

THE
GAY GIRLS OF NEW-YORK:

—OR—

LIFE ON BROADWAY;

BEING A MIRROR OF THE FASHIONS, FOLLIES AND CRIMES OF

A GREAT CITY.

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"The *gay girl* smiled, as she fluttered by  
In her silks so fine—but she heaved a sigh  
As she thought of the time when, undefiled,  
She played 'mid the flowers, a happy child!"

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BY GEORGE THOMPSON,
"GREENHORN."

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POPULAR TALES.

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New York:



HANNAH SHERWOOD AND FRANK RATTLETON; OR, THE "GAY GIRL"
AND HER LOVER DURING THEIR MOMENTS OF LEISURE AND PLEASURE.

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THE GAY GIRLS OF NEW-YORK;

OR,

LIFE ON BROADWAY.

CHAPTER I.

The "gay girl" haughtily glided by,
In her silks so fine—but she pined a sigh
As she thought of the time, when, undeluded,
She played "mid the flowers"—a happy child!

"LIFE ON THE PAVE!" and in New York City, too! What a glorious, what an inspiring theme! How abundant are the materials which it furnishes for the composition of a brilliant Romance, whose principal ingredient shall be *Truth*! How it suggests thoughts of moonlight nights on aristocratic Broadway—of rays of light streaming from gorgeous refreshment saloons, out of which come music and laughter, and the pleasant sounds of ice being stirred about in crystal goblets, during the Bacchanalian and mystic operation of making mint juleps and sherry cobbler—of dashing cavaliers, and last though not least of all, of "Gay Girls" flaunting by in all the pride and glory of silks, and laces, and flashy bonnets, and jet-black ringlets, and enticing smiles, and cheeks of artificial bloom! Stand with me on yonder corner, and watch the throng of voluptuous courtesans as they glide to and fro. Here's a fine chance to study human nature! Look at that "Gay Girl" in white—the emblem of her long-departed purity. She is a beautiful creature, and, had she remained innocent, might have adorned a mansion of wealth and splendor. But the tempter came, and in an unguarded moment she fell, never to rise again; for it is a firmly established law of our social system, that a woman who once loses her virtue, can never recover her position in society—while a man who sins a thousand times, is a thousand times applauded, and pro-

nounced a "capital fellow, although a little wild." No matter! Our gay girl in white tries to persuade herself that she is leading a very happy and rollicking sort of a life—and, as long as she *thinks* so, where's the difference? She dresses in the height of fashion, lolls all day upon a luxurious sofa, reading spicy novels, drink champagne, and enjoys an excess of amorous delights. She contrasts her situation with that of the poor sewing-girl, who toils from early morn until late at night for a miserable pittance, just sufficient to keep soul and body together. There are times, however, when our gay girl thinks of the degraded career which she is pursuing, and even acknowledges to herself that she might have been happier had she remained pure. She recalls to mind her heart-broken mother—her brothers and sisters—and weeps. Then she suddenly scolds herself for her weakness, dismisses every sorrowful thought from her mind, tosses off a bumper of champagne or brandy, and having consulted her mirror, sallies forth to attend to the *business* of the night.

But see! our gay girl in white has "picked up a flat" in the person of a rustic-looking individual from the country, who has just come to town for the very commendable purpose of taking a good look at the elephant. Mr. Jotham Flint—our country friend—is a philosopher, and a perfect Solomon in wisdom. He has "hearn' tell o' these 'ere gals, and guesses they are *some*, but he rather calculates they can't come any odds over *him*!" The gay girl in white—whose name, by the way, is Hannah Sherwood—without waiting for the tedious formality of an introduction, takes hold of Mr. Flint's arm with an air of affectionate familiarity, and asks him if he isn't going to "stand treat." Now Mr. Flint has plenty of filthy lucre, he being a prosperous country merchant; but then he is economical, and doesn't go in for any kind of extravagance, so far as his *own* pocket is concerned. But Hannah smiles so seductively upon him—her arm is so full and round, and her bare shoulders so plump and white, surmounted as they are by two half-uncovered globes of alabaster—that the susceptible heart of Mr. Flint knocks loudly against his ribs—his blood runs through his veins with an accelerated motion, and his eyes are glued upon the snowy charms of the wanton creature at his side. He finds it impossible to resist her request for him to "treat," and so he suffers her to lead him down into a basement saloon on the corner, where they conjointly devour an indefinite number of oysters, and imbibe a liberal quantity of exhilarating fluids in the shape of brandy smashes, and other delectable compounds. During the progress of the banquet, Mr. Jotham Flint takes sly opportunity of indulging in sundry little liberties with the

voluptuous person of his fascinating companion, who of course permits him to do pretty much as he pleases, being satisfied that he is destined to become her victim. For shame, Jotham! Could your virtuous wife (Mrs. Flint, by the way, is rather aged and somewhat skinny,) see your proceedings to-night, she would scratch your eyes out, you false wicked man! Could your religious brethren (Jotham is a Deacon) become aware of your misdeeds, they would hold up their hands in pious horror, and expel you, like an unclean sheep, from the bosom of the church; a warning to all hypocrites who abandon themselves to the gratification of their carnal passions.

The feast being ended, Jotham pays the rather exorbitant bill at the bar; and being worked up to an intense degree of amative heat, he readily complies with the whispered invitation of the fair but frail Hannah, to go home with her. Like a lamb to the slaughter, goeth Mr. Flint; and like a discomfited dog whose tail hangeth down from very shame, cometh forth our rustic friend, an hour or so afterwards, from the mansion of guilty pleasure. For lo! a goodly portion of his filthy lucre hath taken its departure, in the way of wine and other carnal refreshments; and the man of sin goeth on his way, mourning.

By the fair goddess of Venus! the devil himself seems to have issued from his infernal abode to-night, just to take a "spree;" and he must have inspired all the gay girls with the spirit of his own imperial deviltry, for never before were such capers seen, upon the pave or elsewhere! Is all the world drunk, or mad? Is the atmosphere impregnated with the fumes of wine, or is it filled with the invisible demons of insanity? What's the row here, opposite the Astor House? Let's push our way through the crowd—never mind that fat gentleman's corns—and find out all about it. Two dashing courtezans, actuated by jealousy, are "milling" each other in the most approved style of the fistic science. Whew!—what a devil of a scratching and clawing! A pair of hostile cats could not perform such wonders. The side-walk is strewn with false curls, demolished bonnets, fragments of silk and torn ribbons. Spanish Jule—one of the combatants—has received a black eye, while her antagonist, Moll Manning, exhibits sundry ugly scratches upon her handsome frontispiece. See? Moll has "floored" her enemy, and being dragged down herself, the interesting pair are rolling over and over each other upon the side-walk. "Let up—fair play's a jewel!" bawls the excited crowd; but suddenly the fun is interrupted by the arrival of two "M. P.'s," who immediately take the belligerent ladies into custody, and convey them to the station-house, where they

are accommodated with separate cells and couches of soft pine. Here they will be kept during the night. In the morning they will be examined by "his honor," who will impose a fine upon them. This they will pay, and then go forth to resume their gay and reckless career.

Leaving Spanish Jule and Moll Manning to quench the fever of their rage in the cooling atmosphere of the station-house, we return to the sights on the pave of Broadway; and, adopting the form of a regular narrative, we will now employ the past instead of the present tense.

The illuminated dial of the City Hall clock pointed to the hour of eleven, when a young girl, humbly but neatly dressed, entered the Park from Broadway, and crossed over towards Chatham street. Glancing at the clock, and seeing the lateness of the hour, she increased her speed almost into a run. It was clear that she was not a girl of the town, for she was evidently frightened at her situation, being unprotected and abroad at a time of night when a virtuous woman prefers to be at home, unless she is accompanied by some male relative or friend, to guard her from insult and outrage.

The form of the young girl, as seen by the light of a brilliant moon, was delicate and graceful in the extreme; and her face was one of rare beauty, yet it bore upon its classical and perfect outlines the impress of want, care and sorrow. Alas! that one so young and fair should already have tasted of afflictions bitter cup!

She was passing the rear of the City Hall, when she was accosted by a large, portly and well-dressed man who was seated upon the chain fence of one of the grassy enclosures, and who, as she approached, stepped directly in her path as if to arrest her further progress.

"Ah, pretty one," said this man, grasping the girl by the shoulders and drawing her towards him, while he admiringly surveyed her pale but surpassingly lovely countenance—"you are looking for company, eh? Well, as you seem to be a dainty morsel, I'll go home with you; or take you home with me, just as you like. Where do you live?"

"You mistake me, sir," said the poor terrified young girl, as she trembled in every limb—"I am not what you suppose me to be—indeed I am not! I am only a poor sewing girl, and have just finished work. I live in William street, and am now hastening home to my mother, who is very sick and requires my presence. Therefore do not detain me, sir—let me go, I implore you!"

"Not so fast, sweet lily of the valley," said the man, whose suit of fine broadcloth and massive gold guard-chain announced that he belonged to

what is called the upper circles of society, while a certain peculiarity of utterance indicated that he was slightly intoxicated—"not so fast. You're not a common night-walker, then—you are a sewing girl, eh? Ah, so much the better; I will make a fine lady of you, so come along with me; and let your sick mother die in peace. The worthy old lady won't miss you. Come along."

The young girl struggled to release herself from the man's ruffianly grasp, but as well might she have attempted to extricate herself from the claws of a hungry tiger. The scoundrel tightened his gripe until his victim screamed with passion. Muttering a horrid oath—for he was fearful that the girl's cries might lead to her rescue and his own detection—this "gentleman of the upper ten" seized that helpless young creature by the throat and choked her until she was either insensible or dead, he knew not which.

"If I have killed her," he muttered—"I shall not of course want her. Let's see."

He thrust his profaning hand into the fair sanctuary of her virgin bosom, and discovered to his satisfaction that her heart still beat, though faintly. We say to his satisfaction, for he longed to sacrifice that innocent creature upon the foul altar of his lust, and he did not desire that death should rob him of his prey. The contact of his hand with the girl's budding charms inflamed his vile appetite, and made him eager for the accomplishment of his base design. Raising her in his powerful arms, he hurried towards Broadway, which he soon reached. Near the corner of Chamber street, stood several hackney-coaches, their drivers waiting for jobs. The villain hailed one of these drivers, with whom he seemed to be acquainted, and said to him—

"Make haste, Barney; open your coach, and let me get in with this girl, who, you see, is insensible. That's right—close the door; good—now drive as if the devil were after you, to the house of Mrs. Bishop—you know the place. Don't spare the lash, and a ten dollars *limsey* shall be yours."

"All right, Mr. Wallingford," said the sagacious and well-pleased John, as he leaped into his seat and cracked his whip in the most scientific manner. The horses started off at a rattling pace; while the wealthy scoundrel, who, with the unconscious girl, occupied the interior of the vehicle, pressed his burning lips to the fair cheek of his intended victim, and gazed over the prospect of destroying her.

The house of Mrs. Bishop was soon reached. The character of this

lady, and the kind of establishment which she kept, will soon be made apparent. Wallingford, bearing in his arms the still insensible sewing-girl, alighted from the coach; the driver rang the door-bell; and the door was almost instantly opened by Mrs. Bishop herself, a fine-looking, voluptuous woman of middle age, dressed in the most costly and extravagant manner. Barney, having received the promised ten dollars, mounted his box and drove off; while Wallingford entered the house, being received in the most cordial manner by the handsome hostess, who manifested no surprise on seeing the insensible form of a young girl in the arms of her visitor, such things being common enough around that establishment.

"Ah, Wallingford!" said Mrs. Bishop, in a tone of playful reproof, as she led the way up stairs to a gorgeously furnished bed-chamber—"another victim, eh? You are an insatiable man, for you are never satisfied, and are always on the look-out for young and innocent girls. The ordinary gay girls of the town will not suit your royal highness any longer; you must pamper your fastidious appetite with fresh morsels—something particularly and deliciously *recherche*. When you were my lover, you used to swear that you would never desert me. What a man of your word you are!"

These words were not spoken bitterly, but gaily. Wallingford replied—

"What would you have, Estelle? You enjoy yourself when and with whom you please, and I do the same. Our connection was dissolved by mutual consent. An amour, no matter how delightful it may be, at first, becomes in the course of time wearisome to both parties, who sigh for a change. We understand each other perfectly, my dear Estelle. I pay you well for the accommodations of your house, and my position as an Alderman will enable me to protect you from legal molestation. Is it not so?"

"I do not complain, Wallingford," said Mrs. Bishop—"on the contrary, I am grateful to you for the substantial acts of kindness which you have shown towards me, at different times. Your friendship is to me most invaluable. We won't quarrel, shall we? Now that we are no longer lovers, we shall become the very best friends in the world. I need scarcely assure you that my house, and all its contents, are ever at your disposal. But where did you pick up that young girl? She is really very pretty, and I congratulate you on your fortunate prize. After you have done with her, you will of course, as usual, give her to me, and let her remain a *boarder* in this house. She will become a mine of gold to me. These innocent-

looking girls always take the best, and command plenty of custom. Lay her upon the bed, Wallingford, and I'll soon bring her to herself. You know I'm used to these things!"

The poor sewing-girl was accordingly placed upon the luxurious but polluted couch. Mrs. Bishop, who did indeed seem "used to these things," applied herself to the task of restoring to consciousness the intended victim of a villain's lust. The unfortunate creature soon revived, and opening her eyes, gazed wildly about her. She did not see Wallingford, who stood behind a curtain of the bed; but she beheld the handsome face of Mrs. Bishop, who bent over her and uttered words of affected pity.

"Where am I?" demanded the young girl—"what place is this?"

"Be tranquil, my dear child," said the hypocritical Mrs. Bishop, speaking in the most honeyed accents—"you are in the house of a friend, and have nothing to fear. Compose yourself, and rest a little while, and then you shall be taken home. What is your name, and where do you live?"

"My name is Lucy Pembroke, and I live in William street, with my mother. Let me go home at once, madam, I beg of you."

"In a very few minutes, my child; but first you must partake of some refreshments."

"I need none, madam. But where is that dreadful man who, in the Park, treated me with such brutal violence?"

"Think no more of him; he will not again molest you. Lie still for a little while; I will soon return."

With these words, Mrs. Bishop exchanged a significant look with Wallingford, and then left the room. Lucy Pembroke was now alone, in the chamber of guilt, with a villain of the blackest dye—one who gloried in seducing and outraging weak and helpless women, while his great wealth and influential position protected him from the consequences of his atrocious crimes.

Wallingford crept softly from his place of concealment, like a serpent which is about to spring upon its prey. His appearance was so sudden and unexpected, that Lucy's blood froze with terror when she beheld him; and not until he had attempted to place himself upon the couch beside her, was she enabled to implore his mercy, and beg him to desist from his purpose, the nature of which was but too plainly apparent.

"Hush!" said the villain—"your entreaties are in vain, for mine *you* must be. I am not going to let such a glorious prize slip through my fingers. I should be a fool were I to cast away such a sweet flower, with

first inhaling its delicious perfume. Let me taste the nectar of those rosy lips, which were made for amorous kisses!"

The ruffian wound his arms around the young girl's shrinking form, and began to devour her with hot and lecherous kisses. Panting and breathless, Lucy trembled for her honor. Summoning to her aid all her remaining strength, she pushed aside the inflamed countenance of her persecutor, and gave utterance to a scream so loud and piercing, that it was heard by every inmate of the house.

Wallingford, with a horrible oath, was about to inflict some act of dastardly and brutal violence upon poor Lucy, when the door of the chamber was thrown open with a crash, and a beautiful young woman, dressed in her night-clothes, entered.

The intruder who had arrived so opportunely, was no other than Hannah Sherwood, the "gay girl in white" whom we have already introduced to the reader as the fair syren who had tempted Mr. Jotham Flint to prove false to his spouse at home. Hannah was the star courtesan of Mrs. Bishop's flourishing establishment, and her most profitable "boarder."

"Ha!" exclaimed the courtesan, when she beheld the ruffian libertine, who quailed beneath the glances of her flashing eyes—"Wallingford, you infernal scoundrel, are you here? What scheme of villany are you engaged in now? You wish to add that young girl to the list of your victims, do you? I intend to spoil your sport in this case, at least. It is fortunate that the poor thing's scream called me here in-time to prevent the accomplishment of her ruin. Now, wretch, you know me, and you also know that I am not to be trifled with; quit this chamber and this house at once, or I will tear out your false heart!"

"My dear Hannah," said Wallingford, in a tone of humble remonstrance—"you should not interfere with my private arrangements in this manner. Mrs. Bishop, the mistress of the house, does not object to my proceedings; why, then, should you seek to interrupt me? I acknowledge that I have deeply wronged you, Hannah; but I have frequently offered to give you a liberal pecuniary recompense. Those offers you have always refused.—Come, be a good girl, and do not annoy me any more. This pocket-book contains nearly three hundred dollars in cash; take it, and when you want more you shall have it. Leave me now with this girl, who is not averse to my embraces. Indeed, she has no virtue to lose, for I have often received from her the privileges of a lover. She's nothing but a common girl of the town, after all."

"Oh, believe him not!" cried Lucy Pembroke, as she threw herself sob-

bing at the feet of Hannah Sherwood—"I am a poor but virtuous girl; I never saw this man before to-night. He seized upon me as I was passing through the Park towards my home in William street, and dragged me here. For God's sake do not let him injure me!"

"Do not fear," said Hannah, who, courtesan as she was, possessed a good heart—"he shall not harm a single hair of your head. I will protect you, and see you restored in safety to your home. Wallingford," she continued, in accents of intense bitterness and hate—"I scorn your money as I despise you. Sooner than accept of a single cent from you, I will continue to prostitute myself to every devotee of unhallowed pleasure who may desire my company. You have made me what I am—and as such I shall ever remain. True, you have, at different times—being fearful of my vengeance—offered to recompense me liberally for the four wrongs which you have inflicted upon me, in depriving me of my honor. But can filthy gold compensate me for the loss of the brightest gem that can adorn the character of a woman—her *virtue*? Can money restore me to peace of mind—to happiness—to my family and friends? Did you not, like an artful, deceitful scoundrel as you are, first gain my confidence and love, and then accomplish my ruin under a solemn promise of making me your wife immediately? Fool, fool that I was, to yield to the solicitations, and believe the false promises, of such a villain as Arthur Wallingford! Had I become the victim of a MAN, deserving of that name, I should not despise myself half so much as I do; but to suffer myself to be deceived and led astray by such a paltry, dishonorable, lying, cowardly knave as you—"

"Cowardly!" cried Wallingford, interrupting her, in a rage—"in what respect am I a coward?"

"Because you tremble before a woman," replied Hannah, as she drew from her bosom a dagger, and flourished it in a threatening manner—"see! you are frightened; your face, usually so florid with wine and lust, grows pale; your knees knock together. Are you not a coward? Kneel down upon the floor and ask the pardon of this young girl whom you would have ruined, or by the lurid flames of the bottomless pit, I'll bury this dagger in your false and craven heart. Down, you scoundrel—or die!"

Well, reader, it was a curious, and, indeed, a somewhat comical sight, to see Mr. Arthur Wallingford, a wealthy member of the aristocracy and a city official, to boot, kneel down at the feet of poor Lucy Pembroke, the humble sewing-girl, and ask her to forgive him for the injury which he would have done her. But, as Mr. Wallingford had no particular desire to

suffer his ample abdomen to be investigated by a sharp dagger, we may perhaps pardon him for having so far forgotten his dignity as to submit to such a degrading humiliation.

Lucy, who shrank from the kneeling and cowardly villain with as much loathing and abhorrence as if he had been a hideous reptile, said that she forgave him; whereupon Mr. Wallingford arose to his feet with some difficulty, for he was slightly fat—aldermanic dinners having conferred upon him the imposing obesity which is supposed to be indicative of generous living.

"Now, sir," said Hannah Sherwood—"leave this house instantly;—and rest assured that the day is not far distant when you shall receive a terrible punishment for your villanous conduct towards me and others of my sex. Go, miscreant! Polluted as is the moral atmosphere of this house, your accursed presence renders it additionally foul and sickening. Go, I say!"

Mr. Wallingford, muttering that Hannah was rather too hard upon him, and that she really hadn't ought to be so violent, prepared to depart, when Mrs. Bishop made her appearance, and demanded the cause of all this uproar!

Wallingford explained that Hannah insisted upon his leaving the house. He also stated that she had interfered, and prevented the accomplishment of his purpose with reference to Lucy Pembroke.

The "mistress of the harem" became fearfully enraged at this; and turning towards Hannah with fury in her looks, she demanded—

"Pray, Miss Sherwood, what business have you to interfere in a matter which does not at all concern you? What right have you in this chamber at all? Go to your own room, and attend to your own company. Remember, I am the mistress of this house—so don't put on any more airs. It is true that you are a valuable and a profitable girl; but you must not presume upon that circumstance to abuse my best patrons. Come; tramp—do you hear me?"

"Don't address me in that insolent manner, you wretch!" cried the spirited Hannah—"or I shall leave my mark upon your painted old face!"

"This to me!" yelled Mrs. Bishop, foaming with rage—"you hussy, you slut—you—you—you—"

Hannah waited for no more, but immediately flew at Mrs. Bishop, with the fury of a maddened tigress. The two women fought desperately. In the confusion, the table upon which had been placed the light, was overturned, and the room was enveloped in profound darkness; yet still did

the landlady and the "gay girl" continue the combat. Locked in a close but not loving embrace, they swayed to and fro, doing more damage, however, to the furniture of the room than to each other. Down came a large, splendid and costly mirror, with a tremendous crash; over went the bureau with a thundering racket; smash went the panes of glass in the windows; the Loves and the Graces, together with Cupid and Venus, were hurled from their pedestals and broken into a thousand pieces. The fair combatants panted, and struggled, and swore; in short, disorder reigned supreme, and the "Devil's Delight" was kicked up generally. The aroused and affrighted inmates of the house, some of them half-dressed and others entirely nude, rushed to the scene of the disturbance, bearing lights in their hands. Some curious developments were made. A venerable country clergyman, who had been quietly slumbering in the arms of a buxom girl of the gayest description, was one of the first to approach the field of battle;—this he did clothed only in his most intimate garment which, being remarkably brief in its dimensions, afforded a pleasing view of a pair of legs resembling two of those peculiar cigars known in the Eastern States as "short-sixes." Treading upon the sensitive heels of the Reverend Obadiah Oxenhard was the well-known flaxen-headed and white-coated editor of a daily newspaper—for the philosopher had been stealthily sharing the garret couch of a strapping negro wench who acted as cook of the establishment. Thus did our worthy editor afford a practical illustration of his sympathy for the "down-trodden African race." Two or three actors—among whom was a certain tragedian remarkable for the depth of his voice and the thickness of his calves—were also there, as also was a long-nosed Ethiopian buffoon who sports a diamond pin said to be worth five hundred dollars. This personage had just torn himself from the embraces of a red-haired Irish dame, the pot-scullion of the house, who occupied greasy quarters in the back-kitchen. Half a score of voluptuous damsels brought up the rear, and such a distracting display of swelling busts, pretty ankles, and so on, has never been witnessed off the stage of a theatre devoted to the exhibition of "model artists." Mrs. Bishop and Hannah Sherwood were separated;—both of them had been reduced to a condition of perfect nudity, while their scratched, bruised persons, to say nothing of the dilapidated furniture, eloquently attested the vigor and ferocity of the warfare in which they had been engaged.

Order being partially restored, it was discovered that Mrs. Bishop had come off "second best" in the encounter, one of her gold ear-rings having been torn from her ear, causing a somewhat disagreeable and decidedly pain-

ful wound. Hannah Sherwood had only received a few slight scratches—and she now presented the perfect picture of a female gladiator, as she stood in the middle of the room with her fine symmetrical form entirely divested of drapery, and her splendid eyes sparkling with excitement and defiance.

"Hannah," gasped Mrs. Bishop, who took good care to place herself at a safe distance from her late antagonist—"I shall endure your presence in this house no longer. There cannot be two mistresses here. So pack up your duds as quickly as possible, and leave this very night. Let me never see you again!"

"I shall be glad to leave your den, you old haridan," said Hannah, scornfully—"but it is very possible that you may see me again when you least desire to. But what has become of Wallingford and the young girl whom I protected from his ruffian violence?"

Lucy Pembroke and her villainous persecutor had both disappeared, and were not to be found!

"Good!" cried Mrs. Bishop, triumphantly—"Wallingford has taken advantage of the confusion to carry off the girl, and he will, after all said and done, possess her. So you see, my lady Sherwood, that your impertinent interference has resulted in no good, with regard to the girl whom you were so anxious to protect!"

Hannah was sincerely grieved at the turn which affairs had taken. She now regarded the ruin of Lucy Pembroke as a matter of certainty. Yet she heroically and generously resolved to search every den of infamy in the city, in the hope of finding the young girl and preserving her from a life of degradation and shame.

"Even if Wallingford has succeeded in depriving her of her virtue," thought the good-hearted courtesan, as she repaired to her own room and began to dress herself preparatory to taking her departure from the house—"she may be saved from a career of prostitution. If I can but succeed in rescuing the poor thing from the horrors of such a life, some atonement may be made for my own wickedness."

Let not the reader find fault with us for investing the character of a professed harlot, like Hannah Sherwood, with the praiseworthy attributes of generosity and humanity. The loss of virtue in a woman does not necessarily involve the destruction of all the good qualities of her nature.—We have known courtezans to display the most excellent and commendable traits of character—traits which might well put to the blush many a

woman in whose breast virtue has swelled to such an extent as to entirely crush and destroy the heart!

Hannah, having dressed herself, began to pack up her money and valuables, when suddenly a voice was heard issuing from the depths of her voluptuous bed.

"Hullo! old gal, where the devil are you going?" demanded the voice.

"Ah, Frank, have you awakened at last?" said Hannah, with a laugh—"of all the men that I ever knew, you certainly carry off the palm for sleeping soundly. Why, there has been noise enough in the house, within the last half hour, to awaken the dead. Ma'am Bishop, and I have had a fight, and she got the worst of it, I promise you. I'll tell you all about it another time. I am going to leave the house this very instant."

"Well, I'll of course go with you," said Frank, who, by the way, was Hannah's particular and fancy lover. [It is well known that almost every gay girl of the pave has a "bosom friend," who protects her and is the recipient of her caresses during the absence of *vash* customers.]

"Will you go with me?" cried the delighted Hannah—"ah, Frank, what a dear, good, clever fellow you are!"

With these words, the courtesan kissed and embraced her friend in the warmest and most affectionate manner. It was evident that she was excessively fond of him. Excluded as she was from the society of the virtuous, and detesting the vicious men and women with whom she was necessarily brought in contact, it is no wonder that Hannah should have filled the void in her bruised heart with an image which she could worship and adore—the image of a youth as gay, as reckless, as handsome, and as friendless as herself.

