confinement at the bedside of the wounded man had already impaired her health so seriously, that her constitution was unable to withstand the rude shock which the last night had given her.

The means by which her brother had thrown these vivid representations upon the wall, by the aid of the optical instrument so cherished by his sister, in memory of her child, needs no explanation. The views were painted by herself, long after the occurrence of the events they portrayed, and were true to the life. Every feature of those scenes was too deeply traced upon her heart ever to be obliterated.

In the morning a fever was preying upon the life-blood of the Mormoness. In a few days it left her, for the fuel that sustained its fires was consumed, and a languor, the unfailing harbinger of approaching dissolution, pressed with leaden weight upon her heart. She felt that her days were numbered, and the summons was one of joy to this daughter of affliction. Since that fearful day when all she held most dear was torn from her embrace, but one hope, one aim, one object of life reconciled her to existence. Henceforth she lived only that she might do good to others, confidently trusting that the afflictions through which she might be called to pass, like a fiery furnace, would purify her heart. To do good to her enemies, to return the anxious care of more than a sister to the man who had bereaved her of an only child, she hoped would be acceptable to Him who prayed for his executioners.— Daily did she feel the influence of sanctified afflictions descend upon her heart, gentle as the dews of Hermon, fortifying her in the discharge of all her duties, and preparing her for Heaven.

The last mournful scene, the welcome release to this woman of many sorrows, was near at hand. She prayed for all her friends and relations. For her mother, in the far-off home of her childhood, her own fond mother, upon whose bosom she had so often slept, for her she pray-

ed with an earnestness which touched every heart. She prayed fervently for the Mormons, and for their persecutors; and for all who had wronged them or her. And now she felt that she had done with the scenes of earth, and stood on the confines of the spirit land.

For many minutes she lay motionless, her eyes closed. The pulse at her wrist had ceased, and not the slightest breath stirred the light down of the feather held before her pale lips. All thought her spirit had departed. Suddenly she opened her eyes, and gazing upward, her arms extended as if to clasp some object dearest to her heart, she exclaimed, in tones of rapture, "*Husband! Eddy! I come! Receive me again to your bosoms, my husband and child! I come! I come!*" Uttering these words, the lone sufferer was at rest, and, we trust, received a crown of rejoicing from Him whose command is, "*Love your enemies!*"

Three weeks after his departure from the Shawnee village, Vorne was discovered in the vicinity of St. Louis, wandering about like one who is bewildered, or who has lost his way. A relative of his took charge of him and his effects. In a short time it was found necessary to chain him to prevent him from committing suicide, which he had twice attempted. For many days and nights he sat sullen, muttering wildly and incoherently to himself about the Mormoness, after which a change came over his disordered mind, and he raved and howled in the most fearful manner, and his friends were compelled to consign him to a mad-house. There he yet remains. The physicians who have attended upon him have not the slightest hopes of his recovery. Wild raving, hopeless recollections of the vultures of Prometheus, are ever gnawing at his heart. The memory of the boy, and the agonized supplication of the mother, are ever present to his mind. Nor has even insanity torn from his mind a single act of kindness which the afflicted woman had bestowed upon him who had bereaved her. He remembers it all—his own crimes, and her heaven-born charity in returning good for evil—and he will remember it forever. When he has passed the confines that divide earth from the spirit land, the memory of his crimes will survive fresh and green forever.