Frank Rattleton leaped from the couch, and presented the appearance of a young fellow of twenty or thereabouts. He possessed a particularly comely countenance, and a form of combined elegance and grace. His jet-black hair curled naturally, and he wore a dainty moustache, with an imperial of the most *distingue* kind. Assisted by his affectionate *cher amie*, he was soon dressed in his fashionable garments. Then, all being in readiness, he gave Hannah his arm, and the two quietly left the house.

"What a delicious night!" exclaimed the gay girl, as she and her lover turned into Broadway—"suppose, Frank, that instead of looking for lodgings, we promenade the streets until morning; we may meet with some charming and romantic adventure. What do you say, my dear boy?"

"It's just what I was about to propose myself," replied Mr. Rattleton, approvingly.

The loving pair strolled down towards the Park. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, (it was then about one o'clock,) many people were still abroad, enjoying the beauty of the night and the salubriousness of the atmosphere. Meditative philosophers looked dreamily up into the sky, that was

"Crowned with the radiance of the glittering host,"

and seedy dabblers in the divine science of astronomy wondered

"How the bright stars do dance their mystic round
On Heaven's imperial pavement."

Industrious and sleep-despising "ladies of pleasure" were still to be seen, wandering about after the manner of roaring lionesses seeking whom they might devour. And pleasure-loving gentlemen, like sheep that were eager to be devoured, followed in the train of the aforesaid lionesses. All the saloons were open, and doing an excellent business; while from their brilliant portals occasionally issued intoxicated individuals who proceeded, at a cork-screw gait, towards their several homes, where, perhaps, heart-broken and anxious wives were waiting to receive them, praying for their arrival, yet dreading the usual infliction of abuse and blows. Yes, many of those convivial gentlemen, whose liberality in "treating all hands"—while their children often go to bed supperless—has earned for them the reputation of being "fine, whole-souled fellows,"—many of them, we say, are the most despicable petty domestic tyrants in existence, and rule their families with rods of iron. Shame, shame upon them! We say, with Duke Aranza in the *Honeymoon*, that "the man who can lay his hand upon a woman, save in the way of kindness, is a wretch whom it were base flattery to call a villain." Oh, jolly, rosy-cheeked Bacchus! dismount from thy mythological cask, get down upon thy marrowbones, and ask the pardon of millions of wronged women; for, wine-tipping rogue, thou hast much to answer for!

Hannah Sherwood and Frank Rattleton jogged along at a leisurely pace, now and then exchanging a merry word with a male or female acquaintance, and occasionally pausing for a few moments in order to pass the salutations and compliments of the night with some amiable and jocose guardian of the sidewalk and lamp posts. Upon a door-step which was

cast into deep shadow by an awning overhead, our two friends espied the form of a gentleman reclining in an attitude of profound repose. They examined this individual, and discovered that he was dead drunk.

"Ha!" whispered Hannah to her companion, as she narrowly scrutinized the face of the drunken man—"I have seen this worthy before. He is the same verdant countryman whom I victimized in the early part of the evening. Mortified in consequence of having lost a good portion of his money, he has revenged himself by getting beastly intoxicated."

Hannah was right. Mr. Jotham Flint, wishing to attain a state of happy oblivion, and anxious to drown the recollection both of his folly and pecuniary loss, had drank himself into a condition of glorious unconsciousness. Selecting for his couch the door-step to which we have alluded, he had fallen into the death-like slumber of excessive inebriety. Undisturbed by dreams, or night guardians, or prowling thieves, the good man slept in peace.

"Let's carry the old chap over into the Park, and duck him in the Croton pond—that will bring him to his senses," suggested the facetious Frank Rattleton.

"No," said Hannah—"I have thought of something better. Help me to carry him around the corner, out of sight, and you shall see some fun. A fair exchange, they say, is no robbery."

Frank, wondering what his fair friend could be "driving at," assisted her to raise the insensible Mr. Flint to his feet; and, supporting the form of that gentleman between them, they conveyed him around the corner unobserved by any one.

"Bring him along up this alley, Frank," said Hannah—"we can there operate without danger or interruption."

Mr. Flint was accordingly conveyed to the further extremity of a dark alley, and placed upon a large packing-box that stood there.

"Now make haste and undress him, Frank," said the gay girl—"while I go through with the same process myself. Don't stop to wonder and ask questions, my dear boy, for time is precious. I promised you some fun, and you shall have it."

Frank, who began to see through his companion's design, proceeded to divest Mr. Flint of his garments, even unto the very last stitch thereof. Meanwhile, the mischief-loving Hannah had reduced herself to a state of nature; and she quickly attired herself in Jotham's clothes—hat, boots and all. The raiment fitted her tolerably well, she being quite large for a

woman, while Mr. Flint was in stature, as well as in several other respects, a rather small man.

Hannah carefully tucked up her long hair under the broad-brimmed beaver; and she now looked like a very comely young gentleman, as Mr. Flint's garments were well made and respectable—for, on his arrival in New York, he had patronized a city tailor.

"Now, Frank," said Hannah, who, as well as her lover, enjoyed the sport hugely—"as we don't want to leave the poor man in a state of nakedness, let us dress him in my clothes, which must fit him, for the very good reason that *his* clothes fit *me*. What a jolly lark this is, to be sure! Was I not right in predicting that we should meet with some tip-top adventure? On with the silk stockings; on with the—ahem!—under garment; let *me* hook the dress, for I understand those things better than you. Now for the shawl and bonnet. There! All is now complete. The lady is dressed, and ready to receive company. Did you ever see such a fascinating creature?"

"Pon my life she is chaw-ming; if she isn't, smash me!" replied Mr. Rattleton, adopting the affected drawl of a dandy exquisite, and surveying Mr. Flint through the end of a key, by way of an eye-glass.

The next proceeding of Hannah and Frank was to carry our friend Jotham out into the street, and place him in a conspicuous position upon the corner of Broadway, directly in the full light of the moon. They then crossed over to the opposite side of the street, and awaited the result.

Very soon along came a watchman, going his rounds; and his eyes fell upon the prostrate form of a person whom he naturally supposed to be a female.

"Hullo!" cried the night guardian—"what have we here? A woman, and a well-dressed one too, lying upon the side-walk dead drunk, as I'm a sinner! What is this 'ere wicked city a-coming to? Wonder where she got her good harness? She's nothing but an old, lantern-jawed piece, after all—as ugly as the devil. What a red nose she's got—and curse me if she don't chew tobacco, for the juice is running out of her mouth! Well, here she goes to the station-house! I say, you two gentlemen over there, will you be so kind as to help me cart off this 'ere precious ornament to her sex and pattern of female virtue? If you will, I don't mind afterwards standing the liquor round to John's, in Nassau street."

These words were addressed to Hannah and Frank, who immediately crossed over and signified to the watchman that they would lend him their

aid. Mr. Flint was then raised from his stoney couch, while Frank Rattleton sarcastically repeated the words of Tom Hood—

"Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly—
Young, and so fair!"

In this inglorious fashion was Jotham Flint, Esquire, deacon, and member of the board of selectmen of the town of Sleepy Hollow—to say nothing of his being an extensive dealer in onions, shoe-pegs, soft-soap, rat-traps and other hardware—in this disgraceful manner, we say, was the illustrious Flint conveyed to the terrible Bastile—we mean the station-house.—Here he was thrust into the same cell with the pugnacious Moll Manning, whom the reader will recollect as having been the antagonist of Spanish Jule, in the fight opposite the Astor House. Moll viewed her new companion with strong disgust, and angrily demanded of the officer what he meant by putting such a "snuffy old thing" into *her* apartment? However, there was no help for it, and the still unconscious Jotham enjoyed the enviable felicity of reposing by the side of one of the most celebrated and dashing of the gay girls of New York. We have neither time, space nor inclination to dwell upon the bewilderment, astonishment and horror experienced by poor Flint, when in the morning he awoke with an aching head, a nauseated stomach, and a reproving conscience, and found himself not only incarcerated in a dungeon, but also dressed in female garments. How he came in that predicament, he of course knew not; and he was puzzled and distracted almost to madness. Moll Manning, when she became aware of the real sex of her fellow-prisoner exclaimed, with a round oath—

"Only think of my being locked up all night with a man, without knowing it!"

To make a long story short, Jotham contrived to procure male habiliments, and having been severely reprimanded by the magistrate, he was discharged from custody, with an intimation that he had better leave for Sleepy Hollow as soon as possible. Jotham departed from the august presence of Justice a "sadder and (we hope) a wiser man."

Let us now return to Hannah Sherwood, Frank Rattleton and the watchman. This worthy trio, after having safely deposited Mr. Flint in the station-house, adjourned to the hospitable saloon of "*John*," in Nassau street. As they approached, they were welcomed by a mysterious personage stationed behind a thicket of black whiskers; and the sole duty of this indi-

vidual seemed to be to stand upon the steps of the establishment, and bawl out in a tone of thunder—"Here's the Place!" much to the terror of passing pedestrians, but immeasurably to the delight of the b'hoys.—Our three friends entered the saloon, and were soon engaged in the discussion of three "*smashes*" concocted by the skillful hands of the corpulent and good-humored host himself, who eyed Hannah with a sort of jocose significance that betrayed his knowledge of her true sex. Frank Rattleton called for oysters for the entire party, and then he and Hannah bade farewell to the jovial crowd, and they took their departure, being saluted as they passed out of the door by the man with the whiskers who sung—

"I own I loves good cheer—
I tipples my noggin of beer,
And it's blast their eyes
Whoever tries
To rob a poor man of his be—or!"

"Here's the Place!" yelled Whiskerando, in conclusion, as our two friends walked off arm-in-arm, roaring with laughter.

Hannah and Frank being in the highest possible spirits, were fully prepared to enter upon any adventure which promised to afford them sport. They visited numerous "coffee-and-cake cellars," and various "all-night houses," which were pretty well filled with motley crews of individuals who either had no homes to go to, or who preferred to loiter about those places in order to enjoy the facilities that were presented for the study of human nature. Our two adventurers invariably performed the acceptable ceremony of "treating all hands" in these establishments; and, as a natural consequence, they became extremely popular, many shabby and strongly-flavored gentlemen insisting upon shaking hands with them and swearing eternal friendship, and to prove their sincerity these Jeremy Diddlers *borrowed* sundry quarters and shillings, but only with the express understanding that the money should be punctually refunded the very next day.—These gentlemen were all very punctillous upon points of honor, and they would smite their breasts in a manner designed to indicate that poverty had not deprived them of their virtue, and that the absence of such a trifle as a shirt did not by any means imply the non-possession of a Noble soul.

As Hannah and Frank emerged from the stifling atmosphere of one of these places, and breathed with satisfaction the fresh, cool air of the approaching morn, the gay girl said to her lover—

"As we finish our spree by paying a visit to the *Five Points*; having never passed through that interesting section of the city, I have a strong curiosity to see it. When we become fatigued, we can go to some hotel, procure a room, and repose ourselves."

Frank Rattleton assented to Hannah's proposal, and remarked that he was fortunately armed with a revolver, which would serve to protect them from all danger.

Passing through Orange street, our adventurers stood upon the classic ground of the *Points*. Nearly all of the "cribs" were still open, which fact was announced by the lights streaming through the red-curtained windows, and also by the harsh, discordant sounds of cracked fiddles. The hideous population of the place was abroad; half-naked children, of all sizes and colors, slumbered like pigs upon stoops and in filthy alleys, drunken and worn-out prostitutes staggered from one low rum-hole to another, under the maddening influence of the horrible poison sold in such places; while gigantic negroes and gallows-looking white ruffians prowled about, with knives and slung-shots concealed in their sleeves, ready to do deeds of robbery and murder. In every corner the most shocking blasphemy was uttered by hoarse voices; and brutal fights were going on in almost every house. Say, ye advocates and supporters of *foreign* missions, why are ye so blind to the savages and heathen who flourish, with rank luxuriance, in your very midst? Let your charity begin at home. Wipe out your *domestic* plague-spots, and *then* send your sanctimonious, ease-loving missionaries—to the devil, for all that *we* care.

Frank Rattleton kept his right hand upon his revolver, so as to be ready, in case of any sudden attack or emergency, to act on the defensive. He and his fair companion were passing a dark alley in Anthony street, when they were thus accosted by a female who stood at the entrance of the passage:—

"Gentlemen, won't you walk in and rest yourselves a bit? We have plenty of girls, and oceans of liquor. Don't be afraid; nobody will eat you! That pretty young gentleman, with the broad-brimmed hat, wants to come in, I am sure."

"Let's go in, Frank," whispered the daring Hannah—"there may be something worth seeing in this foul den, and your revolver will protect us from harm."

"Certainly," responded Frank—"we'll enter the crib by all means; and the first person who attempts to molest us in any way, shall breakfast upon cold lead."

"My good woman," said Hannah to the female who had so obligingly proffered the hospitalities of her mansion—"we accept your polite invitation, and will follow you into the house."

"This way, gentlemen," said the woman, as she groped her way through the alley, cautiously followed by the gay girl and her lover. The party soon emerged into a small yard, and the woman led the way down into a cellar twenty feet, at least, below the level of the street. This cellar was of considerable extent, and was partitioned off into separate apartments; but the ceiling was so low that a person of moderate stature could hardly stand erect beneath it. The walls were covered with a greenish damp, and the air of the place was foul and sickening in the extreme. The inhabitants of this subterranean pest-house were worthy of the dwelling which they occupied. Irish, Dutch, English, Americans and negroes, of both sexes, and of all ages and degrees of wretchedness, hearded promiscuously together. In one corner of the principal room, or "hall of entrance," was a "bar," consisting of a door supported by two barrels; this simply elegant arrangement was furnished with a bottle of gin of the "blue-ruin" brand, together with a broken tumbler and a cracked tea-cup containing sugar. A tallow candle, stuck into an ingeniously carved turnip by way of a candle-stick, shed a feeble light throughout the room, and dimly revealed its loathsome horrors. The "bar" was presided over by a filthy villainous-looking Jew, the very sight of whom suggested thoughts of the halter of the hangman. Around the room were arranged narrow benches made of rough boards: and upon these benches were seated a dozen or more of disgusting creatures who scarcely retained any resemblance to the female face and form. There they sat, in their misery and filth, rocking their diseased bodies to and fro, and gazing with looks of intense longing at the gin-bottle. In one corner several white men and negroes were fighting like wild beasts, tearing and pounding each other in the most frightful manner while they howled in their drunken fury like demons. In another corner, upon a table, lay the corpse of a woman, with a dingy sheet partly drawn over it. The body—which exhaled a horrible odor—was surrounded by a crowd of Irish people, men, women and children, who were holding a "wake" over the mortal remains of "Misthress Bridget Malone," who, two days previously, had faded from the earth like a crushed tower, in consequence of pitching headlong down the cellar steps while beastly drunk. She broke her neck, and the heart of her husband, Pat Malone—who was a masonic assistant, or hod carrier—at one and the same time. Pat immediately threw down his hod, became overpowered by grief (and

whiskey,) and refused to be comforted. Mrs. Malone, after lying in state for a length of time that was rather injudicious, considering the warmth of the weather, had a fine "wake." All her first and second-cousins, including the O'Shocknessy's and the O'Halloran's, of Tipperary, were there in full force. Mr. Malone was supported beneath his hod-full of the mortar of affliction—to speak metaphorically—by the presence of his relatives and "friends," the McGrudden's, the Macknamara's, and other ladies and gentlemen of credit and renown from the county Kerry. As Hannah Sherwood and Frank Rattleton entered the cellar, Mr. Malone—who was a red-headed Greek, with an immense potato-trap, and a nose like a par-boiled beet—was bewailing his loss, and expatiating upon the merits of the deceased, in the following eloquent strain;

"Ow—ow—ow! An' is it yerself, Bridget *avie*, that lies there, a could coorpse, murdered and kilt, and me lift alone in this desateful worruld!

Oh, bad luck to the rum that made ye dhrunk, worse luck to the d—d ould thafe of a Jew that sowld it to ye, and the divil's scure to the steps that cracked yer neck, me darlint! Be the powers of mud—an' that's a good oath—divil resave the bettther woman than biddy Malone ever *paled a petaty*, when she was sober, and that was sildom enough; but whin the dhrink was in her, the wit was out. Well, may every hair in her head be a candle to light her sowl to glory—amin. Mick O'Shocknessy, pass over that bottle, and don't be after making a d—d baste of yerself! Now boys, be asy, and perhaps Mr. O'Halloran, me desaste wife's second-cousin, will oblige the company wid a song."

Mr. O'Halloran, being thus appealed to, prepared himself for a vocal effort. Having washed the cob-webs from his throat by imbibing a copious draught of whiskey, the second-cousin of Mrs. Malone struck up "Paddy's Wedding," in a voice that resembled the hoarse croaking of an insane bull-frog combined with the squealing of an agonized young pig under a cart-wheel. The first verse of the song ran thus, and the whole company joined in the chorus:—

"Sure won't you hear
What roaring cheer
Was spread at Paddy's wedding, O!
And how so gay
They spint the day
From church until the bedding, O!

CHORUS.

Och! a stout healthy buffer was Paddy the bowld,
And a fine able heifer was 'she!'

Not wishing to inflict any more of this delectable production upon the reader, we will now leave the disconsolate widower and his friends to mourn over the body of Mrs. Malone, in their own peculiar fashion, and to conclude the whole affair by getting up a general fight, which is always sure to terminate an Irish wake.

The Jewish bar-keeper saluted Hannah and Frank with the most profound respect, saying—

"Velcome, shentlemen, velcome! Come to see de fashion, eh? Ah, dat ish right—dat ish right? Many fine shentlemen come here; upon my shoul it ish a fact. Vili you *trink*? Vot ish it to be? Here ish good *shin*—our *pranty* ish all out, but——"

"Thank you, we don't wish any thing," said Hannah, turning from the fellow with disgust, for there was something particularly repulsive in his looks.

"Here," said Frank, throwing down a half dollar—"treat yourself, my friend, and excuse us, for we never drink."

The Jew grinned, pocketed the money, and swore that his two visitors were "real shentlemen, and no mishtake about it."

Hannah and Frank now approached a group of hideous women, and observed in their midst an old hag whose appearance was positively frightful. Tottering with advanced age, her form was bent nearly double, and she supported herself by means of a stick. Her wrinkled, and horribly ugly face wore an expression of intense malignity; while her matted gray hair streamed wildly over her face, but did not conceal her red and reptile-like eyes. Clothed in the vilest rags, the appearance of this diabolical old woman was truly appalling. Her voice, as it issued from between her toothless jaws, sounded fearfully hollow and unnatural; and she had a habit of constantly thrusting her tongue far out of her mouth, which increased her resemblance to some venomous reptile.

This agreeable and venerable old lady was entertaining the company by relating select portions of her past history, from which it seemed that she had formerly been a courtesan of great beauty and celebrity. She embellished her narrative by introducing an abundance of oaths and obscene expressions, which were greeted by her auditors with shouts of laughter, and other demonstrations of approval. Omitting everything objectionable, we give a specimen of the old hag's speech:—

"Yes, yes, my dears," mumbled she, as that horrible tongue of hers played around her mouth like the envenomed dart of a rattlesnake—"fifty years ago I was in my glory and my prime. Then I rode in my carriage,

and dressed in silks, and drank wine, and had lovers a plenty, who wrote sonnets to my beauty, and serenaded me every night, and were ready to cut each other's throats out of jealousy on my account. Ah, those were the times! Well, well; we must all grow old and ugly, some day or other. Youth and beauty soon pass away. Come, how many of you want to have your fortunes told? Only a penny a-piece, ladies. The old woman is dry, and wants a drop of gin to comfort her."

The gift of prophesy would not have been required to enable a person to predict, with almost unerring accuracy, the destinies of the wretched women who composed that squalid group. Death by disease, intemperance, starvation, savage violence—in the hospital, the prison, the street, the low brothel—such would have been the "fortune" which might safely have been "told" with reference to each and every one of those wretched, loathsome, lost creatures.

"Here, Granny Grizzle," said the woman who had conducted Hannah and Frank to the cellar—"here are two fine gentlemen that want to have their fortunes told, I'll be bound. You must tell this pretty little fellow with the broad-brimmed hat, that he is going to become my lover. I've taken a great fancy to him. Come, my dear, won't you have your fortune told?"

With these words, the woman suddenly caught Hannah in her arms, and imprinted a gin-reeking kiss upon her lips. Unspeakably disgusted, our gay girl struggled from the arms of the wretch, who, having been deprived of her nose by the ravages of disease, and being moreover a bloated and shockingly unclean specimen of female humanity, was not a very desirable lady to have in close contact with one's person.

"Yes," said Granny Grizzle, with a grin that was designed to be insinuating—"let me examine your hand and tell your fortune, my fair-faced youth. Yours shall be a bright destiny, I promise you."

"Pooh!" cried Hannah, impatiently, for the outrage committed upon her by the noseless lady had somewhat ruffled her temper—"don't try to impose upon me with your stuff and nonsense; I want none of it."

"Ha ha, ha!" screamed the hag, as her wrinkled face became livid with rage, and her red eyes shot forth sparks of demoniac fury—"I'll teach you to call my unfailing prophesies, stuff and nonsense! I'll tell your fortune for nothing, and without looking at your hand. Do you think to deceive me? What brought you here, young woman, dressed in that disguise?"

As she spoke, the old hag raised her stick and with it knocked off the

broad-brimmed hat worn by Hannah, whose luxuriant tresses fell down all over her shoulders.

"Now, listen to me," said Granny Grizzle, as she fastened her savage eyes upon the confused countenance of the disconcerted Hannah—"listen while I partly raise the veil that conceals your future career. For a short time you will live in the enjoyment of every luxury and pleasure which your heart can desire; but the day will arrive—and *that very soon*—when you will be deprived of your beauty and become as ugly and as loathsome as *I am*. Ha! you start and tremble; you feel an inward presentiment that my words will prove true. Yes, wretched girl, you will become so horribly repulsive in appearance, that even your handsome lover, who now stands by your side, will recoil from you with disgust and abandon you to your fate, although he will presently assure you that nothing can ever induce him to desert you—not even the loss of your radiant beauty. But *he lies*; he will, like all your other friends and acquaintances, flee from you as if you had the plague. And what will follow then? I'll tell you, acornor of my mystic art:—you will become the sport and the victim of the vilest vagabonds of the *Points*, and you will finally die a miserable death *in this very cellar*! I shall have the satisfaction of witnessing your dying agonies. Ha, ha, ha! See if my words do not come true; see if my prophecy turns out to be stuff and nonsense! Get out of this place, girl; enjoy yourself while you can; and then, when the *dark day* comes on, return here to die like a dog, uncared for, unlamented and despised, even by the miserable inmates of this place. A rough pine box shall be your coffin, and a pauper's grave shall be your last resting-place on earth. Farewell, girl; you will never *see* me more, although we shall *meet* again. You may go, if you please, to the most remote corner of the globe, but you cannot escape the destiny which I have predicted for you. *You must return to die in this cellar!*"

"Come away, dear Hannah," whispered Frank Rattleton, as he took the arm of his companion—"you seem strangely agitated; you are not well. The foul atmosphere of this den has overpowered you. Come, let us go forth, and the fresh morning air will soon revive you. Out of the way, you croaking old raven! We heed not your ridiculous predictions. This way, dear Hannah—this way."

The terrible prophecy of the hideous old fortune-teller had produced an effect upon Hannah Sherwood that was very remarkable and strange, considering the great courage and strength of mind which she possessed. She was deadly pale, and trembled in every limb; her bold, confident deport-

ment had vanished and given place to a nervous uneasiness of manner that betokened the existence of vague but painful fears within her breast. How bitterly did she regret having entered that cellar! She cursed the craving curiosity which had prompted her to visit the "*Points*"—that foul region of wretchedness and crime.

Frank Rattleton and his companion were preparing to depart, when a man of wild and ferocious aspect rapidly descended the steps and rushed into the cellar. This man was a mulatto, of gigantic size; and in his right hand he grasped a murderous-looking knife that was dripping with blood.

"Hide me, Moses, quick—hide me!" he breathlessly exclaimed, addressing the Jewish bar-keeper—"stow me away somewhere out of sight! I have just cut a man all to pieces, and killed him dead as d—n! The officers are after me, in hot pursuit. Ha! who are these two strangers, that seem so anxious to leave the cellar? Spies of the police, perhaps!"

"It ish very likely," said Moses, shrugging his shoulders.

"D—n them, while my hand is in it, I'll finish *them*, too!" cried the mulatto, as he raised his bloody knife and rushed savagely towards Frank and Hannah, with the evident intention of slaughtering them both upon the spot.

In this benevolent design, however, he was frustrated by Frank Rattleton, who drew his revolver and fired. The ball passed through the heart of the mulatto, who fell dead upon the floor.

"The deed was done in self-defence," said Frank—"whoever attempts to follow me shall meet with the same fate."

With these words, the youth raised the half-fainting form of Hannah in his vigorous arms; and ascending from the cellar, he passed through the alley and gained the street in safety. It was now broad day-light; and the fresh, bracing morning breeze soon revived Hannah, who declared that she felt much better, although it was evident that her mind was deeply troubled. Having again concealed her flowing tresses beneath the hat which had formerly been the property of Mr. Jotham Flint, she took the arm of her lover, and the pair proceeded up Anthony street towards Broadway, with the intention of procuring a few hours' necessary repose at some hotel.

"Confess, my dear Hannah," said Frank Rattleton—"that the words of that infernal old hag have made you very unhappy. Is it not so?"

"Yes," replied the frail, beautiful woman, with a deep sigh—"for I cannot dismiss from my mind a mysterious presentiment that those words are

destined to prove true. But what horrible misfortune is in store for me, to make me so ugly and repulsive that even *you*, dear Frank, will recoil and fly from me with disgust? What did the old woman mean by saying that although I should never *see* her again, I would *meet* her? And by what terrible combination of circumstances shall I be compelled to become an inhabitant of that loathsome cellar, there to die a death of horror? Oh, Frank! the croaking tones of that old woman's voice still ring in my ears; I fancy that I still behold her hideous, malignant countenance; and I feel that her terrible prophecy will be fulfilled!"

"Excuse me, Hannah," said Frank, seriously—"but, for a girl of your good sense, you talk very foolishly. That old woman was either crazy, or drunk. I'd be willing to wager a dozen of champagne that she has already forgotten every word she said to you. No rational man or woman can have any faith in the predictions of the most learned, profound and philosophical pretenders in the fortune-telling way. It is not for *mortal* eyes to penetrate the mystic future; the Almighty can alone do that. How absurd, then, is it to pay any attention to the jabberings of a filthy old wretch, who, in her malignant rage, pretended to assign to *you* the loathsome fate which she herself must inevitably meet?"

"Dear Frank," said Hannah, as her face brightened—"your arguments convince me that I have been very childish, and foolish, in allowing myself to be troubled by the words of old Granny Grizzle, as she is called. I have come to my senses now, and can laugh at her impossible predictions."

"That's right," said Frank, heartily—"you may well call her predictions impossible, for what could ever make *you* ugly—*you*, acknowledged as you are, to be one of the handsomest women in New York? Why, even *extreme old age* can never make you either ugly or repulsive. And what could ever induce me to desert you—you, whom I love so fondly, so devotedly? No, Hannah—though all the world should spurn and despise you—even though you should be deprived of your beauty—still will Frank Rattleton remain faithful to you. Instead of dying in that cellar, you shall live in splendor in some foreign land, for you know that when I am twenty-one I shall come into possession of an ample fortune. You are aware that my stingy guardian has always refused to advance me a cent of money, so that I have been unable to maintain you, and preserve you from the necessity of leading a public life. But, when I am rich, you shall be entirely my own. I will even *marry* you, if you wish it, Hannah;

for I never can love another woman. I am yours—and yours only—forever!"

Hannah Sherwood, having entire faith in her lover's sincerity, expressed all the joy which she felt. To do Frank justice, we will state that he really meant what he said; but the human heart is a fickle thing, and resembles a weathercock in its shifting propensities. The man of to-day is not always the man of to-morrow. "Time works wonders."

The lovers entered a hotel, and obtained a room. Leaving them to the enjoyment of the repose which they so greatly needed, we will see what has become of the fair and much-abused Lucy Pembroke.

CHAPTER II.

—"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?"—SHAKESPEARE.

It will doubtless be remembered that the highly respectable Mr. Arthur Wallingford took advantage of the confusion created by the fight between Hannah Sherwood and Mrs. Bishop—as described in the last chapter—to seize upon Lucy Pembroke and carry her out of the house. Pressing his hand upon the mouth of the young girl, in order to prevent her from screaming, the villain hurried along with his burden, walking with a rapidity that was prompted by his intense desire to convey Lucy to a place where, he fancied, he could make her his victim without encountering any hindrance or interruption whatever.

"Stop your struggling," said he to the young girl, in a low but savage voice—"or I swear that I will cast you down upon the pavement and dash out your brains with the heel of my boot! Ha! some one is approaching. Confusion! 'tis a watchman; however, I'll make myself known to him, and then all will be right."

"Hullo, here!" cried the night guardian, as he stooped directly in front of Wallingford and his burden—"who are *you*, and what are you going to do with that young woman? It looks mighty suspicious, at this hour, for a man to be rushing through the streets with a pretty girl in his arms. Give an account of yourself."

"My good friend," said Wallingford, as he slipped several pieces of money into the watchman's hand—"don't you know me?"

"What, Alderman, is this *you*?" cried the man, suddenly adopting a respectful tone—"I beg ten thousand pardons, but——"

"It's all right, my good man," interrupted Wallingford—"I *thought* you knew me. This girl I have just rescued from a house of ill-fame, and I am now taking her home to her friends. She's unwilling, you see, to go, but it's for her good. I have to keep my hand over her mouth to prevent her from waking up the whole city by her screams. You understand?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the watchman; and the sly wink with which he accompanied the words, showed that he *did* understand the whole matter perfectly well. He knew that "the Alderman" was engaged in some scheme of villany; but he did not choose to interfere with the private *amusements* of so rich and influential a man as Wallingford—a man, too, who had treated him with such liberality!

The villain passed on with his burden, and the *faithful* night guardian repaired to a neighboring "all-night house," where he invested a portion of the "hush-money" which he had received, in refreshments, both liquid and solid.

Our respectable Alderman paused, at last, before a handsome brick edifice situated in a quiet, genteel street. Taking a key from his pocket, he opened the door and entered the house, carefully closing and fastening the door after him.

Still holding in his powerful arms the terrified Lucy Pembroke, Wallingford groped his way through the passage, and entered an apartment shrouded in darkness; a match was soon ignited, and a lamp being lighted, the poor sewing-girl was enabled to see that the room was furnished in the most costly and magnificent style. Vast mirrors, with elaborately carved and gilded frames, extended from floor to ceiling; paintings and statues, invaluable gems of art, were profusely scattered about; wines and liquors of every description sparkled upon the splendid side-board; and the most fastidious voluptuary in existence would have been enchanted with the luxurious sofas and *lounges* of crimson velvet, that invited to repose. In short, this room, like every other apartment in the house, was superbly fitted up, and indicated that its owner was a person whose tastes were eminently sensual, and who regarded not the trifling matter of *expense* in the procurement of the most delicious pleasures.

Wallingford, having placed Lucy upon a sofa, helped himself to a glass

of wine at the side-board, and then threw himself into a chair with an air of weariness, saying—

"Carrying you such a distance, miss, has fatigued me most infernally. You ought to have behaved yourself, and *walked* with me quietly; however, I'll make you pay for the trouble and labor which you have cost me. Get up and drink a glass of wine; it will strengthen and refresh you."

But poor Lucy, instead of availing herself of this invitation, burst into tears. Feeling the hopelessness and peril of her situation, she could only look to Heaven for protection in that terrible emergency.

"Come, come!" growled Wallingford, applying to the object of his cruelty an epithet which we do not care to repeat—"no snivelling here! That sort of nonsense won't go down with *me*, I can assure you. You see that you are completely in my power, don't you? The devil himself, and all his imps, could not wrest you from my grasp now. Then why, if you are a girl of common sense, don't you become reconciled to your inevitable fate, and take things easy? Mine you must be, in spite of heaven, earth or hell, and so you may as well surrender with a good grace. You'll soon become contented enough in this place, which, you see, is furnished with tolerable decency. Make your mind tranquil at once, and let me enjoy your smiles and love, if you want me to treat you with kindness.—You'll like me very well after a short acquaintance, for the women all become desperately fond of me, after they have known me a little while. Now don't waste your breath in trying to move me from my purpose by prayers and entreaties, for I'll not listen to them. My heart is as hard as a rock, and my ears are as deaf as a post to the supplications of a pretty girl like you, especially after I have taken such pains to obtain possession of you."

As Mr. Wallingford made these complimentary allusions to himself, he again approached the side-board and drank off another bumper of wine. Then, resuming his seat, he continued his highly interesting and edifying remarks:—

"I hesitated about bringing you here at first, because this is the house in which I keep *my mistress*, a beautiful creature, who is savagely jealous of me; she would kill you in an instant, if she were to discover your presence in the house, for she can't endure the idea of having a rival. Now, my good girl, for the sake of your own safety, you must remain strictly secluded in the apartment in which you will be placed. You will be abundantly furnished with everything that can contribute to your comfort, so long as you behave yourself; but remember—you are to be placed

under the care of a black woman, who will receive my orders to punish you with the most unrelenting severity should you misconduct yourself in the slightest degree. You must yield the most exact and ready obedience to that woman, whom you will see presently, and who is a person not to be trifled with. She is mild and gentle enough, when nothing occurs to disturb her; but, when she is enraged, she is so frightful that d—n me if she doesn't sometimes scare even *me*! I am now going to summon her here."

Wallingford rang a bell; and, in a few minutes, the door of the room was noiselessly opened and a black woman glided in like a spectre. In person she was very tall and slender, and in age she was probably about forty. Her face, which was of a dark mahogany color, was rigid in its expression, and afforded no index to the secret workings of her mind. Her garments were very neat and plain; around her head was wound a handkerchief, after the fashion of female slaves in the Southern States; and in her ears she wore heavy gold ear-rings. Her position as "housekeeper" was announced by a large bunch of keys that hung from her waist. She had a quiet, almost noiseless manner of moving and speaking that inspired Lucy Pembroke with fear and dread. That this strange black woman was the creature, and the willing instrument of Wallingford, was plainly evident.

"Master," said the negress, in a low voice—"I am here."

"Well, Cleo," said Wallingford, in a tone of condescension—"how has our fair captive been to-day?"

"As violent and as unreasonable as usual, master," replied Cleo, as she fixed her penetrating black eyes upon the countenance of Lucy Pembroke—"Miss Isabella continually raves about the injury which she says you have done her; and she threatens to kill you at the first opportunity."

"Have you found it necessary to punish her to-day?" asked Wallingford.

"Yes, master," was the reply—"she called me abusive names, and I deprived her of food and water. Towards evening she became mad with thirst, and threatened to open a vein in her arm and suck the blood.—Fearful that she might fulfil her threat and kill herself, I gave her water: and now she is asleep."

"Very good," said Wallingford, approvingly. "That girl is the most vindictive little devil that I ever met with in the whole course of my life. She won't forgive me—she won't even listen to me, but always assails me with reproaches and threats of vengeance. Her fiery spirit increases my pas-

sion for her, or else I would rid myself of her, for she is really dangerous. Cleo, you must keep weapons of all kinds out of her reach; let her not even have a pin, nor a needle; and take care that she does not make her escape. When she walks in the garden every day—which is necessary to the preservation of her health—see that you are in close attendance upon her, and lose not sight of her for a single moment. I would not lose her, at present, for any money."

"Master shall be obeyed," said the black woman, respectfully.

"And now, with regard to this young girl here," said Wallingford, pointing to Lucy Pembroke, who trembled with fear, as she listened to this singular conversation—"I desire you, Cleo, to take the best care of her, for she is also to be your prisoner. I captured her to-night, and have not yet accomplished my purpose with reference to her. You will of course treat her well, unless some misconduct or breach of discipline on her part shall render it necessary for you to punish her; and then *don't spare her*! Keep her closely confined in some secluded apartment, and let her not come in contact with Isabella at all, for the two girls must be kept entirely separate. If we were to allow them to associate with each other, they might form some plan of retribution, and destroy us both. Now take this girl and lock her up."

"Does not your honor remain in the house to-night?" inquired the negress, hesitatingly, as she glanced with a look of deep meaning at Lucy Pembroke.

"No," was Wallingford's reply, as he yawned in a manner that announced extreme weariness—"not to-night, Cleo. To-morrow night, perhaps I must go home now, for I am worn out with fatigue, and inclined for nothing but sleep. Besides, my worthy wife has lately grown very suspicious concerning my frequent nightly absences from home, and I must quiet her. I can't any longer make her believe that the "fathers of the city" remain all night in session, transacting public business. Good dodge, that, while it lasted—wasn't it? Well, good night, Cleo."

"Good night, master," said the negress.

Wallingford approached the door. His eyes falling upon the ripening and graceful form of Lucy Pembroke, in a sudden transport of licentious passion he caught her in his arms and kissed her again and again, saying—

"You look so temptingly beautiful that I am almost persuaded to remain; but to-morrow night—"

He whispered the conclusion of the sentence into the reluctant ear of

the young girl, who shrank from the foul obscenity with loathing and horror."

Wallingford left the house, and Lucy was alone with the black woman. Relieved from the fear of immediate violence and outrage, the young girl breathed more freely, and endeavored to comfort herself with the hope that she might be enabled to escape from the house, and thus avert the danger which threatened the destruction of her honor. But the reflection that her poor mother was lying sick and unattended at home—in a state of agonizing uncertainty, too, as to what had become of her daughter—this thought filled the mind of Lucy with grief and trouble.

Cleo, the black woman, having poured out and drank a glass of brandy with a look of grim satisfaction that evinced her fondness for the liquor, approached Lucy, who was quite startled by the quiet and singular movements of her strange keeper.

"White girl," said the negress, placing her her hard, ape-like hands upon the shoulders of her trembling prisoner—"look me right straight in the eyes, and attend to what I am going to say. My master has placed you in my care; you heard the orders which he gave me concerning you. I shall obey my master's commands, and you must obey *mine*! I am your mistress now, if I *am* black. You are my slave; and if you offend me, I will strip you, tie you up, and whip you until the red blood pours in streams from your white shoulders. Oh, I am cruel as a cannibal, and savage as the hyena that robs the grave of its dead!"

"But why should you wish to harm a poor, helpless girl like me—I never injured *you*, and would not if I could," said the terrified Lucy, whose trembling form and gushing tears might have softened a heart of adamant.

The usually rigid face of the negress assumed a terrible expression of wrath, and her eyes seemed changed to flames of fire, as she hissed from between her clenched teeth—

"I hate you because you belong to the accursed *white race*! The sight of that pale face of yours makes my half negro, half Indian blood boil within me; for negroes stolen from Africa, and Indians in their own rightful territories, have been oppressed and crushed by your race. So I have *two* causes to hate you; and I would cut your throat if in your person were concentrated the lives of all your people. But the single life of a miserable girl like *you*—'tis not worth the taking!"

"If you have been wronged," said Lucy, meekly—"you cannot blame *me* for it."

"If I have been wronged!" almost shrieked the black woman—"listen, girl, and you shall judge for yourself whether or not I have cause to hate the whites. My father was an Indian, and my mother a black slave on a sugar plantation in South Carolina. The whites deprived me of both my parents when I was a child, my father having been shot and killed in a skirmish with his pale-faced enemies, whom he hated as only an Indian *can* hate; and that hatred I have fully inherited. My Mother died from the effects of a brutal flogging inflicted upon her by a ruffianly overseer.—That overseer I soon afterwards contrived to kill by poison, and no one suspected that *I* had done the deed. I fortunately had a kind mistress, who, fancying that she observed signs of unusual intelligence in me, rescued me from the toilsome labor of the fields, employed me about her own person, and instructed me in the first rudiments of an English education. I was quick to learn, and soon became a proficient in all the ordinary branches of study. You will now cease to wonder at the superiority of my language. When I reached the age of sixteen, I was a very handsome colored girl, and attracted the notice of my master's son, a gay young man, who had but little difficulty in inducing me to comply with his wishes, for female slaves at the South, who possess any claims to beauty at all, regard it as almost a matter of course that they shall surrender their persons to the embraces of their masters or their master's sons; indeed, the poor women too often consider themselves very fortunate and highly honored, in receiving the attentions and nocturnal visits of those whom they are accustomed to view with reverence, as belonging to a superior order of beings. The result of my intimacy with my master's son was my becoming the mother of a beautiful female child, having a bright mulatto complexion. This child I named after myself, Cleopatra—of which *Cleo*, as I am called, is an abbreviation. When my little daughter was fifteen years of age, she was a paragon of loveliness; her face was of a pale golden hue, and a soft roseate bloom suffused her cheeks. Her form was as delicate and as graceful as yours; her hair was nearly straight, and fine as silk;—and her voice was melody itself. She was, besides, a good, gentle and affectionate child. I educated her as well as I was able, and cherished the fond hope of one day seeing her free, and living in the elevated sphere of life of which she was in every respect worthy. I even ventured to hope that her beauty, amiability and accomplishments might win the love of some wealthy and respectable white gentleman, and, overcoming all prejudice, induce him to make my Cleopatra his wife. I said to myself—"If I can but see my child a lady, I shall be content to remain a slave." These

extravagant hopes, which arose from the simplicity of my heart, were of course destined never to be realized. The idea of a slave becoming the bride of an aristocrat! Such things *have* happened, to be sure; but not often. Cleopatra was verging upon her sixteenth year, when her youthful and glowing loveliness excited the licentious passions of her and my master—an old libertine, whose lustful ardor not even the frosts of sixty winters had been able to quench. This aged reprobate—may the fiends of the bottomless pit torture his condemned soul throughout the endless ages of eternity!—this old villain, I say, unrestrained by the fact that Cleopatra was the daughter of his son, and consequently, his own grand-child, resolved to sacrifice her to his base passions. At first, he endeavored to effect his object by coaxing, by flattery, and by promises. These proving of no avail,—for I had tried to instill into my daughter's mind a love of virtue,—this "chivalric Southern gentleman" one day, laid violent hands upon the poor girl, and by *brutal force* accomplished his infernal and unnatural purpose. Overwhelmed with shame, and driven to despair by this heartless outrage, the sensitive girl went and cast herself into a neighboring stream, leaving behind her a few lines explaining her reasons for committing the rash act. I had scarcely discovered and read this note, when the dead body of my child was brought to me by a number of slaves who had found it in the water. Distracted, I ran into the house in search of the author of my daughter's destruction. I found him seated upon the piazza, calmly smoking a cigar. I rushed upon him with the fury of a wild beast, and would have torn out his black heart, had it not been for the interference of the servants, who were attracted to the spot by their master's cries for help. For this *offence* I was tied up and flogged with the most savage cruelty. My master's son—the father of poor Cleopatra—was absent from home on a distant journey, or my punishment would have been far less severe, for *he* possessed some humanity. Well, after being flogged and almost killed, I was placed at the hardest kind of labor in the fields, where the burning sun blistered my lacerated back, and where the whip of the cruel overseer was continually cracking about my ears. But the hope of obtaining revenge enabled me to endure all these hardships. One night being unable to resist any longer the desperate promptings of my blood-thirsty heart, I stole noiselessly forth from the "negro quarters," and effected an entrance into my master's house. The weather being intensely warm, the object of my hatred was sleeping upon the floor of a cool apartment whose open windows admitted the refreshing breeze from the river. I was armed with a sharp carving-knife which I had found in

the kitchen. The brilliant rays of the moon streamed full and clear upon the form of the sleeper, distinctly revealing the outlines of his stern but sensual countenance. He was talking in his sleep; and I heard him mutter—"Lay on the lash! don't spare the black wretch! make the blood fly!" and such like expressions, which showed that he was dreaming of flogging one of his slaves; perhaps he was again, in fancy, standing by and witnessing *my* punishment. I bent over the destroyer of my child, and felt of his heart; for I wished to make sure work of it. Why need I dwell upon this scene? Suffice it to say that I killed the man, and sent his guilty soul, unprepared as it was, into the presence of his Maker.—Then I fired the house, and fled into the woods. For many weary days and nights I traveled towards the North, enduring hunger, thirst, and privations of every kind. Sleeping in the woods, toiling through treacherous swamps that threatened to swallow me up, and subsisting principally upon roots, wild berries and insects, I struggled bravely on. What terrible dangers will not a person unhesitatingly encounter, in order to gain the blessed boon of liberty! Being unprovided with a *pass*, I was frequently stopped and arrested, but always contrived to escape. Often was I pursued by armed men, and hunted by dogs; but, fortunately, I passed unharmed through all these dangers, and finally reached this city in safety. Here I met with Mr. Wallingford, who, many years ago, was my master's guest, and with whom I was slightly acquainted. He remembered me; and having listened to my story, and commended what he was pleased to call my courage and resolution, he took me into his service, and bestowed upon me the situation of housekeeper of this establishment, which he had purchased and fitted up as a temple of pleasure for his own private enjoyment. Bound to Mr. Wallingford by the indissoluble ties of *gratitude* on my part and *interest* as well as *convenience* on his, I consider myself under imperative obligations to obey, implicitly, his every command, and execute his slightest wish. During the eight years that I have been his housekeeper, I have served him well and faithfully; he treats me with liberality—and as I lead a life of luxury and ease, I am content. Many a young girl, like yourself, has entered this house as pure as an angel, and gone forth fully prepared, and indeed *necessitated*, to lead the life of a common prostitute. Such will be *your* fate, and I do not pity you, for the sentiment of compassion was long ago extinguished within my breast. The stupendous wrongs which I have suffered, have deprived me of all human sympathy; and my heart is steeled against the cries of the distressed. I rejoice whenever Mr. Wallingford secures a fresh victim; and I say to myself—"Here

is another young white girl, whose ruin will help to appease the restless spirit of my Cleopatra, which clamors for vengeance against the accursed white race!" Girl, the pale-faces slew my father, tortured my mother to death, outraged my child and drove her to self-destruction, and scourged me at the whipping-post. Do you now wonder that I hate the whites? Dare you accuse me of injustice in hating you because you belong to their damned race? Ah! this situation of mine is a most happy one, for it affords me opportunities to scourge, beat and torture such white-faced wretches as you!"

The black woman, having concluded her narrative—to which Lucy Pembroke had listened with trembling interest—refreshed herself with another glass of brandy; and then, relapsing into her usual rigidity of face and coldness of manner, she took up the lamp and commanded the young girl to follow her. Lucy obeyed, and was conducted up several flights of stairs to a chamber, the windows of which were provided with iron bars, like a prison, while the door was of great thickness and strength. This cell—for such it might properly be called—was very comfortably furnished, and contained books and musical instruments of various kinds, indicating that the proprietor of this "temple of pleasure" desired that his unfortunate victims should possess the means of passing tedious hours of their confinement in the enjoyment of reading and music. Several pictures, in handsome frames, hung upon the walls; the floor was softly carpeted, and the bed was luxurious in its appointments. The apartment, in short, was like a gilded cage, destined for the imprisonment of a bird which, although fed on dainties, would soon sicken and die.

Poor Lucy shuddered, and her heart grew faint, as she entered this room, and noticed the prison-like bars upon the windows.

"This," said the stern and inflexible black woman—"is to be the place of your confinement until I receive further orders from head-quarters.—How long you may be destined to remain here, it is impossible for me to say, as Mr. Wallingford sometimes gets tired of a girl within the short space of a week and suffers her to depart, while at other times, as in the case of Isabella, his passion, instead of diminishing, only increases. You are at liberty to amuse yourself as best you can; but, should you make any unnecessary noise, or attempt to escape, or misbehave yourself in any way whatever, your punishment will be inevitable and terribly severe.—Remember, I always sleep with my eyes and ears open; and I have a whip which I am fond of using upon the backs of refractory girls. Let this caution suffice. I advise you to make no resistance to the wishes of my mas-

ter; if you provoke him, he will not only accomplish his purpose by *force*, but he will also cause you to be tortured in the most horrible manner for your obstinacy. One reason why I am so attached to my master, and so obedient to his commands, is this:—he is just as hard-hearted and as cruel as I am! The motto of this establishment is—"No pity—no mercy—no forgiveness!" Now, girl, you understand the exact nature of your position, and I have no more to say. Go to bed, if you wish; I shall take this light away with me, for I am not going to leave with you the means of creating a conflagration. You might, in your desperation, set the house on fire, even at the risk of burning yourself up. Ha! I had almost forgotten one important thing: I must search you, in order to assure myself that you have in your possession no weapon with which you can injure yourself or others."

The vigilant Cleo accordingly searched Lucy Pembroke from head to foot, but failed to discover anything worthy of notice with the exception of the portrait of a young and rather handsome man, which the young girl carried in her bosom.

"Whom is this designed to represent?" demanded the black woman, as she examined the portrait. Lucy blushed deeply as she replied—

"It is the likeness of a young man—a mechanic—who is my mother's particular friend, and *mine*, also."

"I understand; he is your *lover*," remarked Cleo, with a grin that displayed her white teeth in unpleasant contrast with her dark face—"well, when you next see this good-looking young fellow, you will scarcely be in a *fit condition* to marry him. I shall take charge of this trinket."

Lucy Pembroke, who, until that moment, had submitted with the most exemplary patience and resignation to the tyrannical operations of the black wretch, now suddenly displayed a degree of spirit and resolution which astonished Cleo. Snatching the valued portrait of her lover from the hands of the negress, the young girl exclaimed—

"You shall not deprive me of *that*! I will die first. Monstrous woman, you have made me desperate, and reckless; I care not what becomes of me, but you shall not take away that portrait of my affianced husband! Kill me, if you will; but my dying shrieks shall arouse the neighborhood, and then this foul den of infamy and crime will be forcibly entered by those who will bring you and your villanous employer to justice!"

The negress was completely astonished at this exhibition of courageous defiance on the part of the young girl, who had, until that moment, been so timid and so terrified. More than half inclined to strangle Lucy upon

the spot, yet fearful that her shrieks might indeed reach the ears of the neighbors and cause them to break into the house so as to ascertain the meaning of the outcry, the infuriated Cleo restrained herself by a tremendous effort, and said, as her black face assumed the malignant expression of an incarnate fiend—

"You may keep the trinket, girl; but this insolence and defiance of my authority shall cost you dear! To-morrow you shall be gagged, and then flogged; and to-morrow night, when my master arrives, you will be initiated still further into the delightful mysteries of this place. After to-morrow night, you will be ashamed to look even that *portrait* in the face, to say nothing of the *original* of it! Ha, ha, ha!—Good night, my white beauty, and pleasant dreams to you! Sleep to-night, while you can; for to-morrow night, sleep will probably be a stranger to you. But be comforted;—Mr. Wallingford's affectionate embraces will soon heal the wounds inflicted by my whip, and his lips shall kiss away all your tears!"

With these heartless words, Cleo left the room, taking with her the light, and carefully locking the door after her.

Lucy was now left alone with her own reflections, which were naturally of the most painful and gloomy character. She at first abandoned herself to a flood of tears; then, becoming somewhat more composed, as the uselessness of such passionate grief obtruded itself upon her mind, she advanced to one of the iron-barred windows, through which the welcome rays of the moon streamed into the chamber, illuminating it so as to make every object distinctly visible. The window commanded a view of the garden in the rear of the house. This garden, which was of considerable extent, was tastefully arranged with gravelled walks, arbors, statues, and small fountains whose waters sparkled like diamonds in the moonbeams; and a wilderness of rare flowers scented the air with their intoxicating and voluptuous fragrance. Surrounding this little paradise was a brick wall of great height, protected at the top by sharp pointed iron spikes.

Lucy, being fearful that the diabolical malignity of the black woman might prompt that individual to do her some bodily harm should she fall asleep, determined to keep awake, if possible, and watch the moon as it sailed in its queenly majesty through the star-gemmed vault of heaven. But soon the eyes of the young girl grew heavy, and in spite of all her efforts, she was compelled to yield to the somnific feelings that stole over her. Throwing herself upon the bed without undressing, she almost instantly sank into a profound slumber;—and, in blissful unconsciousness of her perilous situation, she dreamed of being happily united to her love whose portrait rested upon her virgin breast.

"Alas! that dreams are *only* dreams—
That fancy cannot give
A *lasting* beauty to those forms
Which but a moment live,"

Lucy had been asleep but a short time, when the black Cleo re-entered the chamber with stealthy foot-steps and a countenance that boded no good to the slumbering girl. Approaching the bed, the negress, who held a light in her hand, surveyed the calm, beautiful and now smiling face of the dreamer, with eyes of savage hatred.

"She sleeps soundly," muttered the black woman—"shall I obey the promptings of my rage, and punish her insolence, by depriving her of life? I can easily strangle her, without shedding her blood;—and her body I can bury in the garden. I will say to Wallingford, 'She has contrived to make her escape during the night; punish me for my lack of vigilance.' Master will forgive my supposed carelessness, for I am an invaluable servant to him. Yes, the white girl must die!"

Cleo was about to fasten her strong bony fingers upon the exposed neck of Lucy, when a sudden feeling of remorse for the murderous act which she was about to commit, made her pause.

"This business," said she to herself—"is too horrible, and I cannot do it. Besides, the smile that now rests upon the girl's face, reminds me of my poor little Cleopatra. I will not kill her but I must punish her to-morrow, or there is an end to all discipline in this house!"

Cleo having taken possession of the portrait that rested upon Lucy's bosom, left the chamber in the same stealthy and noiseless manner in which she had entered it.

When the captive sewing-girl awoke, the golden beams of the morning sun were streaming into the chamber through the barred windows. Although utterly unconscious of the terrible danger in which she had been placed during her sleep, Lucy experienced the most poignant feelings of grief when, on awaking from her blissful dreams, she fully realized the horrors of her situation. The loss of her lover's portrait tended greatly to increase her misery.

"That fearful black woman must have visited me during my sleep," thought the young girl, as she arose from the couch—"and to-night I may expect another visit of a far more dreadful character: may Heaven protect me!"

Calming her agitation as much as possible, and hoping for the best, Lucy began to examine the interior arrangements of her prison-cell. To her

inexpressible horror and disgust, she discovered that the books and pictures were all of the most obscene description, being of the licentious French school. The scoundrel Wallingford has caused these bawdy volumes and loose paintings to be placed there, in the hope that their perusal and examination might tend to inflame the passions of his unfortunate female captives, and render them easy and half-willing victims to his base designs.

The pure and sensitive Lucy Pembroke, whose breast had ever been the sanctuary of innocence and virtue, indignantly threw the books out of the window, although well aware that such a proceeding would be sure to increase the rage and hatred of the black Cleo. But Lucy, as we have already seen, was by no means destitute of a becoming spirit. Having thus rid herself of the objectionable books, she turned the faces of the pictures to the wall, as their size prevented their being thrown out through the bars.

In a short time, Cleo made her appearance, bearing a tray containing the fair prisoner's breakfast. The negress observed the condition of the pictures, and noticed the absence of the books, with a frown; but, without uttering a single word, she placed the tray upon the table, and withdrew.

Lucy partook moderately of the repast, which was really excellent; and then, wishing to divert her mind from an indulgence in melancholy thoughts, she stationed herself at one of the windows and looked forth upon the beautiful and blooming garden. Soon she saw a young female, of about her own age, wandering in a listless manner among the perfume-breathing flowers. The stranger was a girl of great beauty, and her black flashing eyes, as well as her complexion and the outline of her features, proclaimed her to be of Spanish origin. Her dress was elegant; but her melancholly countenance showed that she was very unhappy.

"This," thought Lucy Pembroke—"must be that Isabella of whom the villain Wallingford and the black woman, spoke as being my fellow captive. Poor thing! she seems very miserable; her situation is as terrible as mine. She has, doubtless, already fallen a victim to the brutal force of the ruffian who carried me here, although he said that she was his mistress, and jealous of him. She sees me now, and seems desirous of speaking to me. She makes a sign, expressive of sympathy. Now she re-enters the house, and I see her no more."

Lucy was imagining what could be the history of the beautiful stranger, when the door of the apartment was softly opened, and Isabella herself entered.

"Sister in misfortune," said Isabella—"for such I perceive you to be, a

few moments interview between us may serve to lighten the horrors of our imprisonment. The black wretch who acts as the jailor of this prison house of crime, has fallen asleep in consequence of being overcome by the fumes of the liquor which she so constantly imbibes; and I was therefore enabled to obtain possession of the key of this room. Tell me, in as few words as possible, the circumstances which led to your incarceration here."

Lucy accordingly briefly related all the facts connected with her abduction by Wallingford. When she had concluded, Isabella said—

"Your case is very similar to mine. I am the daughter of a poor music teacher, and have myself been in the habit of adding to my father's limited income by giving lessons to young ladies upon the piano. It was recently my misfortune to be engaged by the well-known and fashionable Mrs. Wallingford, to give music-lessons to her daughter, a girl of fourteen. Soon I attracted the admiring notice of the villain Wallingford, who immediately began a series of attacks upon my virtue. I indignantly repulsed him, and dissolved all connection with his family; but, determined to possess me, he pursued me with constant assiduity, and finally succeeded in carrying me here. I will not horrify you by detailing the brutal and forcible means by which he succeeded in affecting my ruin. Suffice it to say, that I am dishonored. Such will be *your* fate, unless Providence, or some benevolent power, intervenes its influence to protect you. The villain told you that I was his voluntary mistress, and that I was save, I am jealous of him, with the design of intimidating you from having any communication with me; for he feared that our united strength and courage might enable us to work out some plan of vengeance. Oh! I have solemnly sworn to kill the author of my ruin, and faithfully will I keep my oath!"

"But," said Lucy—"can we not now escape from the house? If the negro woman is asleep, we can get possession of the street door key, and regain our liberty."

"No," said Isabella—"I have frequently tried that same plan, and have always failed, because the door is secured by a *secret spring* which I cannot discover. The garden, too, is without any avenue of escape, as it is surrounded by a high and dangerous wall, which we have no means of climbing over. Therefore we must—hark! I hear the sound of footsteps ascending the stairs. The black woman has awakened—she has missed her key, and is coming up. What shall we do? She is terrible in her wrath, and will punish us horribly. I will not longer submit to the tyranny of that wretch, and the brutality of her employer. I am the

daughter of a Spanish gentleman, and will not disgrace my blood. What say you, my friend—shall we not resist the oppressions of these human tigers?"

Hardly had these words been spoken, when the sable Cleo entered the room. Her dark face and still darker eyes expressed all the anger which she felt. With a commanding gesture, she said—

"Miss Isabella you have been guilty of a gross piece of misconduct; and be assured you shall suffer for it. Go to your own room, and leave me alone with this girl, whom I am about to punish for her misbehaviour last night. She forgot herself and her position so far as to address me with insolence. She must learn that I am the mistress of this establishment, and that she is my slave. Yes, although I am black, I am the *mistress* of a daughter of the accursed white race; and I can torture her even as the Southern tyrants tortured *me*, and my poor mother, who expired beneath the lash of a plantation overseer!"

With these words, Cleo produced from her pocket a whip, and forth with commenced a savage assault upon poor Lucy Pembroke, who screamed with pain beneath the cruel infliction, and vainly endeavored to screen herself with her hands. Then, swiftly as the lightning's flash rushes upon the brain of the doomed mortal, did the Spanish girl, Isabella, rush upon the black Cleopatra, who in vain tried to extricate herself from the grasp of her desperate assailant. The negro woman was powerful, but she could not withstand the fire and fury of that injured girl, whose hot Spanish blood was aroused to the highest pitch of rage. Isabella, with a strength that seemed almost superhuman, dashed the negress to the floor, and trampled upon her, rendering her insensible.

"Fool that I was!" exclaimed Isabella, whose excited countenance and flashing eyes actually frightened Lucy—"fool that I was, that I did not before punish this abominable wretch, for her own cruelty as well as for her connection with Wallingford! But now she dies."

And then, heedless of Lucy Pembroke's remonstrances and efforts to prevent her, the infuriated Spanish girl repeatedly struck the head of the prostrate Cleo with a chain, beating out her brains, and, of course, killing her instantly.

It was a horrible scene—one that we do not care to dwell upon—one that our pen could not do justice to. There lay the terribly mutilated corpse of the black woman, whose wrongs had made her so bitterly hate the white race; there was the Spanish girl, like a beautiful demon, flour-

ishing the chain; and there, too, was Lucy Pembroke, pale as death, and full of terror.

"Come!" cried Isabella, with a hysterical laugh, for she was fearfully excited—"we are now the mistresses of this *temple of pleasure*. Let us enjoy its luxuries—let us revel in its delights, and drink its rare and sparkling wines. We have been miserable long enough—let us be gay. What says the song?"

"Away, with melancholy,
Nor doleful changes ring
Of life and human folly,
But merrily, merrily sing!
Tra, la, la!"

"Let us leave the house at once," said Lucy—"There is nothing now to hinder our escape, unless it be the *secret spring* to the door which you spoke of. We can, at all events, go to the front windows and call those who will release us from this detestable place."

"No!" exclaimed Isabella with fierce emphasis—"we must remain here, and await the arrival of Wallingford to-night. I wish to explore the mysteries of this infernal place; and I am determined to wreak upon its villainous master the vengeance of a wronged woman!"

The eccentric, passionate and revengeful Spanish girl remained deaf to Lucy's entreaties to leave the house. Isabella was evidently determined to await the coming of Wallingford, in order to wreak upon that individual the vengeance for which she so ardently longed. Compelling Lucy to follow her, she repaired to a sumptuously furnished apartment which had been appropriated to her own use, and there began to indulge in copious libations of wine, with which almost every room in the house seemed to be liberally provided. Exhilarated by the inspiring juice of the grape—in which, by the way, Lucy refused to indulge—Isabella placed herself at the piano; and after a brilliant prelude, performed with the most exquisite skill, she sang the following rude lines, which were evidently the *impromptu* emanations of her own excited and highly imaginative mind:—

SONG OF THE SPANISH GIRL.

There's a sweeter thing than flowers
That in summer-time do bloom
In their green and shady bowers,
Shedding soft and rich perfume;—
'Tis *revenge*!

Ah! sweeter than the feeling
 Inspired by Bacchus' bowl,
 In that stern desire, now stealing
 Across my burning soul—
 For revenge!

The singer, whose voice was melody itself, and whose instrumental execution was decidedly superior to her poetry, arose from the piano and insisted that Lucy should aid her in exploring the house. The sewing-girl, who greatly feared her strange and passionate companion, was forced to comply, although she most ardently longed to endeavor to escape from that abode of mystery and crime.

The two girls accordingly began to visit one apartment after another of this "temple of pleasure," as its villainous owner saw fit to term it. The gorgeous magnificence that prevailed, absolutely astonished and bewildered them, for it almost equaled the ideas of Oriental splendor which one is accustomed to form after reading the "Arabian Nights."

In one sumptuously furnished chamber, Isabella suddenly grasped the arm of her companion, and whispered—

"In this room was my ruin effected. *Look there!*"

She pointed, as she spoke, towards a couch, and the shuddering Lucy saw that it was furnished with an apparatus which was evidently designed to secure the limbs of a person reclining upon it. The object of this infernal contrivance needs no explanation.

"Come!" said Isabella—"let us not remain *here*. The atmosphere of this accursed room will strangle me!"

The girls finally entered the cellar, which was abundantly stocked with wines and liquors of every variety. Having procured a light, our fair adventurers proceeded to explore this place, which was very extensive. They were actuated by mere curiosity, not expecting to make any important discoveries. In one corner, however, the foot of Isabella tripped against an iron ring, and an examination of the spot showed the existence of a trap-door.

The daring Spanish girl immediately expressed her intention of entering this subterranean vault, for the purpose of ascertaining its character and contents. Lucy earnestly tried to dissuade her from an undertaking that seemed so rash and dangerous; but Isabella was obstinate, and Lucy was compelled to assist in raising the trap-door, which was done with considerable difficulty, for it was very heavy. A flight of stone steps led down

into the vault; and Isabella unhesitatingly descended these steps, followed by her trembling and terrified companion.

The air of the dungeon was close and stifling, like that of a tomb; and it was laden with an effluvia that was so particularly nauseating, that Isabella whispered to Lucy—

"Does not this foul atmosphere suggest to your mind the presence of a decaying corpse? A horrible suspicion crosses my mind. *What is that object in yonder corner?*"

Lucy screamed with terror, and her blood seemed to freeze within her veins, as her eyes fell upon the object towards which Isabella was pointing. That object, upon inspection, proved to be a *human skeleton*. The long hair showed the remains to be those of a female; and a further examination on the part of the undaunted Lucy, resulted in the discovery of a *second skeleton*, which was that of an infant. The flesh of these remains had not entirely decayed, which accounted for the odor that prevailed, and showed that the poor victims had not been dead a great while.

"Let us leave this vault for the present," said Isabella—"or this air will kill us."

How joyfully did Lucy follow her companion out of that charnal-house, and into a more agreeable part of the building!

Isabella did not replace the trap-door leading to the vault.

"Let it remain open," said she—"I have an object in view."

After a pause, the Spanish girl said—

"Those are undoubtedly the remains of some poor girl, who, having been ruined by the fiend Wallingford, became a mother, and was, with her child, basely murdered, the more speedily and effectually to get rid of them both. What horrible atrocities are daily committed in the heart of this great city, unsuspected and unknown! To-night shall Wallingford receive the punishment due his many crimes. Do not ask me to explain; I have my plan."

Isabella now went to the street door, and began a careful search for the secret spring by which alone it could be opened. Her search was at last crowned with complete success; she found the spring, which was most artfully constructed, and which enabled her to open the door at her pleasure. But it was not her design to leave the house *then*, neither did she intend that her companion should leave. She wished to find the spring in order to gratify her own curiosity, and so as to have a ready means of egress whenever she should wish to go.

The welcome evening at last arrived—welcome, at all events, to Isabella, whose plan of action was unknown to Lucy Pembroke.

"Now," said the Spanish girl—"sit with me in this apartment until Wallingford arrives. He always first enters this room; and he will not fail to come to-night, on *your* account. We must remain, until he comes, in the dark; and then you will see what my plan is. And remember—if you value your life, when the time for action comes, you must render me all the assistance in your power. Do you see this hammer which I hold in my hand? Dare to disobey me, and I'll brain you with it!"

So saying, Isabella flourished a heavy hammer which she had found in the garden; and she looked so fierce and threatening, that poor Lucy Pembroke expected every moment to be killed by that beautiful but savage girl.

An hour passed away. Isabella was all impatience at the non-arrival of her destroyer who was now her intended victim. Lucy, overpowered by the terrible scenes through which she had so lately passed, sat in a condition of trembling apprehension, for she judged that some tragical event was about to happen; and, thinking of the corpse of Cleopatra up stairs, she half expected to see that black and fearful woman stalk into the room for the purpose of wreaking vengeance upon her enemies.

At last the two girls heard the street door open and close. Footsteps then advanced along the passage towards the dark room in which they were seated.

"'Tis Wallingford!" said Isabella, in a hoarse whisper, as her eyes seemed to shine through the darkness like burning coals. "Now see that you make no noise, and obey my slightest command if you would preserve your own life."

Wallingford, who of course little suspected the existence of rebellion in his camp or the progress of a plot against his own highly respectable person, entered the room and proceeded, as usual to ignite a match for the purpose of lighting a lamp. Meanwhile, he thus soliloquized—

"Now for a night of rapture with my charming little sewing-girl.—Curse those matches, they are damp and won't light. Where's my negress wench, Cleo, I wonder? Asleep, or drunk, probably. Well, she's invaluable, and I must put up with her faults. My wife will scold me for being absent from home to-night, but what matters it? This match seems to go, fortunately. Now to summon Cleo, and then for my sewing-girl!"

Wallingford had just lighted the lamp, and was turning towards the bell



SCENE IN ONE OF THE PRIVATE APARTMENTS OF A FASHIONABLE BROADWAY SALOON; OR, A "GAY GIRL" ASSURING HER INTENDED VICTIM OF HER UNALTERABLE REGARD.

when Isabella stepped up lightly behind him and dealt him a tremendous blow on his head, with the hammer. Stunned by this sudden and violent attack, the proprietor of the "temple of pleasure" fell down on the floor insensible.

"I hope that I have not killed him, for then my vengeance would be incomplete," coolly observed the Spanish girl, as she bent over the prostrate form of Wallingford and placed her hand upon his heart—"no he still lives. Come, my friend, don't stop to ask a single question, but take the light and go before me down into the cellar. I will drag this ruffian's carcass after you? Make haste, for he may very soon recover his senses; and, when he *does* recover them, I desire him to be the inmate of a place, rather less agreeable than this apartment."

Lucy, who now perfectly comprehended Isabella's design, and who feared to disobey, although she would gladly have left the house without further molesting Wallingford, did as she was commanded, while her compassion, who seemed to have been suddenly endowed with supernatural strength, followed, dragging along the insensible form of the man who had injured her so deeply and whom she hated so bitterly. The party soon reached the cellar, whereupon Wallingford was unceremoniously hurled down into the vault. The trap-door was then closed and effectually secured by means of a huge bolt that was attached to it.

"There let the villain remain and perish," said Isabella, as she and Lucy made their way out of the cellar—"let him starve, die and rot in the vault, in company with the ghastly remains of two of his murdered victims. I have fulfilled my oath of vengeance, and am now satisfied. But a thought strikes me: this house is hateful to me, and I desire to remove it forever from my sight; besides, I wish to destroy all possibility of its ever again being used for vile and criminal purposes. This stately edifice, with all its gorgeous furniture, shall in a short time be reduced to a heap of smoking ruins; all its costly wonders of luxury and art shall be blotted out of existence forever. Its infernal secrets, however, shall not perish with it; for, on the great day of reckoning, those secrets and all connected with them, will be obliged to pass through a fiery judgment. It is my intention to set fire to this house. Perhaps Wallingford, in the depths of his dungeon, may hear the noise created by the destruction of his property, over his head; he may yell for assistance, but his cries will not be heard; the tremendous heat of the burning mass above him will drive him to madness and despair; devoured by intense thirst and suffering all the agonies of the damned, he will make fruitless efforts to escape; and

finally, overpowered by the torments of his situation, and horrified by the presence of those two mouldering bodies, he will either dash out his brains against the wall, or else, howling with pain, die a death of lingering torment. Is not this a brave revenge?"

"It is a fearful one," said Lucy—"but pray suffer me now to depart, for I am anxious to go home to my sick mother, and besides, you will not require my assistance further."

"Well, go!" cried the Spanish girl, contemptuously—"you have no spirit, and are no fit companion for me. I have a great mind to remain here and perish nobly in the flames—dying upon the altar of vengeance which I have made. But forgive me, poor girl; my violence frightens you. Go, and thank Heaven that you can return to your mother pure and undefiled."

"You which I am indebted wholly to you!" cried Lucy, as she warmly embraced Isabella—"brave creature, how shall I ever be able to repay you for having saved me from a fate worse than death—oh, a thousand times worse!"

"Think of me often, and pray for me sometimes," replied Isabella, who was deeply affected—"my future career must necessarily be a hard one, for, lost and dishonored as I am—although not by my own free will or agency—I can never again associate with virtuous persons. My poor father, if he has survived the shock naturally created by the mysterious abduction of his only daughter—which I doubt, for his health was very delicate—may receive me with open arms and still bless me with his love; but to all the rest of the world I must hereafter be a stranger. Go, my friend—you who came so near participating in my melancholy and wretched fate—go, and be happy. I will show you how to open the front door, by means of the secret spring. Farewell, and as we shall probably never meet again, think sometimes of poor Isabella."

Again did the two young girls embrace each other, with tears and mutual assurances of constant remembrance. Lucy Pembroke then passed out of the house, and in a short time safely arrived at her humble home in William street. Here she found her mother, very sick and feeble indeed, but still alive, and under the care of a kind neighbor. Mrs. Pembroke fainted when she saw her daughter, who had been given up for dead.—She was, however, speedily restored; and having listened to all the explanations which Lucy had to offer, she fervently thanked Heaven for having rescued her only child from the perils which had surrounded her.

"Mother," said the sewing-girl, with a blush—"Is Charles aware of my singular-disappearance?"

Charles, it is almost needless to say, was Lucy's lover and affianced husband. He was a young mechanic, of most excellent character. It was, of course, his portrait which had been taken from Lucy by the black woman, Cleo.

Mrs. Pembroke replied, in answer to her daughter's inquiry—

"Yes, my child, I sent him word this morning, and he instantly came here. He was of course overwhelmed with grief; he declared his intention of making every effort to find out what had become of you; he also said that he was determined to make the case known to the authorities, and—"

The invalid lady paused, for there was a knock upon the door, which Lucy ran to open, for she doubtless instinctively anticipated that the visitor was no other than Charles himself. She was right; a fine-looking young man appeared upon the threshold, and clasped his beloved to his heart. We will not dwell upon this scene; but leaving these poor, but now happy people to the uninterrupted enjoyment of their felicity, we will return to the Spanish girl, whom we left in the mansion of the doomed Wallingford.

Isabella, having fired the building in numerous places, left it and hastened towards the abode of her father. Arrived there, she knocked for admission upon the front-door, which was soon opened by a woman who occupied the lower portion of the house.

"Good Heavens, Miss Isabella!" cried this woman, lifting up her hands in astonishment—"where in the world have you been for so long a time; We all thought that you were dead."

"Do not detain me, but let me pass up stairs; I wish to see my father," said Isabella, over whose soul there had already come a terrible presentiment, like a dark shadow.

"Lord, Miss!" exclaimed the woman, who rejoiced in this opportunity of imparting a piece of startling intelligence—"haven't you heard about what has happened? Why, your poor father was dead and buried a week ago!"

Isabella waited to hear no more, but walked away from the house with rapid footsteps. A desperate resolve had taken possession of her soul; and with her, to resolve was to act.

"I have now not a single friend in the wide world," she murmured, as she made her way down towards the river—"why therefore should I con-

tinue to live? I have terribly punished the man who ruined me; and now I am done with this world. I will seek repose in a watery grave! Ha! the deep tones of the fire-bell, and yonder brilliant light, announce that the house of Wallingford is being consumed. Now, while the wretch is suffering all the horrors of physical and mental agony, I will die in peace!"

Fire-engines and crowds of Citizens rush by, with tremendous clamor, towards the scene of the conflagration, but the Spanish girl heeded them not, as she steadily pursued her way towards the river. Soon she stood upon the brink of the dark flowing stream! and, as she prepared to take the fatal leap, the following thoughts passed through her mind:

"Oh, it is hard to leave this bright and beautiful world, and embark upon the uncertain ocean of eternity, so shoreless and dreary, for I am young, and ought still to enjoy many years of happiness. But that cannot be. I must not hesitate now. May Heaven have mercy upon my soul! Father, I come to thee!"

There was the sound of a splash in the water, and then all was still.—Thus perished Isabella, the victim of an atrocious villain, who, even at that moment, was writhing in torment in the dungeon beneath his burning house.

Reader, this chapter, however startling and extraordinary it may be, is no "fancy's sketch." Its scenes, characters and incidents are, alas! too true. We have but "held the mirror up to nature," and depicted *facts* which have come into our possession in a manner most singular, and almost incredible. The author of these pages, in his by no means limited experience as a writer for the public entertainment, has discovered that the inexhaustible mine of *Truth* affords better materials for a popular narrative, than the barren waste of hackneyed *Fiction*. But to resume the thread of our story.

On the next day, the body of poor Isabella, our beautiful and unfortunate "Spanish girl," was discovered upon the shore of Hoboken. It was not recognized, and a jury of six respectable but rather obtuse individuals, who were summoned to "sit upon the body" by a gentleman calling himself the Coroner, expressed it as their firm opinion that the deceased "was found drowned," a fact so very evident as to admit of no contradiction whatever. Having arrived at this very sage verdict, the six individuals aforesaid shook their heads knowingly, looked at each other approvingly, sighed profoundly, touched their stomachs significantly, as well as sympathetically, and then went home to their six respective dinners. The Co-

ner recruited himself after the *fatigue* of the inquest, by brandy and water and a cigar; the body of the beautiful and accomplished, but most unfortunate Isabella, having been placed in a coarse pine coffin, was buried in an obscure grave.

In a day or two, the matter was entirely forgotten by the public, and even by the newspapers, which, hungry vultures that they are, always "crowd the mourners" and sometimes "jostle the hearse" in giving "additional particulars" concerning an affair of this kind.

Alas! how often does such a verdict as "found drowned" cover the most romantic and touching details of life which, if known, would suffice many eyes with tears, and cause many a heart to beat with sympathy and sorrow!—To how many cases may be applied the words of Tom Wood, commencing with—

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!"

* * * * *

Wallingford, after being thrown into the vault, soon recovered his senses, for he had received no very severe injury. All that had occurred since his being struck with the hammer by Isabella, was to him a perfect blank; and therefore, at first, he knew not where he was, although he feared that he had been made the victim of a terrible scheme of vengeance. He began to grope around the vault, and soon fell over the remains of the mother and her child—*his* child, too—both of whom he had basely murdered by confining them in that place to starve and die. Then did the wretched man comprehend his exact situation, and then did his guilty soul recoil with horror as he drew back from those two skeletons. Feeling his way to the stone steps, he ascended them, and endeavored to push up the trap-door; but in vain, for it was securely bolted. As well might he have tried to move a mountain of solid rock, as to force open that trap-door. He yelled and tore his hair with rage and agony, as he frantically exclaimed—

"Accursed Isabella—*she* has done this! Thus does she avenge the injury which I inflicted upon her. But how could she have discovered this place, which I thought secure from the most inquisitive eyes? I had rather be imprisoned in the most horrible den in God's creation, than *here*, in company with those two frightful corpses, which seem to be approaching me through the darkness. What is to be my fate? I must inevitably starve to death here, for I cannot possibly break out, and my voice can never reach the neighbors or the people in the street. How close and sickening

this air is! I am tortured by excessive thirst, and would give half my fortune for a single bottle of the wine which is just overhead. The atmosphere grows strangely warm, too; and what is that frightful roaring sound which I hear, indistinctly but surely! That awful crash, as if a mighty mass of brick and timber had fallen directly over this trap-door! Ah, I understand it all now! *The house is on fire*—accursed Isabella's work again—and I shall be roasted here like a rat shut up in an oven! Oh, God! my brain is bursting assunder with maddening heat? I am dying with thirst, and yet those two infernal corpses are dancing around me, bearing in their fleshless hands goblets of wine! Give me a drink, ye torturing fiends! They jeer at me, and whisper that in hell still greater agonies of fire and thirst are in store for me. See! there is Isabella, floating in a river of liquid glass, which reflects the black shores of the infernal land and its demon inhabitants. She beckons me to approach her, and I cannot resist. The glass is an ever-burning hell, and I am consumed in it—*all but my soul*—which will float upon its glowing surface throughout all eternity!"

* * * * *

A few weeks after the destruction of Wallingford's house by fire, the laborers who were engaged in removing the ruins preparatory to the erection of a new edifice upon the site of the old one, discovered the secret vault beneath the cellar. In this vault were found three skeletons—one of a woman, another of an infant, and a third of a man of large and vigorous frame. The heat had destroyed the clothing which the man had worn, and it had also burned all the flesh from his bones; but several metallic articles which were found near, led to the positive identification of the remains as those of Mr. Arthur Wallingford. Great was the excitement thereby created throughout the entire community; but, as those events are now of secondary importance to us, we shall pass them all by, in order to adhere to the direct course of our narrative.

We anticipate that our next chapter will be found very *fashionable*, and highly *melo-dramatic*.

CHAPTER III.

—“Lively and gossiping,
Store with the treasures of the tattling world,
And with a spice of mirth, too.”

In a fashionable ice-cream and refreshment saloon on Broadway, were assembled, one sultry afternoon, a goodly number of the “gay girls of New York.” There were present, also, many of the “gay boys” of the same delightful city; and both girls and boys were industriously engaged in the pursuit of amorous intrigues, and in the consumption of such delectable drinks as are usually required by the sporting community in very warm weather. They all doubtless believed in the sentiments of the poet who rapturously exclaimed—

“Oh, isn't it nice,
To mix brandy with ice,
And to cool off our coppers with grog!”

That poet was doubtless, at the time of writing, under the pleasant influence of a brandy punch; and we are almost inclined to envy him. But, reader, let us seat ourselves sociably at one of the tables of our fashionable Broadway saloon; and while we (in imagination) discuss a couple of cooling drinks, we can listen to the conversation of those around us.

Two exquisitely-dressed and really handsome dandies are seated at a table, smoking cigars and sipping mint-julaps. One of them says to the other, with a fashionable drawl—

“In five minutes, Fred, my adorable persecutor will be here. You shall see her, and judge for yourself if she isn't positively divine. But then she is so horribly amorous and exacting, that she almost kills me. I am more than half tempted to dissolve the connection—split me!”

“But,” said the other dandy—“that wouldn't be good judgment, my dear fellow, for you say that the creature supplies you liberally with cash. You must put up with her amorous exactions on account of her purse.”

“So I must, Fred. Her poor fool of a husband doesn't suspect anything, and the affair is safe. Here she comes. Excuse me, Fred; I will see you this evening at the Irving.”

The dandy arose, and was met by a woman who was magnificently dressed. She was a splendidly voluptuous creature, and her countenance expressed the most unlimited sensuality, for her eyes were large and melting while her full, ripe lips seemed to provoke every amorous spirit of the air to come and kiss them. The thin, transparent gauze that covered her bosom, revealed a world of distracting charms; and her every movement proclaimed that she was brimming full of well-developed life and spirit. Being about twenty-five years of age, she was in the complete maturity of womanhood; and it was impossible for any man of susceptibility to gaze upon her without experiencing feelings of profound admiration and longing desire. She met her handsome dandy lover with a radiant smile which displayed to the very best advantage her brilliant teeth; and the guilty pair seated themselves at a retired table and had refreshments placed before them.

"You are looking charming to-day, my angel," said the dandy, with a fashionable yawn.

"So you always say, Harry, but I fear that you are a sad flatterer," replied the lady, as she regarded her companion with a look of passionate love.

"Upon my soul I'm not," said Harry, as he contemplated his delicate and jewelled hand with the utmost complacency.

"Harry," said the lady—"I fear that my husband begins to suspect something, for this morning, before he went to his counting-house, he remarked that I spent a great deal of money for something or other, and that I promenaded too much for a married woman who has a child to attend to."

"He little suspects," observed Harry—"that *he* is not the father of that child. It resembles *me*, I believe."

"It is your very image," replied the lady, with a blush that enhanced her beauty, as she glanced at her lover with a look that betrayed all the yearning fondness of her soul for him.

"The youngster, I must confess, is particularly handsome," said the dandy, as he stroked his moustache and admiringly surveyed himself in an opposite mirror. "But, my dear Emeline, to come to matters of business, I must have some money to-day, for my d——d tailor is importunate, my hotel and wine bills must be paid, I owe a small *debt of honor* contracted at a card-table, and there is a charming gold watch which I must either purchase, or die—sink me!"

"You are very extravagant, Harry," said the lady, in a tone of playful

reproof—"what have you done with the hundred dollars which I let you have last week? Surely that cannot be gone already?"

Harry protested, upon his honor, that he had not a sixpence left to bless himself with; and he really had not; but, for obvious reasons, he did not tell his mistress that he had, that very morning, presented a fifty-dollar shawl to a young girl whom he "kept" in private lodgings down town.

"You are quite sure, Harry," said the infatuated woman—"that you are faithful and true to me?"

"Sure, my angel? Of course I am."

"And you are equally certain that you love me very much indeed?"

"By this fair hand, I swear it!"—and, as the false Harry uttered these words, he theatrically kissed the soft, white hand of his deceived but delighted mistress, who drew from her voluptuous bosom a bank-note, saying—

"There, you dear, naughty fellow, there is a pretty little piece of paper for you. Be a good boy, and make it last as long as possible, for my husband grumbled terribly when he gave it to me this morning."

Harry, having assured himself that the "pretty little piece of paper" was worth just one hundred dollars, carelessly thrust it into his waistcoat pocket, saying—

"That husband of yours, my dear Emeline, is a brute to grumble at such an angel—smash me!"

"Hush!" said the false wife, in whose sensual bosom some good traits seemed to linger—"hush. Do not speak harshly of my husband, Harry, for he is a kind, good man, after all, and he never gave me any reason to wrong him. I cannot blind myself to the fact that I am a very sinful woman, and that my conduct has been most infamous. Oh! would that I had never yielded to the promptings of my ardent passions—would that I had never strayed from the path of virtue!"

Tears chased each other down the cheeks of the beautiful but unhappy woman, and her superb bosom heaved with emotion. These evidences of remorse on her part were viewed with deep disgust by Harry, who said, in an offended tone—

"Then, Emeline, you regret having formed my acquaintance?"

"Do not reproach me, Harry," said the lady, as she made an effort to suppress her tears—"you know that I love you dearly. There, you see that I have dried my eyes. Forgive my foolishness. Come, won't you take a little walk with me? The weather is delicious, and there is no

danger of meeting my husband, who told me that he should be very busy all day."

The guilty couple arose, and left the saloon. As they emerged into the street, they were closely observed by a gentleman on the opposite side, who on his part, seemed desirous of not being seen.

"There she is, with her lover," muttered this gentleman, with flashing eyes—"my suspicions were correct, after all, and Emeline is a false, guilty wretch. But her lover—what is there in his appearance that seems strangely familiar to me—what is there in his countenance that reminds me of *my child*? Mine! No; the brat must be the offspring of that scoundrel, who shall die. But where can they be going? Perhaps to some convenient place, where they intend to consummate another act of guilt. I will follow them, and see."

The guilty woman and her lover little suspecting that they were watched and followed by an outraged husband, proceeded at an easy pace up Broadway, and soon turned off into a street that ran across it. Cautiously looking about them to see that they were not observed—and without perceiving the injured husband, who was concealed in a passage-way—the partakers of love's unhallowed pleasures ascended the steps of a handsome brick house, and rang the bell. The door was instantly opened—they were admitted—and then the door was closed.

"That house is a notorious *assignation establishment*," said the husband to himself—"there do false wives repair with their lovers, and there do faithless married men go with their paramours, to revel in licentiousness. Can Emeline indeed have fallen so low—she, whom I thought to be the very model of spotless purity? Yes, her guilt is as plain as the noon-day sun, and all the waters of the great Atlantic Ocean could not cleanse her black and polluted character. The money which I have acquired by toil and application in my counting-house—that money she has bestowed upon the scoundrel who has seduced her and dishonored me. And then to believe that the child which I have considered as my own, is *not mine*—that thought is madness! 'Tis well that I have armed myself, in anticipation of this horrible discovery; and now to punish my wretched wife, and him who has destroyed my domestic peace!"

The desperate and justly-enraged husband resolutely approached the assignation-house, and rang the bell, whereupon the door was opened by a rather good-looking and smartly-dressed woman, who demanded what was wanted?

"I wish to enter your establishment, of course, and partake of its delectable hospitalities, replied the gentleman, with bitterness.

"But," said the woman—"you have no female companion with you, and the house does not supply ladies. You have evidently mistaken the character of this place."

Mr. Barrington—for that was the name of the gentleman—quickly stepped into the entry, and drawing a pistol from his breast, he threatened the woman with instant death in case she either called for assistance or opposed his wishes.

"What would you have me do?" demanded the trembling and affrighted woman.

"Conduct me," replied Mr. Barrington—"without the slightest noise, to the apartment occupied by the lady and gentleman whom, a few minutes ago, you admitted with in the house. Do you consent—or would you prefer to die?"

"You shall be obeyed, sir—follow me." With these words, the woman led the way up a flight of stairs, and silently pointed to a door.

Barrington, without a moment's hesitation, dashed his foot against this door, which flew open with a loud crash.

Rushing into the chamber, the eyes of the husband fell upon a scene, that caused his blood to boil with renewed rage and fury.

Reclining upon a couch, in a state of partial nudity, were the forms of Mrs. Barrington and her lover, enfolded in each other's arms. The noise produced by the sudden bursting in of the door, aroused them from their amorous trance, and starting up, they beheld, to their confusion and terror, the enraged countenance and threatening form of Barrington.

"My husband!" screamed the guilty woman, covering her eyes with her hands, as if she wished to shut out from her vision the tragical scene, which, she had every reason to fear, was about to be enacted.

"I am no longer your husband, wretched Emeline," cried Barrington, as with his pistol he took a deadly aim at his wife's paramour, who trembled in every limb—"now, scoundrel, destroyer of my family, honor and tarnisher of my heretofore unsullied name, prepare to meet the doom which your villany so richly deserves!"

Ere Harry could utter an appeal for mercy, Barrington fired, and the unfortunate young man fell back upon the bed, a corpse!

"I will not take *your* life, Emeline," said the husband—"although such was at first my intention. Dress yourself quickly and come with me; I

will consider how to dispose of you and the offspring of your criminal connection with the villain whose corpse lies there."

The trembling and horrified Mrs. Barrington obeyed; and when she was ready, she left the house in company with her husband, who conducted her home, and placed her in the charge of a faithful domestic, with strict injunctions that she should not be permitted to go out, nor see any company, under any circumstances whatever.

Having made those arrangements with reference to his unhappy wife, Mr. Barrington went and surrendered himself up to the authorities confessing that he had slain the seducer of his wife, and describing the scene and all the circumstances of the act. We will briefly state that he was tried and acquitted, owing to the powerful exertions of a distinguished lawyer, and to the belief on the part of the jury that the deed was, under the circumstances, perfectly justifiable.

Mr. Barrington procured a divorce from his wife; yet he continued to support her and her child, with the understanding that such support should be permanently withdrawn in case the lady conducted herself with the slightest degree of impropriety.

The fair but fallen Mrs. Barrington tried to win her former husband back to her arms, by sending him loving and penitent letters, which she deemed calculated to move his generous nature; but in vain—Barrington not only refused to see her at all, but returned her letters unopened.

At last, the beautiful and excessively amorous woman found it impossible to endure any longer a life of solitude and exclusion from the joys of love. There was an aching void in her heart, which she felt must be filled. She was determined to obey the depraved suggestions of her sensual nature, at the first opportunity; and accordingly, one fine day, she became the mistress of a gay man of fashion, placing her child out to board in a poor family. But the gay man of fashion soon became tired of his superb and brilliant companion, on account of her extravagance and inconstancy.—He therefore, in a scrupulously polite note, told her that his connection with her was at an end, and that she must look for another protector.—The fair Emeline sent him a contemptuous reply; and, throwing off all restraint she immediately abandoned herself to a life of splendid prostitution. She became one of the most popular and celebrated of the "gay girls of New York;" and here we leave her for the present.

We return to the fashionable saloon on Broadway, for we have not yet done depicting the scenes which almost daily and nightly take place in such establishments. Soon after the departure of Mrs. Barrington and

her lover, there entered the saloon a tall, dark-whiskered gentleman, of Southern aspect striding forward with an air of much self-importance, this gentleman threw himself into a chair, and seemed to await the arrival of somebody with the greatest impatience. Soon a pretty young girl entered the saloon with a timidity which proved that she was totally unaccustomed to such scenes. She looked about her, and when her eyes fell upon our Southern gent, she blushed and seemed pleased.

"That's the one!" said the Southern gent to himself, as he arose and approached the young girl—"her appearance exactly corresponds with the words of her note—fair hair, blue eyes, bonnet trimmed with pink, and sky-blue dress. She's devilish pretty, and must be mine. She recognizes me, to, by the description which I gave of myself in my note to her—tall, rather slim, dark-complexioned, black whiskers, distinguished bearing, and all that sort of things. I'll speak to her at once."

"Good afternoon, miss," said the Southern gent—excuse me, but did you not have an appointment here with somebody?"

"I did, sir," was the reply—"a gentleman, and, if I mistake not—"

"You are right miss; I am the happy individual," said the Southern gent—"suffer me to conduct you to a seat where we can converse without danger of being overheard."

The Southern gent and the young lady having seated themselves in a distant corner of the saloon, entered into a conversation which we shall take the liberty of listening to:—

"In the first place, my dear miss," began the Southern gent, "we will have a bottle of wine placed before us—just merely to divert suspicion as to the real object of our interview."

The order was given—the wine was brought, and the Southern gent filled two glasses, one for himself and the other for the fair creature before him.

"I never drink wine, sir," said the young girl with an air of embarrassment.

"But you will certainly not refuse to take a sip with me," said Mr. Cheekey, for that was the name of the Southern gent—"here, let us touch our glasses together, in token of our future union."

Thus urged, the young lady, whose name was Alice Vernon, drank about half of the wine which had been poured out for her.

"'Tis well!" said Mr. Cheekey, approvingly—"the rosy wine, my dear miss, enhances your beauty, for it gives a dewy freshness to your lips and imparts an additional lustre to your eyes. And now to business, if that

can be called *business* which relates to the delicate affairs of the human heart. You know that I had a notice in the *Herald* a few days ago, advertising for a wife, and setting forth my honorable intentions, distinguished connections, personal advantages and great wealth. Well, you were among the numerous ladies, who answered my advertisement—you were among the many fair creatures who were ambitious of becoming *Mr. Cheekey*. I wish to heaven that I could marry them all without violating that absurd law upon our statute book which prohibits any man from having more than one wife. The Turks are a sensible people in that respect; but *here*, judges have a vulgar habit of incarcerating a man in the State prison who shall venture to extend his matrimonial connections beyond the possession of a single wife. But finish your glass, my dear, for the day is insufferably warm. That is right—you are a girl after my own heart. Well, *your* answer pleased me more than all the others, and I accordingly arranged this interview with you. But do my manners and appearance answer the expectations which you had formed concerning me?"

Alice, in whose brain the fumes of the wine had produced a pleasurable exhilaration, while an agreeable glow suffused her entire frame, did not *now* hesitate to assure the Southern gent that she was vastly pleased with him, and that she felt herself highly honored by his acquaintance. Poor Alice! her defective education, and love of romances, had fully prepared her to become the victim of a smooth, accomplished and artful libertine like Mr. Cheekey, resumed:—

"For my part, my dear girl, I am delighted with the successful result of my advertisement, for you are just the very person that I desired to meet with. I am rich, and will make you happy."

"But I am poor," said Alice—"and that unfortunate circumstance may prove to be an objection which——"

"No!" interrupted Mr. Cheekey—"you are rich in beauty and in virtue, and that is wealth enough for me. I will take you to my home in the sunny South, where I own an extensive sugar plantation and five hundred negroes. There you will be the mistress of all that I possess. But is not the air of this saloon rather close and sultry? What say you to a promenade on Broadway? But first let us drink a little more wine."

A little more wine was accordingly drank; and then the libertine and his intended victim passed out of the saloon. Poor Alice, in the innocent simplicity of her heart, suspected nothing; while Mr. Cheekey—whose "extensive sugar plantation and five hundred negroes" must have been located in the moon, for they certainly had no existence in this world—

Mr. Cheekey, we say, chuckled in view of the triumph which he was about to achieve over a friendless and unsophisticated girl.

After walking a short distance up Broadway, Mr. Cheekey and Alice turned a corner, and the former said—

"Do you see yonder elegant mansion, whose appearance seems to indicate that its occupant must be a person of wealth?"

"Yes, sir, I see it," replied Alice, with some surprise.

"That is the residence of my aunt," remarked Mr. Cheekey—"a most excellent, pious, amiable and benevolent lady. She would, I know, be immensely charmed and delighted, could she but see you—you who are so soon to become the wife of her beloved nephew. Let us go in, and sit for a few moments with the good lady; you will be much pleased with her fine old-fashioned, motherly way. What say you, my little wife that is to be?"

"We will visit your worthy aunt, if you wish," said poor, unsuspecting Alice—"but you will please to remember that I am unused to the society of rich, fine people."

"And yet, my dear girl, your grace and beauty would adorn a palace," said Mr. Cheekey, as he rang the bell at the door of his "aunt's residence." He was obliged to repeat the summons two or three times, before it was attended to. At last the door was opened by a woman whose pale, agitated countenance proclaimed that some terrible event had just occurred.

"Oh, Mr. Cheekey," cried the woman—"don't think of coming into the house now, for the Lord's sake, because—because——"

"Nonsense, woman, get out of the way!" said Cheekey, as he pushed her rudely aside, and almost dragged the astonished Alice into the entry.

"Come, my dear," whispered he—"let us go up stairs and see my aunt. This house-keeper of hers is intoxicated as you see. I am surprised that a person so strict as my aunt, should keep such a drunken wretch in the house."

The wondering but still unsuspecting Alice suffered the man to conduct her up stairs; but she drew back when he opened the door of an apartment that had the appearance of a bed-chamber.

"This," said Mr. Cheekey—"is my aunt's room. Do not stand upon ceremony, but sit down, and I will call her here."

Alice entered the room, the door of which was instantly closed and locked by the chivalrous "gentleman from the South," who was really nothing more than a penniless and unprincipled adventurer, not altogether unknown to the police authorities.

We will not describe the scene that followed, for the reader can imagine it; and we shrink from the sickening details of a young girl's ruin.

Suffice it to say, that partly by persuasions, partly by promises, and partly by force, was the sacrifice of Alice Vernon's virtue accomplished.

Yes; *accomplished in a room adjoining that in which then lay the corpse of Mrs. Barrington's lover, Harry, who was slain by the injured husband!*

Reader, do not say that these things are altogether too horrible for belief; *we know them to be true.*

Alice Vernon issued from that house of assignation, a lost and ruined creature. Her subsequent career may be briefly summed up: ashamed to return to her home, she entered a fashionable brothel, and became a woman of the town—a nightly promenader on Broadway.

Thus, in the two instances which we have given, can be seen the manner in which many of the "gay girls of New York" are manufactured for the market.

Our courtezans are made up of every class—high and low—aristocratic and humble.

In one instance, we behold a lady of fashion—the wife of a wealthy merchant—becoming a prostitute in consequence of her own unbridled passions.

In the other instance, we see an innocent and inexperienced young girl, belonging to the humble walks of life, reduced to a life of prostitution on account of having fallen a victim to the arts of an accomplished libertine.

Here is afforded food for reflection.

"Whence come all the courtezans?" is a question frequently asked.

We can answer it, in a few words:—

Some—we might say many—women voluntarily embrace a life of prostitution, because they are unable to resist their own evil and lascivious propensities.

To this class belonged Mrs. Barrington.

Many girls are forced upon the town in consequence of having fallen victims to the seducer's arts.

To this class belonged Alice Vernon.

Not a few young girls—aye, and married women, too—are ruined because of their love of dress and finery. They throw themselves upon the town as a means of gratifying their vanity.

We might furnish many instances illustrative of this class; but we have not time now.

Many—*very, very many* unfortunate girls—God help them!—are driven

into a life of prostitution by hunger, by want and privation of every kind. Unable to gain sufficient food and raiment by toiling with their needles—ground down to the very dust by tyrannical and rascally proprietors of *slop-shops*—these poor creatures are compelled to approach, shudderingly, the brink of that polluted lake whose foul waters are destined to swallow them up forever!

We could furnish enough instances of this class to fill a dozen large volumes. But all such records are kept in a great book at the judgment desk of the Almighty, as every oppressor of poor shop-girls will find, to his sorrow, when he is called upon to give an account of his stewardship.

There are many other avenues which lead to the broad highway of prostitution, but we shall not pause to describe them now; and so we will resume our narrative, without apologizing for this brief digression, which we conceive to be quite appropriate in a work of this peculiar kind.

Again do we return to the fashionable Broadway saloon, for we are not yet done with that establishment.

More visitors! A "gay girl" of magnificent beauty, leaning upon the arm of a particularly handsome young man. Not to keep the reader in a state of torturing suspense, we will state at once that the female is no less a personage than Hannah Sherwood herself, not dressed, as when we last saw her, in the garments of Mr. Jotham Flint, but elegantly arrayed in the habilaments suitable to her sex. Her companion is her lover, Frank Rattleton.

Hannah and Frank seat themselves, call for refreshments, and seem disposed to make themselves as comfortable as possible.

Still more visitors! Business thrives to-day. Whom have we here? A handsome, middle-aged and gorgeously-dressed woman, accompanied by a "gay girl" of the most dashing appearance. The middle-aged lady is Mrs. Estelle Bishop, whom the reader will perhaps remember as the landlady of the brothel to which Wallingford first carried Lucy Pembroke. Mrs. Bishop's companion is *Spanish Jule*, whose combat on Broadway with *Moll Manning*—which combat resulted in the imprisonment of both ladies in the station-house—may also be recollected.

Mrs. Bishop and Spanish Jule take their places at a table not far from Hannah Sherwood and Frank Rattleton; and refreshments are also placed before them.

Moll Manning next enters. She is a sparkling Hibernian girl—a courtesan of the first class—and voluptuous as Venus. Unseen by Span-

ish Jule, she fixes upon that young lady a look of deadly hatred, and then sits down, after having ordered a stiff glass of brandy and water.

There are now assembled in this fashionable Broadway saloon, all the elements of the most terrific warfare: Spanish Jule and Moll Manning, who are sworn enemies; and Hannah Sherwood and Mrs. Estelle Bishop, who are, if possible, still more hostile towards each other.

A storm is evidently brewing, and soon it comes on with startling violence. The first clap of thunder—the first warlike demonstration—is made by Moll Manning, who, seeing her late antagonist and rival putting on an extra quantity of “French airs,” suddenly becomes enraged, and throws her tumbler with all her force at the head of Spanish Jule.

Fortunately, the tumble misses fire, and striking large and costly mirror, shatters it into a thousand pieces.

Spanish Jule arises, and her flashing eyes meet the defiant orbs of her foe. The girls rush towards each other, and, indulging in a by no means loving embrace, they tear and bite each other most unmercifully. The whole saloon is thrown into confusion. Every seat is vacated, and many persons take advantage of the universal uproar to leave without paying their bills. A ring is formed around the combatants, and spirited bets are offered as to which of them will prove the conquering party. Frantic waiters rush to and fro, upsetting each other; while the proprietor of the place, a small Frenchman, dances insanely about, tearing his hair, and yelling madly for the police. After a reasonable time, the police arrived, and the terrific majesty of the law came, in the shape of a shabby little red-nosed man who was frightened almost out of his wits—if he had any. Other officers soon made their appearance, however; and Moll and Jule, being separated, were conveyed to the *Tombs*, where we must leave them, for it is necessary that we should immediately return to the saloon, where a still more exciting scene is about to take place—a scene far too terrible to be made the subject of mirth.

Order had scarcely been restored, after the removal of the two belligerent “gay girls,” when a collision took place between Hannah Sherwood and Mrs. Bishop, who had not met since their disturbance at the house of the latter, described in a former chapter.

Mrs. Bishop, who knew by experience that Hannah was her mistress in fighting science and in physical strength, had evidently prepared herself for an encounter of this kind; for she immediately drew from her bosom a small bottle, or phial, and threw it at Hannah. The bottle was broken in fragments, and its contents streamed all over the face of the unfortunate girl.

Horrible was the result, for the bottle contained *vitriol*. Poor Hannah's agonizing shrieks filled the air, and her sufferings must have been most terrible.

She was immediately conveyed by Frank Rattleton, and several other persons, to the office of the nearest physician, who administered what relief he could, although he felt it his duty to declare that Hannah's eyes were destroyed forever, and that her face was permanently and hopelessly disfigured.

“The life of the young woman is in no imminent danger, remarked the Doctor—“but she will always be stone blind, and not a single trace of her former beauty will remain. It is a great pity!”

Hannah, notwithstanding the excruciating pain which she suffered, overheard these words, and they filled her soul with black despair.

To be thus suddenly shut out from the bright and beautiful world by blindness—to be thus, in a single instant, deprived of all her radiant beauty—to become an object of pity, and perhaps of loathing—Oh!—these thoughts were most terrible to that once gay and pleasure-loving girl, who had so lately excited the envy and admiration of the dissipated circle of society in which she had been accustomed to move, like a brilliant star among inferior planets.

A beautiful woman, who is conscious that advancing years are gradually but surely robbing her of her charms—whose mirror tells her that her blooming cheeks are becoming faded, and that gray hairs are intruding among her glossy tresses—such a woman cannot but experience a pang of regret.

What, then, must be the feelings of a young and lovely woman, whom Time has not begun to approach with its despoiling influence—what, we ask, must be her feelings when, with the rapidity of a flash of lightning, she is not only deprived of her beauty and rendered hideous, but also loses the blessed gift of sight—is snatched from the world, as it were, without a moments warning, and plunged into unfathomable darkness?

Oh! must not such a fate be a thousand times worse than death itself?

Hannah Sherwood certainly thought it so, as she contemplated her awful situation.

Gladly would she have died upon the spot, and lost all consciousness of her misery in the grave.

What was to become of her? Who would take care of her, and love her now that she was blind and ugly?

These question passed through the mind of Hannah Sherwood; and thus did she answered them:—

"Frank Rattleton will take care of me, and see that I do not want for he will soon come into the possession of his property. He may possibly cease to love me; but he will not desert me. He is too generous for that."

Scarcely had these thoughts occurred to Hannah's mind, when a sudden and terrible recollection swept like a whirlwind over her soul.

She remembered the fearful prophecy of the old hag in the cellar on the "Points," and she felt that prophecy to be in the course of perfect fulfillment.

This horrible recollection, in addition to the intense pain which she suffered, was too overpowering for her; and she fainted away.

When she revived, she found herself lying upon a bed, with her face enveloped in bandages.

Her physical pains had somewhat subsided, but her mental torments remained as acute as ever.

"Where am I?" she demanded, in feeble tones.

Her heart beat quickly, and she felt almost happy, as the familiar voice of Frank Rattleton replied:—

"You are with me, dearest Hannah, in comfortable, quiet lodgings which I have secured for you. An experienced nurse will attend to all your wants, and you will be under the care of the most distinguished physician in the city. Cheer up, for you may yet recover your sight, and not be so very much disfigured after all, I am encouraged to hope so by the celebrated physician of whom I spoke."

This was a well-meant fib on Frank's part, and was designed to cheer up the suffering girl. The physician alluded to, after a careful examination of Hannah's injuries, during her swoon, had positively assured Frank that her sight was forever destroyed, and that her face would be dreadfully disfigured.

"Oh, bless you for these words, dear Frank," murmured Hannah—"I cannot see your face, but I can imagine the generous expression which it wears. You will not desert me in this hour of my distress—you will not hate me if I should happen to be blind and ugly—you will not abandon me to die in the streets, or in a still worse place? Oh, say that you will not, dearest Frank!"

"Why, Hannah, what has put such absurd notions into your head? Your senses must be wandering, if you think me capable of being so base

as to desert you now, when you particularly need my care, protection and support. No, no; let the result of this sad affair be what it may, I can never abandon nor hate you, my poor Hannah. So I entreat you to be perfectly easy on that score.

"Poor Hannah! He already pities me, and pity is closely allied to contempt and hatred," thought the afflicted girl, with a sigh.

And then she said, aloud—

"Frank, don't you remember the awful prophecy of that old fortune-teller, called *Granny Grizzle*, in that den on the *Points* which we visited?"

"Curse the old hag!" cried Frank, impatiently—"I thought that you had forgotten her long ago, as I certainly had. Are you now going to permit her insane ravings to disturb your peace and retard your recovery? Promise me, dear Hannah, that you will neither say nor think anything more about her, or I shall be very angry with you."

"I will say no more about her," said Hannah, evasively.

And with this rather unsatisfactory answer Frank was compelled to be contented.

He resumed:—

"It may afford you some consolation to know, Hannah, that Mrs. Bishop has been arrested and lodged in the Tombs, for her savage, heartless and cowardly outrage upon you. Her friend *Wallingford* being dead, she is unable to procure bail; and it is certain that she will be sent to the State Prison for a term of years. But no more of her. You must keep your spirits up, my dear, and not despond, for many happy days are yet in store for you. I will see you two or three times every day, and amuse you by reading to you, or conversing with you, according to your inclinations. But here comes your nurse, Mrs. Sourby, who has my explicit instructions to attend to your every wish, without any regard to expense. Farewell for a short time, dear Hannah; I will see you again very soon; and remember, we are to have no more of *Granny Grizzle*, the *Five Point Prophetess*."

With these words, Frank tenderly pressed the hand of the unhappy girl, and withdrew, just as Mrs. Sourby, the nurse, entered the room, laden with medicines from the apothecary's.

The appearance of Mrs. Sourby was decidedly not in her favor, and she seemed to be the very last person in the world to minister to the wants and attend the sick-bed of an invalid. Her visage wore a vinegar-like aspect, and expressed the most intense ill-humor; her voice was sharp and disagreeable, and well suited to her form, which was tall, angular and ungraceful.

How came Frank Rattleton, who seemed to manifest so much solicitude for the comfort and welfare of the unfortunate Hannah Sherwood—how came he to select such a woman as *this*, to be the nurse of the poor girl!

A very few words will serve to explain the mystery:

Mrs. Sourby, ugly as she was, had a very pretty daughter

That daughter's name was Mary, and she was about sixteen years of age. She was a perfect little gem of female loveliness; and, being altogether unlike her mother in mind as well as in person, she possessed an excellent and amiable disposition, although somewhat inclined to be coquettish. But what is more charming in a pretty young girl than a moderate amount of graceful, well-displayed coquetry!

A handsome woman without coquetry is like a gold-fish that lieth motionless in the water, scorning to move about and exhibit its shining scales. Again, she may be aptly likened unto a bird that will not sing—unto a butterfly that will not show its brilliant wings—or unto any lovely object that concealeth its beauties from the admiring gaze of the world. A pretty woman without coquetry! We would as soon tolerate a *dumb piano*!

Well, a few weeks prior to Hannah Sherwood's misfortune, Frank Rattleton chanced to encounter the pretty Mary Sourby, in the street; and, charmed with her beauty, he determined, if possible, to make her acquaintance, for Frank was a genuine and quite successful "lady-killer." He accordingly followed her home, and ascertained where she lived. That was one point gained, at least! Two or three subsequent meetings with Mary, sufficed to establish between her and Frank a sort of street acquaintance. They began to exchange nods and smiles. One rainy day, Frank had the felicity of sharing his umbrella with Mary, and escorting her home; and on that occasion he learned from the young girl that her mother was a widow woman, in rather reduced circumstances, who accommodated invalid people with board and attendance for a consideration, of course. Mary herself officiated behind the counter of a confectionary store. She and Frank soon got on friendly terms with each other, and became quite intimate; but Mary, like a good girl, would not listen to the naughty proposals of her new and handsome acquaintance, although she candidly confessed that she liked him and was willing to marry him. Frank represented himself to be a clerk, or something of that sort; and he protested that he would lead Mary to the altar as soon as he should have "made a raise" of a sufficient sum of money to warrant him in such a proceeding.

Matters thus stood when Hannah Sherwood's misfortune took place.

The doctor who first saw Hannah in her deplorable state, advised her immediate removal to some hospital or place where she could receive every necessary attention.

This sensible recommendation of the worthy physician suggested an idea to Frank.

"I will have her taken to the house of Mrs. Sourby, Mary's mother," thought he—"then I shall have an excellent pretext for calling as often as I choose for the purpose of looking after my *protege*—and, consequently, I shall be enabled to see my pretty Mary very often, and perhaps enjoy an occasional *tete-a-tete* with her. The idea is capital, and shall be carried out. But stop; what will Mary think and say, when she knows that I have brought a young woman to the house? Won't her knowledge of my connection with Hannah, spoil all my plans? I must make up a good story, and trust to luck for the rest. I'll do it!"

And he did it.

Heartless Frank Rattleton!—thus to make poor Hannah, in her misery, an *instrument* with which to accomplish your designs respecting another female. Well, after all, 'tis the way of the world!

We will take the liberty of altering the words of the poet to suit the present occasion—

*"Man's inconstancy to women
Makes thousands of the fair see mourn!"*

Frank caused the insensible Hannah to be placed in a carriage and conveyed with all speed to the residence of Mrs. Sourby, who willingly received the poor girl into her house, not from any motives of benevolence, but because Mr. Rattleton, whose dashing appearance and consequential airs were calculated to create the impression that he was a young gentleman of wealth, assured her that she should be paid with the most princely liberality for her services. Mrs. Sourby asked no questions, and Hannah was carried to a chamber. A skilful physician was called, who pronounced the case hopeless so far as the restoration of the patient's sight and beauty was concerned; and having caused Hannah's face to be properly bandaged, and furnished Mrs. Sourby with all the necessary prescriptions and instructions, he departed.

We have already described Hannah's revival from her swoon, and the conversation that transpired between her and Frank.

Mr. Rattleton having left the house of Mrs. Sourby, had proceeded but a short distance, when, to his great joy, he saw Mary coming towards him.

After the usual exchange of greetings, Frank said—

"This meeting my dear Miss Sourby, is most opportune. I was just longing to see you, for a very particular reason."

"And pray, sir, what may be the nature of that very particular reason?" demanded Mary, with an arch look.

"I have just been paying a visit to your mother, and I have an explanation to make to you."

"You astonish me! But go on sir; I am all attention."

"Well, then, you must know that this afternoon a lady, with whom I am slightly acquainted, received a terrible injury in consequence of vitriol being thrown into her face by a woman who was jealous of her, I believe. I happened to be passing at the time of the occurrence; and knowing that your mother kept a house for the accommodation of invalids and others requiring medical attendance, I caused the unfortunate lady to be carried there. Now, Mary, I pledge you my honor that the lady has never been anything more to me than a mere acquaintance; and I assure you that I have only been actuated by that sentiment of common humanity which every one should feel with reference to a suffering fellow-creature. Now you have heard my explanation."

"I am satisfied," said Mary, "and on your account, I will see that the poor lady is well taken care of."

"I shall call frequently at the house to see how she gets on," remarked Frank, significantly—"and my visits will generally take place in the evening, when you are likely to be at home. You understand me, I suppose?"

"Yes, Mr. Impudence," replied Mary with a pleased look—but you must take care and behave yourself, for my mother is a terribly cross woman. But I must go now; so good-bye."

"Adieu, my charmer," said Frank; and they separated.

"What a handsome fellow he is!" thought Mary, as she entered her abode—"oh, I wish that he was able to marry me right off, for I do so long to become his wife! I wonder who this lady is that he brought here? Well, it don't much matter. How I love him!"

Frank, on parting with Mary, said to himself—

"That story which I told her was a good one, and completely satisfied her. What a delicious little beauty she is! I'll have her, but I will not keep her long, as King Richard says. I must get her to elope with me, for elopements are romantic, and generally take with the women. When I get tired of her—which will not be very soon, however—she can enroll

herself among the *gay girls*, and fill the vacancy upon the Broadway promenade created by the departure of Hannah Sherwood. Poor Hannah! I pity her from the bottom of my heart; but what the devil can I do for her. I haven't any money, and shan't have any until I get to be of age. Hannah will be blind and horribly disfigured, and I fear that her appearance will inspire me with disgust, in spite of myself, for I am cursedly sensitive and nervous about such things. What a very unfortunate affair! I very much fear that poor Hannah will necessarily be obliged to go to the alms house, notwithstanding my fine speech to her about giving her my protection and support, and so forth. It does really seem that the predictions of the old fortune-teller are destined to be fulfilled, after all. But I must dismiss the disagreeable subject from my mind, as far as possible, and devote my entire attention to the conquest of my pretty Mary. Heigho! the woman will be the death of me some day, I know. I really wish that I wasn't such an infernally handsome rascal.—But now for a *recherche* dinner at Rabineau's, and then for a stroll up to Florence's, to chat and drink with the bloods. I must try and borrow a twenty spot from some fool or other, for I am nearly dead broke. When I come into the possession of my property, won't I make the fur fly! I'll keep a stable full of fast horses, and a harem full of splendid women. I'll imitate, as far as my means will allow, the luxurious habits of the Oriental voluptuaries. I'll give magnificent midnight feasts and entertainments of all sorts, and make my house the resort of all the fashionable and pleasure-seeking men and women of the day. But stop!—how long will my fortune last, at that rate? That style of living would require the colossal wealth of John Jacob Astor himself. But now for dinner."

Our "fast young man" entered Rabineau's saloon and partook of a luxurious repast, which he washed down with an abundance of the costliest wines. Then, with a prime cigar placed carelessly between his lips, he sauntered up Broadway, ogling every pretty woman whom he met, and exchanging familiar greetings with many acquaintances, both male and female.

Forgetting all about the suffering Hannah, Frank passed the evening among his dissipated companions; and, at a late hour, he retired to bed in a state of glorious obliviousness produced by an immoderate indulgence in sparkling champagne.

We shall, in the succeeding chapter, invite the reader to accompany us on a visit to an establishment which most people are desirous of avoiding.—we mean the "Egyptian Tombs," in Centre street.

CHAPTER IV.

"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature,
To show virtue her own feature—scorn, her own image,
And the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

The Tombs? How many associations of a painful character are inseparably connected with that name! How many young and talented men have been incarcerated within its walls, to emerge as hardened criminals and as outcasts from society? And those walls, too, have witnessed many a fearful tragedy—many a legal murder—for men have been led forth to die in that prison yard, and sleek parsons have invoked mercy from Heaven when mercy was not to be found on earth for the poor condemned. But a truce to moralizing. Let us, in imagination, enter the Tombs, and traverse its gloomy corridors. Alas for the poor wretches who are *entombed* here! Deprived of liberty, shut out from the light of the glorious sun, and with the prospect before them, perhaps, of a lengthened imprisonment, what a horrible existence is theirs!

We pause before the door of a cell, and look in through the small aperture. What do we behold? A man with chains upon his limbs and a smile of derision upon his face. A clergyman is urging him to repent, and prepare for death; for, to-morrow morning, he will be led forth into the prison yard and there hung by the neck until he is dead.

"And may the Lord have mercy upon his soul!"

Let us pass on, and look into another cell.

A woman is confined here—a woman of middle age, elegantly dressed, handsome and very voluptuous in appearance. Judging from her looks, she has been a daughter of pleasure, and has partaken abundantly of earth's delights. Yet her countenance now wears an expression of profound despair.

"Who is she, and what is her crime?" we ask of a turnkey who is lounging about and smoking a cigar.

"Her name," replies the man—"is Mrs. Bishop, I believe. She is the keeper of a house of accommodation for single gentlemen and their wives—you understand. She was brought in this afternoon for throwing vitriol in the face of a girl, in a Broadway saloon. The girl, it is said, has lost her eye-sight and will be spoiled for life as far as her beauty is concerned;

consequently, *her* trade's gone! This woman will be sent to the State Prison. It's a great pity, for she's a handsome piece, as you see. Well, those that dance must pay the fiddler!"

Having relieved himself of this philosophical quotation, the turnkey strolls off, whistling an Ethiopian air with an artistic skill and effect peculiarly his own.

As soon as she found herself an inmate of the Tombs—with nothing to gaze upon but the white, sepulchral walls of her cell—surrounded by the oppressive silence that prevailed—all her excitement gone—Mrs. Bishop abandoned herself to despair, for she was deficient in that moral courage which would have enabled some women to bear up under the pressure of adverse circumstances, and to contemplate with calmness the realities of an unfortunate situation.

Accustomed to every luxury, Mrs. Bishop could not help contrasting the meagre and somewhat squalid arrangements of her cell, with the sumptuousness that prevailed in her own splendid but polluted, abode. She looked with a shudder at the hard, miserable bed before her, and at the coarse fare which had been handed in for her supper; and then she thought, with a sigh, of her own voluptuous couch, and of the luxurious repasts which she had been accustomed to enjoy.

But soon these thoughts gave place to others of a far more painful nature. She knew that her crime was of an aggravated character, and she had reason to expect that her punishment would be very severe.

"I shall be deprived of my liberty for many years," thought she—"I shall be debarred from all the luxuries of life, and all the delights of love, of which I am so extravagantly fond. Clad in coarse raiment, and compelled to subsist upon the meanest fare, I will be forced to degrade myself by engaging in the most servile labor. Should I live to emerge from my prison cell, what will be my condition? Shunned by all my former associates—pointed at as a State Prison convict—and being old, worn out, and devoid of beauty, I shall be obliged to enter the lowest ranks of common-prostitution, or else go to the alms house and end my days as a pauper. Oh, terrible thought!—that I, Estelle Bishop, should be buried in a pauper's grave!—Would to heaven that Arthur Wallingford were alive now, for his influence could save me. But I am alone—friendless—deserted—and must meet the terrible storm that threatens to overwhelm me!"

The unhappy woman paced up and down her cell two or three times, and then continued her melancholy reflections:—

"Fool that I was, to form such an infernal plot against Hannah Sherwood—a plot which, while it has horribly injured *her*, has brought destruction upon *me*! I have wrecked my own happiness forever, by yielding to the promptings of my revengeful nature. And now I must meet the consequences of my mad folly. What will be those consequences? A public trial—a thorough exposure of my character and past career—and a condemnation to a protracted and disgraceful imprisonment.—But cannot I avoid this terrible fate? Yes, I can and will do it! I will prove to the world that I am a woman of spirit, one who is not to be publicly degraded. The remedy is a fearful one, yet I must not shrink from it. Come to my aid, all ye powers of darkness—endow me with sufficient courage to do this deed of self-destruction, and I will meet ye soon in your world of flame and torture!"

The wretched and desperate woman now began to prepare for the commission of the dreadful act of suicide. We will not dwell upon the details of the awful scene. Suffice it to say that when, next morning, the turnkey opened the door of the cell, he discovered the dead body of Mrs. Bishop, who had hung herself.

Thus perished Mrs. Estelle Bishop, an accomplished and beautiful woman, whose history, if written—and *we* could write it, were we so disposed, for we are "posted up"—would furnish many startling and romantic developments. Perhaps, at some future time, we may give that history to the world. *We have the documents.*

If licentiousness the most unbounded—extravagance the most profuse—magnificence the most costly, and crimes the most atrocious, can combine to form an attractive narrative, then must the history of Mrs. Estelle Bishop be one of surpassing interest.

But let us now leave the gloomy portals of the Tombs, and pay a visit to the unfortunate Hannah Sherwood.

At the expiration of a few weeks, Hannah's wounds healed up; she was free from pain, and was able to leave her bed. But she was stone blind, and her face was terribly disfigured.

Frank Rattleton visited her occasionally, and always spoke to her kindly and encouragingly, assuring her of his unceasing protection and support. Poor Hannah believed him to be sincere, and derived much comfort from this society and conversation. But Frank did not reveal the true sentiments of his heart, for he was tired of Hannah, and anxious to get rid of her. He continued his visits to the house merely on account of the pretty Mary Sourby, who, by the way, attended to the invalid with the most benevolent

assiduity, although she never asked any questions of Hannah, being restrained by a certain delicacy of feeling which is as rare as it is beautiful, especially in the female sex, which is sometimes apt to be excessively inquisitive.

The first time that Frank saw Hannah with the bandages removed from her face, he was filled with horror and disgust, and was tempted to fly from her presence without any ceremony whatever. Her appearance was, indeed, truly frightful, for her countenance resembled that of a putrid corpse, being streaked with red and yellow, the effects of the vitriol which had been cast upon it.

It is difficult to imagine a more horrible-looking object than was presented in the person of Hannah Sherwood.

Poor Hannah! who, that ever saw thee in all the glory of thy radiant beauty, would have recognized thee *now*?

Ignorant of the frightful extent of her disfigurement, she little suspected the feelings of intense disgust with which she inspired Frank Rattleton; and, as she knew nothing of the progress of affairs between Frank and Mary Sourby, she endeavored to bear her awful misfortunes with as much philosophy as possible, believing Frank to be incapable of deserting her, and feeling assured that he would never cease to take care of her and provide for her wants.

Hannah soon discovered the great mistake which she had made in placing implicit confidence in so volatile and reckless a young man as Frank Rattleton.

One morning, Mrs. Sourby rushed into Hannah's room with a degree of violence and an appearance of anger which announced that something serious had occurred to ruffle her by no means amiable temper.

"Here's a pretty piece of work!" exclaimed the good lady, who held in her hand a letter—"that friend of yours, miss, that Mr. Rattleton, as he calls himself, although I suspect that he is a thief with a false name, and that you are no better, for it is said that birds of a feather flock together—"

Hannah here ventured to interrupt Mrs. Sourby by saying—

"I entreat you not to be so violent, madam. What enormity has Mr. Rattleton been committing?"

"I'll tell you, miss!" shrieked the virago—"he has seduced my daughter, and, by this time, has ruined her outright. I dare say that *you* knew all about this precious plan. But you shall pay dearly for it."

"Woman, do you speak the truth?" inquired poor Hannah, who felt a deadly faintness coming over her heart.

"Do you dare to doubt me?" screamed the irascible and highly excited Mrs. Sourby—"do you think that I would jest upon such a subject? There, read that letter, and judge for yourself whether I speak the truth or not. But I forgot that you are blind. I will read it for you. It was written by Mary, and I found it just now in her chamber. The hussey was even deliberate enough to pack up all her clothes and carry them off. Just hear with what impertinence she writes to me:—'Blame me not too severely, my dear mother, on account of my anxiety and haste to procure a husband. Although I am only a girl of sixteen, I have long felt the need of having somebody whom I can love, and who will love me in return. Mr. Frank Rattleton is the object of my choice, and, although he is a handsome and very superior young man in every respect, I fear that you might object to him, for, dear mother, you know that you are apt to be unreasonably particular; therefore I shall elope with my dear Frank this very night, and we are to be married immediately. When I think that your temper has calmed down sufficiently to permit me to enter your presence with perfect safety, I will come to you and allow you to forgive me for my naughty conduct. Adieu, mother; Frank is waiting for me at the corner of the street, and I am going to be very happy with him. From your affectionate daughter, MARY SOURBY. Oh, the wretch—the ade—the hussey! I could tear her eyes out if I had her here! To run away and get married, without asking my consent, to a fellow who probably has not a cent in the world to bless himself with! Miss, *you* are to blame for this scandalous affair, for it was solely on your account that I admitted the villain Rattleton into the house. Ah, it was an unlucky day when I first clapped eyes on the pair of you!"

Hannah made no reply to the infuriated woman, for her thoughts were busy with the terrible realities of her position.

It was clear then, that Frank Rattleton had deserted her in the most cruel and heartless manner—deserted her for the sake of another woman, and under circumstances of such peculiar and overwhelming misfortune on her part.

What was now to become of her? She was entirely destitute of resources; she was unable to earn her living in any way whatever, and she had no friend to whom she could apply for assistance. Women of the town seldom form substantial friendships, for their mode of life is opposed

to that, and besides, the thousand petty jealousies that exist among them, prevent their being firm friends one to another.

"The prophecy of the old fortune-teller is likely to be fulfilled to the very letter," said Hannah to herself, with a deep-drawn sigh.

She was aroused from her melancholly reverie by the sharp voice of Mrs. Sourby, who said—

"Well, miss, what are your plans—what do you intend to do?"

"Alas, madam, I know not!" was Hannah's sorrowful reply.

"But," remarked Mrs. Sourby, with increased severity of tone—"you *must* know, and that very soon. It seems that your friend Mr. Frank Rattleton, the thief who has stolen away my daughter, although he gave himself such consequential airs of grandeur and importance, is nothing more than a poor, paltry and penniless scoundrel, after all said and done, for I have never yet seen the color of his money, as he has never paid me a single farthing for my trouble in taking care of you. It is well worth twenty dollars a week to board and attend to you, for you are perfectly helpless, as you know, and besides, although I don't want to hurt your feelings, miss, I must say that your appearance is quite disgusting, and several of my other boarders, who caught a glimpse of you, declare that it is a shame to keep such a fright in the house, your looks being calculated to terrify sick and nervous people. There, you needn't cry, for that won't do any good. Have you any money, or jewels, or valuables of any kind?"

"None," was the sad reply.

"Then you must leave this house at once!" said the cruel Mrs. Sourby, speaking in a stern, decided tone that seemed to admit of neither dispute, argument nor entreaty—"I can't afford to keep a house for the accommodation of non-paying boarders. So prepare, miss, to move this very day."

"Where, oh, where shall I go?" cried poor Hannah, wringing her hands.

"That's *your* affair, not *mine*. But it is clear that you will have to go to the alms-house, unless you prefer to die in the streets. Come, you had better begin to make your preparations for departure."

"Oh, madam," exclaimed Hannah, as she fell on her knees at the feet of the hard-hearted woman—"do not, I entreat you, for the love of Heaven, do not so suddenly turn me out of doors. Consider, I am blind and entirely helpless. Let me remain a few days longer, and I will try and think of some plan by which to raise a supply of money. You shall be paid the full amount of my indebtedness, to the very last farthing."

"I don't see," said Mrs. Sourby, with a coarse laugh—"how you are to make the raise you speak of, for no gentleman will give you money on account of your *beauty*. However, as I'm benevolent to a fault, I'll allow you to remain here until to-night, and then, unless you have thought of some plan, you must *tramp*! I'm sorry that I am obliged to be so strict with you; but, you see, I'm a poor lone widow woman and must take care of *number one*! Now, miss, you understand me perfectly, so no more need be said about the matter."

With these words, the benevolent Mrs. Sourby stalked out of the room with all the grim dignity of the giant who is alluded to in history as having uttered this remarkable sentence:

"Fe, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman—
Dead or alive, I will have some!"

Towards evening, Mrs. Sourby again made her appearance in the chamber of Hannah, who had in vain endeavored to devise some scheme by which she could raise money sufficient to satisfy her rapacious landlady and avoid being turned out into the streets.

"Well, miss," said Mrs. Sourby, crossly—"what is the result of your deliberations? Have you thought of any plan which will enable you to pay me what you owe me?"

"No, madam," was Hannah's sorrowful reply—"I fear that I have not a friend in the world who would be willing to aid me in this terrible emergency."

"Very well," rejoined Mrs. Sourby, with a freezing look that was lost upon the poor blind girl, although the tone in which the landlady spoke sufficiently proclaimed that her determination was unalterable—"very well; allow me to assist you on with your bonnet and shawl, and then to conduct you to the street-door. You had better inquire for a policeman and cause yourself to be taken care of, for I'm sure that I don't want to hear of your dying in the streets. Now you are all ready;—your veil will hide your face from observation. Give me your hand, and I will lead you safely down stairs to the door. You haven't a friend in the world, eh? Well, I admire your candor, and applaud the honesty of the confession. But it's a great pity, though—a great pity, for you certainly need a friend or two, about this time. Here we are to the door, so good bye, and may success attend you!"

With this piece of heartless mockery, Mrs. Sourby slammed the door

upon the blind girl, who stood for some time upon the steps of the house, completely bewildered and not knowing which way to turn.

It was certainly a terrible situation for poor Hannah Sherwood to be placed in, and we trust that the generous sympathies of the reader have been aroused in her behalf.

Truly, "the way of the transgressor is hard." Hannah had sinned, but her sufferings were far too severe, speaking with strict reference to the requirements of *justice*.

She had done nothing to deserve the horrible punishment which we are describing.

There she stood, upon the steps of that house from which she had been so cruelly ejected. Penniless—friendless—disfigured and *blind*—what more was necessary to fill up to the very brim her cup of misery?

Hannah naturally possessed a most excellent, amiable and generous disposition. Her faults had been those of *circumstances*—not of *inclination*. From the very first commencement of her career as a "gay girl," she had been "more sinned against than sinning."

There are thousands of poor creatures who are forced to endure all the torments of the damned, because they were, in the first place, made the victims of designing brutes in the shape of men.

Those "men" laugh over their triumphs, and look after fresh conquests, while the frail, delicate creatures whom they have ruined and destroyed, writhe in anguish, both physical and mental.

But enough of this, for we might preach until doomsday without producing any practical good, so hardened are the wicked, and so deaf are they to the admonitions of a pious missionary.

So resume the direct course of our narrative:

After the lapse of a short time, Hannah Sherwood groped her way from the inhospitable mansion of Mrs. Sourby, and sat down upon the steps of another house, so as to collect her thoughts, and in order to try, if possible, to form some plan of action.

But she could think of none. All before her was terrible darkness and grim despair.

Thoughts of *suicide* took possession of her soul, and she had almost made up her mind to destroy herself in some way or other, when she was suddenly startled by feeling the weight of a heavy hand upon her arm, as a hoarse voice whispered in her ear—

"My good lady, won't you come and take a little walk with me? I was

just longing for company. My residence is a very pleasant one, and if you will go with me there, you shall be well treated, and well paid, too."

Poor Hannah was about to explain that she was not in want of company, when she reflected that it was ridiculous for one in her deplorable situation to affect reserve, particularly after having led a public life upon the town.

"By forming a connection with this stranger," thought she—"whoever he may be, (and it scarcely matters,) I may be preserved from starvation and death in the streets. But the moment he discovers that I am blind and disfigured, he will be filled with horror and disgust, and will refuse to have anything to do with me. Ah, had I but one-tenth part of my former beauty, I might still lead a life of luxury and splendor!"

"Let me see your face, my dear," said the stranger, as he unceremoniously raised Hannah's veil.

The man started back with a cry of horror, when his eyes rested upon that mangled and ghastly face; for, although he was well accustomed to the contemplation of repulsive-looking objects, he had never before gazed upon anything quite so terrible as *that*!

"Good heavens!" muttered the man—"what have we here? A perfect monster of ugliness, as I'm a sinner."

"My poor woman," said the stranger, aloud—"I now see that you have met with an awful misfortune. Pray, how did it happen?"

Hannah briefly related the particulars of her encounter with Mrs. Bishop; and, when she had concluded, the man said—

"I have read a full account of that affair in the newspapers. How are your circumstances—you are poor, I presume?"

The reply was of course an affirmative one,

"Well," remarked the stranger, whose accent showed him to be a foreigner—"I have *now*, of course, no desire to become your lover; but I'll tell you what I will do—I will become your *exhibitor*!"

"My exhibitor, sir! I really do not understand you."

"Listen, then. What I have to propose is this. You shall, under my management, exhibit yourself to the public as a great curiosity—a woman who was born with a *death's face*—that will draw admirably, and we will both of us make money. You had better accept this offer, for there is but one other alternative, and that is for you to perish miserably in the streets, for you must be aware that no man would form an intimacy with you as a *lover*. True, if you consent to exhibit yourself according to my suggestion, you will be stared at and commented upon by the public, but what

need you care for *that*? Receiving a certain, permanent and handsome income—for you will travel all over the United States under my protection, and you will be a novelty wherever you go—you will still be enabled to enjoy all the luxuries of life which wealth can furnish. Come, what say you—do you accept my offer, or shall I leave you in your helpless blindness and misery, to die like a dumb beast?"

Poor Hannah did not hesitate long between the two prospects of starvation and abundance, for life is sweet, after all, and 'tis but human nature to cling to it with desperate tenacity. There was something to her inexpressibly appalling, however as well as degrading, in the idea of exhibiting herself, in all her horrible deformity, to the gaze of the public, who would in all probability continually jeer at, deride and insult her.

Besides, Hannah was naturally very sensitive, and she instinctively shrank from the familiar and about brutal manner in which the stranger addressed her.

What guarantee had she that this man would not treat her with the utmost harshness and cruelty, and what security did she possess that he would give her a portion of the profits of the strange exhibition?

These discouraging thoughts, however, did not cause her to hesitate long about accepting the man's offer, for she knew that he was right when he remarked that she had but one other alternative which was for her to perish miserably in the streets.

She therefore said to the stranger, as she arose from her seat upon the steps of the house—

"I accept your proposals, sir and trust that you will treat me honorably in consideration of my perfect helplessness, if on no other account."

"Come along, then!" cried the man, in a tone of boisterous triumph—"here, take my arm, and I'll pilot you safely through. But keep your veil down safely, don't show your face, thereby gratifying public curiosity free of charge. Your face is your fortune, as the song says. By the way, could you not sing and dance before the public, and thus enhance your attractions? We must think of that.—You must have been a beauty before that unfortunate fight of yours with Mrs. Bishop, for your walk is splendid and graceful, your form is magnificent, while, judging from the color of your fine bust and shoulders, which you seem even now anxious to display to advantage, your complexion must have been brilliantly fair. You see that I am capable of expatiating upon female beauty. Ah! I am an enthusiastic admirer of pretty women; and I much regret that I never had the good fortune to meet you prior to the loss of your loveliness. You

are as ugly as the devil now, in the face, and therefore I couldn't for a moment dream of making love to you; so you needn't build up any hopes on that ground—although, if you were to put on a very handsome *mask*, a man might possibly force himself to endure you—what do you think of the suggestion, my lady of the *death's face*? Do you feel inclined to indulge in a little bilking and cooing—eh?”

“Pray, sir,” remonstrated poor Hannah—“do not make such remarks, for they are very painful to me. My beauty has departed, it is true, but my sensitiveness has increased rather than diminished. Have some respect for my feelings, I beg of you.”

“D——n your feelings!” growled the man, in a savage undertone—“you must give up these airs of refinement, for they won't suit the *show business*, I can assure you. Come along; walk a little faster, for I am anxious to get home.”

“Where do you reside, sir?” Hannah ventured to inquire.

The man laughed strangely, as he replied—

“Oh, not far from here, in a safe and convenient abode—not stylish, you know, but snug—devilish snug and comfortable. We shall have plenty of company there—in fact, all sorts of people—and an abundance of noise and confusion—perhaps some quarrelling and fighting. But don't be frightened nor astonished at anything which you may hear or see; confound my stupidity! you *can't see*—I had almost forgotten that. Whatever may happen, I'll be near you to protect you from all harm. And now, my dear, you are curious to know what sort of a looking fellow I am—is it not so? Well, your curiosity, which is perfectly natural, shall be gratified. In the first place, by way of preface, I will tell you that I am a native of France, and that my name is Louis Michaud. In the second place, I am tall and well-proportioned, about thirty years of age, and very *distingue* in appearance. My clothes are of the most costly, elegant and fashionable description. In this particular I excel every other man in the city. Do you feel this ring upon my finger? It is a diamond of the first water, and is worth one thousand dollars and twenty-eight cents, that being the exact value attached to it by jewellers on account of its size, weight and lustre. It was presented to me by a lady acquaintance of mine who admires me, and in fact she can't help doing *that*, so long as she has eyes to see with. Poor thing, I pity her, but I don't encourage her, although she's as rich as Croesus and as beautiful as Venus. You will understand that as a man of strict and unsullied honor I *can't* conscientiously encourage her mad passion for me, for she has a husband, a fellow who has amassed a colossal fortune

in the low, but lucrative business of peddling lemons! Poor, heart-broken Victorine! her ‘Sonnet to the Whiskers of the man whom I adore,’ which was first published in the Skowhegan Clarion and afterwards copied into every newspaper in the country, was really a clever and affecting production. Those whiskers of mine, by the way, are the talk of the whole town—the admiration of all the women, and the envy of all the men. I am highly accomplished, too, for my father, a Parisian nobleman of great renown, exhausted his fortune in bestowing upon me an education which may with perfect propriety be called stupendous. I write and speak one hundred and forty-six different languages, am posted up in every science, and play with skill and effect upon every known and unknown instrument in the world. As regards my proficiency in shooting and fencing—but you are a woman, and don't understand such things. I mingle in the best society in the metropolis, which fact may cause you to wonder why I have selected, as my lodging-place, the low and noisy cellar to which I am now conducting you. I lodge there because I am eccentric, and also because I am now writing a novel, and wish to acquire a thorough knowledge of human nature as it is seen in the hovels of the poor as well as in the palaces of the rich. That novel, when published, will create a sensation that could only be equalled by the effect which would undoubtedly be produced by the occurrence of an European revolution, or the ravages of the small-pox in a rural district. The work will be entitled—“The midnight Torch, or, The Last Howl of the Doomed, being the Adventures of the Noble Ruffian of the Mysterious Secret Cavern.” The profits of that book—the superb title of which *must* secure its ready and extensive sale—will add incalculably to my present gigantic fortune. Now, my curiosity, you see that you have fallen in with no ordinary character. The only fault that I find with myself—the only fault that others find with me, is this: *I am too d——d eccentric!* Well, there is something cursedly ridiculous in the idea of my lodging in a cellar on the Five Points!”

Hannah started, and her blood ran cold, when she heard the man utter this last sentence, for the recollection of *old Granny Grizzle and her prophecy* returned painfully to her mind.

“I understand that prophecy *now*,” thought the wretched Hannah—“the singular words of the old woman are explained, for she said that I should *meet* her again, but never again *see* her.—Some mysterious and irresistible power seems to hurry me on towards the fulfilment of that prophecy, and I am powerless to hold back. But cannot I avoid that dreadful cellar by escaping from this man? No, for he clutches my arm

with a grasp of iron, and besides, I fear to provoke him. I must try and meet my fate with resignation."

But let us glance at Monsieur Louis Michaud, and see if his speech is not as eccentric as his personal habits. We will ascertain how far his *gasconade* harmonizes with the truth.

His real name was *not* Michaud, but he had adopted that title on having effected his escape from a French prison. He was formerly a *maitre de cuisine*, or cook, in Paris; he was also a thief, and, in that capacity, had been under the eyes of the police authorities many years.

To the excellent and highly respectable Monsieur Michaud might be appropriately applied this poetical compliment—

"Brave patriot he!—for, be it understood,
He left his country for his country's good!"

Leaving *la belle France* to mourn his absence, he came to the United States and entered upon a rather extensive career of imposture and crime.

In his personal appearance, our French hero was tall and certainly not badly-proportioned; but he was fifty years of age instead of thirty, and his looks were only *distingue* so far as they seemed to point him out as a thief. In fact, no intelligent member of the municipal police could enjoy the felicity of contemplating Monsieur Michaud's personal graces without arriving at the conclusion that he was not only no better than he ought to be, but that, on the contrary, he was a decidedly suspicious character, and one whose movements required the strictest watching.

Monsieur M. rejoiced in the possession of that description of countenance which is sometimes termed *hang-dog*. His face was adorned with a profusion of coarse red hair, which gave him a look rather more piratical than romantic.

He was dressed with all the swaggering shabbiness of Robert Macaire, whom he resembled in more respects than one. The ring upon his finger was a miserable imitation of a diamond; it had been presented to him by a colored female fellow-lodger and it had originally cost just one shilling.

Monsieur M. was the son of a rag-picker instead of a nobleman, a trifling difference which the reader may consider to be worthy of notice.

Monsieur's boasted proficiency in languages consisted of his knowledge of French, English, and the *slang of thieves*. To do him justice, the fellow was a capital *talker*, and capable of impressing ignorant people with the belief that he was a man of profound learning.—The only *instrument*

however, which he could perform upon with any kind of effect, was the ordinary hand-organ.

To sum up Monsieur's manifold perfections in brief, we will adopt his own phrase and say that he was indeed "*d—d eccentric!*"

"Heigho!" exclaimed Monsieur, as he strutted on with the air of Claude Melnotte after that young gentleman is supposed to have returned from the wars—"heigho! I dined with Bottlenozzle, the Russian ambassador, to-day, and partook rather too freely of the pleasures of the table. The consequence is, that I'm rather out of sorts to-night."

Had poor Hannah possessed the gift of sight, she might have noticed that Monsieur Michaud's garments scarcely favored the idea of his having dined with the Russian ambassador, particularly as Monsieur seemed to be superior to that ridiculous vanity which prompts most men to wear *shirts*.

But Hannah could not help thinking that the dinner-table of Bottlenozzle must have been queerly supplied, inasmuch as there issued from the person of her companion a strong smell of raw onions combined with the odor of very bad rum and dubious fish.

Monsieur kept up a continual strain of boasting "small talk," from which it would appear that he was the greatest man on the face of the earth.

Hannah Sherwood was already thoroughly disgusted with the fellow—but caring little what became of her, she walked on without saying a single word.

Monsieur at last paused before an alley, and said—

"Here is my humble lodging-place. Don't be at all alarmed if there should happen to be a devil of a row down in the cellar, for such arrangements are common enough there, and I like them, for such exciting events contribute essentially to my forthcoming work. Come along, and don't be afraid, for nobody shall harm you while you are under *my* protection. These people fear me as they fear the very devil, and they have reason to, for I am a terrible fellow when once aroused. This way, my invaluable curiosity—this way."

Hannah shuddered as she passed through that alley, which she remembered so well, and descended into the cellar which she had once before visited, under such different circumstances, in company with Frank Rattleton.

The prediction of Monsieur Michaud was verified, for a furious fight was raging in the cellar.

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." Men and

women, Irishmen, Americans, Germans and negroes, all mingled in the desperate affray. Fierce oaths were exchanged, yells of defiance and of anguish were heard; while bottles and other missiles flew in every direction. Moses, the Jew bar-keeper, was contemplating the scene with all the cool philosophy of one who was perfectly accustomed to such matters, and who scorned to interfere with the amusements of his respectable patrons.

Monsieur Michaud conducted Hannah Sherwood to a room in which he lodged. The apartment was small, and exceedingly filthy, containing little besides a bed, a table and a couple of chairs.

"Sit down," said the French gentleman, with an air of magnificent and princely hospitality—"sit down, while I go and procure some refreshments. Make yourself perfectly at home in my snug bachelor retreat, which is elegantly furnished, as you would see if you were not blind. I am always reckless of expense with reference to the procurement of luxuries, for what is life without enjoyment?"

Michaud withdrew and soon returned with the "refreshments," in the shape of a bottle of execrable brandy, of which Hannah refused to partake, although she was urgently pressed to do so by her hospitable host, who, after he had gulped down two or three doses of the liquor, said—

"Temperance is a great virtue, but I never could practice it. Nature has endowed me with a great amount of sociability and conviviality of disposition, and I cannot refrain from indulging in the exhilarating wine-cup. Here's to your health, old girl, and hoping that we may realize a fortune as the result of our enterprise. To-morrow I shall make arrangements for our exhibition, and see to the printing of bills, and such matters. But to the devil with business—let us devote the night exclusively to mirth and pleasure."

Michaud now deliberately proceeded to get exceedingly drunk, and he soon became uproarious in the extreme, singing snatches of obscene songs, and amorously embracing poor Hannah, notwithstanding his previous avowal that he could not and would not make love to her.

Hannah was of course obliged to submit to the extravagant conduct of the man; for she was completely in his power, and did not dare attempt to resist him. She rightly believed him to be capable of any atrocious act of cruelty or outrage. She shuddered with disgust when she felt her form encircled by his arms; but she yielded in silence.

Thus passed the night, in licentiousness and revelry of the most repulsive character, which we shrink from describing.

When the morning sun arose in all its glory, its golden rays streamed down into that cellar, revealing a wretched and appalling scene, that would have shocked the most hardened and indifferent person in the world.

Scattered about upon the floor, were the forms of about twenty men, women and even *children*, who were sleeping off the effects of the previous night's debauch. These persons, of course, were all of the lowest and most degraded character, a fact that was eloquently proclaimed by their diseased, bloated, ragged and filthy appearance. There they lay, like beasts, affording an awful picture of the terrible effects of vice and crime.

Moses, the Jewish bar-keeper, was already at his post, dispensing liquid luxuries in the shape of "fire-water" to such thirsty individuals and early risers as were desirous of procuring their "bitters." The poor wretches huddled around the bar, and eagerly imbibed the vile and poisonous stuff that was handed to them in return for the few coppers which they possessed.

Oh! who, but a drunkard, knows the miseries of a drunkard's career? Who, but a drunkard, knows the degradation to which a man will stoop, in order to "put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains?"

Reader, when you behold an unfortunate man under the influence of liquor—even should he be reduced to a condition of personal shabbiness—do not despise or ridicule that man; for he may possess talents and qualities fit to adorn the highest stations of society. Men of the most brilliant genius have been occasional and sometimes confirmed inebriates. Ah! how many instances could we cite, to prove the truth of our theory! How many poets, authors and actors have we known, who were unfortunately addicted to habits of intemperance! How many a great mind has been overclouded and finally crushed by the relentless hand of drunkenness! Let the sober ass, whose dull and cast-iron brain refuses to respond to the enlivening fumes of wine—who buttons up his pockets and delivers learned lectures to the unfortunate—who, like the Pharisee, thanks the Lord and congratulates himself that he is unlike other men—let that profound, respectable donkey think of these things—if he is capable of thinking—and refrain from insulting a fallen man of intellect and genius.

We find that we *must* occasionally moralize, but we trust that the indulgent reader will pardon us. In this connection, we may be excused for inserting a few lines which we once wrote in order to warn unthinking youths against

THE DRUNKARD'S DOOM.

A sound of woe salutes my ear,
 Fell misery meets my eye—
 I see the lonely widow's tear,
 I hear the orphan's sigh;
 And houseless children shivering stand
 With brows of haggard grief—
 With hungry look and outstretched hand,
 Sue humbly for relief.

Oh, what, with pestilential breath,
 Sends thousands to their doom,
 (Dread cause of foul disease and death,)
 Unto an early tomb?
Intemperance! whose fiery waves
 Engulph the victims there,
 And sink into their early graves,
 The young—the brave—the fair!

Oh! drink not of the fatal draught—
 Avoid the poisoned bowl,
 Or soon will sorrow's keenest shaft
 Pierce to thy very soul—
 And wretchedness, and grim despair
 Will then thy frame consume—
 Oh, be it ever then thy care
 To shun the *Drunkard's Doom!*

During the whole of that day, Hannah Sherwood remained secluded in that subterranean chamber, solitary and alone, for Monsieur Michaud was absent, attending to the preparations for his *exhibition*.

Hannah's reflections were of course of the most gloomy and despairing character, but we shall not attempt to describe them. She was in a position from which she could not possibly extricate herself, and she determined to yield herself unresistingly to the circumstances of her situation.

The door of the chamber being locked, she was free from interruption; but she heard the sounds of wrangling and fighting in the cellar, and more than once detected the cracked and peculiar voice of old *Granny Grizzle*, the fortune-teller.

Towards evening, Monsieur Michaud returned, in the highest possible spirits, for he had been particularly successful, and besides, he had drank an extra quantity of stimulating fluids, which rendered him very affectionate towards Hannah to whom he said, as he bestowed upon her an ardent embrace—

"My dear curiosity, the most complete success has crowned all my efforts, and Michaud's himself again! I have been so fortunate as to en-

counter an old friend, who has plenty of cash, an article with which I am not at present overburdened. Well, this friend has assisted me, it being understood between us that he is to receive a portion of the profits of the exhibition, for which we have secured a place in Chatham street. To-morrow morning we will commence our operations, and we have before us the most encouraging prospects of success. My friend, who is an old and experienced *showman*, plays with skill upon the bass-drum, which will attract crowds. Our bills are already printed; I have one with me, and will read it to you, merely remarking that its contents are the effusions of my prolific brain. Listen, and you will find that I have done full justice to your extraordinary merits as the greatest curiosity of the day:—

"STUPENDOUS ATTRACTION!!!

There is now exhibiting, at No. — Chatham street, the greatest wonder which the world has ever produced, in the shape of a

LIVING WOMAN,

well-formed and accomplished, who was born with a

DEATH'S FACE!!!

This extraordinary freak of nature will remain on exhibition for a few days only. Admission, one shilling. Call and see!!!"

When Monsieur Michaud had finished the perusal of this interesting document, he demanded of poor Hannah, in a tone of triumph—

"What do you think of *that*, old girl? Isn't it capital, and just the very thing to take in the flats? I made it short, because people won't stop to read a long bill. That I know by experience, for this sort of business is not entirely new to me. I made a great deal of money by exhibiting the *Sagacious Pig*, whose name was Julius Cæsar, and a very fine talented animal he was, for he could smoke a pipe, play on the jewsharp, and do many other wonderful things. But Julius Cæsar took it into his sagacious head to die one day, in consequence of indigestion produced by eating too much beefsteak and onions for his supper. So Michaud's occupation was gone! But come, let us have some supper now, and something to wash it down with, for I am as hungry as the very devil, and feel as if I could eat a shark. You will need all your energy to-morrow, for the rush to see you will be tremendous, and you will have to sustain the curious observation and reply to the questions of many thousands of people. Make up a good story, and everything will be all right."

Our French hero, having procured a quantity of provisions and liquor,

now proceeded to enjoy himself in a very comfortable manner, eating and drinking with the voracity of an ostrich. Huge masses of bread and bacon disappeared mysteriously down his ravenous maw, and floods of very bad brandy imparted, seemingly, a zest to the feast.

Monsieur soon became helplessly drunk, and tumbled into bed without going through with the tedious formality of undressing himself.

The miserable Hannah Sherwood slept not any that night, for her thoughts were too much occupied with the sickening and degrading career which she was to commence on the morrow.

Poor Hannah! who shall describe her terrible reflections, as she sat throughout the whole night in that foul chamber, listening with fear and horror to the drunken uproar that prevailed in the cellar outside, among the wretches who frequented that infernal resort?

Morning came at last, and Monsieur Michaud awoke from his slumbers in no very amiable mood, for his debauch had made him cross and unwell.

The first word uttered by the gallant Frenchman was a curse, and his first act was to strike Hannah, because she had taken no rest and would therefore be but poorly qualified to perform the fatiguing duties of the exhibition.

Tears sprang from Hannah's sightless eyes and rolled down her disfigured face, while the brutal French rascal, whom of course the reader has already recognized as a most atrocious villain, resumed his stuffing and swilling processes.

Having drank himself into a state of comparative good humor, Michaud made his victim put on her bonnet and shawl; and being satisfied that her face was effectually concealed by her veil, he led her out of the cellar and conducted her to the place of exhibition in Chatham street.

This place of exhibition was a mean and dilapidated shanty, in a horribly filthy state, for it had just been vacated by a mammoth hog and its proprietor. That unhappy porker, having ceased to be a source of profit to the owner, was ruthlessly given up to slaughter.

Michaud's partner in business—the man who had furnished him with the means of engaging in the enterprise—was a thick set, low-browed, villanous-looking customer, flashily dressed, and wearing a profusion of dubious jewelry. He was an English cockney, a travelling showman, a professional thief, and a graduate of almost every criminal institution in the country.

This scoundrel, who had lately perpetrated a successful robbery, and who regarded Hannah as to a certain extent his personal property, rudely

tore aside the poor creature's veil, in order that he might judge how far she was likely to prove attractive.

After an attentive survey of that ghastly and corpse-like face, Dick Flipper—for that was the man's name—admiringly exclaimed, accompanying the words with a frightful oath which would not look well in print—

"She'll do, Louis! Blow me, tight if she be not a perfect beauty! She's a treasure, and no mistake about it. Thunder and lightning! the very sight of that mug of hers, with its ornamental streaks and so forth, is enough to make a man's blood run cold in his veins. But come, let us commence the show. You tend the door, Louis, and take the change; but no *knocking down*, you know for I shall count every person that comes in, so as to keep posted up as regards the finances. Besides, there should be honor among thieves. Here, *Death's Face*, sit down in this chair in order to be stared at, and be sure you answer all questions with civility. You must tell everybody that you were born as you are now. You can speak, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," replied the miserable Hannah, with a deep-drawn sigh, as she seated herself in the chair.

"Come, d—n you, no whining!" growled Flipper—"for that spoils business, and I shall have to touch you up with a horse-whip. That's *my* game, when any of my show-people take a notion to be refractory. You must tell people that you are very happy, and that I and this other gentleman here are regular philanthropists, who take the very best of care of you, and give you all the money which is made in this business. Now, you've got your instructions, and it remains for you to obey them or take the consequences. Louis, hand the bills to the people as they pass, and urge them to enter, with all the eloquence of which you are the master, and you are plentifully endowed with the *gift of the gab*.—Here we go!"

With these words, Mr. Flipper commenced a furious assault upon a big bass-drum, which had been hired for the occasion, and which produced a noise that deafened everybody within a circuit of half a mile.

What a singular thing is public curiosity, and how eagerly people will flock and pay their money to behold the most repulsive-looking objects, which afford no instruction, produce no agreeable sensations, but which merely gratify a morbid and depraved appetite! How well was, and is, this weakness of human nature understood and taken advantage of by a certain gentleman whose name begins with a B, and who, commencing on nothing, has amassed a princely fortune by the exhibition of the most

palpable humbugs—some of them confoundedly silly—that ever existed! The Fejee Mermaid—Joice Heath—the Woolly Horse—the Bearded Lady—oh, thou Spirit of Humbug!—when thou art next tempted to cut up thy mischievous antics—

"Take any other forms but *those*,
And our firm nerves shall never tremble!"

People whose curiosity was stronger than their love of money, and who were irresistibly attracted by the novel announcement contained in the bills which Monsieur Michaud distributed so liberally, soon began to drop into the exhibition. Among these curiosity-seekers were women and children and the unfortunate Hannah was forced to listen to their expressions of horror and disgust, produced by the terrific appearance of her face.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed one—"what a loathsome-looking wretch! The sight of her actually curdles my blood!"

"Shocking—shocking!" cried another.

"Disgusting!" said a third, who, however, was not so overwhelmed with disgust but that she continued to stare at Hannah with the most eager scrutiny.

A few of the spectators uttered words of sympathy and pity with reference to the unhappy young woman. The majority of them however, indulged in the most insulting remarks, and many brutes in the shape of men assailed Hannah with obscene questions, to which she was compelled to make some sort of reply by her dread of Mr. Flipper's horse-whip, which she rightly believed him to be capable of using upon her person in the most cruel and savage manner.

Thus the day passed away, Messieurs Michaud and Flipper realizing a handsome sum by the exhibition. They were consequently in high spirits, and condescended to speak in approving terms of Hannah's conduct, saying that she "would do," and assuring her that they would treat her well so long as she continued to behave herself with perfect propriety.

A week passed away, Hannah continuing to exhibit herself every day, and sharing the miserable chamber of Monsieur Michaud at night. The two ruffians who had her in their power, frequently beat and otherwise abused her in the most brutal manner, saying that as no marks of violence would show on *her* face, they felt themselves at liberty to do with her as they pleased.

At last, after having received a savage flogging for some imaginary offence on her part, Hannah fell so dangerously ill that Michaud and Flip-

per apprehended losing the source of their profits. Unable to appear at the exhibition, Hannah was compelled to remain in that foul cellar; and her tyrants, wishing to preserve her life—actuated, of course, by only the most mercenary motives—caused her to be visited by a physician, who declared that her system was completely prostrated and that she could not long survive.

In fact, poor Hannah, independent of the physical injuries which she had received, was rapidly dying of a broken heart.

Her horrible misfortunes, and the degraded mode of life which she had been compelled to adopt, were too much for her endurance; and she hailed the approach of the "grim king of terrors" with the satisfaction of one who is about to be released from a life of misery and torment.

Louis Michaud and Dick Flipper were seated at the bed-side of Hannah, just after the departure of the physician, who had announced that the unfortunate young woman had not long to live.

The two men were drinking deeply from a bottle of spirits that stood upon the table.

Occasionally, they stole furtive glances at each other, and it was evident that a quarrel was brewing between them.

Hannah, occasionally uttering a faint moan of pain, tossed uneasily upon her wretched couch, and prayed for death.

Dick Flipper was the first to break the silence which had prevailed since the departure of the doctor:—

"Well, here's a pretty kettle of fish!" growled he, glancing savagely at his companion—"the physician says that the woman must die, and therefore our business is ruined."

"Well, Dick, is that *my* fault in particular?" demanded Michaud, in a surly tone.

"Yes!" cried the other, ferociously—"you beat the woman, and made her unwell. Of course it's your fault."

"Well, d—n you, haven't you abused her as much as I have?"

"Never so as to incapacitate her for business. Besides, I had a right to treat her as I pleased, which you had not, for I advanced all the money on the arrangement. That money I have now no chance to recover. More than all this, Michaud, you have swindled me in the most scoundrelly manner."

"What do you mean?"

"My meaning is plain enough. You have not given a true account of what money you took in at the door of the show. You have *knocked*

down a portion of the proceeds of the exhibition, and have robbed me of my just and equal share."

"Robbed you, did you say?"

"Yes; that was my word, and I repeat it. You are a contemptible sneaking villain, to be guilty of cheating a comrade in this manner."

"If you say that I have cheated you, then you are a liar!"

"No man shall give me the lie, and live after it!" cried Flipper, as he sprang to his feet and drew from his breast a knife of the most formidable and dangerous appearance.

Michaud, who was similarly armed, also drew his weapon, and the two men rushed towards each other and engaged in a desperate and deadly conflict.

After several severe wounds had been given and received on both sides Dick Flipper fell to the floor a corpse, the knife of his antagonist having passed through his heart.

"This is no longer any place for me," muttered Michaud, as he returned his bloody weapon to its sheath.

Then, without saying a single word to Hannah, who had heard the noise of the combat but was ignorant of its result, the Frenchman left the cellar, after he had taken possession of the contents of the dead man's pockets.

During the remainder of that night, Hannah lay there upon her couch of pain, and near her, on the floor and weltering in blood, lay the corpse of Dick Flipper.

Hannah, utterly unconscious of the close proximity of a dead body, and thinking that Dick had taken his departure, wondered what had become of Michaud.

The next morning, some of the inmates of the cellar discovered the body of Flipper.

Hannah's blindness screened her from all suspicion with regard to the bloody deed; and as Dick was known to have been connected with Michaud in business, the authorities, to whom all the particulars of the affair were communicated, immediately sent out officers in pursuit of the Frenchman, whose usual haunts were well known to the police—for he had long been a *marked man*—and who was soon arrested and safely lodged in the Tombs.

Hannah, although she had got rid of both her tyrants, was now without resources of any kind. She was sick, without the means of procuring medicine or food, and entirely at the mercy of the wretches who inhabited the cellar.

These wretches, both male and female, subjected her to every kind of abuse and outrage, deriving amusement from her misery, ridiculing her personal deformity, and, taking advantage of her helplessness and blindness, continually making her the victim of the most cruel tricks.

We have not the heart to dwell much longer upon the miseries of poor Hannah Sherwood; and therefore we shall hasten on towards the end of her most melancholy career.

One night, she crawled into a corner of the cellar, to die.

A hideous old woman espied and followed her.

"What ails you?" demanded the old hag, in a harsh and discordant voice, which Hannah remembered too well.

For it was the voice of *Granny Grizzle*, the fortune-teller.

"I am dying of starvation, disease and wretchedness," replied the expiring woman, faintly.

"Surely I know that voice!" almost shrieked the old hag—"is it possible that in you, disfigured and mangled wretch, I behold the once beautiful girl who visited this cellar some time ago in the disguise of a man, and for whom I predicted a terrible fate on account of her having ridiculed my pretensions as a reader of the future? Speak! are you that girl?"

"I am," was the feeble response of Hannah, whose lamp of life was fast becoming extinguished.

"Ha, ha!" yelled Granny Grizzle, as she danced about in a wild and frantic manner, while the people in the cellar gathered about her with wondering looks—"ha, ha? Who will now dare to dispute my claims to the mystic art of prophecy? This deformed being here was, a short time ago, a gay, happy and beautiful young woman. She had a handsome lover, and enjoyed all the luxuries of life. She came to this cellar in disguise and ridiculed me, and, out of revenge, I predicted for her a horrible destiny. That prediction has been fulfilled most strictly, as you see. *She meets me again, but she does not behold me!* She has lost her beauty, and become hideous. Her lover and all her friends have deserted her, and she dies in this cellar. Beware, all of you, how you ridicule old Granny Grizzle, the fortune-teller, for she can bring upon you any horrible fate that she may desire. She has sold her soul to the devil, and the Arch Fiend has bestowed upon her those supernatural powers which she possesses!"

The ignorant and superstitious crowd drew back, terrified more by the manner than by the words of the hag, who resembled one of Shakspeare's witches in the tragedy of *Macbeth*—one of those pleasant old ladies who sang—

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble!"

It was soon discovered that poor Hannah Sherwood was dead. Yes, she had at last received a happy release from a world of which she had become very weary.

Her remains were interred in a pauper's grave, and not a single tear was shed—not a prayer was uttered—over her rude pine coffin.

Thus perished a beautiful and accomplished woman, with whom the author of these pages was well acquainted.

Poor Hannah! may thy dreadful fate be a warning to every mistaken damsel who thinketh it a happy thing to become enrolled among the "Gay Girls of New York!"

CHAPTER V.

"Now, ladies, we must bid you all adieu;
Good luck, good husbands, and good-bye to you!"

Frank Rattleton's elopement with Miss Mary Sourby did not create any great public sensation or excitement, for the very significant reason, that the lady in the case did not belong to the "upper circles of society." It was too common an affair, altogether, to claim public attention, or to arouse the avidity of newspaper reporters. If Mary had been the daughter of a millionaire—and particularly if she had eloped with a negro coachman—good Heavens! how hungry reporters would have flown around, disguised in very clean dickeys and appearing in very picturesque shirts perhaps in no shirts at all—how, we say, they would have flocked around, collecting all the "facts," and distending and exaggerating them to a most frightful extent, in order to increase their profits!

Frank, by the aid of a convenient accomplice, easily succeeded in making Mary his victim, for that accomplice personated a parson, and the poor girl was deceived by the performance of a *mock marriage*.

Believing herself to be the lawful wife of the dashing Frank, she was happy in her ignorance of the cruel deception which had been practised upon her.

For a time, all went well; but Frank soon became weary of his companion, who did not possess any brilliant quality to attract him.

He neglected her, and even left her without competent means of support. When she upbraided him for his ill-treatment, he unblushingly told her that she was no wife of his, and described the villanous deception of which she had been made the victim.

At first, Mary was overwhelmed by this announcement, which destroyed all her hopes and plunged her into the abyss of despair. But, by degrees, she recovered her usual composure; and, with all the spirit and resolution of a wronged woman, she determined to punish, in the most terrible manner, the villain who had betrayed her—who had sacrificed her happiness upon the altar of his own vile passions.

Frank little suspected, that beneath Mary's calm and gentle exterior was concealed a most furious and revengeful spirit—a spirit which might prompt her to the perpetration of some terrible deed of retributive vengeance!

One night, Frank informed Mary that he could no longer continue his connection with her, inasmuch as he was without the means of supporting her. He also insinuated that she had ceased to attract him, and that she no longer fascinated him by her beauty and personal graces.

Mary listened to him in silence, suffering him to proceed without attempting to interrupt him. When he had done, she calmly demanded if he intended to do her justice for the wrongs which he had inflicted upon her, by marrying her?

He laughed at this, and unfeelingly asked if she expected him to marry her, a person in the lowest circumstances of life, while he was a gentleman, and heir to fortune?

Mary had prepared herself for a desperate emergency. The heartless words of the man who had deceived her, aroused her soul to fury. She sprang upon him, even as the tigress springs upon her prey; and drawing a dagger from her bosom, she plunged it into the heart of Frank Rattleton, who fell to the floor a lifeless corpse.

Having committed this bloody deed, Mary sought safety in flight.

The assassination of Frank Rattleton caused much excitement at the time of its occurrence, for Frank was well known about town, and his position imparted to him considerable importance.

Every effort was made to capture Mary, but she eluded the vigilance of the police, and became one of those "gay girls" who make Broadway the theatre of their lewd operations and licentious exploits.

The sensation created by Frank's murder, although great at first, soon died away, and Mary felt that she was comparatively secure.

Giving herself no further trouble or uneasiness at all about the matter, Mary abandoned herself with arder to her new and degrading profession, which is said to possess peculiar charms for a novice, although soon the horrible trade inspires in these unfortunate women who follow it, feelings of disgust and despair, which are eventually succeeded by a state of apathy and indifference.

And what is the end of all—how terminates the career of the prostitute? In disease and a wretched death—in a burial in a pauper's grave.

But let us turn from the contemplation of these painful things, and follow, for a time, the fortunes of Mr. Jotham Flint, whom the reader will doubtless remember well, as having played a conspicuous part in a most singular adventure in which he was assisted by Frank Battleton and Hannah Sherwood.

After that adventure, Jotham returned to his home, and to the bosom of his family. Mrs. Flint, in some mysterious way or other, learned all the particulars of the affair, and, for a while, poor Jotham led the life of a dog, being henpecked almost to death, while the neighbors, all of whom had got wind of the matter, were unsparing and unceasing in their abuse of the "hypocrite."

Jotham narrowly escaped being expelled from the church, on account of his gross misconduct; but his promises of future amendment—his assurances that he had sincerely repented—and a snug little business in the way of *bribery*—these saved him from the disgrace of a "church-mauling," and eventually made matters all right.

Again do we find our friend Flint in the city of New York, he having come to town for the purpose of purchasing a supply of goods for his country store.

Upon this occasion, however, Jotham was accompanied by no less a personage than Mrs. Flint herself, that excellent lady having resolved that her fickle liege lord should not again fall into error for need of watching.

This arrangement, it must be confessed, was rather distasteful to Jotham, but, as his "better half" had always worn the breeches, he did not dare to lift up his voice in opposition to the plan.

Behold the worthy couple on Broadway, after their arrival in the boat. See how Mr. Flint sweats and struggles beneath the weight of a big valise, a well-stuffed carpet-bag, and a hand-box, the last-named article

containing the best bonnet of Mrs. Flint, who, totally without encumbrance of any kind, struts on with a swell of importance and an air of conscious dignity that attract the admiring notice of all who pass.

Mr. Flint was evidently highly disgusted with his position, in being thus constantly under the watchful care of his spouse, whose presence effectually spoiled all the "fun" which he had anticipated enjoying.

"Consarn her pictur!" thought Jotham—"I have a great mind to give her the slip. She can take care of herself, for she's got relations here.—When I see her again, if she tries to domineer over me as usual, I'll assert my rights as a man. I've too long submitted to be henpecked. Now she is crossing the street, and we are separated by the omnibusses and carts.—Now is my time to throw off the matrimonial yoke—here goes!"

When Mrs. Flint reached the opposite side of the street, puffing and blowing, for she had narrowly escaped being run over, she looked around in vain for her husband, who had disappeared, with all the baggage, down a neighboring street.

After a protracted but unsuccessful search for her missing spouse, Mrs. Flint sought the house, protection and sympathy of her relations, who joined her in her vows of vengeance against the false Jotham, declaring that they would cause his imprisonment for adultery, and for many other crimes of which they said he must be guilty.

Let us now follow Mr. Flint for a while, and see how he prospered after he had thus unceremoniously deserted the beloved partner of his bosom.

Jotham's first movement was to get rid of his cumbrous baggage by depositing it for safe keeping in a public house of rather suspicious character in Pearl street. Then, with the air of a man of perfect independence, one who has thrown off the restraint of petticoat government, he re-entered Broadway, in order to see the sights by day-light.

Jotham, we will here observe, was exceedingly well provided with funds, as he intended to enlarge his business and make extensive purchases of goods. He was possessed of considerable wealth now, and, as a natural consequence he felt himself to be a very great man indeed.

Passing a store over the door of which waved a red flag, our country gentleman looked in and saw a number of well-dressed men surrounding a counter, with every appearance of deep interest.

Perched upon a chair behind the counter, was an individual with large black whiskers, a hooked nose, and very keen black eyes. This gentleman held, lo! a glittering watch, and he was expatiating upon its merits and up

nense sacrifice which was involved in its sale.

"I need a gold watch," thought Jotham, as he entered the store—"I have only an old-fashioned silver one that belonged to my grand-father. Yes, as a man of wealth, importance and influence, I must certainly have a gold watch. People sometimes get splendid bargains at these auctions."

The crowd around the counter courteously and almost eagerly made way for Jotham, who, although he was very respectably dressed, had decidedly the air of a gentleman from the country.

"What a polite set of men!" thought the gratified Jotham—"they saw, at a glance, that I was a person of consequence!"

The auctioneer instantly directed his entire attention to Jotham, inviting him, with the most winning politeness, to examine the "superb article" which he held in his hand.

"What a fine, smart auctioneer!" thought our rural friend—"he saw at once that I was a man of wealth, well able to buy the watch."

Jotham examined the watch, and was delighted with its splendid glitter and its elegant finish. He was seized with a strange desire to possess it.

"How much is demanded for this 'ere trifle?" he inquired, with assumed indifference.

"Sir," said the auctioneer, blandly—"the bids have been raised to sixty-five dollars. I pledge you my professional reputation that the watch is well worth two hundred dollars. Nay, I pledge you my honor as a gentleman. It is the property of a poor widow, who is left destitute in the world by the sudden death of her husband, who, on his death-bed, gave her this watch, the only legacy which he had to bequeath her. "Never part with it, Sally," observed the dying man, as he turned calmly over and gently kicked the bucket. But poor Sally is obliged to part with it, although sorely against her will, for she and her twelve small orphan children are absolutely starving. Thus you see, gentleman, that any one of you who may purchase this watch, will not only possess himself of a magnificent article at a trifling rate, but he will also assist the widow and the orphans who are deprived of their natural protector—who are thrown without resources upon the cold charities of an unfeeling, cruel world. Going, going, at sixty-five. Gentlemen, will you stand calmly by and witness this immense sacrifice—can you think of that poor widow and her helpless orphan children, and hesitate?"

"Seventy," observed a red-face gentleman with a benevolent look.

"Thank you," said the auctioneer, locking very hard at Jotham—"I am pleased to see that there is some charity still left in the world. Going at seventy——"

"Seventy-five," said Mr. Flint, with animation.

Without entering into details which might prove tedious to the reader, we will state that the watch was finally "knocked down" to Mr. Flint for one hundred and fifty dollars.

The silly victim of this glaring mock-auction swindle, having paid over the money and pocketed the watch, left the store, while the Peter Funks winked knowingly at each other, and applied their thumbs to their noses in a very humorous and significant manner. They then divided the spoils and shut up shop, for the day.

Jotham, congratulating himself upon having made a decided "bargain," went on his way rejoicing.

Suddenly, his foot kicked against something that lay upon the side-walk. He looked, and saw that it was a pocket-book, apparently well-filled. Before he could stoop to pick up the prize, it was in the possession of a rather hard-looking customer, who eagerly opened it and displayed a large roll of bank-bills.

"Hullo!" exclaimed the hard-looking customer, in an ecstasy of delight—"here's a prize! My fortune's made at last. Fives—tens—twenties—fifties—my eyes! What a streak of luck this is, to be sure!"

"I saw the pocket-book first," said Jotham, whose eyes were dazzled by this display of wealth—"let me take it and find an owner for it. The loser will be sure to advertise it and offer a large reward for its recovery. You shall have half of that reward, whatever it may be. You can see for yourself that I am a respectable, responsible and honest man—one who may be trusted to an unlimited extent. Honesty is the best policy, my friend. Let us enjoy the pleasing satisfaction of restoring this property to its unfortunate owner."

"All well and good," said the pocket-book dropper—"but, as I am going to leave the city within half an hour, to stay away altogether, how can I manage to get my share of the reward? I am poor, and it is of great consequence to me."

"Tell me where you are going and give me your name, and I will send the money to you," said Jotham who longed to clutch the treasure, for the sole purpose of giving it up to its owner—oh, of course!

"That won't do, no how," said the dropper—"for I am in immediate want of money. Here, give me fifty dollars, and take the pocket-book and make what you can by it."

"Well, take fifty dollars out of the book, and then give it to me," said the unsophisticated Jotham.

"No," said the dropper, who perfectly understood his business—"the contents of the book should not be disturbed at all. The owner will be better pleased to have his property returned to him in exactly the same condition as it was in when he lost it. Pay me out of your own funds—that will look more upon the square."

"I believe you are right," said the victim, as he handed over to the dropper a good fifty-dollar bill, and received in return the pocket-book which contained nothing but a roll of broken and counterfeit bank-notes, slips of brown paper, and such worthless trash, not of the value of a single cent.

The dropper, of course, lost no time in making himself scarce, while Jotham hurried away in an opposite direction, indulging in the delightful belief that he had "made a good thing of it," and come into possession of a large sum of money.

"Ha, ha!" chuckled he, as he wended his way towards the Park—"the owner of this pile will never see it again, for I'm not going to wear out all my boots and shoes in running after him. I won't look into a newspaper for six months, for fear of seeing an advertisement.—If I never see one, of course my conscience won't reproach me. This money will enable me to have a splendid time in New York, and I will pacify my wife by purchasing for her a magnificent shawl, which I can now well afford to do."

Jotham had now reached the Park, and, as he felt much heated and fatigued, its green and shady appearance attracted him and determined him to enter. A man stood at one of the gates, who thus accosted him—

"Sir, if you wish to go in here, you must pay one dollar, according to an arrangement made by the Common Council. They say they can't afford to admit visitors any longer, for nothing."

"One dollar be blowed!" cried Jotham, indignantly—"you must think I'm green. I wouldn't give a cent for the privilege of entering."

"Oh, but you don't know what's to be seen," said the man, with an air of deep mystery that aroused all of Jotham's curiosity.

"What is to be seen?" demanded our rural friend, eagerly, as he began to fumble in his pocket.

"Do you see that pond of water?" asked the Jeremy Diddler, as he pointed towards the place where the fountain does not play.

"Yes, yes, I see it," was the impatient reply.

"Well, sir," said the Diddler, in a tone of strict confidence—"you need not mention what I am going to tell you, for, if you should, the rush here would be unpleasantly tremendous."

"Well, well, out with it!" cried Jotham, in a fever of intense excitement.

"That pond," whispered the Diddler—"contains an immense sperm whale; all alive and kicking, which was lately captured and conveyed there at a prodigious expense. You should see the fellow spout! See, there he goes now!"

At that moment, the fountain began to play, as if for the express purpose of assisting the Diddler in his design upon the pockets of Mr. Flint. We believe that the fountain has not played since.

Mr. Flint was astonished, for he had often seen pictures of whales casting up immense columns of water into the air, and he believed that the fountain which he saw was the production of a whale.

Having "forked over" the required dollar, Jotham rushed wildly towards the pond, eager to behold the mighty monster of the deep.

It is needless to say that he was disappointed; and then he became aware that he had been made the victim of a cruel hoax got up by an ingenious swindler. To make matters worse, he inquired of various loungers whether there had ever really been a whale in that pond—and, on account of his evident veridancy, he was ridiculed and laughed at in a manner that made him almost frantic.

Had he not been "restrained by grace,"—had he not remembered that he was a deacon of the church—it is very probable that he would have sworn. As it was, he madly tore his hair and rushed frantically out of the Park in search of the Diddler who had made such a fool of him and swindled him out of his dollar.

But, of course, the man could not be found. He had probably planted himself at some other gate, in the hope of picking up a second "flat."

Jotham now paused to reflect what was best for him to do. He was tired of wandering about, and he longed to communicate to Mrs. Flint his good fortune with reference to having come into possession of the pocket-book full of money. He also wanted to show her the "splendid gold watch" which he had purchased at the moderate cost of one hundred and fifty dollars.

"I know where to find her," thought he—"and I can easily pacify her for leaving her in the streets so suddenly. She will forgive me the moment I show her my watch and money. Besides, I will tell her that I accidentally missed her in the crowded thoroughfare of Broadway. But

first I'll go and get the baggage which I left in the public house in Pearl street."

Jotham accordingly repaired to the public house in question, and asked for the valise, the carpet-bag and the band-box which he had left there for safe-keeping.

Judge of his astonishment and indignation when the very man with whom he had left the property, and who was the landlord of the house, positively denied ever having received any baggage in his care!

"I never saw you before," said the fellow, with the most unblushing assurance—"I don't know what sort of a game you are trying to play, but you'd better clear out, or I shall send for an officer and have you put into the Tombs for trying to impose upon me."

"You d—d scoundrel!" yelled Jotham, completely beside himself—"where are my valise, my carpet-bag and my band-box? Deliver them up, or I'll send you to the State Prison as a rogue and a thief. Do you dare to deny that —?"

Jotham was here unceremoniously bundled out into the street by the landlord, who was a ruffianly little Englishman, and who kept an establishment of the worst possible kind—a cheap lodging-house, a low rum-hole, and a resort for thieves and vagabonds of the lowest and vilest description.

Should our life be spared, we shall, in some future novel, touch upon *the humors, mysteries and miseries of the cheap lodging-houses of New-York*. The public will be amused, astonished and appalled by the revelations which we shall make. But enough of this for the present.

Mr. Flint was not philosopher enough to endure with patience the infamous treatment which he had received at the hands of the villanous landlord. He accordingly began to "kick up a devil of a row" in front of the house, and a large crowd soon assembled to witness the sport.

"Go it, old fellow!" shouted the mob, as our country friend danced about in an insane manner, and challenged the landlord to come out and fight him.

A police officer soon came up, and believing Jotham to be either drunk or crazy, he threatened to convey him instantly to the Tombs, unless he quietly took his departure.

In vain did Jotham attempt to explain that he had been robbed of his valise, his carpet-bag and his band-box. The "M. P.," who was, by the way, a low and ignorant Irishman, an ex-hod-carrier, affected not to believe him, and drove him away.

"After all," thought Mr. Flint, as he walked up towards Broadway—"the

loss of the baggage is not such a very great affair, after all. It is certainly not worth going to prison about, and that fellow would have taken me off in a minute. I could not prove that I gave the landlord the baggage, for there were no witnesses present at the time. But what will Mrs. Flint say? This loss will enrage her to madness against me, especially as her best Sunday bonnet was among the lot. What shall I do to pacify her? I have it! I will buy her a splendid shawl, and that will make everything all right."

Jotham accordingly went into Stewart's "Marble Palace," and desired to look at some of the most magnificent shawls in the establishment. An excessively polite clerk exhibited to his gaze an assortment of elegant and costly articles.

Jotham was quite astonished when he learned the price of some of these shawls. He finally selected one whose price was fifty dollars; and it was done up for him in a very neat package.

"Here," thought Jotham—"is a chance to astonish this dandy clerk and display my wealth. There can be no harm in taking fifty dollars out of this pocket-book, for I can easily replace the money.—Where is the use of being rich if the world is to know nothing about it?"

Jotham pompously drew forth the pocket-book of the "dropper," and taking out a fifty dollar bill, he threw it towards the clerk with a patronizing air, saying—

"There, young man, is your money!"

Mr. Flint took good care to display to the best possible advantage the immense "roll" which the pocket-book contained.

The clerk glanced at the bill, and instantly pronounced it a counterfeit.

"A counterfeit!" echoed Mr. Flint, turning as pale as death.

The clerk whispered to a lad, who left the store, and almost immediately returned, accompanied by a police officer.

Jotham was so overwhelmed with astonishment and horror, that he could not utter a single word.

"Take that man into custody, officer," said the clerk—"he has attempted to pass counterfeit money here. Confound it! why can't people just as well be honest?—Roguary is so dem'd vulgar!"

That same clerk, a few weeks afterwards, was sent to the State Prison for stealing goods from the store, for the benefit of a "gay girl." Oh, Consistency! thou art a jewel!

Jotham was escorted to the Tombs, and arraigned before a magistrate. He earnestly protested that he was innocent, but no one believed him.

"You are an old offender," said the magistrate, sternly—"and have been before me many times. I shouldn't wonder if you had plenty of counterfeit money about you. Search him, officers!"

Jotham was accordingly searched, and upon him was found the pocket book of the "dropper," stuffed full of counterfeit and broken bank bills.

The victim desired to explain, but no one would listen to him.

"No explanation is necessary," said the magistrate—"there is proof positive of your guilt. You old rascal, ain't you ashamed, at your time of life, of being caught in such villanous business!"

"Here, your honor," said an officer—"I have just found upon the person of the prisoner an *imitation gold watch*, worth about three dollars. It is such as watch-stuffers and swindlers use to impose upon flats from the country."

It was the same watch for which Mr. Flint had paid one hundred and fifty dollars!

"May it please yer honor," said an Irish policeman—"I saw this ould thafe of the worruld, a while ago, down in Pearl strate, forninst a dacent public house, raisin' a row, and swearin' that he had lost some baggage. It was all a lie, yer honor, and he tould it so as to get money out of the landlord. I know him well, yer honor, for an ould villain!"

The magistrate groaned as he made out Jotham's commitment to the cells; and our unfortunate country friend was soon the inmate of a gloomy stone apartment that had evidently been designed for the accommodation of a single gentleman.

Poor Jotham's reflections were indeed terrible: He had been thoroughly victimized—had been swindled out of his money and baggage by unprincipled sharpers—had been made a fool of by the man at the Park gate—and now, to cap the climax of his miseries, he was in the Tombs, charged with crime.

True, he was innocent; but many an innocent man is sent to the State Prison. A strong array of circumstances was against him; and he shuddered as he thought of the possibility—nay, the strong *probability*,—of his being consigned to a gloomy dungeon for a long term of years.

He would have committed suicide, but for one trifling circumstance—he hadn't the courage!

"We have no time to dwell longer upon the miseries of Jotham Flint!—neither have we the space. Suffice it to say that his miseries were finally ended by his liberation from confinement his innocence being made apparent, to the entire satisfaction of an intelligent jury of his countrymen."

We have now done with Jotham; and, in dismissing him, we will merely state that he succeeded in making it "all right" with Mrs. Flint, and that he afterwards lived happily and virtuously. He attained considerable political eminence, several times representing Sleepy Hollow in the Legislature; and he was particularly active in passing stringent laws against Mock-auctioneers and other swindlers in general.

Reader, our task is rapidly drawing to a close. We thank thee for thy kind attention, and shall part from thee with some regret. It now only remains for us to dispose of the remainder of our characters, and then bid thee adieu.

Louis Michaud, the murderer of Dick Flipper, expiated that crime and many others in the yard of the City Prison, where he was hung by the neck until he was dead, according to the requirements of the law and the provisions of his sentence. He died unrepentant, exulting in his guilt, and declaring that if he had his life to live over again, he would adopt the same criminal career which he had passed through.

Thus ignominiously and justly perished one of the most black-hearted miscreants that ever cursed humanity with his presence upon earth.

In a general sense, we are opposed to capital punishment, believing as we do that "the very worst use which can be made of a man is to hang him." But we think that the gallows which removed such an unmitigated scoundrel as Louis Michaud from the world, was a blessed instrument, and we heartily approve of its construction and of the purpose to which it was applied.

Lucy Pembroke, the sewing-girl, who passed through such a terrible and perilous ordeal, was happily married to her lover, Charles, and entered upon a life of unalloyed felicity. The young couple were, in the course of time, surrounded by a group of rosy little ones;—and Fortune smiled upon them in her blandest manner.

The *amiable* and *benevolent* Mrs. Sourby soon consoled herself for the loss of her daughter, and continued her charitable career as a friend and nurse of the sick. Eventually, however, she died in the most abject poverty, and was buried at the public expense. The reader, we opine, will scarcely weep in view of this lady's unhappy end.

Mr. Cheeky, the "Southern gent," who accomplished the seduction of Alice Vernon in so villainous a manner, flourished for a season as a "confidence man," and an "universal financier;" but one day he trod too heavily upon the corns of Justice, who, being gouty and irritable, insisted upon Mr. Cheeky's being sent to Sing Sing, where he ended his career.

And what became of all the "gay girls" whom we have introduced in to this our mirror of "Life on Broadway?"

Spanish Jule and Moll Manning continued to fight whenever they chanced to meet; and "many a time and oft" were they thrust into the cells of the various station-houses and the Tombs, on account of their belligerent propensities.

Mary Sourby was for a long time a well-known Broadway courtesan, but she finally fell a victim to disease.

Emeline Barrington's fate is unknown to us, but it is certain that she was at one time the most popular and notorious courtesan in the city.

Alice Vernon, the victim of Mr. Cheekey, died in obscurity and misery, in a low brothel.

Thus ends our list of the "gay girls of New York." Thus is finished our picture of "Life on Broadway."

And thus terminates our "strange, eventful history."

THE END.